

BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

By
Dean H. Ashton

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*The Story of Hopewell, New Jersey, and
Its Servicemen During World War II*



DEAN H. ASHTON

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Hopewell, New Jersey, 1947

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DEAN H. ASHTON

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This volume has been prepared through the co-operation of many individuals. Requests for information invariably brought a cheerful response. The author is deeply grateful for the assistance given from the inception to the completion of the undertaking. Mistakes undoubtedly have found their way into the printed text; for sins of commission and omission the undersigned asks forgiveness, pointing out that every possible safeguard was employed in the interest of accuracy.

DEAN H. ASHTON.

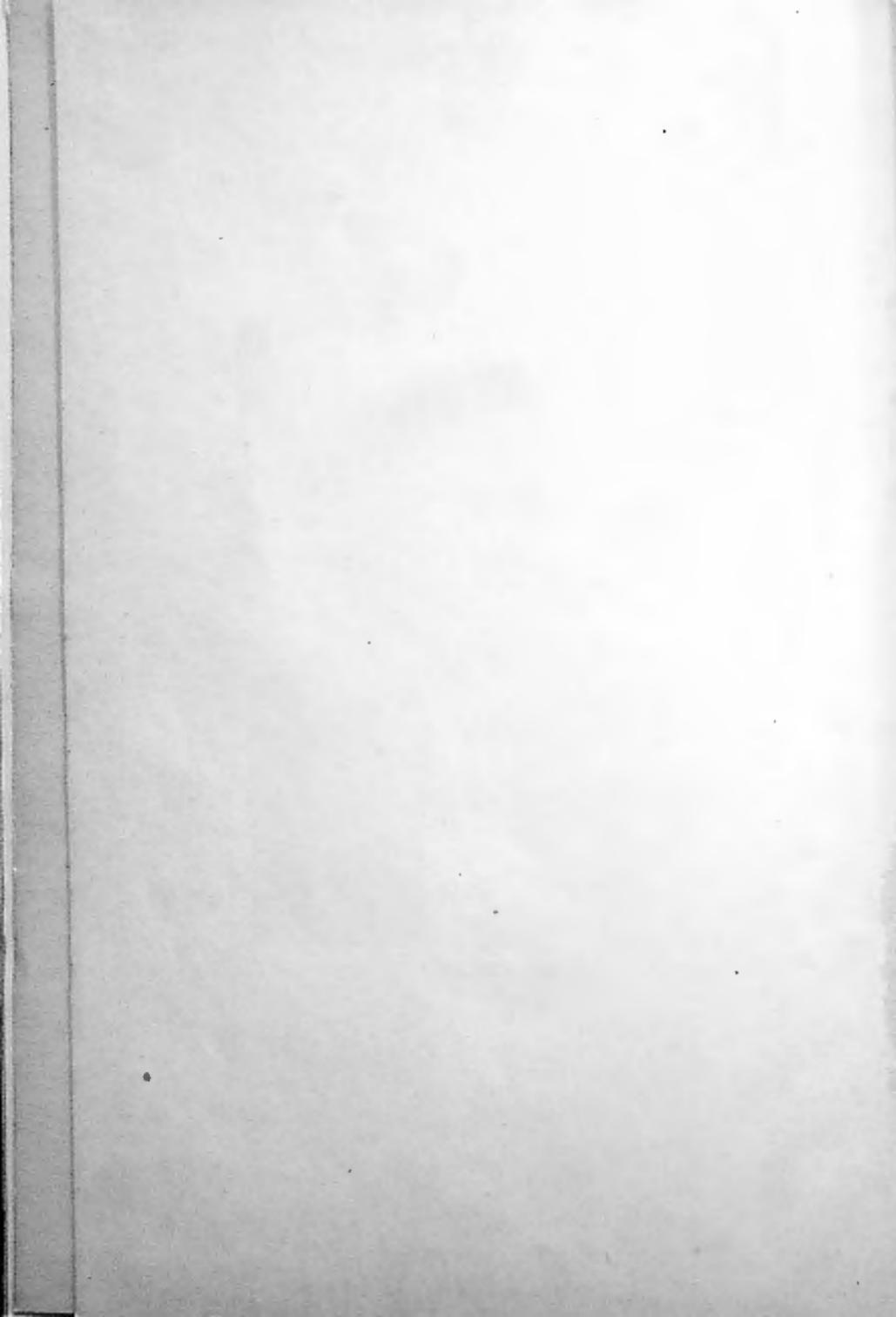


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INTRODUCTION

News flows at various levels during wartime. There is the official military communique, the rumor "grapevine" and the deliberate propaganda story. There are letters written by those serving in the armed forces and communications from back home. Each type seems to fill a definite need, supplying facts or feeding the imagination, conveying words of reassurance to or from the fighting fronts or building morale.

A countless number of industrial concerns, organizations, churches and communities sought to keep in touch with those who had gone from their midst for military service during World War II. Some were late-starters, others found themselves submerged because of address lists that required constant changes, and a few forgot that the basic need was to carry "down-to-earth" news rather than to achieve printing perfection.

Early in 1943, a handful of fellows from Hopewell, New Jersey, began to receive an odd, but appealing, little news-sheet. It was designed to serve as a novel sort of personal letter. The first issue was limited to half a dozen copies. Soon it appeared as a mimeographed job. Gradually it expanded from one sheet with two printed sides to two sheets, then four sheets containing enough news to fill the front page of a standard, eight-column newspaper.

It was the "Hopewell News," although the first few issues were known as "Hopewell This-'N'-That," consisting, as the name implies, of numerous short items. At the outset, it appeared once a month but it was soon apparent that issues should appear with greater frequency if fellows in the service were to be kept well informed about home-town doings and the service activities of their former schoolmates and acquaintances. As the "Hopewell News" was a one-man spare-time proposition on the editorial end, the decision reached was that the "Hopewell News" should go out every third week. That schedule, once adopted, was followed for the remainder of the months during which the "Hopewell News" existed. It was issued for three full years, a total of fifty editions being published from January, 1943, to January, 1946.

For the first few months, the publication was sent exclusively to those whose names appeared on the Honor Roll of Calvary Baptist Church, Hopewell, inasmuch as the news-sheet originally was designed in part as a link between the church and the fellows who were members or had attended the Church School. However, the church was not the official sponsor, largely because the editor wanted to give it more of a personal touch than might have been possible if confined too closely to church news. But it was soon discovered that copies could not be restricted to a small group. As others learned of its existence, requests for copies multiplied. Town residents asked for copies to read and to transmit to sons in the service who were away from home, serving their country. Gradually the list of those receiving copies expanded and lengthened, until the faltering little publication which began as a smudgy carbon copy, catch-as-catch-can news-sheet, eventually had a distribution of approximately 500 copies! The appeal for copies grew so overwhelming that finally the distribution took in all Hopewell fellows, more than 200, who were in the armed forces. And the growth was entirely effortless.

Enthusiastic letters came pouring in, urging the editor of "Hopewell News" to "keep 'em coming." One GI wrote that "It gets into the foxhole where circulation really counts"—another spoke of it as the "rag" but quickly added that it wasn't meant in any respect as a disparaging term. It was read in all parts of the world for Hopewell's servicemen had been sent to all quarters of the globe. Some wrote back that they had read it by flashlight; another sent a "thank you" note written by candlelight with a drop of wax on the paper as visible proof; another saved a copy to read until he was aboard a troop-train enroute to a port of embarkation; still another carried a copy with him when starting on a bombing mission over Germany, and after the ordeal by ack-ack was over and the run over the target completed, had read its pages on the return flight to England. From Assam, India, came a report that a copy had been stuffed into a pocket by a GI when he was about to start on a cargo-dropping mission "over the hump," with the home-town news absorbed as the plane returned after delivery of sacks of rice for advance parties pushing down to recapture Burma.

The "Hopewell News" was quite unlike the average newspaper. The news it contained consisted chiefly of information

such as would be heard by a person moving leisurely around town—with most of the routine news eliminated. While important events were covered, stories were preferred that possessed a human-interest angle or would bring to mind association with persons well-known around Hopewell or that might throw a spotlight upon some trait of character. Actually, it was a rather comprehensive town history for the years of 1943-1945, inclusive.

Then came the end of the war. The "Hopewell News" carried on until most of the servicemen had returned from overseas. Many Hopewell residents hoped that the "News" would continue publication indefinitely. This was not considered feasible. Another wish repeatedly expressed was that much of the material that the "Hopewell News" had contained might be preserved in more permanent form, since it had dealt in part with war experiences of those who had been in the armed forces. Others pointed out that the news pictured how an average American town and the average American citizen had fared during the war years—the restrictions, regulations and rationing affecting their day-by-day activities.

These comments and suggestions resulted in a decision to publish "Be It Ever So Humble." Included is some of the material that appeared in the "Hopewell News," re-edited and re-arranged, but this volume actually contains a vast amount of material that has never previously appeared in printed form. Experiences of men and women who served in World War II are more fully told as the result of personal interviews following their return. Items dealing with town happenings are placed in more logical sequence.

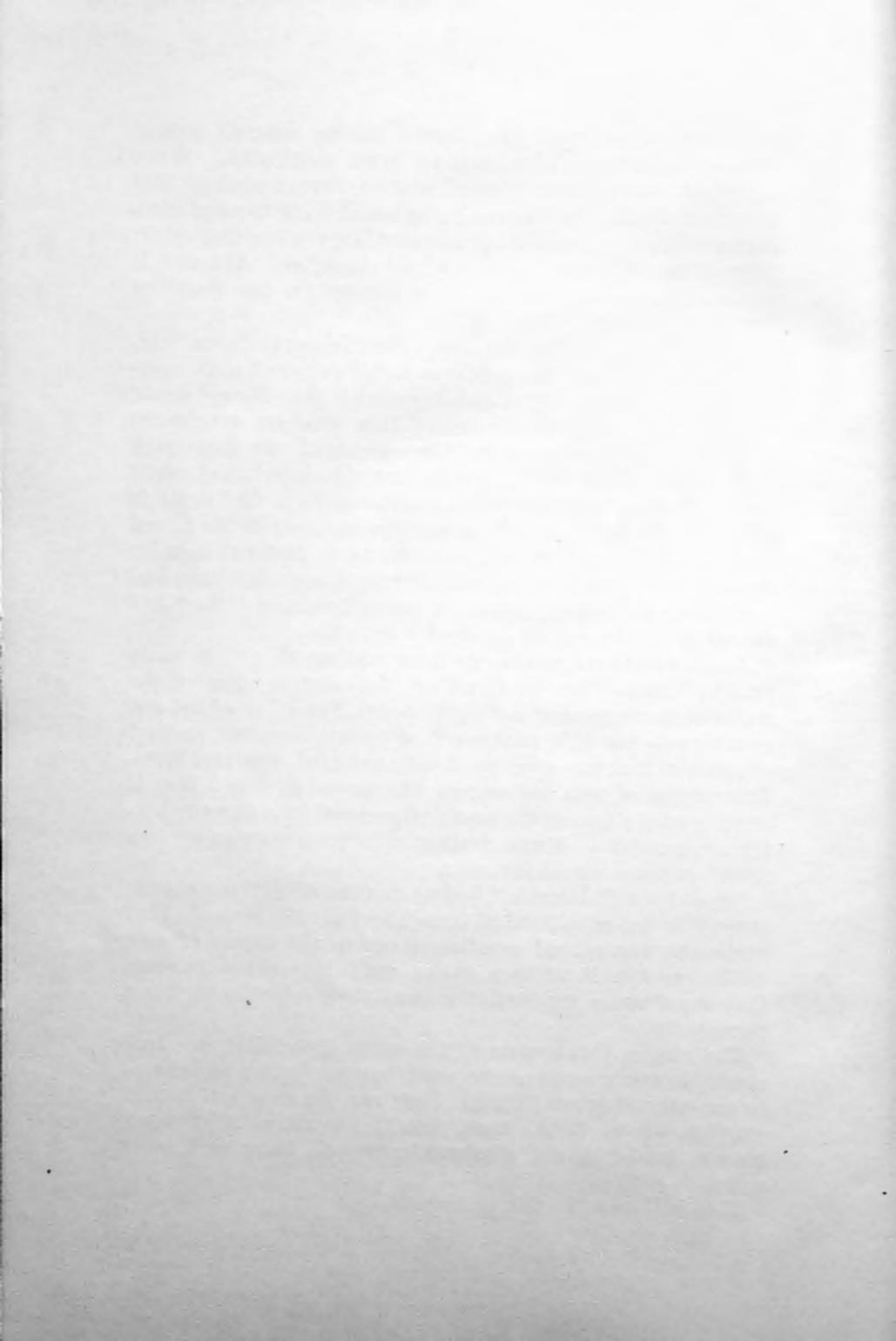
"Be It Ever So Humble," derives its title, of course, from the verse, "Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." That sentiment was echoed countless times in the letters of men while they were in military service, and it also echoes the pride that the average resident of a small-town takes in his home community.

The stories that appear in the pages that follow are true stories in every sense of the word, barring human failings as to accuracy of minor details. They run the gamut of human emotions—love, faith, hope, loyalty, sacrifice, misfortune, gayety, good-luck and disappointment—all these and many more.

This is Hopewell—this is America.

DEDICATED

To Those Who Left Home — Be It Ever So
Humble — To Carry Out Assigned Tasks, Sacrificing
Self To Win The Victory



BE IT EVER SO HUMBLE

CHAPTER I

Singular Census

HOPEWELL Borough, situated in the rolling hills of Central New Jersey, is described in the Industrial Directory of New Jersey for 1943-44 as follows:

HOPEWELL (Boro.) population, 1,691. Tax rate, \$3.51. Net valuation \$1,451,647. Twelve miles north of Trenton. Incorporated 1891. Philadelphia & Reading Railroad. One public school, one parochial. Six policemen, 130 volunteer firemen. One bank. Fire insurance rating E. Industries: Hopewell Herald, newspaper publishing and printing, four employees; Hopewell Jewelry Co., four employees; Hopewell Mfg. Co., ornamental iron work, five employees; and Smith, H. A., Machine Co., screw machine parts, instruments, 290 employees.

Sixty years earlier, the town was described in somewhat different fashion by Major E. M. Woodward and John F. Hageman when they wrote their "History of Burlington and Mercer Counties" (1883). They pictured it as follows:

"Hopewell village . . . contains two stores, three blacksmith-shops, one wheelwright-shop, one harness-shop, a saw-and-feed-mill, four churches, a female seminary, a public school, a drug store, three physicians, a lawyer, a newspaper, a shoe-shop, three halls, an agricultural store, a hotel, a saloon, and a livery-stable. The population is 402."

From the statistical point of view, both summaries probably are reasonably accurate as of the date of publication. But today's population is not tomorrow's; even the size of a police force and fire company cannot be reduced to cold figures and "frozen" at that point. And as for Hopewell's female seminary, the wheelwright-shop, the saw-and-feed-mill, the three halls and the livery-stable of 1883, they are no more. Even the peculiar characteristics that distinguished a "hotel" in 1883 from a "saloon" have vanished to the point where a

present-day historian probably would simply jot down "two hotels" or "two taverns."

And how informative is it to note merely "The population is 402" or more recently, "Population, 1,691?" A far more informative census, in some respects, was taken in Hopewell in the early 1940's by a reliable, elderly gentleman, who had long been resident in the Borough. It was a census of old-maids and widows!

He was sitting by his kitchen stove on a cold Winter's night. His wife had been chatting about some minor incident in the neighborhood. He felt prompted to comment idly about the number of women nearby who lived alone. Mentally, he began to count the widows on his own street. Then he extended the survey to the adjoining street. His wife, observing his concentration, was moved to ask what he might be pondering. With some hesitation, he told her. She accepted his answer resignedly. He continued the count but soon faced a dilemma. Was he counting widows only or should he include spinsters for whom the prospect of marriage appeared to be dim? Yes, he would include them too. But it was bedtime before he realized it. So he made note of the total and the stopping point, determined to resume the following night and continue until he had canvassed the entire Borough. In due course, the census was completed. Then he re-checked it, street by street.

For a considerable time, he told no one about it. But eventually he confided to a friend, and then another. Before long, the word began to spread and then an item appeared in the "Hopewell News" concerning it. It stated:

"There's been many a census taken, but here's one that beats them all. By actual count, it recently was determined that Hopewell has 121 widows and old-maids! For a town of about 1,600 people, that's quite a heavy percentage."

A letter was quickly forthcoming, signed "A Widow," which said: "Your census man's figures were about as accurate as a poll at election time. Tell him to take a pencil—not mentally—and figure bachelors and widowers, even if most of the latter are married again." Then the unidentified "Widow" proceeded to list twenty-one widowers in the East end of town—but designated five of them as deceased! That was somewhat contrary to the spirit of the original census, however, as those in the "Widows and Old-Maid Census" were very

much alive, and if they had re-married, that eliminated them from consideration. But the anonymous "Widow" added this telling blow: "A woman is as young as she looks; a man is young until he quits looking."

But it didn't stop there. One young lady of marriageable age declared she was thinking of leaving town before "I get classed as eligible for the '121 Club.'" And leave she did! Another letter-writer, whose name went unsigned, said: "The census taker was slightly wrong as there are now as many as 125 widows and 40 maiden ladies over 30 in Hopewell Borough." But that raised a delicate question, namely "When is an old-maid?" In reporting this development, the "Hopewell News" said:

"The dictionary says that a 'maid' is 'a young, unmarried woman.' But where does that leave an old-maid? Just waiting, probably. Surely, it would take a braver man than Ye Editor to say that any woman is an old-maid after 30. Perhaps the best definition of an old-maid is this: 'A girl who knows all the answers but no one ever asked her the question.' However, some folks describe an old-maid as 'a reflection on every unmarried man.'"

But statistical data—whether it concerns old-maids, widows or men who prefer to consider one marital venture as enough for a life-time—still fails to portray the population of any community in an intimate way, as human beings whose likes and dislikes, habits and customs, adventures and misadventures, failures and successes are woven together in a fabric that never loses its fascination. An observer of the passing scene must look more deeply, perhaps share some of these experiences to gain a full appreciation of the tempo of life in an average American town such as Hopewell. Yes, a town of less than 2,000 people perhaps, but America as it is today in thousands of towns and villages.

CHAPTER II

Around Town

A LOT of shoe-leather was worn off at the block dance held Saturday night on Broad Street in front of the Hopewell National Bank. As a dance-floor, the cement paving probably wasn't so hot but they were doing the "Lindy Hop" and such as if they could ask for nothing better. The affair attracted quite a crowd, being put on by the Firemen's Auxiliary and the Firemen to provide a little diversion. The lights went out at least a dozen times, apparently because the load was too heavy. The lights were strung between trees on the Bank's and Dr. Theodore A. Pierson's side of the street. The orchestra consisted of fellows from around town, including Earl Hubbard, Harry McCandless and Graham Benson. They had been given a hurry-up call at the last minute when the orchestra originally hired took another job. The crowd seemed to like it, the curb being crowded with spectators, and the space between the sidewalk and curb strewn with soda-pop bottles when it was all over. Traffic was detoured, of course, and local police seemed to enjoy having a crowd to handle. One dog appeared to enjoy mingling with the dancers. (September 1, 1943.)

Delbert Conover, who obtained his driver's license recently, drove in home one night not long ago (November, 1943) and spied a skunk in the garage. The skunk was almost entirely white. Delbert's sister, Della, headed for the house and shelter. Delbert headed for the house and his shotgun. Out he came with it and when he saw Mr. Skunk's head just showing from behind a box in a corner, Delbert banged away. He hit the skunk all right. He also left the car standing out in the open air for the night.

At first glance, it looked as if "Doc" Theodore A. Pierson was having an extremely busy afternoon in his office—with 100 patients or more out on the lawn waiting their turn. But it wasn't that way at all. Dr. and Mrs. Pierson were observing their 50th wedding anniversary (June 27, 1944) and it was quite THE social event of the summer. Their relatives and

friends gathered for the occasion, presenting innumerable gifts, including more than 200 yellow roses (symbolic of a golden anniversary). A caterer was on hand to serve, and with ideal weather, the affair made quite an impression. "Doc" still is active as a physician, and has spent his lifetime in Hopewell. In earlier days, he was quite a ball player and kicked up plenty of dust around second base. In fact, he looked like big-league talent but turned his ambitions in other directions. He is still remembered for his scrappy brand of baseball and his ability to pull "trick stuff" on the diamond, just what the home fans liked when the score was close and somebody just had to start something. In later years, he has been a great follower of the game as well as a promoter of local teams. About three years ago, the Piersons were "written up" in the Ladies' Home Journal as a typical American family. They have two sons, Dr. J. Reginald Pierson and T. A., Jr., employed in Trenton.

For five to six hours, Hopewell was whipped by hurricane winds starting late in the afternoon on September 14, 1944, and continuing until late evening. The New Jersey coast took the worst beating, particularly Atlantic City and Asbury Park, where sections of the boardwalks were torn away. Stores and hotels on the streets leading to the beaches were inundated. The waves were mountainous, rolling higher than the boardwalk.

In Hopewell, all lights went out about 7 P. M. and didn't come on until later in the night, so the town was in pitch-darkness. The rain that accompanied the winds looked like a wall of water, most of the time. Quite a few trees were uprooted, one along the driveway of the Rev. John H. Ginter's home being blown over on the porch. Limbs were down everywhere. Mr. Russell Lanning, signal tower operator on the Reading Railroad, had to walk out to meet trains that stopped at the signal, in order to wave them on, after clearance was assured by phone service. The three days of rain that came along with the hurricane (prior to it, mostly) ended the long dry spell, however, and filled wells that were either dry or alarmingly low. The storm also brought activities to a halt at the tomato cannery, as farmers couldn't do any picking until the weather cleared. Borough street employees had a big job getting limbs trimmed down and hauled away, includ-

ing a big tree near the Borough hall that toppled over. But while newspapers reported "Jersey Hard Hit," Hopewell fared quite well, compared with the seashore towns. Yet three weeks later, all traces of the damage done had not been removed. A lot of log-splitting and sawing was still in progress. On Princeton Avenue, just above Broad Street, a huge tree toppled half-way over and hung there precariously with its root half out of the ground and the upper half of the tree poised threateningly over the house where the John Willises live. The blinding rain and howling wind will be well remembered by Mrs. Albert Errickson and her sister, Mrs. Samuel Hixson. They had been to a Red Cross meeting and were trying to make home when their car stalled in front of Lamont Dye's driveway. They honked the horn and called out the car window, "We're stuck!" Lamont went to the rescue and pushed their car into his garage. With kerosene, he dried out the points. Meanwhile, Mrs. Hixson had gone into the house and when told that all was in readiness, started for the car with a lap-robe over her head and shoulders. A strong gust of wind suddenly whipped the robe away and she was drenched in half a minute. But they started on their way, only to go a short distance before being stalled again. So they sat it out for about an hour until the rain eased up and the car could be started.

Plans are being developed that may lead to the erection of a recreation center in Hopewell. Borough Council has named a Committee (October, 1944) and the School Board has done the same. Cash is available from the State to finance the preparation of plans, if the proposal is accepted as suitable for post-war action. As the name suggests, the building would provide a spot where the Borough's young people could meet, organize club groups, have parties, shows or drop in for an evening of reading, games or talk. The idea has been put over with great success in a number of communities, with the young people usually permitted to run the place, with a few adults as advisors. The Borough Council committee also is considering plans for a new reservoir and street improvements. However, most folks who have given thought to the lack of a suitable place for the young people to have their fun, where all would feel free to gather, agree that a recreation center is urgently needed. However, some questions have been raised.

Clyde D. Deitzler, School Board member, had a letter published in the "Herald" in which he discussed the question of the cost and the effect on the tax-rate. He urged that a public meeting be held and an effort be made to find out whether the recreation center was the Borough's most urgent post-war need, and whether it was generally favored.

The women of Calvary Baptist Church served their annual chicken supper on November 11, 1944, to a rousing big crowd—about three hundred. With quite a quantity of the material donated, the profit reached about \$250. Mrs. Joseph Baldwin, Jr., and Mrs. Harry Hullfish served as co-chairmen, while Mrs. Leigh Hurley had charge of the dining room. It was another case of folks pitching in and making a grand success of an undertaking that involves a lot of hard work.

The Grange also held its annual oyster supper recently and was hard put to feed all comers. In fact, thirty or more just couldn't be served, and those who had worked in the kitchen or served in the dining room had scanty pickings, although additional oysters and other supplies were rushed in. Either the patrons were hungrier or—more logically—the oysters were smaller this year. But the potato salad and other items also went rapidly and potato chips had to be substituted. Mrs. Clarence Hixson, of Stoutsburg, who had fried oysters for the Grange supper for fourteen years in a row, missed out this year, due to the death of a relative. Speaking of oysters, they are referred to in a saying about lawyers, which goes: "One shell for thee and one shell for me, and the oyster is the lawyer's fee."

When a gal splits a seam, it may be tragic or comical, but when it happens to a huge tank containing gas for domestic use, a lot of folks have cold meals, a shortage of hot water and in some cases, frosty houses. That's what happened in Hopewell last week (January, 1944). A supply tank at Flemington, holding gas to be piped to Hopewell and other towns, suddenly opened up at the seam on Monday morning. And did it play havoc! In fact, it took the rest of the week before things were back to normal. The supply of gas for cooking and heating suddenly gave out about 8 A. M.—and on wash-day at that. Phone calls to the New Jersey Power and Light Company revealed the state of affairs. Later in the afternoon, workmen made the rounds in Hopewell and shut off all the gas meters,

stating that it would be at least 24 hours before the damage could be repaired. For those who heat their homes with gas, that was serious business. Included were the homes of "Doc" Amos Stults, Dr. Joseph O'Neill, J. Russell Riley, Wilmer Moore, George Koeppel and others. But a lot of husbands who came home to find a cold meal on the table thought that all the misery had been piled up on their own doorstep. Louie Gerhard, proprietor of the Eagle Bakery, couldn't turn out any fresh goods. The next day, the "victims" of the gas shortage arranged to cook on the electric or coal stoves of their neighbors. More than one housewife was seen carrying hot dishes of food or baked potatoes from one home to another. But by Wednesday, the gas men returned and began to turn on the gas again. They worked far into the night, having to take special precautions because of the danger of leaks as the new supply drove through the pipes. And in a lot of cases, little adjustments that had been postponed were mentioned and received special attention. So it was Wednesday, Thursday and even Friday before the town was really "cookin' with gas" again.

Some of the "experts" at cards are still explaining their terrible scores at a recent Eastern Star card party. They blame an innocent little mouse that darted unobtrusively from a dark corner of Grange Hall. But it only took one woman, spying it, to throw the place into confusion. Some of the women played cards for the balance of the evening with their attention centered on the floor, while they kept their feet pulled up from the floor and their dresses tight around their ankles—(say, the women don't wear dresses that come to their ankles!).

The old town is really all a-twitter about the wedding of Miss Jeanne-Frances Fetter, daughter of Robert Fetter, of Louellen Street (February 2, 1944). Her husband is none other than Romulo Negrin, whose father held forth as Premier of Spain in the days before Franco began to run the show. And if Franco should happen to get toppled from power, it might happen that former Premier Juan Negrin would be right in there again. At present, he is in London and on the morning of the wedding was in touch by trans-Atlantic phone with the wedding principals. It seems that Jeanne-Frances met Romulo at the shore some time ago. More recently, she has been studying art in New York, while he has just graduated

from New York University. After the wedding, they went by plane to Mexico since his student visa wouldn't permit him to tarry. He had served in the air corps of the Spanish Republic as a captain. The young couple may reside later in California, it is reported.

When folks have been married 57 years, it's quite an accomplishment and an important occasion. So it was that Mr. and Mrs. Garrett B. Conover were honored by two groups over the past week-end (March 5, 1944). On Saturday night, neighbors swarmed in to extend congratulations and do a little celebratin'. Then on Sunday afternoon, deacons of Calvary Baptist Church drove up to do the same, Mr. Conover being an honorary deacon with a long record of faithful service. Loyal friends and pleasant memories are priceless possessions.

You should have seen the whopping big poles that arrived in Hopewell (May, 1944) to be unloaded and hauled away with much difficulty. They arrived on three flat cars, coupled together. Actually, the poles measured from 95 to 105 feet each. As someone remarked, "Somebody must be stocking up with some new fishing poles." They were consigned to the telephone company and taken over to the vicinity of Lawrenceville. The poles were so long that it took a lot of figuring as to how they could swing them around the corners in Hopewell. Finally, permission was obtained to cut across Dr. Pierson's lawn with the rear set of wheels, when the trucks hauling them away swung out of Blackwell Avenue. Then the poles had to be taken to the Pennington traffic circle and over that route to avoid other sharp turns. The poles had come in from Minneapolis, it was reported.

The circus was in town last Saturday (June 5, 1944)—Reo Bros.—did you ever hear of it? They put up their tent on the Hart Avenue ball diamond. Some folks asked when the "big tent" was going to go up, but it was a one-ring circus so a smaller tent did all right. They had two horses for fancy-riding, and four ponies and about a dozen trick dogs. For music, victrola records were played and there was an acrobat—billed as "the youngest in the world." The patrons couldn't have soft drinks at the afternoon shows because the bottles didn't get iced up in time. Adults paid 80 cents, children 50 cents. When the show pulled out Sunday morning after two

Saturday shows, most folks concluded that it wasn't giving any serious competition as yet to the Ringling Bros.-Barnum & Bailey outfit.

Mayor Russell K. Metz has been taking a terrible ribbing, for a man with a broken ankle. The injury occurred while he was at Atlantic City with Borough Attorney David L. Smith attending a meeting. Since that time, he has been around on crutches, although taken to his bank job in an auto. But the kidding is due to the fact that x-ray pictures were developed by "Doc" Stults, the veterinarian. The Mayor has been told that it's a strange state of affairs when a "horse-doctor" has to be called in. Then to add to it, the Mayor is said to have received through the mails a booklet entitled "The Barnyard Doctor," describing various ailments and their treatment, but it's reported that Mayor Metz isn't too sure who sent it to him. He has several persons under suspicion. (March, 1945.)

Out on the Rural Route served from Hopewell's Post Office, they've been saying "Here comes the mail man" to Edgar Copner for the past 31 years (1945). That's his record of service, delivering the good news and the bad, the circulars and the Sears-Roebuck catalogues, and the packages of assorted sizes. He has experienced some tough weather and some hazardous road conditions but "the mail must go through," and so he has battled it out. Does he know the route? Well, it would seem so—but it wasn't always that way. When he took the job after winning out in a Civil Service exam, his predecessor wasn't eager about showing him the route. So Copner arranged to get the horse that the former mail carrier had hired, and he left it to the horse. The horse was well-trained and made the round of the mail boxes, so the job went smoothly from the start. Two of Copner's sons also are in Post Office work, Bob being in the Hopewell office while Sam is Assistant Postmaster at Princeton.

Timbers from the old Finney & Fetter saw-mill on Louellen Street are being hauled away daily (July, 1945) and the former landmark soon will be no more. A serious fire several years ago had wrecked it, although Scott Kise, the present owner, has continued to use a portion for a wagon-house. There was a time when the mill was the site of a thriving industry, with shipments that went all over the world. Then, too, the factory

whistle, in the days before radios were known, used to be the signal for housewives and others to set their kitchen clocks at noon each day.

Lumber used for the New York Central docks in New York harbor was supplied through the Finney & Fetter saw-mill. The rudder stock for the "Meteor," a vessel built for Kaiser Wilhelm and christened by Alice Roosevelt, daughter of President Theodore Roosevelt, also came from this mill, while shipments to Australia and all parts of Europe, as well as England, were fairly frequent. But there was business nearby, too. Thousands of axe and hammer handles, made of Jersey hickory, were shaped and delivered to the Germantown Tool Co., Philadelphia; while apple wood went into Disston saw handles. Then prior to World War I, the mill handled a number of orders for walnut stock, cut to specified sizes. The wood was obtained largely in New Jersey, but some was bought as far away as Canada. Then came the war and the discovery followed that the walnut needed for gun stocks by the United States was not available, as Germany had been buying it up in advance. The mill also turned out hundreds of wagon wheels before the days of the auto.

In cutting timber from a wood lot near Princeton, A. G. Fetter, one of the partners in the business and the father of Herbert and George Fetter, Miss Clara Fetter and Mrs. Anna Phillips, as well as the late John Fetter, former County Clerk, discovered bullets in some of the wood. They were pewter bullets, used in the Battle of Princeton during the Revolutionary War, the bullets being found in the heart of the trees, indicating that the trees were saplings when the battle was fought. The original mill, built about 1876, was burned in October, 1895, and the structure, now being razed, was erected to replace it. A. G. Fetter was the son of a lumberman and ran the business long after his partner, John Finney, of Lambertville, died. After Fetter's death, his executors continued the business until its sale to Scott Kise, who gave it up about 15 years ago.

CHAPTER III

War Clouds

THE war seemed so far away in the early months of 1940. To blot it out, it was only necessary to turn from the front page to the comic section of the daily newspapers. Most Americans simply were not going to permit a war 3,500 miles distant across the Atlantic to disturb the normalcy of their existence. True, German troops had invaded Poland in September, 1939, but a so-called "phoney" state of war existed after November. Despite declarations of war by Great Britain and France, combat between opposing armies was almost non-existent for a time. A fresh outbreak of hostilities occurred in April, 1940, when Hitler's troops moved into Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland and France, with the British Army disastrously driven back to Dunkerque to be evacuated to home soil but this was accepted rather passively in the United States.

Hopewell, like most normal communities made friendly gestures toward the stricken peoples of Europe. Its Red Cross Chapter set to work meeting a quota of knitted garments to be shipped to war refugees, with Mrs. Theodore A. Pierson as chairman. Also, in August, 1940, the Bruce Goulds, living at Stoutsburg, near Hopewell, welcomed two English children, Lucille and Ivor Drummond, for whom a safe haven was sought in preference to their home at Bedford, England. Bruce Gould and his wife, Beatrice Blackmar Gould, as co-editors of the Ladies' Home Journal, had published Mrs. Drummond's story of the effects of the war upon an average English family. The plight of the children had struck a responsive chord with the Goulds. But were the Goulds being carried away with the usual enthusiasm of magazine editors for material of their own selection, or seeking to encourage the spread of an idea that was sensational, but impractical? Little did anyone know that four years or so would elapse before these children could be restored with safety to their homes overseas.

Military uniforms were seen infrequently around town in those days. Perhaps an enlisted man in the Regular Army was home on furlough and then the Army's khaki was glimpsed

briefly. For instance, there was William Fred ("Fritz") Lenz, who had joined the Infantry on July 12, 1938, and also William S. Conover, who had enlisted January 24, 1940, going to Fort du Pont, Delaware, for training with the 30th Engineers. Perhaps the uniform was being worn by a member of the New Jersey National Guard at the beginning or the close of a brief Summer training period. Again, it might be the Navy blue worn by a sailor back in town on leave; for example, Harry B. Hunt, Jr., who had signed up in 1939 for six years, going to Newport, Rhode Island, for his preliminary training.

In the New Jersey National Guard, Dr. J. Reginald Pier-son was serving as a captain, 119th Medical Regiment. In August, 1939, he had been at Ogdensburg, New York, for the annual field maneuvers, repeating the experience the following Summer. Likewise, Private Samuel Vannoy, Jr., had participated in the National Guard "war games" at Great Bend, New York, in July, 1940, serving in Battery F, 112th Field Artillery.

The turn of world events caused attention to be focused on national defense. Aliens were required to register, report their personal history and submit to fingerprinting. In September, 1940, the Selective Service Act was enacted, with the Army preparing to give a year's training to those called for active duty. Local Boards were created to supervise the drafting of the first peace-time conscription Army in the nation's history. At that time, it was estimated that New Jersey would provide between 12,000 and 13,000 men—a figure that expanded to more than 527,000 before the end of World War II in 1945! Local Board No. 2, of the Selective Service, was established with offices in Pennington, to draw men from that Borough, as well as Ewing, Hopewell and Lawrence Townships, and Hopewell Borough.

The registration of men between the ages of 21 and 35 took place on October 16th. However, officials were hopeful that volunteers would fill the modest quotas. As a consequence, Hopewell Borough was not called upon to supply its first man through Selective Service until January, 1941. Then David Danberry reported for duty and was sent to Fort Dix.

But others had decided to enlist for Army duty. John W. Dilts signed up for three years in the Army Signal Corps and proceeded to Fort Slocum, New York, in September, 1940, with expectations, later to be realized, that he would be assigned to Hawaiian Islands duty.

The Federalization of the New Jersey units of the National Guard in September, 1940, further displayed that the United States was in earnest about building up its Regular Army. But repeatedly it was pointed out that one year's training only was involved. Captain J. "Reg" Pierson left for Fort Dix, giving up his medical practice as an associate of his father, Dr. Theodore A. Pierson, for the interval. Shortly thereafter, Captain Pierson was promoted to the rank of Major and served as an Assistant Division Surgeon.

Erwin W. Benson and Fred S. Van Liew, Jr., out of high school only a few weeks, concluded that they wanted to enter the Army and enlisted with the 119th Medical Regiment Band, directed by Leonard A. Plant, of Hightstown. Erwin, starting his Army career as a clarinet player, eventually became a paratrooper with the Airborne Artillery; Fred, a saxophonist, through the unpredictable mechanisms of an Army expanding to tremendous size and sending thousands of men to points scattered all over the globe, remained in the United States throughout his length of service extending to October 29, 1945.

In December, Robert L. Burd, who had enlisted in the United States Coast Artillery, left for Fort Slocum, New York, with the assurance that he would be sent to Hawaii.

Aviation, with its strong appeal in the way of adventure, lured Earl F. Nickerson, Jr., into service on March 14, 1941. He went to Americus, Georgia, to begin primary training as an Army Flying Cadet and was in the first class at the manufacturing plant of the Graham Aviation Company. The War Department had arranged for private concerns to provide preliminary training due to lack of facilities at Army fields. Ten days later, Nickerson wrote home jubilantly that "We have been aloft two days now and have about 50 minutes flying time." The course, however, was curtailed and Earl was placed on the Army Reserve list and was at home for a time. In the years that followed, Earl went on to outstanding achievements as an Army bombardier.

Herbert B. Butcher, who had served in World War I, went back to active duty with the Navy Department on September 29, 1941, and was sent to London as a Special Naval Observer, attached to the United States Embassy. He remained there until July, 1943. They were perilous days to be in Britain—bombings nightly, the constant threat that Germany might seek to invade the island, food supplies heavily dependent upon

shipping that was being harrassed at sea. London itself had been "blitzed" about a year earlier, with as many as 1,500 raiding planes coming over and dropping bombs in a single night. The lists of the dead were lengthy, supplemented by hundreds more who had been injured. But the British Fighter Command was able to stem the tide, bringing down 102 Nazi planes on September 7, 1940, when the last major "blitz" began. The greatest Nazi loss in a single day occurred on September 15th when they sacrificed 185 planes. German experts in air warfare became convinced that their bombers were a costly device for waging war—in the weeks between August 8 and November over 6,000 airmen had been killed or lost as prisoners-of-war. Air crews, requiring long months of training, could not be dissipated at that terrific rate. Consequently, Germany turned to the use of Messerschmitts flying at higher levels and carrying smaller bomb loads. The peril for individuals on the ground remained nearly as great but the intensity of the bombings diminished.

With Selective Service at work, nearly a score of fellows from Hopewell and vicinity were called up during 1941 prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. They included:

February—Robert M. Moyer, Albert H. Benson, William Romanchuk.

March—Joseph Quinn.

April—Thomas J. Faherty, Edward S. Quinn, Ira B. Allen.

May—Dennis P. Van Liew.

June—George S. Knudsen.

October—Robert F. Briggman.

November—Paul P. Sinclair, Harry A. Devlin, Joseph N. Castoro.

Since the belief prevailed generally that a grave national emergency had not developed, some men were shifted from active duty to reserve lists and were returned home. With the outbreak of the war, however, they were notified almost at once to report for further service.

World events were moving toward a climactic point during 1941. President Roosevelt froze Japanese assets in the United States. The President issued a declaration that the United States would do everything in its power to crush the Nazis. Hitler, however, reassured the German people that "Russia is already broken and will never rise again."

To protect the sea lanes of the Atlantic and to forestall possible German occupation of Iceland, American forces were dispatched to that area. Weather observations also were a vital need for trans-Atlantic flying. German airplanes were known to be based in Norway, 600 to 700 miles distant from Iceland. The first American units landed at that northern outpost on July 7, 1941. Among the ships carrying the first United States Marines to Iceland was the U. S. S. Arcturus. The ship's crew included Harry B. ("Mike") Hunt, Jr., who had gone aboard for duty on November 5, 1940.

Willard S. Magalhaes, a Lieutenant but later to become a Lieutenant Colonel, and Charles E. Palmatier, Jr., a Sergeant who subsequently advanced to a Lieutenantancy, debarked in Iceland on August 7, 1941. For Palmatier, it was somewhat unusual to be serving under an officer from his home town.

Lieutenant Magalhaes, a consulting engineer in civilian life, had entered service on February 1, 1941. At Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, he trained draftees in the operation of vehicular ground radar sets used for advance warning and control of fighter airplanes. His outfit was known as the 1st Signal Air Warning Company. Task forces, the first American units of that type in World War II, were formed and scheduled for jobs in the Azores, Philippines, Greenland and Iceland. When the call for volunteers for these missions was issued, Lieutenant Magalhaes said he was ready, although it was general knowledge that those who were sent to hold the outer perimeter of the United States defenses could expect little support for many months. Magalhaes was assigned to the Advance Air Force contingent and headed for Iceland with the first American Expeditionary Force of World War II. The mission was to prevent any German air aggression within fifty miles of Iceland.

After reaching Iceland and unloading equipment and gear from the Army transport, "American Legion," Magalhaes took a picked platoon and established the first allied ground radar outpost on the south coast of Iceland. Within a short time, two other radar stations were in operation, one being at the American base in Reykjavik and the other, an RAF station at a British base. To move the necessary radar equipment to the selected location, Icelandic bridges had to be "beefed-up" by Aviation Engineers to support the loads, and wider roads cut through the lava beds at some points. Magalhaes grimly

recalls his negotiations with an Icelandic mayor before the chosen site, designated "Camp Sleepy Hollow," could be utilized. Icelanders did not welcome the "invasion," although they soon became more co-operative. The site was a gulley just wide enough to accommodate Army tents. The gulley was chosen because it afforded protection to some little extent from the terrific winds encountered in Iceland.

The radar outpost maintained a constant search for enemy airplanes starting early in September, 1941. The assignment was "no picnic," for anyone concerned, and Magalhaes agrees that the high calibre of his men had much to do with their success. Almost a third of these men later returned to the States for officer training. That was so in the case of Sergeant Palmatier, whose "cheerful and co-operative spirit did a great deal to maintain the morale of this detachment under trying conditions," according to Magalhaes. Magalhaes later was transferred to the base in Reykjavik, acting as Company Commander, Operations Officer and Battalion Executive and Commander at various times. Before moving to England in October, 1943, for even more important duties, Magalhaes completed 18 months establishing the radar and fighter control system in Iceland. Personal inspections of the fighter control installation and the 556th Signal A W Battalion there were made by Secretary of War Stimson in 1943, and by American military leaders who later became outstanding figures in the European theater.

Palmatier, giving up his job as a delivery man for Freihofer's Bakery in Trenton, trained to be a radio operator and his duties in Iceland extended from August, 1941, to May 27, 1943. The high winds made life rugged in Iceland and velocities up to 165 miles an hour were recorded. Palmatier, on one occasion, saw a waterfall that shot fifty feet straight up, whipped in that direction by a powerful upward column of air. The men, however, had little desire to be entertained in that manner. In fact, there was little entertainment of any sort, although eventually a movie show was provided about once a month, the "theatre" being about the size of a school classroom and "then most of the pictures were ones we had seen about two years earlier," according to Palmatier.

Incidentally, the need for round-the-clock reports on weather conditions as observed in the North Atlantic necessitated the assignment of a sizeable group of men to these outposts in subsequent months. Sergeant Nicholas S. Castoro was sta-

tioned at such a weather observation post for fourteen months, leaving the States in September, 1943, for the North Arctic. Duties as a weather observer contrasted sharply with his civilian status. He had been completing his clerkship in a lawyer's office preparing for admission to the bar. However, the Army trained him for duty with a Weather Squadron while he was stationed at Morris Field, North Carolina, and northward Nick went. His outfit erected its own weather observatory and then settled down for the long vigil. They received supplies from passing planes as ships reached their outpost only during the warmer months. And as for diversion—well, one chap declared that when they started home after that stay of fourteen months, he still had \$1.25 in his pocket that he had when he arrived there! Later, Nick was assigned as a weather observer at the Newark (New Jersey) Airport, the busy terminal in the New York metropolitan area for both transcontinental and trans-Atlantic planes.

Another who drew a Northern assignment was Private James Bregenzer, who had enlisted in the Army Air Force before he became 18 years of age. He went to Keesler Field, Mississippi, in July, 1944, then to Scott Field, Illinois, and also to Sheppard Field, Texas. His training in radio was preparatory to shipping orders that resulted in an APO out of Presque Isle, Maine, and a lengthy stay far North.

Early in November, 1941, the Japanese government dispatched a "peace mission" to Washington. The delegation, headed by Saburo Kuru, was informed on November 26th of the viewpoint of the United States toward world developments. Premier Tojo announced that "exploitation" of the peoples of Asia by the United States and Great Britain would be "purged with vengeance." However, the Japanese Cabinet directed that the conferences in Washington be continued. President Roosevelt sent a personal message to Emperor Hirohito on December 6th in the hope that a break between the nations could be averted.

December 7th! 2:26 P. M. on a quiet Sunday in 1941. "The Japanese are bombing Pearl Harbor," announced Stephen Early, White House press secretary. Pearl Harbor, choice harbor in the Hawaiians, had suffered a crippling loss in men, ships, planes and supplies. But this marked only the beginning of Japanese aggression. Strikes at the Philippine Islands began the next day with Manila occupied by January 2nd. Wake

Island was lost on December 23rd, while the land push for the Malayan peninsula led to the fall of Singapore on February 15th.

The United States declaration of war on Japan on December 8th was merely a formality in the light of the Japanese "sneak" attack. Likewise, war with Germany was inescapable and declarations of war by the United States and Germany occurred on December 11th.

No longer could American citizens think of war as remote, or of national safety in terms of "defense." No longer would it be sufficient to participate half-heartedly, perhaps, in a drive to collect aluminum and other metals for arms production; to give to the United Service Organizations; to organize local Defense Councils or to attend first-aid classes. This was war—and before it was over, every home, every man, woman and child, every industry or business would feel the terrific jolt in some manner or fashion.

John W. Dilts was on duty as a telephone switchboard operator at Bellows Field near Pearl Harbor when the Japanese attack on that key point occurred. Pearl Harbor, adjacent to Honolulu in the Hawaiian Islands group, was subjected to bombing and strafing in which approximately 100 Japanese torpedo planes, dive bombers and horizontal bombers participated. The element of surprise enabled the enemy to sink or put out of commission five battleships and three destroyers, with several others severely damaged. The lives of over 2,240 officers and enlisted men of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps were lost, with thousands more wounded. The Pacific air power of the United States was left a shadow of its former self.

In lesser degree, Bellows Field experienced the force of the Pearl Harbor attack. Just across the island from Pearl Harbor—about three minutes' flying time—Bellows Field had been utilized for emergency landings and gunnery practice. Dilts was there on detached service from Hickam Field. He had reached Hawaii on December 10, 1940, after enlisting September 9th of that year, and training at Fort Slocum, New York, for Army Signal Corps duty. He sailed from New York November 13, 1940, making the trip to Hawaii via the Panama Canal and San Francisco. His work included service as a telephone linesman and repairing and setting up phone switchboards. He had been at Bellows Field about two months when

the Japanese launched their surprise attack that started the Pacific war.

Like all others, Dilts had no warning of imminent danger. Then everything happened at once. A new B-17 plane, one of the first of its type to be delivered in the Pacific, was approaching Honolulu when a squadron of Japanese planes sighted it. The pilot of the B-17 sought to make an emergency landing at Bellows Field and the Jap planes, about fifteen in number, followed it in, strafing everything in sight. In the minutes that followed, two United States planes took off and attempted to drive off the hostile planes. Two men were killed at Bellows Field that day, one being a pilot who was shot as he was attempting to climb upon the wing of a plane to get it into action, while another was shot down just beyond the edge of Bellows Field. "That happened so close that I could have thrown a baseball and hit it," Dilts says. Meanwhile, he was making futile attempts to get in touch with other Army air fields in the vicinity but communications had been disrupted.

Barely 200 yards off Bellows Field, the first two-man Japanese submarine appeared. It was sighted on the morning after the plane attack. Maneuvering near the shore, it had run aground on a reef. Navy planes subjected it to a dive-bombing attack, and when it was reached, one of the crew members was dead and the other injured. He was taken prisoner. Many months later, the two-man "sub" was brought to the United States and widely displayed, being the first that fell into American possession.

John's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Dilts, waited anxiously for some word from him. Almost three months went by before a transoceanic call from Hawaii at 2 A. M. on March 2, 1942, brought the long-awaited reassurance. Under censorship rules, John could say little except that he was in good health and had received his Christmas gifts.

Dilts remained at Bellows Field about six more months, through the period when rumors and false reports were constantly in circulation as to possible further Japanese attacks. With a heavy Oriental population, the Hawaiian Islands presented a grave problem in respect to security. Meanwhile, drastic blackout regulations prevailed. Subsequently, Dilts went to Fort Shafter, also in the Hawaiian Department and in Honolulu for a few months' duty. In 1942, he shifted to the

Army Air Force, and saw duty elsewhere in the Pacific, as well as in Italy and India.

Before the end of January, 1942, American troops had been sent across the Atlantic in the first convoy, disembarking at Belfast, Northern Island. The contingent was comparatively small, but it was the forerunner of a huge army of GI's. That army in Britain grew so large, in fact, that Britons remarked that if our barrage balloons were ever torn away, the British Isles would go to the bottom of the ocean because of the tremendous weight of war material from the United States. By July, the United States Army Air Forces linked up with a Royal Air Force attack group to visit targets in Holland. Six American crews flying their own aircraft participated in that mission. It signaled the inauguration of a program in which thousands of American pilots with their bombardiers, navigators and other crew members, would play a vital part in conquering Fortress Europe.

Boys from every hometown in America were to trudge and toil and sweat and die in many foreign countries before the day would come when final victory would crown their efforts. In the various foreign theatres of war, their experiences varied widely but all were working for the same cause and giving what was asked—even if it meant the "last full measure of devotion."

CHAPTER IV

Gold Stars

IRVIN D. VAN NEST, JR.

(Private, First Class)

—Died February 15, 1943, North Africa—

SQUINTING his eyes against the glare of the overhead light, Harry Cox glanced at the clock in the Cox & Cray barber shop on Seminary Avenue.

"Eight o'clock—time to close up," he remarked to his partner, Harry B. Cray, who was applying an open-blade razor expertly to the nape of a customer's neck. Cox deserted his own patron momentarily to snap the lock on the door and lower the shades, shutting off a view of the shop's interior from the street. He glanced at the "waiting row" which consisted of two "hair-cuts." Cox returned to his own barber-chair and his scissors resumed their nervous chatter.

Three or four minutes went hand-in-hand into oblivion. Someone rattled the doorknob and the thud of a man's shoulder against the closed door could be heard distinctly. Cox grunted, went to the door and pulled the curtain slightly aside. A man's deep voice was heard.

"Let me in a minute, Harry," the man said. To no one in particular, Cox commented:

"It's Harry Wolfe—wonder what he wants?"

He released the catch on the door and admitted Wolfe, a towering figure, whose clothes suggested that he had just laid aside his plumber's tools. Wolfe avoided Cox's inquiring glance. Instead, he paced across the shop two or three times, staring at the floor. One hand seemed to be glued inside his coat pocket.

"Anything wrong, Harry?" Cox finally asked.

Wolfe hesitated, obviously troubled. His hand finally came clear of his pocket, revealing a yellow envelope. He surrendered it to Cox, then turned his face away. Cox pulled out a telegram, turning to avoid his own shadow. The message took only a second to read.

"My God, Harry—you don't mean it—Irvin Van Nest—killed in action!" he gasped.

Wolfe swallowed hard and rubbed his eyes with the back of his fist. Cox turned away but the wide mirror in front of his customer reflected the tightened muscles in his own face. Cray, with a son in the service, ceased his labors. The customers in the shop were attentive but silent.

"Did this just come, Harry?" Cox asked, breaking the silence.

"Yes—I just came—from the station," Wolfe replied jerkily, struggling to get his voice under control. "They called me up—asked me to come over—and then they gave me this. They didn't want to send it over—to his—mother."

Shaking his head as if he could nullify the news, Cox said: "This will be a terrible blow to her." Wolfe's lips tightened. He continued to gaze at the floor. Finally he added: "Yes—and I don't know how—to tell it to her."

He resumed his melancholy pacing. But gradually he began to steel his nerves. Others in the shop asked for details. But information was painfully lacking in the telegram and re-reading showed that it stated little more than the fact that Irvin D. Van Nest had been killed in North Africa on February 15, 1943. Questions began to fly concerning Irvin, the only son of Mrs. Rena Van Nest, sister-in-law of Wolfe. The latter seemed to gain further reassurance as he answered. In a few minutes, he was better prepared to carry out his heart-breaking errand, and departed.

Thus it was that news came to Hopewell of the first Hopewell boy who lost his life in World War II. Irvin Van Nest, a boy—at least he seemed still a boy to Hopewell friends and acquaintances who had seen him grow up—encouraged by a mother who had been widowed when he was quite young, and finding a way despite financial handicaps to enter Cornell University and receive two years' training.

Then another two years had slipped by with little heard of Irvin for he had gone South, planning to continue his schooling in Oklahoma. But wages being paid in the oil field were too alluring and he deferred his studies. There was a girl in the picture, too, Anna Louise Craig, of Lubbock, Texas, near the New Mexico border, and they were married on September 13, 1941, at Carlsbad, N. M.

Irvin entered military service on January 28, 1942, and trained for the Army's Armored Force at Fort Knox, Ken-

tucky. About a third of his three months there was spent in a hospital because of scarlet fever. When orders came to move North, he and his outfit entrained for Fort Dix, New Jersey, placing him about twenty-five miles from his home town of Hopewell. As soon as he could obtain leave, Irvin hit town. Home again and how glad he was for the opportunity to see his mother and old acquaintances. Three weeks later, he was on the Atlantic in a convoy headed for Ireland. He remained there until October 15, 1942.

During those five months, his outfit, now identified as the First Armored Division, engaged in maneuvers with British fighting units, as part of preparations to repel the anticipated invasion of England by Nazi forces. The plan of the Allied strategists at that time was to move troops into Southern Ireland, despite its stand as a neutral, if German troops were flung across the Channel. In that way, a seaport in Southern Ireland would be available as a backdoor to the British Isles in the event of England's fall. However, Hitler's grandiose scheme to conquer the world was balked in that respect, and when it became apparent that England was to escape invasion attempts from across the Channel, attention was turned to preparations for Allied landings in North Africa.

But Irvin had little part in these British-American joint maneuvers. For he was one of a considerable number of those in the First Armored Division afflicted with yellow jaundice, requiring extended hospital care at Ballaykinder, Ireland. The outbreak of the malady was extremely severe and rumors were current that the men had been given yellow fever "shots" by mistake. There was one redeeming factor about the long hospital stay from Irvin's point of view. On June 19, 1942, he discovered that Joseph N. Castoro, a Hopewell fellow with whom he had attended grade school, was in the same hospital, set up in a former castle.

Their paths had not crossed for several years and now Castoro was a Technician, Fifth Class, in the 123rd Maintenance Combat Team, First Armored Division. He had injured his knee while on maneuvers. From that day on, they spent hours talking about things back home. Little did either realize that Castoro would be less than half a dozen miles distant when Van Nest met his death in Tunisia, North Africa, and be the means of bringing back direct information that would offer some little consolation to Irvin's mother.

The date for the shove-off to Africa arrived, with landings scheduled for November 8, 1942. Castoro went ahead as his outfit carried orders to land at Arzew, adjacent to Oran, Algeria, about 300 miles east of the Straits of Gibraltar. Irvin, now with Company G, 13th Armored Regiment, and assigned to Combat Command B, of the First Armored Division, moved into England and remained there until after Christmas. Then he, too, was on his way to North Africa. He and Castoro met again at Philippeville, Algeria, in January, 1942, and continued to see one another at frequent intervals during the next twenty days thereafter.

Philippeville lies about 375 east of Oran and less than 100 miles from the Tunisian border to the west. Irvin's last letter to his mother, written January 25th from North Africa, as well as letters written about the same time to his wife and sister, did not disclose that he had narrowly escaped death while aboard ship enroute to North Africa. Censorship prevented revelation that the vessel had been hit by a torpedo from an enemy plane. The torpedo opened up a gaping hole in the stern of the ship but the crew, by closing off water-tight compartments, succeeded in bringing the vessel the remaining fifty miles to the Algerian shore. Men and equipment poured ashore, to be re-loaded on LST craft for the remaining 375 miles down the Mediterranean to Philippeville. This procedure was necessary because the narrow-gauge railroad along the Algerian coast was inadequate in every respect for the hauling of heavy tanks, equipment and men in such quantities.

North Africa, at that time, was witnessing the crucial struggle by the wily German General Rommel to extricate his troops from the danger of being cornered in Tunisia after being relentlessly pursued in what has been described as "the longest chase in military history," covering 1,300 miles in thirteen weeks from the outskirts of Alexandria, Egypt, to Tunisia. Previously, British troops had been both the hope and despair of the Allies, scoring successes only to lose ground and finally to be driven to within 70 miles of Alexandria. At one time, it had appeared that invasion of the Middle East was inevitable and General Sir Bernard Law Montgomery was rushed from England to see whether the situation could be mended. He concluded that Egypt must be held, regardless of price. Military resources, men, planes, tanks, were poured into North Africa as rapidly as the logistics of war would permit. The

hectic combat that turned Rommel back and sent him in retreat through Tobruk, Bengasi, El Alghuela and Tripoli, brought into Tunisia his crack Panzer Division, ready to pit its skill acquired in Poland, France and Russia, against the best that Britain and the United States had to offer.

Early in January, Tabessa, a walled city 125 miles south of Philippeville, the Mediterranean coastal port, was the Allied base for Central Tunisia, a country best described as the shoulder of Africa, across the Mediterranean from Sicily and the Italian mainland. Van Nest, as a member of Combat Command B, moved 125 miles southward to Tabessa, less than fifty miles from Kasserine Pass which later was to become a critical point in the campaign that finally wrested North Africa from German domination. Olive groves in Tabessa offered cover for the motorized equipment and personnel. Irvin's company was held in reserve. Trained for tank warfare, he served as radio man and operated the gun in the top turret of an M-3 tank, as a member of a five-man crew.

In the first weeks of February, Rommel, "the desert fox," realized that he must free himself from the Allied pressure in Central Tunisia aiming at the closing of the escape corridor by a break-through to the coast. Suddenly, Rommel's Panzer Division and Afrika Korps, supported by dive bombers, lunged at the British Eighth Army's lines. For the first time, the new German Mark VI tanks appeared, boasting of heavy armor as well as 75 and 105 mm. guns. Observers estimated that one-third of Hitler's entire air force was thrown into the battle. Against the veteran combat units, right at the height of Nazi power, stood inexperienced American artillery and armored outfits who had been sent to the western end of Faid Pass to relieve French and British troops. The Nazi tanks, numbering more than 100, broke through and the German column split to advance on Sidi bou Zid to the northwest and toward Gapa at the south. The loss of Faid Pass was a serious blow to the Allies, for it could have been used to funnel troops from the hilly terrain to the flat coastal plain. But Rommel had seized upon that advantage, moving more rapidly than the Allies found it possible, and as a result, a rout began.

For the American soldiers, the diving Stuka bombers and the onrush of German tanks, supported by infantry and artillery, constituted a ghastly initiation into battle. While Faid Pass was at stake, Van Nest's section of the Armored Division

received orders to advance into battle. Taking advantage of darkness, the tank column moved up and passed through the town of Sbeitla, a small oasis about six miles from Sidi bou Zid, the spot where they were directed to be in position for action at dawn.

"That night was the last time I saw Irvin alive," Castoro stated months later when he returned to Hopewell. "The Allies still hoped to hold Faid Pass, although it had been bombed for five days in a row, from the 10th to the 15th. My outfit was parked along the road in the darkness while we waited for the advancing column that was going up, to pass. The column halted for some reason and to my surprise, Irvin jumped off a tank close to me. We chatted for twenty minutes or so, just 'throwing it,' as fellows usually do. Then they moved ahead."

Castoro's outfit also moved that night as the battle had begun to envelop Sidi bou Zid. With their "peeps," later to become known as "jeeps," and T-2 retrieving tanks (armed with only a 50 mm. gun but appearing like a well-armed vehicle because of a dummy gun mounting) they hovered nearby, ready for emergency service.

Irvin died shortly after daybreak. His sergeant, appearing a short time later where Castoro was on duty with the 123rd Maintenance Combat Team, broke the news. The latter pressed for details. He was informed that Irvin and his four crew mates had been adjacent to their tank, trying to warm up a little coffee to fortify themselves against the early morning desert chill, when a German Stuka bomber came in over them and dropped a torpedo bomb. The bomb hit about 25 feet from the tank crew and exploded, hurling shrapnel and fragments over a wide area and costing the lives of all five men who had been huddled together. It was Irvin's first experience in battle—and his last.

But Rommel's men were gaining a temporary advantage and the Allied retreat was inevitable. Gapa, Feriana and Sbeitla, with their important airfields, were abandoned, and Allied troops were pursued across Tunisia for five days until they had reached the eastern slope of the mountains east of Tebessa. The retreat also cost Kasserine Pass, with the Germans regaining possession of 4,000 square miles of Tunisia. The German Command claimed that 2,876 Allied soldiers were captured, 125 tanks destroyed and more than forty armored cars seized

or destroyed. A few days later, however, General Montgomery's lines stiffened, the Axis troops began to fall back, taking a terrific pounding as they sought to retreat through Kasserine Pass. In three weeks, they lost practically all the territory they had gained, with the wresting of all of Tunisia from German control completed by May 10th, followed by the crossing of the Mediterranean and the invasion of Sicily and the toe of Italy.

About a month after Van Nest's death, Castoro's outfit moved back through Sid bou Zid and at a crossroads there, Van Nest's sergeant pointed out to Castoro where Irvin and his companions had died. German troops had buried the bodies along the roadside and five mounds of earth were visible. Later, Van Nest's body was moved, along with those of his fallen companions, to Tebessa, to be interred in a United States Army Cemetery within that walled city of ancient Algiers, again restore to French control. Upon the Hopewell Service Flag there appeared the first Gold Star.

FRANK N. EGE

(Private, First Class)

—Died April 20, 1944, Mediterranean Sea—

American losses among troops being convoyed overseas were held to an extremely low figure, but one of Hopewell's sons was among those lost when a troop transport went down. Frank N. Ege, Private, First Class, was aboard the S. S. Paul Hamilton, off Algiers, North Africa, when German torpedo planes attacked the convoy. The ship, loaded with demolition charges, exploded almost instantly.

"The ship was a total and immediate loss and there were no survivors, although escorts searched carefully throughout the area," according to a report issued later by the Navy Department. A total of 504 officers and men lost their lives, including all members of the 32nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron, of which Frank Ege was a member.

In the same air attack, torpedoes sank the U. S. S. Lansdale, a destroyer, out on the edge of the convoy screen and damaged three other merchant vessels in the convoy. According to the Navy Department report, "It was reported by one of the Commanding Officers of a minesweeper that in a year of operations in the Mediterranean he had never seen an air attack pressed home with such effectiveness as was this torpedo attack."

Frank Ege was a cousin of Irvin D. Van Nest, Jr., who had been killed in Tunisia, North Africa, in February, 1943. Frank had graduated from Central High School, Pennington, in 1941, and subsequently was employed by the H. A. Smith Machine Co. in Hopewell. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ege, of Columbia Avenue. On January 13, 1943, Frank, Jr., went into the Army Air Force, reporting to Fort Dix, followed by a month at Atlantic City and then moving to North Carolina. Later, he was assigned to Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado, and completed a course and graduated from the Photography School as a photographic laboratory technician.

Returning East, he was in Tennessee, North Carolina and Texas, and finally at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma, before starting overseas. During those final weeks in Oklahoma, intensive preparations were in progress—inspections, marches, drills, lectures, “shots” and finally, leaves for some of the more fortunate. The Squadron left Will Rogers Field on March 18th for the port of embarkation, Camp Patrick Henry, Virginia. More lectures and inspections followed. It was during those days that Frank Ege wrote his last letter to the folks at home, after which six weeks elapsed before further word came—and that message was the saddest possible, “Missing in action.” That word came on April 30th, 1944, followed on May 20th by a brief statement that Frank had lost his life in the sinking of an unnamed vessel.

In preparing to go overseas, all except twenty-five ground officers had been assigned to the S. S. Paul Hamilton. According to Captain Paul E. Bates (later promoted to Major), “We all complained because we wanted to go together as a unit, but fate would have it otherwise. As fate worked out, the ‘unlucky’ twenty-five were all that survived the crossing of the Atlantic by the 32nd Squadron.”

The twenty-five ground officers were assigned to the S. S. Fitzhugh Lee and the convoy left Norfolk, Virginia, on April 3d, 1944. According to Navy authorities, this convoy consisted of eighty-five merchant vessels, two Navy tankers, twenty-four small Navy craft and accompanying escorts. The small Naval ships were detached at the Azores but the bulk of the merchant vessels continued through the straits of Gibraltar, being joined there on April 18th by three British submarines. According to Captain Charles N. Leach, the trip was uneventful but a little rough, so all were glad to reach the Mediter-

ranean. There had been several sub alerts but the escorting vessels gave ample protection. On April 19th, the destroyer escort Lansdale joined the convoy, taking up her escort position some 4,000 yards on the port side of the formation.

The Navy Department report continues: "At the time of the attack, the convoy was disposed in ten columns and the Paul Hamilton's position was the second ship in the fourth column counting from the port side of the convoy. Thus she was almost at the center of the formation.

"On April 20th, German aircraft spotted the convoy around noon and for some time tracked the ships as they steamed close to the North African coast. Later as darkness approached, all ships were expecting an air attack and general quarters stations were manned. About 9 o'clock in the evening, just as twilight and shore coverage could be used to the fullest advantage, between 18 and 24 German planes swept in to attack the ships. The planes flew so low over the water that they were not picked up on radar scopes nor by look-outs until they were almost upon the convoy. The first wave of about nine JU88's attacked from dead ahead and were forced to gain altitude in order to release their torpedoes.

"One of these torpedoes from the first wave of planes struck the Paul Hamilton."

While not an eye-witness to what occurred, Captain Leach, of the 32nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron, states that "The attack was so fast and over with so soon—and so unexpected, to me—that I couldn't believe it was possible when we were told that the Paul Hamilton had sunk. The men who were on deck and who saw the ship sink, said the Paul Hamilton exploded and sank before we were well past her. The seamen told me at the time that it would have been impossible for anyone on the ship to survive."

Another former officer of the same Photo Reconnaissance Squadron, Captain Maxwell R. Palmer, now a physician in Tucson, Arizona, possesses a copy of the message to the Captain of the Fitzhugh Lee as received by the signal officer. It was received at 1851 (6:51 P. M.) on April 20th, and reads as follows:

"Date 4/20/44—Time 1851. From Comm. (Commander). Tonight expect air torpedo and bomb attack with flare illumination. Flares must silhouette target to prop-

erly locate it. Most probable direction of attack reciprocal of bearing of flare. Early use of all gunfire will definitely locate the convoy. Do not use fire unless enemy plane is plainly visible. Bt."

But the "flare illumination" never developed, and low-level attacks enabled the German planes to reach their targets virtually unobserved. Captain Palmer's description follows:

"The Fitzhugh Lee was immediately behind the Paul Hamilton for the entire voyage. They were 42 and we were 43, which meant they were No. 2 in the fourth column and we were No. 3. Early the 20th of April, Major J. J. Zeugner, the 32nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron Commanding Officer, signaled his regards to us and said all was fine aboard the Paul Hamilton. At 1800 that evening, the Commodore signaled us to expect an attack by enemy aircraft.

"At 2110 (9:10 P. M.) the attack came, JU88's carrying torpedoes. Our gunners opened fire on them and after only a few rounds having been fired, a terrific explosion occurred. Our ship was raised out of the water and fairly shaken up. Its hatches were blown off, all doors, etc., completely blown in. The ship itself suffered considerable damage and we had 87 casualties aboard.

"The Paul Hamilton, loaded with five thousand tons of bombs and explosives, had disintegrated before our very eyes. Pieces of the ship, with pieces of clothing, cargo, etc., were several inches deep over our ship. Five hundred and four Army men, the Navy gun crew and the Merchant Marine crew, disintegrated with the ship. There wasn't even the remotest possibility of any survivors. That was the end of a great many brave and good American men."

Captain Palmer, referring to Frank Ege, added: "I knew him personally as I did every member of the 32nd Photo Reconnaissance Squadron. He was a fine boy and truly highly thought of by every member of the organization. We culled out all but the most desirable men before we sailed because we could use only the best in Photo Reconnaissance work."

More than eighteen months elapsed after Ege's death before his mother obtained detailed information. Even the name of the vessel on which he had gone overseas was not disclosed to her, first because it was shielded by censorship regulations, and later because the Army regarded its official report that Frank had lost his life in the sinking as giving finality to the

situation. However, inquiry was made at official sources and additional facts were procured, along with the names of others in his Squadron who had not shared the same fate.

Then a short time later came the most surprising discovery that Ege's former neighbor, Sergeant James J. Moonan, had been aboard the vessel directly in the rear of the Paul Hamilton. Moonan, living at Lambertville for several months after his return from overseas and being unaware that Ege had been among those lost, told friends of his own narrow escape but had no reason to link it up with Frank's death. However, when he described "action we saw on the trip over" to the author of this book, the realization came that he had been at the scene when Ege died.

Moonan was with the 485th Bomb Group, of the 828th Bomb Squadron, and had moved East from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, to the port of embarkation in Virginia. He had entered the Army on July 8, 1943, and trained at Miami Beach, Fla., Herington, Kansas, Salt Lake City, Utah, and Geneva, Nebraska. During the short stay at Virginia, he did not encounter Ege and therefore had no reason to suspect that a Hopewell fellow was aboard the ship aft, or even in the same convoy. Moonan's description of developments follows:

"Our outfit was split up on three Liberty ships; the 831st Squadron and some medics on the first in line, the 828th (his Squadron) and half of the 829th on the next ship, and the other half of the 829th and all the 830th on the next ship in line. We were sailing along about five miles off the coast of Africa, between Oran and Algiers, at about five of nine at night on April 20th, when a bunch of JU88's from out of Southern France hit us. They came in waves, the first being only mast high. They did most all the damage. The ship with the 831st aboard was hit and sank in about 32 seconds. Not a man was saved. One or two bombers came at us. I'm not sure which because things happened so fast and one bomb landed in front of our ship and one thirty yards off the stern.

"I thought our ship was a goner because all the hatches fell in and one man got hit with one and had his leg broken. The loudest explosion was the Hamilton going up. There were 504 men on her."

Sergeant Moonan subsequently disembarked at Brindisi, Italy. His Bomb Group figured in many air missions thereafter. Moonan, who had worked as a meat cutter and cook

before the outfit moved overseas, devoted his time to cooking nights in order that the men destined to start on missions could be fed at 4 A. M. before their departure. The campaigns in which his Group figured included the Rome-Arno River campaign, the attack on the Balkans, as well as the Po Valley and Northern Appenines in Italy; Southern France, Northern France and the Rhineland campaigns. He returned to the States in October, 1945.

ARTHUR P. HIXSON

(Staff Sergeant)

—Died December 30, 1944, Germany—

When Arthur P. Hixson folded up his baker's apron, terminating his employment at Louie Gerhard's Eagle Bakery in order to respond for military service, indications were that Army life would offer him far different experiences. But the Army needed men with practical knowledge of baking and Arthur was assigned to the Cooks and Bakers School at Fort Knox, Kentucky, to learn the Army's way of doing it.

He entered service on January 13, 1943, reporting to Fort Dix. He was the son of Clarence and Sophia Hixson, of the Hopewell-Stoutsburg Road. Completing his special schooling, Arthur was assigned to the 20th Division as a baker. Orders were given in due course to prepare for movement overseas and Arthur crossed to England in January, 1944, where he remained until the invasion of France in June.

Somewhere along the line, Arthur was transferred from his baking assignment and placed in the 9th Infantry (Armored) of the Second Division. However, he never revealed this to his parents, even though he later disclosed in letters that he had figured in the Allied assault upon the beaches of Normandy, and the widening of the sectors initially seized by stubborn fighting. There followed the eventual break-through of German lines although Normandy's hedgerows slowed the advance for a time. Thereafter, Arthur was in almost continuous action, except for a three-day leave spent in liberated Paris, November 29th and 30th and December 1st.

Censorship prevented exact information from being sent home by Arthur—even if the stern demands of modern warfare had allowed time for writing during those months between June and December. The break-through, of course, got under

way on July 25th and one month later Paris was set free. The Nazis were forced to retreat rapidly to gain the security of the Siegfried Line. Meanwhile, the American First Army had entered Belgium, moving across Luxembourg to set foot in Germany on September 11th, followed by the bitter fight for Aachen and the Metz area, and the advance to the Roer River.

Then von Runstedt hurled twenty-four divisions at the thinly-held sectors of the American lines, weakened by General Eisenhower in order to mount strong attacks elsewhere. Fog and the heavily forested area aided in concealment of the German preparations. Panzer divisions opened up a hole forty miles deep in the American lines, with the Nazi troops penetrating to Monschau and Echternach.

About that time, the Second Division of the American Army, with Staff Sergeant Hixson included, was hurled into the "Battle of the Bulge." According to the official report by General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army, Monschau and Echternach "were stubbornly held by infantry divisions moved in from the north and from the south." He also wrote: "At the point of extreme penetration, the enemy had driven more than 50 miles into the American lines, but he was unable to shake loose our valiant units fighting desperately to hold the critical shoulders of the bulge."

It was there that Staff Sergeant Hixson, playing his part in one of those "valiant units," fell wounded on December 29th. He was moved back into Belgium for further hospital care but died the following day, December 30, 1944, at the age of 21. Through Army channels, the official report of his death was transmitted and reached his parents on January 17, 1945. He is buried in the U. S. Military Cemetery at Henri Chapelle, Belgium.

STEPHEN G. MYERS

(Sergeant)

—Died February 15, 1945, Luxembourg—

As a ticket agent in the Perry Street bus terminal, Trenton, of the Trenton Transit Company, Stephen G. Myers was known to hundreds of commuters even if all could not call him by name. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Myers, of Trenton, and made his home on Drake Avenue, Hopewell, when he married the former Miss Elsie Brown.

But who in peacetime would have predicted that a day would come when he would be awarded a Bronze Medal for meri-

torious achievement under fire, and his tragic death under somewhat similar circumstances at a later date be the price for saving other lives, as learned from reliable sources? His daughter, Elisabeth Ann, born February 12, 1944, about two months after he went overseas, never had an opportunity to see him alive but there is the record to cherish of his supreme sacrifice while serving his country.

Stephen was with the 66th Armored Field Artillery Battalion, Fourth Armored Division, of Lieutenant General George S. Patton's Third Army. He was a "wire man," working on lines for switchboard communication service. Back in February, 1942, he had entered the Army through the Fort Dix Reception Center. His training included maneuvers in Kentucky, a stay of some length at Pine Camp, New York; further maneuvers in Tennessee, training in desert warfare in California and a stay at Camp Bowie, Texas. He went overseas in December, 1943, to England. With the Fourth Armored Division, Stephen crossed the English Channel in July, 1944, to be grouped in the beachhead area with other infantry and artillery divisions for the breakout from that restricted zone.

As official reports state, the explosive power developed by the First Army in widening out the area was followed by General Patton's Third Army displaying its amazing speed and thrusting power to make fluid the battle for France. These achievements won lasting fame for Patton's armored columns and all who served under his command. The Third Army cut off the Brittany peninsula, shielded the main U. S. offensive by creating a barrier along the Loire, followed by a Third Army circling movement around the southern end of the German position in Normandy. The Germans retreated toward the Seine with the Third Army pressing hard, supplied at times by air because of the phenomenal advance. With the redemption of Paris and the German retreat in full swing, the Third Army pushed on to the Aisne and the Marne. Late in November, it had overwhelmed the Metz area and defenses along the Moselle and Seille rivers.

During the action described, Myers performed the service that earned for him the Bronze Medal. His citation stated that he assisted in maintaining communications in the advance from Normandy to Northern France, repairing wire lines as the nerve centers of the fighting fronts.

Stephen was to participate also in the "Battle of the Bulge" that developed in mid-December. Again the Third Army distinguished itself. Its part in that critical battle is described in the official report by the U. S. Army's Chief of Staff, General Marshall, thus:

"The tide of battle began to turn when the U. S. Third Army brought its full weight to bear on the southern flank of the (German) salient, where General Patton stopped the advance of the German columns with available reserves. . . . This shift from an offensive across the Saar to a general attack in southern Luxembourg was a brilliant military achievement, including corps and army staff work of the highest order." There followed the campaign to clear the west bank of the Rhine, with the Third Army hurtling at the Siegfried Line in the Prum-Trier zone, taking Prum on February 13th.

On February 15th, Sergeant Myers went forward in a "weasel," a vehicle equipped with traction treads for rugged service. His job was to clear up loose communication lines. Stephen stepped out of the "weasel" and a second later his foot struck a "bouncing Betty" mine. Mines of this type are oval in shape, camouflaged and frequently scattered on the ground by low-flying airplanes. The name is derived from the fact that the bomb, when jarred, bounces to shoulder-height and then explodes, scattering fragments of lead over an area perhaps 75 yards in diameter. Myers was struck in the right shoulder when the bomb went off. He lived fifteen minutes, according to reports received later by his survivors. His chaplain wrote later that if the bomb had remained in its lethal form until infantry reached the spot, it would have meant the death of innumerable men.

Myers was buried at Hamm, Luxembourg, in the U. S. Army Cemetery which contains 7,500 soldier graves. In June, 1945, his brother-in-law, T/5 John McGuire (Ordnance), also of Hopewell, who had served in France and Germany, went to Luxembourg to visit Stephen's grave. His thoughtful act enabled him when he returned to Hopewell in September, 1945, to bring some solace to Stephen's wife and other relatives.

Myers' grave also was visited by Sergeant John ("Chick") Devlin, who was drawn to the spot by the fact that they had caddied together at the Hopewell Valley Golf Club. "Chick" had been in England with the Ninth Air Force, but was transferred to Kassel, Germany, late in 1945. He visited three

cemeteries seeking the grave. His search was rewarded when he found Myers' name posted at the gate of the last one visited. "Chick" had been acting as a chaplain's assistant both in England and Germany. He had volunteered as an Aviation Cadet in February, 1944, with training in Florida and South Carolina. He was discharged, following his return from overseas, on May 24, 1946.

FRANKLIN V. D. HILL

(Private First Class, U. S. Marine Corps)

—Died February 19, 1945, Iwo Jima—

Only four days elapsed after the death of Sergeant Stephen G. Myers before another chap from the Hopewell area met his death. This time, however, death struck at a point almost at the opposite side of the globe. Franklin Van Dyke Hill, Private First Class in the United States Marine Corps, died in the D-Day invasion of the Pacific island of Iwo Jima on February 19, 1945.

Franklin was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Hill, and was 24 years of age when he died. If he had lived until March 12th in that year, he would have reached his 25th birthday. His daughter, Barbara Ann, was four years old at the time.

Hill entered the Marine Corps April 12, 1944, training at Parris Island, South Carolina. He was back home on his one and only furlough in July. He went to Camp LeJeune, New River, N. C., and moved on to California, ticketed as a replacement for the Fourth Marine Division, an outfit that had made a notable name for itself in action at Kwajalein, Maui, Saipan and Tinian. Franklin was assigned to Company L, 3rd Battalion, 25th Regiment of that division. He departed from California early in August.

Arriving at Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, not far from Pearl Harbor, Hill found the Fourth Division recently returned from Tinian and Saipan where it had won a Presidential Unit Citation for "outstanding performance in combat during the seizure" of those islands. Saipan had been taken after twenty-five days against "the stubborn defenses of the enemy," according to the citation. Then with a brief rest, the Division had gone ashore on the beaches of Tinian and conquered the island within eight days. Losses had been heavy. The cost in dead and wounded was set at 6,658 in the Division's official report.

Orders were for the Division to be in readiness by December 15th for action against "Island X." Field problems were worked out during September and October to acquaint the replacements with such tasks as assaulting fortified points, and having the advantage of co-ordinated weapon fire. Since landing operations were a prelude to any new island campaign, ship-to-shore maneuvers were staged during the latter half of November in the Maalaea Bay area.

Life in Camp Maui, located two miles from the village of Haiku and six miles from the shore, was uneventful. Back of the camp, Haleakala Mountain rose 10,000 feet; below the camp, the shore-line was visible for miles. Hill, like all the men, lived in a tent. The schooling was thorough—training with tanks, digging foxholes, studying and firing of Japanese weapons, booby-traps, as well as plenty of work in the classroom. But the day was destined to come for departure and the troops went aboard transports at Kahului, leaving there on January 3, 1945, to move to Pearl Harbor or Honolulu. Amphibious maneuvers in Maalaea Bay followed—including ship-to-shore landings, with live ammunition fired by support planes and ships offshore. Leave at Oahu preceded the day of sailing for "Island X"—soon to be identified as Iwo Jima and made famous in World War II history. It was January 27th.

The last letter received from Franklin was dated January 10th and reached his parents on January 23rd. There is little doubt but that he was at Oahu, in the Hawaiian Islands at the time.

Iwo Jima was 3,300 miles from the Hawaiian Islands but—more important—only 660 miles from Tokyo. It stood as one of the chief defenses to the Japanese homeland, and was achieving results most satisfactory from a Japanese viewpoint in blocking bomber planes enroute to the Japanese home islands. Pre-invasion bombardments had been in progress but it depended upon the striking power displayed by the landing forces, to include the Fourth Marine Division, whether the beachheads would be established, held and expanded. Enroute, the Division stopped at Eniwetok from February 5th-7th, and then was in the Saipan-Tinian waters on February 11th. Another amphibious rehearsal was staged there on the western coast of Tinian, despite rough seas. The Division sailed direct for Iwo Jima on February 16th on the last leg of the voyage.

The invasion time was set for 9 A. M. The Fourth Marine Division consisted of 22,486 men. For the invasion, a total of 83,570 men had been assembled. Observers declare that there were as many ships in the convoy as had been off North Africa as a prelude to its invasion. Warships firing from offshore and planes of every description were hammering Iwo Jima in readiness for the crucial moment.

Hill, like all the Marines, was advised of the expectation that the island would have to be taken at heavy cost. Major General Clifton B. Cates was quoted as saying at the time: "Heretofore it has always been our policy to grab the monkey by the tail and hang on. Now we're cutting the monkey's tail off."

Troops transferred into landing craft, starting at 7:30 A. M. Amphtracs were used for the most part, followed by LSMs (Landing Ship, Medium) when tanks and bulldozers could be put ashore. As the waves of invasion troops moved to the beach, the enemy fire seemed moderate. Actually, seven battalions had started ashore, moving side by side. Now, the U. S. Navy guns lifted their fire. It was the signal for the Japs to send what has been called "a solid sheet of fire" down against the men struggling to reach the beaches or already floundering in the sandy volcanic ash, characteristic of the island. In addition, a terrace with a steep slope created further complications, hampering the movement of tanks on which so much depended.

Hill, with the 25th Marines, was among those assigned to the uppermost of four sections on the southeastern side of the island. To the south at the tip of the island was the steep Mt. Suribachi, later made famous by a Marine Corps photo showing the raising of the United States flag at its summit.

Whether Hill met his death as he struggled to reach shore, or was hit soon after landing or in the hours that followed while enemy mortar and artillery fire saturated the area, is not known. Certain it is that the 25th Regiment, going ashore adjacent to a hilly plateau and assigned to serve as the right pivot for the invasion lines, was in a tough spot.

But on that day Franklin Hill died. Not for him was there to be the realization at nightfall that two battalions of artillery had been brought ashore, nor that the first of the island's two airfields had been reached by attack forces. Those who had survived knew that the casualties had been severe. When the island had been conquered and losses fully tabulated, the

Fourth Marine Divisions had 9,090 casualties, of which 1,731 were killed in action, out of its 22,486 invasion force. However, Iwo Jima was garrisoned by about 22,000 Japanese, of whom 8,982 actually died in the zone overrun by the Fourth Division. Hundreds more died in caves that were sealed up, or were buried by their comrades. The Fourth Division had taken only forty-four Japanese prisoners.

Three letters that came later to Hill's widow, Mrs. Ethel Looker Hill, partially told the story of his final hours. They paid a final tribute to his memory. Lieutenant Wilbur F. Simlik wrote that Frank "was killed instantly the morning of February 19th, the morning we assaulted the beach on Iwo Jima. The severest fighting in the history of the Marine Corps took place on that beach that morning. We were able to drive the Japs from their strong positions because men like your husband had the courage to move forward." He added that Frank had been laid to rest in the Fourth Marine Division Cemetery on Iwo Jima "with his fallen comrades." He further stated that a Christian funeral service had been conducted by Chaplain W. V. Johnson, with individual rites, and that a memorial service for those who had fallen in the Fourth Division was held at the dedication of the cemetery.

Another tribute to Franklin's memory was paid by Colonel John R. Lanigan, Commanding Officer of the 25th Marines, who had assumed command of the outfit at Maui in November, 1944. Of Frank, he wrote, that he was "a man I relied on, whose loyalty could never be doubted." Likewise, Lieutenant Simlik described Hill as "a fine man and a good Marine." He added: "Few units have ever been asked to do the job that we did on Iwo Jima. Our success was made possible only through the grace of God and the courage of men like your husband. We, the survivors, pledge to you that your husband shall not have died in vain."

Some time elapsed after Hill's death before it became known to Sergeant John W. Flagg, who had known Hill back home and then was on Iwo Jima with the 47th Fighter Squadron of the Army Air Force. Jack felt impelled to seek for Franklin's grave. A short time later, he wrote: "I sure did get a shock when I read that Franklin Hill was killed in action. I went over and saw his grave the other day and said a prayer for him . . . I was here the same day he was killed."

HERBERT LAKE

(Corporal)

—Died April 6, 1945, Germany—

When Corporal Herbert Lake ended his furlough on March 7, 1945, just before he went overseas, little did he or his relatives suspect that within thirty days he would meet his death on German soil. So swift was the course of events, however, that within that thirty-day period was crowded his trip across the Atlantic, rapid movement into Belgium and France and two weeks of front-line infantry duty in Germany.

Herbert was 24 years of age when he died. He was the son of Mrs. Della Lake, of Stony Brook Road, and had three brothers in service. They are Corporal William Lake, who served overseas in the Field Artillery for more than two years; Sergeant John Lake (Ordnance) who was in Holland, Belgium and Germany, and Private Bloomfield Lake, overseas for more than two years with the Quartermaster Corps in England.

Prior to Army service, Herbert operated a gasoline filling station on West Broad Street, just beyond the Borough limits. He reported for active duty on September 18, 1942, at Fort Dix. Five days later—on his birthday, September 23rd—he left Fort Dix for Camp Edwards, Mass., where he served with Battery F, 506th Coast Artillery (Anti-Aircraft), an organization that later was designated as Battery B, 196th Coast Artillery Battalion. He became a Private First Class on December 11, 1942, and was promoted to the grade of Corporal on September 8, 1943. Meanwhile, he had been at Sault St. Marie, Michigan, with Battery F, 196 Anti-Aircraft Artillery Air Warning Battalion.

Oddly enough, he was back at Fort Dix on September 23, 1943, his birthday. That prompted him to comment: "Most likely I'll be coming back here a third time. That probably will be on my birthday, too, and I'll be getting my discharge that time." Fate decreed otherwise.

He performed duties at Fort Hancock, N. J., and Camp Livingston, N. J., and then when infantry replacements were deemed essential, was transferred with thousands of others to that branch of the service. He went into Company A, 137th Battalion, 35th Infantry Training Regiment, Camp Livingston, La., and with six weeks' re-conditioning, was sent overseas.

He left the New York Port of Embarkation on March 7, 1945, arriving in France on the 18th. On March 21st, he wrote to his sister, Luella, reporting briefly that he had landed safely. It was the first and only letter received from him after he went across. Actually, only 19 days elapsed from the time he reached France before he met his death in Germany.

Herbert was assigned to Company L, 310th Infantry Regiment, 78th Division.

"Corporal Lake was killed in action on 6 April 1945 in the vicinity of Weissen, Germany, as the result of gunshot wounds. No further data are available as to the attending circumstances."

This memorandum from the Adjutant General's Office of the U. S. Army incorporates all the details officially communicated to his relatives.

On April 22nd, his mother received a telegram from the War Department stating that he was "missing in action." A second telegram a week later reported that he had met his death. Subsequently, Mrs. Lake received letters from one of her son's companions who said that on the day of Herbert's death, their Company had engaged in "hard fighting" throughout the morning. He added that Herbert fell late that afternoon when hit by a 20 mm. shell. He was buried in a U. S. Military Cemetery at Breuna, Germany, situated near the Ruhr "pocket."

Up to the time of his death, he had earned the Good Conduct Medal, American Theatre Service Ribbon, Combat Infantryman Badge, European-African-Middle Eastern Theatre Service Ribbon with one bronze campaign star for participation in the Rhineland Campaign. He also earned the Victory Ribbon—for it was such as these who, sacrificing all, gave us the victory.

CHAPTER V

Honor Roll

WHEN a nation wages total war, citizens who avoid participation in some phase of the war effort are few in number. The pacifist, in the midst of his protests against militarism, finds he is affected daily by various regulations, applicable to all, designed to assure conservation of essential war-making materials. The conscientious objector in World War II was inducted—and paid most of his own maintenance costs—for duty in essential public service. The average citizen, believing that war is madness and a terrific waste of life and property, responds to appeals to his patriotism and seeks to make his personal contribution in one form or another so victory may come quickly.

However, those who enter military service, leaving home and familiar surroundings to risk their lives wherever they may be designated to serve, earn special distinction. Their names comprise a roll of honor that is properly reserved for a limited number. Communities, neighborhoods and countless organizations provided Honor Rolls for displaying the names of those in such distinct groups during World War II. Yet the effort to determine eligibility for these distinctive listings raised many problems. Sometimes it was a question of geography that entered into the decision. Should a fellow, who had lived in a community for many years, be omitted from an Honor Roll because he had married and moved elsewhere shortly before his induction? And what about the chap, comparatively unknown, who might have married a local girl and briefly resided in the community?

But a more difficult realm of speculation involved those who went into some type of service closely allied with the armed forces. For example, what of the Merchant Marine? Those who volunteered served on merchant ships carrying supplies across submarine-infested oceans, after taking training provided by the United States Maritime Service. The Merchant Marine has been lauded by Mayor William O'Dwyer, of New York City, as having "accomplished the greatest transportation job in the history of the world." In his opinion the Merchant Marine "helped to make this hazardous exploit possible

through a complete disregard of personal danger." Selective Service, vigilant in its task of providing personnel for the armed forces, recognized the service of the Merchant Marine to the extent that individuals in that category were not notified to report for Army or Navy induction and were allowed two weeks at the completion of each voyage before signing up anew before being subject to call by Selective Service.

Again, what of the Army Cadet Nurses? Young women who enrolled in this branch received training under Army supervision in selected hospitals and were supplied with uniforms and an allowance under the terms of their contract. At the completion of their courses, they were obligated to engage in military or civilian nursing, the choice being left open because the Cadet Nurse training program was designed to meet a serious shortage of nurses in both military and civil life.

Faced by such dilemmas, committees handling Honor Rolls included "border-line" cases frequently and the make-up of Honor Rolls varied considerably from one community to another. But who would draw hair-line distinctions between those who assisted directly in the war effort by service in the armed forces?

Hopewell Borough provided more than 200 men and women for the Armed Forces. Scores of others who lived nearby, perhaps in Stoutsburg, Mount Rose, Rosedale, Marshall's Corner or Wertsville regarded Hopewell as "the old home town." Hence the listings that follow embrace the general Hopewell area, as well as a number of individuals who lived on rural mail routes served from the Hopewell post office, or had worked in town or nearby, or made Hopewell their residence until a short time previous to entering military service.

Whether it was one son or more that was called into service, parents and relatives wished them God-speed and prayed for their safe return. But in some instances the number drawn from a single family was outstanding. From the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bealkowski, of Hart Avenue, for instance, eight sons went into the service, and they ranged far and wide in their war-service careers. Sergeant Alexander P. Bealkowski, enlisting in October, 1940, served chiefly in England with the Army Medical Corps. Flight Officer Joseph V. Bealkowski, qualifying through Air Cadet training after working as a ground crew mechanic, was in readiness for overseas service but was held in the United States. Sergeant Zigmund J. Beal-

kowski was with a Parachute Infantry regiment that landed on Corregidor in the Philippines to aid in its re-capture, and subsequently served in Japan. Sergeant William Bealkowski was in India, Burma and China with a Bomb Squadron as a propeller specialist. Bruno Bealkowski, FC 2/c, served on a Navy destroyer with extensive duty in the vicinity of the Kurile Islands north of Japan, as well as the Aleutian Islands strung out westward from the tip of Alaska. Corporal Frank P. Bealkowski was in France, Belgium and Germany, working with the "Red Ball Express" moving gasoline to re-fuel the advancing Army. Stanley V. Bealkowski, youngest member of the family, entered the Navy in March, 1945, and was in the Pacific Reserve Fleet. Edward Bealkowski, beginning Merchant Marine service in 1939, had numerous trips to ports in England, France, Italy, Africa and South America.

Then there was the Daniels family from Stoutsburg, with seven sons in the service. The first to enter, T/Sergeant James N. Daniels, went into Aviation Engineers and served in New Caledonia, Solomon Islands and New Guinea; Private First Class Floyd Daniels was with an Army Signal Construction Battalion in Burma; Private First Class Milford G. Daniels served in the States and received a medical discharge; Corporal Charles Daniels was in Anti-Aircraft and later with a Quartermaster Truck Company, his service extending through Africa, Sicily, France and Germany; Corporal Richard E. Daniels was with the Army Medical Corps in the Leyte and Okinawa invasions; Private First Class David W. Daniels, cook with an Aviation Engineer Regiment, served in England, France and Germany; and Wilmer O. Daniels, Steward Mate 1/c, was in the Navy with the Pacific Fleet.

The Devlin family, with three sons in the Army, two in the Merchant Marine and a daughter who trained as a Cadet Nurse, also could be cited. S/Sergeant Harry A. Devlin served in a Field Artillery Battalion; Corporal Hugh Devlin with an Air Service Squadron in England, France, Belgium and Germany; Sergeant John J. ("Chick") Devlin, in England and Germany with the Ninth Air Force; Joseph, in the Merchant Marine, with trips to England and France, and Thomas Alfred ("Al"), with voyages to the West Indies, after which both made a trip across the Pacific to the Philippines, Okinawa and Japan. Their sister, Eileen, took Cadet Nurse training under an Army-supervised program at St. Francis Hospital, Trenton.

The following is the Honor Roll for Hopewell Borough:

- | | |
|----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Allen, Ira B. | Corcoran, John F. |
| Allen, Marvin L. | Cray, Bruce H. |
| Ashton, Paul A. | Cray, Donald |
| Ashton, William J. | Cromwell, John M. |
| Atchley, John | Cutter, Paul S., Jr. |
| Bartlett, Earl C. | Dansberry, A. Scott, Jr. |
| Bealkowski, Alexander P. | Danberry, David W. |
| Bealkowski, Bruno | DeHart, Florence M. |
| Bealkowski, Frank P. | Devlin, Harry A. |
| Bealkowski, Joseph V. | Devlin, Hugh M. |
| Bealkowski, Stanley V. | Devlin, John J., Jr. |
| Bealkowski, William | Dey, Archibald R. |
| Bealkowski, Zigmund J. | Dilts, Donald C. |
| Benson, Albert W. | Dilts, John W. |
| Benson, Erwin W. | Dormer, Edgar A. |
| Benson, Graham L. | Drake, C. Lloyd |
| Bilger, Raymond P. | Eelman, Margaret |
| Blackwell, Ernest L. | Eelman, William C., Jr. |
| Blunden, Dorothy M. | Eelman, William C., Sr. |
| Bodine, William R. | *Ege, Frank |
| Boice, John Wallace | Embley, Ogden C. |
| Boozer, William H., Jr. | Embley, Richard P. |
| Boyle, John B. | Embley, Sheldon W. |
| Brain, George W. | Everitt, George T. |
| Breese, Walter E. | Faherty, Thomas J. |
| Bregenzer, Charles A., Jr. | Ginter, Jack S. |
| Bregenzer, James | Ginter, John H. |
| Bregenzer, Joseph | Gray, John Nomer |
| Bregenzer, Thomas G. | Green, Willis H. |
| Briggman, Robert F. | Guisepppe, Nicholas J. |
| Briggs, Theodore | Hall, James H. |
| Brizell, James S. | Hart, Alan F. |
| Bruno, Homer | Hartman, Lloyd, Jr. |
| Burd, Raymond W. | Henrie, Ruth L. |
| Burd, Robert L. | Henrie, William |
| Burton, John L. | Hess, Adolph |
| Butcher, Herbert | *Hill, Franklin V. D. |
| Caballera, John | Hill, Joseph B., 2nd |
| Carkhuff, Orville L., Jr. | Hoagland, Paige, Jr. |
| Castagnola, Joseph C. | Holcombe, J. Orville |
| Castoro, Angelo N. | Holcombe, Russell W., Jr. |
| Castoro, Joseph N. | Hopkins, Hosea |
| Castoro, Nicholas S. | |
| Collfer, John | |
| Conover, William S. | |
| Cooper, Clarence L. | |

*Died while in service.

Hullfish, G. Kenneth
Hullfish, Rezeau B.
Hurley, Charles Reginald
Hurley, Lawrence B.

Jenkins, Oliver
Johnson, William E.

Kady, Stephen V.
Kettenburg, Edward J., Jr.
Kirby, John Burk
Knorr, John Walter
Knudsen, George
Koeppel, George C., 3rd
Koether, Fred A.

Laird, Clarence G.
Lamson, John P.
Lanning, William G.
Larmon, Fred A., Jr.
Lawson, Robert O.
Leming, Clifford Homer
Leoncavello, Nicholas
Loveless, Harry J.
Lowe, Raymond C.
Lowe, Robert E.
Lowe, Wilbur
Lowe, William G.
Lutz, Elmer J., Jr.
Lutz, John P.
Lutz, Sidney

Macnell, Frederick W.
Malesky, Edward S.
Marotta, Ralph
McAlinden, Joseph
McAlinden, Merritt J., Jr.
McCandless, Harry E.
McCandless, Thomas W.
McCracken, John E.
McCreedy, William
McGuire, John P.
McLaughlin, Dewey, Jr.
McLaughlin, Robert
Miller, Henry E., Jr.
Monteleone, Andrew
Monteleone, John Vincent
Moonan, James J.
Moyer, Robert M.
Muredda, Joseph

Myers, George J., Jr.
*Myers, Stephen

Nevius, Elmer Earl
Nevius, Lester F.
Nevius, Verna

Orr, Henry

Palmatier, Charles E., Jr.
Pancoast, Thomas W.
Pessel, Thomas F.
Pierson, J. Reginald
Pierson, Theodore A., 3rd
Pittman, Elmer
Powell, David L.

Rafalowski, Robert
Rafalowski, Stephen
Redell, John
Rightmire, George F.
Rightmire, Walter
Robbins, Chester I.
Ruggieri, Steve
Runyon, Clarence H.
Runyon, Stanley Harris

Savidge, Edwin W.
Schomp, Earl
Selbie, F. Donald, Jr.
Senft, John
Sheppard, Edwin T.
Sinclair, Paul P.
Sinclair, Wm. Theodore
Skillman, V. Leroy, Jr.
Smith, Colon H.
Snook, Eden L., Jr.
Sperling, John V.
Staton, Emanuel
Stonaker, William L.
Stout, William A.
Stryker, Paul C.

Temple, Harold
Temple, Vernon I.
Trout, Edward
Tucker, Edward J.
Turner, Eugene H.

* Died while in service.

Van Doren, Robert A.
Van Dyke, Harold
Van Dyke, Herbert
Van Dyke, Wilford
Van Lieu, John F.
*Van Nest, Irvin D., Jr.
Vannoy, P. Hartwell
Vansant, Bruce E.

Waldron, Thomas R.
Williamson, George
Wilson, Herbert E.
Wilson, W. Howard
Woolston, Stephen
Wright, Arthur M.
Wyckoff, John W., Jr.
Wyckoff, Orville A., Jr.
Wyckoff, Charles Theodore
Wyckoff, William H.

Zirkler, Earl H.

Merchant Marine

Agin, Glenn S.
Bealkowski, Edward
Davis, W. Robert
Devlin, Joseph P.
Devlin, T. Alfred
Lowe, Edwin Forrest
VanArsdale, Raymond

Cadet Nurses

Carkhuff, Kathleen
Devlin, Eileen A.
Stout, Dorothy E.
Eelman, Lois

* Died while in service.

The story of the official Honor Roll board erected in Hopewell Borough is contained in the following items that appeared in the "Hopewell News," war-time publication:

The names of those in military service are right out on the main street now (May, 1943) in letters about an inch high. There's an attractive Roll of Honor set up adjoining the Hopewell National Bank, with a whopping big service flag flying above it. It seems that the committee arranging for the Honor Roll had quite a time deciding who should be included and finally ruled that it would be limited strictly to residents of Hopewell Borough. That meant that all the Hopewell Township fellows, even if they lived just over the Borough line, as well as any who had moved recently from the Borough, were "out"—even if they intended to come back when the war was over. They say it was done that way because Hopewell Township plans to set up a similar Honor Roll at Hart's Corner exclusively for Hopewell Township residents. The Borough service flag really is huge. It's eight by twelve feet, with blue stars on the white field, surrounded, of course, by red. It is suspended from a pipe framework that looks like a glorified hoop from a lawn croquet set. There's a gold star for Irvin D. Van Nest, Jr., who lost his life in North Africa. The Honor Roll is about four by six feet, painted white with the names in white on a black background, making them quite easy to read.

Dedication ceremonies were held Sunday afternoon, May 16, 1943. The Princeton High School Band gave the program a nice send-off. The speakers stood on the bank steps. Rev. N. Vance Johnston, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, presided. Most everybody in town and from nearby appeared to be there. Traffic was halted on Broad Street and the crowd stood on the sidewalks and from curb to curb. It seemed odd, however, that a patriotic occasion found so few men in uniform present. Yet it was understandable, for the servicemen were either out there where a big job was being done—and well done, too—or getting that training needed to carry them through to bring final victory. One sailor was present, Jack Sperling, clad in white; two soldiers as well as three British sailors, the latter visiting near Hopewell on a "rest farm" during a short stay in this country. It wasn't one of those hip-hooray affairs, however, for the folks at home are pretty serious about this war business, for many good reasons. They didn't need anybody to get their emotions all stirred up, because they were that way already. Besides, they were busy with their own thoughts about those scattered all over the world and what might be doing at that very moment. The prayers for the safety, good health and early return of those in the armed forces were spoken with real fervor. As a matter of fact, Rev. George Young, Negro preacher, gave the benediction with such sincerity that he came off with top honors for the day. He didn't pray in vague terms but with him it was "I am asking you, Father," and that's probably the kind of praying that counts.

Mrs. Daniel Richter, presenting the flag to the Borough as a gift from the Fire Company Auxiliary, made the shortest speech on record in the town. Mayor Russell K. Metz, plenty nervous and not to be outdone in brevity, accepted and in turn stated that Borough Council had provided the Honor Roll. Then Mrs. Irvin Van Nest, "Gold Star Mother," pulled a cord to set the service flag flying in the breeze. The rope wouldn't unknot so the flag hung askew for a few seconds. School children sang, directed by their principal, Charles Wilgus. The main speech was by Wheeler D. McMillen, editor of the Farm Journal, who lives on a farm on the Stony Brook Road. Later, he told a friend that if he had let himself go, he could never have held it down to ten minutes. Then the band played after which the musicians were served ice cream, punch and cookies at the Borough Hall.

So now Hopewell feels it really is "in step" with other communities, having an Honor Roll and a service flag. The Honor Roll has ninety-one names on it, from A to Z (that is, from Ira B. Allen to Earl H. Zirkler, the latter being the chap from Minnesota who married Marian Laning). Young David Johnston, of the Baptist parsonage, caught the patriotic spirit and finding a whistle somewhere after the celebration was over, began to blow lustily. It sounded like a police whistle and when his mother discovered that the whistle was stopping cars now and then, she soon had it out of sight.

The town's service flag alongside the bank is tattered and torn. (January, 1944.)

The Borough is thinking about enlarging the Honor Roll, as new additions to the list are overcrowding it. (August, 1944.)

A startling figure has come to light (November, 1944). How many fellows from Hopewell Borough are overseas, would you say? About a month ago, the total was ninety-three and by this time, it probably has passed 100! When a community of the size of Hopewell, whose population in 1940 was 1,678 (and the U. S. Census usually isn't kidding) has about one hundred residents who are scattered all over the globe, it's highly significant. In all likelihood, only two or three of that number would have left the good old U. S. A. during their lifetime. But the war made a difference and they have been in Australia, New Guinea, the Hawaiian Islands, Saipan, Tinian, the Marianas, China, Burma, India, Africa, Italy, Malta, Sardinia, France, Greece, Greenland, Holland, Belgium, Bulgaria, England and other countries. In addition to this group of one hundred, scores of others have traveled widely over the United States. Something is bound to happen to Hopewell and its way of thinking—as in every community—when these fellows come home. Some may say "I'm sick of the whole mess—I want to live my own life and the rest of the world will have to take care of itself." Others will bring back a different story. They will realize that our security, our economic advancement, our happiness—as individuals and as a nation—are bound up definitely with what takes place in the rest of the world. Fortunately, many of the home folk already have captured that wider vision too, partly because they have been poring over

their world maps but also because someone from home is at some distant spot and his safe return depends upon what conditions exist out there. Beyond a doubt, we will have a wider outlook and be a lot more concerned about what goes on elsewhere in the world.

The Borough Honor Roll has been enlarged—in fact, it has sprouted wings. To accommodate all the names, two side panels have been added and the entire board re-painted. At present (March, 1945), all the names are missing while the list is being brought up to date. The service flag that flew above it vanished long since, but it is hoped that it will soon be restored to its proper place.

The Borough Honor Roll is an object of pride once again, now that a new flag has been suspended from the iron-pipe framework above the display panels listing the names of the Borough's servicemen. (April, 1945.)

Flagstone has been placed in front of the Borough Honor Roll, improving the general appearance and removing a "raw" spot in the grass caused by the frequent visitors who paused to inspect the list of names. (May, 1945.)

The following list has been compiled in an effort to include those who lived adjacent to Hopewell when they entered military service, or had made the town their home comparatively recent before entering the armed forces, or had definite connections with the town in some manner, or knew "Hopewell, New Jersey," as their mail address.

Ackerman, Katherine

Adam, Arch

Adam, James

Adam, Richard

Adam, Robert

Baczak, Warren T.

Bodine, Grover C.

Boice, Fred D.

Buck, James H., Jr.

Burroughs, Kenneth R.

Cain, Theodore

Carter, James C., Jr.

Chafey, Donald E.

Connor, John J.

Connor, Robert

Connor, William

Conover, John Garrett

Cronce, Albert

Daniels, Charles L.

Daniels, David W.

Daniels, Floyd

Daniels, James N.

Daniels, Milford G.

Daniels, Richard E.

Daniels, Wilmer O.

DeAngelo, Patrick

Denaci, Edward, Jr.

Denaci, Albert

Dorio, Anthony

Eddy, Albert I., Jr.
Errickson, Harry J.
Esche, Edward

Flagg, John W.
Flanagan, Thomas J.

Gray, Wilfred
Gogola, Anthony
Gogola, Emery
Gurka, Steve Joseph
Gurka, William S.

Habeeb, Clarence R.
Hausenbauer, Charles A.
Hill, Carl E.
Hill, Robert I.
Hillman, B. Carl, Jr.
*Hixson, Arthur P.
Hixson, Charles P.
Hoagland, Norman G.
Hoagland, Verdia
Hodnett, Oscar, Jr.
Hodnett, Samuel
Holstrom, Anton C.
Howard, Richard
Hunt, Harry B., Jr.
Hunt, Robert W.
Hurley, John Hilbert
Hurley, Wilbur U.

Johnson, Harold
Jones, Albert
Jones, Frank P.

Klanka, Andrew
Klanka, John
Klanka, Michael J.
Klanka, Paul W.

LaCavera, Salvatore
Lake, Bloomfield Richard
*Lake, Herbert
Lake, John C.
Lake, William
Lamodola, Charles
Lamodola, John
Lenz, Albert
Lenz, Alfred Bork
Lenz, William F.

Lewis, William Robert
Litzen, Archibald
Litzen, Lawrence
Louring, Ralph

Magalhaes, William
Maple, Frank I.
Martinowsky, Frederick J.
Marvarcsik, Michael
McBurney, Colin A.
McMillen, Robert D.
Missel, Henry

Neumann, John
Nickerson, Earl F., Jr.
Nickerson, James
Nickerson, Kent F.

Phillips, George O.
Pomeroy, Robert

Quigley, William J.
Quinn, Edward S.
Quinn, Joseph

Romanchuk, Alexander
Romanchuk, William
Ronalder, Kenneth
Rooks, M. Lester

Sabo, Edward G.
Sabo, John
Savidge, Edgar T.
Savidge, Evan
Saums, Robert B.
Schacheman, Albert C., Jr.
Scovel, Dwight J.
Secoolish, John
Sheppard, Bertha A.
Snook, William
Solan, Edward
Solan, James L.
Solan, Robert
Sommovigo, Marcello
Stanford, Leland Leo
Steepy, Clarence
Stefani, Dario J.
Stout, Virginia Marie

* Died while in service.

Stryker, Parvin R.
Sutphen, Elmer M.
Sutphen, Richard C.
Sydorko, Stephen
Szmuka, John

Tash, Howard W., Jr.
Tash, Jacob G.
Thiel, Cornelius A., Jr.
True, Arthur
True, Samuel, Jr.

Vandewater, Leonard W.
*Van Dyke, Walter
VanLiew, Dennis P.
VanLiew, Fred S.
VanLiew, Harold
Vergano, Charles

Whitehead, Raymond A.
Wyckoff, Charles Clifford
Wyckoff, Robert William

Yard, Arthur
Yenner, Gladwyn
Yenner, Howard
Young, Harold J.
Young, John
Younger, Clarence W.
Yuhus, Julius

Ziglenski, Adam J.
Zuccarello, Frank S.

Cadet Nurses
Sommovigo, Louise
Wasolowski, Julia

* Died while in service.

CHAPTER VI

North Africa, Sicily and Italy

NORTH AFRICA

DIFFICULT choices had to be made by military chiefs during the weeks and months following Pearl Harbor. Troops were urgently needed in the United Kingdom, to replace British troops dispatched to the Middle and Far East. However, the situation in the Southwest Pacific would brook no delay, and Atlantic shipping had to be diverted in order to bolster the military demands in New Caledonia. Therefore, the development of a powerful American Army Air Force in the United Kingdom was rushed. Men and equipment began to trickle early in 1942 into Northern Ireland, Scotland and England until the Air Force was ready to make its first assault on July 4, 1942, with six planes against targets in Holland, as part of an American-British bomber offensive. Allied strategy eventually called for American Flying Fortresses and Liberators to operate by daylight for precision bombing with the British heavy bombers working at night over industrial areas.

Invasion talk prevailed at home and amid the troops in the British Isles but the strategists concluded that General Rommel's African successes compelled action that would remove the menace to Cairo and the Suez Canal. Therefore, preparations were carried forward with that aim in mind. The invasion of North Africa and the six-months campaign to wrest Algeria and Tunisia from German domination were to bring American forces into direct encounter with the enemy. Lessons to be learned, some at great cost, were to prove of immeasurable value in later campaigns. Likewise, the position gained in North Africa was to afford the Allied armies an opportunity not only to strike at Italy, but to undermine "Fortress Germany" from the south where it was most vulnerable.

Allied strategy called for the use of three task forces to make simultaneous landings at Oran and Algiers, on the Mediterranean, and at Casablanca, on the western coast of Morocco. The landing forces that went ashore at Oran on November 8, 1942, consisted of American troops that had been in Great

Britain. The Algiers invasion was handled by a British-American team also moving from Great Britain. Casablanca, however, was seized after considerable French resistance by an American attack force that arrived direct from the States. All three landings foreboded ill for the German and Italian forces in the months ahead.

Several hundred vessels figured in the task force and escorts provided for the November 8th landings. For air support, bombers and transport planes, as well as aircraft from carriers, were available but in limited numbers. Without complete protection, it was inevitable that some of the vessels would run into trouble. David Danberry, Private First Class was aboard the "Leestown," a vessel that was attacked by German planes and sunk about ten miles off Algiers. The "Leestown" was carrying the 39th Infantry, attached to the Ninth Division. Enroute through the Mediterranean, "Jerry" planes were sighted about dusk on Friday, November 6th, and again at daylight on the next morning. Bombs were dropped during the second visit but without inflicting damage. Danberry's ship was lying off Algiers at 3 A. M. on Sunday morning, November 8th, when several German planes appeared. Landing forces from the vessel had transferred to smaller craft about two hours earlier. Those left aboard ship believed the others must be hitting the beaches. Danberry, as a "jeep" driver, had remained aboard ship. Motorized equipment was to be moved ashore later under the invasion program.

Danberry was standing by on deck for emergency duty when the "Jerry" planes came over. The bomb that hit the "Leestown" went "straight down the smokestack" into the boiler room, according to Danberry. Several men were killed, others wounded, in that section of the ship. The "Leestown" remained afloat for about an hour. The survivors aboard were ordered to abandon the ship. Wearing a life jacket, Danberry with others went over the side and was in the water an hour or more before being picked up by men in a Navy boat. All were taken ashore and given hospital care. Danberry was able to rejoin his outfit two days later. However, he had lost all his personal effects, including his bedroll, barracks bag, etc. When the "Leestown" sank, the 39th Infantry lost all of its heavy equipment.

It was not the first time that Danberry had encountered hazards at sea. Sailing from the States on September 27,

1942, his ship had two submarine scares while crossing the Atlantic, with depth charges being dropped to ward off attacks. One submarine was reported sunk as a result of the activity. Danberry had been in the Army since January 23, 1941, training with the Infantry at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Overseas, he was in Ireland for a week and also in Scotland where test amphibious landings were staged, before the move toward Africa began.

In the North Africa campaign, Danberry saw action at Kasserine Pass and El Guettar and in the northward push to Bizerte. Danberry, driving a "jeep," hauled countless loads of ammunition, including 81 mm. mortar shells, and ammunition for machine guns. He also carried squads of men with heavy weapons when long jumps were required.

"We must have been lucky," comments Harry B. Hunt, Jr., Chief Storekeeper on the U. S. S. Arcturus, an amphibious cargo attack vessel that participated in the invasion at Fedala, north of Casablanca, on the west coast of French Morocco. Months previous, he had been on the same ship when the first United States Marines were taken to Iceland for security duty there. While in the Fedala area, Hunt's ship got by without a scratch, although quite a few ships were hit and sunk nearby. Hunt figured in subsequent amphibious invasions in the Mediterranean before he left that area. They were the landings on Sicily, Salerno and Italy in 1943, as well as Southern France in 1944. Duty in Pacific waters followed.

American troops had been in Africa many weeks before the invasion of Algiers and French Morocco on the Mediterranean coast. Master Sergeant Clarence H. Runyon, entering the Army Air Transport Command on March 6, 1942, had trained at Keesler Field, Miss., as an airplane mechanic by July. While there he responded to a call for volunteers for six months' duty in Africa. Those "six months" extended to twenty-six months before he actually was directed to return to the States. His destination proved to be "Bushtown" in the Gold Coast region west of Nigeria, on the southern side of the African bulge. The spot was destined to be developed as the largest airfield in the world, with planes and supplies forwarded thence to combat areas in Africa, Egypt, India and Arabia.

Runyon's work as an airplane mechanic at "Bushtown" ended abruptly when somebody discovered that he knew stenog-

raphy—a rarity for “Bushtown” in those days. He was told to report at Headquarters. Thereafter, he labored all hours of the days and nights, actually witnessing the development of plans for some of the major operations of the war as they were being put down upon paper for the first time. Working with high-ranking officers, he traveled wherever they went, thousands of miles, and almost invariably by plane. On these long flights, he took along a work table and a typewriter, and after receiving dictation, transcribed his notes enroute. Frequently, Runyon would prepare radiograms to be dispatched as soon as the plane made its next landing. In his journeys by air, he became more familiar with the air routes across Africa, the Middle East, India and Arabia, as well as in the Mediterranean zone, than he had been with the highways in New Jersey while back home. But despite the confusion, due to the constant hustle and bustle, the money systems in the various countries visited and the uncertainty of Army life, he accepted it as part of what the war situation demanded of him.

Writing in September, 1944, he said: “I have visited some of the most beautiful cities in Africa, such as Durban and Capetown and they are, in my opinion, as nice as any American city. South Africa, in many respects, is just like the United States and the people try to copy our ways.” On his first trip to Durban by plane, he was amazed when above it to see how closely it resembled an American city. He also commented that “There were as many white people around as at home. There were automobiles, modern movies and restaurants and just about everything else that I didn’t expect to find.”

The American soldiers were greeted enthusiastically and rode the trains and buses without charge. The people, he reported, “just couldn’t seem to do enough for us. We couldn’t walk down the streets without someone stopping us and wanting us to come to their home for dinner. We learned later that the people had never seen Yanks in uniform and we were more or less the center of attraction wherever we went.” Seeking food, Runyon and his companions obtained a meal consisting of steak with onions, fried potatoes, vegetables, pies and ice cream at a cost of sixty cents.

Runyon and his companions also created a fad in Durban—a demand for iced coffee. They asked for it in the restaurant of one of the larger hotels. It took some time to convince the waitress that they were not kidding. Finally, she agreed to

bring coffee, cream, ice and sugar to the table so they could prepare their own iced coffee, since she had never heard of such a thing. They discovered that nearly everyone in the dining room was watching them. But they made their iced coffee and enjoyed it. Others asked for it, and the waitress, in despair, asked the Americans to help prepare it. They gave a shout of approval, and enjoyed the fun, especially when other diners remarked that it was excellent. A few days later, upon revisiting the restaurant for dinner, the Yanks learned that since their first visit, countless persons had been ordering iced coffee. But such times in Durban could not last forever, and when the day came for the Americans to depart from the city, flags were waving from every window and the crowds cheered them on. As Runyon later remarked, "it was a very impressive sight and something that I shall never forget."

When Runyon finally was returned home for limited service, due to an ear infection, he had a personal problem in respect to his widely scattered uniforms. He was back on the Gold Coast at the time but he had uniforms in Calcutta, India, and a jacket in Cairo, Egypt. His practice had been to take two or three changes of uniform when he started on an air trip, leaving a uniform to be cleaned in one city or another, meanwhile picking up one or more that he had left on earlier trips. How did he round them up? By asking others, who were preparing to travel to the particular spots where his suits were waiting, to bring them back to him. Runyon returned to the States by plane in December, 1944, his flying time between Africa and Miami, Florida, being thirty-one hours. Despite his extended duty in Africa, he was retained in service, assigned to the Air Transport Command base at Newcastle, Delaware, and continued on duty until November 6, 1945, when he received his honorable discharge.

Serving with the First Armored Division, Private First Class Robert Frederick Briggman, participated in some of the critical battles of the North Africa campaign. That Division made a forward plunge, for example, in May, 1943, that captured Mateur, twenty miles distant from the final objective on the northern tip of Tunisia, Bizerte. Briggman served as a tank driver. When his Division left England for North Africa on December 21, 1942, the outfit knew that it was going to be pitted against the German Afrika Korps, which had played

havoc at intervals with British military strategy. Briggman landed at Oran shortly after strong reinforcements had been sent into Tunisia by Germany. At the time of the Allied landings in Oran and Algiers, Tunisia was garrisoned chiefly by French troops. German forces came by plane and ship, as the Afrika Korps at that time was fighting it out with British forces near El Alamein. The Axis commanders were determined to hold the coastal plain north of Gabes, Tunisia. By February, 1943, the Afrika Korps had pulled back into south-east Tunisia.

Briggman figured in the engagement at Faid Pass where the Afrika Korps took the offensive. The Allied forces withdrew inland until Kasserine Pass had been seized by the Korps and a temporary setback suffered. But Allied air and ground forces hit back. Briggman's outfit, the 91st Field Artillery Battalion, First Division, participated in the drive against Gabes and Sfax, coastal points, that accelerated the withdrawal of German forces. He also was in the engagements at El Ma El Aboid and Maknassy.

"I can thank malaria for saving my life in North Africa," declares Corporal Earl ("Bud") Zirkler. He is the chap who entered service from his home in Minnesota, became acquainted with Miss Marian L. Laning, a Hopewell girl, after he came east to Fort Dix, and married her before he went overseas.

Reaching Africa with troops from England, "Bud" was assigned to the First Ranger Battalion for three weeks, but suddenly called back to his company. They moved up to the front near Pichon, Tunisia, near the northern end of the area seized by the Axis forces in their push of February 12-26, 1943. "In our first brush with the enemy we were forced to retreat," Zirkler states, "or as our officers would say, 'We strategically withdrew.'" For his outfit, it meant a struggle lasting two days and nights to get out of a trap. Carrying full equipment, they straggled up and down mountains, across rivers and through mud and sand shin-deep. Not long after, Zirkler was with a motorized patrol that encountered a Jerry regiment at Kaf El La Mar. The American patrol consisted of a section of 81 mm. mortars, a section of 30-calibre machine guns and a platoon of riflemen. A patrol pitted against a regiment! Again, it was a case of "strategic withdrawal" for Zirkler and his comrades, although they held off the German forces for

nine hours. The next assignment was at Fondouk Pass, a bloody engagement which succeeded in a daylight flank attack after a night attack had been thwarted.

But it was in the battle for Hill 609, regarded as the decisive point in the African campaign, that Zirkler thanked malaria for saving his life. He began to feel the effects of malaria shortly before his outfit moved close to the hill. By the time the battle was in full swing on the first night, he was half delirious with the fever. His squad was reduced to two men as the battle progressed and it was necessary for one to go to the rear to bring up ammunition. His companion started back. Soon thereafter, Zirkler heard an explosion and a scream. Later, he learned that the man attempting to move back had strayed from the trail and had run into a booby trap that cost his life. "That might have been me," Zirkler says, adding, "although I really was no good to my outfit for the rest of the campaign, being too weak and sick with malaria to keep up to them." Before he was fully recovered, he was transferred to the Third Division for amphibious training and participated later in the Sicilian campaign.

SICILY

Only eight weeks elapsed after the fall of Tunisia before the amphibious invasion of the island of Sicily was undertaken. Attacks by air had reduced somewhat the capacity of the enemy to resist, but it remained to be seen whether the huge armada of 2,000 ships assembled for that purpose could reach the objective, unload their fighting men and equipment without paying too great a price for this stepping stone into Italy and the continent. Men aboard the transports will never forget the gale-like wind that threatened disaster on the night prior to D-Day, July 10, 1943. Yet plans were carried through and despite the arrival of dive-bombing enemy planes at daybreak, beachheads were established by dawn along a 100-mile stretch of the Sicilian coast.

Engaged in the amphibious work in the Sicilian campaign was Lieut. (j. g.) Arthur M. Wright. He served on LSTs, going in at Gela, Licata and Palermo. Northeast of the seaport of Gela, American and British troops encountered German armored resistance for the first time in Sicily, but the crum-

pling of the attack did much to assure the success of the invasion. Ships were bringing in vehicles, tanks and men under perilous conditions, having had weather as well as air attacks to face. But men like Lieut. Wright knew the Mediterranean well, for he had reached North Africa in April of that year, and had been at Oran, Arzew, Mostaganem and Mers el Hebir, ports in Algiers, and also at Bizerte, at the extreme northern tip of Tunisia.

The campaign in Sicily had been in progress about three weeks when Private First Class David Danberry was wounded. He had sailed from Bizerte with the 39th Infantry, of the Ninth Division. Other units had preceded them and the 39th unloaded at docks in Sicily without encountering trouble. They moved into a bivouac area for the night and advanced to the fighting zone the following morning. Danberry, hauling ammunition by jeep as usual, had a close call around July 25th. He was lead man in a line of jeeps pulling ammunition trailers that apparently were spotted by an enemy observation plane. Suddenly dirt flew up in a cloud at the side of the road, an enemy shell having exploded near the moving jeep. Another hit followed almost immediately, this time squarely in the road ahead. Danberry pulled to the side and waved to those behind him to seek safety. He went about 200 feet into a field.

"As the shells came over, they sounded like freight cars flying through the air," he says, "but they seemed to be landing back of the place where I was. Then one of the shells hit my jeep and trailer, blowing them sky-high."

That was the second time that Danberry had lost his jeep, the earlier experience being linked to the sinking off Algiers of the vessel on which he was waiting until orders came through to follow the landing forces ashore. After the experience in Sicily, he rejoined his company and served in an infantry squad for the time being.

It was Sunday morning, August 1st, when Danberry was wounded—twice within fifteen minutes. His squad was participating in a counter-attack aimed at re-taking a mountain below Messina. They advanced through a gully and became surrounded before they realized it, with German forces on one side and Italian troops on the other, both having the advantage of higher positions. After some delay, the enemy positions were discovered and Danberry's group opened up on them with

machine-gun and rifle fire. The Germans started to shell them in return with artillery fire.

"I don't know just what happened but they got me with a bullet in the right leg," Danberry says. He could not be moved because of his exposed position. Fifteen minutes later, while medics were endeavoring to treat him, an enemy shell hit nearby and pieces of shrapnel caught Danberry in the right hand. Later, he was removed to the gully but the gunfire was still so severe that he could not be taken to a first-aid station. Danberry remained in the gully throughout the day. When darkness came, he reached a field hospital and subsequently was moved down to Palermo, Sicily. A hospital ship carried him to Africa where he was hospitalized, then sent to a rest area for a total of ten weeks until October 14th. He rejoined the Ninth Division in Sicily. The outfit moved to England, being designated to prepare for the invasion of France. However, Danberry was sent to a hospital for a further checkup and placed under limited service. As a result he drove ambulances, trucks and jeeps attached to the 232nd Station Hospital, the 158th General Hospital and the 315th Station Hospital until the war's end. He returned home on the "Queen Elizabeth" and was honorably discharged from the Army on August 15, 1945, after four and a half years of service.

In the amphibious landings at Licata on the southern coast of Sicily, about midway in the island's expanse, Corporal Earl Zirkler moved in with the Third Division. Fighting its way across the island, the Division occupied the vital port of Palermo on the north coast within twelve days. After a rest in a former Italian garrison, Zirkler was among those chosen to stand as honor guard during the arrival of Lieutenant General Bernard L. Montgomery, who was in command of the British Eighth Army in the Sicily campaign. Thereafter Zirkler participated in fighting further up the northern coast extending to San Cataldo and San Stephano before he sustained an injury that knocked him out of action.

While Zirkler was moving up for a night attack on August 6, 1943, a blinding flash occurred—and that is the last that he remembered for awhile. In fact, he has scant recollection of incidents preceding that moment. However, a survivor in his outfit later furnished some of the facts while another buddy—who later lost his life—wrote other details in a letter to Zirk-

ler's wife. The road ahead was covered by machine-gun fire, it was discovered, so the outfit took off cross-country by way of a lane cut through a mine field marked by the Engineers. A chap was leading a pack mule carrying a mortar gun and ammunition for Zirkler's squad, with Zirkler following. "Jerry" started laying a barrage of artillery and mortar fire.

"According to the mule-skinner, I just vanished," Zirkler states. A search party failed to locate him that night, and another the next day brought back a similar report. As a result, he was reported "missing in action" and that word was communicated to his wife. Many anxious days of waiting followed. Eventually, word came that "Bud" was in a hospital in Africa. But for him, it had not been as simple as that. Actually, three days elapsed before Zirkler "awakened" from his battle-shock condition. He was miles from the coast road, had several scratches and a terrific headache. The scratches didn't concern him, as he had been hit earlier by small fragments of shrapnel during the heat of battle. But he was puzzled by the belief, at the outset, that he had overslept and been left behind by his outfit. For he had his light pack under his head for a pillow and his shelter-half over him as a blanket.

Zirkler spent the next few hours making his way down a mountain to reach the coast road. Finding a first-aid station, he told a doctor his story, including a report of the severe headaches he had experienced almost continuously since an attack of malaria during the North African campaign. The doctor tied a white folder to "Bud's" shirt and put him to bed. "When I looked at the folder, I nearly passed out—for then I realized that I had been 'blacked out' for three days," Zirkler says. Moved to a field hospital at Palermo, Zirkler remained one day and then was flown by C-47 plane to an evacuation hospital near Mateur, North Africa. From there, he was sent to the 27th General Hospital and remained a month. In due course, he moved to the Canistel rehabilitation center and stayed for four months. Then he traveled by rail to Casablanca and sailed on a troop ship for Newport News, Virginia.

Furloughed, he had a happy reunion to end the long suspense concerning him. For there had been several weeks during which it was not known whether physical injuries were involved. Then one day one of Earl's buddies, having returned to the United States, 'phoned to Mrs. Zirkler. His call was made to keep a pledge that he and "Bud" had mutually made

months before—that upon returning to the States, the first to arrive would 'phone to relatives of the other. In that manner, Zirkler's pal provided a first-hand report about Zirkler, stating that he was fully recovered after suffering from nervous shock. He also revealed that Earl probably, even then, was on his way back home. And so it proved. Zirkler returned in February, 1944. His furlough enabled him to re-visit his Minnesota home from which he had been called into service with the Minnesota National Guard on September 5, 1940. They had been mustered into Federal Service on February 10, 1941, moving the next month to Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, followed by duty at New Orleans for security purposes, until his division was mobilized and sent to Fort Dix, New Jersey.

But his furlough in the Spring of 1944 did not end his Army career. He was assigned to duties with the Rotation Section at Fort George J. Meade, Maryland, handling furloughs and re-assignments of men returning from overseas. He had the odd experience there of again meeting the survivors of the old outfit with which he had served in North Africa and Sicily. As he and his wife had an apartment in Baltimore, Maryland, they provided a reception for a number of them. Before his discharge on August 12, 1945, Zirkler had four months' duty with the Prisoner-of-War Section, including one month at a camp at Westminster, Md. He was out with a farm detail when news reached him of his forthcoming discharge. Far too happy to be worried about anything, he threw his carbine on a weapons carrier and jumped in, ignoring the fact that he was leaving a combat jacket and a good raincoat behind.

Sgt. William M. Henrie figured in the Sicilian campaign as first cook with the 83rd Chemical Mortar Battalion. His outfit had sailed in April, 1943, for Oran, Africa. The drive for Sicily was only two weeks old when he moved from North Africa to Sicily on July 26th. He remained on the island until almost the end of October when other experiences were in store for him in the Anzio beachhead campaign.

Also in action in Sicily was Private First Class John Burk Kirby, of the 433rd Battalion, Anti-Aircraft Artillery. He had figured in the North Africa campaign, after going overseas in February, 1943. At that time, the battle for Tunisia was nearing its conclusion, with American armor forcing its way into Mateur, only twenty miles from Bizerte. Burk mentioned

a 28-hour sea voyage in a letter but at the time censorship did not permit him to say that he was crossing over to Sicily. "I sure did feed the fishes," he revealed and remarked about Italian wine, commenting that "two things are needed to drink Italian wine—a corrugated stomach and an armor-plated liver."

ITALY

By August 16th, Sicily had been taken, Mussolini's resignation had been proclaimed and Marshal Badoglio was endeavoring to arrange surrender terms. These were unmistakable signals that the invasion of Italy at the earliest possible moment would hasten the general collapse in that unhappy country. September 3rd came and with it beachhead landings near Reggio Calabria and Villa San Giovanni. Farther up the western coast, more landings took place six days later. German commanders concentrated their counter-attacks there but the way was opened up for the advance northward on Naples. In the weeks ahead, struggles for the possession of vital airfields, including those at Foggia, mountain fighting, "dirty" winter weather and the mud of Italy were all a part of the push that pinned down numerous German divisions and kept a large segment of the enemy air force preoccupied because of the constant threat on the underside of the continent.

Among those caring for the wounded in Italy was Lieut. Bertha A. Sheppard, of the Army Nurse Corps, a former nurse at Mercer Hospital, Trenton. She had been at Algiers, North Africa, early in September, 1943, but her unit, the 70th Station Hospital, did not set up during its seven weeks there. However, their experience with an air raid at sea on the night before they landed was something to think about. They embarked from North Africa for Bagnolia, Italy, on October 24th and proceeded to Naples, establishing their hospital in a Museum and School of Fine Arts. They received their first patients on Thanksgiving Day. "Jerry" paid nightly visits but the plane visits gradually began to be accepted as a usual occurrence. And as if to take their minds off their work, Mt. Vesuvius erupted with the smoke and flames visible from the roof of the 70th Station Hospital's building.

At the Ninth Evacuation Hospital in Italy, Private First Class William Lanning was serving as a sterilizer operator. He too, had been in Africa, landing at Casablanca on February

21, 1944, as a replacement. Bill, as a civilian had distinguished himself as an orchestra drummer. He entered service July 29, 1943. After training at Camp Barkeley, Texas, and the Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix, he went overseas. From Italy, he moved into Southern France with the same hospital group and also served in Germany during the Rhineland and Central Europe campaigns.

When the Cassino corridor leading to Rome was reached, it proved to be strongly defended, and the First Armored Division was brought into action. Private First Class Robert Frederick Briggman, as a tank driver, figured in phases of that extended campaign in which the mountainous terrain, strongly fortified, and a resourceful enemy combined to hamper progress. In an effort to undermine the defense of Cassino by shattering rear communications, the Anzio beach landings were staged on January 22, 1944. The surprise landings were huge achievements in themselves. However, the ability of the forces to hang on thereafter in a spot where German artillery could rake every square foot of the ground being held was unrivalled for sheer audacity. But the men dug in and home was underground except in the main defense lines. The maintenance of supplies for the Anzio beachhead was another miracle of modern warfare.

Five days after the first Anzio landings, Bob Briggman landed on that beach. It was the beginning of a stay for him that extended to May 22, 1944, when the drive for Rome began. After the latter campaign, Briggman came home under the rotation plan, having entered the Army October 1, 1941. His training was at Fort Knox, Kentucky, with his overseas sailing on May 30, 1942. Back again in the States, he was assigned to the Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y., until his discharge on September 21, 1945.

Commenting on the Anzio campaign, Sergeant William M. Henrie (known as "Hank" to his outfit), said, after experiencing five months of it, "to anyone who faces possible injury or death, day after day, war becomes a process of keeping alive, with no time for thought of heroics. Many, many soldiers have won high awards for acts of bravery, but every one was done without thought of heroism. It was done as a part of a duty to fellow soldiers."

Corporal Donald C. Dilts shared in the distinctions earned by the 753rd Tank Battalion but went beyond that to earn special individual honors. He received a citation for "courageous action" in Italy and later was decorated with a Silver Star Medal for "gallantry in action" near Dorrenbach, Germany. The 753rd Tank Battalion was a hard-bitten, rough-and-ready outfit. Otherwise, it would have lacked the stamina that carried it through more than 200 consecutive days of combat.

Donald, before entering the Army in the Spring of 1942, while still in his senior year at high school, had been under medical care because of trouble that affected his legs. Some doubt prevailed as to whether he could stand rigorous training. Eventually, he did require hospital care but meanwhile, he compiled a distinguished military record.

Dilts trained with a Tank Destroyer outfit at Camp Hood, Texas. From July to October, 1943, he was at Greenville, Pa. Then one night he 'phoned to his parents to say it would be farewell for awhile. The next information about him was that he had arrived safely in North Africa. Soon, Dilts' outfit was in Italy and served with the 36th "Texas" Division through the winter campaign around San Pietro and Cassino, below Rome. When the U. S. Fifth Army hit the enemy line at the Garigliano River to open the corridor to the besieged city of Cassino, Donald's outfit earned a Croix de Guerre, with Vermillion Star, for its break-through at that point.

Meanwhile, other Fifth Army troops had leap-frogged up the coast to land at Anzio, about twenty-five miles below Rome. But Anzio was a hard nut to crack. But a day came when Allied troops took the offensive and the thrust into Rome could not be halted. The 753rd Tank Battalion engaged in that drive as well as in the 200-mile advance that liberated the entire central sector of the Italian peninsula.

That sweep was only two weeks old when, on May 24, 1944, Dilts earned a citation for "courageous action." The award, presented later in the name of Lieutenant General Mark W. Clark, Commander of the Fifth Army, read: "On 24 May 1944 near San Giovanni, Italy, when his platoon leader's tank became immobilized in a ditch, Pfc. Dilts dismounted from his own tank under enemy artillery and machine-gun fire and tied a towing cable to the disabled vehicle to pull it back on the

road. His immediate and courageous action undoubtedly prevented enemy destruction of valuable equipment."

The landings on the southern coast of France began on August 15th. The 753rd Tank Battalion again was on hand. This was its third major amphibious landing operation. Again, it teamed up with the 36th Division and fought its way ahead over 200 miles through the Sisteron Gap to aid in bottling up the German 19th Army, which the Seventh Army virtually annihilated. On went the 753rd to the Moselle River and with the Seventh Army to the Vosges Mountains, then driving through the Sainte Marie Pass. In the battle of the Alsatian Plain, the 753rd drove back an enemy bridgehead across the Rhine at Strasbourg.

Dilts' Silver Star Medal was given for a deed performed by him on March 22, 1945. His company, attacking the Siegfried Line fortifications, came under intense enemy fire, according to the official statement by Major General Gibbs, Commander of the 63rd Division, by whom the citation was issued on May 9, 1945. It states:

"Our infantry, unable to advance, began to withdraw while tanks covered them by fire. His (Dilts') tank was pulling back when he observed a wounded infantryman lying in the open 100 yards away. Still fired upon by enemy snipers and with mortar fire falling dangerously close, Corporal Dilts with a companion immediately left the safety of his tank and under heavy fire carried the wounded soldier to his tank and evacuated him to his aid station. The magnificent courage and outstanding gallantry under fire of Corporal Dilts reflects the highest credit upon himself and are in keeping with the finest tradition of the Armed Forces of the United States."

A short time later, Dilts was hospitalized in France. He returned to the States in December, 1945. The presentation ceremonies incident to the Silver Star Medal, however, did not "catch up" with him until he was at Fort Monmouth, about to receive his honorable discharge.

There's nothing like seeing your brother after you've been overseas for nearly two years, in the opinion of Sergeant Edward G. Solan. It took 350 miles of travel from Pisa, Italy, to a camp in the vicinity of Naples to accomplish it but Ed found Jim eventually. "What a reunion we had," says Ed. Jim was serving in the Infantry and had recently arrived from

the States. That was in the early winter of 1944. They spent about twenty-four hours together as Jim's outfit was about to move. And where should Jim go but to a Replacement Depot about thirty miles from Ed's camp at Pisa! Consequently, they were able to spend Christmas and New Year's Day together, and it was the middle of February before Jim was shipped to Southern France and then on to Germany.

The reunion meant a lot to Ed, not only because his brother was involved, but due to the fact that earlier, he (Ed) had been through some severe campaigns after arriving at Casablanca, North Africa, on January 25, 1943. He was with the 1871st Quartermaster Truck Company (Aviation). About a year earlier, January 7, 1942, Ed entered service. He had been employed by the Trenton Times Newspapers and lived with his parents at the Hopewell Golf Club. He trained at Camp Lee, Virginia, and also attended the Army Administration School there. Moved to Bowman Field, Kentucky, he was assigned to a Truck Company, with duty thereafter at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma. While in service, he was a truck driver, personnel clerk and company clerk.

Ed had participated in the Tunisian campaign from March 21 to May 13, 1943. With the landings in Sicily made on July 10th, Solan's company moved to that island on July 23rd. He went in at Gela and figured in the Sicilian campaign lasting until August 17th. About three weeks after the Allied landings at Salerno, Italy, Solan arrived there. He participated in the Naples-Foggia campaign between September 28 and January 13, 1944, and the Rome-Arno drive. In July, Ed went to the Island of Corsica, lying west of Italy, and remained until September 28, 1944. He continued in Italy thereafter and returned to the United States on October 8, 1945. His overseas duty had extended for thirty-two months and twenty-five days.

The reunion with Jim was an event that almost failed to come off. The arrival of a letter from Jim headed "Somewhere in Italy" started Ed off on a five-day furlough in search of Jim. The address on Jim's letter indicated that he must be somewhere near Naples. Ed decided that air travel, if obtainable, was preferable. At a nearby airport, he was promised a ride in a B-25 at 8 A. M. the following morning. Ed's recital as to what happened follows:

"Getting up at daylight, I was greeted by a pouring rain which gave every indication of continuing for quite some time. At the airport, I found that all aircraft had been grounded by the weather. I began hitchhiking south. Twelve hours later I had reached Rome, a little over the half-way mark, so I spent the night at the Rome rest camp in order to dry out and get some sleep. On the following morning, I started out again with rain once more as my companion. Few vehicles were headed south at that stage of the Italian campaign and so hitchhiking was slow business. But at 9 P. M. I reached the camp where I hoped Jim was stationed. A few inquiries brought me to his tent. That was the greatest thrill I experienced during my Army career."

Italy's air fields were choice plums to be seized at the earliest possible moment. Six air fields were taken in the first two days after the initial landings on the "boot." Within three weeks, the advance had reached the Foggia area where a chain of air force installations existed. As soon as Foggia was taken, on October 1st, the transfer of air bases from North Africa was given priority attention. Control of the air was imperative if the Italian campaign was to be successful, and Foggia had decided advantages. Bombers and fighter groups operating from that point could deliver stunning blows, not only to the adjacent battle zones in Italy but elsewhere in Europe. The industrial targets in Southern Germany were most inviting and now could be reached with comparative ease; likewise, it was possible to come to grips with the German air bases in Austria. Further, strong attacks could be hurled against the Balkans to cripple the enemy's position there. With such prospects, Foggia became the focal point for a build-up of Allied air strength involving thousands of men and huge stores of equipment, and thousands of air missions originated from the Foggia bases.

In four months' time, Edward Denaci, Jr., a First Lieutenant, compiled fifty missions. He received a Distinguished Flying Cross and two Presidential citations with Oak-leaf cluster. He had been in the Army since February, 1941. After completing his air missions, he returned home in September, 1944, on furlough.

T/Sergeant Gladwyn E. Yenner, serving as a radioman-gunner on a B-17 "Flying Fortress" operating from Foggia bases, was awarded an Air Medal for "meritorious achievement" while with the 15th Army Air Force. He had entered the Army in July, 1942, with training locations including Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and Yuma, Arizona.

Take it from Corporal Thomas R. Waldron, "they didn't die from eating in the Army"—and since that comes from a chap who served as an Army cook, it should be the "proof of the pudding." Tom served in North Africa and Italy from March, 1943, to November, 1945. He was with the 99th Railhead Company, Quartermaster Corps, and had entered service August 29, 1942, training at Fort du Pont, Delaware.

For a time, his outfit as well as others had to use "C" rations after reaching Africa. British foodstuffs became available later. Then when supplies began to flow in from the States, the cooking really got underway. The 99th Railhead Company was working night and day soon after its arrival at Oran, Algeria, on March 19, 1943. The outfit was handling supplies of all kinds, including ammunition, clothing, general supplies and food. Waldron spent a total of eleven months in Africa, with frequent moves that led to Tunis, Mateur and Bizerte and work that now involved the unloading of materiel from arriving trains for storage in warehouse or shipment to forward points by truck.

The Railhead Company moved to Italy about February, 1944, where Waldron remained until November, 1945, being stationed chiefly in the vicinity of Leghorn and Rome. Waldron was one of four cooks assigned to the 99th Railhead Company. They cooked for 250 men, getting up at 4 A. M. to prepare for a 6 A. M. breakfast. The 4 A. M. rising was not altered even if the previous night had been punctuated by air raids, as occurred on numerous occasions. Tom says that the Army saw to it that its men were properly fed. Breakfast, for example, might consist of a fruit juice, scrambled eggs, or cereal, bread, coffee and butter—the latter "if you had it." The noon-day meal would be in course of preparation as soon as breakfast was out of the way. It might consist of potatoes, meat, spinach, bread, butter, fruit, pie or cake. "Starches and a green," Waldron describes it. At night, the men might be served corned-beef hash, string beans, spaghetti, or a cold meal

if weather or other conditions made that preferable. As for corned-beef hash, Waldron says, "we fixed it up the best way we could, so it tasted pretty good." While in Tunis, the kitchens were set up in buildings but much of the time elsewhere field ranges were placed under a ten or tent-fly. Gasoline, available in cans, provided fuel for cooking. With three years and three months of service, Waldron was discharged December 2, 1945.

Duty as a member of a Military Police Company occupied the attention of Private First Class Herbert Van Dyke during the months he spent in Italy. He had been in North Africa, after training with a Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion at Orlando, Florida. He began Army service February 23, 1942. In civilian life, Van Dyke was assistant "pro" at the Hopewell Valley Golf Club, shifting to Florida to serve as "pro" at the Ponte Verda Country Club and the Gainesville Country Club. While in Italy, he happened to meet Sergeant Edward G. Solan, serving with a Quartermaster Truck Company attached to the 12th Air Force Service Command. As far as the rest of the Army was concerned, they might have been two golfers talking it over on the green of the Hopewell Valley Golf Club. For both had played the course innumerable times and had some interesting stories to tell. Like Solan, Van Dyke had been not only in North Africa, but in Sardinia and Corsica. Added to that, Van Dyke had been in the seizure of Elba, lying between Corsica and Italy. He returned to the States from Italy late in April, 1945, and was discharged a few weeks later.

Private First Class Charles A. Bregenzer served in Italy and also moved to the Philippines for duty, arriving in the latter place, however, after the close of the war. He was with the 1168th Engineers, Headquarters Company C. While in Italy, he suffered from frostbite, affecting his feet. After his recovery, he met William H. Wyckoff, SM 2/c, another hometown lad, who was doing duty on a mine-sweeper in the Mediterranean. Bregenzer later was assigned to clerical work. His outfit left Italy July 17, 1945, under the re-deployment plan but during the long voyage to Luzon, Philippines, the Japanese surrender occurred. After an interval, he returned to the States for discharge.

T/5 Paul C. Stryker had an opportunity to observe the 92nd (Colored) Division and the 442nd (Japanese) Regiment during

the campaigns closing the Northern Italy offensive. He was serving in the Field Artillery and his outfit supported the two groups mentioned. Subsequently, Paul reiterated the statements made by several military commanders to the effect that they were outstanding outfits. Actually, they were two of the most decorated groups in the service, with a number of major actions to their credit. Paul added that "they never failed in their mission, both in Italy and France."

As a school teacher turned soldier, Stryker had a varied Army career. The Army had surprises in store for him immediately after he went to Fort Dix in June, 1943, from the Elementary School teaching staff. With a pass in his possession for his first week-end leave, he received orders to pack up and soon was on his way to Camp McQuaide, on Monterey Bay, California, about 100 miles below San Francisco. There he was assigned to the Coast Artillery. However, an appendix operation became necessary and while recuperating he had a chance to return home. After this furlough, he was transferred to a Field Artillery Battalion at Camp Roberts, California. The discovery of a jaw infection resulted in another operation, after which Stryker spent ten weeks at a reconditioning center in Santa Barbara. This was the Jefferson School, which had been taken over as a part of the Hoff General Hospital. Paul found himself sleeping in the school auditorium nightly. However, he had an opportunity to attend Santa Barbara State College, half a mile distant, and brushed up on history meanwhile.

The Army concluded that Stryker should attend a Clerk's School. At the completion of the course, he moved to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, in the Ozark Mountains. Next, he was at Camp Chaffee, Arkansas, with a month's special work taken at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., under the Army's Information and Education Program. The shift overseas took place in March, 1945, with Stryker moving to Northern Italy. He was in Naples on April 1st, Easter Day. Concerning it, he wrote: "This seems like a strange place indeed to be spending Easter Sunday, for exactly a year ago I was at the Easter Dawn services held in Hollywood, California." At the same time, he stated that he could not forget the sight of the hungry and destitute in Naples. Of them, he wrote: "Those people are really poor. From 6 to 60, they

waited outside our mess hall to beg for whatever scraps we had left on our mess kits."

Again in Italy, Stryker was sent to an Army Educational School, this time in Rome. By July, 1945, he was at Cola, Italy, a village on the shore of Lake Garda and living in a villa where General Rommel and General Kesselring, German commanders, had previously had their military headquarters. Formerly the Italian Royal family had occupied it and Mussolini was said to have been a secret visitor to confer with the German powers. Stryker became the soldier-editor of "Great Guns," a daily news summary issued by the 428th Field Artillery Group Headquarters. Subsequently, he was assigned to teaching in the 88th Division School at Lido Study Center, in the province of Venezia, Italy. His classes were in mathematics and history, with the school providing courses for about 500 soldiers, with studies from fifth grade through high school. For Paul, Army life had changed as he had a hotel room for living quarters and a comfortable bed. He returned to the States in the Spring of 1946 and was honorably discharged.

CHAPTER VII

Prelude to Invasion

WHILE events in North Africa and the Mediterranean war zone were being watched in an effort to appraise their effect on the global war, the United States Army Air Force was expanding rapidly in Great Britain. More than one thousand heavy bombers were based in the United Kingdom by July, 1943. Missions utilizing as many as 300 heavy bombers were becoming almost a daily occurrence. They were credited with compelling Germany to turn to the production of fighter aircraft in larger quantities, rather than bombers. This in turn weakened Germany's strength in resisting the Russian powerhouse. Furthermore, air warfare diminished the forces available to Germany to combat the Allied aggression in the central Mediterranean area.

In the stories of those who lived in England through those difficult days, and in the experiences of those who flew on those countless aerial missions or served in the ground forces that supported the gigantic effort to reduce "Fortress Germany" to impotency, will be found a display of some of the qualities that eventually brought victory to the Allied cause.

Two months before the entry of the United States into World War II, Commander Herbert B. Butcher arrived in London as a special Naval observer. He remained until July, 1943, months that included the "blitz" raids involving heavy losses of life and severe damage to property—while strengthening the British will to resist, come what may.

During one of the air raids on London early in 1943, John ("Jack") L. Burton, Technical Sergeant with the 1449th Ordnance Company, was on leave in London. Did the air raid bother him? He slept right through it! Jack had been overseas from August 3, 1942, having landed at Liverpool less than six months after he went into the Army. He served as an ordnance clerk. His training had been at Savannah, Georgia, and MacDill Field, Florida. His Army service extended until November 13, 1945. But for Jack, there also had been romance in England. At Ilford, Essex, he had become acquainted

with Miss Ivy Doris Wood. They were engaged when he returned from England. As soon as transportation could be arranged, his bride-to-be arrived in New York. They were married on March 19, 1946, at Prospect Street Presbyterian Church, Trenton.

As a participant in the first major air raid upon Germany's capital, Berlin, Staff Sergeant Clifford Homer Leming had an experience described by him as "one that I'll never forget." The plane in which he was a waist gunner and engineer was the only one of seventeen ships in his Squadron that returned to its base that day—a day in which a total of sixty-nine American planes were lost in a three-hour running fight with the cream of General Goering's vaunted Luftwaffe. Sergeant Leming was wounded while on that historic mission.

"Lem" had enlisted in the Army Air Force and had begun service on November 18, 1942. He took "basic" training at St. Petersburg, Florida; aviation mechanical schooling at Sheppard Field, Texas; aerial gunnery at Tindall Field, Florida, and final overseas training at Pyote and Dahlhart, Texas.

Following the North Atlantic air lanes, Leming went to Great Britain in January, 1944. As a member of the crew of a B-17, one of about fifty planes being sent over in that flight to help build up the American striking force in England, Leming left Presque Isle, Maine, on January 12th, making a stop at Goose Bay, Labrador, and then continuing to Stornaway, Scotland. He went to "school" in Northern Ireland and was assigned to the 100th Bomb Group of the Eighth Air Force. "Bloody Hundredth," they nicknamed the outfit, also known as the "Century Bombers." For the next seven months, Sergeant Leming was based at Thorpe Abbott, England, with his fate linked to a B-17 named by its ground crew as "The Silver Dollar." The slogan "Deo Fidemus" ("In God We Trust") was painted on its fuselage. In the ensuing five months, Leming had thirty-five missions.

The first major Eighth Air Force mission to Berlin took place on March 6, 1944. It was Leming's third mission. His first had been a run to the French coast in the Pas de Calais area where it was believed that cement launching platforms for "flying bombs" were being prepared. Considerable flak was encountered in the vicinity of the targets. Later, it was estimated that at least 800 flak guns were stationed in that area.

"Lem's" second mission was planned as a visit to Berlin but unfavorable weather was encountered, clouds rising higher and higher until the planes were 28,000 feet up with the temperature 64 degrees below zero. Unable to go higher and losing the protective cloud cover if they lingered, the crews of the planes turned back to their bases.

Then came March 6th. The briefing and final instructions over, the crew members climbed into their planes at 3 A. M. Three squadrons of six planes each comprised the group in which Leming set out, Leming's "Silver Dollar" being one of six planes in the lowest flying of the three groups. One plane turned back almost immediately because of mechanical trouble. For reasons never known, the anticipated fighter-plane escort did not appear. The bombers headed for Berlin, unescorted.

A three-hour running fight with German attack planes was in store. The battle opened up within half an hour after the planes of the Eighth Air Force had passed the French coastline. The first attack on Leming's group was made by thirteen German fighters. The enemy planes succeeded in knocking five ships out of the highest flying group of six planes. The crew of one of these planes had been bunk mates of Leming and some of his companions. The latter saw that ship explode and go down. Months later, he learned that four of the crew had turned up as prisoners-of-war. The others lost their lives.

The enemy fighter planes came in a second time. They knocked five ships out of the lead squadron consisting of six planes, only the squadron leader coming through the ordeal. A third attack—and three ships out of Leming's squadron of six were knocked out. Let "Lem" tell what happened after that:

"By that time, they had between fifty and sixty fighter planes attacking us. They came through a fourth time and took the other two ships from our squadron. A fighter ship came in from the left side of our plane and we were hit by a twenty millimeter shell, being struck near the tail wheel. At the same time, one engine was knocked out and began 'wind-milling.' The twenty millimeter shell made a hole through both sides of our plane, a hole big enough to crawl through. It also knocked out our oxygen system from the pilot's compartment back and we went on oxygen bottles."

Leming was wounded by a piece of shrapnel from that shell. Leming's scalp was lacerated, shrapnel cutting through his

flying helmet and glancing off his skull. The other waist gunner was hit at the same time and bled considerably from cuts in the fleshy part of one hand and the upper part of his arm. The latter received first-aid from the bombardier.

"Everything went black for a minute or so," Leming recalls. "Then I came to, and felt pretty dizzy. I made my way toward the radio man, feeling my scalp and hardly knowing what I was doing. He frowned and waved me back and I returned to the waist gun, hardly giving a thought to my head injury until we were back in England."

But there were tense moments, plenty of them, still in store before they caught sight of England.

"We had to salvo our bombs," Leming says, "in order to climb up to the lead group of our wing for protection. It was a matter of self-preservation to stay with the others, rather than to turn back. We went with them over Berlin, where we encountered quite a bit of flak. Some of our planes were knocked out by the flak. After the planes had dropped their bombs, we turned back and the running battle with the fighters continued almost all the way.

"We really put out some ammunition that day. We were just hoping that we would get a chance to put our chutes on before we went down. But eight planes of our fighter escort appeared about twenty minutes before we reached the French coast. They were P-47's and it had been intended that they would accompany us on the entire trip, but they just weren't there earlier. At the coast, our plane had to drop out of formation so we could breath as we were about out of oxygen. Over the Channel, we were escorted by two British Spitfires. Then on the landing, the tire on our tail wheel 'blew' but our pilot made a perfect landing, anyway. He was one swell pilot. When we were getting out of the ship, the radio man said to me: 'That was a h— of a time to be complaining about your helmet being tight.' But when he learned that I had a scalp wound, he knew he had been badly mistaken."

Those who had come back couldn't explain how they had escaped the fate of the crews now missing; some dead, others wounded or probable prisoners-of-war. Well might the pilots and crews who had been through it have asked themselves, "Was the mission a success—and was it worth teh price?" Forty-eight hours' leave was granted to divert the men's minds from the ordeal now ended.

Five days later, Leming was on another mission! And rapidly the number increased until by July 24th he had made his thirty-fifth trip and was eligible for furlough. Target cities had included Brunswick, Posen, Augsburg, Friedrichshafen, as well as Berlin. He was granted twenty-one days and started for the United States late in August. After a stay at Miami Beach, Florida, for rehabilitation, he moved to Amarillo, Texas, for three months and to a Convalescent Hospital at Fort Logan, Colorado. Another five months was devoted to work as an Engineer Instructor at Ardmore, Oklahoma. Leming received his honorable discharge on September 16, 1945. In addition to the Purple Heart, he had been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for "extraordinary achievement," five Air Medals and ribbons for the air offensive over Germany and the Northern France and the Southern France campaigns.

German planes that bombed air fields in England made plenty of work for repair crews, according to David W. Daniels. He was a Private First Class, and operated a Diesel tractor during more than a year in England from late August, 1943, to September, 1944. Dave worked on seventy to eighty different air fields in all parts of England. Some of the fields were bombed two or three times a week, particularly Great Ashfield air base which had to be serviced repeatedly to keep the field in condition. Dave had entered service on March 18, 1943, going to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, then to the Engineers Training School at Fort Belvoir, Va., and to Eglin Field, Florida. Even though it was Friday, the 13th of August, 1943, when he sailed from Pier 13, New York, he declares that "it seemed to bring good luck to me." He was in Liverpool, England, seven days later, and soon started work building air bases near Brome. Being only fifteen miles from Ipswich, which seemed to be bombed almost every night, Dave had no liking for the visitations by enemy bombers. "It seemed as if the bombs went off only two or three miles away," he commented. Haughley Park, near Stowmarket, was another air base where he worked, being there for seven months. His stay in England also included the "buzz bomb" ordeal continuing from April to August of 1944, during which the flight of thousands of these lethal weapons caused constant suspense. Subsequently, David served in France and Germany.

Staff Sergeant Harold ("Butch") P. Johnson was attached to a Bomb Group based in England and helped to "send them over." He worked on Flying Fortresses, one of the ships to which he was assigned being nicknamed "Destiny's Tot." That plane was credited with sixty missions over enemy territory, its first being on D-Day over Normandy. With the war's end, Johnson was shifted to Casablanca, North Africa, with the Air Transport Command. From that point, planes were leaving with home-bound troops that arrived the following day at LaGuardia Field, New York.

As an officer with the 1906th Ordnance Ammunition Company (Aviation), Captain David L. Powell was in England for over two years. He was attached to the Eighth Air Force, Station 520, and went overseas in October, 1943. Prior to Army service, he had been connected with the Bordentown Military Institute, Bordentown, New Jersey. His Army service began in October, 1940. For two years he was stationed at Governor's Island, New York, and advanced to the rank of Sergeant. He attended the Officer Candidate School at Aberdeen, Maryland, and became a Second Lieutenant in December, 1942. Other advancements followed. He returned to the States in December, 1945, aboard the "Queen Mary." His discharge marked the completion of more than five years of Army duty.

As one of the thousands of American airmen who flew on bombing and fighter missions over Europe during the late months of 1944 and early 1945, the experiences of Lieutenant Kenneth R. Burroughs, of the Eighth Air Force, can be regarded as fairly typical. However, his belief was that "we had a much easier job than those preceding us." Ken went overseas in October, 1944, as a bombardier with the 92nd Bombardment Group. He had dropped college work to enter service in the Spring of 1943, taking Air Corps training at Keesler Field, Miss., flying instruction at Birmingham, Ala., bombardier work at Houston, Texas, gunnery at Kingman Field, Arizona, and dead-reckoning navigation and high-level bombing at Carlsbad, New Mexico, where he was commissioned as a Lieutenant.

Reaching England, he received advanced training prior to the beginning of combat missions in B-17 Flying Fortresses. When not on actual missions, practice runs were in order. By November, he had earned the Air Medal as bombardier on six

completed missions. The total was to grow to thirty-four missions before he returned to the States on May 28, 1945. His first ten missions were "very rough," but eventually the hazards eased off until the last ten were dubbed "milk runs," Army Air Force lingo for uneventful missions.

"Although the Luftwaffe was up during many of my missions, I had no trouble with fighters," Burroughs declared. "But there was a time when there would be a rough target every time I was up and it got to the point where fellows didn't want to fly on a mission that I was on. Then my luck changed and everything after that was easy."

In January, 1945, Ken wrote: "I think I have become immune to 'briefing fever.' I used to feel a little nervous when I saw a particularly rough target pin-pointed on the maps. It doesn't bother me any more to any great extent. . . . The most tense part of any mission is when one turns on the bomb run. Although there is flak now and then on our routes, the flak over the target is usually the most intense. Before a person is actually in the target flak, he fears the unknown. As soon as the plane turns off the target, there is great relief. No one can imagine the sensation of going over a target or through a heavy flak barrage. 'Thrilling' is a mild term."

Ken added that "if there were no dangers involved, it would be a matter of sight-seeing tours. In fact, on many of our long missions we term the flight plan a 'Cook's Tour' of Germany." Flights had taken Ken over Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Luxembourg, France, Czechoslovakia as well as most of Germany. Of course, hardly a spot in England had not been traversed at one time or another. As for living conditions, the quarters occupied by the Eighth Air Force "certainly are no comparison to a foxhole," Ken commented. After returning to the States, Ken served as an instructor at Midland, Texas, but not before being married on June 18, 1945, to Miss Marilyn Carroll, of Houston, Texas, whom he had met while he had been stationed in Texas the previous year.

With rolling stock arriving from the States and being used for training purposes, ordnance companies had plenty to do continuously. Sergeant Walter Rightmire worked on the assembling and maintenance of jeeps and trucks, as well as general repairs. He had arrived in England late in December, 1943, after training at Camp Flora, Miss., and Camp Reynolds,

Texarkana, Texas. In the Spring of 1945, Rightmire's company was sent over to Belgium, remaining there until late in December, when they moved to Frankfurt, Germany.

Thousands of air missions definitely were not "milk runs." Many planes went down, pilots, gunners, navigators and bombardiers giving their lives in combat; thousands more came back to their bases seriously wounded; crews of numerous planes were forced to parachute into enemy territory and held in subsequent months as prisoners-of-war. The wounded, when planes succeeded in getting back to their bases, were treated in hospitals. The 65th General Hospital in which Sergeant Bruce H. Cray served was typical. The unit had been created under the sponsorship of Duke University and going overseas in October, 1943, located adjacent to the Eighth Air Force. It handled 21,000 patients during its operation. Later, the spot was nicknamed "Buzz Bomb Alley," for the German pilotless bombs directed at England were much too numerous for comfort. It was a hospital equipped to care for 3,500 patients. Bruce worked chiefly as a bookkeeper and had custody of patients' funds and valuables. He also converted currency for patients. Before going to England, he had been at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, for fifteen months with the same hospital unit. The Atlantic crossing took eight days, the convoy establishing a record as the "largest and swiftest" up to that time. In England, the outfit lived in huts, twelve men assigned to each, with cots set up for sleeping. Occasionally, Bruce rode into town in a jeep to deposit funds. After a trip to London and observing residents sleeping in the "underground" railway stations, he had no complaint about his own living accommodations. Not until May, 1945, did Bruce have his first plane ride, going at that time on furlough to Scotland. The trip took three hours by air and enabled him to visit Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Sergeant Alexander P. Bealkowski had two hitches at Army duty, and service that varied from Coast Artillery, to Infantry, to the Army Medical Corps. His longest term was in the Medical Corps with more than two years in England, attached to the 55th General Hospital. Alex originally enlisted in October, 1940, when the Army was being expanded gradually as a defense measure, months before the U. S. declaration of war. He served out his enlistment of one year and was home three

months before being recalled for active duty on January 28, 1942. In his first year, he had been at Fort Hancock, New Jersey (Coast Artillery), and Fort Benning, Georgia (Infantry). On his second hitch, he was at Camp Robbins, Arkansas; Camp Carson, Colorado, and also in Texas and Tennessee. He began work in an Officer Candidates School but an ear condition ended his hopes in that direction. Going into the Army Medical Corps, he was attached to the 55th General Hospital in May, 1943, at Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Arkansas. When the unit moved to England, Alex performed clerical duties in receiving and releasing patients, and also assisted with a physical fitness program for his group. Subsequently, he was in France with the same unit. He returned to the States in December, 1945, being honorably discharged. However, he left for Germany in April, 1946, as a civilian worker and was doing duty as a baggage master in Berlin, Germany, in the early Summer of that year.

Preparations for the invasion of France by crossing the English Channel, deferred by decisions made in the Summer of 1942 because of the demands of the North Africa situation, went forward during 1942-43 and early 1944, even though the timing had to await the outcome of military moves elsewhere. Even the victory in Tunisia, kindling Allied hopes that the tide of war was turning against Germany, did not entirely clear the way for landings in Western Europe. Materiel was still too scanty for the venture. Instead the assault on Italy was executed as the next logical move.

The preparations for the invasion through France called for these goals, according to the official report of General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army: transportation across the Atlantic of 1,200,000 men, with living quarters, hospital facilities, supplies and equipment for further training and their general welfare; 94,000 available hospital beds with suitable installations for related services; 20,000,000 square feet of covering, storage and shop space, and 44,000,000 square feet of open storage and solid ground for other purposes; parking areas for 50,000 vehicles; 270 miles of railroads with 1,000 locomotives and 20,000 railroad cars to be shipped to the United Kingdom. The Air Force had required 163 landing fields, accommodations for 450,000 men, seven

centers for combat crews and replacements, and 8,500,000 square feet of storage and shop space. Strategic bombing was in full swing, meanwhile.

Among those who worked on the pre-invasion tasks was Lieutenant-Colonel Willard S. Magalhaes, well-trained through his two years in Iceland on radar protection work. Reaching England in October, 1943, he was assigned as Radar Officer at General Brereton's Headquarters of the Ninth Air Force, but later became Radar Planning Officer under General Richardson for the Normandy invasion. These jobs required an intimate knowledge of all the men and equipment participating in the amphibious and assault operations for D-Day. When the "buzz bomb" menace developed, many anti-aircraft radars were installed and successfully utilized as a defense measure. As early as April, 1944, Allied invasion radars were controlling air sweeps over France from England. But with D-Day barely a week away, Lieutenant-Colonel Magalhaes was directed to return to the States to turn his attention to preparations for operations in the Pacific War. Regretfully, he came away without being able to know from "on-the-scene" observations whether all the planning was to work out as hoped. At Drew Field, Florida, Lieutenant-Colonel Magalhaes served as Communications and Radar Requirements Officer; then became Chief of the Communications and Radar Training Division, Continental Air Forces Headquarters at Bolling Field, Washington, D. C., making ready both men and equipment for ground and airborne radar operations against Japan.

June 5, 1944, was set as D-Day. Conditions overhead, on land and sea would be entirely suitable, the weather experts predicted. Even while a host of vessels were enroute on June 3rd to the points where invasion units were concentrated for embarkation, a "December depression" mysteriously developed. It could only mean that the weather on June 5th would be foul with a choppy sea in the Channel. General Eisenhower and his staff concluded that a delay of at least twenty-four hours was inevitable. Ships were diverted. Throughout June 4th the weather was studied constantly. General Eisenhower's staff reassembled for its final invasion conference at 4 A. M. on Monday, June 5th. The weather experts remained dubious about the next day, predicting continued winds but clearing skies by late afternoon. A long silence prevailed. It was a

gamble. The final decision rested with General Eisenhower. Finally he said, "All right, we move." D-Day plans would be carried through on June 6th, despite the certainty of a rough sea.

Into the ports along the west coast of England, endless truck convoys had moved through the darkness of the nights preceding the invasion. The population had long since been moved out. The invasion army had its orders and every unit was determined to click through its schedule to the very second. The strategy and operational plans had long since been perfected, here were the men and the equipment and now the war was to be carried to the Germans, on land as well as from the air.

As if the gods of war had decided to play a little prank, even amidst the impending clash of vast armies of men, John W. Boice, MM 1/c, found himself with the invasion troops although that had not been planned for him at all. John had arrived in England as recently as April 17, 1944, after training with the Seabees at Williamsburg, Virginia, and volunteering for service with a Ship Repair Unit. He had moved to New Orleans, Louisiana, and back to Solomons, Maryland, for training on amphibious landing craft, followed by shipment overseas. Arriving at Bristol, England, he moved to Exeter, Devon, and then to St. Mawes in Cornwall, an advanced base. There, Johnnie had his first experiences with air raids and blackouts. Let Boice tell you in his own words what followed:

"We worked hard for a month for we knew that D-Day was close but that's all we did know about it. Our base was moved to Southampton early in May. We knew by that time that Southampton would be the main gateway for the United States invasion forces. We took over the old Cunard Line docks and erected our repair shops in one of the large pier sheds. There were frequent air raids, as Jerry was getting nervous, too. Every night up until the invasion, the air raid sirens would wail and our work would have to slow down a little. (Johnnie was a machinist.)

"On June 5th, I was working aboard a destroyer repairing pumps. She put to sea and headed for the Channel with me as an extra crew member! It turned out to be a trip I wouldn't have missed for anything. D-Day was some show!

"After the invasion, things became more or less routine. The suspense was over in England and the job of supplying the

troops had begun. I stayed in Southampton for a year after D-Day working on damaged ships. During that time, there were lots of V-1's and V-2's ('buzz bombs') to keep us nervous but we got used to them."

And well might Boice describe it as "some show." Every type of ship known to a well-schooled Navy man was included in that huge armada. The day for the supreme test was at hand. If the beachheads were established, the gamble might eventually bring triumph over the foe; if the landings were thwarted, what would be the future course of the war?

CHAPTER VIII

Invasion of France

PLANES carrying two American Airborne Divisions, as well as British paratroopers, roared across the English Channel as it neared 1:30 A. M. on the morning of June 6, 1944. The men were assigned to land behind the Normandy coastal defenses. Jumping out of a C-47 plane over enemy territory is some experience, according to First Sergeant William Fred ("Fritz") Lenz, who did just that at 1:33 A. M. on that historic day. He was with the 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment. When "Fritz" hit the ground, he found himself ankle-deep in water. He cut away his parachute harness to free himself and then in the darkness started in search of his buddies. All were forbidden to fire any rounds, even if they encountered hostile parties, and for defense they had to rely upon trench knives, hand grenades and their training in Judo tactics.

The Army Air Force was overhead in great strength and bombing of the beach areas began at 3:14 A. M. to conform to the invasion timetable. The armada nearing the coast of France was encountering rough water in the Channel. Ships seemed to be everywhere. Naval bombardments of the invasion coast between Cherbourg and Caen began from the battleships lying along the coast just before daybreak at 5:50 A. M. The first assault troops hit the beaches at 6:30 A. M. The fateful hour had come.

As landing craft moved in, hidden obstacles trapped the unlucky. Mines exploded to wreck vessels and impede the landings. But other LSTs made it safely and began to unload in the face of growing resistance. Planes hovered overhead to ward off any air attacks that might develop. Men died as they sought to wade ashore, or while digging foxholes frantically at the water's edge. For along the shore line formidable defenses had been prepared. Nazi troops had the advantage of positions afforded by a bluff nearly 100 feet high standing about 200 yards back from the water line. Here pillboxes and other strong points had been constructed from which relentless machine-gun fire, supported by artillery, could be directed

at the beachhead. The beach itself was heavily mined, while hedgehogs, barbed wire and tetrahedrons made of curved rails, were ready to trap the unwary. But in came the invasion units, despite everything.

Destroyers off shore hammered the defense positions. Some of the vessels came recklessly close in order to press home the bombardment. The German Luftwaffe held off its full strength while the initial landings were in progress, in the belief that the real landings would come a little later and further north. Reinforcements were continuing to come ashore and light equipment also. But the big guns and radar equipment had to remain on the LCTS because of the rough water. When the Navy's guns eased off, ground units regrouped and began to press the attack inland. By the end of the day, five American divisions had a firm grip on the so-called Omaha and Utah beach areas, while the British Second Army was similarly entrenched on another stretch of beach above Omaha Beach. Units on French soil included not only assault infantry but naval and engineer demolition crews, artillery, ordnance and tank outfits.

When Corporal George S. Knudsen went aboard an LST for the voyage that took him to Normandy on D-Day, he was not aware that it was "the real thing." For approximately three weeks, he as a member of the 4th Engineer Combat Battalion had been going through invasion operations. They would be on the waters adjoining Great Britain for a day or two, returning under simulated landing conditions.

"Loading up for the last time, we didn't know that we would be going ashore in France," Knudsen has pointed out. "We knew we would be going there sooner or later, but we didn't know just when."

Knudsen had been in England with the 4th Engineers since January 31, 1944. Most of that time was spent in southwestern England where amphibious training was given in Barnstable Bay, north of Plymouth. George had entered the Army June 19, 1941 (prior to Pearl Harbor) and trained at Camp Wheeler, Georgia; Camp Gordon, Georgia; Fort Benning, Georgia; Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and Camp Gordon Johnson, Florida. He sailed January 15th, 1944, and in the months that succeeded figured in five major campaigns.

Aboard the LST that carried him into the thick of the invasion of France, Knudsen learned on June 3rd that the invasion

was scheduled for the next day. However, the men aboard the vessel went through the same suspense-packed hours of those ashore until the decision was made that the attempt to establish beachheads would take place on the morning of June 6th. At daybreak, Knudsen found that his LST was within sight of France, about ten miles distant. The Battalion had anticipated that they would go ashore on "rhinos," motor-driven pontoon barges, large enough to hold tanks and trucks, as well as men. Instead they were shifted to LCMs (landing craft, mechanized), each carrying about sixty men with four GMC trucks, an air compressor truck and other equipment aboard.

The transfer to the LCM was completed about 10:00 A. M. and the LCMs moved in toward Utah Beach. When the front of the LCM carrying Knudsen was let down, it developed that the water was deeper than anticipated. The men swam and walked ashore. However, the LCM was in trouble and sank, the equipment and trucks aboard going to the bottom too. On the beach, small arms fire was persistent but mines had been cleared away. Knudsen's story continues:

"We were on the beach only five minutes when seventy-five German prisoners came marching down. About that time, two German ME-109s (Messerschmitt planes) strafed the beach, with two English Spitfires in pursuit. The strafing killed one German prisoner but none of our men. . . . Our mission for that day was to maintain a road running back from the beach, fill in shell holes and craters, and blow up mines. We moved up rather rapidly, and covered eight miles on the first day afoot, since our trucks had been lost. We assembled with our company and battalion about 7 o'clock that night, pitching tents in an apple orchard. Our job for the next day was to clear road-blocks, areas that had been mined and push vehicles, that had been blown up, off the roads. Soon St. Mere Eglise and Montebourg had been liberated."

However, it was June 25th before Knudsen's unit received equipment to replace that lost during the landing operations. It was obtained after advancing to the vicinity of Cherbourg, which fell on June 27th. Meanwhile, Knudsen had several close calls, as far as personal safety was concerned. There was the day when he was moving along with a mine detector. Machine-gun fire started up and one bullet tore the legging strap under his shoe. Also, there was the time when in mid-day, Knudsen had sought shelter in a foxhole, and a sizeable

shell landed close by, but failed to go off. He also recalls the day when an afternoon USO show almost had disastrous consequences. His outfit erected a stage atop its prime mover. While the show was in progress, an observation plane was seen operating at a high level. That night, about thirty planes came over, dropped flares and heavy bombing ensued. One fragmentation bomb, apparently a 50-pounder, hit about one hundred feet from Knudsen's tent and shapnel cut through it. On the following day, a German pilot was shot down and he confirmed the fact that pictures taken on the previous afternoon, showing the men clustered together, had been most helpful.

When Army Air Force groups in England received orders by telegraph to paint black and white stripes on the wings and fuselage of planes, they needed nothing more as a tip-off that D-Day was at hand. Sergeant Harold VanDyke, serving with the 484th Air Engineering Squadron, Ninth Air Force Service Command, says the order came on June 5th and called for completion before the next morning.

"Unless you've seen it, it's hard to imagine how impressive 1,500 to 1,600 planes going overhead can be, especially when you know that they are going to launch the invasion of France," VanDyke comments. The Eighth and Ninth Air Force planes flew in squadrons, as always, but the R. A. F. planes winged away individually. After a wait of three and a half hours, planes began to return, their first missions completed. Crew members brought word that the invasion was a reality as they had seen men on the beaches of Normandy. Some of the planes failed to return, but replacements were made ready and VanDyke's group flew two additional missions on that critical day.

VanDyke served while overseas for two years and one month chiefly as an engineering clerk in an office that handled records on the maintenance, repair and overhaul of the medium bombers used. He had reached England on December 29, 1943, remaining there until September 15, 1944, when he moved to "Omaha Beach." Then he was flown to Melun, about fifty miles from Paris. This had been a German air base but Allied bombers had demolished the hangars. Moving up when the "Battle of the Bulge" developed, VanDyke's squadron and its medium bomber were heartily welcomed at Laon, near Reims. Bad weather had deprived the ground forces of air support

for several days. The medium bombers were the largest ship of that type on the continent. VanDyke remained at that location until the German surrender.

His group then shifted south of Paris, modifying and preparing its planes to fly back to the States. Announced plans were to have the bomber group return following special low-level training, while the balance of the squadron, including VanDyke, were to move direct to the Pacific. VanDyke had reached Fort Detroit for re-deployment when the Japanese opened negotiations for surrender. As a result, orders for shipment were cancelled. VanDyke returned to the vicinity of Paris, and after a lapse of time extending until January 10, 1946, was returned to the States and discharged January 29th.

D-Day also marked the date when Lieutenant Edward S. Malesky hit France. He had been teaching sixth grade in the Hopewell Elementary School when he enlisted on February 22, 1942. Inducted into the Engineers Corps, he went to Camp Forrest, Tennessee, as a member of the 108th Engineer Combat Battalion of the 33rd Division. Moving up from private to master sergeant with duties as Personnel Sergeant Major, he qualified for the Officer Candidate School at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and received his commission as a second lieutenant on April 28, 1943. He was assigned to the 82nd Combat Engineer Battalion at Camp Swift, Texas, and left for overseas in November, 1943. Prior to that move, he had been advanced to first lieutenant.

Their destination was North Africa where he stayed several months and then was shipped to England, preparatory to D-Day action. Now Lieutenant Malesky's 108th Engineer Combat Battalion was a member of the famed 1115th Engineer Group, 19th Corps, of the First Army, and later transferred to the Ninth Army. He went through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany up to the Elbe River where the meeting with the Russians occurred. During that time, Lieutenant Malesky was wounded, receiving a Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Croix-de-Guerre, the Silver Star Medal, the Bronze Star Medal and several citations. His injuries involved one leg and also caused one finger to be deformed. He returned to the States on November 10, 1945, and took up residence in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

Toward evening of the day following D-Day, Company B, 116th AAA Mobile Gun Battalion, moved ashore. Private

First Class Elmer M. Sutphen, serving with that outfit, had been aboard an LST since June 3rd. His group had been selected as the only 90 mm. gun battalion for the Utah Beach defense. Their job was to combat medium and high-level bombing that might be directed at the beach installations, shipping, beached craft and adjoining areas. When Company B landed, the German JU88 planes were trying to check the invasion. Company B was unable to get to its assigned spot immediately and "holed up" two miles south of La Madeline. The company brought down their first JU88 on the night of June 9th. The entire battalion accounted for sixteen enemy aircraft in the defense of the beachhead. Prior to the invasion, Sutphen's outfit had been in England since late in October, 1943, after crossing the Atlantic on the Queen Elizabeth and providing men to serve as that ship's gun crews while at sea.

Weather complications developed soon after the initial landings and continued a delaying factor for several days. Air activity was reduced. Supplies were delayed. Meanwhile, resistance grew more bitter. A port was a paramount necessity and the drive on Cherbourg was launched to culminate in its seizure on June 27th. The first ten days following the invasion cost nearly 3,300 lives, with 12,600 wounded.

While at Carentan, on the lower side of the Normandy Peninsula, Sergeant William Fred ("Lenz") paratrooper, was injured. He suffered concussion caused by one of those big 88 mm. shells. Subsequently he was able to resume duty with his Airborne Infantry Regiment, of the 101st Airborne Division, and served thereafter in Holland, Belgium, through France and the Ardennes campaign, and in Germany and Austria. Lenz earned a Silver Star medal and also shared in a Distinguished Unit citation covering activities during the first five weeks after the invasion.

Many of those who moved into France via the Normandy beachheads describe it as one of the most thrilling experiences of the war. Lieutenant Charles E. Palmatier, Jr., is among those taking that view. He landed at Omaha Beach on August 5th with a Signal Corps Section, after prior service in Iceland as a radio operator, followed by officer training in the United States, and about ten weeks in England. Even a later trip to the top of the Eiffel Tower after the liberation of Paris could not top the Omaha Beach landing, as far as he was con-

cerned. In later months, Palmatier served with various Signal Corps Sections in Brittany, Dijon, Lorraine, Oise and the Assembly Area Command (for home-coming troops), all in France. His army career lasted five years and three months.

Every foot of ground was being bitterly fought for, when Staff Sergeant Dennis P. VanLiew moved into France on July 10th with the Armored Infantry. On his first day in action he sustained serious injuries while on guard duty in an advanced position. "Denny" never knew exactly what happened but apparently a fragment of a shell came his way. About an hour and a half after he had been picked up, he underwent an operation. An army surgeon had no choice except to amputate "Denny's" right arm about three inches below the shoulder. "Denny," concerned because he hadn't been of greater usefulness to the Army, said: "To think that I trained for three and a half years and then only put in a day and a half of service in France."

Word concerning his injury was quite a shock back home, for in June, 1943, six months before he went overseas, Dennis had been married to Miss Elsie Hill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Hill. At that time, he had completed extensive army maneuvers amid the sage-brush and cactus on the Mojave Desert in Arizona. After the wedding and furlough, he returned to Camp Bowie, Texas. His battalion crossed to England in December of 1943 and remained there until they entered France.

After his operation, VanLiew underwent treatment in three hospitals in England. He returned to the United States in September, 1944, and his arrival revealed for the first time the full extent of his injury. He went to Halloran General Hospital, Staten Island, and then to the Lawson General Hospital, Atlanta, Georgia—with his train for the latter journey going right through his home town, Hopewell, which he hadn't seen since going overseas. Soon he was home on furlough. This gave him an opportunity to see how far he could rely upon his left arm and hand. He tried driving a car and made out well. He did various jobs on his father-in-law's farm and even helped to husk corn. As Dennis viewed the situation, he had no right to complain as he had seen many others who had fared worse. Maybe his middle name—Pershing—had something to do with him being a good soldier. After continued treatment,

Dennis was discharged May 3, 1945, having had four year's service in the Army.

With Cherbourg secured on June 27th and a million Americans now in France, the time had come to dislodge the Germans from a wider area in France. St. Lo, former German Headquarters town, was subjected to a concentrated bombing in which over 2,000 planes participated. While that blow was being delivered on July 25th, bomber pilots and bombardiers were tricked into the ghastly experience of bombing their own ground troops. A light breeze caused a smoke line, indicating where bombing was to take place, to drift away from the German lines and toward friendly territory. The bombs dropped amid American troops and many American soldiers were killed, including Lieutenant-General Lesley J. McNair, high U. S. Army officer. Among the units who had the good fortune to escape was Private First Class Elmer Sutphen's outfit. His company was just a mile east of the spot at the time. That concentrated bombing, however, was the prelude to the breakout at St. Lo and Avranches. It required such an all-out blow to dislodge the Germans from Normandy's hedgerows.

The Normandy hedgerows surrounded every field on every farm, it seemed, and presented formidable obstacles. Standing from three to seven feet in height, the hedgerows consisted of a mixture of dirt, stone, tree roots and hawthorne brambles, all closely packed. A machine gun and a few men could enjoy the security of defensive positions behind the hedgerows, while men advancing across the fields were easy prey. Tanks could not climb the steep banks. But American ingenuity came to the fore. It was discovered that steel prongs attached to the front of a tank would sink into the hedgerow. Backed by plenty of power, a tank could drive through the obstacle, leaving a sizeable path in its wake. Once the solution of the problem had been worked out, tanks were speedily equipped and the breakout from the hedgerows was under way, with the major push directed across France toward the heart of Germany.

During the Normandy breakout, First Lieutenant James C. Carter, Jr., was taking part in an attack with Company A, 23rd Infantry, on August 1st when he sustained serious shrapnel wounds. A high-explosive shell (probably a mortar shell) let go extremely close and Jim was wounded about the legs

and back. His injuries compelled the amputation of his left leg below the knee. He spent three months in hospitals in England and was flown back across the Atlantic to spend another nine months in Atlantic City under treatment before being discharged on August 5, 1945. It was an eventful occasion when his phone call from Maine, upon his arrival from England, reached Miss Claire Morrell, to whom he was engaged at the time and who became his bride in May, 1945. While overseas, Carter had been in Ireland, landing there in March, 1944; England, Scotland, France and Iceland. His training started in June, 1942, and included stays at Camp Gruber, Oklahoma; Fort Benning and Camp Wheeler, Georgia; Camp Blanding, Florida, and Camp VanDorn, Mississippi.

Rivalry between various branches of military service has always existed. But Sergeant Ernest L. Blackwell, a squad leader in Company H, 302nd Infantry, expressed keen appreciation for air and artillery support after he observed them in action in the Lorient-St. Nazaire sector on the southern coast of Brittany. "I have been through my share of the artillery barrage and I've seen our planes dive-bomb and strafe the Jerries," he wrote. "It sure feels good to get that kind of support. Artillery is wonderful also, when it's on your side." Blackwell had been in the Army since December, 1942, engaging in extensive maneuvers out of Camp Phillips, Kansas, and Nashville, Tennessee. He sailed in August, 1944, for England and shortly was seeing action in France. Later, Blackwell participated in the advance through LeMans, Chartres and Paris. In February, 1945, while he was in Germany with Patton's Army, a report was sent to his wife, Jean, by the War Department stating that he had been injured slightly. Ernest wrote from the hospital that he was suffering from "trench feet," or frostbite, due to over-exposure in severe weather. In some manner, that letter failed to arrive and his relatives were bewildered due to the lack of specific information. After four months' treatment, Blackwell was returned to the States, landing at Charleston, South Carolina, and being flown to Staten Island for further care. After a furlough, he went to Camp Upton, Long Island, to complete his convalescence, but was able to get back to his Hopewell home most every week-end. One day in July, 1945, he walked in, carrying what appeared to his wife to be an unusual quantity of laundry in his barracks bag. Dismayed, she said: "How in the world

will I ever get all your clothes washed this week-end? ” Ernest replied: “Don’t worry about that—you’ll have plenty of time. They’ve given me a medical discharge.”

It was D-Day in France, June 6, 1944, when Harry Loveless, Private First Class, started overseas, aboard the “Queen Mary,” with the entire 7th Armored Division. Two months spent in combat maneuvers on the Salisbury Plain in England supplemented training received in Louisiana (with the 3rd Armored Division), on the California Desert and at Fort Benning, Georgia, with the 7th Armored.

The fighting front was just beyond St. Lo, after the Normandy breakthrough, when Loveless, with the 7th Armored, crossed the Channel on landing barges. They went ashore on the beach near Cherbourg. Thereafter, it was action and more action. “Nobody knew exactly where the front was,” Loveless says. He was with the Third Army on the south flank of the “Falaise trap” pitted against the German Seventh Army. That was a corridor of escape that the Germans struggled to hold open when the southern flank of the German line in Normandy was encircled. The “bag” of prisoners from the Falaise pocket totaled 100,000, not counting thousands who were killed or wounded. Loveless’ company, Company A, 33rd Armored Engineer Battalion, entered a town one night about an hour after a German bicycle battalion had left it. But August 16, 1944, was to be a fateful day for Loveless. He was on the highway in a half-track approaching Chartres when wounded. The injuries were destined to keep him in Army hospitals for the next sixteen months. Here is how it happened:

“We ran up against a gang of Germans with mortars and 88 mm. guns. They got a bead on my half-track and put a shell against the front end of it, wrecking the motor, blowing in the steel windshield and knocking unconscious all twelve of us who were inside. We ‘came to’ in a few seconds. Five others in addition to myself had been wounded by shrapnel. We were full of it. Two were blinded in their right eyes. I had one large piece through the right arm, paralyzing it; two smaller ones in the arm and hand, one in my right cheek and one in my left leg. Our half-track was ablaze. We wasted no time getting out. I was given first-aid in twenty minutes by the medics. Part of the shrapnel was removed two days later in a field hospital. Then I was flown to England.”

Loveless spent four months in the hospital in England and one month in Scotland. He recrossed the Atlantic, again on the "Queen Mary." At the England General Hospital in Atlantic City, he underwent a nerve suture with a three-inch bone graft placed in his arm during his eight months' stay there. After another three months, at Camp Upton, New York, he received his honorable discharge on December 20, 1945.

Only thirty men of the original 180 in his company went through all the fighting. Casualties totaled about 250, including 150 "old timers," the remainder being replacements.

When General Dwight Eisenhower decided to by-pass several important French ports, including Brest, St. Nazaire, St. Malo and Lorient, he was well aware that bitter-end defenders were prepared to sustain these pockets of resistance. The harbors, if seized, would be of extreme value as receiving points for sorely-needed supplies, but the Allied strategy called for the armored columns under General Patton to flare out at lightning speed, with the coastal ports to be taken later. German adherents in the ports "dug in" to make the Allies pay a heavy price for the seizure of those ports.

As a member of a rifle squad serving with the Second Division in the battle for the city of Brest, Private First Class Dario J. Stefani had a rifle bullet pierce his helmet on the right side and pass out again about four inches from where it entered, leaving him with a scalp laceration about three inches long. Stefani had been in action since July 29th, his first combat fighting being against Germans encircled in the Falaise Gap. Orders came through for the Second Division to move by truck to engage in the battle for the French port of Brest. It was a 210-mile trip. For Stefani, things were happening swiftly. On July 14th, he had arrived at Liverpool, moving across to Omaha Beach, France, on July 20th. After one week in a replacement depot he was assigned to a rifle company, of the 38th Infantry, Second Division, and movement to the vicinity of the Falaise Gap followed.

Operations against Brest began on September 5th, with the knowledge that at least four German divisions were hemmed in at the French ports. Stefani's injuries occurred on the morning of September 8th. An attack had been launched at 11 A. M. At the outset of the attack, Stefani was second scout in his rifle squad, co-operating with the first scout, moving forward to force the enemy to reveal his position. "When

we hit the enemy, rifle fire from our exposed right flank killed our first scout," Stefani reports. "Under cover of the hedge-rows around all the fields, we moved to the left and advanced to within 100 feet of the German positions. It was then decided to make a run across the remaining distance. Having lost our first scout, I was advanced to his place and so was the first to attempt the run. I was to be followed by the rest of the squad at a reasonable distance. I hadn't gone ten steps before something which felt like a sledgehammer hit me on the side of my head. I was knocked down by the blow and for a moment I thought I had seen my last fighting. After several minutes, my head started to clear. I decided I wasn't hurt too badly. The rest of the squad, seeing I had been hit before I could get half the distance necessary, decided to move around the enemy position in some way. In the meantime, I was lying in full view about seventy-five feet from the enemy position. I hadn't been fired on again so I decided to play dead, rather than risk another run back to where I had started. I wasn't sure that I could stand anyway, as my head felt numb and I had lost quite a lot of blood. After two of the longest hours I've ever lived, our troops finally advanced on my left and the Jerries either withdrew or were overrun by our men. When some of our troops walked past me without being fired upon, I got up and eventually got back to an aid station."

Stefani was taken to the 10th Field Hospital, then to the coast and by LST to Southampton, England. After five weeks in the 107th General Hospital near Kington, not far from Wales, Stefani was returned to France. He landed again at Omaha Beach and by train and truck moved from one replacement depot to another—nine of them in all. During the latter part of November, he was assigned to Company E, 414th Infantry, 104th (Timberwolf) Division, then located in the Aachen sector and advancing toward the Roer River. It was a different type of fighting, for now he was a 60 mm. mortar-man attacking always at night and fighting from town to town. The "Battle of the Bulge" raged on their right flank.

With the "bulge" eliminated, the Timberwolf Division joined in the push for Cologne. Furious resistance was encountered but the continued pressure, including night attacks, brought the capture of the ruined city on March 7th. Stefani's outfit stayed in Cologne for two weeks and then was assigned to "ride the tanks" of the 3rd Armored Division spearheading the

First Army's drive into Germany. They crossed the Rhine at Bonn and moved into the Remagen bridgehead, which then was about fifteen miles wide. Cracking the German lines, they penetrated 100 miles into Germany reaching Marburg, then going north to Paderborn where contact with other forces created the "Ruhr pocket." It took just eighteen days to overwhelm the German troops there, despite their heavy concentration. Then Stefani's outfit drove straight through to the Mulde River, not far from the Elbe. The task force had shrunk until it consisted of only five tanks and a handful of infantry. The day after they were relieved, contact was made with the Russians. Scheduled for redeployment to the Pacific, the Division boarded ship at Le Havre, France, on July 2nd, exactly one year to the day after leaving New York. After a month's furlough, the Division reassembled in California but with V-J Day in August, orders were changed and the Division disbanded.

Taking things easy in a bomb crater during the mission to attack and take the port of Brest, Private First Class Joseph A. Muredda had the unhappy experience of finding a German soldier looking down and "jabbering" at him. Before the incident was concluded, Muredda had suffered shrapnel wounds in his side and about his face from a small concussion grenade. All in all, Joe thinks he's lucky to be alive to tell the story.

Joe was serving with Company M, 115th Infantry, of the 29th Division. He was No. 1 man in a machine-gun squad. His outfit had gone overseas in June, 1944, after training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He began Army service on December 6, 1942. His experience in the campaign for Brest has been described by him as follows:

"We were in action near Brest for almost two weeks, making slow progress with the hedgerow warfare. Then we hit one of the string of forts protecting the port of Brest, namely Fort Montbary. We took it twice, as a matter of fact, and were securing our positions after the second time. Everything was quiet, our flank was supposed to be firmly held and I was resting in a bomb crater. I heard someone jabbering down at me. At first, I didn't realize it was a German. As soon as I did, I let him have a round from a sitting position. It missed. On top of this, my rifle jammed and was of no use to me. I really was in a sweat as I did not have any grenades, so the only thing I could do was to shout and let the rest of the boys know

that there were Germans around. They must have slipped through the flank where the First Battalion of our regiment was.

"I still think the German could have shot me deader than a mackerel, but he must have thought I was wounded and pitied me. After he saw I was O. K., he took a pot-shot at me and missed—good boy! Then he started tossing those little concussion grenades they had. He tossed three in at me. They shook me up and splintered my side and face a bit. Luckily, they weren't 'potato-mashers.' I decided to make the top of the crater, if possible, and dash for a crater about fifteen yards away where two of my buddies were. I made it successfully. Then the three of us, one at a time with the cover of one of our machine gunner's fire, dashed to a hedgerow fifty yards away. Again, we made it. With the rest of the platoon, we held our ground there for the rest of the night. Our casualties for that melee were five killed and two wounded. The next morning, the 116th Regiment of our division pushed through beyond our position and recaptured the Fort. We went back for a three-day rest and I was treated at the battalion aid station, along with a buddy of mine, and we were in shape once again to join the outfit at the front."

In the advance eastward from southern Normandy, armored columns raced through French towns and villages, while the might of the Air Force harrassed the German retreat. Retreat to the Siegfried Line appeared to be the only logical course for "Jerry" to pursue. Tanks and infantry, whose dogged persistence had enabled the armored divisions to start their spectacular thrusts, followed as rapidly as possible. The German retreat was not a rout—actually, every spot that offered an opportunity to delay the Americans was utilized and had to be taken the hard way. But this was the "big push" and the men fought on, until exhaustion or injuries compelled a halt. When Germans began pulling back beyond the Seine River, the liberation of Paris was only a matter of days. On August 25th, Paris was set free. The entry into the city was shared by Free French patriots, the Second French Armored Division and General Patton's Third Army. While the principal streets were open, the Germans still clung to some areas but the Parisians made a never-to-be-forgotten holiday of August 25th. The celebration continued on the next day, with Ameri-

can tanks and jeeps parked just anywhere—on the sidewalks as well as in the streets.

Paris was a welcome sight to men like the combat engineers with whom Corporal George S. Knudsen was serving. They had worked in close conjunction with the infantry in the days of hedgerow fighting. At times, the lot of a combat engineer could not have been distinguished from that of an infantryman. If infantry casualties were heavy, the 4th Engineers Combat Battalion would move up, the men carrying their M-1's and bazooka for action. Once the breakout was fully under way and the German offensive toward Avranches halted, less German resistance was encountered. Knudsen moved forward through St. Lo, Mortain, Alencon and Chartres to the banks of the Seine River. With the Fourth Infantry Division, he entered Paris to experience the tremendous welcome given by the populace. The Parisians refused to be overawed by the display of American equipment and weapons, turning the event into a mammoth holiday. But Knudsen's stay in Paris lasted only from noon until 9 P. M., although his outfit was in the vicinity for ten days.

Private First Class John B. Boyle has a more sombre recollection of Paris, particularly Le Bourget Field, the air base made famous when Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh landed after the first plane flight across the Atlantic. "Jack" Boyle, however, knows it as the spot where he and others were trapped in a hangar for three hours, and under constant enemy fire. Machine-guns "had us playing tag with the angels there," according to Boyle. He was serving as a radio operator with the 816th Engineer Aviation Battalion, and had come through the Normandy campaign after sailing June 30, 1943, for Scotland, followed by a stay in England. In later weeks, he served in Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany.

Another invasion of France came with startling effect on August 15th. On the coast of Southern France, thousands of battle-hardened troops who had previously fought in North Africa, Sicily and Italy arrived. Another huge fleet of 1,500 vessels had been assembled for this invasion. A powerful air assault directed against the beach area preceded the landings. The Seventh Army came ashore near Cannes. British troops and French commandos also participated, while the French underground was credited with making a magnificent contribu-

tion to the disorganization of the occupying forces. Troops advanced up the Rhone Valley while others engaged in an enveloping movement that hastened the German withdrawal. By September 11th, the Third Army had made a junction with columns from the Seventh Army near Dijon.

For Private First Class John Burk Kirby, the entrance into Southern France was one more invasion. After being in the Sicily campaign, he had taken part in the hard-won battle for Anzio and the taking of the Italian city of Foggia. His artillery battalion merged with General Patton's Army and Kirby was with it when it crossed the Rhine at Mainz later. And going through Germany, Burk reached East Prussia and shortly after the end of the war was near Danzig. Subsequently, he moved to England to study at Shrivenham, England, before returning home to be discharged October 12, 1945.

Likewise, Sergeant William M. ("Hank") Henrie was in the Southern France campaign. Service in Germany and Austria, with the 83rd Chemical Mortar Battalion followed. With the war's end, he returned from Oberhammlach, Germany, after getting a glimpse of the famed Tyrolean Alps with their snow-capped peaks and marvellous waterfalls.

Lieutenant Bertha A. Sheppard, accustomed to the strenuous life of an Army Nurse in Italy, landed in Marseille, Southern France, on October 11th, and helped to set up the 70th Station Hospital in a former French mental institution. For a time, she was on detached service with another unit. As she viewed it, "We did not know whether it was better or worse for we had a grand mixup of patients. The place was formerly a German hospital, and we had German, French, Italian, Armenian and American patients, and probably others." Her promotion to First Lieutenant occurred in May, 1945. Furlough time enabled her to visit Paris and the Riviera. Then she volunteered for service in the Pacific and left Marseille on August 6th, headed for Manila. While enroute, hostilities with Japan ceased but the ship continued on its way until three days out of Panama, when the ship's captain received orders to change his course and head for New York Harbor. They arrived on August 18th. Lieutenant Sheppard's hunch that "the longest way round may be the shortest way home" had been right. After recuperation leave, Lieutenant Sheppard

reported to Alabama but was placed on terminal leave and discharged December 24, 1945.

Most anything can happen while a war's going on, and that's about the only way that Private First Class J. Walter Knorr can explain developments soon after he landed in France. He was one of twenty-two GIs riding in a truck that became detached from a convoy somewhere between a replacement center and the outfit to which they were assigned. For five days, they traveled about, asking directions and instructions and covering several hundred miles. They blundered into towns where the Allied advance had not reached, although the Germans had evacuated, and were greeted as the first liberation troops to arrive. But still lost, the twenty-two privates continued on the move, convinced that the wisest thing would be to reach their true objective—if they could find out what outfit that was supposed to be.

Here's how it all happened. By the "grapevine," the word had been that they were to be replacements for the Fifth Division, of General Patton's Third Army. But nobody made it official, as far as the truckload of men was concerned. With countless others, they had arrived from the States late in August, 1944, landing in Scotland, going to Southampton and then across the Channel to a replacement center. The latter was a truck assembly point only. As far as the war situation was concerned, the general information was that the American forces had driven a spearhead into the German lines and were seeking to expand their holdings.

Knorr, inducted on March 11, 1943, had been with Anti-Aircraft at Camp Callan, San Diego, California, and was due for shipment to the Aleutian Islands when a switch in orders came through. Instead he went to Camp Haan, Riverside, California, as an anti-aircraft instructor. Shifted to the infantry, Knorr was sent to Camp Howze, Texas, and readied in six weeks for duty as a rifleman. He moved to Fort George J. Meade, Maryland, in June and sailed August 11, 1944.

It was nighttime when the convoy of trucks left the replacement center to carry Knorr and others to their assigned companies. Naturally, the GIs were not given any advance information. Knorr rode in a truck that was third from the end of the convoy. Like the men, it had just arrived in France. With gasoline supplies low, apparently a limited amount had

been poured into the tank. The truck refused to pull up a hill. The two trucks to the rear swung past and the entire convoy whipped on its way. That was the last ever seen of it as far as Knorr and his companions were concerned. There they were—out of gas, in strange country, without maps or instructions. One of the truck drivers had two clips of ammunition, and the other had one. The rest of the party was unarmed. What to do? Occupants of some cars coming from the opposite direction had seen the convoy but they had no idea where it had gone. Passersby along the highway shrugged their shoulders, unable to assist. Recalling that a town had been passed not too far back, the GIs debated whether someone should go back afoot. But he might be left behind, if someone returned from the convoy. After some delay, an Army Air Force gas truck driver stopped and supplied a little fuel. But what route should be followed? The truck got under way regardless. But it was a wandering route at best. It also began to rain. For the GIs it was a bleak outlook. How could they inquire for the outfit they were supposed to join when they didn't know its identity—and who was to tell them?

Military police, chiefly concerned with keeping traffic un-snarled, offered little help. However, the truck eventually came to a bomb-shattered railroad station in a small town. A Military Police detachment was housed within and it was arranged for the wanderers to remain there overnight. It seemed to offer real security. Two hours later, the newcomers heard shots fired nearby. An investigation revealed that an American Army captain had been killed on the opposite side of the railroad tracks by a sniper's bullet—and all the evidence indicated that the sniper had been on the station side of the tracks! The infantrymen, somewhat alarmed, did not sleep as soundly after that.

The following morning, the truck and its occupants started off again. Surely, they would get things straightened out before nightfall. Some told them "if you're lost, stay lost," while others had scant advice to offer. The area was in a highly confused state, with units moving up, supplies rolling and artillery fire alarmingly close. On they went. Now they encountered tank outfits. Frequently they were aware that they were much too close to spots where fighting was in progress.

Soissons! The group lost count of the number of times they wound up in Soissons. All roads led to Soissons, it seemed.

They rode into Versailles, sure they would get straightened out there. Men, vehicles and heavy traffic were encountered. Even ammunition was obtained—but still no one could speak with authority as to where their original replacement center had been nor the name of the outfit they were to join—nor even exactly where they could find the Fifth Division.

Then dissension broke out amid the party. Some wanted to stay "lost." Others were sure that eventually they would find a way out of their dilemma. A few didn't care what happened. But one day was wearing toward the next, meanwhile. Finally, two of the men agreed to drive to Headquarters near Paris. When they returned, they had a sketch which they said had been drawn for them by a one-star General. So the entire party set out anew, using the map as a guide. They wound up in a farm whose owner knew absolutely nothing, or so it seemed.

It was a terrific experience. At times, planes flew over and the fellows tumbled out of the truck to seek shelter. To obtain food, they attached themselves to outfits wherever they could and did not fare badly in that respect. They consulted Military Police again and again and in due course found themselves in a wooded area where two units of Army ambulances were hidden, the vehicles out of gas. Two hours went by and then Military Police gave them directions to reach Third Army Headquarters. They drove until they reached an area bristling with anti-aircraft guns, according to Knorr. He remained near the truck while others went to Third Army Headquarters for instructions. Knorr says he never could learn exactly what happened there. Possibly the officials consulted were not telling where any outfit was located, or disbelieved the tale of the lost GIs, or were too busy to really consider their case—he does not know. But off they started again in the truck. And they landed back in Soissons! Now the town was glutted with tanks, most of them out of gas. The lost GIs attached themselves to a truck convoy returning from the front and enroute to a replacement center. They could do no worse than they had been doing for the last five days. When they reached the replacement center, who should they find there but their own outfit! It was a welcome spot. But were they welcome? Hardly, for their absence had been the delaying factor holding their company from being moved up into the thick of the fighting.

For the twenty-two GIs, the nightmare was over—but sterner business was just ahead. Knorr was wounded three times, so seriously on September 26, 1944, that he was hospitalized in England for ten weeks, only to be returned to duty as a rifleman and again injured on December 26th or 27th. Knorr was assigned to the 11th Infantry Regiment after his experience as a wanderer. That night he moved up, drawing more ammunition and supplies in a heavily wooded area and then reaching a slope of a hill where foxholes were occupied for the night. Heavy artillery fire was being directed over their heads from both sides. It was Knorr's introduction as an infantryman to the real thing. Only a short time later, Knorr was hit in the ankle by a bullet that emerged on the far side. He was taken to a French field hospital and treated for two or three days. It was one of the multitude of battle-front mishaps that occur, with the victim given attention, but the incident not entered on the records.

Early in September, the Third Army had approached the Moselle River with the cities of Metz and Nancy adjacent. Two rifle companies, with Knorr included, were instructed to move into the city of Metz. The information apparently was that the city, regarded as a stronghold, had been abandoned. American troops had crossed the river in attack boats. The two rifle companies moved forward without air or artillery support. Armor had not crossed the river as yet because fuel replenishments were being awaited. Suddenly, the two rifle companies found that everything conceivable was coming their direction. There had been no German withdrawal from the city. Whole infantry Divisions, fighting alone, could hardly have taken the stronghold under the circumstances.

Knorr says that he and his companions struggled to get back to the banks of the Moselle. The attack boats had vanished. Many of the men were driven into the river by rifle fire. It isn't clear to Knorr just what happened in the next few hours. As an infantryman, he took a "physical beating" indescribable in character. He does recall that he made his way across the river at night after he had cut off his shoes so he could swim. Later, when he saw maps, he was convinced that he had made his way up the river bank and finally had reached a blown-up bridge, where enough of the stonework remained above water to enable him to pick his way precariously across.

In due time, the infantry companies were reorganized. Artillery was brought up. Tank destroyers were ready for action. Metz must be taken but it would be a tough fight. Again Knorr crossed the Moselle, reaching the German-held side. A smoke-screen covered the combat zone and an old bridge, partially rebuilt by Army Engineers, facilitated the crossing. Armor was moving across now and the Germans were forced back from the immediate area into the city of Metz. Big shells were being hurled against the city and the river area was comparatively clear of resistance. Knorr's outfit moved up a road adjacent to the river into Pont-a-Mousson and set up its defense. They remained there about twenty days, necessarily absorbing heavy mortar fire and artillery fire but relishing the fact that their position was somewhat hidden. They used a hotel as barracks, living in the basement when heavy fire occurred. Machine guns in the upper windows were manned constantly. One day, Knorr was seated at a table with a companion. It was his first chance in days to write to his wife. As he leaned forward to pick up a small French coin from the floor, a bullet came through the window, struck his companion seated on the opposite side of the table and caused the man's death.

The men garrisoned in the former hotel knew they were in for it when word came that two German Panzer Divisions were due to converge on the town of Pont-a-Mousson. American armor was streaming across the river to get into position to meet the situation. Soon, heavy firing was under way, the Germans directing their aim at the bridge area. For the men in the hotel, it seemed as if they were definitely "in the middle." If they sought to retreat to the bridge area, they would be under fire; the recrossing of the river was out of the question, while the German attack was on the other side of them.

A heavy mortar shell exploded close to Knorr as the German pattern of fire encompassed the hotel. He was knocked unconscious. Gradually, he pulled himself together and got to his feet. About that time, another shell administered the same treatment to him. Reviving, he discovered that a chum was almost buried in rubble nearby. Knorr was too weak to help him. Another mortar shell exploded and lifted Knorr off his feet and threw him into the hotel cellar—literally blowing him into the basement. He told a medic about the plight of the man outside, bleeding from chest wounds. The other victim

was given aid but stretcher bearers did not want to risk crossing the road to take the injured to the brick factory adjoining, as the road was under heavy fire.

Knorr was not aware of the extent of his own injuries. He thought he had been hit in the legs by flying rubble. They removed his shoe from his left foot and poured blood from it. He received first-aid treatment for a laceration above the ankle which involved a serious muscle injury. He told the doctor that he could make it across the street to the brick factory. "But when I tried to run for it across that street, I was just fanning the air," Knorr says. "There I stood for a second. The medic saw my plight. He came charging up behind me, like a football player, jamming his head under one of my arms, and throwing his other arm around my waist, and charging across the highway with me in his grasp. We made it, but guns let loose and their fire hit the road directly behind us. We had landed in a ditch but got out and shortly I could be moved." Knorr was taken in a jeep by a circuitous route to a bridge over the Moselle at a lower point. Treated at a field hospital, he was flown by plane to England where he underwent operations on his leg and recuperated after several weeks.

Then he was sent back to the Infantry for further duty, landing this time at LeHavre, newly liberated, and moving by "40 and 8" train across France to the 17th Replacement Depot at Thienville, near Germany. Reassigned, Knorr traveled by truck through Luxembourg—just in time for the "Battle of the Bulge." His outfit, he learned, was headed toward Bastogne, in which American troops were holding out, although isolated. Knorr, with other troops, had dismounted from trucks and was coming through the Ardennes mountains afoot. Descending a hill, they were warned of the presence of mines. Jeeps moved ahead over the frozen ground and the infantrymen followed in the tracks. Knorr was near the front of Company F when the last man in the line of Company E, instead of stepping over the body of a dead German lying in the path, walked around the corpse. As he did so, a mine exploded and four men were killed outright. German troops nearby opened fire. Men scattered, disregarding the existence of a mine field. Other mines went off causing more casualties. Many of the men reached a road and reassembled to start forward again toward the town. As they did so, German forces opened up with 88s, and there was no choice except to withdraw. Knorr

says they were pursued two or three miles before they reached another town where Military Police immediately ordered them to seek cover elsewhere. Knorr had moved back about one hundred yards when a barrage covered the entire section.

Eventually, he got out of that area and into another small town. Despite the fact that it was being shelled at intervals, he fell in line for a delayed Christmas dinner—either December 26th or the 27th. Shortly after the meal, enemy artillery let loose again. Knorr found refuge behind a low stone wall. A Signal Corps outfit moved up ahead of him, trying to lay lines, only to be cut down by enemy fire. Now the shells were landing closer and closer to Knorr. One hit so close that he smelled cordite. Another struck nearby and dazed him. A third hit the top of the wall, and apparently exploded just beyond. "I think that's the one that got me," Knorr says. He recalls coming out of an almost impenetrable fog and having a nurse shake him by the shoulder as she said, "Happy New Year." It was New Year's Day—and Knorr had been wounded on December 26th or 27th! He discovered that he was in the 27th General Hospital in Luxembourg. He remained there another five days, suffering from the effects of shell concussion and shock. It was the third time he had been wounded. He was moved to the 6th Convalescent Hospital at Metz and when sufficiently recuperated assumed clerical duties at the Thienerville Replacement Depot. He later spent some time in rest hospitals before being assigned to an Officers' PX in Paris where he remained for several months. He returned to the States on October 9, 1945, and was honorably discharged five days later.

During the bitterly-waged siege against the German-held city of Metz, Captain Edgar T. Savidge, Jr., and his company were cut off and surrounded for a week. The survivors of that ordeal spearheaded a battalion drive against the stronghold and Captain Savidge was awarded a Silver Star. Near the climax of the battle ordeal, a fragment of a mortar shell hit him and cut his right eyelid, putting him out of action for six days.

"The Jerries had opened up with mortars as well as other things and a small piece caught me," Savidge explained later. But General Orders No. 45, issued by Headquarters, 95th Infantry Division, on December 14, 1944, is more informative. The Silver Star award to Savidge was based upon "gallantry

in action against the enemy, from 8 November 1944 to 16 November 1944, in the vicinity of Metz, France." The terse Army description continues as follows:

"After establishing a bridgehead across the Moselle River at Uckange, infantry troops under Captain Savidge were subjected to a terrific pounding from German artillery. Realizing that the bridgehead had to be held in order to protect river-crossing operations further north, Captain Savidge courageously led his men in boldly resisting the German forces' relentless counter-attacks. After spending seven days in foxholes during cold and rainy weather less than one hundred men remained in Captain Savidge's command. But when the time came for the drive south on Metz he vigorously marshalled his under-manned company and spearheaded the drive of the First Battalion, . . . Infantry Regiment, on the German citadel. The fearless and exemplary leadership given by Captain Savidge was a material contribution to the onslaught that ended with the reduction of Metz."

Early in December, Savidge's company was hit by a German tank and infantry counter-attack at St. Barbara, Germany. They suffered numerous casualties. Many were captured. A strongly-built cellar, according to Savidge, "saved a few of us." But a Tiger-royal tank was parked directly in front of the house all night, shooting point-blank at intervals! But this company came out of that experience and Captain Savidge was returned to the States for rest and recuperation. On April 15th, he again sailed for France and Germany but with the arrival of VE-Day, plans were changed. He returned to the States in July to be redeployed to the Pacific but VJ-Day removed that necessity. Savidge was discharged on December 11, 1945. Service in the Pacific area would have been no new experience, however, for he had gone to Hawaii in December, 1942, returning the following year to attend Officer Candidates School. While training in this country, his rifle company was detailed to make a War Department training film in Hollywood, California. They were "on the lot" for three months and made six pictures.

Nicholas ("Doc") J. Guisepppe, T/5, often referred to himself as "one of the 95th Division boys." He served with a Medical Detachment, 379th Infantry, and was wounded while at Metz on November 9, 1944. Shrapnel struck him in the upper part of his right leg. He received first-aid treatment but hospital

care was not required. "We were called to get a wounded soldier who was caught in a mortar barrage," Guiseppe narrates. "While we were going up, we were caught and had to get under cover until it was over. While under cover, I felt my leg sting and burn a bit. I raised my pant leg and there was a small piece of shrapnel, the wound not big enough to require hospital treatment. We got our wounded soldier back and were glad we got back safely, too. My leg wound healed in a few days."

Guiseppe had entered service on June 8, 1943, going overseas to Liverpool, England, on August 9, 1944, after training at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania; Camp Miles Standish, Massachusetts; Camp Grant, Illinois; and Camp Coxcomb, California. While in Europe, he served in France, Belgium, Germany and Holland, returning to the United States in July, 1945, and being stationed at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, before being discharged.

In action southeast of Aachen on October 29, 1944, Private First Class James S. Brizell (Infantry) suffered injuries to his right leg that put him under hospital care for ninety-nine days in Germany, Belgium, France and England. "Just a couple of holes in my leg," he described it. Jim had been in England in November, 1943, after training at Camp Phillips, Kansas. He was in the Normandy campaign in France. After his hospital stay, Jim returned to active duty and was transferred to Engineers, with service in Holland and Germany as a truck driver. When war in Europe ceased, his outfit moved into Berlin and assisted in building the largest airfield in Germany. "All I do all day is to drive a jeep," he explained. The terrible odor of death and the bombed-out properties, however, made a deep impression. Civilians accepted work in order to obtain their meals, and those who co-operated in serving and clearing up after the Engineers had been fed, were permitted to carry the "left-overs" home.

In Toul, France, David W. Daniels made a happy discovery, spying the name of his brother's outfit on a jeep. It read "4156 Quartermaster Truck Company." That started David, Private First Class, asking questions. The driver informed him that the outfit was on its way to Luneville, not far distant. Dave did the rest and the two brothers, Dave and Charles,

spent the night together. Then Dave had to get back to his outfit, the 923rd Engineer Aviation Regiment.

But they were destined to meet again in Germany in July, 1945, near Metz. This time, Dave was in a tent playing cards, oblivious as to who might be standing around as a spectator. Dave exclaimed, "Look at that hand!" and turned to display his cards. There stood Charles! The latter had been working at a nearby air base and had observed a convoy of trucks that carried the name of Dave's outfit. So, naturally enough, he traced his brother.

Dave and Charles, two of eight brothers who saw service, were the only ones in the family sent to Europe. Charles was the fourth of the family to enter service, being with a search-light battalion in the 90th Coast Artillery, Anti-Aircraft, after training at Fort Dix and Camp Stewart, Georgia. He entered service in October, 1942. Sent overseas in March, 1943, he landed at Casablanca, Africa. Riding the rails to Oran, he missed his brother, Floyd, who was enroute to Burma with a Signal Construction Battalion, by one day. Charles also served in Sicily and Italy and Southern France, then being with the 4156th Quartermaster Truck Company. In subsequent months, he moved forward across France and Germany. He returned to the States and was discharged October 26, 1945.

Paris was only a milestone on the road to victory. The Belgian border was crossed on September 2nd by the American First Army, with the city of Liege taken on September 8th. The ongoing forces sped across Luxembourg and into Germany three days later. During the same period, the British 21st Army had entered Holland and reached Antwerp, an essential port, on September 4th but it required almost two months before the islands at the mouth of the river were taken. German "buzz" bombs added to Antwerp's plight, causing thousands of casualties.

The "buzz" bombing was experienced at Liege, Belgium, by T/Sgt. Wilbur L. Lowe during the Christmas season. He was Section Chief of an Instrument Section in Company (H. M.) of the Field Artillery, and worked with the First and Third Armies near Aachen, scene of the German "bulge." His unit received a Meritorious Service plaque after being in five campaigns, starting in Normandy on July 2nd and including Belgium, Holland, Germany and Luxembourg. Being in a mobile repair unit, Lowe was on the go for weeks and in the spring

of 1945, his job turned from the maintenance of combat equipment to the duty of keeping trucks rolling as they hauled supplies to advance troops. In February, he had the happy experience of meeting other Hopewell fellows, Sergeant Merritt J. McAlinden and Sergeant John Lake, who also were serving with Ordnance.

Holland and Belgium were good locations to "let old Schickelgruber know that we are around," according to Corporal Norman G. Hoagland. "Firing a field artillery piece is not exactly like firing an M-1, in so far as seeing your shots land," Norman said. "Nevertheless, I am sure we made things uncomfortable for Jerry." He was with Headquarters Battery, 774th Field Artillery Battalion, and had gone overseas in July, 1944, after training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and Camp Hood, Texas. His first Belgian bivouac was in a forest of that liberated country. C and K rations were in order but by bartering with the Belgians, eggs and bread were obtainable in exchange for "sweets" and "smokes." On one occasion while in Holland, Norman gave candy to some of the children. Very shortly, they were back to reward him with two eggs. Norman and his pals, not to be outdone, sat down with the children and together, they ate cookies and jam.

He was enthusiastic about Holland. He described it thus: "Holland is a nice little country, not what you would call pretty as regards landscape but the neatness and cleanliness is very striking. The little brick homes are quite modern and one wouldn't look at all out of place in Hopewell. The Dutch are a very industrious lot. In most places they started at once to repair the damage done by shot and shell. The kiddies are cute in their gaily colored wooden shoes and blue Dutch suits. They all have clear blue eyes, blonde hair and pink complexions. These people are very friendly. They wear the gaily painted wooden shoes during the week but leather shoes on Sunday. Orange is the official color of the Dutch 'underground,' which is very well organized and you see nearly every person wearing some little bit of orange."

After an interval of two and a half years, the chance reunion of Sergeant John Lake (Ordnance) with his brother, Corporal William Lake (Field Artillery) in Belgium early in 1945 was a major event for both of them. For a few seconds, they were at a loss for words, while they laughed and shook hands. Soon, they were swapping tales about their experi-

ences. William had gone overseas in August, 1943, about ten months after entering the Army. For him, there was a stay in North Africa after which his Artillery Company moved to Italy and participated in the battle for Cassino, the Anzio beachhead and in the movement through Northern Italy. He also participated in the campaign in Southern France, and subsequently was in the fighting in Germany. John had been overseas about seven months when he encountered William in Belgium. Previously, John had been in Holland and later went to Germany. Another brother, Bloomfield, was in England with the Quartermaster Corps where he had been for two years. They were brothers of Corporal Herbert Lake who lost his life in action with an Infantry regiment in Germany on April 6, 1945.

In the humming activities of the Army Air Force, constant movement of equipment, men and supplies goes on constantly. Corporal Hugh M. Devlin, working with the 486th Air Service Squadron under the Ninth Air Force, was designated as a "special purpose motor-vehicle operator," and drove everything imaginable except tanks. Included were trucks of various types, trucks with trailers, trucks with heavy lifting cranes, re-fueling equipment and "jeeps." He had been stationed after entering the Army in February, 1943, at St. Petersburg, Florida, Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, Chanute Field, Illinois, and Hunter Field, Georgia, before going overseas to England in December, 1943. He reached France on August 9, 1944, and after a month, spent six months in Belgium. Entering Germany March 15th, he remained until November 30, 1945, and was credited with being in the Rhineland, Northern France, Ardennes and Central Europe campaigns.

Living in a tent in Belgium during the winter months was a rugged existence but T/5 Harry ("Hap") Errickson weathered it about as well as any in his Field Artillery Battalion. Outdoor work before entering service had been followed by training in desert warfare in California. Yet, living in a tent in Belgium, with a straw-covered dirt floor and a wood-burning stove going to keep the cold away, made even greater demands. Errickson went overseas in October, 1944, disembarking at Liverpool. He had gained in weight from 154 to 186 pounds while in training. On maneuvers in Texas and Louisiana, he declared that he preferred that to life in an established camp,

despite four varieties of deadly snakes in the maneuver area. But the California maneuvers out of Camp Ibis, California, were eye-opening experiences, his comment being: "I had no idea that there were so many God-forsaken places in the United States. Naturally, the soil is sand and nothing grows upon it, except some greasewood and spiny cactus. The sun is glaring and we sweat by day and freeze at night. Cleanliness is something we once enjoyed but not here. After a road march you have to look twice to recognize your buddy." After Germany surrendered and military outfits had lesser duties to perform, "Hap" was at St. Martin, a small village near the Danube River where he had an opportunity to go deer hunting. Deer were plentiful and he shot four, there being no closed season. In later months, his Armored Division was at Gmunden and at Nurnberg.

The "Red Ball Express" was credited with keeping the "army on wheels" in motion during the drive across France. To expedite the delivery of gasoline and ammunition, in particular, a two-lane route extending inland from the Normandy beaches was established. The need for supplies was great, as the Army was getting beyond the reach of its normal supply lines. But the "Red Ball Express" functioned successfully to cure the situation.

Sergeant Earl C. Bartlett worked with the "Red Ball Express" in France and Belgium, but previously as a truck driver with the 3137th Quartermaster Truck Company "delivering the goods." He crossed from England to France aboard a tanker whose decks were loaded with trucks and tractor-trailers carrying ammunition and nitro-glycerin. Nearing Omaha Beach, vehicular equipment was transferred to LSTs and taken ashore on July 22, 1944. That first night, his outfit pitched tents on the beach. The equipment was moved forward a short time later. Bartlett, known as "Ace," had started Army service on December 4, 1943, training at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, and sailing for England June 1, 1944. He remained about a month at the Southern Base Section before crossing the Channel. Bartlett, later operated chiefly from the LeHavre gas depot. His company was attached at various times to the 101st Airborne Division, the Third Army and the First Army. His outfit remained with the First Army, helping to keep it supplied with ammunition, until it had advanced beyond Masschrich on December 10th. Then Bartlett was sent to Liege, Belgium,

for a rest period that lasted fifteen days. When the German break-through occurred, Bartlett's company was sent into the "bulge" area to recover supplies. He made numerous trips, hauling out food and other essentials until Allied spearheads were brought into action to stem the tide.

In February, 1945, Bartlett was hit in his left side by a shell fragment. It happened in Germany while his outfit was parked near a battle area. Little artillery fire was being experienced, although heard at a distance. Two or three others were wounded by pieces of the same shell. Bartlett was treated at an aid station and then taken to the Eighth Air Force Hospital at Charleroy, Belgium. He remained there until the end of March. He was reassigned for duty in an area where prisoners-of-war, captured by the 101st Airborne, were being held under guard. Scheduled for redeployment to the Pacific, his outfit left for home July 1st, arriving in the States July 28th. After a furlough, "Ace" reported to Camp Lee, Virginia. He was sent to a convalescent hospital at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, being there from October, 1945, to January, 1946, after which he was at Fort Devens, Massachusetts, until his discharge on May 1, 1946.

The "Red Ball Express" also was the regular grind of Corporal Frank P. Bealkowski, who went into France on June 28, 1944. He was a truck driver with a Quartermaster Gas Supply Company, based at La Haye du Puits, below St. Lo. Pipelines had been provided across the English Channel to fill storage tanks in France. The fuel, in five-gallon cans, was hauled by truck to forward points for delivery to every branch of the mechanized army. Frank had entered service August 27, 1943. He was at Camp Upton, New York; Camp Adaire, Oregon; and Fort Lewis, Washington, before sailing May 13, 1944, for Scotland and England. His company moved to Liege, Belgium, remaining five months before moving on into Germany. They arrived at Giessen, north of Frankfurt, one day after infantry had seized the town and its airport. The Quartermaster Supply Company made that its base thereafter. Bealkowski returned across the Atlantic in December, 1945, and was discharged January 2, 1946.

In the movement of supplies, chiefly gasoline, Private William J. Connor had a part. He figured in the hauling from the vicinity of Antwerp, Belgium, into Holland. He also aided in

transporting heavy automotive equipment. His outfit was the 2004th Quartermaster Truck Company. At the outset of his army training, Bill went to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, and took Signal Corps basic during July and August, 1942. Thereafter, he was in the Army Air Corps at Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, and Kansas City, Missouri. He attended radio school at the latter place but urgent needs of other branches of the service took him into the Quartermaster branch. He sailed overseas in October, 1943, disembarking at Glasgow, Scotland, and transporting equipment from there to England. He then went to France and Luxembourg, Holland and Belgium and finally moved on into Frankfurt, Germany. Bill was slated for further duty in the Pacific when Japan surrendered. Consequently, his outfit moved to Belgium to turn in its trucks and equipment. After his return to the States, uncertainty continued with Connor reporting to San Antonio, Texas, but in due course he received his honorable discharge.

Another who participated in the delivery of essentials as the campaign advanced across France and Germany was Corporal Emanuel Staton. However, he figured in a "jeep" accident in July, 1944, that hospitalized him for several weeks. "Manny" had been working as a truck driver with the 3457th Quartermaster Truck Company. He entered service June 22, 1943, a short time after winning the heavyweight boxing championship in matches promoted by the Trenton (N. J.) Chapter, American Red Cross. While in the Army, he participated in a number of boxing exhibitions. Staton's Army training at Camp Walter, Texas, was followed by assignment to a Quartermaster Truck Company. He went to Camp Campbell, Kentucky, and Fort McClellan, Alabama, before sailing from New York in July, 1944. Landing in England, he crossed the Channel, delivering loaded vehicles to a Quartermaster Depot in France, and worked thereafter out of that location as the Army advanced.

His "jeep" mishap while off duty resulted in a broken collar bone, which mended in a cast. The vehicle overturned on a slippery road with Staton at the wheel. He mended in time to pass through Paris a week after its liberation. Thereafter, he served as a truck driver, chiefly with the Seventh Army but also with the Third Army, moving troops forward or to the rear areas, or carrying ammunition or food.

After the war, Staton was wounded, while in Munich, Germany. In September, 1945, he was getting out of a truck when a stray bullet hit him in the abdomen. He fell to the ground and was taken to the 132nd Evacuation Hospital in Munich, remaining until December. The origin of the bullet was never ascertained as far as Staton could find out. He returned home and was discharged January 8, 1946.

The story of the 191st Field Artillery Battalion, in which T/5 Thomas J. Faherty served in the campaign across France, is typical of the manner in which the advancing attack was being pressed constantly against the enemy. Faherty's Battalion landed at Utah Beach, France, on August 13, 1944, about two weeks after the breakout from the hedgerows of Normandy had occurred. He had entered service April 15, 1941, training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina; Camp Roberts, California; Camp Forrest, Tennessee, and Camp Robinson, Arkansas, before sailing from Boston on July 2, 1944. He served in the Ardennes, Central Europe, Northern France and Rhineland campaigns as a lineman, stringing and splicing wire, maintaining communication lines for the units of his Field Artillery Battery.

Faherty's battalion took up positions on August 16th with their 155 mm. howitzers, tractor-drawn, to reinforce the 35th Division Artillery. Five days later, they joined Combat Command A, of the 4th Armored Division, and moved to Saligney, east of Sens, France, to seize a bridgehead. While in a new position on August 23rd, they were attacked by six Messerschmitt fighters about 2 P. M. but the planes were driven off successfully. The outfit aided in the capture of Troyes, on the Seine River east of Paris, although under continuous artillery fire, followed by an attack on Chalons on the Marne. On August 31st, Battery C moved toward Commercy, encountering sniper fire directed at the column but the town was taken. Reaching the east bank of the Meuse River, Battery C aided in putting enemy artillery out of action. Later, it was learned that the fire had come from Armored Artillery attached to a German Panzer Division. On the following day, fifty German planes came in, strafing the area and attacking with rockets. Two rockets landed in the zone occupied by the 191st Battalion.

Reaching the Moselle the outfit entered upon its most involved engagement to date. They crossed the river despite mortar and high-velocity weapon fire from several directions.

German forces, being pushed back from the vicinity of Nancy, decided to take the shortest possible route to the German border. As a consequence, their withdrawal was directly through the area occupied by the 191st Field Artillery Battalion! They were moving in large groups under cover of darkness when discovered. Then they tried to fight their way through. Faherty's battalion captured seventy-seven and killed eight, suffering no casualties meanwhile.

Faherty's work as a switchboard operator during the period between November 1 and December 15, 1944, earned a Bronze Star Medal. His "meritorious service" award cited that he "worked long hours under trying conditions, and in adverse weather to not only perform his regularly assigned duties but to maintain telephone communication with his units and the battalion, thus contributing to its combat efficiency." His courage and devotion to duty were also cited. His battery was in the thick of the fighting throughout that period. On one occasion while working with the Fourth Armored Division, the battery was called upon to displace six tanks that had checked an advance near a defile. Battery C, in ten minutes, fired 150 rounds although enemy held both sides of a ridge from which direct and indirect fire came. Winter weather soon added its handicaps. Tractor-drawn equipment sank in the mud. December snows and sub-zero weather after Faherty moved through Metz and Luxembourg made living in the open a rigorous existence.

When they made David W. Daniels an Army cook he was pretty happy about it and never regretted it. He liked cooking much better than operating a Diesel tractor, as he had done in England for thirteen months before crossing the English Channel. He made that trip on an LCI which ran up on the beach near Cherbourg on September 14, 1944. His outfit, the 923rd Engineer Aviation Regiment, assembled and started on a fifteen-mile hike that lasted from 11 P. M. until 5 A. M., with the men carrying full field packs, rifles and duffle bags. Reaching their bivouac area near St. Mere Eglise, they remained for three days. Advancing to Orly, five miles from Paris, Daniels' outfit set to work repairing the air base, one of the largest in the world. The job took a month and a half. The next location was Vittel, the "City of Women," 250 miles north of Paris. Emergency landing strips were constructed for the use of fighter reconnaissance and hospital planes. For Daniels,

that meant a six months' stay. The Engineer Aviation Regiment then shifted to Metz, occupying an estate where German Supreme Headquarters had been maintained at one time. General Goering was among those who had lived there. However, it had been badly bombed. German loyalists were not willing to give it up without a last gesture of defiance upon the arrival of Daniels' regiment. A sniper's nest in the top of a building on the estate had to be routed out before a more normal life prevailed. When VE-Day occurred, Daniels' outfit as well as many others paraded with French troops, in a day of celebration long to be remembered.

As a post-war task, Daniels' outfit was assigned to Frankfurt, Germany, on May 12th to build a modern airfield as Supreme Allied Headquarters was being established in the city. Upon completion of the field, General Eisenhower, France's General DeGaulle and other noted military leaders arrived by plane. Using "blitz" debris from the city of Frankfurt, the Aviation Engineers supervised the task of installing over 6,000 tons of steel mats for the new airfield. On July 22nd, the outfit received word that they would be moved to the Pacific, possibly by way of the States. They proceeded to Camp Detroit, near LeHavre, France. Three days later, they were informed that they were not going to the Pacific but would be sent back to the United States. One hour later, the report—and it proved to be reliable—was that they were to go back to Germany, the explanation being that storms had hampered all sailings. And move to Germany they did—right back to Frankfurt! They were given the job of completing another air base. This took two months. On November 28th, they left by train for Camp Philip Morris, near LeHavre, and settled down to await shipment. But David had decided that he'd like to have another look at Paris and away he went. He over-stayed, and returning to Camp Philip Morris after a week's absence, learned that his outfit had sailed two days after he had vanished. He was placed in a Casual Pool and sailed December 24, 1945, reaching New York January 5, 1946, and being discharged six days later.

Of life in the Army, Hosea Hopkins, T/4, can say "I can remember when——" for he began service on September 12, 1928. And when he was finished with World War II, after service overseas in England, France, Belgium and Germany, he signed up to go back for further duty! He was a cook.

Preparing company mess was routine in his life but there were experiences that changed the monotony. Going overseas in January, 1944, he had a stay in England during which a gasoline stove exploded, Hopkins suffering burns that hospitalized him for twenty-eight days near Chudleigh, England. Crossing over to France twenty-four days following D-Day, he was with the First Army. He was with a group that was subjected to bombing by American planes through a mistake. Three men were killed and eight injured in his outfit and the kitchen was "knocked all to h——," as Hopkins describes it. He was attached to various divisions including the Fourth Infantry, 22nd Infantry, 12th Infantry, as well as the 28th, 8th, 78th and 18th Airborne. Prior to World War II, he had been stationed at Fort Ontario, New York; Fort Meade, Maryland; and at Fort Davis, Panama, after which he was at Camp Hood, Texas, before crossing the Atlantic to England.

CHAPTER IX

Germany's Downfall

THE pursuit of the Nazi armed forces had placed the Allied armies in the fall of 1944 where it appeared that a quick blow at the Ruhr and Saar might undermine the entire German defense. But the Allied drive across France had meant six months of almost continuous action for numerous infantry divisions.

With replacements sorely needed, the United States War Department rushed infantry regiments from nine of the eleven divisions remaining in the United States to Europe, according to General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the U. S. Army. A drive to break the Siegfried Line began about November 15th. The Roer River was reached by the Ninth Army. East of Aachen, the first Army wrested the Hurtgen Forest from its defenders, although both sides suffered considerable losses. To mount these attacks, other Allied sectors were undermanned.

Meanwhile, Hitler was growing desperate. He ordered Field Marshal von Rundstedt to attack, even though it meant risking German armies beyond the vaunted security of the Rhine River. Fog and the heavily forested area concealed German preparations. Bringing up twenty-four divisions, von Rundstedt hit the Allied lines on December 16th between Monschau and Trier. Only four divisions of the American First Army were there to meet the attack. It was the break-through known as the "German bulge" that penetrated forty miles deep in the American lines, and gave a surge of renewed hope for those in the German homeland.

The 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions moved from reserve positions into action to retard the German advance, with the 101st Airborne assigned to hold Bastogne, an important road junction. Surrounded, but aided by groups of the 10th Armored Division, they fought it through until pressure was diverted by General Patton's Army opening an attack in southern Luxembourg.

German air strength was gambled recklessly in support of that German sweep forward toward the Meuse River. Private

First Class Elmer Sutphen, who had been in Holland where the 116th AAA Mobile Gun Battalion encountered "buzz" bombs while defending bridges across the lower Meuse River and the locks of the Albert Canal, had moved in mid-December to the Roer River. He was there when the large-scale push by Jerry began. On the night of December 16th, Sutphen's Battalion was credited with destroying sixteen enemy planes. The planes flew in groups, strafing and directing anti-personnel bombs at individual batteries. With a hot fight in progress, Sutphen's Battalion Commander dispatched trucks for ammunition, and when they returned, one battery had two rounds of ammunition left. On the second night, more planes came over, as many as 100 at a time. Sutphen's Battalion brought down sixteen and four "probables." On the next night, they were credited with destroying two more. Before the month's end their official score showed forty-one planes destroyed and eight "probables." During the same period, planes carrying Nazi paratroopers, headed for the Eupen-Malmedy zone, attempted to pass over the same area. The flight was disrupted with the aid of the 116th AAA Battalion, with many carriers shot down, while others dropped troops in wrong locations.

An encounter with what he termed "the business end of the German bulge" developed for William E. Johnson almost immediately after he and several companions had been speculating about their chances for a turkey dinner on Christmas Day. Bill was serving with Company B, 347th Regiment, 87th Division, with the Third Army. At that time he was a Private First Class but became a Sergeant subsequently. A series of events had occurred in rapid-fire order in Johnson's life in the weeks preceding Christmas—with more to come.

Here it was almost Christmas, 1944, yet only nine weeks earlier he was in New York embarking on the Queen Elizabeth for overseas duty. The sailing was October 17th and five days later he reached Glasgow, Scotland. About five weeks of advanced training was given in the vicinity of Hale, England, and then the 87th Division moved to LeHavre, France, on November 26th. By box-car, they traveled across France and went into action near Metz during the first week in December. A need for reinforcements in the Saar Valley area caused the 87th Division to be shifted there and the attack on German-held fortifications began.

Then came the night of December 24th and the speculation about turkey dinner. Here is Bill's account of what developed: "An order came down through the darkness to pull out; we were going back for a turkey dinner. We all felt rather good about the whole thing. But when I saw the tanks, half-tracks and artillery pulling out too, I thought to myself, 'By golly, boy, if we're going back for a turkey dinner, you'd better tell them you just ain't hungry!' Well, we got it—the turkey dinner and twenty-four hours rest—but we also got the business end of the German bulge. In fact, we were on the move when we had the turkey dinner."

The 87th Division was pulled out of the Third Army to make a sweeping maneuver carrying it into the triangle where France, Belgium and Luxembourg join. Their immediate task was to assist in getting the 101st Airborne Division out of the bulge area, if possible. "There was also the minor fact that we had to get two Jerry Panzer Divisions out first," Johnson relates. "We succeeded, the break-through didn't and the 101st got out by itself. All very futile. But that, as they say, is war."

His outfit was working toward Bastogne, living dangerously as infantrymen. Johnson was handling a Browning automatic rifle. There was plenty going on to convince him that most anything might happen. And he was having his share of lucky escapes. There was the concussion grenade that went off within seven feet of him, but he was unscathed although a soldier thirty feet away was killed because the force spent itself in the latter's direction. Then on January 2, 1945, while he was in a foxhole with his outfit waiting for a counter-attack, a stray bullet went across his chest, puncturing a wallet in his pocket but causing him no personal injury.

However, it was a different story on January 4th, just two two days later. "I was trying to cross a brook that for 2,000 years had never meant anything to anyone, and probably won't mean anything for the next 2,000 years, but that day left an indelible mark on five Americans and fourteen Germans," Johnson states. His group was involved in the "Battle of the Bloody Crossroads," with the Tillet Woods heavily defended by the Germans. Subsequent developments revealed that the bitter resistance was due to the fact that General von Rundstedt had his Headquarters in the Tillet Woods. In the give-and-take of battle, part of Johnson's company was cut off from

the remainder, without food and in danger from German fire on the edge of the woods. Five of Johnson's outfit, he included, volunteered to attempt reaching the other group of ten or more.

It was almost dawn when the five started on their mission. A stream, about thirty-five feet in width, ran through the area and had to be crossed. Moving as quietly as possible, the volunteers waded through the stream.

"Four got across," Johnson states, "and I was just on the edge coming out of the ice-cold water when the Germans opened up with cross-fire from machine-guns. We must have been silhouetted against the snow on the ground. We had thought we were proceeding without being seen or heard. The machine-gun fire killed the other four and I was hit, spinning around but diving into the water. As best I could, I swam or crawled to the other side of the stream and ran up the short hill there. They followed me with their machine-gun fire but I made it."

Johnson was able to get to the aid station with little assistance but there it was discovered that a machine-gun bullet had struck him on the right side of his chest, injuring a rib as well. Examination of his jacket revealed six bullet holes below his arm pocket. He was placed in an ambulance and sent back to a hospital at Reims, France. After a few days he was shifted to Le Mans and convalesced there until mid-March. He was the sole survivor of the group figuring in the exchange on that fateful morning, his four companions being fatally wounded while fourteen Germans who had been occupying outposts where the machine-gun fire originated were killed by artillery fire that followed to wipe out the "nests."

When Johnson reported to a Replacement Depot at Verviers, Belgium, he was assigned to a clerical job at Bad Godesburg, Germany. Later, he moved back to Etampes and Lardy, France, this being a six-day journey that he made by box-car after the war terminated.

When Bastille Day was observed in France on July 14th, Bill was in Paris. He was then working in the Publications Section, Adjutant General's Office, Headquarters, Ground Forces Reinforcement Command. Concerning the celebration, he wrote: "This week-end Paris has all the aspects of a World's Fair. Every time I walk down the Champ Elysees, I think of New York in 1939. At night, the Arc de Triomphe is resplendent at the head of the street, and down both sides

fountains and theatres are illuminated in brilliant colors. People throng the sidewalks, singing, shouting and having the time of their lives. The grand parade was held in all its predicted glory. The First French Army, with all the tanks, jeeps, artillery pieces and half-tracks it could muster, was the particular highlight of the entire affairs. At least, this was so in the eyes of the French people. Only the American soldiers noticed the all-too-evident fact that all the paraphernalia was American-made and also American-paid! It can be sewed up in a sentence spoken by one GI who said, after gazing at the vast processional for two hours, 'What a h——uva waste of gas!'

In September, Johnson moved to Shrivenham, England, and attended the U. S. Army University Center No. 1. After completing his courses, he was on duty in London with the Army Military Police, serving as a Supply Sergeant. He returned to the States in March, 1946, and was discharged April 4th.

Wherever the Infantry moved, combat medics could be counted upon to be close by. Lawrence B. Hurley, T/4, was among those who served in that branch. He went through the bitter phases of the "Battle of the Bulge," being in the southern end of the Saar-Moselle triangle with the 94th Division. In the midst of the surging situation, a blast from a screaming Mimi shell caused Hurley to suffer from shell concussion. He received a Purple Heart award and also received a Bronze Star Medal for "meritorious achievement," the latter based upon his extended service in treating men under fire.

Hurley, entering the Army December 11, 1942, had had three years' training with the 112th Field Artillery, New Jersey National Guard and expected to serve in the Artillery or Ordnance branches of the Regular Army. Instead, it was to be the 319 Medical Battalion of the 94th Division, in which he would see action. He trained at Camp Phillips, Kansas; Camp Forrest, Tennessee, followed by two months at the Fitzsimmons General Hospital, Denver, Colorado. A stay at Camp McCain, Mississippi, preceded shipment overseas on August 6, 1944. He went to Scotland and was briefly in southwest England before crossing to France early in September, 1944.

As a surgical technician, Hurley worked in the Company D Clearing Station at Lorient and St. Nazaire, France, until December. This was the final checkout point before removal of patients to evacuation hospitals. When German forces took

the offensive late in December, however, Hurley was plunged into the thick of the fighting. He was designated as a combat medic to serve with a rifle company of the 302nd Infantry. To stem the tide, the Allies paid a heavy price in loss of life and men wounded. Infantrymen, seeking to frustrate the German attacks, were at close grips with the enemy. At times, the strategy employed was to permit enemy forces in small groups to press forward, then surround and destroy them. Unhappily, the Germans used similar tactics, and one company in the area where Hurley was serving had only three men that returned.

As a combat medic, Hurley would respond when word came that a man was wounded, making his way to the injured man while risking the fate of the one about to be helped. Skill as a medical technician would be employed to stop bleeding, give blood plasma or whole blood, administer morphine to reduce pain, bandage injuries and prepare a patient to be moved when litter bearers found it possible to come to the scene.

Hurley was in the Saar-Moselle area when wounded on January 29, 1945. His rifle company was attempting to reach Remick late in the afternoon in the face of a German counter-attack. All that he remembers is that he was "out" until the following morning. He was sent back to his original outfit for recuperation. After being in Belgium, he moved through Metz, Thionville, Sierck, Perl, Merzig, Kaiserlautern and Ludwigshafen, the latter a German chemical center. Next, his outfit made a swing westward into Belgium and crossed the Rhine at Dusseldorf. Hurley was at that point when the war ended. Subsequently, he was stationed in Czechoslovakia about forty-five miles from Pilsen. In September, he shifted to the 90th Division for return to the States and was discharged on December 30, 1945.

T/5 Edgar A. Dormer, serving with the 135th Ordnance (MM) Company, participated in the reduction of the Ardennes "bulge." During the campaigns in the Ardennes area, as well as the Rhine and Ruhr campaigns, his outfit serviced the 78th, 87th, 8th, 101st Airborne and 30th Divisions and other units. Dormer had gone overseas on October 2, 1944. Later, he was in Belgium, but upon his arrival in Germany found that some areas were rather bleak and desolate under the ravages of war.

Working day and night under heavy artillery fire, Sergeant Merritt J. McAlinden, Jr., had first-hand knowledge about the "bulge" and what it took to meet the situation. He was with the 134th Ordnance (MM) Company. In December, they worked with the 82nd Airborne Division. The outfit maintained wrecker and repair service to the front lines in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany. During the course of the war, they were with the First, Third, Seventh and Ninth Armies, supporting the 82nd Airborne, the 4th, 8th, 69th, 70th, 78th and 106th Infantry Divisions. Merritt, entering the Army March 18, 1943, had "basic" training at Camp Shelby, Mississippi, maneuvers in Louisiana, gun school in Camp Howze, Texas, and motorcycle training at Holabird, Maryland. When the German "bulge" was being closed out, the 134th was transferred to the Seventh Army, then engaged in the Colmar pocket in Alsace, France. Subsequently, they crossed the Rhine at Bonn and were in the battle of the Ruhr. McAlinden's Company had reached Nandelstadt, when the war ended, after which they were sent to round up Nazi sympathizers and to assist with military government in the Nurnberg section.

During the "Battle of the Bulge," Staff Sergeant Harry A. Devlin had the unique experience of trying to move into position with the 193rd Field Artillery Battalion, using snow plows to clear a path so the gun could be set up for firing. "That was a winter I will never forget," he says. He was on the northern salient with the First Army in Belgium at the time.

The "bulge" virtually became non-existent by the end of January, 1945. Over 110,000 Germans had been taken as prisoners with about the same number on the enemy lists of dead or wounded. Desperate for time to strengthen defenses, Germany had won six weeks' leeway. But the collapse of the salient driven into the Allied lines dropped Nazi morale to depths from which it never rebounded.

One Sunday in January, T/5 Thomas J. Faherty was attending church when he was greeted by the words, "What's your name?" Looking up, he realized that he was staring at Sergeant Stephen G. Myers, whom he had known since boyhood days. Both had caddied at the Hopewell Valley Golf Club. They had a great time talking over recent as well as long-past experiences. About two weeks elapsed and they met again. This time, Steve showed Faherty some pictures received from

Mrs. Myers. They were pictures of Myers' daughter, born after Myers had sailed for Europe. A few days later, Faherty went to the area where he believed Myers was stationed and inquired for him. No one seemed to want to answer. A moment later, another Sergeant motioned Faherty aside and then informed him quietly that Myers had been killed in action on February 15th.

Faherty, resuming his duties as a lineman utilizing "walkie-talkie" equipment and as a radio operator, moved into Germany. His outfit, the 191st Field Artillery Battalion, working with the Fourth Armored Division, figured in a break-through near Bitburg on March 4th. They crossed the Moselle River and moved toward Bad Kreuznach. Enemy aircraft attacked the Battalion three times in a single day. The outfit crossed the Rhine at Oppenheim March 24th on the longest pontoon treadway required up to that time. In pursuit of the fleeing Germans, they took advantage of the Reich Autobahn and its four-lane paving, starting March 31st. A bomber attack was experienced the next morning, but by April 7th they had reached Ohrdruf, the notorious Nazi concentration camp, where starvation and unbelievable cruelties had been inflicted. Faherty entered Czechoslovakia on April 29th at Asch, a city where the Battalion suffered five casualties due to mines. After hostilities ceased, he participated in military government work at Thal, Germany, with the Ninth Army, and reached home in October, 1945.

Five weeks prior to Pearl Harbor, the U. S. Army decided it wouldn't need Lawrence Litzen even though he had received seven months' training between February 14 and September 14, 1941. He had taken basic training at Fort Knox, Kentucky; had been assigned to the 13th Armored Regiment, First Armored Division, and later re-assigned to the 754th Tank Battalion at Pine Camp, New York. The decision to place him in the Enlisted Reserve was based on a then existent age limitation, Lawrence being over twenty-eight. However, Pearl Harbor changed the situation.

On January 22, 1942, Litzen was recalled and assigned to the 704th Tank Destroyer Battalion. He served thereafter with that outfit, being attached to the Fourth Armored Division for training in Texas and on the California Desert, and during service in France and Germany. The 704th reached England March 12, 1944, and took further training, then moved across

the Channel to Normandy on July 12th and sped inland to its first combat positions. Within the next twenty-four hours, the group was subjected to counter-battery fire as well as bombing and strafing by German planes. When the Normandy breakthrough occurred, the 704th shot ahead and Litzen, as a member of the Reconnaissance Company, was in one of the platoons that served with a line company to investigate areas of advance and to blast open the way to assure a safe passage for other elements.

Taking numerous towns and villages, the 704th's tanks rolled on, doing their part in liberating France. The work involved the clearing of the towns, and as described by a historian of the outfit, "knocking out gun emplacements, destroying fleeing vehicles, supporting dismounted infantry attacks, outpostting towns, crossroads and bridges, cleaning out small pockets of resistance, protecting flanks and securing main supply routes." From September 20th to October 7th, the Battalion was confronted by the German 11th Panzer Division but at the end of the extended battle, seventy-five per cent. of the German Division's "Panther" tanks were useless hulks left behind on the battlefield. The "Panthers," despite superior armor, could not cope with the swift-paced "Hellcats" of the 704th.

By early December, the Battalion was working to destroy defenses on the Maginot Line and firing into Germany. The Fourth Division faced a crucial task at Bastogne when the Ardennes "bulge" developed; despite difficult fighting terrain, the Fourth Armored reached Bastogne and aided in keeping the supply line open while the wounded of the 101st Airborne Division were removed. A week's rest south of the city of Luxembourg followed.

The Saar-Moselle triangle was regarded by the men of the 704th Tank Destroyer Battalion as one of their hardest-fought battles. For Litzen, it resulted in a minor wound on the lip while he was in the town of Hamm on the Saar River. The injury occurred when a fragment of a mortar shell hit him, after it burst nearby. Two companions were injured at the same time. Troops occupying the town had reported being harassed by sniper fire from the steep slope across the river. Litzen was Sergeant in a pioneer platoon that had been sent ahead with an M-8 armored car and an M-18 tank destroyer to bring fire upon points suspected of concealing a sniper.

While the crew was around the side of the armored car, the shell burst occurred. It was February, 1945. But Litzen forged ahead with his outfit. Later, he was in Germany and Czechoslovakia, with occupational duties at the war's end at Landshut, Germany. Litzen sailed from Marseilles on September 7, 1945. The man who had been classified as a reservist in September, 1941, had spent a total of four years, seven months and eleven days in Army service.

Before the German Army could be driven back from the west bank of the Rhine, it was highly important that the Roer River dams be seized. The Second British Army advanced to the Roer Valley during the latter part of January, 1945. Flooding of the Roer Valley was employed as German strategy to prevent or delay the obvious plan to make the crossing and press toward the Rhine.

For a fellow who couldn't swim a stroke, participation in the crossing of the river was no pleasant prospect. That was the position in which Private First Class Joseph A. Muredda found himself on February 22, 1945. Delays had been encountered by the Ninth and First Armies because of the destruction of the dams by the Germans to release pent-up waters. Muredda's battalion (he was serving with Company M, 115th Infantry) was designated with the 2nd Battalion, 175th Infantry Regiment, as assault troops. Their mission was to cross the Roer River, secure a bridgehead and then take the towns of Broich and Julich. The mission got under way at 3 A. M. on the morning of February 23rd. Muredda tells of the experience as follows:

"The night was clear and the moon was bright, which didn't help matters. Then along came 'zero hour' and every gun spoke. Brother, that was the greatest barrage I ever saw and ever will see. It made us feel good to see that someone was backing us up. Along with this, a smoke screen was laid down to give us added cover but this backfired and resulted in a lot of coughing. It made some of the boys sick, too. Two of the caterpillars that were to take us across hit mines while we were near the river bank and that delayed us some more. Plans were changed and we moved to a different site where boats were brought down. We carried the boats about 200 yards to the river bank. Then the attempt to cross began.

"The current was strong and it gave us a lot of trouble. I don't know whether we would have made it if we hadn't had

some help from a tree in the river that helped to stop us as we were being swept along. After seizing it, we got out of the boat and waded the rest of the distance, which at that spot really was just a flooded area and not the river bed. Luckily this wasn't deeper than four feet or so except in some spots. Then we came to a stream which really was a narrow canal. That was plenty deep. But one of the boys used his head and swam across, carrying a rope with him. He fastened this to a tree trunk and in that way we got across and moved most of our heavier equipment in the same way. Once we got by the canal, we occupied German-dug trenches. They were flooded, too, but they served as excellent protection from German artillery came in fairly heavy for five to ten minutes. After this, we went on to take our objectives. Our casualties for the river crossing were unusually low for assault battalions. We had four casualties in our platoon which was a real low for us. After we had cleared the town of Broich, we secured our positions and the other two battalions of our regiment pushed through on our flank that night, keeping the Heinies on the run. Our battalion captured 150 prisoners that day, which was considered a nice catch."

The infantry outfit in which Sergeant Stanley ("Bucky") H. Runyon served is credited with being the first infantry group to cross the Rhine following the seizure of the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen. That was the 310th Infantry, of the 78th ("Lightning") Division. The seizure of the bridge by the 9th Armored Division was one of those lucky breaks which a commander like General Eisenhower would not count upon, yet would capitalize upon to the fullest degree. By swift movements, sizeable groups of troops were able to cross the Rhine and establish a bridgehead from which the full attack beyond the Rhine fanned out. "Bucky" Runyon's outfit made the crossing about dawn on the night of March 7th-8th. Their mission was to hold at that point while waiting for additional strength to be thrown across the river. The plan worked despite German efforts to save a bad situation. Following the Remagen crossing, the 78th Division received commendation from Major General Louis G. Craig for its work with the 8th Infantry Division in cracking observation posts lying closest to the Remagen bridgehead.

Runyon had been in the Army just a year at that date. He entered February 3, 1944, going to Fort Dix, Camp Croft,

South Carolina, and Camp Pickett, Virginia, where he joined the 78th Division. He sailed October 13, 1944, to England, then traveled across France and Belgium in "40-and-8" box-cars and trucks after crossing the Channel on November 21st. His Company went into action December 13th at the Siegfried Line, relieving the 102nd Cavalry and making a push that gained ground. They maintained that position, somewhat to one side of the spot where the "German bulge" developed.

While in Germany, Runyon developed pneumonia and was hospitalized. However, by the latter part of April, after his outfit had helped to clear out the Ruhr pocket, he said: "There is one thing that pleases me quite some, and that is the new German flag. It is white. We are beginning to believe that every day is Flag Day here, as we see so many of these flags of surrender." When the war ended, Runyon was in a rest camp at a small town, Homburg. He remained in Germany with Occupation Forces at Sachsenhausen, Berlin and also near Kassel. The job involved guard duty on railroads, stations, munition dumps and other strategic locations. He was discharged from the Army April 29th, 1946.

The crossing of the Rhine, in so far as Corporal Edward J. Tucker was concerned, was behind the steering wheel of an amphibious truck—one of those land-and-water vehicles used with such success when water barriers were encountered. His outfit, the 832nd Amphibian Truck Company, received a citation and the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque for "the accomplishment of exceptionally difficult tasks" in France and Germany, including the Rhine crossing. Both personnel and equipment were moved across the Rhine by the 832nd "amphibs," working with the 3rd and 45th Infantry Divisions. When supply lines lengthened during the final phase of the Central European campaign, the 832nd with other groups in its battalion advanced to aid the XV Corps in hauling vital supplies to rapidly advancing combat units. The citation covered the period from March 1 to May 1, 1945, the climactic period of the European War.

Previously Corporal Tucker had been in England, France and Belgium, going overseas in April, 1944. In France, his feet became frostbitten and he spent two and a half months in the hospital. More hard luck occurred later and he was hospitalized again—but this time on the other side of the world in Manila. He had been transferred from Europe to the Pacific

for duty in the Philippines where infection developed after a mishap involving a jeep running over his feet. Treatment was necessary from September to November, 1945, after which Tucker returned to the States. He was discharged on February 12, 1946, only six days short of completing three years of service.

In the Ninth Army, the first outfit to reach the Rhine River was Company E, 2nd Battalion, of the 335th Infantry. Staff Sergeant James L. Adam was a machine gunner in the outfit, which had served with the 84th "Railsplitters" Division in the Ardennes battle, as well as the Rhineland and Central Germany drives. Adam remained in Germany with the Occupation Forces and was attached to the District Constabulary assigned to operate motorized and mechanized patrols around the border of the American zone in Germany.

When Leonard W. Vandewater went into the Army in August, 1944, he warned his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Vandewater, that they needn't expect him to win promotions, as he wasn't looking for any responsibilities. He went to Camp Stewart, Georgia, and received training as an Anti-Aircraft replacement for seventeen weeks. For him, Army life seemed "a cinch compared with threshing or pitching hay." In January, 1945, he was home on furlough and sailed early in February, about six months from the date he entered service. But meanwhile, he had been transferred to Infantry. His outfit crossed England by rail and moved into France. Despite the grimness of war, he wrote that it also had a lighter side, stating that "Every time we stop at a village we take over a couple of houses to sleep in, and there are always some cows and chickens around, so I always manage to have fresh milk and eggs, but you should see some of the city boys trying to milk a cow."

Soon after crossing France, combat duty with the Third Army began. On the second day in combat, he was designated as first scout in his squad—a position in which he faced additional danger. While crossing a field in April, Leonard was struck in the back of the neck by a Nazi sniper's bullet. Fortunately, the sniper's aim was a trifle bad. But Leonard's version of it is that he (Leonard) "outran" the bullet that came in his direction. He received treatment but remained on active duty. On the fourth day in combat, he became squad leader

and since squad leaders hold a Sergeant's rating, the next thing he knew he was Sergeant Vandewater—the recruit of the previous August who had said he wasn't interested in assuming responsibilities!

Early in May, with the German surrender near at hand, Leonard was deep in Germany. On May 2nd, he wrote: "After you haven't been able to wash for a couple of weeks, it feels good to get cleaned up. A house beats a foxhole any day. It seems as if every German house has two kitchens so we have lots of things to cook with. Many a German chicken has been eaten by myself and the rest of the squad—with three hot meals a day instead of rations."

When Leonard received a Purple Heart decoration, he still was protesting that he hadn't deserved it. He was then with the 76th Division, Seventh Army. He returned to the United States in September, 1945, and as soon as furloughed from Fort Dix, headed for home. An odd experience occurred when he reached Hopewell, coming in on the last bus arriving shortly after 1 A. M. He started out Princeton Avenue hoping he could "thumb" a ride to his home at Mount Rose. But no one seemed to be traveling. In front of the Elementary School, he decided to "take it easy" until a car did come along, so he sat down on the curb. A car soon approached, going in the direction he wanted to proceed. The driver eased up and stopped. It proved to be Corporal Erwin W. Benson, Leonard's cousin, who Leonard thought was still in France with a paratrooper outfit. Erwin, on the third week of his own homecoming furlough, had been in Trenton for the evening and knowing that Leonard had reached New York a day or so earlier, was certain that Leonard would be reaching Hopewell about that hour. So together they went the rest of the way, swapping stories of their experiences.

Guard duty between 4 and 5 A. M. on Easter Sunday morning, April 1, 1945, didn't offer a cheerful prospect for Corporal George S. Knudsen, of the 4th Engineer Combat Battalion, but it netted him two German prisoners. And to George's amazement, one spoke in flawless English—when he realized that his watch was about to be confiscated.

Knudsen had been through a long series of battles and campaigns following his D-Day arrival and hedgerow fighting in Normandy. Three times his outfit had broken through the

Siegfried Line, at different points; had been in the "Battle of the Bulge," and had crossed the Rhine at Worms, with a record of approximately 200 days of consecutive service.

On the day preceding Knudsen's capture of prisoners, his unit had been in a convoy attempting to push forward along a road cluttered with vehicles. At intervals, tank destroyers would move out on the flank to give needed protection. Knudsen's combat team was ordered into a field to sit it out until evening and then move into a small village ahead. It proved to be an unhappy location. Toward night, two German jet-propelled planes made a strafing run over the area. Machine-guns on the Combat Battalion's trucks and half-tracks went into action. The commanding officer's call for help brought two P-47's to the scene. Apparently the sight of American planes brought a hurried decision on the part of the German pilots to get rid of their bombs. The bombs fell some little distance from Knudsen's location. He remained in the field until darkness after which the town was occupied. Knudsen's squad took over a barn for the night. Each squad member was to have an hour of guard duty. For Knudsen, it was the 4-to-5 A. M. "shift." When he took his post in the doorway of the barn, it was moonlight. After a little time had elapsed, he spied a figure moving not far down the road. "Halt!" Knudsen shouted, and added, "Who's there?" He received no answer. The figure stood motionless, apparently hoping that he had escaped detection. Then the "Jerry" turned and started running up hill toward a spot where the barn would shield him. Knudsen, shouting "Halt!" started in pursuit and fired one shot in the air. With that, the would-be fugitive stopped and called out "Kamerad" (comrade).

Knudsen's account of what followed goes thus:

"When he said 'Kamerad,' I replied, 'Kommen Sie hier' (come here). His answer was 'ja, ja, ja.' As I closed in on him, another German jumped from the bushes. I ordered him to stand pat and put his hands up over his head. The shot I had fired had awakened others in my squad, of course, and they came out in a hurry. One of our fellows searched one of the Jerries while I searched the other. I asked my man if he could understand English and he said 'Nichts versteh (I don't understand you).' I found a watch on his wrist and started to take it off. Was I surprised when in the clearest English,

he said 'Say, what are you going to do with my watch?' He couldn't understand English before that, but now he could speak it! So I told him, 'What do you think I'm going to do with it? Where you're going you won't need it.' He started to tell me in English that he was not a soldier, but a German civilian who had been brought earlier into France as a 'slave-worker.' I asked for his identification. He showed me a German Army identification book and this revealed that he was a German soldier serving with an engineer outfit.

"I asked him what he was doing out at 4 A. M. Then he told me that the Americans had scattered his outfit into groups of three or four. He and three companions had hidden in a cellar. There they came across liquor. After awhile, they sent one of their buddies out to see if he could find others. Two hours had gone by and he hadn't returned. So these two Jerries, now in our hands, had started out and then I spied them."

Knudsen turned them over to the guard who relieved him and in due course the men were sent back to remain in custody as prisoners-of-war. In the remaining weeks of the war, Knudsen's outfit moved forward to Rotherburg and Heidenheim, crossing the Danube River on April 25th and fighting south to Wolfratshausen about six miles from the Austrian border where he was when the war ended. Subsequently, he traveled north through Munich across the Danube to Amberg and to Annsbach. He remained at Annsbach until his return to the States was ordered, sailing on June 4, 1945. He received his discharge on September 8th.

T/5 John Garrett Conover—who always had been known by his middle name prior to military service—was called for Army duty on July 26, 1944. During basic training at Camp Croft, South Carolina, he fractured a bone in his foot. After recuperation, he qualified as a sharpshooter, being fifth highest in his platoon of 247 men. But that didn't keep him from doing "K. P." duty on Thanksgiving Day. While out on maneuvers late in December, word came from home that a baby boy had arrived, to be named Garrett ("Garry") John. By the following Sunday, Garrett had things arranged so he could dash home for a glimpse of the new arrival. But Garrett carried orders to report to Fort George J. Meade, Maryland.

He sailed January 23, 1945. Landing in Scotland, he moved through England and France to the Alsace-Lorraine area. As a replacement in the infantry he promptly saw action. His letters told how infantry divisions were slugging through, and about the narrow escape he had while in a fox-hole, where his companion was wounded. Yet the Jerries, he said, "would rather have a gun to face than one in the back," and were taking a terrific drubbing. As villages and towns were reached, Garrett assisted in routing out snipers. He was serving with the 63rd "Blood and Fire" Division, the outfit that made the Seventh Army's first penetration of the Siegfried Line.

Then on April 8, 1945—with the end of the war only one month away—Garrett sustained serious wounds. Seven pieces of shrapnel struck him about the head, neck, right arm and hip. The most severe was a six-inch laceration, an inch-and-a-half deep, on his right hip. This is how it happened. His outfit had advanced through the woods to take the town of Zuttligen, Germany. The Volkstraum and the Wehrmacht gave up with little resistance but the S. S. Troops, Hitler's prize units, resisted strenuously. After many of the S. S. Troopers were killed or wounded, Conover's outfit advanced into the town. His squad was directed to seize the hotel.

"When we started for it," Garrett wrote later, "the fireworks broke loose and we were pinned down in a shallow gutter. The S. S. were sniping and throwing hand grenades at us. Our squad leader and scout were killed. Then the man ahead of me was shot by a civilian (others got the civilian later and hanged him). Then I started getting it. It was pretty bloody but we couldn't get out of there. After what seemed ages, one of our machine guns got us covered and we got help. I was carried on a stretcher to a jeep, had my wounds dressed and put on a plane and flown back to a hospital in France. I later learned that our 253rd Infantry ripped the 17th S. S. to ribbons that day."

Incidentally, that was his first trip by airplane. Writing from the hospital, he reported, "While I got cut up pretty badly by shrapnel, I'm all in one piece." He received his Purple Heart decoration while still in the hospital. One day, three officers walked in and called out his name. Despite his weakened condition, he stood up—then wilted to the floor. Buddies helped him to his feet, while Garrett was still wondering what

was happening. When the decoration was pinned upon him, it was quite clear.

As a diversion while in the hospital, someone started a "pin-up girl" contest. Garrett submitted two pictures of his daughter, Gail, and was elated when the pictures won second prize.

Upon his recovery, Garrett had a three-day furlough in Paris, then returned to his company in the 253rd Infantry. He learned that only three men from his squad of twelve still were alive. The company was stationed then at Wertheim, Germany. An apartment for living quarters seemed unbelievable, but Garrett reported that "the best part of it is the bathtub with hot and cold water, and next best is a comfortable bed." Later he was transferred to Brussels, Belgium, and lived in a former university dormitory where prisoners-of-war served the meals and did the domestic work. Moving to Le Havre, France, he worked in a Finance Disbursing Section there and later at Etriat, France. One day he carried a million dollars in 1,000-franc notes, the sum being taken to the Banque de France for deposit. Garrett arrived in the United States early in January, 1946, and was given his honorable discharge immediately thereafter.

When Private First Class James H. Hall went overseas in February, 1944, he moved rapidly through France and was assigned to serve with General Patton's Third Army. He wrote to his parents that, despite censorship, "You can keep track of me—where General Patton is, that's where I'll be." Jim was assigned to Company C, 61st Infantry Battalion, of the Tenth Armored Division.

It was a strange climax for a chap who had wanted intensely to get into the Navy. Jim had passed the Navy physical in the spring of 1944 but meanwhile Selective Service machinery was moving and he was notified to report with other selectees. Jim knew that the branch to which he would be assigned would depend upon the quotas for the Army and Navy to be filled on the day he began service. Equipped with numerous gifts suitable for a fellow entering the Navy, Jim reported at Pennington to be dispatched. There they told him, to his dismay, that it was going to be the Army for him! Jim was sent to Camp Stewart, Georgia. He became reconciled to his change of status when he learned that eighty-six others, ready like himself to

go into the Navy, had lost out. In due course, Jim moved to Fort McClellan, Alabama. A furlough in January preceded reporting at Fort George J. Meade, Maryland. He crossed the Atlantic in February, 1945. Within a few days, he was with General Patton's Third Army.

Hall wrote: "The Third Army has been going along very fast, and the Germans are going faster—backward, of course. I am in Armored Infantry, which is not walking, and I call that a break. We travel in what is known as a half-track and we are in front of the foot infantry, in most cases. Once in a while we are slowed down to a stop until we can get started with our Air Force again. I am glad I got into this outfit as it is a good one and has a very good commander."

When Jim joined the Tenth Armored Division as a rifleman, the Division had just participated in the elimination of the Saar-Moselle triangle, where the Germans had screened preparations for their December offensive. Following the fall of Saarburg, capital of the Saar Valley, the Tenth Armored ("Fighting Tigers") crossed the Saar River to take Trier, a German rail center. Infantrymen established a bridgehead and Engineers constructed a bridge that carried the vehicles of the Tenth Armored across. Five miles east of the Saar and nine miles south of Trier, a turning movement was carried through at Zerf, leading to the fall of Trier on March 1st, with its German Commander and his entire garrison of 3,000 men. It was the first major German city to fall into the hands of the Third Army. Going into Trier, the advance was through streets in which every building had to be searched, room by room. In twenty-four hours, over 2,000 prisoners were seized, chiefly in the basements of the buildings. The outfit left Trier on March 16th with Mainz as the next objective. The Battalion advanced, fighting day and night. Between March 20th and 24th, another spearhead drive, with the Armored Division mounted, was in progress, moving through numerous towns to Offenbach. On the 28th, the Division reached the Rhine and crossed at Ludwigshafen. On March 30th, the outfit headed for Heilbronn, cleaning out stubborn resistance in Nusloch enroute.

For Jim Hall, the city of Crailsheim was to have special meaning. An armored drive was carried through to that city on April 6th. One mounted task force moved thirty-five miles

into enemy territory in eight hours. The city was attacked and cleared. Jim's platoon "set up defensive positions on the outskirts of the city" in an elaborate residential sector of the city, according to a day by day record kept by Lieutenant Arthur J. Grant, leader of the First Platoon. Grant states: "That night several 'Jerry' trucks drove right into our road blocks, completely ignorant of our presence in the town. One Kraut truck driver even admitted that he was coming into Crailsheim on pass!" Hall's participation with Company C in events at Crailsheim are recounted in Lieutenant Grant's history aforementioned as follows:

"We had so completely disorganized and confused 'Jerry' that he didn't make any attempt to attack Crailsheim the night of April 6th. We were prepared for any futile attempts that the enemy might make, however, and even laid our mine fields across the main highway in our sector of the town. On the morning of the 7th, I sent the First Rifle Squad, under Sergeant Paul, out in front of our defensive positions to an isolated house, past the outskirts of town. Just before noon, two Krauts rode up right in front of the house in which Paul's squad was set up. They were on motorcycles and dismounted in full view of the men in Paul's squad. When Pfc. Hall shouted to them to drop their weapons and come in as prisoners, they ran for their cycles and attempted to make a run for it. Upon this, Hall and Pfc. Greenly opened up with their automatic rifles and the rest of the squad followed suit. The two Krauts were literally torn apart, and some valuable maps and notes were found on them. Under cover of darkness that night we drew Paul and his men back into our positions, knowing that 'Jerry' might try to cut them off from the rest of us, as they were more than a mile from us."

The task of holding Crailsheim was a tough assignment. Actually, the Germans had virtually trapped those who had pressed inside. The Germans tried a heavy flank attack to retake the city on April 8th. They were repulsed with twenty-five dead and at least sixty wounded in front of Company C's position. On the 9th, enemy planes bombed and strafed troops as well as the supply train attempting to reach the outfit. A flight of C-47's (transport planes) was used to provide supplies for the Armored division. While being unloaded, German planes attacked. On the night of April 9th, German soldiers infiltrated and 2,000 men participated in a morning

attack. The battle continued until 2 P. M. before the city was again cleared. In that regard, Lieutenant Grant's day-by-day history states:

"Our men becoming very weary, the ammunition situation was critical and food was running low. . . . The enemy air activity continued, with several rocket planes or jets swooping in on us, before we could even hear them coming. But we were getting plenty of our own air support, now, and they managed to chase the enemy aircraft off as soon as they'd make one dive at us."

Jim Hall was wounded on April 10th, the fifth and final day that the group remained in the German trap. Late that afternoon, the outfit was informed of plans to evacuate Crailsheim. The instructions given his outfit were that they were to be the last elements out and their positions were to be held until the very minute. It was 8 P. M. when Company C received orders to withdraw. The German attack was already advancing into the town. However, leaving Crailsheim was probably more dangerous than remaining there to fight it out. Here is Jim's own description of what followed:

"It was night. I was in the half-track at my machine-gun when we rode over the top of a hill. A mortar shell hit and knocked me cold. I got two or three little pieces of steel in me, one in my shoulder, a real small one; one under my chin and one in my elbow, but that was not so bad as the medics picked them out. I had only one scar, on my elbow. So the Lord must have surely been with me."

Jim spent a day and a half in a field hospital and returned to action three days after being injured. Jim decided that it might be better if he didn't write home to his parents immediately about it. However, he received a Purple Heart award on June 18th while at Mittenwald, Germany, and that prompted him to reveal by letter that he had been wounded. He explained to his mother and dad that he had waited until the war was over to save them from worry. At the same time, he disclosed that the pistol carried at his side had a large cut in the handle where a piece of flying steel had nicked it.

Crailsheim had been a terrific ordeal. Because of its strategic importance, the Germans had used "everything in the book," including concussion bombs and shells, and incendiaries. Entire battalions of infantry had been hurled into

the battle. In the air, a total of 325 enemy planes had attacked the city, with fifty of them cleared from the sky by anti-aircraft defenses. During those four days of battle, the fighting was regarded as "the most bitter along the Western front."

After the American withdrawal from Crailsheim, American artillery directed its fire upon the city and virtually leveled it. In the withdrawal, 2,000 prisoners who had been taken previously were brought out. German dead within the city totaled 1,000 or more.

After Crailsheim, Hall moved with the Tenth Armored Division south toward Austria. Progress became quite rapid. On May 7th, the Division took Innsbruck at the head of the Brenner Pass in Austria, the only supply route through the Alps to Italy. The Division was in Mittenwald on May 8th when the war in Europe ended.

Although William S. Conover went into the Army long before Pearl Harbor, he was not sent to Europe until January, 1945. After his enlistment on January 24, 1940, Bill served in the Panama Canal Zone for three years and four months. In October, 1943, he returned on a thirty-day furlough. He received training thereafter with an AAA Battalion, being in North Carolina, Georgia, and California. When other branches of the services were reduced to expand the infantry, Bill was shifted and went to Camp Howze, Texas, for that type of training.

As a rifleman, Conover was in the Ardennes, Central Europe and Rhineland campaigns, serving with the Second Division, of the First Army. He suffered from frostbite in March, 1945, both feet being affected, and was transferred to England for treatment. He returned to active duty later and was at Nurnberg with the Second Division when the war terminated. Bill returned home and was honorably discharged on July 23, 1945, his service covering five years and six months.

Also participating in the Ardennes campaign was T/4 Archibald R. Dey. He served in France, Luxembourg, Belgium and Germany as an auto mechanic with the Service Battery, 3rd A. F. A. Battalion, Ninth Armored Division. Dey had entered service on June 8, 1943, training at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and going overseas on August 19, 1944. He was

in Europe sixteen months and reached the conclusion that "It took everybody and everything to defeat the Germans." He declared that "There is not a fellow in any artillery outfit that does not know that if it were not for the good old dough-boy, we would never win the war."

In the Battle of the Rhineland, the outstanding event for Staff Sergeant Harry A. Devlin was the firing by his Battalion (193rd Field Artillery) on the cities of Cologne and Bonn. The ruins of Cologne were seized on March 7th. Ten days later, Devlin crossed the Rhine River, while German aircraft were attempting to blow up pontoon bridges that had been thrown across the stream. Devlin's service jobs included the preparation of fire-control maps and charts used by his Battalion. He also drew contour maps, acted as instrument man for surveys, setting up and operating surveys and fire-control instruments to locate gun positions. With the war's end, he took up duties with a security guard detail, and traveled down to the Czech border to guard factories and meat-packing houses, and to assist liberated Americans and British, as well as displaced individuals.

Devlin found that all the mishaps do not occur in wartime. He figured in a jeep accident at Meiningen, Germany, on July 3, 1945, that put him in the 13th Field Hospital at Kassel, Germany, for nine days. When the accident occurred, Devlin was enroute to one of the Battalion's firing batteries at 5:30 A. M. The front wheels of the jeep suddenly locked and the jeep left the road and hit a tree. It rolled over with the driver pinned beneath it. Devlin, knocked unconscious, found himself upside down in the vehicle which was lying on its side. He tried to extricate the driver but help was needed. The nearest source of help was at the firing battery, and Devlin was compelled to walk the remaining two and a half miles. Then a medical man was sent to the scene of the mishap, but arrived too late to save the driver. Devlin was left with a four-inch scar on his left forehead.

Moving into Germany in December, 1944, with the 774th Field Artillery Battalion, Corporal Norman G. Hoagland reported that, "We are giving them plenty of trouble but there is still plenty of fight in these 'Krauts.'" In his first letter from Germany, he wrote:

"We are living in the basement of a house and considering everything, we are pretty comfortable. We have a stove set up in which we are burning good old German coal. The former owners left us a good supply conveniently stored in one corner of the basement. We have electric lights powered by a portable generator. We even have tables and chairs and though we sleep on the floor, are pretty well off. It sure is a sight better than living in a pup-tent or a fox-hole. . . . We have been having some fairly nice weather but now the rain has started again, the wind is blowing very hard and cold and it is most darn miserable. But last night was as pretty a night as I ever saw. Along with the bright moonlight, the searchlights and the occasional anti-aircraft fire illumined things very distinctly. Aside from the sinister aspect of the anti-aircraft fire, the sight of strings of tracer bullets travelling up into the sky is really pretty. They remind me of Christmas tree lights."

After the German breakthrough had been liquidated, Hoagland commented that it must have been "very disheartening to the folks at home." He continued: "I can't help but feel that the recent bad news served a good purpose. It jarred the optimism out of the home front and has awakened people to the fact that victory is not right around the corner and that the enemy is still capable of slapping us down. I think I speak for all my buddies when I say that I have complete and sincere faith in our Allied commanders and that they are going to lead us through to complete victory."

But in January when the Russian drive from the North was gaining momentum, Hoagland had this to say: "The Russians are pouring it on and if the 'Krauts' don't halt them soon, we will be watching for vehicles with red stars on them. They seem to thrive on this winter weather but I am definitely not a Russian." In February, Norman reported clear, cloudless skies favoring air activity, saying: "The Air Force sure is putting on a show and the Heinies have been taking it on the chin. At home, you read no doubt about the 1,000 and 2,000-plane raids and though it sounds big, you can never realize just how big they really are. To see the entire heavens black with planes from horizon to horizon and hear the drone of engines that fairly saturate the atmosphere is a sight and sound that would stir and thrill the coldest of hearts."

On the personal side, Hoagland had been advanced to the rank of Corporal and assigned a "jeep" to act as agent for his Field Artillery Battalion. Terming it a "fresh air taxi," he described "jeep" travel in Germany as follows: "I have to do a lot of 'blackout' driving and it really does get dark here at times. The rain and thaw have turned things into a sea of mud (February). Everything is o. k. as long as you stay on the improved highways but when you turn off upon any secondary road, as I often have to do, it is just a gamble whether you will get through. These little 'jeeps' are brutes for such punishment, though, and the way they can plough through mud, water, snow or what have you is really nothing short of miraculous. One day I had to hit one of those bad roads but made out fine until I reached a bad stretch about 100 yards long. I got about half way through and got stuck for sure. A 'peep' was following me so he tried to go by me to give me a pull. He got around me but then got stuck, too. Along came a big truck and pulled him out and came back for me and he got stuck! After a few minutes, along came a tracked vehicle and it pulled both of us out. I was mud up to my knees but I was glad to be out. The engineers are doing a wonderful job keeping the roads repaired but naturally they can't be everywhere at once."

Meanwhile the Field Artillery was hammering away. Firing from the vicinity of the west bank of the Rhine, the heavy guns "are making quite a fuss, laying a little steel across the river into the enemy positions," Hoagland reported late in March. He added: "I'm glad I am not on the receiving end." At that time, he was living in a former coffee factory, almost at the river's edge. Concerning the living quarters, he wrote:

"This large coffee factory was taken over by the Army to be used for billets and we really have things very comfortable and convenient—electric lights, real German electricity, hot showers and a kitchen set up in the factory's cafeteria, where we also have movies. The room that I have, along with a couple of buddies, was formerly a conference room and being in the cellar was recently used as an air-raid shelter. It has rugs on the floor, easy chairs, heat, electric lights and writing tables. We sleep on mattresses arranged along one wall. Doesn't sound much like a combat front, I will admit, but after all, isn't this a screwy war, anyway?"

Hoagland marvelled how parts of industrial Germany in the Rhine Valley had escaped serious damage in the Allied push. Writing in April, 1945, he pointed out that "We are just on the edge of the Rhine Valley and the horizon is studded with smokestacks, power line towers and elevators. . . . Signs of the Air Force are everywhere but a lot of these places are intact, even down to having electric power and water. . . . Believe what you want but from my observations, the German people were not lacking a single thing. They all have clothes galore and every cellar is full of canned goods. They should be well fixed after draining every other country. The Hollanders are the ones who are bad off."

With the German collapse, Hoagland became a message center corporal and code clerk, giving up his "jeep," and saying "good riddance." Later, he moved into the LeHavre section of France, serving in a similar capacity at Post Headquarters in Camp Home Run where men were being processed through the staging area for return to the States. However, Norman was transferred later to Liege, Belgium, where he continued to serve as a message center chief. He returned to the States in March, 1946.

Corporal Erwin W. Benson spent five years and two months in the Army and despite the fact that he transferred to the Airborne Artillery to make sure that he went overseas and into combat, never quite succeeded in the latter ambition. He was in the Reserve Army on the Rhine in Germany with Headquarters Battery, 13th Airborne Division Artillery, but his outfit was the only paratrooper division that did not see action. On four occasions, when the sweep across France and Germany was in progress, the Division was alerted for definite missions, but as Erwin wrote later, armored spearheads "beat us to our objectives" so the paratroopers' orders to take off were withheld.

It was August, 1940, when "Buck" decided to enlist in the New Jersey National Guard, joining the 119th Medical Regiment Band. The National Guard was inducted into Federal service on September 16th and Erwin went to Fort Dix, New Jersey, for intensive training; to Louisiana for maneuvers, and to Fort Miles, Delaware, for permanent duty. Benson was a clarinet player but developed as a trombonist subsequently. In September, 1943, he decided that he wanted to

see more action than trombone playing seemed to promise. By a slim margin, he was approved for paratrooper training as he weighed 184 pounds and the limit was 185, and he was five feet, eleven inches in height, with six feet as "tops." When he received word one day at noon that he was to report at Fort Benning, Georgia, he permitted only four hours to elapse before he was on his way. There he attended the Army's first "jump school" for four weeks and received his "wings" and paratrooper boots. By mid-July, he had made nine parachute jumps, but when it came to describing how it felt to be leaping out of a plane at a height of several thousand feet, he found he was at a loss for words. Then came night maneuvers. On one trip, the orders to jump sent the Division hovering over a swamp where tangled undergrowth and water chest-deep made rugged going. Erwin reached the assigned objective, and found that he had a few scratches and three rips in his trousers. Some of his companions did not reappear until morning.

Early in 1945, he shipped out and on February 12th, wrote from France: "Instead of Jersey accent, all you hear is gibbering going a mile a minute" (and Erwin studied French in high school!). He commented that "It was a nice boat ride but I'm not made for the Navy," and added: "Have bully mess and almost like home cooking." But the collapse of Germany on May 8th put an end to all preparations by his Division for a landing in enemy territory from the air. Subsequently, he was billeted in a chateau in a town on the Yonne River about ninety miles southeast of Paris and returned to the United States in August, 1945.

He says he will always remember the church bells tolling in France at midnight on V-E Day, as well as the way the French people celebrated. He wrote: "We are all happy that the war in Europe is over. The French are making a real occasion of it; celebrating more than we do on the Fourth of July. All the cities, towns, villages and homes are decorated with bunting and flags of every Allied nation. At midnight when the fighting officially ceased, I could hear church bells tolling in all the towns around the camp. The next night I went out on pass for awhile to one of the neighboring towns and found myself in the middle of a carnival. I believe every person from two years of age to ninety was firing rockets or setting off flares or firecrackers galore. Getting into the swing of all

the gaiety, I went for a couple of rides on the bumperscooters and 'caterpillar.' It took me back to younger days. It seems I can never get too old for those amusements. Coming back, I had to detour a few times as the streets were filled with couples dancing to gay French music. Also on my way back, I glanced at the sky and was amazed to see a large 'V' for 'Victory' made by two searchlights over Paris. It was a beautiful night and a wonderful sight. I guess the French are entitled to a gay time as they have had a pretty rough go of it for the last five years and it isn't all over yet, as a lot of them are homeless."

Sent overseas with the 45th Division in February, 1945, Lloyd W. Hartman went through the remainder of the war with General Patton's Third Army. Hartman was with the 303rd Infantry, and in one of its river crossing operations, only thirty men of his entire Company reached the other side, the remainder being killed or wounded. The Division went into Czechoslovakia about the time that the war ended. Hartman had served as a machine gunner and Garand rifleman. His outfit was singled out for Pacific duty, being returned to the United States in mid-summer of 1945 for 30-days furlough, and then sent to Tokyo. With Japan's surrender, duties as occupation forces were substituted for invasion tasks. But Hartman knew what it was to be shifted around. When he entered the Army in March, 1943, he interrupted his studies in engineering at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He reported to Camp Devens, Mass. From there, he went to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. Next, he attended Wyoming University for nine months, taking engineering courses in the Army Student Training program. However, the picture changed completely when he was assigned to the Infantry, going to Camp Roberts, California, and then being dispatched to Europe.

With the privilege of being the first to enter Berlin reserved for the Russian Army, American troops reaching the west bank of the Elbe River ceased their advance at that point. It was a hard decision to accept, as Lieutenant Colonel Richard F. Howard will testify. He was the commanding officer of the 787th Field Artillery Battalion. The outfit had crossed the Rhine at Wesel and proceeded until the Elbe was reached near Seehausen, then on the left flank of the American forces.

Unofficially, Lieutenant Colonel Howard crossed the river one day into the territory destined to be held by the Russians. In due time, the Russians arrived on the other bank.

Lieutenant Colonel Howard entered the service on June 1st, 1942, and was on the staff of the 30th Battalion, Field Artillery Reserve Training Center at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for almost two years. He took advanced courses at the Field Artillery School and was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington as Intelligence Officer with the newly activated 411th Field Artillery Group. While there, he was the officer in charge of preparations for overseas movement for seven artillery battalions. When an opening occurred in the 787th Field Artillery Battalion, he was named as its commander, completed its training and moved overseas with the outfit to England, France and Germany. It was a heavy (eight-inch howitzer) Artillery Battalion. After the German defeat, Lieutenant Colonel Howard's Battalion occupied and governed near Celle (Hannover) until the British took over in that zone. A discharge camp for prisoners-of-war at Wurzburg also was operated. Later, Lieutenant Colonel Howard transferred to the 770th Field Artillery Battalion, moved to Paris and his unit performed guard duty until November, 1945, then returned to the States.

Orville A. Wyckoff, Jr., Private First Class, knows how it feels to be "annihilated" and live to tell the story. "Annihilated" twice, in fact. At least, that is what the German radio claimed in regard to the Armored Division with which he was serving. He belonged to Company C, Ninth Armored Infantry Battalion, and moved overseas in January, 1945, going through the Rhineland and Central Germany campaigns. Orville had taken infantry training at Camp Blanding, Florida, Camp Shelby, Mississippi, and Camp Swift, Texas, and was a rifleman. Alluding to the Nazi radio reports about destroying the outfit completely, Wyckoff said, after reaching Germany, "Some people can't understand how we can possibly be here, but here we are."

Working as a squad leader in a mines platoon, Sergeant Hartwell Vannoy, Jr., went through all five of the European campaigns without being injured. He was with an Anti-Tank Company, 329th Regiment, 83rd Division, serving as a supply sergeant. He went overseas in June, 1944, after having tank-

destroyer training at Camp Hood, Texas, and infantry schooling at Camp Carson, Colorado. His anti-tank company was in France, Germany, Netherlands, Luxembourg and Belgium. It received a Presidential Unit citation. For "Harty," Memorial Day of 1945 was a significant occasion, as he was chosen to represent his outfit at special ceremonies held at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Paris on that day.

Artillery groups found that observations made from low-flying planes and relayed to nearby gun positions were most effective in reducing enemy strongholds. Lieutenant Paul P. Sinclair, I (Field Artillery) was awarded an Air Medal for "meritorious achievement" in such service as well as three Oak Clusters, signifying equal distinction. He was with the 270th Field Artillery Battalion, of the Third Army, and went overseas in April, 1944, being in England, France and Germany. His Army career covered four years, beginning in November, 1941, with training at Pine Camp, New York, Fort Bragg and Camp Butner, and Officer Candidates' School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, where he earned his commission. Subsequently, he advanced to the rank of First Lieutenant.

Some of the horrors in the Nazi prison camps were observed by T/5 Steve Ruggieri, when he reached Germany with the Seventh Army. He served with an Engineers Battalion. "I saw things in those camps that I would never have believed could be so terrible, if somebody had told me about it," he declared. Then he added, "Let's thank God that it's over now." Ruggieri also had an opportunity to talk with numerous men who had been held in the German prison camps, and in later months, worked at a processing center for returning troops at Reims, France.

For variety of jobs while in the Army, T/5 Ira B. Allen really "rang the changes." He was a truck driver, cannoneer, supply clerk, a mechanic and in the military police. His service overseas extended thirty-eight months and a lot can happen in that time—as it did. Altogether, he was in the Army for nearly four and a half years and served in the British Isles, North Africa, Sicily and Italy, as well as France, Germany, Holland and Belgium. He was with the 450th Military Police Company when its "superior performance of duty" resulted in the presentation of a Meritorious Service unit

plaque. The citation in that respect pointed out that the enemy attempted to infiltrate disguised saboteurs and agents by parachute and by use of captured American vehicles between December 31 and March 15, 1945. The Military Police Company responded to all calls and alarms, making thorough investigations with the result that "security of the Command was maintained at the highest level." Earlier, Allen had been with the 895th Aviation Military Police Company and figured in the Rome-Arno drive. Another assignment he had was with the Sixth Army Group headquarters in France, which at that time embraced the American Seventh and the French First Army. The late President Franklin D. Roosevelt as well as Premier Winston Churchill commended the Company for their courage, appearance and efficiency.

It seemed only right that Sergeant "Fritz" Lenz should be one of those who had a glimpse of Hitler's hideaway in the Bavarian Mountains. Lenz not only had parachuted into Normandy a few hours before invasion forces came ashore but had served seven years in the Army by the middle of July in 1945. For three years he had been in the infantry, becoming a sergeant in Company C, 26th Infantry, and a recruit instructor in basic training for another nine months. Overseas, he had gone through twenty months of it as a paratrooper. Concerning Hitler's mountain home, Lenz said: "Hitler's place, where he planned all his big moves, sat well secluded on a high mountain. A road went three-fourths of the way up. Hitler had an elevator to take him the rest of the way. When we visited the place, we had to walk. We found that the walls of Hitler's hideaway were of solid rock, four feet thick. Goering had a castle, too, of about fifty rooms." Lenz completed his Army service on September 21, 1945, after a total of seven years, two months and nine days.

The job of dealing with hidden SS Nazi troopers, who fled to the mountains when they realized that defeat was inevitable, was dangerous and exacting. Corporal Joseph C. Castagnola, who had served with a Tank Battalion of the Ninth Army, was in the vicinity of the Hartz Mountains and SS troopers were known to be hovering in that area. One night, the fugitives, seeking to obtain food from sympathizers in the village, took the lives of two of Castagnola's buddies with sniper fire. Here is Castagnola's report on what followed:

"We took care of that after they got our two boys. That afternoon we went up with our tanks and burned the village to the ground to teach them a lesson and not to have any dealing with these SS murderers. The plan worked for that week, with the help of civilians, we rounded up close to two hundred of these 'rats.'" Castagnola moved into Czechoslovakia and joined the Third Army. He struck up an acquaintance with a group of old men who frequented a blacksmith shop in one of the towns. His daily visits were soon turned into an occasion when he supplied them with cigarettes or pipesful of tobacco. "They sure enjoyed it and I got a kick out of doing it," Joe said.

Duties with the Army of Occupation and military government matters settled down into a routine, but Corporal Norman G. Hoagland was one who made the best of his surroundings. Stationed in the historic German city of Aachen, noted for its health baths in pre-war days and a critical defense point during the drive that ended the war, Hoagland concluded he would give its mineral baths a try. The large building where the natural hot sulphur baths are was "just a pile of destroyed masonry but the baths, being in the cellar, were undamaged," he reported. German civilians, acting under military government orders, had cleaned up some of the debris, although Aachen was described as being only a pile of rubble, bare walls and shells of buildings. Here is Norman's description of his hot sulphur bath:

"The water is naturally steaming hot and the tubs that they have are immense. They resemble a baptistry, because you walk down steps into them. You also can sit down in them. I sure did lavish in the luxury of it when I went into the water. I had the water up to my waist when I stood up and after a good scrubbing, I sat down and the water came right up to my chin. I just sat there and soaked for about three-quarters of an hour. When I came out, I felt like an old wash-rag. The sulphur water and the heat of the water had drained the strength completely out of me."

If Norman was asked about his most embarrassing experience while in the Army, he probably would say: "When I arrived in Paris in my stocking feet!" He had been on furlough in the Fall of 1945 and visited the French Riviera and Monte Carlo. But it wasn't Monte Carlo and its gaming tables

that put him in his stocking feet. He was heading back to Paris by train, it seems, and his "dogs" started to hurt. So Norman eased off his shoes. He dozed. When he awakened, he reached for his shoes, but they were not there. A search proved futile. They had been stolen. So when the train pulled into Paris, Norman had no alternative to walking in his stocking feet through the station! Quickly, he drew another pair of shoes and continued on his way. "At the time, it was anything but funny," he declares.

Injuries more serious that he suffered when hit by shrapnel were sustained by Private First Class Joseph A. Muredda while serving with occupation forces at the German port of Bremen. He had moved from the banks of the Elbe River, where he had been at the end of the war in Europe with the 115th Infantry. His mishap at Bremen was due to the accidental discharge of a pistol by one of his buddies while the weapon was being cleaned. The bullet pierced both of his legs, injuring one knee and the shin-bone of the other leg. His legs were placed in casts and he spent six weeks in hospitals in France and Germany. Then the "sweetest thing in my Army career" happened, according to Muredda. It was a decision to send him home by plane. The plane flew from Paris to Mitchel Field, New York, in thirty hours, after which Muredda spent four months in the Woodrow Wilson General Hospital in Virginia. A stay at the convalescent hospital at Camp Upton, New York, preceded his discharge from the Army on December 8, 1945.

With the close of the war in Europe, the need for hospital facilities and personnel did not terminate. Thousands of men who had been wounded or were otherwise in need of medical care or treatment remained in the hospitals. Serving with the 136th Evacuation Hospital, Lieutenant Florence M. DeHart, of the Army Nurses Corps, was stationed at Wurzburg, Germany, during the winter of 1945-46. The building occupied was the only one left standing within a wide area and had to be utilized as a hospital, despite the fact that windows were lacking and the winter's cold penetrated. Lieutenant DeHart began training at Atlantic City in December, 1944, and in March, 1945, appeared to be destined for duty in the Burma-India zone of activities, but was diverted to Europe.

Like many other American soldiers, Staff Sergeant Thomas I. Wilson (Infantry) could never understand why Germany assumed a campaign of aggression against its neighbors. After his outfit, the 63rd ("Blood and Fire") Division reached Germany, Sergeant Wilson gave vent to this thought: "Germany is a mighty beautiful country. It makes one wonder why the Germans continually wage war instead of enjoying their homeland." Wilson had over four months of almost continuous duty on the line with the 63rd Division before finally being relieved a few days before the climax of the war. His outfit, Company M, 253rd Infantry, went into action on December 22, 1944, and fought to stem the Alsace-Lorraine push of the "Jerries." The same outfit was the first of the Seventh Army to enter Germany and the first to completely breach the Siegfried Line. Their river crossings included the Saar, Rhine and Danube. "As every doughboy can tell you, the Infantry is a rough life," Wilson pointed out, "and we were happy when we could call it finished."

Hostilities had barely died away when Marvin L. Allen was called for military service. He had reached the age of 18 and was sent to Sheppard Field, Texas, to serve with the Army Air Force. He went overseas and was stationed for some time at Furstenfeldbruck, in southern Bavaria, where the German Luftwaffe had maintained a training school. The American Army Air Force, however, was using it as a replacement depot.

The recital of experiences during the European campaign could be amplified with many more personal experiences. Each individual had a distinctive pattern of events to mark his military service. Here are a few examples in brief:

Lieutenant-Colonel Eugene H. Turner served as Chemical Officer for the 9th, 6th and 20th Armored Divisions in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Luxembourg; before going overseas on February 6, 1945, he had been office chief in the Chemical Warfare Service with duty subsequently at Texas A. & M. University, on the Southern California desert, at Fort Riley, Kansas, Fort Knox and Camp Campbell, Kentucky.

Private First Class Anton C. Holstrom engaged in radar work with a Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion, going through France, Belgium, Luxembourg and Germany, with approximately twenty months of overseas' service.

Donald Cray served with the 28th Car Reconditioning Squadron attached to the Third Army in France and Germany, and later was attached to an Armored Division that went into Berlin.

Private Clarence L. Cooper served with a Military Police Company.

Corporal Stephen V. Kady, with an Ordnance Tire Repair Company, was shipped after service in the European theatre of operations for further duty in the Pacific area.

T/5 Eden L. Snook's Army duties included routine cooking and work as a ward attendant with the 65th General Hospital in England; with the 136th Station Hospital; with the 2024th Prisoner-of-War Camp Detachment, and as acting platoon sergeant with the 1160th Combat Engineers in France and Germany.

Private John P. Lutz was with the 24th Tank Battalion, 13th Armored Division, through France, Belgium, Germany and Austria and returned to the States in July, 1945, with the first ETO Division ordered to the Pacific. He reported to Camp Cooke, California, to continue with Service Company, 27th Tank Battalion.

Private First Class George W. Brain, who was called into the Army about the time of Germany's surrender, received infantry training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and Camp Pickett, Virginia, before going over to Germany in November, 1945, to serve with the Occupation Forces. He returned in July, 1946.

Thousands of men, assigned to an endless variety of jobs, serving in a common cause, played a part in bringing the Allied victory. Hopelessly dispersed and disorganized, the German Army became non-existent as a fighting force, the civilian situation deteriorated and the German surrender came on May 7, 1945.

CHAPTER X

Prisoner-of-War

ONLY one Hopewell fellow had the unhappy experience of being taken as a prisoner-of-war. He was Russell "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr. His Army career is told in the following series of items that appeared in the "Hopewell News":

Russell "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., is going to Camden for his Army physical exam this week. (November, 1943.)

Russ Holcombe, Jr., has just gone into the service (December, 1943). Since he couldn't very well take his car into the Army too, the thing to do was to sell it. The car was one of those noisy roadsters—it got you there if you didn't care how. It seems that the car came to Hopewell originally when Richard ("Pooch") Embley bought it in Trenton for \$60. When he went into the service, he sold it to Norman Blackwell, garage proprietor, who re-sold it to "Hokey" for \$30. The latter got plenty of use out of it over a period of several months. Now it is owned by Clarence Laird, who paid \$40 for it. After all, any car is in demand these days, if the tires are good.

Russ "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., thinks Army life is great stuff, even though, for example, he was drenched one day until he could wring water out of his "woolies," but even then he didn't catch cold. (February, 1944.)

Russ "Hokey" Holcombe, who is in Texas, has had pneumonia. (April, 1944.)

Pvt. Russell "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., has been home from Texas, this being his first visit since he went into the Army. He was hospitalized for a time, with his basic training delayed as a result. (October, 1944.)

Russell "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., has moved out, destination unrevealed. (November, 1944.)

Russell W. Holcombe, Jr., better known as "Hokey," is missing in action. Word to that effect came in a telegram delivered to his parents at 11 Lanning Avenue on December

29, 1944. He had last been reported as being with an infantry outfit in France near the Swiss border. "Hokey" went overseas only a few weeks ago, having been home in October after a long stay in Texas. He was one of those fellows who was taken into the service before he had completed his studies at Princeton High School. He had worked at Rorer's Hardware Store during his off-hours, prior to going into the Army. Since details are completely lacking, it is hoped that he is alive, even if it must be word that he is a prisoner-of-war. His mother, who has been one of the faithful workers at the Red Cross room, says she has the utmost confidence concerning his safe return. His father is secretary of the Hopewell Building and Loan Association, and engaged in the real estate and insurance business.

The outlook in respect to Pvt. Russell W. "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., has taken a much brighter turn. He is now reported to be a prisoner-of-war in Germany. Word to that effect was received by his parents on February 16, 1945, about ten weeks after that fateful telegram that simply stated that he was "missing." He had been in France, going to the front almost immediately after moving overseas with an infantry outfit. Indications are that the confusion existing about the time that the German break-through occurred may have led to "Hokey's" capture. His folks are hopeful that he will be permitted to send a letter that will arrive in the near future.

While a considerable number of American soldiers have been liberated from Nazi prison camps, in the onward surge across Germany, indications are that Pvt. Russell W. "Hokey" Holcombe, Jr., still awaits that happy day. Official word came from the War Department informing his parents that he is being held at Stalag 7-A, a prison camp for enlisted men located at Moosburg, in Southeastern Germany, about 40 miles from the German-Austrian border and about 75 miles from the Czechoslovakian border to the north. With the Russian Army driving up through Vienna and the American Army pressing toward Nurnberg, 75 miles to the north of Moosburg, liberation may not be far off. His parents are hoping for some direct word from "Hokey," although realizing that Germany, on the verge of collapse, probably has dropped all efforts to release word to enemy nations concerning those held prisoner. (April, 1945.)

Any day now (early May, 1945), the good news may reach Hopewell that Pvt. Russell W. Holcombe ("Hokey") is safe, after liberation with other prisoners-of-war from the Nazi camp at Moosburg, north of Munich. About ten days have elapsed since the camp known as Stalag 7-A was taken by a tank battalion of the 14th Division. Later reports indicated that over 100,000 Allied prisoners were set free at that point. Unlike some Nazi prison camps, Stalag 7-A was reported as consisting of adequate living quarters with most of the prisoners in good condition. "Hokey" has been held about five months, being captured in late November or early December, only a few weeks after going overseas.

Long-awaited footsteps and a cheery "Hello, Mom," will soon be heard at the Russell Holcombe home, for Pvt. Russell W. ("Hokey") Holcombe, liberated prisoner-of-war, is expected. Weeks and weeks of uncertainty ended May 21, 1945, upon the arrival of a letter in his own writing stating that he was "safe and in very good health." His mother and dad were almost overwhelmed by the news. Not a bit of mail had come from him following the official word soon after Christmas that he was missing. While American troops were forcing the collapse of Germany, radio reports told of horrors perpetrated in some Nazi prison camps, making it difficult for the Holcombes to listen for news, eager as they were for word that Stalag 7-A, the reported location of Russell, Jr., had been reached. But even after that, three more weeks elapsed before a letter came, written on May 10th at Reims, France. It revealed that he had been at Stalag 7-B at Memmingen, about 35 miles from Lake Constance and the Swiss border. "Hokey" had been a prisoner about five months. His letter follows:

"Dear Mom: Well, I am safe and in very good health and in good hands (GIs). I was liberated on the 26th of April at Memmingen, Germany. Soon after that we were taken to an airport nearby and waited there for air transports. Today, May 10th, we were flown from Memmingen to Reims, France, where I am waiting for a shower and more shots in the arm. Then I will go to Le Havre and leave for the States by air or ship, whichever is available. They told us here that we will get a sixty-day furlough after we have our records straightened out, with our full pay coming to us. Also, the thing that really interested me

was that we will not be going to the Southwest Pacific. (Oh, boy!) I am very anxious to get home again, believe me. I've seen enough of Germany. I suppose everything is the same back in good old Hopewell. I sure wish I hadn't sold that Model A of mine—thrashing machine, Bill Ashton used to call it. I'll be home as soon as I can get there, possibly two weeks. Love. Junior."

Pvt. Russell W. Holcombe, Jr., is home again—to the luxurious comfort of his own bed, food cooked as only "Mom" can cook it and the warm welcome of relatives, friends and neighbors. His five months in Nazi prison camps and as a captive laborer are now behind him, while his 73-day furlough is just getting under way. He is in good spirits, looks fine although he has lost a little weight and says he didn't fare too badly.

After word arrived on May 21st that he was safe and waiting near Le Havre, France, for ocean passage, his father and mother were greatly relieved. However, he remained there nearly a month from the time of writing. His long-awaited phone call came Wednesday, June 13, 1945. He was at Camp Kilmer, in good old New Jersey, but was moved to Fort Dix before being furloughed two days later. His folks met him in Trenton—and after that, "Hokey" decided he was "sittin' pretty." It happened that his uncle, Edgar Blackwell, was being honored on his wedding anniversary that night, so "Hokey" went right along and had a chance to greet a lot of relatives forthwith. But still he was anxious to feel that he was right back in Hopewell—and eager to see his chum, Pvt. Orville Carkhuff, home from Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and due to start back early the next morning for Fort George J. Meade, Maryland. So they got together and talked until after midnight. Then "Hokey" sat up until after 2 A. M. talking with his parents. He was eager for news, for not a letter from home had reached him during those five months nor the weeks intervening before he reached home.

"Hokey" said his capture occurred December 11th after his outfit had been ordered to enter a town almost surrounded by Nazi troops. They were overwhelmed, this being about a week before the last big German push began. However, "Hokey" and a pal hid in a haystack until nightfall. Then a farmer came for hay and unaware that he had visitors, "forked" "Hokey's" hat off his head. The pair crawled out

and were advised to surrender to the German military authorities to avoid serious trouble. The next month was hard going, spent in the first of three prison camps. Then "Hokey" was moved to Stalag 7-A and later to Stalag 7-B, forty miles from Munich and near Lake Constance. They were used as laborers much of the time in Munich. "Hokey" said he helped to clear debris from Hitler's Hofbrau-haus, where the Nazi party was founded. He also worked on the wreckage of the Munich City Hall, Post Office and Munichsbank, cleaning brick, etc. Later, they worked on the damaged railroads, "and the American bombers were making plenty of work for us," he added. Most of the time, they rode to Munich in boxcars, leaving camp at 4 A. M. and getting back at 9 P. M. They existed chiefly on a potato diet.

Red Cross packages were a God-send, he says. They pooled the contents. Cigarettes were divided equally, serving as money in bribing guards and getting a little extra food in town. But the day of liberation was coming. When the Yankee tanks rumbled into the camp, the Nazi guards were standing at attention, wearing Red Cross armbands with their rifles stacked in the barracks. It was a great day for the erst-while prisoners. "C" rations were brought in. Before long, planes carried them to Reims, France, where real food was made available and excellent treatment provided. Now that it's over, "Hokey" is back in the groove, driving his dad's car around town. Within 72 hours after getting home, he was out assisting David Bellis on a surveying job, work that he used to do before he went into the Army.

Friends of Pvt. Russell W. Holcombe, Jr., have heard highly interesting accounts of his experiences during the 139 days he spent as a prisoner of the Nazis, in conversations since his arrival home on June 15th. He discusses those eventful days in a matter-of-fact way, a bit surprised that everyone is so anxious to know more about it.

"Hokey" has been busy trying to catch up on the news about fellows in the service and town happenings, for a wall of silence closed around him when he was captured on December 11, 1944. His parents and relatives made many attempts to get letters and packages to him, once those ten weeks of extreme anxiety ended on February 10th with word that he was alive and being held by the Nazis. However, "Hokey" never

received a scrap of mail. Likewise, his own attempts to send word were unsuccessful. Prisoners were permitted to write a card at long intervals but the GIs soon became convinced that most or all of it was thrown away to save the Nazis from the bother of censoring it.

In the first three or four weeks after being seized, the fellows in his group had plenty to worry about, wondering what might happen next. "Hokey" still cannot understand how the Nazis permitted him to keep his penknife—which later made him rather popular because it was a big help in cutting the hard, dark bread given them. Incidentally, the bread was made of sawdust, chemically treated, which the Germans insisted "is good for you." It was so hard, however, that the fellows usually soaked it and then called it bread pudding. But in searching "Hokey," the Nazis seized with delight upon his highly-prized wrist-watch, which he had purchased with cash he had received when he sold his "threshing-machine" car just before he went into the Army. He's still wondering what became of the watch.

Once he had arrived at Stalag 7-A at Moosburg, about forty miles from the Austrian border, life settled down into somewhat of a routine pattern. Every other day, the "P. W.'s" were taken by train to Munich or other cities to work on properties damaged by American bombing planes. The Nazis wouldn't give farm work to the GIs, because the latter worked at a slow pace, and damaged crops, etc. "Hokey" also did a lot of work on the damaged railroads, including heavy lifting, twenty men being needed to carry a single rail. A number of Russian women, brought into Germany to work, were assigned to jobs on the railroad tracks, too. If perchance the bombing planes came over while they were at work on the tracks, the Nazi guards forced the GI prisoners to stay under bridges and other target points, while the guards sought greater safety elsewhere. But strangely enough, "Hokey" says, he never heard of an American who was killed in that way, despite the practice.

On the other hand, escape was hardly possible. A few attempted it at times but the German people lived in such fear of their rulers that they reported fugitives promptly. So the GIs, satisfied that the war was moving speedily to a close, bided their time, did as little work as possible, bribed guards and civilians in order to get enough to keep alive—and made

life as miserable as possible for those who tried to supervise them. After all, that was simple justice for the Nazis. They, for example, sat on benches around stoves in the box-cars used to take the prisoners on their four-hour trips to Munich, while the prisoners were compelled to stand at a distance and endure the extreme cold. Of course, if a trick was played on a Nazi guard, it had to be well done or retaliation followed. But "Hokey" still gets a hearty laugh out of telling about a Jerry, who adhering to custom, asked a GI in the group with "Hokey" aboard a train enroute to Munich, "Haben sie Chocolate?" ("Have you any chocolate?") The guard knew that Red Cross packages received by the prisoners often contained a bottle of chocolate-filled M & M candy. The GI produced a bottle and the guard busied himself eating the "candy," while the GIs could hardly conceal their amusement. For the "candy" actually was a supply of Cascara tablets, and the guard downed about 100 of them! "Hokey" is convinced that the Jerry never asked another GI for "Chocolate!"

The railroad job was O. K. in some respects, as it offered a chance to smuggle lumps of coal into camp. Inspection wasn't too severe at times, because hundreds were going in and out daily on work assignments. But the soft coal didn't burn very well. Using some of the cigarettes received in Red Cross packages—the only "money" that was available—"Hokey" succeeded in obtaining a bellows at a cost of sixteen cigarettes. After it was brought into camp, the bellows helped wonderfully in fanning the soft-coal fire when they tried to cook up some of the foodstuffs acquired to provide relief from German foods. Matches were extremely scarce, so when preparing to start a fire, they looked around camp for a wisp of smoke and then "carried a light" from another fire.

However, hopes began to run high when they witnessed the flight of hundreds of bombers and fighters toward the heart of Germany. The prisoners also knew the trend of the news, as British prisoners had succeeded in obtaining a short-wave radio over which they heard the news nightly from London. In fact, Jerry guards asked prisoners about developments, and the "grape-vine" route spread news reports throughout the camp with little loss of time. Then as it came toward the end of April and the advancing Army was pressing toward the prison camp at Moosburg, it became apparent that the Nazis were going to move everybody to another camp. On the night

before they did move, about 400 GIs including "Hokey" slept in a big circus tent, he says. Early in the morning, the Jerries tried to get them up to make them do another day's work. The prisoners refused. Finally, five dogs were turned loose in the tent, forcing the men to scurry out, seeking safety. However, the rebellion continued and the Americans did no work that day. They were shifted that night to Stalag 7-B at Memmingen, about fifty miles from the Swiss border. Three days later, the American tank spearheads came charging into the camp—so far ahead of the infantry that the latter, riding in trucks, did not appear until the next day.

What about the Nazis and their ideas? "Hokey" says they do not understand the American way of life, most of them believing as the result of propaganda that we want to rule the world. He thinks that a new world order will have to begin with the education of the children and that military rule over the German people alone cannot accomplish lasting results and prevent the outbreak of another war.

CHAPTER XI

Saved By Parachute

AMERICAN-BUILT planes were being flown to Alaska for delivery to Russia under Lend-Lease arrangements when Lieutenant Marcello J. Sommovigo was assigned to duty with the Air Transport Command. While trips over the bleak, wooded areas of British Columbia, Canada, were soon accepted as routine, an experience that almost cost him his life occurred in May, 1944.

All the training that he had received as an Aviation Cadet paid dividends when a critical moment arrived in which a wise or foolish decision meant the difference between life and death. Sommovigo had enlisted on April 15, 1942, taking basic training and receiving appointment as an Aviation Cadet on August 24th. He went to the Gulf Coast Training Center and graduated from flying school as a Second Lieutenant on May 23, 1943. He joined the 7th Ferrying Group of the Air Transport Command at Gore Field, Great Falls, Montana. The planes, badly needed by Russia to expand and strengthen its air force, were being ferried to Ladd Field, Fairbanks, Alaska, where they were taken over by the Russian Air Force.

Sommovigo was flying a P-39 on that eventful day in May, 1944, when trouble came his way in big doses. He had flown over 800 miles Northward and was about mid-way to his destination in the Yukon country.

"When I was about fifty miles south of Fort Nelson, British Columbia, Canada, the engine of my ship caught fire," Lieutenant Sommovigo states. "I was forced to bail out. Just as I left the airplane, it exploded. Consequently, my hands and face were burned." But before leaving the plane, Sommovigo had sent a distress call that was picked up by Division Search and Rescue Squadron at the Fort Nelson base. Sommovigo was nearly two miles high when the mishap occurred, attributed to a defect in the plane's gasoline line. His parachute descent, a later checkup disclosed, took nineteen minutes.

When he hit the ground, he was in lonely, bushy territory, and suffering severely from the burns about his hands and

face. But help was on the way. A flight surgeon, later described in an "Army Hour" radio broadcast as "an old hand at Arctic rescue operations," responded to the radio emergency call. He was Captain William R. Jacobs, whose home was at Lewiston, Idaho. He had made twenty-three parachute jumps to treat and assist in the rescue of fliers in that branch of the service. The radio broadcast described what followed in part as follows:

"A call came in from a pilot that his plane was on fire. Then the message stopped. Captain Jacobs and his crew took off immediately, circled the area in which the plane was presumed to have gone down, and when something that looked like parachute cloth was spotted, the captain bailed out. In a few minutes he located the pilot who had also 'hit the silk.' Though the pilot's hands and face were severely burned, he managed a grin. 'I'm sure glad to see somebody,' he said. 'My cabin filled with smoke and my oil pressure went out completely. I put in an emergency call, pulled the old pea-shooter up to 10,000 feet and was just stepping out on the wing when she exploded.' And while the pilot was telling his story and the twin-engined mosquitoes were having a field day, Captain Jacobs was busy treating his (Sommovigo's) burned skin. He had him back at a base hospital all within forty-six hours after the pilot sent out his call for help."

Captain Jacobs, incidentally, was awarded an Air Medal for what the "Army Hour" broadcast described as the "little job" he did that effected Sommovigo's rescue. They travelled through the thick forest to reach Fort Nelson. Sommovigo, suffering from exposure as well as severe burns, required a week's treatment at the Fort Nelson Hospital, after which he was furloughed. Arriving in Hopewell, the singed condition of his hair and eyebrows told unmistakably of the close call that he had experienced. Three months later, he was in an entirely different theatre of operations, China-Burma-India, flying goods over the "hump" route to China.

CHAPTER XII

India-Burma-China

CBI! The very initials designating the China-Burma-India theater of war have a strange, awe-inspiring sound. India and Burma, synonyms for mystery and darkness, with immense land area, retarded civilization and strange customs; China, an old civilization rejuvenated, winning its way into the spotlight among the nations. But how could such far away countries ever be of any serious concern to the United States with its geographical aloofness? Yet CBI was an area that played a vital role in the campaign of attrition against Japan.

China's long and desperate fight for its existence against Japanese aggression remained China's battle until the Japanese strikes at Hawaii and the Philippines and the campaigns for possession of the Malay Peninsula and Burma. Then it was clear that Japan hoped to isolate Australia and China. If China, sorely in need of help, could be saved from defeat, the war against the Nipponese most certainly would be shortened.

As a token fighting unit, the U. S. Army designated Captain Claire Chennault's volunteer fliers in India—the famed “Flying Tigers”—as the Army's China Air Task Force. Chennault had been a special air advisor to China following his retirement from the U. S. Army in 1937. His adventure-seeking pilots and crews and their more-or-less obsolete planes eventually became the American 14th Air Force. Their immediate job was to develop supply routes into China so its armies could be kept going. Later, air bases must be provided for the assault on strategic points in China being dominated by the Japanese. Air activity meanwhile would reduce Japan's striking power in its drive southward through the Pacific Islands.

But military plans being shaped on paper differ sharply from plans that have been fully executed. Japan seized most of Burma and severed the Burma Road which had connected Mandalay in Burma with Kunming, China. That left the

"hump" air route over the Himalayan Mountains between India and China as the only means of getting supplies through to China for its army and civilian needs. Even Chennault's air force had to rely on the air routes to bring the gasoline, repair parts and supplies needed to maintain it as a fighting unit—and for months, that left only a slight margin for use by others. The combined Chiefs of Staff, meeting at Casablanca in 1943, were willing enough to acknowledge that "the quickest approach to Japan was across the Pacific, spearheaded by our Navy," but nevertheless "China must be given sufficient support to keep her in the war."

With a campaign for the recapture of Burma decided upon for the winter of 1943 and early 1944, as well as the expansion of the aerial route over the "hump," American soldiers in increasing numbers embarked on the long ocean voyage that took them to Bombay, Madras and Calcutta, and then inland. Terrific heat, monsoon storms and floods, people living in filth and squalor, jungles, insects and disease awaited them—and a war to be fought despite such obstacles.

Sergeant Willis H. Green, of the 505th Air Service Squadron, who worked in the India-Burma as well as the Central Burma Campaigns with the 61st Air Service Group, says that "my first day in India made the most lasting impression upon me when I saw for the first time the primitive ways of Indian life; the use of oxen to pull wooden plows to till the soil, oxen treading grain to thresh it, and the use of ox-carts for transportation." His jobs in the Army included work as airplane mechanic, instrument specialist, mobile repair unit chief and line crew chief. While in India, from October 29, 1944, to August 4, 1945, he supervised the maintenance and repair of aircraft. Much of the time he was on detached service, being with the 54th and 382nd Service Groups, as well as the 1st and 4th Combat Cargo Groups.

To re-establish the Burma Road, Chinese working parties started to push south. Another force planned to build a highway from the valley of the Brahmaputra river to enable heavy vehicles to get through to Kunming and Chungking from Ledo, Assam. That was the beginning of the Ledo Road project, started in 1942. But Chinese laborers had to be supplied with food and tools, and given protection from the Japanese, alarmingly close at hand. That meant only one thing—the air lanes

must bring up the necessities, for there was only one railroad between the port of Calcutta and Assam. To complicate it, the trackage width varied and also gave way to ferries across the Brahmaputra river because occasional floods made permanent bridges impossible.

When Sergeant Frank P. Jones, of Mt. Rose, went to India late in 1942, he was with the Quartermaster Corps and helped to move trucks and other equipment forward. Then there came a call for volunteers to serve with the Air Cargo Resupply Group. Frank had never been up in a plane but he answered the call. The next morning at 6 A. M., he was in a plane for his first mission. The change was all the more striking in view of the fact that Jones had been "permanent party" at Fort Dix a few months previous. However, he declares he never regretted asking for a transfer, going to South Carolina to join the Quartermaster Corps and then moving to India.

Before Jones had ended his thirty-months stay in India, Burma, Assam and China, he had 1,150 hours of recorded time in the air. As to the number of missions, he lost count but they totaled between 350 and 400! For awhile, he went on four or five missions a day, taking supplies to the advance units building the road and seizing territory from the Japs. Without planes, the work would have stopped, as a ridge of mountains, fifty miles wide, had to be crossed. As troops advanced, the flights became longer until finally only one trip a day was possible. The log of Jones' flying time didn't include numerous trips by air while he was on leave. In fact, he made numerous hops to advanced points on the Burma Road, then hitch-hiked back so he could see some of the spots he had flown over.

The work carried on by the Cargo Resupply Group was in three phases; first, packing supplies in bundles so they would land safely; secondly, loading the planes so unloading could be completed in a matter of minutes; and thirdly, getting the supplies out of the plane so they hit the "target"—usually a small clearing in the jungle. Parachutes were rarely used. Instead, the planes would fly about 200 feet from the ground, circling the target as much as twenty times while the plane was being unloaded. Time was precious, especially in the early months when Jap "Zero" fighters were likely to appear suddenly and play havoc. Chutes were used only when medi-

cal supplies and ammunition were being delivered. Huge quantities of rice, and even horse feed, were carried.

"We lost plenty of men and planes," Frank says. On some dropping missions, as many as twenty planes went out. On one occasion Frank saw a wing of a plane sheared off by a tree-top, the plane crashing and burning with its entire crew lost. Another time, enemy fire hit the wing of the plane he was in, while a man aboard a plane on the same flight was wounded and bled to death before the ship returned to its base. Then there was the time that his pilot became lost and they found themselves above the snow-capped peaks of Tibet, far up North. When they got back, their plane had only a half-hour's supply of fuel left. Another time, their ship "iced up" and they were compelled to throw out their cargo, although it consisted of medical supplies and at the time, they were over mountains where there was no likelihood of the goods being recovered.

Cargo dropping is hazardous for those on the ground, Jones pointed out. Chinese coolies could never be taught to stay clear of the "target." Jones said he had seen bundles of materials hit men on four occasions, crushing them lifeless upon the ground. Another thing that didn't make Frank happy was the occasional discovery that they had dropped supplies to the Japs! Yes, the Japs! But it was unavoidable. Jap troops would recapture advance posts occasionally at night and some posts changed hands many times. Word concerning the withdrawal of Allied troops would not reach the Air Cargo Resupply Group prior to the early morning take-off. To the dismay of the fliers and men, report would come frequently after the completion of a mission that supplies delivered that morning had fallen into Jap hands. Jones received the Air Medal for the first 100 hours of flying time; the Distinguished Flying Cross for 300 hours, and oak-leaf clusters, including a silver one.

Jones was in China for about three months, training Chinese soldiers in the delivery of supplies by air. But one of his happiest days was the result of finding the name of Corporal Henry F. Missel and the word "Hopewell" as his address, on a register in a Red Cross room. "You can sure bet I lost no time in looking him up," Jones commented. Missel had been in CBI over a year and the meeting was the first time either he or Jones had seen anyone from home. Later, they spent a

day together occasionally. Jones never had a real furlough all the time he was overseas but had one planned finally. On the day before he was to start, his Commanding Officer said to him: "Tomorrow you leave for the States." And leave he did, traveling by plane by way of Africa and South America and making the entire distance in four days. On his way out, it had taken him two months by boat to reach his destination.

The air route over the "Hump" paid big dividends eventually. Chinese divisions advanced in the fall of 1943 beyond the forward limits of the outstretching Ledo Road, to be joined in the spring by American infantrymen under Brigadier General Frank D. Merrill. By May, they had seized the airfield at Myitkyina, described as the key to Northern Burma. That campaign lasting several months had involved from 25,000 to 100,000 troops, official reports state, with those involved depending chiefly, if not completely, upon planes to supply food, equipment and ammunition. Likewise, C-46 and C-47 planes were used for troop movements on an unprecedented scale.

Captain F. Donald Selbie, Jr., who had a colorful career with the 40th Bombardment Group, made nineteen round-trip flights over the "Hump." He served as a radar counter-measures officer and combat observer, later moving to Tinian, Pacific island, and engaging in combat missions over the Philippines and Japan.

For Sergeant William Bealkowski, who had seven brothers also in the service, the war brought a trip around the world. He entered the Army Air Force in July, 1943, going to Camp Upton, New York; Greensboro, North Carolina, and Chanute Field, Illinois. Next, he was in California at three different locations. He went to India with the 493rd Bomb Squadron being a member of the ground crew. The unit left Norfolk, Virginia, for India in April, 1944. Via the Panama Canal, they proceeded by boat to Australia and to India. Bill, while in India, met his wife's brother, Anthony Civetz, the latter flying to the field where Bill was stationed. Bill was a propeller specialist. His heavy-bomber group aided in the defeat of Japanese troops that had seized a large part of Burma. Returning to the States, he came by plane via Casablanca and South America.

The building of the Ledo Road in order to get supplies into China after the Burma Road had been overrun by the invaders, was a miracle of American engineering. Experts said it was "impossible" to traverse the jungles and cross the peaks to link Assam and the northern portion of Burma with the old Burma Road in Yunnan Province, China. But the Ledo Road was constructed and later renamed Stilwell Road as a tribute to Lieutenant General Joseph W. ("Vinegar Joe") Stilwell, whose unconquerable spirit after he had been driven out of Burma, won for him the respect of the entire world.

Private First Class Floyd Daniels worked along the Ledo Road during 1943-1945, being with the 428th Signal Construction Battalion. Their job was to build a pole line along the new route. Most of the time, they were right at the heels of the road crews. They even worked within ten miles of advancing Army troops, carrying on the campaign to drive the Japanese from that area. Floyd was a truck driver, and hauled line crews and materials daily. The Signal Construction Battalion lived in tents on the edge of the road, hewn out of the jungle.

Floyd reached Bombay, India, in April, 1943, having left the States in February. He had received training at Dow Field, Bangor, Maine; Richmond and Langley Field, Virginia, before sailing for Casablanca, Africa. By "dinky" train, he proceeded to Oran, Africa, and then took ship for India. Another four days and nights by train brought him to Ledo, in Assam, northeastern India. His outfit started a trip by truck up into the mountains to the point where the work on the pole line was to begin. Ahead of them at that time, there stretched only the combat trail leading to Myitkyina, goal of the advancing army. As the new road advanced, it reached small native villages and curved down through the Hukawng Valley. The linesmen, guarded by patrols, were occasionally pulled back as warnings of danger occurred. But when the job was nearing completion, the Signal Corpsmen moved ahead of the road crews, surveying and stringing wires that later were followed by the new highway.

When his overseas service was completed, Floyd was about 100 miles beyond Myitkyina. He traveled southward by truck, rolling along the road that he had helped to bring into existence, and then moved by train to Karachi. His ship took

twenty-three days for the trip back to the United States where he was discharged on November 30, 1945.

Angelo Castoro, Private First Class, went to Africa with the Medical Corps of the Army, but transferred to the Quartermaster Corps later and traveled on until he was in Assam, India. There he remained about two years, and witnessed the observance of the Hindu Pujand Festival, celebrated every September. To a Hindu believer, it is an important occasion for worship and celebration. But more outstanding to him was the day when he provided transportation by jeep for a native bride and groom. He and five companions were on leave, taking a trip by "jeep" toward the mountains. Here's his story about the meeting with the bridal party:

"After about fifty miles on a road through the jungle, we came to a dead end, with a river staring us in the face. We went aboard a barge by putting two planks from the ground to the barge, then driving the jeep up on it. Up the river we went about ten miles enjoying the scenery. This took a good hour and a half as the current was very strong. Leaving the barge, we went on the trails—not roads but trails. After about six miles, we heard a shout from a native. We stopped and out came three natives from a nearby village. They were certainly the husky type. The bride was wearing a plain sarie wrap around her. Her color was brown and she had a small nose and slanted eyes. The groom was a tough and rough looking character, short and brown. He was wearing a primitive bamboo hat and a little piece of rag that covered the lower part of his body. I guess the only reason he had that was because he wanted to dress up for his wedding. I've actually seen them with a leaf of a certain tree covering the lower part of the body. Incidentally, the bride and groom had haircuts, their hair cut the shape of a bowl.

"To our amazement, we found that the trio consisted of a bride and bridegroom and the bride's mother. So big-hearted me, I get up and give the bride and bridegroom my seat. Then I had to sit on the hood of the jeep. Excitedly, the mother put her daughter in the jeep, giving her a bamboo hat and making sure she had her bundle of food and primitive clothes. Then it appeared as though she was giving her last-minute advice before saying good-bye and also trying to get rid of her before the bridegroom changed his mind. They rode with

us about ten miles before we turned off on another trail, and I wasn't at all sorry to see them go. We continued another mile before reaching our destination where I had a swim in a stream about twenty feet deep with crystal-clear water. There also was a little sandy beach. After not swimming for two years, that water was certainly welcome. It was really the most enjoyable day I had in India."

Even monsoon weather in the fall of 1944 failed to halt the Burma combat forces, driving toward Mandalay and the port of Rangoon. In January, 1945, the Ledo (Stilwell) Road, was opened for the first convoy of American trucks to move from India across the Burma-Chinese border. The Japanese were withdrawing rapidly, for their supply line had been severed by activities of the United States Fleet in the China Sea and the landings by General MacArthur's troops in the Philippines. Mandalay fell on March 21, 1945.

Then operations against Rangoon were initiated, with the amphibious landings by assault troops preceded by the arrival of British airborne troops. Writing later, Corporal John ("Jack") F. Van Lieu described briefly the air supply phase of the problem. He said:

"I understand we (First Combat Cargo Group) have broken some records when it comes to Air Supply. The invasion of Rangoon was largely our show as far as towing gliders and dropping men and supplies were concerned. . . . The European war tended to eclipse our war here but nevertheless there have been many things undertaken successfully here that previously would be considered the dream of a mad man. For instance, imagine someone suggesting a few years ago that an army could operate efficiently without lines of communications and supply to the rear. This is exactly what was done by the British 14th Army. It knifed its way through Jap positions, drove deeply behind their lines unhampered by long lines of communications or roads crowded by convoys. Neither did they worry about being 'cut off' by the Japs for they were supplied entirely by air. Just imagine a whole army supplied by air. The First Combat Cargo Group claims a large share of the credit for the success of this never-before-attempted type of campaign." Rangoon was captured on May 3rd, with the port facilities in good shape.

In Burma, Jack found that the intense heat, with temperatures of over 140 degrees quite frequent, was aggravated by "the millions of gnats that fly into your eyes, ears, nose and mouth." Eventually, he moved into China and then glowing reports came back home. "It seems like paradise," he said, referring to the country, the people, the barracks and the Army food.

Sergeant Alan F. Hart served as an aircraft armorer in India from February, 1944, to October, 1945. He was with the 321st Repair Squadron, servicing and maintaining gunnery and bombing equipment on fighter and bomber planes. While based in Calcutta much of the time, he was on detached service with an Advance Group.

India will always have a special attachment for Alan. It was there that he was married. The ceremony took place on August 25, 1945, at Bangalore, his bride being Miss Barbara Curtis Drake, of Brockton, Massachusetts. She was a Red Cross worker and they had met on the vessel that carried them to India. They spent their honeymoon in the hill country of India, making the trip there by plane.

While on leave on another occasion, Sergeant Hart inspected the second deepest gold mine in the world, the Mysore Gold Mine in the Kolar gold fields. On the trip he went down 7,810 feet—about a mile and a half vertically. Inspection of the processing plant where the ore is transformed from huge rocks into refined bullion was included. The mine "is a strange and awesome world all in itself," according to Alan, "a marvel of engineering and a monument to man's nerve and ingenuity." The Mysore mine has eleven surface shafts, all connected at various depths underground. In case of fire, eucalyptus oil is poured into the air ducts at the top of each shaft and the odor travels quickly, warning miners to make their way to the surface.

On the inspection trip, Hart first went down a brick-lined shaft 3,708 feet vertically in a cage that traveled about forty-five miles an hour. When they reached the 3,708-foot level, they were already 741 feet below sea level. There they entered an incline shaft, with its roof held up by granite walls. Passing through a ventilation doorway, they went down another 2,500 feet and were surprised to find the air quite warm. This was a dead-straight level for three-quarters of a mile. There

another vertical shaft took them down to the 7,810-foot level—actually 4,816 feet below sea level. There they saw a wing reaching to the level below, equipped with a ladder road, a two-foot air pipe and a compressed air pipe and a “road” for a bucket. The party collected pieces of quartz for souvenirs. Alan declares that “the surface was the best level of all.”

The air bases established in Southern China by the 14th Air Force were seriously menaced in the spring of 1944 and seven were abandoned. American strength was spread out so thinly that the Japanese dared to have an air field for fighter planes within thirty-five miles of Suichwan, one of the AAF bases. The Japanese engaged in shuttle-bombing. Bases in French Indo-China and in seized territory in China proper served as termini. Meanwhile, ground troops had moved south from Tung Ting Lake in Hunan Province and north from Canton.

“We were trying to do too much with too little.” That is the view taken by Private J. Orville Holcombe, a radio mechanic who served in Southern China with the 449th Fighter Squadron, 51st Fighter Group. He says: “Our fighter planes did the best they could but there weren’t enough of them. So those of us in the ground crews had to ‘take off’ when we got warning that the Jap planes were coming.” By a “take off,” he meant heading for the hills or any spot that might offer security. The bombing program was stepped up by the enemy to the point where air fields could not be maintained. With Japanese Army troops also headed in that direction, there was no choice for the Americans except to evacuate. Those air fields had been built at tremendous price and sacrifice. Chinese natives, lacking equipment except an occasional wheelbarrow, had assisted in developing those air fields. Holcombe says he has seen as many as 4,000 Chinese—men, women and children—working on a single air field. They were bringing gravel and stone from a river bed three miles distant. Continuous lines of workers moved from river to air field and back again, carrying the material to establish hard-surfaced runways.

Holcombe, a carpenter by trade, had attended Aviation Radio School at Madison, Wisconsin, and a squadron school at Blytheville, Arkansas. He had been in the Army since July, 1942. He sailed July 1, 1943, for Bombay, India, a trip that

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-- Dean E. Ashton, Editor and Publisher --

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DAY OF VICTORY

Victory! Peace! Wonderful peace--too wonderful to accept as a reality. And with it, the prospect of joyous home-comings, a civilian suit of clothes, a job and a return to normal living. Yes, it's really true--all that and much more.

August 14, 1945--a date that you'll remember as long as you live, the day when Japan capitulated, little more than three months after Nazi Germany was overwhelmed.

Supreme joy that changed to tears at thoughts of the sacrifice of life and the wounds borne; hilarious shouts of joy and solemn prayers that world brotherhood be firmly established and maintained; deafening noises to ring out a note of triumph and an awful hush in homes where a brave lad went out and will not return; war, ghastly and leaving its scar upon nations and men--then peace, to be permanent and as wonderful as it seemed in the first hours after President Truman proclaimed Japan's surrender, only if individuals decide that their daily lives will be based on Christian ideals put into every-day practice.

Peace--hard-won, but peace--may we cherish it dearly.

HOPEWELL CELEBRATES

As throughout the world, the suspense in Hopewell during the final hours before the full surrender was announced, became terrific. Clustered around radios, the chief question was "Is this really IT?" But finally there came the word that released all the pent-up emotions--and the big celebration was under way.

However, Hopewell had its fair share of premature "flashes." About 8 A.M. on Friday, the 10th, the fire siren and church bells signaled that it was all over--but it was all a mistake. Again on Sunday night, about 10 P.M., the fire siren set up its wail. In a moment of uncertainty as to whether it was a fire alarm or a signal of peace, one Junior Fireman appeared in his pajamas.

But Tuesday night was something else! When the President's announcement was flashed at 7 o'clock, the fire siren, church bells and every auto horn and noisemaker in town joined in a terrific din that lasted well into the night. Immediately the streets filled with cars and people. A parade started like a spontaneous combustion. Flags appeared everywhere. The two fire trucks joined cars--estimated as numbering 100 or more--and the parade wound its way up and down practically every street in the Borough. Every car was jammed with occupants, shouting, ringing bells and blowing horns. Spectators on the corners waved flags, shouted, and some cried. Pots and pans really took a banging that night. One old Ford coupe contained two fellows seated on the lowered top and shooting off a shotgun. The empty shells were picked up by those along the curb as souvenirs of the occasion. Boys riding the fire trucks put on over-sized fire hats and tried to look dignified. Fire-smokers appeared from somewhere and added to the din. The fire siren had ceased off, but a group of men and boys took turns pounding the old iron wheel on the Borough Hall grounds--used years ago as a fire alarm signal. When one tired, another took his place and that continued far into the night.

After the parade, boys gathered boxes and light wood and started a victory bonfire on the school grounds. It was decided to build a bigger fire the following night. The kids got hored old furniture, boxes, railroad ties, baby carriages--even a "half-moon" house. The match was to be applied at 9 P.M. but the temptation was too great and some of the more eager set it off ahead of time. It seemed as if all the children in town were there--and in the midst of it all, a false fire alarm was turned in. The Junior firemen went racing to the Fire House, found it was all a mistake and then back again to the school grounds, where Tojo in effigy was burned.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE CELEBRATION

A large fire-cracker was set off in front of a car as it passed the bank. The driver stopped, jumped out and looked at his tires, then drew a sigh of relief. When one car in the parade went by with cans clattering behind it, a youngster said: " Gee, Mom, somebody's just got married! ".... A part of a large lumber wagon was abandoned on Lafayette Street (Hallow'een style) after the parade.... And on Thursday night a few boys took shots at street lights as a final fling at celebrating.

VICTORY ISSUE OF "HOPEWELL NEWS"

took thirty-three days with stops enroute at Rio de Janiero and Capetown. From Bombay, Holcombe moved up the west coast to Karachi and then traveled across India, down to Calcutta and up to Chabua, the last outpost before going "over the Hump" by plane into China. His trans-Indian trip covered more than 3,000 miles.

"That was some train ride," Holcombe agrees. "The Bengal-Assam railroad had two or three different gauges and whenever the trackage changed in width, we changed coaches, of course. It was one track most of the way. We backed up and shifted around until none of us had any idea where we were. We rode in old wooden coaches with four long rows of benches and slept on those benches or on the floor. Some of the way, we had our own fighter planes circling over us as an escort, as the Japs were pretty close some of the time. In fact, when we were about to start that train ride, we received our first ammunition and were told to keep our rifles handy. But the Japs never bothered us. When we reached the Brahmaputra River, we went aboard a paddle-wheel steamer and during the night, moved up the stream to the point where the rail lines resumed. Later we heard that we had gone close to the Jap lines, as they were in the hills surrounding the Brahmaputra Valley."

At Chabua, Holcombe went by plane over the "Hump," that natural barrier between Assam, India, and the Yunnan plateau of China. Flights over the "Hump" are made dangerous not only by the high peaks, but by sudden changes in weather, tricky down-drafts and air-currents.

Arriving at Kunming, Holcombe received his assignment to the 449th Fighter Squadron and moved to Lingling, about seventy-five miles north of Canton. The pilots stationed at Lingling included Tom Harmon, noted athlete, and it was from that base that he flew on the mission that led to the conclusion that he had met his death when four planes were lost. After several weeks, however, Harmon reappeared at Kunming escorted by friendly Chinese who had traveled several hundred miles with him by ox-cart and on foot. Incidentally, Holcombe says that the Chinese brought in a considerable number of rescued pilots.

Holcombe was doing repair work and maintenance on radio equipment in his Squadron's P-38, P-40 and P-51 fighter planes during the six months at Lingling. But a day came when

"they chased us out," as he describes it. A Jap bomb hit squarely in a tent used by the radio mechanics for their work and Holcombe adds "That put us out of business for a little while." The withdrawal was to Suichwan, and when its loss was inevitable, to the vicinity of Kunming, a big air center, on the Burma Road. At times, enemy troops had advanced within thirty to forty miles of the airfields of the 14th Air Force before orders came to move back.

When ordered to head back for the States, Holcombe flew over the "Hump" to Calcutta. There he waited three weeks for a ship. When he went aboard, he discovered that Willis Green, also from Hopewell, was a passenger. Green was the first person from the "old home town," Hopewell, New Jersey, that Holcombe had seen since entering service nearly three years previous.

After ferrying Lend-Lease aircraft to Alaska for delivery to the Russians, Lieutenant Marcello J. Sommovigo drew an assignment to the China-Burma-India theater of operations in August, 1944. He served there with the Air Transport Command. "Monte" not only was awarded the Air Medal for flights over the "Hump" but received battle stars for the North Burma and the Central Burma campaigns. While in the CBI, his flights covered practically all the air routes in India, Burma and China. He flew 1,200 hours, carrying both passengers and cargo, and made trips that included landings at Rangoon, Bangkok and Singapore. A promotion to a captaincy was received in May, 1945. He returned to the States in November, 1945, and when he was discharged, effective April 18, 1946, he had a total of 2,000 hours of flying time.

According to Sergeant Johnny Dilts, he went to India because his commanding officer had "itchy feet." He had been in Italy, in the Naples area with the 46th Fighter Squadron for three months, serving with the 427th Night Fighter Squadron. In Hawaii in December, 1941, when the Japanese "sneak" attack took place, Dilts subsequently was stationed on a lonely island south of the equator on the air route to Guadalcanal in the Solomons. He left the States for his second long journey in July, 1944, sailing from Virginia. After the brief stay in Italy, his outfit moved to Cairo, Egypt, boarding a British vessel for a thirty-three day trip to Bombay, India. "Thirty-three days during which the 'limeys' gave us fish three times

a day and tea five times a day!" Dilts says, speaking the words as if the taste still lingered in his mouth. Then his Squadron moved up to Myitkyina where they were based for patrol duty and "intruder work" in Burma. In May, 1945, Dilts qualified under the point system for return to the States. The entire trip was made by plane, stopping points including Calcutta and Karachi, in India; Cairo, Tripoli, Casablanca, the Azores, Bermuda and Miami. Dilts received his honorable discharge at Fort Dix on September 3, 1945, having spent only a few days less than five years in the Army.

Sergeant Paul S. Cutter, Jr., studied cryptography after he arrived in India and this knowledge of secret-code writing led to an assignment far in the interior of China. Paul's Army career was a case of official confusion, prior to his departure from the States. He thought he wasn't going to get into military service, being rejected because of bad eyes. However, he was re-examined after he went to New Haven, Connecticut, to start college studies. Accepted for duty, he was assigned to machine-gun training. Later, the Army placed him in a foreign language school to prepare him for work as an interpreter when enemy territory in Europe was conquered. He was never sent to Europe, however, traveling by plane instead, to India. He flew in a C-54 from Miami, Florida, by way of Bermuda and the Azores, to Casablanca, Africa, then proceeding to Tripoli and Cairo and Karachi, India. The entire trip took five days. Sergeant Cutter traveled by rail to Calcutta and remained there as a switchboard operator for two months. Next, he moved up to Chabau, in the shadow of the Himalayan Mountains, and flew over the "Hump" into Kunming, China, where his studies in secret codes and characters took place. The cryptography assignment necessitated a trip from Kunming over rough and hazardous roads by truck. When he reached his destination, he remained there until the end of the war. For this special work, Cutter was awarded the Bronze Service Star in the China Offensive Campaign. Later, he returned to Kunming, then was flown to Shanghai and stationed there for some time before coming home.

When the Japanese in the Yunnan Province of China surrendered on September 3, 1945, Corporal Wilbur U. Hurley was on hand for the ceremonies in the city of Mengtze, near the border of French Indo-China. He took photographs of the

Japanese envoys when they arrived in a "Sally" type of bomber, painted white with a green cross to indicate that it was a ship of truce. "It gave me a queer feeling," he commented later after he had conversed briefly with one or two of the persons accompanying the official party who spoke English, "for after all, we had been fighting them and the Japs had killed some of my buddies." Wilbur ("Urkey") had gone to China with a Bomb Squadron, leaving the States in February. He was an aircraft armorer, assisting in the care of bombardment equipment, including hydraulic and electrical systems, rockets, .50 calibre machine guns, gun sights and electric turrets on B-25's. His Squadron became a part of the famed "Flying Tigers" unit of the 14th Air Force. Even as late as July, with the war speeding to its conclusion, his Squadron lamented the fact that the monsoon season, with rain nearly every day, was slowing them up from "doing a lot of damage." But when VJ-Day came, Wilbur reported that "the place went wild here," adding that "you never saw such happy boys in your life."

CHAPTER XIII

Pacific Campaign

JAPAN'S war lords had every reason to believe following the attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, that the war was twice-won. In Europe, Germany had clinched victory, it seemed, by overrunning France and crippling Great Britain. Only the blind failed to see that Germany's dominant position meant complete German rule as soon as its enemies, Russia included, had worn themselves out in futile combat against the powerful Nazi military machine. Secondly, the attack on Pearl Harbor had been successful beyond the hopes of the most fantastic dreamer. The Philippines, the Malay Peninsula, the Dutch East Indies, with their rich stores of essential materials and strategic locations, had fallen swiftly under Japanese conquest. Surely, the war was won, twice over. How could the United States, gravely concerned about the security of its Pacific Coast defenses and newly committed to an aggressive role in the European struggle, hope to deal at close grips with Japan, more than six thousand miles distant on the other side of the Pacific ocean? Japan's Rising Sun surely was in the ascendancy.

The yielding of the Philippines to the Japanese appeared inevitable. American troops there totaled less than 20,000, supplemented by a Philippine Army that lacked adequate training and equipment. Fighting a delaying action, the Army withdrew into the Bataan Peninsula where General Douglas MacArthur, followed by Lieutenant General Jonathan M. Wainwright, made courageous but futile efforts to hold Bataan and Corregidor. Arrival of reinforcements in effective numbers was out of the question, for ships were not available. Instead, the United States turned to strengthening its hold on Pacific islands that would assure an air ferry route to the South Pacific; fortifying Hawaii to meet any eventuality and to creating air bases in Australia and surrounding islands from which Japan's holdings in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands could be challenged.

The months of May and June, 1942, were to mark the high-tide of the Japanese advance. In those months the Battle of

the Coral Sea was fought northeast of Australia, and an attack on Midway, far to the north in the Central Pacific, was carried through with disastrous consequences for Japanese naval vessels. After these engagements, the Japanese retired with heavy losses and their days of bold reckless venture were over, as subsequent developments revealed. But meanwhile, the Solomon Islands, directly east of New Guinea, were being used to advantage by the enemy to strike at the Pacific supply line between the United States and Australia. U. S. Marines seized Guadalcanal with its valuable airfield and then held on tenaciously, knowing that it was priceless as a starting point for the long, slow advance through the islands of the Pacific and up the coast of New Guinea on the road to victory.

New Caledonia

"We're headed for the Philippines!" was the word circulated among troops aboard ship when James N. Daniels sailed early in 1942 from New York Harbor. He was the first of eight brothers of the Daniels family living at Stoutsburg, near Hope-well, to enter service. Jim became a Technical Sergeant, serving as Personnel Sergeant-Major with the 810th Aviation Engineers, with four and a half years in service, chiefly in the South Pacific. But the prediction about the Philippines proved to be false, for Japanese seizure of the Philippines was almost complete before the end of January, other than the Bataan Peninsula and the fortress of Corregidor. The vessel bearing Daniels was diverted, after going through the Panama Canal, and proceeded to Melbourne, Australia. At that time, the threat of invasion of Australia was ominous. The Japanese drive had extended through the Solomon Islands and the overrunning of all of New Guinea to the north of Australia appeared imminent. The holding of New Caledonia, approximately 800 miles east of Australia and almost equidistant from the Solomon Islands to the north, appeared vital. Daniels moved with the 810th Aviation Engineers to that spot, twenty degrees below the equator. He remained for fourteen months while his outfit built airports, roads and hospitals. His base camp was at Napoui, where numerous "alerts" were experienced as Japanese planes sought to discover what activity was in progress. In May, 1943, Daniels moved to Guadalcanal, in the Solomon Islands. Many Japanese stragglers were still in

the general area, to be routed out by patrols. Daniels remained there until July, 1944, when he moved to Biak, north of New Guinea. Building of hospitals, roads and airfield runways continued. Daniels became eligible for return home under the rotation system in September, 1944, and started back September 26th. He reached the States December 28, 1944, and after a furlough was assigned to Tuskegee Air Field, Alabama, holding a clerical assignment until his discharge on September 15, 1945.

Another who served on New Caledonia was Lieutenant John ("Jack") E. McCracken. He was Executive Officer, and then Commanding Officer of the Naval Ammunition Depot at Noumea. McCracken entered service in January, 1940, going to Fort Schuyler, New York, after which he was at Newport, Rhode Island, and Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, before being assigned to Pacific duty. He was overseas about three years.

Canton Island

Long scrutiny of a map of the Pacific would fail, in all probability, to reveal Canton Island where Sergeant John W. Dilts spent approximately six months during the early part of 1943. He had obtained a transfer to the Army Air Force in 1942 from the Signal Corps. A few months earlier at the outbreak of war, Dilts had experienced the Japanese strafing of Bellows Field, only a few miles from Pearl Harbor. With war declared, he joined the 46th Fighter Squadron at Hilo, Hawaii, where combat training for pilots was in progress. After a month, John moved "down under" to Canton Island in the Phoenix Islands group. For security reasons, he referred to it only as "Island X" thereafter. Canton Island was lonely and then some. To walk across the island required a minute and a half. Following the shore line completely around the island, the distance covered was nine miles. In the middle of the island was a lagoon. There was no grass nor vegetation and only one lonely palm tree, used as a lookout post. However, a few landing strips had been constructed and Canton Island was a stopover point for planes flying to Guadalcanal in the Solomons, the Dutch East Indies or Australia. Dilts helped to maintain telephone lines on the island. In June, 1943, his chance came to break away from the monotonous life inasmuch as he had been out of the States since December,

1940. By plane and boat, he returned in July, 1943. His vessel also carried Japanese prisoners who insisted that Japan had the war almost won, because "Japan has taken all the United States between California and Ohio." After a furlough in Hopewell, Dilts was stationed in the San Francisco area, and there was married on November 3, 1943, to Miss Mary Ellen Buchanan, of Rocky Hill, New Jersey. A year's service with the Army Air Force on "States-side duty" terminated in mid-summer of 1944 when Dilts was sent to Italy and subsequently to India.

Solomon Islands

For Corporal Robert A. Van Doren, of the First Marine Amphibious Corps, Guadalcanal was the "jump-off" point for the invasion of Bougainville, one of the northernmost of the Solomon Islands. It was the first of three island invasions in which Van Doren was to participate, preceded by communications work in New Caledonia. Van Doren entered the Marine Corps September 16, 1942, sailing May 10, 1943, for New Caledonia after training at Parris Island, South Carolina, New River, North Carolina, and Camp Elliott, California. He was assigned to the Third Corps Signal Construction Battalion. For three and a half months, Van Doren's outfit worked on New Caledonia, setting up telephone lines leading from camp areas to the capital, Noumea. His outfit logged its own poles by cutting down naoli trees, an unusually heavy wood with bark credited with keeping malaria from the island.

Moving north to Guadalcanal in the Solomons, Van Doren found that the Japs were still making air raids there, although nearly a year had elapsed since the initial landings in August, 1942. The air fields were constant targets while on clear nights, bombs were aimed at convoys that might be in the vicinity. In November, Van Doren's battalion sailed for Bougainville, being four days enroute and going ashore on D-Day plus 6, November 7, 1943.

"We landed in a swamp," Van Doren explains. "It was a narrow beachhead when we arrived, two or three miles long with a penetration of only three-quarters of a mile. We encountered heavy underbrush, a sandy soil and constant rain. It rained twenty-three days without a let-up. Meanwhile, it was extremely hot, the island being only a few degrees below

the equator. Our battalion's work was to run trunk lines reaching the various regiments and battalions and radar outposts, whose outposts could not be approached without encountering sniper fire. We almost got pushed out three or four days after our battalion went ashore as the Japs started a drive. They passed through our front lines but didn't realize it and retreated."

The Marines were withdrawn from Bougainville on December 15th, because of the current belief that Japanese troops might surrender more readily. The Marines were taking few prisoners, because of acts of treachery committed by prisoners who had surrendered. However, the plan failed to produce the anticipated results.

New Guinea

American troops, reaching Australia and operating initially from air and ground bases there, saw action in New Guinea. Port Moresby, on the southern coast, was used as an advance base but ground troops attempting to counter the Japanese advance toward that point, found they had yet to acquire the skill in jungle fighting possessed by the Japanese. Desperate weeks elapsed during the fall of 1942 and spring of 1943 in which naval, air and ground forces teamed up to muster adequate strength to counter the Japanese blows. Finally, the eastern tip of New Guinea was cleared as far as Buna on the northern coast.

Staff Sergeant Chester ("Chet") I. Robbins was in Australia and New Guinea during those eventful days and weeks of 1942 and 1943. He spent nineteen months at Port Moresby. Robbins entered service January 9, 1942, receiving training at Camp Lee, Virginia; followed by five weeks at Fort Hamilton, Brooklyn, New York, and one week at Fort McDowell, California. He sailed April 22, 1942, and landed at Adelaide, South Australia, on May 14th. By train, he traveled to Melbourne and was stationed there at Camp Struble, a former race track, for six days. Then a detachment of two officers and twenty-one enlisted men left for Sydney where they boarded a Dutch ship and sailed to Port Moresby, New Guinea. They arrived June 6th, and "Chet" remained until December 21, 1943. His job involved general assistance with troop movements. In October, the 32nd Division arrived, unloaded and moved up into

the New Guinea campaign for fifty days of combat before being sent back to Australia. The 32nd was relieved by the 41st Division. Robbins shared in a Presidential Unit citation awarded to the 2nd Port Headquarters, Transportation Corps, and Headquarters Advance Base, Service of Supply, Southwest Pacific Area. When relieved at Port Moresby, he moved down to Brisbane, Australia, and received orders in March, 1944, to return to the States. The voyage was made without escort and after twenty-one days, he arrived at Oakland, California, and was sent East. Following a furlough, he was assigned to Camp Upton, New York, where he worked in various assignments with the Transportation Section for fourteen months, until he received his discharge August 13, 1945.

When the Japanese attempted in March, 1943, to push a convoy through to Huon Gulf, New Guinea, to reinforce troops on the eastern end of that island, the Battle of the Bismarck Sea developed. Later, General MacArthur described it as the naval engagement that turned the tide in the Pacific. For American troops stationed in New Guinea, as was Corporal Robert O. Lawson, with an Aviation Signal Company, of the Fifth Air Force, it meant "sweating it out." For three days, the battle swirled over the Bismarck Sea to the north. If the troopship convoy had reached its destination, New Guinea might have been taken completely and Australia threatened anew. Japanese losses, however, included twenty-two ships and 133 planes destroyed or damaged, as well as about 15,000 men, equivalent to a Japanese Army division. The Bismarck Sea battle crystallized American hatred of the Japanese at the fighting fronts. An American plane, forced down amid the Japanese fleet, was machine-gunned. As a result, Americans searched the Bismarck Sea for a week seeking to destroy everything in sight. Some months later, Lawson moved to Owi, north of Biak off the northeast coast of New Guinea, and to Leyte and Luzon in the Philippines when the recapture of those islands took place. During his stay on Leyte, Japanese troops made a surprise landing by plane. Every available person in the defense area took a hand in rounding them up. Lawson was in the South Pacific and the Philippines for a total of three years, returning to the States in June, 1945. After further duty at Camden, Delaware, he received his honorable discharge.

Lieutenant Earl F. Nickerson, Jr., knew what it meant to be serving in the Army Air Force during the days when American planes were outnumbered in the South Pacific. He participated as a bombardier in the Battle of the Bismarck Sea under those conditions. Earl, known as "Ace," was with the 13th Squadron, Third Bomb Group, and participated in thirty-two missions. He earned the Air Medal and Distinguished Service Medal and also shared in a Presidential Unit citation. Nickerson entered service December 8, 1941, the day following the attack on Pearl Harbor. He was commissioned as a bombardier after twelve weeks' training with the second class at the Midland (Texas) Bombardier School. Assigned to the 39th Squadron, United States Air Corps, Foreign Service, Nickerson moved shortly to Australia. Before leaving California, he was married to Miss Helen L. Taylor, who had taught at Miss Fine's School, Princeton. The campaign to hold New Guinea made heavy demands upon available air equipment and personnel. Earl's outfit was flying Billy Mitchell bombers, and every day during those basic beginnings had its special hazards. In addition to the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, with its heavy toll in Japanese shipping, Nickerson figured in the Buna campaign in New Guinea. "Ace" suffered from two attacks of dengue fever while in the South Pacific. He returned from New Guinea in July, 1943, and served as an instructor in advanced combat training technique. He was discharged in the Fall of 1945.

By September, 1943, the advance up the northern coast of New Guinea gave promise of isolating the entire Huon Peninsula, following the capture of Salamaua and Lae and the occupation of Finschhafen. Leapfrogging up the coast of New Guinea after numerous island seizures nearby, American forces seized Hollandia in April, 1944, along with three valuable airfields and valuable anchorage facilities. In September, General MacArthur moved his headquarters there from Brisbane, Australia. Plans for more extensive invasions were in the making.

Moving to New Guinea to assist in assembling vehicles to be used in later campaigns, Staff Sergeant Robert B. Saums, had the unhappy experience of being on a vessel that all hands believed had been hit by a torpedo as it entered Milne Bay, New Guinea. They had been on the Pacific for thirty-two days,

after sailing Easter Sunday, April 9, 1944. Passing through the straits of Milne Bay, the ship experienced a terrific jolt and ceased moving forward. It soon was learned that the vessel had run aground. Stops at Buna and Lae preceded disembarking at Finschhafen. The mud and rainy weather in New Guinea were terrific, according to Saums. "The mud couldn't have been any thicker during those first four months, for it actually was knee deep," he declares, adding that "it rained for twenty-one days straight without stopping and none of our clothing or shoes were dry for a month." He had entered service June 10, 1943, going to Jackson, Mississippi, and Pomona, California, before being sent out with the 3018th Company, 141st Ordnance Base Automotive Maintenance Battalion. This outfit won a unit citation while at New Guinea, assembling 10,000 vehicles of all types over a period of ten months prior to the Philippine invasion.

New Guinea and Finschhafen in particular became the base of operations for Lieutenant Harold Temple for about a year during his service with the Troop Carrier Command. When he first went out, Sansapor and Noemfoor, on the extreme western end of New Guinea, had just been recaptured. Harold spent two weeks in Australia before being sent to Finschhafen. Immediately, he began to carry troops into the newly acquired fields near Nuemfoor. Sometimes after he had flown in, the landing strips would be bombed by the Japanese. Lieutenant Temple made trips in all directions, covering all parts of New Guinea, to Australia, and up to the Philippines by way of the Halmahera Islands. On one of his flights over the Coral Sea, east of Australia, Harold put in some anxious moments when one of the engines of his plane went "dead" while he was almost midway across the watery expanse of more than 500 miles. "That was an experience I will never forget," he admits. "The plane had a full load, so we had to throw most of it off but we made it in on one engine. That's one time I was really praying and my prayers were answered, too."

On another trip, he had an opportunity to visit a native settlement in the mountainous area of New Guinea. A short grass strip provided a landing field for the delivery of supplies to the natives in exchange for vegetables. About it, Harold wrote: "The place is down in a valley but is 5,500 feet above sea-level at that, so the climate seems to be about like that

in the States. The Australians went back there and semi-civilized the natives. However, they wear headdress and bones through their noses. When we cut the engines after taxiing up the landing strip, they swooped around the plane, hollering like Indians in the movies. It made us wonder at first whether we were safe or not. They wear very little clothing and it's nothing to see a woman nursing a pig, so you can see that things are quite primitive yet. Some of the men are used as police in breaking up wars between other tribes and in keeping trouble-makers out of the valley."

Later, Lieutenant Temple was based at Manila in the Philippines. Numerous flights were made from there to Okinawa, a dozen or more. Also, when occupational troops entered Japan, Temple piloted a C-46 with thirty-five passengers and landed at Atsugi, near Tokyo. Repairs had been made there hastily to permit landings, after earlier bombings directed at its neutralization. One of Temple's most unusual cargoes consisted exclusively of two white rabbits. Southbound, when loads generally were light, he was asked to deliver them to a magician who had been entertaining with them in a USO show. In his departure, the magician had overlooked the rabbits. While on that flight, Harold couldn't help but wonder, he said later, why the magician, if able to pull rabbits from a hat, couldn't wave a wand in the air and presto! there would be the rabbits. Another time while on leave, he flew to Australia and brought back two chickens and three watermelons in order that friends in a hospital near his base might enjoy them as a Christmas treat in December, 1944. During his nineteen months out of the country, Temple flew approximately 270,000 miles (about eighteen times around the world) with 1,800 hours of flying time. He handled C-46's and C-47's, the latter carrying twenty-one passengers. He had enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1942, with training at Atlantic City, Penn State College, Nashville, Tennessee; Maxwell Field, Alabama; Arcadia, Florida; Montgomery, Alabama, and Turner Field, Albany, Georgia. He received his discharge in March, 1946.

In widening out the security area around New Guinea, the Admiralty Islands to the north were seized during March and April, 1944. Included was Los Negros and Manus, possessing valuable air and water facilities. Lieutenant Theodore A. Pierson, 3rd, went to the Admiralty Islands in June, 1944,

and was Engineering Officer of AROU No. 1, a major Naval aviation repair unit, until his transfer in August, 1945, to Guam. He had entered service March 15, 1943, upon graduating from college and took post-graduate work in aeronautical engineering at the California Institute of Technology. He sailed in May, 1944, and returned to the States in November, 1945.

Even a casual glance at a map of the Pacific Ocean shows the vast reaches of that huge body of water. Since Japanese strategy might involve attempts to move a fleet, an air armada or troops by the northern route across the Pacific, the United States was compelled to maintain constant vigil around Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. In June, 1942, the enemy landed a sizeable force at Kiska Island, as well as at Attu and Agattu Islands on the western extreme of the Aleutians. Air attacks against the aggressor were possible by September but possession of the island chain was not seriously disputed until the spring of 1943. Then, with Navy support, the 7th Infantry Division landed on Attu Island and surrounded the Japanese garrison. Since Attu lies west of Kiska, Japanese on the latter island withdrew shortly thereafter. However, adequate safeguarding of Alaska and adjacent sea lanes required forces to remain stationed in the Aleutians. Private First Class Howard W. Tash, who began Army service February 12, 1943, had extended duty at Attu with the 397th Air Base Squadron, being a mechanic radio man and clerk. He remained in service until December 14, 1945.

Ship patrols stretching downward through the Kurile Islands, as well as feints to throw the enemy off balance by drawing some portion of its fleet away from the Japanese homeland, were also a part of the American plan. Typical of the sea strikes was the surprise visit made by the U. S. S. Bearss and other vessels on Matua Shima Island, in the Kuriles, on November 21, 1944. Bruno Bealkowski, FC 2/c (Fire Control) was aboard the Bearss for this, its first engagement with the enemy. One of a family of eight boys who saw war service, Bruno had entered the Navy in July, 1943, with training taken at Newport, Rhode Island, and Norfolk, Virginia. His sea duty began after he went aboard the U. S. S. Bearss at Mobile, Alabama, whence the destroyer moved into the Pacific via the Panama Canal. The Bearss became the flagship for

its group. When the destroyer closed in on Matua Shima Island, shore installations made every effort to inflict damaging blows to the attack ships. For the crew, it was a seasoning encounter. During the next few days, the Bearss encountered a severe storm that added another chapter to the venturesome mission. Bealkowski remained in northern waters for fifteen months, during which the destroyer made eight additional forays into the Kuriles to keep the Japanese in suspense. An even bolder stroke involved a raid taking the Bearss into the Okhotsk Sea, lying below the Kamchatka Peninsula and above the Japanese island of Hokkaido. The daring maneuver paid dividends, however, for Bealkowski's ship was credited with sinking two Japanese vessels and damaging a third on that run. With the close of the War, Bealkowski visited Hokkaido. He ended his Navy career on December 20, 1945.

Submarines exacted a heavier toll of Japanese war vessels and merchant ships than is generally appreciated. Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King, in his final report as Commander in Chief of the U. S. Fleet on operations during World War II, cites that "almost two-thirds of the total tonnage of Japanese merchant losses" and one-third of Japanese naval vessels sunk had been credited to submarines. Typical of the service rendered by individuals on submarine duty was that of Lieutenant Commander James D. Nickerson. He figured in twelve successful war patrols on the submarines "Trout" and "Bergall." These submarines sank everything from enemy submarines to Japanese battleships, as well as thousands of tons of merchant vessels. Nickerson received the Silver Star and the Bronze Star decorations. He had been graduated from the United States Naval Academy on December 19, 1941, his class graduation being advanced with the outbreak of war from June, 1942. He was assigned at the outset to the U. S. S. Madison, a destroyer on duty in the Atlantic. In March, 1942, he shifted to the Submarine School at New London, Connecticut, and then to Pearl Harbor for submarine assignment.

Another type of service allied with submarine warfare was rendered by Joseph A. McAlinden, Motor Machinist's Mate, 2/c. He was stationed at a submarine net depot in the Panama Canal Zone and his job was to take charge of heavy equipment used to load cargo and torpedoes on submarines going out

into the Pacific to menace Japanese shipping and also to protect the Panama Canal Zone. The equipment included cranes, tractors, compressors and trucks. Joe entered service on February 9, 1944, taking "boot" training at Sampson, New York. Sent to the Canal Zone, he was trained as a diver and to fix damaged nets placed under water to entangle enemy subs that might run afoul of them. The mining of coastal waters was another branch of training received. After two years in the Canal Zone, Joe was given twenty days' leave and returned home, but subsequently reported back to Balboa in the Canal Zone for further duty.

Gilbert Islands

The advance through the Central Pacific, as distinct from the Southwest Pacific, began with the seizure of Tarawa and Makin in the Gilbert Islands, about 900 miles northeast of Guadalcanal in the Solomons. Japanese resistance was stubborn and the defenders made the invasion costly to the Second Marine Division. The invasion of Tarawa was two days old when Stephen Rafalowski, MM 2/c, went ashore with a Naval Construction Battalion ("Seabees") to start work on an air-strip. Rafalowski was a bulldozer operator. He had entered service December 7, 1942, with training and duty at Camp Peary, Virginia; Camp Endicott, Davisville, Rhode Island. Camp Parks, Hayward, and Port Huneme, California. He sailed September 24, 1943, on an LST with the 74th Construction Battalion to Pearl Harbor. While enroute to Betio, Tarawa, their ship stopped at Funa Futi, in the Ellice Islands, south of the Gilberts, and during that stay Japanese planes dropped a number of bombs on the air strip nearby.

In "Seabees" operations in the Pacific, bulldozers went ashore after the advance surveying party, in order to form a ramp so that other rolling stock could be moved from ship to reef. On Tarawa, Rafalowski's outfit moved in its heavy equipment including over fifty tractors of all sizes; seventeen cranes, fourteen carryalls or scrapers; as well as graders, rollers, rock crushers, concrete mixers, welding machines, etc. The "Seabees" crews expanded the Japanese air field on Tarawa with its inadequate runways by placing coral twelve inches deep on the air strip. Within fifteen hours, fighter planes could land there, while the runways were ready for heavy B-24 Liberator

bombers within twenty-four days—actually eighteen days ahead of schedule: The work had to be done despite tank traps, wreckage and stumps, not to mention flies and mosquitoes. The Japs, now in hiding continued as a serious threat, particularly while darkness prevailed. Also, Japanese bombers harrassed the troops holding the island, planes coming over every second or third night.

Marshall Islands

Continuing the campaign to make Japan vulnerable by launching direct attacks at scattered points, the seizure of the Marshall Islands was undertaken. It was an action in which Sergeant Edwin T. Sheppard participated with the Fourth Division, U. S. Marine Corps. Ed was serving in Ordnance. The Fourth Division went ashore on the northern end of the atoll of Kwajalein on January 31, 1944, after the islands had undergone heavy bombardment for two days. The Marines seized the airdrome at Roi and the adjacent repair and disposal base at Namur. Meanwhile, the 7th Army Division had landed on the lower portion of Kwajalein. Eniwetok Atoll was taken on February 19th-22nd to complete the conquest of the Marshalls. The Japs utilized tactics similar to those employed in the Gilbert Islands, that is, fighting from pill-boxes with troops strongly concentrated, to be overpowered only after devastating bombardment and hand-to-hand fighting. After that campaign, Sheppard moved back to Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, for a rest period. Ed had enlisted on November 23, 1942, training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and being assigned to the Ammunition Section, Ordnance School, at Quantico, Virginia. Further training followed at Camp LeJeune, New River, North Carolina, which Ed described as "ninety miles from the nearest city and when you get there, you still aren't any place." Next, he had amphibious training and won his corporal's stripe, later moving to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California. He sailed January 13, 1944.

Moving on a troop transport past an island known to be a Japanese submarine base gave Corporal Kent F. Nickerson some of his most uneasy moments while with the Fourth Marine Aircraft Wing. The experience occurred while enroute from the Gilberts to the Marshall Islands. In the latter place,

the Fourth Marine Aircraft Wing earned a Presidential Unit citation for its part in the capture and defense of Roi and Namur Islands. Referring to the experience aboard a troop transport, Kent says: "We were at the tail end of a task force moving to the Marshall Islands. The atolls are in more or less of a straight line with a natural channel between them. Sometimes other islands are visible and sometimes not. On board ship, we were required to hit the deck each morning about 7 A. M. Late hours were out due to lack of space on deck for troop personnel. On this particular morning, the public address system aboard ship was piped in at 4:30 A. M. and all Marine personnel ordered above decks. We were passing three Japanese-occupied islands, one a submarine base. Everyone put on a life preserver. The deck was crowded with men standing by and everything quiet. The sun was just coming up. It was a rather misty morning. We could just make out a destroyer and a light cruiser. We could not see the Jap islands but were looking and feeling rather nervous. No one could smoke and our ship's engines were operated so that the funnels gave off very little smoke. Things went off well and before long we were safely by. Soon we could hear the bombardment by our fleet of Roi and Namur."

Nickerson had begun service December 13, 1942, being at Parris Island, South Carolina, Cherry Point, North Carolina, and San Diego, California. He had fourteen months of overseas' duty, working as a personnel clerk and being in the Hawaiian Islands, at Pago Pago and Wallis Island in the Samoans. After duty at Roi, Namur and Kwajalein, he returned to the States and was stationed at Quantico, Virginia. He was discharged December 7, 1945.

With Kwajalein being overwhelmed, "Seabees" were brought in to supplement the activities of Army aeronautical engineers. With the 74th Naval Construction Battalion came Stephen Rafalowski, MM 2/c, from the job just completed at Tarawa in the Gilberts. The Seventh Air Force was already using the air strip on Kwajalein and living conditions were a vast improvement over Tarawa, where it had been progress from fox-holes to shacks, and from K-rations to regular Navy fare. The job to be done on Kwajalein was to install power, light and refrigeration; to build docks and surface roads with coral. Fox-holes were still in use when air raid alerts sounded but

camps and buildings were erected during the "Seabees" stay that extended for Rafalowski until June, 1944. He completed his Navy service in November, 1945.

Kwajalein Atoll was used by landing craft and patrol vessels of various types in the months that followed its capture. Arthur M. Wright, Lieutenant (jg), served there as Assistant Yard Craft Officer. He was in charge of thirty-five LCMs (landing craft, medium), forty LCVPs (small landing craft), and twelve high-speed picket boats. He remained at this advance base only a short time because of his earlier duty with amphibious forces in LST landings in North Africa and Sicily. He completed his Navy service in December, 1945.

Marianas Islands (Saipan, Tinian and Guam)

The Navy's "Seabees"—Construction Battalions—conducted their own "invasions" at times, moving into islands secretly in order to prepare the way for the main invasion forces. That held true as far as the island of Saipan, in the Marianas Islands, about 1,300 miles west from the Marshall Islands, was concerned, as Commander H. Edward Miller, Jr., knew all too well, for he sustained injuries there forty-eight hours before Saipan's "D-Day." Miller was in charge of a demolition team when flak caught him in the back. As a consequence, he had to return to Army Base Hospital No. 10. He received a Presidential Citation and a Purple Heart in July, 1944, as the result of that experience. Commander Miller had entered service in April, 1943, taking "boot" training at Camp Perry, Virginia, and Camp Endicott, Rhode Island. Thereafter, he was at Gulfport, Mississippi, teaching Seabees pile-driving, bridge building and the construction of small dams. Early in 1944, he shipped to Camp Rouseau, Port Heuneme, California. His first duties in the Pacific were aboard a "baby" aircraft carrier, proceeding to the Marshall Islands where Kwajalein was invaded. After that, he backtracked to Majuro, in the same island group, to work with a combat demolition team cleaning lagoons and harbors of sunken craft. Another type of work involved preparations for a seaplane drome and a large submarine base. The unhappy experience on Saipan followed. But another serious mishap was still in store for Miller. He moved forward to Guam in the Marianas. One day while helping to remove coral from an atoll to clear the way for ships to

arrive later, heavy gunfire occurred. Miller had volunteered to work with another outfit for this special duty. The concussion from the gunfire caused him and his companions to be blown out of the water. A companion working almost at his side died as a result of injuries sustained. Miller was taken to a Base Hospital for treatment, where the existence of a fungus growth on his hands also demanded attention. In due time, he resumed duty at a new location on Saipan but was transferred to Ieia Heights, Honolulu, for further hospital care and treatment. His condition prompted shipment to the States and he reached San Francisco by plane, the trip requiring twenty-nine hours in contrast with the twenty-four days aboard a vessel on the way out. Miller spent six months at Santa Marguerita Ranch, Camp Pendleton, California, and then returned to duty at Camp Parks, California. Later, he was given duty at Endicott, Rhode Island, assisting with draft operations and discharge until discharged in August, 1945.

The operations against the Marianas Islands called for the capture of Saipan, Tinian and Guam. The Fourth Marine Division, in which Sergeant Edwin T. Sheppard was serving, went ashore on Saipan on June 15th, along with the Second Division, and gained possession of the island after twenty-five days of rugged campaigning. However, several months of continued activity were necessary to remove the last traces of resistance. To bring Tinian under control, Ed Sheppard's outfit re-embarked, starting the second island assault with only a ten-day rest period intervening. The landings were made on July 24th by the Second and Fourth Marine Divisions who brought Tinian under American control within nine days. When Ed had an opportunity to write, under date of July 5, 1944, revealing that he was only 1,600 miles from Japan, he said: "Well, things have been pretty hot here. I am on Saipan and have been for the last three weeks. It's a good-sized island with two fair-sized towns. There is very little I can tell you and there is little here to write about except that things were plenty hot for a few days and I caught plenty of shellfire, but I am still in good shape." In November, 1944, Ed returned to Hopewell on furlough. He had no enthusiasm for the Pacific Islands, commenting that "I didn't take anything out and I didn't bring anything back; and there's nothing out there that I want, so I have nothing to go back for."

He described the natives of the islands as skilled scavengers, gathering up every fragment of food, remnants of ration cans and even fish-heads, cooking up all the scraps to make a meal. "We let them drag all that stuff if they wanted it," he explained, "for that made less cleaning up for us." Subsequently reporting back to California, he entered the U. S. Naval Hospital at San Diego, California, for observation, but again returned to Hopewell in February, 1945. He reported to Quantico, Virginia, on February 27th and was assigned duties at the Ordnance School and Marine Repair Depot. He completed his service in December, 1945.

Corporal Parvin R. ("Pud") Stryker, Jr., figured in the invasion of Kwajalein, Saipan and also Iwo Jima, going ashore with the Fourth Marine Division with whom he saw long service before eventual transfer to the Intelligence Division of his Battalion. He sustained injuries during the Saipan campaign—but a letter to his parents in July, 1944, minimized the injury. Later, he stated that a laceration near the elbow due to a stab wound was involved. Because of outstanding performance of duty and courage displayed by the Marines on Saipan and Tinian, the Fourth Division received the Distinguished Unit citation. Stryker received the Purple Heart. But Saipan was only one of the stepping-stones leading to Japan, and after "Pud" went ashore on Iwo Jima, he wrote from a "steam-heated fox-hole" in March, 1945, as follows: "Right now I'm in a fox-hole (very deep one, of course) writing amid the sounds of Iwo Jima slam-banging around me. . . . Our fox-holes are steam-heated, believe that or not. We have dug in over some sulphur pits and the heat from the pits keeps us warm and how. Almost everywhere in this vicinity you can see steam coming from the boys' fox-holes. . . . Well, I had better get back to 'gook' hunting (Japs to you—'gooks' to us) before they find me first." Stryker returned to the States in the fall of 1945, and after furlough, was at Bainbridge, Maryland, from December, 1945, to May, 1946, before completing his four-year enlistment. He had approximately two years' duty in Hawaii prior to invasion activities.

The air bases in the Marianas were the center of activity for Sergeant Colin A. McBurney. He went there early in 1945 with the 871st Bomb Squadron, 497th Bomb Group as an aerial gunner on a B-29 Superfortress. He participated in raids on

Japan and was awarded the Air Medal for meritorious achievements during his missions. While on Saipan, McBurney "met up" with his friend, Private First Class Clarence G. Laird, who was there with the 1537th Base Unit, Air Transport Command. "Lairdy" was handling truck driving in connection with the movement of personnel, supplies and mail. He had entered service March 10, 1944, and was at Oahu (Hawaiians) from October of that year to July, 1945, then going to Saipan to remain until November, followed by duty on the nearby island of Guam.

As for McBurney, he had received combat crew training before going overseas, at Pyote, Texas, following a Christmas furlough at home. Earlier, he took the aerial gunnery course at Harlingen Field, Texas, followed by advanced work at Clovis, New Mexico, and Harvard, Nebraska. He acquired a love for flying while receiving his training, commenting that "you don't know what the feeling of flying is until you have climbed up to about 40,000 feet and have looked down on the earth, or until you have done stunt-flying in a heavy bomber at 10,000 feet. I'll admit that a heavy bomber can't be maneuvered like a small, fast plane but there are one or two maneuvers that can hold you pinned to the floor, and boy—what a feeling." He returned to the States in October, 1945.

Airfields were being made ready on Saipan even before the islands were fully conquered, and Superfortresses soon were taking off for the bombardment of the Japanese homeland islands. Captain F. Donald Selbie, Jr., went to Tinian Island with the original B-29 outfit, the 40th Bomb Group. His eighteen months' service in the Indo-China area as well as the Marianas, involved a total of twenty-three combat missions, including 368 hours in the air. His active service in the Army began August 30, 1942, with training in communications at Scott Field, Illinois, where he was commissioned as a Communications Officer. Subsequently, he was at Cambridge, Massachusetts; Boca Raton and Eglin Field, Florida; and Pratt Field, Kansas, before starting by plane for India by way of Casablanca, Tripoli, Cairo and Karachi. On his first B-29 raid over Japan, his plane was hit three times and one shell burst struck the seat he had vacated only a moment earlier. Fortunately, Selbie had moved to obtain a better view of the effects of bombing activity. On another occasion, he

was in a plane that was flying alone when attacked by a group of Japanese fighter planes but the ship and its crew survived the experience. He returned home in October, 1945, and was discharged in December. He holds the Distinguished Flying Cross and Air Medal with two oak-leaf clusters.

Corporal Robert A. Van Doren spent more than fifty days aboard ship on the Pacific before taking part in the invasion of Guam. It was his second island invasion, having been earlier at Bougainville in the Solomons. Van Doren left the Guadalcanal base in April, 1944, after repeated amphibious maneuvers. He and his buddies believed they were enroute to New Ireland, somewhat to the north. Their actual destination, Guam, was more than 2,600 miles northeast, however, but the invasion ships first moved to Kwajalein (Marshall Islands) for a rendezvous. With the invasion of Saipan started in mid-June, Van Doren's outfit remained adjacent to that island to be available as replacements if needed. He was now with the Third Marine Amphibious Corps. Actually, the Marines were firmly convinced that they were held off the coast of Saipan as a lure that might bring the Japanese fleet out of hiding. The ruse failed to work. Meanwhile, the Saipan campaign involved tough enemy resistance which gradually was broken down. Then Van Doren's vessel moved toward Guam.

The first waves of invasion troops went in upon Guam July 21, 1944. Largest of the Marianas Islands, Guam has a population of 25,000. The natives, mostly Chamorros, speak English to a considerable extent. According to the natives, few enemy troops had been there in January and February and the island could have been taken then with comparative ease. Van Doren's Signal Construction Battalion was scheduled to land 250 minutes after the first invasion wave hit the beach. However, landing boats were not available. Moving shoreward on July 22nd the landing barge with Van Doren aboard, encountered considerable mortar fire. A reef of coral was a barrier to the barge about 200 yards out and the men started to wade ashore, waist-deep in water. As at Bougainville, the advance troops had secured the beachhead but had not penetrated far. Enemy fire was visible in the foothills adjacent to the beachhead. Guam's invasion was double-pronged, one being below Aganya while the other was on the far side of the Sumay Peninsula. Because of mortar fire, Van Doren's

outfit moved two or three times to new bivouac areas. Soon, they were designated to occupy Capros Island, about three-quarters of a mile from the Sumay Peninsula. One group, the 14th Defense Battalion of Marines, was on Capros Island with only a few guns of any size in support while the Japs were still seeking to hold Sumay Peninsula. Bottling up enemy troops on the peninsula, American attackers pressed the fight and it appeared likely that the Japs would use available barges if forced to flee. As a result, the men assigned to Capros Island spent several nights standing by with machine guns ready. Then 40 mm. guns were brought to Capros and U. S. Navy planes bombed the barges to lessen the danger. Van Doren's group went back to the mainland almost daily to establish lines of communication behind the First Marine Brigade and the Third Division. Van Doren was chosen among forty men to take up positions on Aganya Heights and to conduct surveys for proposed pole lines. At that time, Japanese were hiding in the hills and the little party on Aganya Heights was called upon to work by day and divide the task of guarding against attack at night. The Ninth Marines later came to that point and enlarged the area being held, encountering Japanese almost nightly who were seeking to reduce the size of the garrison. Van Doren was on Guam for three months before moving back to Guadalcanal for a rest period.

Charles Reginald Hurley asked for a transfer after being with a Coast Artillery anti-aircraft battery in Honolulu for two years. He wanted to see more action and have a chance to win promotion. His wish was granted and as a result he spent a full year on the island of Guam, much of it in the perilous work of leading day and night patrols into the jungle thicknesses to prevent Japanese from infiltrating into hard-won American territory. He advanced in grade to become a Technical Sergeant.

"Reg" had enlisted March 16, 1942, and by June 22nd, was enroute to Hawaii. His training had been at Fort Eustis, Virginia, and Camp Stoneman, California. He was assigned to the 15th Coast Artillery as a fire adjuster and posted at gun positions near Fort Kamahamea, on the Pearl Harbor channel. With three others, he lived in a shack and served in shifts that remained on the alert from two hours after sundown until an hour before sunrise under blackout condi-

tions. That continued from 1942 until August 10, 1944. But "Reg" wanted to move, and arranged it so he joined the 178th Coast Artillery and two weeks after he became attached to the outfit, embarked for Guam. He became assistant battalion supply officer. Their vessel stopped at Kwajalein and Eniwetok (Marshall Islands) after a voyage of more than thirty days and then moved on to Guam.

For the first two months on Guam, "Reg" lived in a pup tent on the beach. Patrols were out constantly, for the clearing of the island of Japanese was far from complete. Actually, the wily Japanese were visiting the camps to steal food almost nightly. The initial job of the 178th Coast Artillery was to safeguard "Seabees" outfits that were building Harmon Field as an air base. "K" rations were the regular thing as incoming ships were carrying ammunition and essential building materials chiefly.

"Reg" took his turn in going out with patrols twice a week. Occasionally, patrols consisting of thirty men with an officer and two non-commissioned officers were utilized. Much of the time, however, smaller patrols were employed, consisting of twelve men, with a "non-com" in charge, assisted by a native guide. The strategy used was to divide into two columns of six, the native guide leading one and the "non-com" heading the other. Through the glades, up the hills and down into the swamps they moved seeking to check up on the activities and whereabouts of the enemy. Day patrols usually started out of camp about 4 A. M., while the night patrols left at 4 P. M. It was hazardous business, for the Japs knew the art of building a lean-to in the jungle which could not be detected by a person standing within a few feet of it. Some who went out failed to return and their bodies were found later. Twice while "Reg" was on patrol, the native guide working with them was killed. "The Japs tried to get them first," Hurley explains, "for the guides usually were native who had lived on small farms and knew the trails and the likely hiding spots." On the first occasion, a sniper's bullet caused the guide's death. On the second occasion, the patrol ran into a Jap hide-out in a glade and was then fired upon by other Japs who were in hiding on the side of a nearby hill.

In one of his letters, "Reg" wrote: "A lot of mountains, swamps and beaches here. It is very hot and humid with rain for a minute and sun the next. If you are not wet with pers-

piration, you are wet from rain; in other words, you are steaming most of the time. Quite a few wild water-buffalo roam around and the natives domesticate them and use them as beasts of burden. The natives live in grass shacks." Before long, "Reg" was befriending a native boy, Tomas Chaco, eleven years of age and small in build. His home was with his parents, grandparents and little sister, Rosa, at Agot Village, about a mile from "Reg's" location, but he frequented the camp because of the desperate need for food. Tomas Chaco would appear with bananas and other fruit, eager to exchange them for C, K or 10-to-1 rations. "Reg" wrote home about the boy, asking for clothing and shoes that might fit him. He received eight boxes of supplies and the youngsters were outfitted in grand style. "Reg" was invited to eat Christmas dinner with the family. Then he learned that the father of Tomas Chaco had been in the Navy during World War I. To mark the occasion, "Reg's" little friend gave him a small machette made of stainless steel from a Jap plane with a handle of bone from a caribou's horn. For Christmas dinner, they ate crab-meat, barbecued caribou, wild chicken, fish and rice, clear soup and a native sweet cake. In August, 1945, Hurley started for home having been overseas more than three years. At Saipan, he was compelled to wait thirteen weeks for a ship. During that interval, a small typhoon hit, blowing down tents with a driving rain that caused extensive damage. He returned to the West Coast and was discharged November 24, 1945.

After more than 175,000 miles of travel while in the Navy, George J. Myers, Jr., was transferred to Guam as a Chief Storekeeper. He arrived there in December, 1944, and found it "a welcome change." Myers had enlisted in July, 1942, and made his initial trip as a seaman aboard a fleet tanker that crossed the Atlantic in time for the North Africa invasion. He re-crossed the Atlantic numerous times, visiting many foreign ports. "Even Norfolk looked good after those trips," he declared. While at Guam, he obtained his rating as a Chief Petty Officer. He returned home late in September, 1945.

Philippine Islands

In preparation for the recapture of the Philippine Islands, plans called for seizure of Mindanao as well as Yap and other islands midway from the Carolines. Included were the Palau Islands, and in that operation, Captain John H. Winant, figured. Winant, son-in-law of Edward M. Haynes, steward of the State Village at Skillman, was with the 81st Infantry Division. Staging operations for the Palau Islands campaign took place at Oahu in the Hawaiians, with a rehearsal of amphibious operations at Guadalcanal. Captain Winant fought on Angaur and Pelelieu Islands from September 17 to October 21, 1944. Considerable resistance was encountered and the enemy resorted to cave-fighting. Subsequently, Captain Winant transferred to the Tenth Army at Oahu on December 10th, and then went to Luzon in the Philippines with the Sixth Army on August 2, 1945. He moved to Japan October 24th and after a stay of about a month embarked for home, being discharged April 12th, 1946. He had been in service since November 7, 1940, serving in Georgia, Alabama and California successively as infantry company commander, battalion executive and battalion commander, regimental plans and training officer, and division transport quartermaster, the latter being a staff job pertaining to combat loading in amphibious operations.

The invasion of the Philippines was moved ahead on the timetable through the discovery that the gamble was worth taking because of enemy air weakness. As a consequence, Leyte was invaded on October 20, 1944, instead of two months later. The Philippines had long stood as the most challenging point in the Pacific, next to Japan itself. General MacArthur had vowed when he left Bataan that "I shall return!" and this pledge carried the sentiments of the American public. The news that the east coast of Leyte, one of the central islands of the group, was being invaded, was electrifying. The naval and air engagement later known as the Battle of Leyte Gulf followed, with remnants of the Japanese Navy withdrawing after suffering heavy losses. Landings on Mindoro occurred on December 15th and Manila Bay in Luzon to the north began to grow untenable. Another surprise was sprung when landings were made on Lingayen Gulf, north of Manila. Thereafter, troops drove hard southward toward Manila in order to gain the capital city and its harbor. Manila was taken

early in March. The Bataan Peninsula was isolated at the end of January. The conquest of Mindanao, next to the largest of the Philippine Islands, started in March, but weeks were required to dispose of pockets of resistance in the hills after the early fall of the city of Zamboanga.

Aboard an aircraft carrier, Fred W. Macneil, SK 1/c, participated in the critical encounter between opposing navies in the Battle of Leyte Gulf. He served on the U. S. S. Manila Bay, a "baby" carrier. At 7 A. M. on October 25, 1944, a call to general quarters was sounded, with word passed that Jap battleships, cruisers and destroyers were attacking nearby. Soon it was learned that several of the battleships had left the main body and were heading at full speed for the task force in which the carrier Manila Bay was included. Since "baby" carriers are not designed for surface action, its planes were its chief means of defense and most of them were armed for other purposes. As a result, the bomb-handling crews loaded the planes with torpedoes and heavier bombs than customarily were carried. While shells from the Jap fleet were beginning to fly amid the destroyer screen, the planes took off. They dropped their torpedoes and bombs and the Japanese ships turned away. As a result, the planes and vessels took the offensive, with rockets and depth bombs also employed to rout the Japanese fleet. On the evening of the same day, about thirty Japanese planes came over. Pilots from the U. S. S. Manila Bay, who had flown eight or nine hours of combat that day, went up again and played havoc among the attacking squadrons, preventing the dropping of any bombs near the ships.

Leyte chiefly means one thing for Staff Sergeant Elmer J. Lutz, Jr. In fact, it narrows down to a night when he and others waited for over two hours in full anticipation of a Japanese paratrooper raid. Three Japanese planes finally came over but no paratroopers attempted to land. "I'll never forget the feeling I had that night, just sitting there waiting," Lutz says. He served in Luzon as well as Leyte, from December 2, 1944, to September 28, 1945. He also went to Japan and stayed three weeks, leaving for home on November 10, 1945, and receiving his discharge December 1st. Lutz had seen service at Lae, New Guinea, with the 54th Troop Carrier Wing during the latter half of November, 1944. In fact, the first

two years of Army service from July 13, 1942, included work as a glider pilot, being a flying Staff Sergeant handling cargo gliders and light planes. On May 6, 1944, he was classified as a glider mechanic and sent overseas. Subsequently, he asked for a transfer and worked as a motor mechanic on "jeeps" and other motor vehicles.

Serving in the last battle of Manila, Sergeant Bruce E. Vansant was with the 1629th Engineers Construction Battalion. His outfit moved overseas in April, 1945, stopping enroute to the Philippines at Hawaii. He later moved to Japan and returned in the spring of 1946 to be discharged. Work as company clerk was included in his Army routine. He had entered service February 3, 1944, receiving Ordnance training at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, Maryland, then going to Camp Reynolds, Pennsylvania, and North Fort Lewis, Tacoma Washington.

At intervals, Corporal Graham L. Benson kept hearing that "there's another fellow from Hopewell" serving in the Marine Corps somewhere in the Philippines. But he never could get a definite line on him until he reached California when he discovered that Corporal Julius Yuhas had returned on the same vessel. In fact, the discovery came during the naming of a "K. P." detail. When Benson's name was called, a chap standing nearby identified himself as Yuhas, and Hopewell as his home town. They had not been acquainted previously. Subsequently, they traveled across the States together, enroute home for furlough. Benson had been sworn in for duty with the Marine Corps one week before his eighteenth birthday on November 10, 1943. Eight days later he left for Parris Island, South Carolina, and was singled out for aviation mechanic training. Schooling followed at Memphis, Tennessee, in the Aviation Machinist Mate School. After graduation, he moved to San Diego, California, for advanced work, and then shipped out for Pearl Harbor on October 31, 1944, moving on to Guadalcanal. On the third day at sea, the vessel had a brush with an enemy submarine and narrowly escaped being hit by a torpedo. He was with the First Marine Air Wing and spent thirteen months working on maintenance of planes at various points. He was at Bougainville (Solomon Islands), then flew to Green Island and to Leyte in the Philippines by January, 1945. Later, he was given detached duty on Owi, off Dutch

New Guinea, and then at Zamboanga, westernmost tip of the island of Mindanao (Philippines), where he was when the war ended all his travel. He returned to the States November 30, 1945, being out of the country thirteen months. He received his discharge from the Marine Corps in the spring of 1946.

Yuhas was with the Second Marine Air Wing and had been on duty in the Pacific for sometime when shifted to the Caroline Islands. He believed he was enroute home. Instead, he was sent to Zamboanga, on Mindanao, and had about ten days' duty there before the outfit was ordered to join a unit heading back to the States.

Another who served with air units in the Philippines was Private First Class Alexander M. Romanchuk, who was a radio repairman with Headquarters Squadron, 13th Air Force. He entered service June 25, 1945.

Exploits off the coast of Leyte and in the Southwest Pacific won special distinction for a PT boat on which Andrew Monteleone, Gunner's Mate 1/c, served. He received a special commendation from the Commanding Officer of the Seventh Fleet PT Squadron. Crew members also participated in a special radio broadcast describing how the PT boat had sunk a Japanese destroyer while it was attempting to screen a convoy bringing reinforcements and supplies for the Battle of Ormoc Valley, Leyte, on November 11, 1944. A "tin fish" released by the PT boat found its mark. Immediately destroyer searchlights scanned the waters and the PT boat's crew went through tense minutes until, aided by a smoke screen, it was safely away. Describing the destroyer hit, Monteleone later said, "there were loud explosions and a bright flash, with all of us hollering 'We got her!' We didn't shout long, however. Two other Jap 'cans' put their big searchlights on us. We had come around and were retiring at full speed." Five-inch shells were being hurled their direction, with the PT boat firing in spurts at the searchlights. According to Monteleone, it was a case of "ducking and praying a plenty." About a month later, on December 12th, Monteleone was at his battle station between twin 50-calibre machine guns, when they believed they hit another Japanese destroyer a few miles north of Ormoc Bay, in the same general vicinity as the earlier encounter. Under overcast skies, the PT patrol swept to close range before firing its torpedoes and the surprise to the Jap-

anese was complete. Two explosions followed, with wreckage and smoke rising high. Monteleone had been in nineteen combat patrols before moving to the Philippine waters. He had entered service December 14, 1942, with training at the Newport (Rhode Island) Gunnery School and the PT Training Center, at Melville, Rhode Island.

As long as the Japs held Corregidor, they were in a position to dominate Manila Bay. The "Rock" comprised less than three square miles but high cliffs made it almost unapproachable except from one side, where defenses naturally would be concentrated. The retaking called for the use of paratroops. Sergeant Zigmund J. Bealkowski was with the 503rd Parachute Infantry Regiment, designated as the first wave to make the jump and land upon Corregidor on February 16, 1945. He was the third of eight brothers who saw service during World War II. Zigmund began his Army service April 15, 1943, taking basic at Camp Blanding, Florida. Then under the Army Student Training Program, he attended Clark University, Worcester, Massachusetts, for eight months. Sent to Camp Forrest, Tennessee, he entered the 17th Airborne (Glider) Division, and engaged in maneuvers as a replacement. Zigmund decided he preferred to be a paratrooper and went to Fort Benning, Georgia, in August, 1944, for jump training. He moved overseas from San Francisco October 27, 1944, going to an area near Buna, New Guinea. In January, 1945, Zigmund moved to the island of Mindoro, in the Philippines, and there joined the 503rd Parachute Infantry Regiment as a replacement. This outfit had made a landing there on Christmas Day, preparatory to the big drive to seize Luzon to the north.

The attempt to wrest Corregidor from the Japanese was set for February 16. The plan was for one battalion to land by parachute in the early morning, to be followed by others later in the day. Being in the group comprising the first wave, Bealkowski climbed into a plane about 5 A. M. More than a score of others, bearing parachutes and equipped for almost any emergency, went aboard the same plane. Soon they were in the air and headed for Corregidor! Now they were over it, with the planes circling several times to get into position so the paratroopers could jump with maximum hope of success in hitting the "Rock." Corregidor had been under heavy fire

immediately preceding the arrival of the carrier planes, and infantrymen were due to come in by water on the low side of the island, but they encountered mines that delayed operations.

Bealkowski, jumping at a height of about 500 feet, escaped the fate of a considerable number of men whose parachutes were whipped by a strong wind that carried them against the cliffs or into the surrounding waters. He landed on the roof of a building which had housed American officers before the Japanese had conquered Corregidor. Zigmund, stunned when he hit the building, was lying there for ten minutes or so, he believes, before he regained consciousness. Then he quickly joined others, who moved to accomplish their objective—the seizure of a large barracks and the upper part of the island, preparatory to the jump by the following task force. While Japanese fire had been reasonably light at the outset, resistance continued from the tunnels in which Americans earlier in the war had sought security. In less than three weeks, the Japs decided on a suicidal climax to their resistance on Corregidor and set off explosives in the tunnel that sealed off their last hope of survival.

With Corregidor secured, Bealkowski's regiment returned to Mindoro. Its next operation involved the island of Negros in the Philippines. Zigmund went there by sea on April 6th, a few days after the island had been attacked. He remained until November, 1945. Departure from that point was the beginning of a trip to Sendai, Japan, for occupation purposes. Sendai is a large city on the upper end of the island of Honshu, above Tokyo. The paratroop regiment was stationed in Hanamaki, in the mountains adjacent to Sendai, until January 16, 1946. Bealkowski returned to the United States on February 3, 1946, and was discharged eight days later.

Children are children the world over, and their appeal to the average GI was usually irresistible. As with "Reg" Hurley on Guam, Sergeant Robert L. Burd and Corporal Edward H. Esche found that one just naturally made friends with the Filipino youngsters. Bob Burd was on Leyte with the 274th Signal Construction Company when he wrote that "the native people have gone through such severe conditions that it really is surprising there are any alive at all. They are really glad to see our boys . . . I have a boy—that is, he says he is my boy. I have named him Tony. He, like all other children, is

really wanting to get back to school, unlike myself when I was a kid." Burd's training had included stays at Atterbury, Indiana, starting in February, 1943; Camp Crowder, Missouri, and Camp Kohler, California.

Edward Esche served on Luzon in the Philippines with a Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion. He described the Philippine Islands as more civilized than the parts of New Guinea in which he had been in the fall of 1944. Concerning the Filipinos, he said: "Some of the people like to do all they can to help us. Then there is the class that wants everything handed to them. Upon our arrival, we were giving them clothing until we were stopped. It was a good thing, or we would soon have been wearing fig leaves ourselves. When you enter a place like this and see how the people have been living and how they have been mistreated, you just can't help feeling sorry for them." The native youngster befriended by Esche and his tent mates needed medical care and so their tent became his home, since he was from another part of the island. Concerning him, Esche said: "We certainly will miss him when he goes back to his home. But I never knew it cost so much to keep children over here. We had a few suits made for him and the civilian really charged plenty. Not that I regret paying it but the charges didn't show much appreciation for what we have been doing for them."

Staff Sergeant Robert B. Saums worked as an instructor teaching the Filipinos about auto maintenance and repairing. He moved there with the 3018th Company, 141st Ordnance Base Automotive Maintenance Battalion, from New Guinea. When he arrived, guerrilla warfare was being waged by the natives against the Japs. The exchange of fire both day and night made it difficult to sleep, aside from the possibility that Japs, starving for food, might slip into camp. Saums was impressed by steps taken by the Japanese before they withdrew from some of the cities, having blown up bridges, leveled factories and buildings and removed machinery. Saums became line foreman in his company's repair shop, with Filipinos hired to assist. Later, an inspection station was set up to check all vehicles for serviceability and Saums became chief inspector. The outfit also had two "floating base" shops to rebuild engines, and he became shop foreman with about 130 Filipinos under his supervision.

As chief of maintenance in a repair shop maintained by the 232nd Ordnance Tire Repair Company in Manila, T/4 Stephen V. Kady could cite that he had served in the war on both sides of the world. He had been in Germany, England and France.

Duties of another type were performed in the Philippines by Commander Herbert B. Butcher, when he arrived there in July, 1945. Veteran of service in England from late in 1941 to July, 1943, as a Special Naval Observer, he was President of General Court Martial sessions on the island of Samar, north of Leyte. Before going out to the Southwest Pacific, he had been at Notre Dame University for an interlude as Executive Officer of the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps there. Butcher received his discharge January 25, 1946.

Iwo Jima

The story of the seizure of Iwo Jima is probably one of the best-known events of the war in the Far Pacific. In that respect, it is rivalled chiefly by the first beginnings at Guadalcanal. The bitter fighting, the "must" of the objective and the terrific toll exacted from the American troops signalize both invasions. Iwo Jima, on the direct air route from the Marianas to Japan, had to be taken to put an end to the interception of bombers enroute to the enemy homeland. It also was needed as another huge base for the bomber offensive. It served a third purpose—as a haven for crippled planes returning from Japan. Before landing fields were available there, the round-trip flight from Saipan, Tinian and Guam bases required about fourteen hours, entirely over water. Many planes with their crews had fallen into the sea and been lost. Records show that over 850 B-29's each with a crew of eleven men, made emergency landings at Iwo Jima during the first three months after the island was assaulted.

The Iwo Jima campaign (see account of the death of Franklin V. D. Hill in Chapter IV) was launched on February 19, 1945. On that day, Private Arch M. Adam, Jr., went ashore with the Fourth Marine Division. He was a rifleman in Company B, First Battalion, 24th Marines, with Captain William Eddy, of Princeton, New Jersey, as his Company Commander. It was the outfit in which Corporal Parvin R. Stryker, Jr., also served. Leaving Maui (Hawaiian group) on January 1st, the Marines moved to Pearl Harbor to pick up the rest of the con-

voy with the Fifth Marine Division and proceeded to Saipan and Tinian in the Marshall Islands. "I went through the whole campaign without a scratch," Adam later reported. "That is something that not very many could say. Only one out of every four that went in came out walking. I had my share of experiences and close ones and was glad when it was over. Many of my most intimate friends were killed in action on that rock. We remained on the island until it was secure around the 25th of March and then reached Maui April 6th." Adam had entered service June 19, 1944, with training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and Camp LeJeune, North Carolina, before being sent to San Diego, California. He sailed November 13, 1944, for Maui. During the subsequent voyage from Maui to Iwo Jima, Adam had the novel experience of crossing the International Date Line on his birthday, January 29th, thereby going without a birthday in 1945, as a day is lost when the line is traversed from east to west. Returning, however, he crossed the line on Easter Sunday, April 1st, and therefore had two Easter Sundays. Church services were held both days aboard ship. When his Division was de-activated in October, 1945, Adam was transferred to the 18th Service Battalion Service Command, of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, and worked as a motor transport mechanic.

Sergeant John ("Jack") W. Flagg also moved into Iwo Jima on D-Day, being with the 47th Fighter Squadron as an airplane engine mechanic. Although he slept in a fox-hole for about a month, he exulted over the fact that "our fighters have been over Tokyo quite often lately and now I feel I am doing something to get the war over." He was with the Seventh Fighter Command of the 20th Air Force, whose P-51 Mustangs were the first land-based fighter planes to fly over Japan. As escorts for the B-29 bombers, the Mustangs had a job to do and drove Japanese fighters from the air. Jack had entered service in September, 1942. He went to Hawaii in May, 1943, to serve in a Fighter Squadron based there. The plane which he helped to keep in mechanical order was used in shooting down at least three Japanese planes, destroyed another caught on the ground, and performed over a dozen long-range and about as many short-range missions. Tent-life replaced fox-hole existence in due time, while Iwo Jima's sulphur springs provided water with 140-degree temperature for washing of clothes or

taking a bath. Even VE-Day in the European war in May failed to set off any special celebration where Flagg was located, for as he described it "we just bore down on the Japs that much harder so we could get home soon also. We worked on our planes hard all that day so they could go over Tokyo again."

T/5 Paige Hoagland, Jr., admits that he was "excited and scared too" when he first came face to face with Japanese on Iwo Jima. It was his first front-line duty, his primary task being service as a mechanic in the repair of all types of equipment including trucks, "jeeps" and bulldozers. Much of the time, the heavy equipment used in leveling off ground worked close to the Japanese despite danger from rifle fire. However, Hoagland's outfit only lost three men due to these close encounters with the enemy. He was on Iwo Jima from April 24 to December 12, 1945, returning to the States January 2, 1946. Hoagland had entered service March 18, 1943, going to Keesler Field, Mississippi; auto motor school at Talmadge, Alabama, and sailing for New Caledonia, off the east coast of Australia, arriving March 6, 1944. He was at Guadalcanal from April 25th to October 27th, then backtracked to Hawaii for a stay from October 20 until March 15, 1945, when he moved forward to Iwo Jima.

Army photography work almost proved fatal to Captain Fred D. Boice, Jr., husband of Shirley Selbie Boice. With another officer, he was examining an area in the Philippines and came across the bodies of two Japanese officers whose samurai (suicide) swords were still at their sides. Boice reached down and removed one. His companion, about twenty-five feet away, did likewise and in doing so, set off a "booby trap" which blew him to bits. Boice was uninjured. He served with the 7th AAF Combat Camera Unit, and had been over Tokyo on the earliest B-29 flights for observation photography. He was based at various times on Iwo Jima, Okinawa and the Marianas. He took numerous photos of the Japanese surrender ceremonies at various points. He returned to the States in November, 1945.

Hawaiian Islands

The Hawaiian Islands stood at one time as the only sizeable Pacific outpost, with the exception of Midway Island, that could be held with reasonable certainty. The loss of the Philippines was accepted as a necessity, once the Pacific fleet had been severely crippled. Therefore, Hawaii became a focal point for defense activities and subsequently a funnel through which passed a seemingly endless number of men and vast stores of equipment to make war.

George Kenneth Hullfish, MM 3/c, became almost as familiar with Pearl Harbor as with the yard in which he grew up as a boy. He went there with the Navy Ship Repair Service in April, 1944, after brief "boot" training at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Chicago. As he described it, the Pearl Harbor set-up was the "biggest and most modern" in the world. Of necessity, it had become that for the repair work after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in December, 1941, had been colossal. The mild year-round temperature—"never too hot and nice and cool at night to make nice sleeping," as Ken described it—was attractive but there came a time when it was monotonous. However, Hullfish enjoyed being at the "crossroads of the world," seemingly, and met many old chums who arrived at Honolulu going to and from the Southwest Pacific. "Reg" Hurley, Bob Hill, Ray Burd, Jack Flagg, Bruce Vansant, Harry McCandless and Parvin Stryker, to mention only a few, were included. After twenty months' service at Pearl Harbor, Hullfish arrived home on December 31, 1945.

Sergeant B. Carl Hillman, Jr., had extended service in Hawaii, being with a Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion. He had entered the Army June 22, 1943, and remained near Honolulu until his return in March, 1946. Given a day's leave each week, he worked in his off-hours at his normal trade as a compositor, being employed on the Honolulu Daily Advertiser. A red-letter day during his Honolulu stay was Labor Day, 1945, when his brother, Richard, appeared, having been in the Navy about six months.

Corporal Henry F. Orr served on two of the Hawaiian Islands, Maui and Oahu. He was with Company M, 391st Infantry, of the 98th Infantry Division. He sailed April 21, 1944, after training at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky, and

Camp Rucker, Alabama, following his entry into service on October 31, 1942. He served as company clerk. Maui, second largest in the island group, had a point of special interest, a dormant volcano crater. Orr required hospital treatment because of a leg condition and after two months in a hospital in Hawaii, returned by plane from Hickam Field, Honolulu, to California in July, 1945. Subsequently, he was in the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, for four months, but served as a clerk typist in the hospital during a portion of that time.

Charles A. Hausenbauer, Sp. (I) 1/c, styled himself as a "bath-tub sailor." He spent three years and seven months in the service, including duty at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. He attended the International Business Machine School at Enfield, New York, after entering service in July, 1942, and then was on duty in Washington, D. C., until May 14, 1945. Sailing to Hawaii, he helped in the maintenance and repair of IBM equipment. When a mosquito bite compelled him to spend a week in a hospital at Aiea, Charlie commented that "Jersey mosquitoes are nothing compared with the Aiea ones, and I think the 'Seabees' shoulder patch was copied from one of them in action!" He received his discharge in January, 1946.

When T/4 Harry E. McCandless (Field Artillery) was about to start home from Oahu, in the Hawaiian Islands group, in July, 1946, he declared "that the mosquitoes and pineapple bugs have been my only enemies." He had arrived at Oahu in June, 1945, joining an outfit that had been there for seven months. Before the scheduled time to move toward the Philippines or Japan, the war was over. For Harry, the war's aftermath meant a varied round of jobs. Field problems, from which he returned covered with red-shale dust caked on grease and oil from the howitzers, came to an end but other assignments had some of the worst features of earlier experiences. For example, in October, 1945, his outfit moved to Camp Heeia, where they climbed mountains or forced their way through gullies and ravines choked with vines and undergrowth in order to find and blow up duds. Or perhaps they were clearing away barbed wire or brass shell casings and other materiel left behind by the 98th Division. In the gullies, the growth of vines was so dense that the sky was obscured. Koreans assisted in the work, being classified as prisoners-of-war. Some

of those helping with the wire entanglements were boys fourteen and fifteen years of age.

Yet Army life had its amusing experiences for Harry. Entering July 26, 1944, he was sent to Camp Roberts, California, from Fort Dix. Enroute, a porter on their train was dispatched at one of the stopping points in the Arizona desert country to obtain soft drinks, and he missed the train! However, he caught up with it later. Harry took work in communications, including radio and radar, and his class included "Red" Skelton, movie star. From Camp Roberts, McCandless went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, for work in radio mechanics and assembling, map and photograph reading, code, cipher and message handling. Reaching the States late in July, 1946, he was discharged exactly two years to the day from the date of his entry into the Army.

Working as a mechanic on Navy planes, Lester F. Nevius, AMM 3/c, was in Hawaii from May, 1945, to April 27, 1946. The flying ships were being used for patrol work. Nevius had entered the Navy September 8, 1943, training at Great Lakes, Illinois, and Aviation Mechanic School, Memphis, Tennessee. He then was stationed at Alameda, California, from May 20, 1944, to April, 1945, where the work included preparation of planes for dispatch overseas. With the close of the war, he was transferred to the Navy's Transportation Department and engaged in truck driving and related service. He was discharged May 17, 1946.

CHAPTER XIV

Okinawa and Japan

OPERATIONS against Okinawa, in the Ryukyu Islands chain south of Japan, began before the end of the Iwo Jima campaign. The 77th Division seized Kerama Retto after three days' resistance and established artillery positions there within range of Okinawa. The latter was a major objective, adaptable for air operations with Japan's industrial targets only 350 miles distant. Yet the campaign was likely to be the most costly of the Pacific war, for Japan's air force could reach Okinawa with equal ease, while the defending ground forces, estimated at over 100,000, could be reinforced quickly. The plan of attack called for landings on the west coast, with the Third Marine Corps swinging north to seize the mountainous area, while the 24th Army Corps pressed south against the more developed section, with its five airfields, well-defended areas and the capital city of Naha.

Amphibious landings were made April 1st, Easter Sunday, after Okinawa had undergone intensive preliminary gunfire and bombing. Resistance fell short of expectations at the outset. The southern end of the island proved later to be defended by fanatical Japanese and over 100,000 met death before it was secured. American casualties, dead or wounded, totaled 39,000, including 10,000 in the U. S. Navy. Vessels in adjacent waters were subjected to countless attacks by kamikaze suicide planes. About 250 vessels, including landing craft, battleships and carriers were hit by suicide planes, with thirty-four destroyers or smaller craft sunk.

Going ashore on D-Day with the Third Amphibious Marine Corps, Corporal Robert A. Van Doren, found that it was a "standing up" invasion. He moved in with the 12th or 13th wave of troops, striking below Yontan Airfield near Sobe. Van Doren had moved up from Guadalcanal, being enroute since February 22nd, and stopping in the Ulithi group of the Caroline Islands for the rendezvous of ships. It was Van Doren's third invasion. Once ashore, the invasion army spread out. When the Army neared Naha, strong opposition was met and

Marines were detailed to assist. Van Doren moved there with the First Marine Division. The Japanese gradually withdrew into the low hills to the south. Subsequently, Van Doren went north helping to set up a pole line through mountainous territory. "As a matter of fact, I worked all over that island," Van Doren states. "It's sixty-five miles long but I've been from one end to the other. While I was there, I saw more air raids than ever before. In three months, there were at least 1,500." For the Marines, it was their longest campaign, lasting eighty-one days. Van Doren, after observing the Okinawa natives at work, concluded that "I have never seen farm implements so crude. The natives are desperately poor. They are smaller in stature than the Japanese and are regarded as inferior by the Japs, being a mixture of races. We couldn't understand how they could do all their work the hard way. The women carry their children on their backs and tote their potatoes and bundles of clothes on their head. It is unbelievable what weight an Okinawa woman can carry that way. The plots of land being farmed were extremely small and every available inch of ground was used to advantage to sustain the heavy island population." With the back of the resistance broken by June 21st, Van Doren's battalion embarked July 1st on an LST for Saipan and then to a new base on Guam. While enroute, word came that the Japanese had surrendered. Van Doren remained a month at Guam, then moved to Tientsin, North China, for occupation duties. He remained six weeks during October and November, 1945. Tientsin, he recalls, was the city where due to inflated living costs, a hair-cut cost \$300 in Chinese money, or about fifteen cents in American coin. Returning by way of Manila, Van Doren reached the States and was discharged December 28, 1945.

One of the amphibious trucks, better known as "ducks," used in the invasion of Okinawa was driven by Corporal Richard E. Daniels. He was one of eight brothers who saw service. Entering the Army December 15, 1942, he went into the Medical Corps at Fort Dix and trained at Indiantown Gap, Pennsylvania, but subsequently joined the 472nd Amphibious Trucking Company in Camp Gordon Johnson, Florida. The "ducks" were designed to carry troops and supplies from ship to shore, maneuvering on land or water. Richard was sent to Hawaii and participated in the invasion of Leyte, in the

Philippines. When the attack on Okinawa was launched, he moved in with invasion troops. For three days and nights shortly thereafter they were bombed almost continuously and the men virtually lived in mud and water through that period. Richard also served in Korea when troops were sent there to keep the situation under control after the Japanese surrender. His return to the States was in November, 1945.

As if he had not already risked enough in the amphibious invasions of French Morocco, Sicily, Salerno, Italy and Southern France, Chief Storekeeper Harry B. Hunt, Jr., moved into the Pacific in January, 1945. His ACA vessel, the U. S. S. *Arcturus*, was destined to suffer its first damage during the Okinawa invasion, but Hunt, as captain of a crew operating a five-inch gun, received credit for shooting down a Japanese plane. About the same time, a piece of shrapnel hit a hydraulic line on his gun. Striking in the middle of the gun, it injured no one, a lucky miss as far as Hunt was concerned. At the close of the war, he was again near Okinawa and the *Arcturus* was assigned to transporting troops and equipment to Korea and Northern China. In December, 1945, the vessel left for the States, sinking two floating mines enroute, "to end its war activity with a bang," as Hunt describes it. When Hunt was discharged on January 10, 1946, he had spent a total of six years and six additional weeks in the Navy, having enlisted on November 22, 1939.

In a single night during the Okinawa campaign, a landing ship (medium)—LSM 5—on which Homer A. Bruno was a Petty Officer, 3rd class, was threatened by five Japanese suicide boats. The LSM on patrol duty, warded off the attacks and destroyed the vessels. One member of the crew received a slight scratch in the encounters but all others escaped injury and later received commendations. The ship also took part in the demobilization of Japan's territories, being sent to Saisyu, an island below the Korean Peninsula. As the first American to arrive there, the vessel's officers received that island's official surrender. Shortly thereafter, the LSM 5 carried several shiploads of Japanese artillery pieces to dump them a few miles offshore. As a supply ship, the vessel continued from port to port and chanced upon an American ship in distress after it had hit a mine off Korea. It was the U. S. S. *Bridge*, a refrigerator ship. The LSM 5 supplied pumping equipment

to enable the crippled ship to lower the water in its engine room, where the explosion had caused the most damage. With the aid of two smaller craft, the LSM towed the crippled ship safely to port. Again, the crew won a special commendation. But LSM 5 later had troubles of its own. Enroute to Marcus Island, northeast of the Marianas, the landing vessel struck a coral reef and the damage was so severe that the ship had to be abandoned. Bruno was transferred to LSM 140. He had been in service since August, 1944, as a radar operator (Rd M 3/c).

"I will never forget our first nights of air attacks when we heard unseen Jap planes fly low over us," Herbert E. Wilson, RDM 3/c, has stated, in regard to his service adjacent to Okinawa on the U. S. S. Brock. "Nor will I forget how it felt when we joyously and breathlessly saw a night fighter splash a large enemy bomber which burned in bright orange flames on the water in the dark, several miles astern of us. Sleep? What was sleep when routed out of our bunks several times during the night to man our battle stations for another alert? Some of us manned our stations so often that we ran into ourselves coming off watch." On a subsequent day, a Japanese plane tried to crash into the U. S. S. Brock but fortunately, the "suicide" plane also was shot down in flames.

Typhoon weather, especially a terrific blow that hit Okinawa and the surrounding area in October, 1945, created added hazards and hardships for American soldiers and sailors. Whole camp areas were leveled, lives lost and many persons injured.

The typhoon was perilously near the U. S. S. Knox, an attack transport on which Robert I. Hill, MM 2/c, and Raymond W. Burd, MM 2/c, were serving near Nagaya, Japan. The attack transport's crew agreed that it was the worst spell of continued bad weather they had encountered during eighteen months' service. Bob described it as follows: "We went off our course for approximately ten to twelve hours, skirting the heavy storm. The next day we were riding the edge of it and the 'ole tub' was really pitching. I was up on the bow when we hit a few hollows and swells that washed our anchor. The bottom of the ship is about eighty feet below that. When loaded, the Knox draws about twenty to twenty-five feet but when she got to pitching you could see the bottom of the bow,

so the anchor dipped about sixty feet. We surely were glad that we were loaded pretty heavy or it would have been a lot worse." Bob and Ray went ashore when the ship reached Wakayama, Japan. "Our cow stables at home are sweeter," Bob declared.

Aboard an LSM enroute to Japan, Staff Sergeant Elmer J. Lutz, Jr., felt the full force of the typhoon also. The ship was off the coast of Okinawa at the time. "We took quite a beating," he reported. "During those three days the ship split in seven places and was leaking pretty badly. We also lost part of the bow. Our compartment was almost knee-deep in water. We finally reached Japan twenty-one days after leaving Subic Bay, in the Philippines, a trip that normally takes six or seven days."

Captain Robert M. Moyer (Engineers) was among those who lost all personal property except the uniform he was wearing. He had sailed July 8, 1945, for the Southwest Pacific. His earlier Army service, totaling five years in all, had been with the Engineers Divisions, Sixth Army Corps, at Providence, Rhode Island, and at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. After his Okinawa experience, he moved to Matsuyama (Kyu-shu) in Japan, and was on duty in that country for some time before returning to the States for his discharge in the spring of 1946.

On the night that the typhoon hit Okinawa, Frank I. Maple, S 2/c, was on duty cooking and baking for the 40th Naval Construction ("Seabees") Battalion there. He had been on the island since D-Day. The storm came suddenly, tearing the roof off the building. Frank was knocked over but remained in the damaged kitchen until the worst of the storm had passed. Before leaving for home, Maple flew to Japan on a B-29. He remained only a short time and returned to Okinawa. Earlier he had been in the Marianas. His basic training was at Sampson, New York, after which he went to Camp Endicott, Rhode Island, and Camp Parks, California, then overseas in January, 1945. He returned in March, 1946.

John F. Corcoran, a Navy coxswain, was on Okinawa when the typhoon hit and regards it as one experience that he hopes will never be duplicated. He was on duty with the 301st "Seabees" Battalion. To them fell part of the task of restoring

order after the storm had passed. "Corky" previously had been in the Marshall and Caroline Islands and at Ie Shima, off Okinawa. He served in the Navy from April 11, 1944, to January 19, 1946, with training and service at Bainbridge, Maryland; Staten Island, New York; Little Creek, Virginia; Hunter's Point and San Bruno, California.

By plane, supplies and equipment were rushed to Okinawa to replace that lost during the typhoon. Lieutenant Harold Temple, first pilot with a Troop Carrier Squadron then based in Manila, was among those who flew into Okinawa to relieve the situation. He hauled tents and supplies on the five-hour flight over 800 miles of churning Pacific water. In subsequent trips, Temple flew around the edge of the stormy weather area. On one trip, his plane was loaded with tent pegs.

One of the best ways to forget about a typhoon, according to Private J. Orville Holcombe, is to watch other Liberty ships nearby as they virtually disappear beneath the sea, coming up a few seconds later to ride the crest of a mountainous wave, much of the keel atilt out of the water. Holcombe was aboard the Liberty ship General Collins lying off an Okinawa beach-head when a warning of the severe typhoon came. The risk of being driven upon the beach prompted orders to head the vessel out to sea, there to ride out the storm. And that's what the General Collins did—thirty miles out from Okinawa. "But it was pretty windy," as Holcombe understates it. "They claimed it blew 150 miles an hour there at one time. The wind seemed to come in fits of violence. The rigging screeched in the gale. When you saw those other ships dipping down, you'd think every minute that they were gone to stay. Somehow, you don't worry as much about yourself when you're watching the other fellow. But after being out there for three days, we went back to Okinawa, and after that sailed straight through to San Pedro, California." The General Collins was carrying between 4,000 and 5,000 troops homeward-bound from India and China, as well as about 1,600 medical officers, Army nurses and enlisted personnel of medical units. The medical group had shipped from Calcutta, India, with Manila as their announced destination. However, the Japanese surrender in mid-August changed that. The medical outfit was not needed there, it developed, and so advised, the captain of the General Collins stopped at Hollandia, New Guinea, and at Okinawa in

the hope that he could clear the "extras," releasing the homeward bound ship for a dash to California. Then came the typhoon. The injuries sustained by military personnel on Okinawa created an urgent need for the medics, who were not too reluctant to disembark after experiencing the typhoon at sea. Incidentally, Holcombe's trip from India to the Pacific Coast consumed sixty-five days. After that, Holcombe took a plane east and was honorably discharged on October 15, 1945. His military service had taken him completely around the world.

Holcombe had another stormy weather experience on that same trip that can be credited to or blamed in part on the skipper of the General Collins. The skipper had orders it seems, to remain in harbor in Australia because of bad weather. However, eager to complete the voyage around Southern Australia and to get home himself, he headed out to sea—storm or no storm. The battering seas when the blow was at its height damaged the bow of the vessel, according to Holcombe, and some of the waves even went over the ship's super-structure. According to "scuttle-butt" aboard ship, the General Collins was able to pull out of a seventy-degree roll and Holcombe says that "some of us figured out that we were doing at least thirty-five degrees at times." He declared that "during a little lull, I walked down the deck and with rubber matting under foot and wearing rubber-soled shoes, I could keep on my feet although as I walked along, I could touch the deck with one hand without leaning sideward."

Fred A. Larmon, Jr., S 1/c, is another who regarded the typhoon off Okinawa as the never-to-be-forgotten event of his Navy career. He was aboard an LST as a gunner, moving into Pacific waters as the war neared its conclusion. The LST had left New York June 13, 1945, proceeding to Pearl Harbor and Okinawa. Subsequently, Larmon went to Sasebo, Japan, returning to Okinawa, and then via Saipan, Guam and Hawaii, to San Diego, California, which he reached December 11, 1945. After six days at home, he reported on the West Coast for further duty. His training after entering the Navy August 5, 1944, had been at Sampson, New York; Fort Pierce, Florida; Camp Bradford, Norfolk, Virginia, and Boston, Massachusetts.

Japan

Overwhelming forces concentrated in Okinawa and the Philippines for the invasion of Japan. The master plan called for a campaign to be launched in the fall of 1945 against Kyushu, southernmost of the Japanese islands, to be followed in the early spring of 1946 with an invasion directed at Honshu and in close proximity to Tokyo. Meanwhile, bombing planes were driving home to the Japanese that defeat was inevitable. Then the first atomic bomb was dropped August 6, 1946, on Hiroshima. A second bomb caused even greater destruction at Nagasaki on August 9th. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union had declared war on Japan. The Japanese government asked for peace terms on August 10th. Acceptance of the conditions for the termination of hostilities on August 14th ended World War II.

"Herb" Wilson moved into Tokyo Bay on the U. S. S. Brock on September 14th, after a six-day run from Manila escorting twenty-two APAs carrying about 35,000 men for duty as occupation troops. They reached Yokohama despite a typhoon that tried to overtake them and compelled them to alter their course to get out of its reaches. He described the scene as he entered Tokyo Bay as follows: "The first sight that greeted us was the Stars and Stripes waving from a lighthouse at the bay entrance. The bay itself was filled with American warships of all kinds, troopships and merchantmen. The Japs, after being told that practically our entire Navy had been destroyed, must have been greatly surprised to see all these ships. We anchored off Yokohama and on clear days could see the top of Mt. Fujiyama, but the base of the mountain was always hidden by clouds. During a two-hour 'liberty' in Yokosuka, a suburb of Yokohama, I saw more than enough of the place. The only modern improvements were cement roads used by a few autos from the U. S. The streets had no definite pattern, but seemed to run every direction. Most of the buildings were run down ramshackle affairs. The principal industries appeared to be fishing and making fancy souvenirs. The odor was terrific! The people were dirty and seemed like a very motley bunch. Their clothing consisted of everything from pieces of military clothing to just plain rags. Most people wore wooden clogs for shoes. The women were very short and carried their babies on their backs. I don't believe I have

ever seen a more delapidated, stinking, depressing place in my life. Yet everyone seemed to have plenty of money. Even the little children ran around with fists full of it. A yen was worth about seven cents in American money. We were not allowed to take any of our money ashore but we took cigarettes, candy, soap, etc., and traded them for Jap money or souvenirs. A pack of cigarettes brought ten yen or about seventy cents, and soap about the same. I took four packs of cigarettes ashore and when I came back I had a fan, victrola record, history book, some postcards and about a dollar's worth of Jap money. The original cost of the cigarettes was twenty-four cents." Leaving Tokyo Bay for Leyte, Wilson found that his trip to the Philippines was the roughest he experienced. The ship left its course repeatedly to keep away from typhoons, so prevalent at that season of the year.

When Japan capitulated, Private First Class Thomas F. Pessel was enroute with U. S. Marines to that country, having left Saipan two days earlier. "On the second night out from Saipan all the lights on the ship came on and that gavé us a big thrill," Pessel states. Soon they learned that they would move in as occupational troops, although in readiness as combat forces if treachery developed. Pessel reached Sasebo, Kyushu, September 23, 1945, the beginning of a long stay for him in the Japanese homeland.

Tom's friends back home always marvelled that he was retained in service, in view of severe injuries to his neck and back sustained when a truck he was driving overturned a few months before he enlisted in the Marine Corps in October, 1944. In fact, when he left home on November 1st for active duty, his return within a few days was anticipated. His injuries had required the wearing of a cast to hold his head rigid, followed by operations during his period of recuperation. But once in the Marine Corps, Tom underwent strenuous training at Parris Island, South Carolina, and Camp LeJeune, New River, North Carolina, before moving to Camp Pendleton, Oceanside, California. He was assigned to the Fifth U. S. Marine Division. He left San Francisco on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, and was in Pearl Harbor four days later. After a week, he moved to the island of Hawaii where high up in the mountains strenuous training was undergone preparatory to the invasion of Japan. Pessel's outfit left the Fifth Marine

Division camp there on August 27th for Honolulu, and sailed for Saipan and Japan three days thereafter. He was serving with Company I, 3rd Battalion, of the 28th Marines. After the landing at Sasebo, Kyushu, Pessel and his group pushed inland about five mountains to a Japanese Naval Academy in the hilly section of the island. "It wasn't so bad," Pessel later wrote, "although we had to move the fleas out first and they took a little meat along with them." A week later, the Marines moved ten miles further back to a mountain resort town where they found four huge warehouses filled with explosives. Soon, they learned that they were to maintain order and supervise a district eighty miles in radius and extending along the coast. The territory included the city of Nagasaki, where the second atom bomb had been dropped. One third of the city, with a population exceeding 250,000 was destroyed. "A sad looking place," Pessel commented after he had seen it two or three months later.

Moving eight miles to the northern tip of Kyushu, Pessel reached the city of Moji. Concerning the journey, he commented: "As we passed the little towns, the people came out to wave, while at Moji it looked as if the whole countryside had turned out to meet us. The streets were lined with people, so we formed as a company and paraded down the main streets to let them know that the Americans had arrived." In Moji, the Marines guarded banks, City Hall and a tunnel connecting the islands of Kyushu and Honshu. Marine groups also made a succession of trips to take over points not previously reached by American troops. Pessel later moved back to Sasebo, the base for the Fifth Marine Division. In January, Tom was transferred to the Second U. S. Marine Division. This meant a move to Shimonoseki, near Moji, to relieve Army units that had been at that station. He marvelled at the extensive and adequate facilities provided for Army personnel. In the months that followed, his work continued to be the tasks associated with occupational troops. In his spare time, he collected war relics and souvenirs. Included was a huge Japanese flag, with the white faded to a dirty gray. Tom sent it home but he cautioned his mother that he wanted it kept as received because it had Japanese symbols inscribed upon it. Mrs. Pessel, hanging it on the clothes line for an occasional airing, was surprised one day when one of Tom's chums telephoned to say that "if you're going to hang out the Japanese flag, we

may have to come up there and seize the place." Thereafter, Mrs. Pessel tried to fold the flag over the line in such a manner that its identity was not so readily disclosed.

C. Theodore ("Dorty") Wyckoff, Navy Lieutenant (jg), also had an opportunity to see the damage wrought by the atomic bomb at Nagasaki. He had reached Kyushu from Okinawa in September, 1945. "Dorty" was deck officer on the landing ship LST 1134 and had made a trip to the Philippines before going north to Sasebo (Kyushu). The damage at Nagasaki was indescribable, he declared. His LST also made stops at Fukuoka, Yokohama and Wakayama, in Japan. Wyckoff went overseas on May 12, 1945, following training that started July 25, 1944, at Princeton University and continued at Miami and Fort Pierce, Florida, and Camp Bradford, Virginia. He was discharged April 6, 1946, after making twenty-four trips by LST into twenty different ports. As deck officer, his duties involved standing watch and being responsible for the safety of the ship, crew and cargo. He also served as stores officer, handling records as to food, supplies and materials. During emergencies when battle stations were maintained, Wyckoff's post was on the fantail of the LST. His service record, after passing through the Panama Canal, included runs to Pearl Harbor, Oahu, Eniwetok, Ulithi, Guam, Saipan, Okinawa, Leyte, Subic Bay, Calicoan and Lingayen Gulf in the Philippines.

The submissive attitude of the Japanese, civilian and military alike, amazed everyone who went into the Land of the Rising Sun in the weeks following surrender. However, full precautions were taken by American units against deceit or uprisings. Difficulties soon narrowed down at most points to combatting attempts by Japanese at pilfering American army equipment or supplies. Private First Class Orville L. Carkhuff learned at first hand about that while on guard duty one night at the Suzuka Naval Arsenal, transformed into an air base. Carkhuff, who had arrived in Japan September 27th from Oahu (Hawaiian Islands), described the experience as follows: "I have a swell souvenir which I acquired while on guard one night. It was about 7:30 and quite dark when I spotted three Japs in front of a barracks about thirty yards away. I just got a glimpse of them so I stayed in the shadow of a small shack to see which way they would go. The first

thing I knew they were about ten feet in front of me and carrying a couple of small tables. They just about jumped out of their skins when I yelled, 'Halt!' I figured they were just three civilians carrying off some no-good furniture. When they saw my carbine, they ducked around the shack and took off across the road. I fired five shots in the air in the direction they went. Then came the surprise. I went back to see just what they did have and there, against a telephone pole, stood a samurai sword! Had I known they were carrying a sword they would not have gotten away so easily. Our lieutenant was a little peeved because I shot over their heads instead of at them."

Carkhuff, upon his arrival in Japan, moved to the Tashio airfield near Osaka where he lived in pup tents until flooded out by rains. "It rained for almost a week and we really had a wet, miserable time of it," Carkhuff reported. "We finally found a new area and I happened to be on the advance detail picked to go there to get the place cleaned up so we could all move in. We worked there nearly a week before the rest of the battalion could move. It had two rows of barracks, a 1,000-man mess hall, a large auditorium and other small buildings. There wasn't a seat or chair in the auditorium, only square straw mats about one inch thick. It was surprising how soft they were. There was a place outside the door to wash your feet and when the Japs used to come inside, they took off their shoes and put them in racks. Then they squatted on the mats. We had about 200 Japs there every day working for us. They were hired through the government and worked for one yen a day, equal to a little more than six cents in American money. The Japanese people were very friendly and most of them would do anything in their power to please the American soldier.

"After we were there about two weeks, I was picked out with five others from our battery to go on a target detail. We packed all of our equipment and went to the Nara railroad station. There we got on a special car and got off at Tsu around twelve o'clock. We rode on a blue coach which was supposed to be the best car on the line. It was almost as good as our average day coach at home. At Tsu we loaded on three weapon carriers and headed for our target. The people in that section had seen few Americans and were very much afraid of us. When we passed a village there wouldn't be a

soul in sight but after we had passed, they would look out of their doors to watch us out of sight. The people had been fed so much propoganda about how cruel the Americans were that they were scared to death of us. An interpreter told us that they had all their valuables hidden away in the hills because they believed we would steal them.

"Arriving at the Suzuka Naval Arsenal, we found two large air fields with 500 to 600 planes. Most of them were Zeros and training planes, with a few bombers. The hangars were full of equipment—everything from wrenches to torpedoes. I found some precision tools made in Germany, a couple of sextants and other navigation instruments made in England and even some radio tubes made in the U. S. At one time, there were 15,000 men here. The place had been bombed once by a B-29 and five other planes, according to what one Jap told us. Some hangars had shell and bullet holes in the roofs from strafing. I rode around Osaka before going to Suzuka and saw just what our boys and their B-29s had accomplished. There were whole areas completely devastated with only the shell of a modern building left standing here and there. It might be interesting to note that a lot of people here had never heard of Pearl Harbor and were told that we started the war."

Originally, Carkhuff had been in the Infantry. He entered service in January, 1945, training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and moving to Fort George J. Meade, Maryland, in June. Instead of embarking for Europe, he was sent across country and to Oahu, with a transfer to the Field Artillery. He returned to the States in December, but lived aboard ship for two additional weeks because of congested rail traffic. He re-enlisted for a year and began his new tour of duty in February, 1946, going to the South.

Thomas Bregenzer, S 1/c, was a man of few words when it came to describing Tokyo. "It's nothing to brag about," he said. He arrived there in September, aboard a merchant ship. He was in the Navy from the fall of 1942, taking early training at Newport, Rhode Island.

First Lieutenant Charles P. Hixson engaged in counter-intelligence work in Okinawa and also in Korea. He was with Headquarters, Tenth Army. His Army service extended from January, 1941, to January, 1946.

Private Robert Solan moved into Tokyo with the U. S. Marines. He had taken radio work at Memphis, Tennessee, before going to the Pacific Islands. One day while enjoying a leisurely swim, he heard someone call, "Hey, Bob." Bob looked around and there stood Sidney C. Lutz, S 1/c, who was on the island with a Naval Construction Battalion. "Boy, it's a small world after all," Bob declared. They spent the afternoon together, discussing events back home and experiences since entering the service. Sidney Lutz had entered the Navy in August, 1944, going to Sampson, New York. Assigned to the Seabees he trained at Camp Rousseau and Camp Parks, California, before sailing.

Even though it was September 25th and the ink on the Japanese surrender documents had long since dried, the 136th Infantry made a beachhead invasion landing on that date. The point of arrival was Wakayama, below the city of Osaka (Honshu). Corporal Thomas W. McCandless, serving with the 136th, was among those who waded ashore from landing craft in a rough sea. On the beach, the men dried out and ate K rations. A four-mile hike, with full packs, was followed by a train trip to barracks at Shinden, about ten miles south of Kyoto. They located adjacent to an airplane factory. It was a welcome change from Wakayama, which had been badly damaged by bombs. But Tom found the narrow streets of Shinden deserted at night. The Japanese stayed indoors but passersby could hear the hum of their voices. "The houses are built right on the edge of the street—no sidewalks nor curbs," Tom observed. Describing rail travel in Japan at that time, he said:

"The railroads are very good. They have many small electric cars, about like the 'dinky' that goes through Hopewell, and they make a lot of stops, like street cars. We saw lots of trucks and busses sitting along the roads. They hadn't been run in a long time and lacked tires. Evidently, they couldn't get gas or tires. There are some autos and some trucks running. Many have been converted to charcoal burners with the mechanism in the trunk or mounted in the back of the trucks. We passed through a lot of farming country. They use every inch of ground and plant right up to the buildings. Even the sides of steep hills are used for orchards. All the level ground is planted with rice. It's good to see

decent houses for a change from the grass and bamboo shacks on Luzon. The Japs are co-operating O. K. and are using their own police force and operating the trains. Everything is strictly military. Even the police and railroad men salute each other. Every one salutes us and some even bow. The people differ. Some seem very friendly and full of smiles, others just look. We saw some Jap soldiers going home and they just walked past with their heads down and never noticed, just as though we weren't there. The kids are always the same. They shout and wave with some of them saluting with big toothy smiles on their faces. Many of the Japs wear arm bands reading 'Police,' 'Railway,' 'Interpreter,' 'Plumber,' etc. They have evidently been O. K.'d by the Army."

Later Tom had an opportunity to have a meal with a Japanese family. Eating with chopsticks came easy, he said. Here is GI Tom's description of the event: "We were invited to a Jap's home and took him up on it to see what it was like. We were entertained in the best Jap manner. This guy owns a machine shop and is pretty well off, I guess. We met his wife and kids and then took off our shoes and went into the living room. Unlike most Jap homes, they had chairs. Usually they sit on pillows around a table about a foot high. They brought us all kinds of food. Some was good and some just so-so. There must have been half a dozen different kinds of sea food. I ate crab, squid, and about three kinds of fish, one being sardines. They also had a pudding made out of rice but nothing like what we make. We had several kinds of fruit and vegetables, most of them strange, but including tangerines, just like ours. Eating with chopsticks isn't so hard as you might imagine after about five minutes' practice. We had saki which is rice wine served hot to drink. They drink it from small china cups and serve it from 'vases.' We also had green tea. Before we left, they gave us flags and a cigarette case."

McCandless had been in Luzon, Philippines, since June, 1945. He entered the Army in February, 1943, being with the Army Air Force at Atlantic City, New Jersey; Seymour Johnson Field, North Carolina; and Drew Field, Tampa, Florida, studying airplane radio mechanics. He was shifted to the Medical Detachment of his bomber squadron, driving ambulances and a "jeep," after it was discovered that he suffered from color blindness. Subsequently, he was in the Air Force Technical

Supply, handling repair parts at Harding Field, Baton Rouge, Louisiana; at Hammond, Louisiana, with a Fighter Group, and at Abilene, Texas, with an AAF Base Unit. He was shifted to the Infantry in February, 1945, and received intensive training at Camp Howze, Texas, for six weeks prior to moving to an eastern embarkation area in April, 1945. Orders were changed and instead of crossing the Atlantic, Tom was sent to the California coast and by June was in Manila. After duty in Japan, he returned to the States to be discharged in February, 1946.

CHAPTER XV

With The Navy

IF World War II had simply been a two-ocean conflict, fought by traditional methods, it would have been a tremendous task for the United States Navy. Division of Naval strength is hazardous under most circumstances. But World War II called for more than the solution of problems involved in a two-ocean situation, through the use of destroyers, cruisers, submarines, a few aircraft carriers and smaller fleet units to protect convoys and carry the fight to enemy shipping. The Navy employed new equipment and new methods that would have been branded sheer foolhardiness in other wars. It employed newly designed vessels such as LSTs and LSMs and the amphibious "duck." It expanded its carrier groups to unheard of numbers, whose planes widened the effective range of surface vessels and participated in the sinking of enemy shipping. Naval vessels moved close ashore in pre-invasion activities, then lingered to use ship armament to neutralize shore areas, carrying on ship-to-shore communication to bring naval gunfire into action against directed points in a matter of minutes. Construction battalions ("Seabees") of the Navy went ashore with invasion troops to facilitate the prompt delivery of essential supplies. Navy personnel served as armed guards to man guns on merchant vessels; swifter vessels shielded convoys moving to all parts of the world; mine-sweepers covered countless square miles of water to lessen the hazards for other vessels. The Navy had a tremendous job to do and kept everlastingly at it until victory was won—and long after, for it still had the task of maintaining patrols and bringing home thousands who had served in the armed forces in all parts of the world.

Mine-sweeping—let's take a look at that with William H. Wyckoff, SM 2/c. Bill entered the Navy in November, 1942, and originally was slated for submarine training. Instead, he went aboard a submarine chaser doing patrol duty in the Atlantic. He was reassigned and went to Sicily with a convoy for the invasion of that island. He spent most of 1944 on the

mine-sweeper, U. S. S. *Prevail*, in the Mediterranean war zone, locating mines and destroying them before hapless vessels encountered them. Wyckoff returned to the States aboard the *Prevail* in December, 1944. Following leave, he returned to the mine-sweeper for service in the Pacific. The vessel, having mostly a new crew, proceeded to Oahu (Hawaii), and to the Marshall and Marianas Islands, then to Okinawa and Japan. Bill figured in the invasion of Okinawa and experienced the dangers arising from Jap "suicide" planes. On the bridge of the *Prevail* was painted a good-sized scoreboard, with Jap and German flags to indicate planes and mines that had been destroyed. "For a mine-sweeper, we really knocked them down," Bill reported.

One of his last sweeping operations was in the waters between the China coast and the Japanese mainland, while preparations for the invasion of Japan were in full swing. Bill was operating out of Okinawa at the time. The first big clean-up was in the China Sea and consisted of over 100 sweeps, with smaller craft assisting as mine-destruction vessels. It was said to be the biggest sweeping operation ever carried out. The mine field was 150 miles long and sixty miles wide. Shortly thereafter, another sweeping operation was executed off the southern tip of Japan, and covered an ocean area thirty-five miles wide. Bill wrote: "Both operations were done before the end of the war, so we were sticking our necks out as usual. The invasion of the homeland was set for November 1st so that accounts for the big sweep jobs. We were subject to air assaults, but I've seen worse." Wyckoff returned to the States in November, 1945, to be discharged.

To maintain hundreds of vessels of all types in top form, fleet supply ships carried everything conceivable and went everywhere, as Vernon I. Temple, MM 2/c, learned. He was on the U. S. S. *Pollux*. From August, 1943, until he returned in November, 1945, for discharge, the vessel touched the Pacific Coast only three times, including its last trip. The *Pollux*, known as AKS 4 (auxiliary cargo supply) had been built in Bayonne, New Jersey, and carried a crew of 250 and about 130 passengers. Its catalog of supplies included such items as torpedoes, ammunition, steel plates, valves, fittings, electrical equipment, foodstuffs, clothing, precision tools and instruments, paint, brushes and brooms, mops and buckets—even

fresh water and Diesel engine oil for smaller craft. Vernon, entering the Navy November 28, 1942, had attended the Machinist Mate School at Wentworth Institute, Boston, from April to July, 1943, after "boot" training at Sampson, New York. Aboard the Pollux, he was throttle and engine room maintenance man. The Pollux left Bayonne in June, 1943, moving to Norfolk, and then through the Panama Canal to Sydney, Australia. Approaching Sydney, the ship encountered three days of typhoon weather. Waves ran forty feet high, with the wind a ninety-mile-an-hour gale. The Pollux ran at reduced speed, but took water fore and aft, the whole topside awash at times. With cargo aboard deck as well as in the hold, the ship had an added roll, as it creaked and groaned. Unloading and then reloading in Australia, the Pollux joined a convoy at Townsville, and moved to Milne Bay, New Guinea.

In the months that followed, it was back and forth across the equator many times. For a considerable time, the vessel operated from Australia, then out of Milne Bay and later from Hollandia. The ship's crew regretted the cessation of runs down to Australia as that cut off the supply of fresh food. Instead, dehydrated potatoes, milk and other foods similarly treated became the regular fare. The infrequency of trips back to the Pacific Coast was due to the Navy's system of shipping goods in huge cases aboard Victory ships to general supply points. At the latter, supply ships like the Pollux would take aboard the materials for delivery to the individual ships. At times, the transfer of supplies to other ships would be made adjacent to islands, as in the Gilberts, Marshalls, Marianas and off Borneo. Again, the demands of the hour might require the transfer to be made at sea. The Pollux had its share of submarine scares but was never strafed by enemy planes. When it moved into the Lingayen Gulf during the conquest of the Philippines, fighting was still in progress on the beaches with plenty of air activity not far distant.

The long runs, during which the crew members had alternately four hours on duty, eight hours off, were bound to be monotonous. As Vernon described it, "We saw the same faces, the same surroundings and lived in the same hot climate for two years. In the engine room, the temperature averaged from 120 to 124 degrees with poor ventilation. During the eight hours off, we had to go 'topside,' there to hunt for a shady place. In the bulkhead and compartments, it was always

ninety degrees for the sea water was usually eighty-four to eighty-six degrees. But while 'topside,' perhaps lying on a cot, it would frequently start to rain, particularly if we were close to islands, and then we would be driven below deck."

One day someone suggested growing a beard. Vernon and three or four others "let 'er grow." The beards eventually became a red-hot issue. Vernon's beard, for example, grew to be three inches long, with full mustache and goatee! He had it for nine months. The captain, it was learned, wanted the beards shaved off but he couldn't order it as long as the beards were kept trimmed and neat. However, word came to the "beard growers" through the engineering officer that "you ought to shave 'em off." But the proud possessors said "Nothing doing," or words to that effect. Their desire was to retain the beards until they reached San Francisco and could be photographed. In fact, Vernon had two or three "liberties" ashore before he let a razor be applied, and during those trips he admits that pedestrians stared at him and children laughed. The pay-off came when he returned aboard ship after his visit to the barber shop. The ship had acquired a new crew just a few days earlier and to Vernon's amazement, he was asked several times by those with whom he had been serving for months, "Are you new in the ship's company?"

On his second trip back to the States in October, 1944, Temple was married in San Francisco. His bride was Miss Wilma Grube, a graduate nurse at the Somerville (N. J.) Hospital. He was discharged from the Navy November 14, 1945.

Service on a cargo ship also took George O. Phillips, SF 1/c, to the Pacific. He was a veteran of World War I but re-enlisted in 1943. While he had hoped for active service at sea, preferably aboard a destroyer, he was held at Davisville and Camp Endicott, Rhode Island, serving as a steamfitter and instructor for sixteen months. Transfer to Tompkinsville, Staten Island, followed, after which he returned to Newport, Rhode Island. There he was assigned to a ship detail in January, 1945. He liked the teamwork aboard ship, explaining that "We can thank God that our American youth has been taught team work up through the years, because that has been a great asset in our program of training." His ship was the U. S. S. Vinton, AKA 83 (auxiliary carrier). It was commissioned at Baltimore and loaded cargo at Norfolk, Virginia. Thence, it sailed

to Pearl Harbor for unloading. It was reloaded with stores to be taken to Eniwetok (Marshall Islands) and Guam (Marianas). The Vinton then sailed for Okinawa. Returning to Guam, Phillips required hospital care because of a back injury. He was flown from Guam to Guadalcanal, then to Honolulu where he was in the Navy Base Hospital No. 8, at Pearl Harbor. Subsequently, he returned by ship from Honolulu to San Francisco, and was discharged in July, 1945.

Duties at a Naval Supply Depot at Calicoan, about 350 miles south of Manila in the Philippines, were handled by Grover C. Bodine, Jr., S 1/c. The depot served the Seventh Fleet with supplies. Bodine worked as a supervisor of torque-lift trucks. He had been in California late in 1944 but remained in the Philippines until October 7, 1945, then returning to be discharged on October 27th. Bodine began Navy service November 19, 1942, with "boot" at Newport, Rhode Island. At Buffalo, he was in the ship's company for the U. S. S. Sable, a former lake steamer converted into a training aircraft carrier. It operated on Lake Michigan and anchored near Chicago. Bodine was aboard ship as a helmsman from May 8, 1943, to October 21, 1944, then going to California.

Richard ("Pooch") P. Embley, S 1/c, was in a far different type of service in the Navy. He spent two and a half years from September 15, 1943, to March 20, 1946, aboard the U. S. S. Durik (DE 666), a destroyer escort vessel. He was at Bainbridge, Maryland, and Norfolk, Virginia, before going on convoy duty. The Durik operated from the East Coast to ports in the Mediterranean Sea, including Casablanca, in French Morocco; Oran, Algeria, Bizerte and Tunisia, in North Africa; Palermo, Sicily. Embley made four trips to the Mediterranean and also visited the West Indies, Bermuda and Horta in the Azores. He was a qualified coxswain for twelve months, in charge of the ship's motor whale boat, and later a gunner's mate striker and responsible for the maintenance and repair of several guns. He also was a helmsman for eighteen months.

Raymond W. Burd and Robert I. Hill always regarded it as rare good luck that they, as old friends, went through the war as close companions. They were aboard the U. S. S. Knox, APA 46, an attack troop transport. Their extended duty in

the Pacific began in April, 1944, and continued until November, 1945. Both served in the refrigeration plant aboard ship, but that didn't prevent Bob from developing a fungus growth, attributed to the Southwest Pacific climate, that compelled him to remain "topside" until the sores healed. Bob went into the Navy in June, 1943, attending the Machinist Mate Service School at Norfolk, Virginia, after "boot" training at Bainbridge, Maryland. The U. S. S. Knox was commissioned in March, 1944, at Brooklyn, and Bob and Ray, as members of the ship's crew, went there from Newport, Rhode Island, for the ceremonies. The vessel was equipped with landing barges and accommodations to carry troops destined to take part in invasions or other operations. Their journeys took them to Hawaii, Saipan, Tinian and Guam in the Marianas, as well as Luzon and Leyte in the Philippines, and New Guinea and New Caledonia, as well as numerous other smaller islands.

For the invasion of Saipan and Tinian in June, 1944, the U. S. S. Knox carried troops, including the outfit in which an acquaintance, Corporal Parvin R. Stryker, Jr. (U. S. Marines), was serving. In October, the attack transport was carrying out a similar errand at Leyte in the Philippines. As Bob Hill explained it later, "We were there bright and early on D-Day and put the boys ashore and saw a little excitement but that is all part of the job. It makes a fellow sort of proud to know that he helped, even in a small way, to put General MacArthur and his boys back on soil that they had once fought for and lost but went back to win." Later off Luzon, Japanese planes attacked the U. S. S. Knox but the ship's gun crews brought three down, while the fourth attempted a suicide dive at the vessel but plunged into the ocean. The Knox spent more than thirty days in Philippine waters during the height of activity there.

While in Honolulu, Bob dispatched an orchid by air mail as a wedding anniversary gift to his wife, Ina Conover Hill, and it arrived in excellent condition after four days. And speaking of gifts, there was the red-and-white striped necktie that she sent to him as a little joke for Christmas, 1944, after he had commented the previous year that it didn't seem like Christmas, with no neckties. Others in the crew dared him to wear it when he answered muster, so Bob did. It went over big.

In June, 1945, the ship returned to the west coast for an overhaul. The crew called it a "lucky break." The Knox had raced another ship to Pearl Harbor for the sake of getting its overhaul job started first. The Knox lost out, and when it developed that only one drydock was available, the Knox was sent on to Portland, Oregon. As a result, the crew obtained leave and Bob and Ray reached home for a brief stay. Within seventy-two hours, Bob was riding a tractor-combine cutting a field of wheat, but even though the sweat rolled off and the wheat "beards" dug into him, Bob said he was "as happy as they come." Bob and Ray returned to California by plane, and six days later were again at Pearl Harbor, with the Knox leaving there for Leyte with the transport squadron of the Seventh Fleet. Bob returned home November 18, 1945, and was discharged before the end of the month.

Ray Burd probably summed up the opinion of most American sailors and soldiers when, commenting in April, 1945, that "I don't believe there are too many places left for us to visit out in these waters," he added, "You see one and you've seen all, anyway." Ray was discharged within three days of Bob, although they did not return at the same time, Hill's papers being rushed through when word was received that his mother, Mrs. Leon Hill, had died October 22, 1945.

The Navy's LSTs (landing ship, tank) were utilized on the ocean like work horses on a farm. Whenever there was a job to be done, the LSTs seemed to fit somewhere into the picture. Over 300 feet in length, they were planned to carry military units and cargo. When improved guns were designed, suitable for installation on the LSTs, the LSTs took on stature as combat vessels. For those who comprised the crew of an LST, the "work horse" characteristics of an LST were always apparent. John Hilbert Hurley, of Stoutsburg, found it that way, too. He spent fourteen months aboard the U. S. S. LST 597 with the rank of Quartermaster, 3/c. The vessel was designated as the flagship of LST Group Seventy, the Group Commander being aboard with his special staff. When "Hilb" Hurley left New Orleans in October, 1944, he and his companions began travels that extended over 40,000 miles and carried them into invasion operations, encounters with Japanese suicide planes, a close call from a submarine's torpedo and other varied experiences.

Hurley went in the Navy November 29, 1943. He was sent to Newport, Rhode Island, for "boot" training and also studied in the Quartermaster Service School. He moved to Norfolk, Virginia, where the LST crew was shaped up and then sent to the Navy Pier, Chicago, while waiting for completion of LST 597 at Evansville, Indiana. The crew went aboard on September 11, 1944, and proceeded down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to the Naval Repair Base at Algiers, New Orleans.

On a shake-down run to Panama City, Florida, the LST 597 encountered rough seas and the crew learned how an LST can really pitch and roll. The ship returned to New Orleans for a final check-up. At Gulfport, Mississippi, the LST took aboard a heavy deck load of asphalt, topped by Army jeeps and trucks. On the main deck, an LCT 1259 (landing craft, tank) also was loaded. The day of departure was October 21, 1944. Stopping at Coco Solo, Panama, the ship acquired a mascot, a police pup that apparently was brought aboard by a sailor who had taken a fancy to it. Somebody started to call the pup "Coco Solo" and that was its name thereafter. The dog went through the various engagements in which the LST figured, endured its long runs from port to port, and seemed to thrive on life at sea. It even learned how to climb ladders.

Hurley's ship crossed the Pacific to Espiritu Santos, New Hebrides, and Manus, in the Admiralty Islands, north of New Guinea, its heavy deck load being removed at the latter point. The LST proceeded to Hollandia, New Guinea, reloaded and left January 19, 1945, for Leyte Gulf (Philippines) being at the head of a convoy of thirty ships. It was the first convoy to pass through the Mindanao Sea without being attacked by the Japanese. The ship reached Mindoro for unloading, this island having been invaded the middle of December.

The next big assignment involved the movement of the 13th Air Corps from Sansapor, New Guinea, for a landing on D-Day-plus one, March 1, 1945, at Puerto Princessa, Palawan, in the Philippine Islands. Enroute to Mindoro, the staging area for the Palawan invasion, Hurley and other crew members of LST 597 witnessed the torpedo attack on the U. S. S. Renshaw, one of the destroyers assigned to protect the convoy.

"The Renshaw was about 500 yards off our port when a torpedo struck it in the aft engine room," Hurley explained. "The torpedo had passed just forward of us, we were informed, and many believed that it was aimed for our LST, as a sub-

marine commander usually tries to hit a ship in the convoy, rather than one of the destroyers moving around a convoy. We were on the outside lane at the time. The torpedo made a huge hole in the Renshaw. There was a lot of yellow flame when it hit and pieces of the Renshaw's deck went up into the air. But a convoy never stops. Submarines had been active enroute and we had received radio instructions two or three times to change our course as the destroyers were going to drop 'ash cans' (depth charges), while making a run over a submarine's position."

After Palawan, the LST 597 made a run back to Leyte, to the southeast in the Philippines. The vessel picked up the Americal Division with 600 men and twelve Amtracks and headed for Cebu City, adjacent to Leyte. Stern tasks awaited them. They moved toward the Talisay beachhead three miles south of Cebu City and small boats from LST 597 led the first and second waves of LVTs in the invasion at 8:30 A. M. on April 2, 1945. Hurley described developments thus:

"Our LST laid about half a mile off shore and the infantry transferred to amphibious 'ducks.' We had the communications equipment for the Americal Division aboard and several high Army officers and it was urgent that we reach the beach as soon as possible. However, the Japs had mortar shell emplacements in the hills back of Cebu City. When we started in, they began throwing shells at us. We received orders to pull back into the bay out of the reach of their guns. We tried again about 3 o'clock that afternoon. They dropped shells all around us. The next thing we knew, the Japs were after us with midget submarines. These tiny 'subs' had two men aboard who tried to reach the ships to deliver a torpedo attack. They gave the gun crews plenty to do for awhile. One little 'sub' missed our stern by five feet. However, our LST moved down to the Mindanao Sea and stayed in an inlet over night. We came back the next morning with a destroyer escort. Meanwhile, the fellows on the beach were really isolated, having no communications set up to keep them in touch with other units.

"But our troubles weren't over either. Our LST was between two others that unloaded on the beach. The tide caused the LSTs to start to beach—that is, swing around, so we pulled off. Just then, a Japanese plane appeared, gliding down just over the mountains. It made a run over the two LSTs and

dropped three bombs. The bombs hit the beach and killed a number of fellows. Then the plane circled and came back. Three more bombs came sailing down. One dropped in the exact spot where our LST 597 had been before we pulled out. The other LSTs escaped a direct hit. Shrapnel fell all around us. I was standing outside near our wheelhouse and some of the pieces riddled the wheel-deck. I dropped behind a davit. One piece of shrapnel I kicked under the wheelhouse. It was red hot. We got orders to move out and overtake the convoy that had left earlier. We ran wide open in order to catch up."

The Americal Division encountered stubborn resistance near Cebu City. Hurley's ship made four more trips to Cebu City, taking infantry, field artillery and tank corps there to engage in action. Then LST 597 moved into Ormoc, Leyte, on April 5th, to be loaded with heavy field artillery. The harbor was filled with sunken Japanese craft. Ready for departure, those aboard found that the LST was stuck fast. A check-up revealed that the ship had come in over the remains of a Japanese landing craft and this now prevented the LST from freeing itself. PT boats were summoned to run past the ship's stern and make waves that might lift the ship. It was concluded that the ship would have to be unloaded. The convoy departed and LST 597 remained on the beach. After it was unloaded, tugs came to pull it to deeper water. Then it moved ashore again at a new spot. When sailing time came, LST 597 started alone enroute to Cebu City. Soon a submarine was believed to be trailing the LST. A plane was summoned to lessen the likelihood of a torpedo attack and the trip was safely concluded.

Hurley, as a Quartermaster 3/c, was one of the men assigned to steering the LST during beaching, anchoring and while under attack. His duties also included keeping the ship's log to record its battles, air attacks, tides and courses followed.

In June, 1945, while the campaign to conquer Okinawa was in progress, Hurley's vessel made a run there from Hollandia. At Okinawa the crew earned a bronze star on its Asiatic Pacific Ribbon, being at general quarters stations for an average of twelve hours daily for seven days in a row. The Okinawa campaign had begun on April 1st and LST 597 was pressed into service to move an Engineers Corps up from New Guinea. Off Okinawa's southern tip, the LST stopped at Kerama Retto, dubbed by the U. S. Navy as "suicide hollow." It was a harbor

surrounded by hills. Hurley learned during his night there why it had received that name. "We had no sooner dropped anchor than three Jap suicide planes came over the hill and were in on us," Hurley states. "The pilot would dive toward a ship with the plane's engine wide open. The ship nearest to us was loaded clear to the top with ammunition. That night, the Jap planes sank a destroyer and an LCT and set afire an APA ship that later sank. The ships were supposedly blacked out by the use of smoke pots and orders were to withhold any gunfire. However, two or three planes were heard during the night. Gunners on the ammunition ship opened fire and every ship in the harbor seemed to join in. That disclosed the position of the ships yet hostile planes caused no further damage."

The LST 597 moved to Ie Shima, another small island off the west coast of Okinawa, and beached near the spot where Ernie Pyle, famed war correspondent had met his death. After unloading, Hurley's ship waited at Okinawa for seven days for a convoy to form for the return run to Leyte in the Philippines. In Okinawa at the time, the campaign to seize the lower end of the island was taking shape. Consequently, vessels lying in the surrounding waters were subjected to repeated air raids. Hurley recalls that one day they were subjected to eighteen air raids in ten hours. Large vessels were unloading in the vicinity, and shore batteries opened up, while the LSTs made smoke to mask the vessels at anchor. During the firing of the shore batteries, shrapnel dropped on Hurley's LST. Hurley subsequently moved back to Leyte, then to Oro Bay, below Hollandia, New Guinea, to pick up Signal Corps linemen who were taken to Manila to re-establish communications. After further trips, including movement of troops to Leyte and to Mindanao, Hurley received word that he was eligible for discharge. He left LST 597 at Leyte and was soon enroute to San Francisco, followed by his discharge on December 8, 1945.

Serving aboard a baby aircraft carrier, used as an escort vessel, Wilmer ("Pete") O. Daniels, of Stoutsburg, made more than half a dozen trips from the Pacific Coast to Pearl Harbor. As a climax to his Naval service, he was aboard the U. S. S. Takanis Bay on a run to Japan late in 1945, anchoring in Tokyo Bay within sight of the famed Fujiyama, and then carried returning troops on the homebound trip. "Pete" was the last of eight sons of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniels, to be called into

service. He entered November 20, 1943, and advanced to Steward Mate, 1/c, before his discharge December 24, 1945. He took "boot" training at Bainbridge, Maryland, then went to Plessington, California; Bremerton and Tacoma, Washington; Tongue Point and Astoria, Oregon, and then aboard the U. S. S. Takanis Bay, CVE 89 (Carrier Aircraft Escort), on April 15, 1944. The "baby" carrier moved to San Diego, California, to be loaded with ammunition, fuel, and food and went to sea with other ships for the group to be qualified as a squadron. On the first run to Pearl Harbor, troops were loaded and returned to San Pedro, California. That routine was followed for additional runs, terminating usually at San Pedro or Bremerton.

The trip to Japan began from Seattle, Washington, on November 11, 1945. This time, the U. S. S. Takanis Bay was devoid of cargo, ammunition or troops and went straight through, arriving in Tokyo Bay on the night of November 26th-27th. Enroute, the carrier discovered a number of floating mines and gun crews exploded them from a safe distance. Daniels first saw Yokosuka, Japan, and then on November 28th, the vessel moved to a pier at Yokohama where the ship's crew was permitted to go ashore. "Pete" marvelled at the bombing damage in Yokohama. About 1,500 men, Army and Navy personnel, came aboard for the trip home. "Pete" flew from Los Angeles to New York and was discharged at Lido Beach, New York, on the day before Christmas, 1945.

The Navy's aircraft carriers and air squadrons extended the attack as well as the protective arm about the American fleets. The scope of the job done by a Navy air squadron is shown in part in the experiences of Archibald Litzen, AMM 2/c. He was a gunner with a torpedo squadron on the carrier U. S. S. Bataan for several months during the early part of 1944, after the vessel had been commissioned in November at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Later, he served aboard the U. S. S. Cowpens, the first American aircraft carrier to enter Tokyo Bay.

Arch had extensive training, first at the Navy Technical Training School in Chicago early in 1943; at the Naval Air Gunners School, Jacksonville, Florida, along with operational training when he was assigned as a crew member on an Avenger plane. He moved to the Pacific by early summer of 1944. In the months that followed, his squadron conducted strikes

on New Guinea and Caroline Islands, on the Marianas and the Bonins (to the north) and also participated in the battle of the Philippine Sea. The New Guinea action included the bombing of Hollandia and vicinity, while the Marianas action was in support of the Saipan invasion. The Saipan action included bombing in advance of the actual invasion, with explosives dropped to cripple Japanese gun emplacements and shipping. Anti-submarine patrols were intermingled with the combat missions. Litzen's squadron returned to California in September, 1944. After leave, Litzen trained with a new squadron in Oregon and Washington. He went aboard the U. S. S. Cowpens, a carrier that had been through several severe engagements in 1943-44. Enroute beyond Pearl Harbor, after Litzen had joined the air squadron, planes from the Cowpens made "nuisance" strikes against Wake Island, still being held by the Japanese. Then the vessel joined the Third Fleet and proceeded north. In the days before the Japanese capitulation, the Cowpens ("Mighty Moo") sent its planes on numerous missions, Litzen participating in ten strikes against industrial targets, airfields, Japanese warships and other shipping all in and around the Tokyo area.

Aboard the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Boxer, Harold Van Liew, AOM 1/c, covered enough distance to go around the world more than twice. His departure from the States occurred on July 23, 1945, and while he never had need in combat service for his training as an Aviation Ordnance Machinist, the U. S. S. Boxer did take him to Pearl Harbor, Japan, China, Okinawa, Guam, Saipan and the Philippines. A lot of hard work went along with the travels, however. Van Liew entered service December 14, 1942, and was discharged in the spring of 1946. He trained at Sampson, New York; Memphis, Tennessee; Jacksonville, Florida; Norfolk, Virginia; Atlantic City, as well as Groton, Connecticut, and Boston, Massachusetts. When the U. S. S. Boxer was off the coast of Luhing, China, Van Liew had an opportunity to see the Great Wall of China, even though it had to be through field glasses and 40 mm. gun director telescopes. At Tsingtao, China, he had his first experience with Chinese coolies doing business from sampans that surrounded the aircraft carrier when it reached the China Sea port. Van Liew gave this description:

"We anchored about a half mile off the shore of the city. Within half an hour about fifty Chinese sampans were around the ship, the coolies trying to sell silk, pipes and little hats like they wear. Some of our fellows let down ropes and the coolies tied a basket to the ropes. With a lot of jibbering and jabbering and holding up one to five fingers, a bargain would be made. The sailor would put money in the basket and send it down, then get back whatever he had bargained for. This went on all morning until there was too much commotion. Then the seamen guard broke out the fire hoses and sprayed them with water. Being kind of chilly, I guess, they went back to the city. But they were right back the next morning. Most of the fellows didn't pay any attention to them the second day as everything they had to sell was available in the city and could be had much cheaper. One fellow bought a beautiful watch for seven dollars; some got chopsticks, cameras and curios. It takes a lot of bargaining but once a price is set, they won't cheat you nor short-change you. . . . Tsingtao is quite a large city, with about 40,000 residents. A rickshaw can be hired for a dollar for the whole afternoon. You can bet that a sailor will get his dollar's worth, too. I heard a couple of fellows tell how they were racing each other down the street, and another one was telling how he saw a couple of them giving the rickshaw coolie a ride. Some of the fellows found a place where they could get steak and eggs for twenty-seven cents. It almost sounds impossible. The Chinese would much rather have the American dollar, for which we get 12,000 yen in exchange. A 100-yen bill is worth two and a half cents so you can imagine the fistful you get for two or three dollars. The inflation in China is really terrible. American money is more stable and the value doesn't go up and down. . . . Going ashore, we have to take canteens of water and were warned against eating fresh fruit or drinking saki. They say too much saki could make a person blind."

Robert E. Lowe, S 1/c, was aboard the U. S. S. Midway, largest aircraft carrier afloat, when it made its important experimental run to Icelandic waters in the spring of 1946. The 45,000-ton carrier encountered an Arctic storm that caused considerable damage and brought about a decision to provide a higher bow, relocate life raft stations and strengthen hangar deck doors. Later, the Midway went into Caribbean waters

for maneuvers. Lowe had been in the Navy since April 16, 1945, going to Sampson, New York, then to Newport, Rhode Island. He served as a cook, but was shifted to the gunnery department, to be a gun trainer and fuse setter. The shake-down cruise of the Midway was to Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, and Porto Rico after which it moved to New York in time for the Navy Day celebration on October 27, 1945.

Jack Ginter, S 1/c, was anticipating Pacific Ocean duty but was assigned instead to the newly-commissioned aircraft carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt in the spring of 1946, after entering the Navy on September 4, 1945. He had enlisted in the early part of 1945 and awaited call after finishing his studies at Princeton High School. Then he received two sets of Navy orders, one dated in September, 1944, an obvious mistake, and directing him to report on September 4th, and the other setting September 7th. His checkup revealed that September 4th was the correct date. He went to the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, Chicago, for "boot" training, followed by three months of galley duty there. Then he drew his assignment to the Atlantic aboard the U. S. S. Roosevelt. The ship participated in maneuvers in the vicinity of the West Indies. While at Port of Spain, Trinidad, off the Venezuelan coast, Jack was coxswain of an officers' liberty boat used for ship-to-shore runs and around the nearby islands. Enroute north, Jack visited Porto Rico and Cuba. He received his discharge in August, 1946.

With nine battle stars on his service ribbons, Dewey A. McLaughlin, Jr., had a wide range of experiences in the Pacific. He was on the destroyer U. S. S. Dortch, and spent twenty-one months with the Third Fleet. Rescues of plane crews, bombarding of islands in pre-invasion action, typhoon weather, encounters with hostile attack ships, torpedo and "suicide" planes were included. Dewey ("Raft") served as a ship's cook. He entered the Navy January 29, 1944, and spent seven weeks at Great Lakes, Illinois. He went aboard ship shortly thereafter.

Operating ahead of the task force, the Dortch moved toward Saipan in June, 1944, to direct fighters making long-range sweeps on that island. In the invasion on June 15th, battleships and destroyers directed their fire ashore, only to be targets at sundown when nine enemy planes came in. Several

ships nearby were damaged but the Dortch was not hit. Its gun crew shot down one twin-engined bomber. Only four days later, 350 Jap planes made low torpedo runs in the task group including the Dortch, at a time when the Dortch was busy searching the waters for airmen who had over-reached on the previous night. Two full plane crews, totaling six men, were rescued. The Dortch then supported ground troops fighting for Guam, before the destroyer returned to Eniwetok for supplies. At the end of August, the Dortch supported U. S. Marines making amphibious landings on the island of Peleliu, east of the Philippines, with plane strikes being made on the Central Philippines to reduce enemy air activity. Approaching Ulithi in the Caroline Islands, the ship circled the atoll because of an approaching typhoon.

With the days at hand when enemy ships had to be searched out, McLaughlin, aboard the Dortch, went close to Formosa and the Ryukyu Islands, despite torpedo runs by Japanese planes that had troubled other units and caused some serious losses. On October 14th, the Dortch gun crews shot down a Jap torpedo plane and three aircraft within the ship formation, and two others before they had reached that point of vantage.

In a naval engagement off the Philippines October 24th-25th, enemy dive-bombers succeeded in sinking the light carrier Princeton. The hit occurred only a few thousand yards to starboard of the Dortch. The Dortch was working with a striking force that finished off a Jap carrier that had been disabled. Ten days later, "suicide" planes of the Japanese Kamikaze Corps began to appear, and the crew of the Dortch saw an enemy fighter that headed into the Lexington. The Dortch's guns also fired on another "suicide" pilot whose plane plunged into the ocean near the Mobile. But McLaughlin had a more agonizing experience when he witnessed the setting afire of the aircraft carrier Intrepid on which his cousin, Joseph F. Bregenzer, S 1/c, was serving.

A typhoon was a major, unexpected foe on December 17th while the Dortch was adjacent to the Philippines. Refueling from the Essex was in progress when the storm broke and halted operations. Another attempt to refuel was made the next day but the starboard quarters of the Essex crashed against the Dortch, causing some damage. During the "blow," the Dortch experienced rolls of fifty degrees from the vertical

in each direction. Nearby, three destroyers capsized and sank during the storm.

Soon, the *Dortch* ventured into the South China Sea to force the Japanese fleet to a show-down. Shipping as well as the Chinese cities of Swatow, Canton and Hong Kong were targets. Refueling on January 21st, the *Dortch* was 2,000 yards distant when "suicide" planes hit the *Ticonderoga*. McLaughlin next was to participate in direct strikes at Japan itself, with the *Dortch* in an advance scouting line with several other destroyers. On February 18th, the *Dortch* suffered damage when an enemy picket vessel was encountered. The *Dortch's* hull was pierced forward and amidships, with three of the crew killed and eleven wounded. Despite a fire amidships on the *Dortch*, with ammunition burning and exploding, the *Dortch* silenced the guns of the enemy vessel. But it was all in a day's work for the *Dortch*, as on the following day it acted as a fire support vessel when the U. S. Marines landed on Iwo Jima.

After action as an advance picket with a task group for the Okinawa invasion, and aiding against ground troops on Iwo Jima blasted in their caves by naval gunfire, the *Dortch* left for Guam, Pearl Harbor and San Francisco for an overhaul, arriving April 21, 1945. Leaving July 8th for Pearl Harbor, the destroyer fired on the Japanese-held Wake Island on August 8th and was enroute to Guam when the crew learned that Japan had capitulated. After the formal surrender, McLaughlin moved into Tokyo Bay and the *Dortch* remained anchored there for five weeks. Late in October, the *Dortch* went 150 miles south of Nanpo Shoto to demilitarize several islands. At Hachijo Jima, it was discovered that military personnel, numbering several thousand, were ready to surrender, with considerable quantities of military stores nearby. After revisiting Tokyo Bay late in November, the *Dortch* was homeward bound; McLaughlin received his discharge in the spring of 1946.

Few ships suffered so many serious attacks and remained afloat as the U. S. S. *Intrepid*, aircraft carrier on which Joseph F. Bregenzer, S 1/c, was on duty. He took "boot" training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and then was assigned to the *Intrepid* to work on the planes in the air division of the carrier's crew. While off Truk on February 16, 1944, the *Intrepid* was hit by

a torpedo and her rudder jammed, but under her own power, returned to Pearl Harbor. Off Luzon on October 29th, a "suicide" plane hit the carrier's flight deck. The vessel fared even worse on November 25th when it was set afire by two similar planes that reached their target. Bregenzer was able to return home on leave in December, 1944, after the ship had figured in the invasion of the Philippines and numerous other aggressive moves. Getting back into the thick of it when the attack was being pressed close to the Japanese homeland, the Intrepid was hit a fourth time, a Kamikaze plane making a hit on April 16, 1945. The Intrepid was credited with sinking eighty Japanese ships including an enemy carrier and taking part in the sinking of the Japanese battleship Yamato. A heavy toll in planes also was chalked up for the Intrepid and its men. Bregenzer received his discharge in February, 1946.

It was a happy day for James Robert ("Bob") McLaughlin, S 1/c, when his brother, Dewey, also an S 1/c in the Navy, located him while at Guam. Dewey had arrived in the Marianas aboard the destroyer U. S. S. Dortch. Bob was there attached to Fleet Hospital 115. They had much to tell one another, aside from the experience of seeing at first hand that everything had gone well to date. It was in the spring of 1945. Bob had entered the Navy November 13, 1942, learning the "know how" at Newport, Rhode Island; including studies in the Quartermaster School there. He spent six months on the U. S. S. Mentor, a PYC 37 sub-chaser in the Atlantic patrol service before moving to San Bruno, California, in December, 1944. There, he was attached to a Fleet Hospital unit which sailed with 130 box-cars of supplies. They were put ashore on Guam. The hospital site was a coconut grove. The men slept in hammocks swung between trees, eating K rations or canned cheese, and enduring lizards, treetoads, biting red ants, as well as the rain and mud. But a completely equipped modern hospital was ready in less than two months and received nearly 400 casualties from Iwo Jima. Eventually, facilities expanded with the aid of a "Seabees" Battalion until two miles of hospital buildings were available. The hospital cared for emergency cases arriving by plane from the fighting areas, as well as routine needs. Bob received his discharge on January 28, 1946.

Japanese short-wave broadcasts in English from Tokyo gave Herbert E. Wilson, RDM 3/c, on the U. S. S. Brock, considerable amusement. He commented: "In one breath, they claimed that our war efforts weren't even bothering them, and ho-hum, we Yankees were just wasting our time. But in the next breath, the very same announcer reported that so many American bombers had just bombed Wagoya and Tokyo and that no damage was done, all fires extinguished by dark, and that civilian rehabilitation in Tokyo was progressing satisfactorily, that burned-out areas were being converted to farms and factories being moved underground. With a twist of the dial, we received the American news version from San Francisco and it was very encouraging to hear the eye-witness account of Private Joe Doakes who was tail-gunner in the last Superfort to leave Tokyo." Wilson went in the Navy in May, 1944, had carpentry shop duty at Norfolk, Virginia, and then was assigned to the U. S. S. Brock. He had been in the Pacific only a short while when he met William Theodore ("Ted") Sinclair, SK 3/c, who was serving on an APD vessel (high speed transport) after entering the Navy in November, 1943, and training at Norfolk, Virginia. They spent some time together aboard Sinclair's ship. Wilson's ship subsequently rescued a flier who had spent a night on a life-raft after his plane had been forced down. The flier wept from sheer joy when taken aboard ship, having believed that he was going to die. Later Wilson's ship anchored at the foot of Haleakala, a 10,000-foot mountain rising "from the very water under us up through the clouds to its huge extinct crater." The water was so clear that the ship's chain could be seen all the way down to the anchor embedded in the coral, according to Wilson. He was at Leyte in the Philippines subsequently when news of the Japanese surrender came. The first false report set off a celebration with lights turned on aboard ship, rockets shot into the air and fellows hugging each other. Then came the official news "and we were all very thankful for that," Wilson emphasized.

Robert ("Bob") D. McMillen was engaged in Naval Intelligence work, serving as a Lieutenant Commander in Cape Town, South Africa, for forty-five months. He was commissioned when he began Naval service February 1, 1942. At Cape Town he was Assistant U. S. Naval Attache, and Assistant U. S.

Naval Attache for Air. He also was Liaison Officer at Takoradi on the Gold Coast in West Africa. He returned to the States in September, 1944. At that time, he shipped back a four-months-old Welsh Corgi puppy that had been mascot of a U. S. Naval unit. The puppy wore a special red collar made by an African witch-doctor, with a lizard-skin pouch attached to the leather and containing "ju-ju" to shield the pup from snakes and evil spirits. Lieutenant Commander McMillen returned to South Africa in November, 1944, and subsequently joined the staff of Rear Admiral Maurice E. Curts, Commander of the U. S. South Atlantic Naval Force. Aboard the cruiser U. S. S. Portsmouth, McMillen accompanied Rear Admiral Curts on a good-will cruise that included many ports in Africa and the Mediterranean Sea, including visits to Nigeria, Monrovia, Liberia, Senegal, Cape Verde Islands, Morocco, Sicily, Italy and the Azores. McMillen returned home in August, 1946, when the cruiser docked at Newport, Rhode Island. He subsequently reported to the U. S. Navy Department at Washington, D. C.

The war took Stephen E. Woolston, SAI 2/c (TR), to Pearl Harbor, Leyte, Okinawa and Sasebo, Japan. He served aboard the U. S. S. Palawan, a fleet auxiliary general repair ship. While the SAIs were listed as typewriter repairmen, Steve vouches for the fact that he did all types of jobs aboard ship. He entered the Navy May 24, 1944, and was discharged February 13, 1946. He recalls vividly the night when the U. S. S. Indianapolis, a heavy cruiser, was hit by five torpedoes northeast of Leyte in the Philippines on July 29, 1945, the vessel being sunk and most of her crew lost. The sinking occurred about seventy-five miles north of Woolston's vessel, which had had a different type of excitement the same night when one of its enlisted men jumped overboard while mentally unbalanced and drowned.

Atlantic and Pacific sea duty were combined in the Navy career of George C. Koepfel, S 1/c. He was a member of gun crews acting as armed guards aboard merchant ships. He entered the Navy February 17, 1943, and was discharged January 7, 1946. After training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and Little Creek, Virginia, he went aboard the S. S. El Coston, a Panama vessel that visited St. John's, Newfoundland; Scotland, England, the Antilles and Cuba. On this trip, the armed

guard had orders to train its guns on a strange bomber flying alone and bearing no insignia. The plane flew right about the convoy proceeding east to west and finally went out of sight, but no orders to fire were given. When Koepfel arrived in London, he learned that the large bomber at which he had aimed was carrying Winston Churchill to his historic meeting with President Roosevelt at Quebec. Koepfel's next ship was the S. S. Cape Neddick, a C-1 transport, which went to Panama, Galapago Islands, Solomons, New Guinea and ports in Australia. Shifting his home port to San Francisco, Koepfel served on the S. S. Juan Cabrillo, a Liberty ship, traveling to the Solomons, Marshalls and New Guinea. Nine days after the invasion of the Philippines, the ship reached Leyte. His next vessel was the S. S. Katherine L. Bates, also a Liberty ship, which went to Okinawa via the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. On its second outbound trip it visited Chile, thence to Mahila, a forty-two-day sail without sighting land or another vessel. At Manila, Koepfel was placed on a naval repair ship, the U. S. S. Medesa, and returned to the States for release.

George F. Rightmire, RM 3/c, also served in the armed guard aboard merchant ships. While going to "boot" camp and radio training schools, he crossed the United States three times. His sea voyages exceeded 55,000 miles, including two trips through the Panama Canal, around Cape Horn, South America; to South Africa, East Africa, New Caledonia, Fiji Islands, Northern Ireland, as well as three trips to England. "That's one thing about the Navy, it gives an opportunity to see much of the country at home as well as lots of water all over the world," he commented. Later, he went to California and served aboard the U. S. S. Doyen.

When Stanley V. Bealkowski entered the Navy in March, 1945, he was the eighth and last son of Mr. and Mrs. John Bealkowski to enter the service. He was a S 1/c and worked as a radio technician. His training occurred at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station at Chicago, after which he was sent to San Francisco. He was assigned to the "Cecil B. Doyle," of the Pacific Reserve Fleet.

Working with the Navy's "Seabees," Cornelius Alfred Thiel was on Ie Shima, an island west of Okinawa, when the Japanese surrender occurred. He operated heavy equipment, in-

cluding a bulldozer, in preparing air strips and other areas. Thiel entered the Navy September 15, 1943, and went to the Pacific with the 106th Battalion as an MM 2/c. Concerning the surrender ceremonies, Thiel observed American P-38s escorting the Japanese planes carrying the envoys of the defeated nation. The latter planes were painted with large green crosses against a white background. Along the air strip, guards had been posted every ten feet, with machine guns and rifles ready to make sure that everything went according to plan.

Thiel was hospitalized a short time later, as he had dislocated his back during the last night raid upon Ie Shima. He was working on the air strip at the time and jumped to get out of danger. He went to the hospital August 27th, then was transferred to the 115th Fleet Hospital on Guam (Marianas) in September, and to the Naval Hospital at San Francisco in the following month. He subsequently was under treatment in the Newport (R. I.) Naval Hospital as well as in Philadelphia, and received his discharge from the Navy March 27, 1946.

After serving in World War I in France, William C. Eelman, Sr., enlisted for duty in World War II and spent sixteen months as Chief Petty Officer in a Naval Construction Battalion on South Pacific Islands. His enlistment made a father-and-son team in the war, William, Jr., being a Signalman 3/c with service at widely scattered points. Eelman, Sr., served almost three years in the first World War, being a sergeant in the Medical branch of the 111th Machine Gun Battalion, of the 29th Division, which was on the defense in the Haute sector in Alsace, and also in the battle of the Grand Montagne, and the attack on Bois D'Ormont, the capture of Etraye Ridge and the attack on Belleau Woods. In World War II, his service began September 1, 1943, and extended to December 8, 1944. During those months, he was at Williamsburg, Virginia, and Gulfport, Mississippi, and thereafter at Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Espiritus Santos and the Marshall and Gilbert Islands.

His son, Bill, went into the Navy November 30, 1942, and was discharged January 11, 1946. He trained at Sampson, New York, and Little Creek, Virginia, and used his knowledge of signaling by Morse code and semaphore while aboard the

S. S. James Ford Rhodes, S. S. Utahan, S. S. Simon Newcomb, and the U. S. S. destroyer escort, Joseph E. Connolly. He was in North Africa, France, England, Scotland, Ireland, as well as China, Okinawa and Japan and the Hawaiians, Marshall, Carolines and Philippine Islands. In China, he visited Shanghai, and also went up to Jinsen, Korea; while in Japan, he was in Tokyo, Yokohama and Yokosuka.

Sea duty aboard the U. S. S. Macon, a heavy cruiser commissioned on August 26, 1945, was performed by Richard C. Sutphen, F 2/c. He entered the Navy November 17, 1944, and before qualifying for a job operating evaporators used in providing fresh water aboard ship, took "boot" at Bainbridge, Maryland, and attended Engineering Schools at Gulfport, Mississippi, and Newport, Rhode Island. The Macon's trips, with the war at an end, included visits to Cuba, Haiti, Panama, Bermuda, San Salvador, Culebra Isles, Trinidad and Costa Rica.

Ensign Colon H. Smith's Naval training led to a position as assistant to the supply officer on the U. S. S. Curtiss, a sea-plane tender, on duty in the Pacific during the early months of 1946. Smith entered service July 1, 1943, being called under the Navy V-12 college training program while he was attending Lehigh University. He was sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and majored in the Business and Engineering Administration course; then attended Midshipmen's School at Cornell University. He graduated in November, 1945, and received his ensign commission. He had temporary duty at the Naval Supply Depot at Bayonne, New Jersey, in November, 1945, then took the General Supply course, completing it March 29, 1946. Subsequent orders called for him to report to San Francisco on April 14, 1946, preliminary to service on the U. S. S. Curtiss.

A power-dive in a Navy plane while William A. Stout was nearing the end of his training as a Navy pilot caused a complete change in his line of duty thereafter. Air pressure caused a broken ear-drum and brought about a sinus and ear condition that removed him from flight status. Bill had enlisted in November, 1942, reporting to Bainbridge, Maryland, in August, 1943, thence to Chapel Hill, North Carolina, for pre-flight training; Peru, Indiana, for primary, and Pensacola, Florida, for final work. Removed from flight status,

Stout went to Great Lakes, Illinois. Rated as a Specialist (A), he was sent to the U. S. Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Massachusetts, to perform services in the Physical Rehabilitation Department. He played in the Station dance band, making use of his talent as a trumpeter. He was discharged November 10, 1945.

Hospital duty was allotted to John M. Cromwell, HA S/c, during a considerable portion of his service in the Naval Reserve. He left high school studies in January, 1945, to report to Sampson, New York, and then went to Shoemaker, California, to train as a Pharmacist's Mate. "Boot" training at Sampson was a "good deal" for he spent part of his first four weeks as saxophonist in the Base dance orchestra. Six weeks as a swimming instructor followed. Inexperienced fellows were taught to become competent swimmers in three to five weeks. A dive from a fifteen-foot tower was included and the rule in respect to that dive was that a fellow stayed there until he made the dive. Johnny remembers one fellow who spent three days and three nights on the fifteen-foot diving platform, being allowed to come down only for "chow." He finally jumped. But returning to Cromwell—his next course was at the Naval Hospital in San Diego, California, where he spent sixteen weeks. Moving east, he attended a Dental Technician School at Camp Peary, Virginia, then went to Norfolk, Virginia, for duty at the Naval Hospital there. He again found it possible to use his musical ability by playing in a dance orchestra. He was discharged in July, 1946.

Because of an injury sustained prior to entering service, Sheldon W. Embley, S 1/c, received his discharge from the Navy on August 3, 1945. He served aboard the U. S. S. Lawrence C. Taylor, a destroyer escort, on a voyage that included Bermuda and South America, after which he did office work at the Navy Torpedo Testing Range, Montauk, Long Island. Other shore assignments were at the Brooklyn Navy Yard as well as the Naval Ammunition Depot at Dover, New Jersey. Embley's training had been at Sampson, New York, and Norfolk, Virginia. He spent six weeks in the Naval Hospital at Chelsea, Massachusetts, during his Navy career.

World War II was ended four days before Joseph B. Hill, 2nd, reached his eighteenth birthday. He awaited call for

duty in the Navy and was sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, on October 8th. Following "boot," he was stationed at Charleston, South Carolina.

Merchant Marine

Edward Bealkowski's experiences in the Merchant Marine service involved a long series of ocean voyages extending over a period of eight years, and events that made it appear several times as if he might never return. He went into service on the Atlantic in 1939 and the delivery of supplies to European countries became of increasing importance. On his first trip after war was declared, Bealkowski was away for ten months. Off the coast of Africa, his ship had struck a reef. With the bow damaged, the ship made port at Durban, South Africa, where it remained seventeen days for repairs. Starting the trip homeward, the vessel came by way of South America and encountered a German submarine. Bealkowski, aboard a life raft, spent four anxious days before he and his companions were picked up by a ship and taken into Georgetown, British Guiana.

On subsequent trips, Bealkowski hit ports in England, France, Italy, Egypt, as well as elsewhere in the Mediterranean Sea and in South America. In 1943, while in the Red Sea, his vessel was a target for Italian bomber planes. Lying in harbor, it was in imminent danger but escaped with "near misses." Early in 1944, while the Anzio beachhead was being maintained in Italy, Bealkowski was on a supply ship that carried supplies there for fast unloading and a quick get-away. In March, 1946, Edward returned from a two-months voyage during which he had been to South Africa. He advanced to the rank of Seaman, First Class.

Joseph and Alfred Devlin represented the third generation of Devlins that "went to sea." Their grandfather had been a ship's captain and their father, John J. Devlin, Sr., traveled all over the world, serving twelve years on various vessels, including the ill-fated Lusitania. He was Quartermaster on its first trip in September, 1907, from Liverpool to New York, a run made in four days, twelve hours and thirteen minutes. Eleven more round trips were made by the Lusitania between England and the United States in its first year of service.

Devlin became a Second Officer before marriage and home responsibilities prompted him to give up life at sea.

Joe Devlin, preparing for Merchant Marine service, took training at Sheepshead Bay in the U. S. Maritime Training School. On his voyages to England and France, he was aboard vessels that carried munitions, supplies and equipment. German submarines were a constant threat. Joe, on one occasion, witnessed the sinking of a freighter in his convoy after a torpedo had struck. Meanwhile, T. Alfred Devlin, his brother, served as a seaman aboard the tanker Aruba carrying oil from the West Indies to New York Harbor. The brothers made a trip together, to Cherbourg, France, with Raymond Van Arsdale, also of Hopewell, aboard as a cook. Deciding that they wanted to be in service on the Pacific, both Joe and Al signed up on the B. Chauncey Vladeck and sailed out of Richmond, Virginia, going through the Panama Canal enroute to Japan. They were aboard ship for seven months, and slept in the same bunk, upper and lower. Originally, the ship was expected to be used to carry troops for the invasion of Japan. However, the Japanese surrender changed that. For the Devlins, it was an eventful trip, however, as the ship encountered typhoon weather on two occasions. After being in the Philippines, Okinawa and Japan, the Devlin brothers learned that the B. Chauncey Vladeck was being sold to the Japanese government for its use in returning Japanese soldiers stranded after duty on Pacific islands. As a result, the Devlins returned home as passengers aboard another ship, the General Polk.

Raymond Van Arsdale, who served aboard Liberty ships, troop transports and tankers while in the Merchant Marine with trips to England, France and the Pacific islands, insists that the most exciting time he had was the occasion when he met Joseph A. McAlinden (Navy), a friend from back in Hopewell, in Panama. Ray's ship was docked in Panama for three weeks and he and Joe had many a chat about days back home. Van Arsdale's first trip, after taking Maritime Service training at Sheepshead Bay, New York, subsequent to September 22, 1944, was aboard the Axtel J. Byles, a tanker, which went down to Port Arthur, Texas. "My first and worst trip," Van Arsdale comments, a voyage on which seasickness gave him plenty of trouble. Ports visited while in the Atlantic service aboard the S. S. George Weems, a Liberty ship, included

Southampton, England; Cherbourg and LeHavre, France.

Van Arsdale then went to the S. S. Marine Angel, a troop transport, for two trips to France and England. On his South Pacific voyage, he was aboard the S. S. Sparrows Point, a tanker which sailed from Los Angeles to numerous ports, including Pearl Harbor, as well as to the Caroline and Marshall groups of islands.

Glenn S. Agin spent several months in the Merchant Marine during 1945-46, with a voyage aboard a troop transport to Okinawa and return included. His preliminary training with the U. S. Maritime Service at Sheepshead Bay, New York, was followed by service aboard the U. S. S. American Navigator, a training ship that went from Baltimore, Maryland, to California. He spent about a month at Catalina Island, California, where the West Coast training station for the Maritime Service was being closed up. Agin assisted in the packing and removal of government property from that point. His trip to Okinawa followed, with a stopover in Honolulu, and nine days at Okinawa. The round-trip took approximately four months.

Richard Adam, serving in the Merchant Marine, was in the Pacific storm that caused widespread damage on Okinawa in the fall of 1945. Dick entered the U. S. Maritime School at Sheepshead Bay from Arlington, New Jersey, where the Adam family had moved from Hopewell. He began his training May 22, 1945, just before the end of his senior year in high school. Leaving Sheepshead Bay, he sailed to Trinidad Island, off the coast of Venezuela, South America. A thirty-day furlough followed and then he embarked for Okinawa, leaving August 26, 1945. He continued in the Pacific service for a number of months thereafter.

Sea duty in the Merchant Marine involved tasks as a Steward's Mate, 1/c, for Edwin Forrest Lowe. His service began September 15, 1944, and during the months that followed he was in the Atlantic, Pacific and Far East theatres of activity. Some of his early runs were aboard a freighter that went to the West Indies and New Orleans.

W. Robert Davis planned his courses in Princeton High School with the U. S. Merchant Marine in mind, and entered that service on August 21, 1945. He reported to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Pass Christian, Mississippi, and

was appointed for engine officer training. The prescribed schedule included sixteen weeks of basic training, followed by six months' sea duty on merchant vessels and a year of advanced training at the Academy. However, the curriculum was changed following VJ-Day to extend the course to four full years and Bob signed up for the longer period to obtain a rounded education in engineering. During the fall of 1945, he played left tackle on the Academy's football squad.

CHAPTER XVI

Service In The States

OVERSEAS service had a powerful appeal for virtually everyone in the armed forces of the United States. Once in uniform, a keen desire to get to the scene of action developed. Basically, that state of mind probably arose from the belief that victory would be hastened if every available man was concentrated near the focal areas of the war. However, the opportunity to participate in overseas activity was denied to hundreds of thousands of service men and women. Many fumed about it and sought to transfer to outfits where the chance of overseas assignment would be accelerated. Others fretted but gradually adjusted themselves to the routine of "States-side" duty. Still others, knowing that there were jobs—big and little—to be done in the States as well as near the fighting fronts, accepted the situation cheerfully and saw it through.

Nevertheless, service of country, "be it ever so humble," at home or abroad, is sacrificial. Everyone who carried out duties wherever assigned, contributed in some degree to final triumph in the war effort. Brief glimpses into the records of some of those who remained in the States indicate how varied were the services rendered.

Before entering the U. S. Army on September 16, 1940, Dr. J. Reginald Pierson had been in the New Jersey National Guard for nine years. He was a captain in the 119th Medical Regiment. While those "in the know" said that the State units of the National Guard, when Federalized, would "serve for one year," Dr. Pierson remained in the Army for sixty-six months and five days. He advanced through grades from Major to Lieutenant Colonel. His service included two and a half years with the 44th Division Surgeon's Office; eighteen months as Executive Officer of the Regional Hospital, Fort Warren, Wyoming, and over a year with the Veterans Administration Facility at Portland, Oregon, and Fort Dix, New Jersey. While with the 44th Division Surgeon's Office, he saw service at Fort Lyons, Washington, and Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and at-

tended the Command General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Doctors also become ill occasionally and Lieutenant Colonel Pierson spent three months in a General Hospital at Vancouver, Washington, and another three months in the Tilton General Hospital, Fort Dix. He was discharged from Army service on March 21, 1946.

One of his patients while at Fort Warren, Wyoming, was a Hopewell fellow, Verdia D. Hoagland, Jr., of Crusher Road. Hoagland says "I thank God that Dr. 'Reg' was there to help me. I had the best of care in the hospital. He really looked out for this old Hopewell boy." Verdia went into the Army September 29, 1943, and was with the 731st Medical Sanitation Corps. For seven months he drove an ambulance at Fort Dix Station Hospital. Later he transferred to Fort Warren, Wyoming. Before entering service, Hoagland had suffered from a strained back. A recurrence of that trouble occurred while training in fox-hole-digging was in progress. Hoagland's fox-hole caved in and nervous shock brought about renewed pain in the muscles of his back. After continued treatment for four months, Hoagland received his medical discharge.

Chaplains have been described as "kind men of good will in the midst of a brutal war." That phrase is applicable to Captain John H. Ginter, who served with the Army Air Force over two and a half years while on leave from the pastorate of the Hopewell Presbyterian Church. During that time, his son, Jack, also entered military service, going into the Navy.

Once associated with the Army, Captain Ginter had the fretfulness of the average GI who wanted to get overseas. However, age was a barrier and he was held on assignments in the United States. Pastor Ginter received his commission as a Lieutenant and entered the Army May 8, 1943. He attended the Army Chaplains' School at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and then was assigned to Buckley Field, Denver, Colorado, where he started his tour of duty on June 10, 1943. Buckley Field was an Armorers' School and also trained men being sent to the Alaska area or to engage in rescue work involving planes flying between the United States and Alaska. Lieutenant Ginter had an opportunity while there to fly over the Colorado plains in the nose of a bomber. On another occasion, he took a flight to Camp Hale up in the Rocky Mountains with the plane at a height of 15,000 feet at times.

Promoted to a captaincy in April, 1944, he was assigned to the Boeing Factory School at Seattle, Washington, later known as Army Air Force Base Unit No. 3711. In November, he was sent to the Air Chaplains' School at San Antonio, Texas, for two weeks and then reported December 1, 1944, to Perrin Field, Texas, located near the Oklahoma border in the Red River country. He remained there until December, 1945, then flew to Mitchel Field, Long Island, to complete active duty December 21, 1945.

"I always regarded my job as a Chaplain as three-fold," Captain Ginter has pointed out. "In order of ascending importance, they were: first, liaison work, sometimes between the enlisted man and his superior officer, possibly helping to straighten out some difficulty, to make an approach that the man felt he could not make, or to see that he got a square deal, or liaison between the man and his home or family, or the reverse; secondly, morale activities, to keep men cheerful, contented and good soldiers; and thirdly, strictly religious work, conducting services and the sacramental offices, officiating at marriages, baptisms and funerals."

Captain Ginter found that enlisted men were glad to visit chapels for moments of meditation. In most instances, chapel doors were never locked. Usually, a light upon the altar shed a friendly glow at night to greet any who saw fit to enter a chapel during off hours. As Captain Ginter expressed it, "A camp provided no place for quietness and meditation and many men, while living in barracks with others, really were lonely. They craved a little privacy to think things through for themselves, away from the hustle and bustle. They knew that the chapel would be comfortable and congenial for meditative thinking."

According to the Chaplain, he had to deal with just about every type of problem that might arise in an average group of considerable size. Many times he listened to a "gripe" about the failure of the Army to move a man swiftly so he could get into overseas service. Frequently, letters that were causing worry were brought to the Chaplain for discussion and advice. The letter might involve tangled business affairs back home, troubles with a girl friend or a domestic problem. For example, there was the soldier who wanted Captain Ginter to help extricate him from a financial dilemma involving a vaudeville troupe. The man had been promoter for the vaudeville

troupe before entering the Army. In the absence of the "man with the problem," it was losing money. "If I don't get back home to straighten things out, I stand to lose \$15,000," the promoter told Captain Ginter. The latter set things in motion with the result that a furlough was arranged. Upon his return, the man thanked the Chaplain profusely for helping him avoid a heavy financial loss.

Sometimes, a complaining GI would voice the opinion that an Army doctor was not providing proper care. The Chaplain would get busy to check up and adjust the difficulty, if possible. Some men were homesick, unable to adjust themselves to Army life and discipline, so they looked to the Chaplain to aid them. Frequently, men would come with a request that an emergency furlough be arranged, because of a telegram from home conveying sad news. For the Chaplain there was considerable letter-writing, too, although he saw to it that he handled only the type of letter that a man could not write for himself.

And what was the attitude of the average Army man toward religion? In Captain Ginter's opinion, the American soldier did considerable thinking about religion, probably more than while in civilian life. Also, the soldier showed far less hesitation about discussing religion and its relation to his way of living and his dealings with those about him. "They had religion on their minds," Captain Ginter has said, in summing it up. "In many individuals, religion stirred and boiled, although it can hardly be said that this inner seeking by men in the Army resulted in any crystallization that found expression over any wide area or throughout the country."

Captain Ginter resumed his duties as pastor of the Hopewell Presbyterian Church on January 6, 1946. During his absence, Dr. Edward Jurji, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, served as stated supply.

When Lieutenant John ("Jack") P. Lamson piloted a B-25 bombing plane in a low-level flight over his hometown, Hopewell, it was the biggest thrill of his Army career. For some of the town residents, however, it was their worst scare. Several phoned to Mercer Field, West Trenton, to protest that the town was being "buzzed" but Navy officials there said there must be some mistake. Meanwhile, Jack was completing his cross-country flight from Greenville, South Carolina, to

Newark (N. J.) Airport. He declares he had no idea the roar of the engines would cause consternation and make windows rattle. To him, it was strictly a bit of the type of flying for which he had received special training in the South—and not “buzzing” upon which Army regulations frown. Low-level flying is used in strafing and bombing operations and Jack had made numerous flights during which he would go 400 to 600 miles, remaining “right on the deck” throughout—that is, clearing ground objects at a height of perhaps thirty to fifty feet. But his visit to Hopewell by air on that Saturday afternoon with a repeat performance the next day when he started back was a town topic for weeks. Jack entered service February 18, 1943, with schooling at St. Petersburg, Florida, in an Army Aviation Radio School at Sioux Falls, South Dakota. He applied for Aviation Cadet training and subsequent locations included Kings College, Bristol, Tennessee; Malden, Missouri; Maxwell Field, Alabama; Camden, South Carolina; Shaw Field, Sumter, South Carolina; Turner Field, Georgia, where he did some work as an instructor; Lincoln, Nebraska; and Greenville, South Carolina. He received his commission as a Second Lieutenant at Turner Field on February 1, 1945. Final phases of his training were accelerated after VE-Day with the invasion of Japan in mind, and some ground crews from his squadron had already sailed when Japan surrendered. Jack received his discharge October 31, 1945.

Flight Officer Joseph V. Bealkowski, one of the family noted for having eight sons in service, entered the Army Air Force in October, 1942. At Sheppard Field, Texas, he trained as an airplane mechanic. Chosen for Air Cadet training, he took college work at Knoxville, Tennessee. Under the Air Cadet program, he advanced at Columbus, Mississippi, and was placed in the B-29 Flight Engineer School at Hondo, Texas. He received his Flight Engineer “Wings” late in the summer of 1945 and with the war’s end, was discharged early in 1946.

William H. Boozer, reaching eighteen in November, 1943, left high school to enter the Army Air Force in January, 1944. He was sent to the University of Michigan at the outset, and as an aviation trainee spent considerable time in Colorado and New Mexico. At Maxwell Field, Alabama, he completed pre-flight training but the end of the war caused the suspension of courses and he was discharged in November, 1945.

Arthur B. Yard was taking courses at the Engineering School, Bergstrom Field, Austin, Texas, when hostilities ceased overseas. He was learning the intricacies of C-46s used by the Troop Carrier Command, at the time. Subsequently, he was shifted to Kearney Field, Nebraska, and discharged at Mitchel Field, New York, on December 11, 1945. Yard had entered service July 26, 1944, taking training at Sheppard Field and Amarillo Field, Texas. He was assigned to Lincoln, Nebraska, and placed on flying status, after which the shift to Bergstrom Field followed.

Thorough training as a bombardier and navigator was provided for Lieutenant William G. Lowe but his skill was not utilized by the Army Air Force on any of the fighting fronts, as he completed his training during the interval between the German and Japanese surrenders. Bill's basic training occurred at Greensboro, North Carolina. Accepted as an Aviation Cadet, he went to the University of Vermont for special studies in October, 1943; to Harlingen, Texas, for gunnery schooling, and to Midland, Texas, in August, 1944, for advanced bombardiering and navigation. He received his commission at the Bombardier School, Midland Army Air Field on December 30, 1944, and then was at home on furlough for the first time in sixteen months. Reporting back, he was sent to Selman Field, Louisiana, for a twenty-four-weeks' course in advanced navigation, where he graduated in July, 1945. After another furlough at home, he reported to Florence, South Carolina, and was discharged in November, 1945. Night flying, during which he served as a plane navigator, is quite an experience, Bill has declared. He says: "Occasionally we had a close call with another ship in the air and that livened things up a little (if it doesn't give you heart failure first). One night, we were flying a night mission. It was about ten o'clock when all lights quit in the ship. That created a little trouble. There was only one flashlight on the ship. Here's one navigator who was beginning to wonder just where he was, but everything turned out O. K. in the end. You'd be surprised if you had seen what queer writing and figuring I had done in the dark."

Edward J. Kettenburg entered the Army as an Aviation Cadet April 13, 1944, but the withdrawal of all cadets from the flying program on May 8, 1945, put an end to his aspira-

tions in that direction. He received basic training at Keesler Field, Mississippi. During a stay at Craig Field, Alabama, he served as a hobby shop instructor, clerk-typist and mimeograph operator. He also attended the Radio Technician School at Truax Field, Wisconsin, and was discharged as a Private First Class on November 8, 1945.

Entering the Army Special Training Reserve program before he had reached eighteen, William R. Bodine was sent to the University of Buffalo. Dormitories were overcrowded and Bill was one of a group whose living quarters were in the basement of the university gymnasium. After his birthday, he received his call for active duty with the Army Air Force and went to Sheppard Field, Texas, for basic training and to Lowry Field, Colorado, to attend a Remote Control Turret Mechanic and Gunner School. Training halted shortly after the end of the war and Bill was discharged early in November, 1945, with the rank of Corporal.

Slated for Aviation Cadet training when he entered the Army Air Force, Paul A. Ashton also was affected by the abandonment of that program in the spring of 1945. Nevertheless, he learned how to fly a plane and had about twenty hours of solo time, obtaining training at the controls of a plane in off-hours while he was stationed at Ellington Field, Texas. Most of the members of his squadron did likewise because of their disappointment when the regular Army training program faded out. Back in Hopewell on furlough in September, 1945, Paul hired a plane at Princeton Airport in order to fly over his home town. He had enlisted in January, 1944, while a senior in Princeton High School. He expected to be called for duty when he became eighteen in June but was not notified to report until December, 1944. He then went from Fort Dix to Keesler Field, Mississippi, for basic training. Later, he moved to Ellington Field, near Houston, Texas, where he spent seven months engaged in night truck-driving training, and also driving a truck-and-trailer used for refueling planes. In April, 1945, he was home on furlough, and made the return trip by plane from Mercer Field, Trenton, to Fort Worth, Texas. While at Ellington Field, he along with other personnel were evacuated to Hobbs Field, New Mexico, by plane when a serious hurricane swept inland. When VJ-Day

arrived, Ellington Field personnel participated in the victory parade in Houston and Ashton served as a member of the color guard at the head of the parade. In September, he transferred to Amarillo, Texas, where a course in airplane engine mechanics was scheduled to start, but it was cancelled out, and Ashton was discharged with the rank of Corporal in November, 1945.

Private Thomas W. Pancoast enlisted at the age of seventeen but finished high school before being called to service on July 3, 1945. He entered the Army Air Force and went to Keesler Field, Mississippi, and Lowry Field, Colorado, before being sent, via New Orleans, Louisiana, to Panama. He was assigned to a bomb-defusing outfit.

Three months prior to the attack on Pearl Harbor, Fred S. Van Liew, of Mt. Rose, enlisted in the 119th Medical Regiment Band, knowing that it was about to change from National Guard status to be a U. S. Army band. Fred had finished high school three months earlier and concluded that he would "join up" with the same group in which his friend, Erwin W. Benson, was serving. They played in the same band for about three years, Erwin playing the clarinet and trombone, while Fred handled the saxophone. They separated in September, 1943, when Erwin transferred to another branch of the service. At that time, Fred was stationed at Fort Miles, Delaware. Previously, he had been stationed at Fort Dix and had participated in maneuvers in North Carolina; at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, and Fort DuPont, Delaware. Later, he went to Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and was discharged there on October 29, 1945. Altogether, Fred served five years, one month and twenty-four days. Several times, embarkation orders appeared imminent but they never arrived. Fred served as band clerk during the latter portion of his stay in the Army. The band, originally with a Medical Regiment, became known later as the 240th Army Aviation Ground Force Band, and subsequently was attached to an Engineers unit. When released from the Army, Fred didn't wait until he reached home to change into civilian attire. Buying a suit while enroute, he quickly shifted from "Corporal" to "Mister," and his appearance was such a surprise that Erwin, who had arrived in town only a short time before, almost failed to recognize him.

Private First Class Edwin W. Savidge served in the Army with the Air Force, going in June, 1943, to Keesler Field, Mississippi, where he was a member of the Second Air Force Band. He was a drummer and previously had played in dance orchestras for several years. The 125-piece band made a name for itself until Army orders reduced the band to thirty-five players. Savidge was reclassified and went to the Aerial Photo Section, Army Air Field, at Casper, Wyoming, where he studied and graduated as an Army Air Photography technician. He was released on June 8, 1944.

Captain Albert H. Benson assisted in the development of amphibious and other equipment used by the Army. During a considerable part of his five years and two months in service, he worked in the Development Division, Army Ordnance Department, at Detroit, Michigan. It was responsible for devising new types of equipment, including tanks and trucks, such as the "jeep," the "General Sherman tank" and the "duck." Benson entered service as a Private in February, 1941, and went to Fort Benning, Georgia, serving with the First Armored Corps. Thereafter, he was at the Armored Replacement Center, Fort Knox, Kentucky, and with the Armored Force Board at the same location.

Private First Class William L. Stonaker was stationed in Hartford, Connecticut, as an AAA gunner, after receiving training at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He entered the Army in August, 1942, and remained in service until March, 1946. During the latter part of that period, he was at Fort Belvoir, Virginia, being assigned as an automotive instructor.

Before going in the Navy in March, 1944, Edward M. Haynes, Jr., had held a position as Hunterdon County distributor for one of the major oil companies. The Navy utilized his special knowledge and designated him as a Fuel Officer. He took Navy training at Bainbridge, Maryland, and upon being commissioned as a Lieutenant (jg), was assigned to Washington, D. C. He received his discharge early in 1946.

Clarence R. Habeeb, who finished his Navy service as a Yeoman, 1/c, spent a year in the "Seabees" and was trained in amphibious operations and construction work, only to spend the balance of his tour of duty at Cleveland, Ohio. "Hap" went to Camp Bradford, where he acquired his Naval Con-

struction Battalion experience. He moved to Camp Peary, Richmond, Virginia, to engage in personnel work. Transferred to general service, he devoted the next two years to clerical work in the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts at Cleveland. His service extended from November 24, 1942, to February 15, 1946.

Hopewell was represented in the WAVES, WAC, Army Nurse Corps, Navy Nurse Corps, as well as in the Army Cadet Nurses Corps. Ruth Lawyer Henrie, wife of Sergeant William Henrie, joined the WAVES on June 15, 1944, and went to the U. S. Naval Training Station at Hunter College, Bronx, New York. Then at the Hospital Corps School at Bethesda, Maryland, she trained for general hospital work, followed by duty caring for ward patients, working in the diet kitchen, orthopedic dressing room, record office and the Master-at-Arms office. Subsequently, she was stationed at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital for a month and then transferred to the Convalescent Annex in Swarthmore, Pennsylvania. Her rating upon graduating from the Hospital Corps School was Hospital Apprentice, 1/c, but four months later she became a Pharmacist, 3/c. She completed her service in the Navy October 15, 1945.

Verna L. Nevius served in Texas as a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, the organization which preceded the Women's Army Corps, better known as the WACs. She was sworn in during October, 1942, and began active service on March 2, 1943, going to Fort Des Moines, Iowa, for basic as well as Motor Transport Corps training. Assigned to Fort Clark, Texas, she joined the 1885th Service Unit of the WAACs and worked in the dispatcher's office of the motor pool. Her service ended in August, 1943, when the WAACs underwent a change in status through the creation of the WACs with "duration" enlistments. She was a Private First Class.

Katherine Ackerman, sister of Mrs. Percy Williamson, advanced to the rank of Sergeant in the WAC of the U. S. Army and served more than two years. She was assigned to Harlingen, Texas, maintaining records on addresses, grades, duties, etc., of personnel at the Flexible Gunnery School.

Dorothy Marie Blunden served as an Ensign in the U. S. Navy, being in the Nurse Corps. She was stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital, St. Albans, New York, after entering service in January, 1945. Earlier, following graduation from the Staten Island (N. Y.) Hospital, she had been in the Panama Canal Zone, with three years' duty in the Colon Hospital at Cristobal. She also was at Miami, Florida, with the U. S. Army Aviation Service Depot before serving in the Navy Nurse Corps. She had attended the Hopewell Schools and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Archer H. Stewart.

Among those who took training as Cadet Nurses were Eileen Devlin and Julia Wasolowski, at St. Francis Hospital, Trenton; Dorothy Stout, at Mercer Hospital, Trenton; Kathleen Carkhuff, at Temple University Hospital, Philadelphia; and Louise Sommovigo, at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia.

Service in the armed forces was rather brief for a number of men, either due to medical discharges, War Department rulings that men over thirty-eight were eligible for release, or other factors. Under the policy involving 38-year-old men, Wilford Van Dyke received his honorable discharge in December, 1942, after being in Missouri for several months; Elmer Pittman returned from Camp Haan, California, in January, 1943; John Senft from Florida in March, 1943; James H. Buck, Jr., from Camp Gordon, Georgia, where he had been in the Military Police; and George Williamson from Army Air Force duty at McClelland Field, California.

Medical discharges figured in a number of instances. Theodore Briggs, who had gone to Fort Dix on February 4, 1942, and then to Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyoming, was released due to physical disability after a few weeks; Carl Hill, troubled with bad eyesight, served with the Military Police in Florida and returned home early in 1943; Earl ("Ace") Schomp, former baseball and football player, who entered service in December, 1942, went to South Carolina, spent over eighty days in the hospital and received a medical discharge; and Ogden C. Embley, entering the Navy in March, 1942, was released with a similar discharge after being at Newport, Rhode Island.

The experience of Staff Sergeant William J. Quigley, an "old-timer" in Army service when World War II broke out, was unique in many respects. He had spent 1935-37 in the Philippines and in 1938 received a medical discharge at Fort Bliss, Texas. However, he was accepted for limited service, after the start of World War II, with a Service Unit of the Quartermaster branch at Camp Atterbury, Indiana, and subsequently went to Kentucky to assist in guarding German prisoners.

For John ("Jack") Nomer Gray, who entered the Navy on June 7, 1943, there was hospital service in store, followed by his own release with a medical discharge. He went to Sampson, New York, thence to the Hospital Corps School at Portsmouth, Virginia. He served at the Naval Hospital at Jacksonville, Florida, and then went to the Medical Service School at Camp LeJeune, New River, North Carolina. He received his medical discharge June 17, 1944.

Milford G. Daniels was the third of seven brothers who entered the service. He was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniels, of Stoutsbury, and was inducted August 29, 1942. As he was living at St. Louis at the time, he reported to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, and was assigned to the Army Air Force. He served as a cook, advanced to the rank of Private First Class, and was at Mather Field, California, and Sheppard Field, Texas. Because of a stomach ailment, he received a medical discharge in January, 1943.

Giving up his job as manager of the A. & P. store in Hopewell, C. Lloyd Drake entered the Army in May, 1943. Briefly, he performed clerical services at Fort Dix and then went to Miami, Florida, for training with the Army Air Corps Ground Squadron. However, he was sent to the Coral Gables Army Hospital for numerous tests due to "night blindness." In October, 1943, he received his certified disability discharge. Lloyd, accepting a position at the Eastern Aircraft plant near Trenton, said, "It's no secret that the Army was like a vacation—lectures given under the palm trees or on the beach in Florida—and I gained fifteen pounds in weight!"

Private William B. Snook served in the Army for four months and was hospitalized approximately half of that time. He was with the 379th Infantry, of the 100th Division. He began his service December 15, 1942, and went to Fort Jackson,

South Carolina. Before entering service, Bill had been subject to occasional fainting spells and the difficulty persisted while he was in uniform. Hospitalization and continued observation resulted in a medical discharge on April 15, 1943.

Private Wilfred A. Gray served in the Army about eight months and a half but was hospitalized for a considerable time due to a heart condition. He entered service August 31, 1942, going to Atlantic City, and thence to Chanute Field, Illinois, where he attended Sheet Metal School. He received his discharge May 10, 1943.

It was Friday, the 13th of July, 1944, when A. Scott Dansberry, Jr., reported for duty and was sent to Bainbridge, Maryland, for Navy "boot" training. Despite a back injury that had plagued him at intervals in civilian life, he had passed the preliminary physical tests. However, examining physicians at Bainbridge concluded that he should undergo a further check-up. After a lapse of twenty-five days, he was given a discharge. As "Scotty" described it, "About the hardest fighting I did was to wrestle with my laundry." He also commented that "I didn't have time to become a sea-going landlubber but acquired some experience in washing windows and polishing floors."

Private Elmer Earl Nevius was assigned to the Engineers after entering the Army June 22, 1943. He went to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and learned how to operate a power shovel. He became ill, however, and after spending six weeks in the hospital, received a medical discharge on December 22, 1943.

William Romanchuk, who lived on the Wertsville Road, served in the Army twice during World War II, being granted a medical discharge both times. He experienced a severe back injury while engaged in maneuvers in Louisiana during 1941 and spent five and a half months in the Base Hospital at Fort Benning, Georgia, and the Station Hospital at Camp Gordon, Georgia. His first period of service, which began December 28, 1940, terminated January 12, 1942. Romanchuk was a mortarman and a rifleman in the Infantry and qualified as a sharpshooter. While at Fort Benning, he came in contact almost daily with General Patton, being at the Post Command during maneuvers. Romanchuk's injuries occurred when a truck, speeding to take up advance positions during the train-

ing in the field, overturned. After receiving his medical discharge, he was a civilian for more than three years, re-entering the Army on April 24, 1945, only to be discharged medically on July 30, 1945.

Shipment overseas seemed imminent for T/5 William J. Ashton about the first of May, 1945, but the termination of the European conflict caused changes that held him in the States. He re-enlisted later in 1945 for an additional year. Bill originally was accepted for Army A-12 training in July, 1944, and went to Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Virginia. He then took Infantry training at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, and was sent to Fort Robinson, Nebraska. Early in 1945, Bill was assigned to an Infantry Scout Dog Platoon at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. After re-enlisting, Ashton went to Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in January, 1946, and engaged in clerical work.

Army personnel work was allotted to V. Leroy Skillman, Jr., T/4, throughout his military service. His experience in civilian life as an employee of the Calco Chemical Division, American Cyanamid Company, at Bound Brook, had qualified him for this special activity. Skillman entered the Army May 25, 1943, and spent a year at Fort Dix, New Jersey, interviewing recruits for assignment to military specialties. Another twelve months was devoted to processing records in the Separation Center at Fort Dix as well as Camp Lee, Virginia. His last nine months in the Army at Camp Edwards and Fort Devens, Massachusetts, involved duty as a vocational counselor, assisting patients in convalescent hospitals to select new vocations and develop their training programs. Skillman received his discharge March 4, 1946.

First Lieutenant Raymond C. Lowe had well above 1,000 hours of flying time in the Army Air Force, serving as a test pilot for fighter aircraft. He also was an Engineering Officer at the Harlingen Aerial Gunnery School, at Harlingen, Texas. Lowe entered service June 30, 1942, and received his commission in Texas the following July. He continued in service until October 2, 1945.

Training as a control tower operator for Naval Air Stations was given to John ("Jack") W. Wyckoff, Jr., S 1/c (Sp. Y) after he received "boot" training at Bainbridge, Maryland.

He began Naval service in May, 1944. He was on duty at Fallon, Nevada, and received his discharge in October, 1945.

Corporal Walter E. Breese served with the Military Police after entering the Army March 8, 1943. He was stationed at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi; Fort McClelland and Camp Sibert, Alabama. Most of his assignments were in adjacent towns, keeping check on military personnel. He received his discharge October 1, 1945.

Captain Dwight J. Scovel, a former Army Infantry Officer, resumed active duty on April 10, 1942. He was stationed at Weehawken, New Jersey, where an Air Force Defense Aid Depot was being maintained. He was assistant supply officer and acting quartermaster there, prior to being sent to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, in July, 1943. Subsequently, he performed services at Newark (N. J.) Airport in the Supply, Records and Reports Division. While there, he received a letter of special commendation from the Soviet Purchasing Commission which stated that he had "brilliantly assisted in supplying such a great amount of airplane spare parts in record time." Later, he was transferred to the AAF Intelligence School at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

An expert snare drummer with professional standing before he entered military service, Jack V. Sperling, Mus. 3/c, was sent to the U. S. Navy Band School at Washington, D. C., after his enlistment on November 9, 1942. He had played with the "Bunny" Berigan band of radio and night club fame. He took "basic" at Norfolk, Virginia. While at the Band School, he became an instructor and also was featured in broadcast programs by the U. S. Navy Band. Later, he went to the Naval Aviation Technical Training Center at Norman, Oklahoma, but returned to the School of Music in Washington. Sperling also played with the Admiral's Band of the Atlantic Fleet Service Force. He received his discharge in the spring of 1946, and resumed professional orchestra work.

The monotonous task of guarding prisoners of war fell to T/5 George T. Everitt. He entered service about June, 1943, and was assigned to the Prisoner of War Camp at Papago Park, near Phoenix, Arizona. He agreed that "guarding prisoners of war wasn't very exciting but I knew that I was much better off than fellows at the front."

Similar work was performed by Oliver Jenkins who was on duty in California guarding Japanese prisoners. Jenkins developed stomach trouble that required hospital treatment at Modesto, California, in August, 1943, and at Memphis, Tennessee. He received a medical discharge in December, 1943.

A varied experience was provided for Private First Class Clarence W. Younger, who entered service July 16, 1942. At Dow Field, Maine, he received basic training, then worked at the officers' mess at Richmond Air Base, Virginia, and later as a mechanic's helper. Sent to Selfridge Field, Michigan, he acted as a service record clerk and in the stockroom of the Base motor pool. He attended the Fort Logan (Colorado) Administrative and Technical Training School and returned to Selfridge Field for clerical duties. Shipped to Godman Field, Kentucky, he was billeting officer's assistant; then at Westover Field, Massachusetts, and Bradley Field, Connecticut, he served with the Military Police. He received his discharge September 24, 1945.

The European conflict had reached its climax when Robert A. Adam became old enough to enlist in the U. S. Marines. He entered service June 22, 1945, going to Parris Island, South Carolina. He spent his first three weeks in the hospital, due to a foot infection. Later at Yorktown, Virginia, he was subjected to the routine of guarding high explosives, including TNT, mines, torpedoes, depth charges, rockets and bombs.

CHAPTER XVII

Home-Front Activities and Restrictions

Some of the home-front activities, as well as war-time restrictions, are described in the following items, taken from the "Hopewell News:"

THE Pennington quarry is turning out vast quantities of stone with the government taking the entire output to provide a base for runways at Mercer Field, operated by the United States Navy adjacent to the Eastern Aircraft plant. (May, 1943.)

Air raid tests are quite frequent, with excellent co-operation every time the whistles blow and the church bells ring. One night, with the town well blacked out, somebody must have blundered up at the former Grimes estate on the hill, for lights came on all over the house and it was a minute or two before they were turned off again. (June, 1943.)

The Colonial Playhouse has adopted a new schedule, being closed on Tuesday and Thursday nights. The price for adults has been raised from 35 to 40 cents. With the driving ban on and police keeping a check on those who do travel, the theatre business in Hopewell isn't too good, except week-ends. (June, 1943.)

Restrictions on driving and heavy rains produced a heavy crop of grass for the Hopewell Valley Golf Club. So they went after it with a mowing machine, baled it up and probably sold it to help a sagging treasury. It looked queer to see bales of hay all over the golf course. (July, 1943.)

The H. A. Smith Company has plenty of work and materials, but finds it difficult to get sufficient help. Some women are working on automatic screw machines, even though it is a job requiring them to work in oil all day. (July, 1943.)

As a workout for the Civilian Defense groups, an "incident" was staged one night recently. It wasn't a full-fledged black-

out but events were planned to give the air wardens, reserve police and first aid squads an actual test. Most of the "emergencies" were well handled. One "saboteur"—impersonated by one of the younger chaps in town—was supposed to be on the prowl somewhere in town with the license number of a car given as a clue to his whereabouts. Acting on instructions, Bill Bodine, as the "saboteur who had ruined a nearby bridge," sat in a car parked by Ewing's store. He waited there for an hour and a half, and nothing happened, other than two or three persons peering at the license plates and then going on their way. Finally, the "saboteur" surrendered as he didn't want to stay there all night. It was explained later that a mixup in license numbers had permitted him to go undetected. (September, 1943.)

When Reverend N. Vance Johnston, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, started for the Harbourton Air Watch Tower on the Earl Abbott farm one morning recently, he didn't know that he was about to earn a rare distinction. He was doing the 8 A. M.-to-noon-shift, just as scores of others from Hopewell had worked on shifts there and at the Blawenburg lookout post to provide protection continuously day and night since December, 1941. Along about 11:30 A. M., Earl Abbott came out of the house and said, "You're fired!" Mr. Johnston couldn't understand that, naturally. Abbott continued: "Yes, you're fired—the Air Watch service is being suspended, effective immediately." It took a little time to convince Mr. Johnston that the order actually had come through. Finally, he climbed the stairs to the lookout room, and across the log-book wrote, "Discharged at 11:30 A. M.," and headed back to Hopewell. (October, 1943.)

Joseph LaBaw, who served on the Ration Board, went to Washington and from there to Arizona to work as a mineral engineer grading bauxite. He probably will pick up some samples for his fine display of phosphorescent stones (the kind that glow in the darkness after being exposed to a bright light). (November, 1943.)

The doctor situation in Hopewell has taken a turn for the better. Selective Service, seeking to fill the State quota of doctors needed for Army duty, has been seeking to obtain one from Hopewell. In a community that had only four doctors

prior to the war, the situation has created considerable agitation. It will be recalled that Dr. J. R. ("Reg") Pierson has been in the Army since 1940. His father, Dr. Theo. A. Pierson, had eased up considerably prior to that time as far as his patients would permit. Quite recently, Selective Service was giving notice to Dr. J. F. O'Neill that he might soon be subject to call. Patients and friends signed petitions, however, citing that he was needed to prescribe for patients over quite a wide area, and a family-man, of course. As a result he was deferred for six months. No sooner was that word received than the town's remaining physician, Dr. H. W. Swertfeger, received a letter calling him for a preliminary examination. He declined offers to circulate petitions in his behalf but friends wrote to Selective Service pointing out that he, too, was urgently needed. That eased the situation. In the midst of all the suspense, Dr. Paul S. Cutter, town druggist, remarked: "If they take Dr. O'Neill and Dr. Swertfeger, that leaves only Dr. Theodore Pierson, but if he will look after the people in the daytime, I'll try to supply the drugs that will keep them alive through the night." A doctor-shortage is a serious thing, as displayed during this past week. A woman in Washington's Crossing tried for four hours to get doctors from Trenton to respond and treat her sick husband. She turned to Hopewell and called Dr. Swertfeger about 11:30 P. M. He went over and found the man suffering with pneumonia—whereupon Dr. Swertfeger went right to work. The patient is recovering. (December, 1943.)

Mrs. Harry Riley, who was "drafted" from her job with the H. A. Smith Company to substitute as sixth grade teacher at the beginning of the school year, has given it up, for health reasons. The School Board located a replacement but the new teacher taught one day, then mailed her resignation from Trenton and vanished. (December, 1943.)

While air-raid "blackout tests" have become less frequent, one held at 9:45 P. M. on December 2, 1943, came at a bad time for the card party in Grange Hall by the Eastern Star. About 75 persons were participating and these had been some confused at the outset as to how players were to "progress." It took about ten minutes to get them agreed on how they were to proceed—then with things going smoothly once again, word was flashed about the "blackout." It really was black

in the hall when the lights were doused, according to reports. Then someone called out, alarmed: "Where's the money, Florence?" meaning Mrs. Bodine. "That's all right, I know and nobody else needs to know," she replied. Later it developed that it was in the drawer of a table and Mrs. Bodine was sitting on the table. Even the style in prizes at a bridge party has changed. The most sought after prize was a pound and a half of country butter, and it went to Mrs. Dan S. Renner.

Since many items such as radios, cars, refrigerators, furniture, etc., are scarce or unobtainable these days, folks around Hopewell have taken a big interest in Building and Loan shares. The Hopewell B. & L. (a good method to save steadily each month to buy a home or accumulate cash) opened a new series of shares about a month ago. (December, 1943.) It used to be that the opening of 300 new shares was considered as a high goal. But this time, 350 shares were taken the first night and Russell Holcombe, Sr., secretary, was getting calls from points all around. Of course, a lot of people are making good money in war plants but it's also something to know that all of it isn't being foolishly spent.

At the Belle Mead Quartermaster's Depot, they now have quite a number of Italian "Prisoners of War"—or at least they were prisoners of war until Italy's uncertain status changed that to some extent. An Associated Press feature (June, 1944) pictured Belle Mead, with all the invasion materials shipped long since, and attention now being given to "behind-the-lines" items such as bulldozers, concrete mixers, poles, cable and road scrapers. It's quite a plant, with a billion dollars worth of material inventoried and stored in fourteen warehouses. The 893-acre tract has forty-five miles of railroad track using five locomotives, thirty miles of hard-surfaced roads and thirty cranes.

At the State Village in Skillman, we hear, the services of a number of "C. O.s" (Conscientious Objectors) are being used. (June, 1944.)

Hopewell's telephone switchboard just will not accommodate all the telephones that are sought by local residents, but equipment to expand the facilities is nowhere available. In fact, New Jersey has 52,000 people who have requests for phone service on file. (June, 1944.)

It's no joke when you pay \$5 for a Federal auto tax stamp and then promptly lose it. Marvin Conover had just that experience. He came in to town for the covered dish supper-business meeting at Calvary Baptist Church. He was sitting in his car, one foot out on the ground, while handling a folder in which he had placed the five-dollar stamp. A little later he decided to take a look at the new stamp. But it wasn't there. Then he thought he remembered seeing something flutter to the ground. So a search began with several assisting. Marvin even backed up his car and got out a flashlight, but no sight of the stamp. That was odd. The next day, the Baptist pastor, Reverend Raymond A. Gray, who had aided in the search, made a further search but to no avail. When Sunday came, it was still on Marvin's mind, even while he sat in church. His fingers happened to stray down to his trouser cuffs, and presto—there reposed the missing \$5 stamp. (July, 1944.)

Some Junior Red Cross girls insist that they should meet with the regular Red Cross workers, one girl of twelve saying, "I'm as grown up now as I ever will be!" (October, 1944.)

The Boy Scouts, who collect newspapers in Hopewell to aid the salvage drive and to make money for their Troop fund, had an unhappy surprise recently. A number of the boys made the rounds Saturday morning, gathering papers, tying them in bundles, and then depositing them along the curb. In that way, the papers were to be ready for a truck to collect them during the afternoon. But when the truck made the rounds, the bundles had vanished! It developed that an out-of-town agency, also interested in raising funds, had come along and made a haul! The Troop Scoutmaster, Bob Copner, has asked Borough officials to co-operate so the boys don't have the same difficulty again. (October, 1944.)

Campaigners for the USO Fund are busy with more than half of Hopewell's \$2,000 goal already obtained. Kenneth Williamson heads the corps of workers. (October, 1944.)

Over 200 persons took part in folding surgical dressings at the workroom of the Hopewell branch, American Red Cross, during the past year. In addition, 61 persons kept the knitting needles flying and produced 218 knitted articles. Also, over 1,300 overseas bags were made. On a recent day, the

Red Cross workroom contained 45 aides who completed 1,925 dressings. Officers were re-elected recently, including Dr. T. A. Pierson, chairman; Mrs. F. V. Magalhaes, vice-chairman; Russell K. Metz, treasurer; Miss Susan S. Weart, secretary. Mrs. T. A. Pierson is chairman of the production committee, with Mrs. Raymond S. Van Dyke supervising surgical dressings; Mrs. Amos Stults, knitting; Mrs. Earl Nickerson and Mrs. Magalhaes, sewing. (March, 1945.)

Folks who have seen the former Air Raid lookout building atop the Borough reservoir are puzzled over the decision of Borough Council to donate it to Troop No. 26, Boy Scouts, as a meeting place. True enough, the Scouts need a suitable building, since their quarters next to the Eagle Bakery were destroyed by fire on May 30th. But the abandoned Air Raid building measures only 8 by 10 feet, outside measurements—and the Troop has 30 members! It might be possible to wedge them all in, sardine-can style, but if Bob Copner, Scoutmaster, ever called for a salute, the sides of the building would surely have to bulge out. The Scouts, unwilling to decline any gift, plan to use the building as it is adaptable for storage of salvaged papers. It may be shifted to a lot on Lafayette Street or possibly to the H. A. Smith Company property.

However, the meeting place problem remains unsolved—although the Borough Hall is well adapted for such purposes. Some say that it is reserved for the fire company, because they are housed in the building and serve the community as volunteers. If that's the reason, somebody must be losing sight of the fact that the Boy Scouts have made a big contribution to the war effort and served the Borough well in collecting waste paper—aside from the fact that a community-owned property should be in constant use for worthwhile community projects. Eventually, the Scouts plan to build a suitable place, using funds raised in a recent drive. Meanwhile, an "8-by-10" gift by Borough Council, in a moment of "generosity," remains no bigger than "8-by-10." (July, 1945.)

CHAPTER XVIII

Stores and Wartime Shopping

PPOINT-RATIONING started this week and Mrs. William Bodine had a special crew of women posted in the groceries to help customers and the proprietors alike. It seems that the women will have to learn how to shop all over again. As Elmer Weart (Weart's Market) expressed it, it's getting now so that "customers don't ask about the price, the big question is 'Do you have any?'" Incidentally, Weart's Market has stopped town deliveries on Tuesdays and Thursdays, but the store is a bee-hive of activity. (March, 1943.)

With meat plenty scarce, Orville Carkhuff, Sr., killed several hogs and took them to Weart's Store. While clerks kidded him about making sure that one wasn't stolen from his truck, others saw to it that one did disappear. Carkhuff had quite a time about it, thinking he really had lost it. (March, 1943.)

During the recent meat shortage, fifteen persons were at Weart's Store one morning when it opened up at 8 A. M. (April, 1943.)

The "Spot" is closed down and the rendezvous for the young people, intent upon hearing a little "jive" and getting their cokes and ice-cream sundaes, is no more. Gus Myers has taken a job with the Castanea Dairy. One rumor has it that Louie, the baker, may open up the "Spot" before long. Bet the tenants upstairs will miss the "juke box" going steady. (May, 1943.)

Mayor Russell K. Metz was seen last week killing time around the counter in one of the stores. Then a colored woman bought a shad and departed. The storekeeper then spoke up: "Now, you can have that shad-roe, Mayor!" So you see that even the Mayor has to wait sometimes. (May, 1943.)

Elmer Weart has announced that he's going to close up his grocery, meats and fresh vegetables departments on June 30th. That news hit Hopewell like a bombshell. To make matters worse, the rumor has been afloat that Moore's and

Edling's also may close up. In Weart's case, a number of factors were involved, such as difficulty in getting supplies, lack of help, OPA regulations changing prices and point-rationing so frequently, and Elmer Weart's desire to concentrate more time on his farm. Many are wondering just how Hopewell is going to be supplied adequately, because his store did a huge volume of business. Some think that one of the chain stores will step in and take over. What happens to his employees? Well, Sadie Dansberry has taken a job with the Gallup Poll people at Princeton—in fact, she had the job lined up before Weart made his announcement, as she was anxious to make a change. John Willis, the manager, says he may go down South; the butchers were offered jobs with the American Stores people, but say they are going to take a rest; Tracy Hall says he's "goin' fishin'," and so it goes. Lately nearly everyone looked to Weart to supply meat—and not too much available even then—so everyone is left wondering. (May, 1943.)

Since "The Spot" closed down, Ewing's store is getting most of the ice-cream trade from the lads and lassies. All the equipment was moved out of "The Spot" last week-end. (May, 1943.)

Glenn Cox, one of Hopewell's representatives on the District Ration Board, was in a mood to upset a huckster's produce truck in Trenton one afternoon not so long ago when he asked the huckster, who was selling potatoes out of a bag at the time, to let him have a few pounds, and the huckster refused, saying he had to save them for his regular customers (and potatoes really are scarce!) (May, 1943.)

Residents are still left guessing about the store situation in town. Several prospective buyers have been in to talk things over with Elmer Weart but his plan to close on the 30th of this month still seems to stand. Some thought that Tracy Hall would run a vegetable store there in any event, but he has arranged for a job at Eastern Aircraft where Ed Schenck, butcher, also has been hired. Another story is that Weart will take his frozen food cabinets up to his farm and sell that line of goods through his milk route. If he does close down, it's a question whether the other stores can handle the demand for goods, especially in the meat line. Lester Paul is to stay

on at Weart's for the time being as he is needed for the final cleanup of stock; John Willis, the manager, will work on Weart's farm; Carl Smith has already left for a job with the L. A. Young Spring & Wire Company in Trenton; Tom Pancoast will help on the farm and also has a theatre usher job for some of his evenings, and so it goes. Weart said that in addition to everything else, the building would require a new heating system, complete. Louie Gerhard, the baker, has been among those looking over the situation. The Eagle bakery now shuts down every Wednesday so they can catch their breath. That's a busy place. So many people are buying baked goods (due to sugar restrictions) and ice-cream (since the "Spot" shut down) that Louie and his staff are kept at it day and night. (June, 1943.)

Weart's Market looks queer, with the big windows soaped over and a sign in the door reading "Closed for the Duration." Weart shut down on June 30th as announced. But inside, they've been busy packing up the remaining stock—sold, the story has it, to a wholesale grocery firm. Lester Paul has taken a job somewhere in Trenton. . . . Spencer Moore plans to close his grocery on August 1st. He's been offering special lots of goods, to get his shelves cleared. Miller's 5-and-10-cent store, is preparing to move to the store formerly occupied by "The Spot." The interior is being renovated right now.

With Weart closed, Moore no longer handling meat, and a lot of rationed goods hard to get in the remaining stores, the food supply situation is none too rosy. However, there's always a chicken to be had from some nearby farm and gardens are yielding—so there's a minimum of complaining. After all, we aren't having bombs dropped on us nor being pushed around by any invader. (July, 1943.)

Milk deliveries are every other day, to save gas and tires. (July, 1943.)

Jim DiIorio, the tailor, has closed down, and it's a tough job to get a suit of clothes pressed these days. Most of the business, sent out of town, takes at least a week to get back. (July, 1943.)

Hopewell housewives are still trying to adjust themselves to the situation since Weart's Market closed up. The supply of foods has been far from adequate, and a lot of business has

shifted to Pennington, Princeton and Trenton. Pressure is being put on OPA to see that Hopewell gets its proper quotas, since the shortages go beyond the troubles caused by ordinary rationing. Some people say they have asked elsewhere for hamburg, and been told that "I'm keeping it for my regular customers," while one store proprietor has said that he cannot take on any of Weart's former customers. Elmer Weart is busy farming, his OPA headaches over for the "duration." The American Store has been asking Newell Holcombe about obtaining the use of his plumbing shop but there is no sign of the shop window being cleared of the clutter of plumbing parts—and maybe that would be asking too much. Spencer Moore says he'll be open until August 15th, at least. Miller's 5-and-10 has just finished moving into a spic-and-span store, all re-decorated so you wouldn't know that "The Spot" ever existed there. Jim DiIorio, the tailor, is opening up on Fridays and Saturdays for pressing only—so "the well-dressed man" of Hopewell isn't going to be entirely inconvenienced any longer. (August, 1943.)

Meat is still pretty scarce, especially beef, while butter has almost completely vanished during the past few days. Some of the Hopewell stores were handing out a quarter-pound to a customer. As one man said, "I only come in to the stores once a week, and how is a quarter of a pound of butter going to do for four people for a week?" Spencer Moore let it be known that he would have a good stock of beef last week-end and did he do the business! He's decided to stay open, after all his uncertainty, and has a beef house that has promised to keep him supplied.

DiIorio's tailor shop has cut down its Saturday hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., so Jim can get away by early afternoon. His Eastern Aircraft job shift starts earlier, it seems. The Miller 5-and-10 is now going strong in its new location next to Cutter's Drug Store. (September, 1943.)

There must be money in cakes and buns. At any rate, Louie Gerhard has bought the entire corner property including Weart's Market, the hardware store and the garage space occupied by Norman Blackwell. It had been known that Louie was getting ready to open up Weart's Store but nobody expected that he would be buying property on such a lavish scale. But it's the hard-working boys that get ahead, you

know. The store is to be a self-service market and Louie thinks he can be ready by October 1st. Originally, it was planned to open up around Labor Day, if possible. However, renovating is taking time, the job including some new windows on the east side; new shelves, etc. The removal of the sign reading "Closed for the Duration" is some encouragement, however. Louie and Martha (his wife) took three days off this week, to rest up for the rush to come. They've ceased baking for the time being, but may resume after the self-service market gets well established. Their bakery store remains open. (September, 1943.)

Boys' underwear always was short, but it's even shorter now—in fact, it isn't to be bought in the Trenton stores. (September, 1943.)

There'll be meat on the table and more groceries on the shelf hereafter—we hope—for the grand reopening of Weart's Market took place today. Louie Gerhard, the baker man, has been chasing back and forth on Broad Street trying to get the big store ready and take care of his bakery store as well. For a short while he ceased baking but that has been resumed. However, the bakery is to be closed on Sundays hereafter, excepting from 8 to 10 A. M. for the sale of newspapers. The reopened market is mostly self-service. Some of the customers acted as if they felt queer taking one of those "baby-carriage" affairs as they started to make the rounds to pick up their groceries. However, it does speed things up, and Louie has two exit aisles, where ration points are figured, purchases packaged and your cash taken. It was a rip-roaring day of business for Louie, Martha, Lester Paul (who is right in there swinging the meat cleaver, and taking charge of that end of the business). The store itself had been renovated in great style. Elmer Weart has been taking an active interest in getting Louie started. Louie has been supervising the hardware store of late. Right now, Louie rates as the town's "wonder man," for he's doing things in a big way—even getting ready to move into the house he built a little while back on Louellen Street. That is to be vacated by the Selbie's who are to move into the big house next door. . . . As for the town tailor, John DiIorio, he has reopened on a full-time basis, giving up his Eastern Aircraft job. For a while patrons had to schedule visits to his shop just right, for he closed Saturdays

at noon (being open Friday and Saturday only) and if a customer came late, his suit was there until the following Friday. Jim said he just didn't have accommodations at home to move garments there, if they had not been called for. Speaking of the stores—Spencer Moore would like to know who got a nice roast of lamb by mistake one recent Saturday. He had put it aside to fill an early order, but it wasn't to be found when the party called for it. In these days, it seems that people just don't bother to mention such discoveries, nor bring the goods back. (September, 1943.)

To check up on prices being charged, OPA inspectors (that OPA means Office of Price Administration) looked around Hopewell a few days ago. They went into the stores and went through the motions of ordering meat. Just before it was cut, they inquired the price. Reports persist that they made some notations in their books but no public announcements have been made. It remains to be seen what the OPA inspectors concluded. (January, 1944.)

The shortage of coal also has really been something for the past two or three weeks, and the end isn't in sight yet. Hopewell's coal dealers say they just can't get delivery on their carload orders. The reserve supply at the mines isn't there, due to last summer's strikes. Upon arrival of a carload, it is parceled out in small lots to help as many as possible. Between times, the dealers have only buckwheat size coal and soft coal to offer, so a number of people are burning that. On the other hand, Hopewell is faring better than many places, as many owners have always been inclined to put in their winter's supply well in advance, and in many cases, the recent strike didn't affect them too much. Also, the users of fuel oil haven't had to deal with a shortage anything like last winter's. However, fuel oil restrictions still exist. (January, 1944.)

Albert Rathousky will make sure that it doesn't happen again. He used some of those precious ration points to buy two pounds of steak and some frankfurters, but left the bag in his bicycle carrier while he went into another store to do a second errand. When he came out, the bag had been torn open, and the meat was in the possession of a very grateful dog. Albert gave chase but the dog knew a good thing when he had it. (January, 1944.)

Elston Hunt nearly panicked them in the Eagle Bakery one day when he walked in and said: "As the cannibal chief remarked when he arrived rather late at the feast, 'Everybody eaten?'" (September, 1943.)

Quite a muddle developed when the latest ration books were being issued in Hopewell. The plan was to divide the work between two days and evenings, applicants going to the Grammar School. However, so many people went the first day that the supply of ration books was exhausted during the early evening. A hurry-up call was put through to Pennington only to learn that all the ration books at the district office there were locked up in a safe with a time-combination set for the next morning. Consequently, a lot of people had to be turned away with instructions to come back the next day. You can bet that they did! However, the frenzy to buy rationed foods has faded out, the stores carry good stocks, even though prices are quite high, and most everyone finds that the ration stamp allowance is adequate. Shortages in other lines exist, however, and some surprising situations arise. At a public sale held at the Titus-Butcher home on West Broad Street, articles that cannot be bought in the stores, such as toasters, electric grills, etc., were in great demand. You should have seen how children's toys sold. Toy cars, for instance, that would have been put on the curb for the ragman ordinarily, sold for half a dollar or more. Old dolls, children's books, metal toys particularly, caused lively bidding. A stroller that would cost about \$7 new in normal times sold for over \$17. The auctioneer made a good show of it (who doesn't love an auction sale?) and even gave away half a dozen baby bottles. (November, 1943.)

Clifford Higgins, going home from work, stopped in Spencer Moore's for some oysters. Moore told him that if he wanted to open his own, rather than wait, it would be all right. So Higgins went downstairs, and Harry Riley, who was with him, went along. While Clifford worked, Harry stood beside him and talked. In due time, they resumed their homeward journey. Just as Higgins got out of the car, Riley—still discussing sea food, asked: "Do you like clams, Clifford?" Clifford replied, "Sure do," and then they said good-bye. When Higgins took off his overcoat, he found that Harry Riley had slipped a clam into the overcoat pocket, apparently while Clifford was

busy opening his oysters. And what became of the clam? Well, Mrs. Higgins, who hasn't been too well, got to wishing for a little clam broth one day, and so the clam served a useful purpose after all. (February, 1944.)

Those OPA inspectors who hit town a short time back didn't get much in the way of evidence, apparently, for it is understood that the charges against two or three stores have been dropped. It's the same old question as to whether ceiling prices are being respected. . . . Quite a lot of soft coal and buckwheat is being burned as the supply continues at low ebb. Some local residents are getting so keen-eared that they know exactly when a carload of coal is shunted into a siding at J. B. Hill & Sons or Jacob VanDoren's, and then do the telephones get busy! (February, 1944.)

In the stores, the shoppers are trying to get used to taking dime-size tokens as "change" from ration coupons, when the latter exceed the required point-value of goods bought. (March, 1944.)

A big batch of kittens—two batches, in fact—are expected momentarily at Moore's store. (March, 1944.)

The kittens arrived at Moore's grocery store, eight in number. One of the mother cats thought she would keep them in Mrs. Moore's sewing basket, but was mistaken. (April, 1944.)

All the stores are displaying garden seeds galore. . . . At Rorer's, the window also contains "felt-hat" rugs. That explains what happens to your old felt-hat—maybe. (April, 1944.)

Two people went away happy the other day after one had asked at the bakery for buttermilk. She was told that they had none, whereupon Mrs. George Green, of West Broad Street, who also was in the store, spoke up. "I have just churned and have a gallon of it at home," she said. The would-be customer lost no time in completing arrangements to obtain a supply. (June, 1944.)

One night recently six farmers who had been out baling hay walked into Ewing's Corner Store. They ordered ice-cream sundaes. Then they ordered a second round. In fact, when they got ready to pay the bill, the six of them had consumed

nineteen sundaes. A number of Hopewell ladies who had been down working for the Red Cross stared a little, forgetting that it's hot and dusty work in the wheat fields these days. (July, 1944.)

When a tailor is unable to get steam up just before a holiday, a lot of folks inevitably will look a bit wrinkled. So it was over the Fourth of July, all because Jim DiIorio's boiler in his shop back of Cutter's drugstore decided to open up at the seam. Imagine it—a shop full of work, the holiday on a Tuesday and the boiler acting up on the Friday before. Jim tried it out again on Saturday and concluded it was useless, so all he could do was to stand by and explain to his customers. Phone calls to New York brought indefinite promises of a replacement boiler and meanwhile more pressing work stacked up on the counter. Then Jim got busy with Trenton and found he could have the break repaired there. But that wasn't the end of it. His dryer kicked up, the gasket going bad. However, the good old H. A. Smith Machine Company came through with a repair job on that and finally the shop got back "in the groove." (July, 1944.)

The two "mom" cats at Spencer Moore's store have presented more kittens—four apiece. (August, 1944.)

With sugar still being rationed, home-made cake is quite a rarity, especially at a food sale. However, Mrs. Leon Hill made one for a Missionary Society sale at the Calvary Baptist Church and when the chocolate icing had been spread on it, it was more than tempting. Andy Wyckoff, who lives with the Hills, felt that way about it and remarked that he'd give a quarter for a piece of it. Leon Hill said the same. Someone else offered to pay another quarter for a portion of it—all this before the cake reached the sale. Andy waited to see what price was placed on the cake. Soon it was marked at \$1.25. Without a moment's hesitation, Andy said, "I'm not bothered by that," and producing the \$1.25, took possession of the cake. (August, 1944.)

Strange things happen these days at public sales because of ceiling prices on certain items. At the recent sale of goods owned by the Edgar VanDorens, West Broad Street, (who are moving to Florida) a washing machine was bid up to \$55. It had cost \$35 about ten years ago. As the ceiling price was

around \$29, Mrs. VanDoren said she'd dispose of it and immediately sold it to a friend for \$22. When it came to an electric refrigerator, about 50 would-be buyers were ready to pay the ceiling price. So the auctioneer put slips in a hat and that's how it was decided who got it. (August, 1944.)

Needing an extra sugar allowance to can peaches, Mrs. Leigh Hurley applied to the Ration Board in Pennington for extra stamps. They didn't come. Now baskets of peaches couldn't be held indefinitely, so she got in touch with the Ration Board and was advised that the sugar had been allotted to her and the stamps mailed. Then it developed that a mixup had occurred since there are two Margaret Hurleys in Hopewell. As luck would have it, the rations stamp envelope had been put in the mailbox at the post office for the other Mrs. Margaret Hurley, who lives on Railroad Place, and is the widow of Dr. Hurley, the veterinarian. She had been away and the OPA office in tracing the stamps through the post office, found that the second Mrs. Hurley had just returned to find the sugar stamps mysteriously waiting for her. The difficulty was soon adjusted. (September, 1944.)

A Trenton Transit bus broke down right in front of Paul Cutter's drug store on a recent Saturday night. The engine had overheated, as the woman driver soon discovered. So she asked Mr. Cutter if she could get some water. Like all up-to-date druggists, he was prepared to supply most anything, of course. So a bucket was produced and the woman driver began to carry water—nine buckets of it, to satisfy the thirst of the bus. But the overheating had produced sad results and the bus refused to start. Eventually, a repair car arrived and got the bus back into service. (October, 1944.)

Edgar Stout, who recently sold his grocery business at Harborton, wasn't a bit afraid of the number "13" when he started in business—for it was March 13, 1913, and a Friday at that! But after almost 32 years of it, he concluded that he should take the doctor's advice and go to Florida for a real rest. He has had quite a bit of trouble with asthma so he plans to remain in the South if the climate agrees with him. "I hate to leave all my friends here," he admits, but on the other hand, he has been to Florida before, likes to fish and knows his way around. Incidentally, he also has been Har-

bourton's postmaster since 1913, starting that position on July 12th, 1913, but he also is giving up that position, of course. (October, 1944.)

Mrs. W. J. Braunworth has sold the newspaper agency which has been run for many years under the family name. Since the death of her husband, she has conducted the business from her home at 25 Blackwell Avenue. The purchaser is Mr. Robert Fuss (pronounced "Foose"). Mr. Fuss is a nephew of Walter Lawyer, and is coming from Indiana with his bride. It is understood that they will continue the newspaper routes from the present address until he can get relocated. Mrs. Braunworth also is selling out her line of groceries. (November, 1944.)

A boy was helping to stock the shelf in a Hopewell grocery store, putting up cans of Nestle's "Lion Brand" condensed milk. He paused in his work, read the label a time or two to himself, then asked: "What's the difference between lion's milk and cow's milk?" (February, 1945.)

Mr. Robert Fuss, who recently bought the Braunworth newspaper agency, is seeking a buyer as he and his wife want to return to their home in Indiana. (February, 1945.)

It sounds as if just about everyone in town is going to turn to chicken-raising. That's because meat has been a rather scarce article lately and may continue that way for a while. Right now, most of the poultry owners don't want to sell their fowl for the hens are laying eggs and the latter sell for about 50 cents a dozen. . . . The coal shortage seems to have eased up a bit, but for a few days soft coal had to be taken even for home use. Severe winter weather had a lot to do with delays in coal deliveries, and oil tankers coming up the Delaware couldn't make Trenton for a short while. Soft coal burning has its problems, of course, as they learned in the Cox & Cray barber shop, where the gas fumes blew the lid off the stove three times in the first day or so. . . . The cigarette shortage is viewed by some as the most serious of all! Lines extending a block long form in Trenton at intervals during the day when stores receive a supply. This forming of lines has created some confusion at State and Broad Streets, as one woman discovered, for she stood in a line that curved around the corner, only to discover that it didn't lead into the cigar store

but to a store a few doors up North Broad Street where chickens ("Buy Your Favorite Part") are sold. . . . And then there is the Hopewell party, who saw a cigarette dealer's auto come into town, and decided to follow and make the rounds. Going from store to store and making purchases, the cigarette hoarder is reported to have wound up with 18 packs. (March, 1945.)

With Easter approaching and candy none too plentiful, here's a story about the time that "Doc" Paul Cutter bought five barrels of jelly beans—yes, five barrels! It was after World War I and candy had been somewhat scarce. However, a salesman assured Cutter that he could obtain them and jokingly, Cutter said: "All right, how about five barrels of them?" The salesman departed. Shortly thereafter, "Doc" Cutter got a call from New York to verify the order. He was game but still skeptical about the jelly beans ever arriving. But they did! Almost at once, Cutter re-sold three barrels of them to a Trenton distributor, and the local demand was so keen that the other two barrels of jelly beans soon were completely sold out. (March, 1945.)

A paperhanging business and store is being opened up where the "5-and-10" used to be, near the Rorer Hardware Store. The proprietor is Ralph Cray, Jr., whose father formerly lived in Hopewell and was a paperhanger. . . . Spencer Moore is going to close his grocery store on Mondays, starting April 2nd, partly because of the meat shortage and also so he and his wife can get a little rest. . . . Ewing's Corner Store closes all day Thursday, as the shortages or reduced quotas on cigarettes, ice-cream, etc., are felt. (March, 1945.)

It looks now as if a permanent owner has been obtained for the newspaper agency that was operated for years by W. J. Braunworth. Robert Fuss, who came here with his wife from Indiana to run the business decided that "my home in Indiana" was too appealing. Frank Hall, of Model Avenue, came to terms with Fuss for its purchase. Hall works at the H. A. Smith plant, so he will only supervise the newspaper routes, excepting Sundays. (May, 1945.)

The Eagle Bakery is still suffering from the effects of the disastrous fire that occurred at 6 P. M. on Memorial Day. (See "Fires and Firemen.") Likewise, Scout Troop No. 26, whose

quarters were leveled by the blaze, has adopted make-shift plans in order to continue its activities. Also, it's no secret that some folks who live in the vicinity lost little time in getting their War Bonds into the bank, the scare being enough to compel action. The baking equipment could have been restored to usefulness quickly, but the fire had swept the storeroom overhead, some of the materials falling to the ground floor. Under the circumstances, baking has been postponed until repairs are completed. For a number of days, the bake shop closed daily at 6 P. M. because electric current was lacking. But now the red-and-blue lights between the bakery and the West Broad Street corner twinkle again, and the ice-cream parlor-luncheonette is open for business. The refuse from the structure in which the Scouts met and stored their salvaged newspapers was quickly cleared away. The cause of the fire remains unknown. Needing a meeting place, the Scouts received offers from two churches. They also were offered a couple of cellars and several homes. They accepted the offer of Harry Hall and have found his cellar, equipped as a playroom, is quite O. K. Meanwhile, the Troop and Troop Committee are happy over the fact that their recent drive for funds to obtain more suitable quarters was held. A total of \$645.06 was raised, although the goal was \$500. Plans remain to be perfected. Borough Council has offered the former Air Raid observation building at the reservoir to the Scouts, with the thought that it will be moved to some other location. Early reports that the Troop's new flags were safely elsewhere at the time of the fire proved to be incorrect, and a set of recently purchased emblems was included in the Scouts' losses. (June, 1945.)

With meat extremely scarce, local residents go shopping bright and early. As many as twenty have been seen in front of some of the shops at 8 A. M. The egg shortage hasn't been felt seriously, although in North Jersey the stores have sold only three eggs to a customer at times. . . . Jim DiIorio, the tailor, is having boiler trouble again, with pressing halted for a couple of days until his equipment gets fixed up. "It will give me a chance to catch up on some sewing," he says. (June, 1945.)

The old cry, "Any fish today?" soon may have to be changed in Hopewell to "Any fish tonight?." That is, if the Tash brothers, from Rocky Hill, continue to make the rounds as

recently. For one Tuesday night, after 10 P. M., they were ringing bells and knocking at doors in the east end of town to ask "Any fish today?" However, business was brisk, even at that time of night, for meat has been plenty scarce and folks were glad to get their hands on a mackerel, a flounder or a croaker. (July, 1945.)

When the Eagle Bakery was badly damaged by fire on Memorial Day, Louie Gerhard, the proprietor, said he hoped to resume baking within three weeks. In mid-June, he predicted it would be "about three weeks" longer, and on the Fourth of July, he told customers that he should be turning out his own make of bread, pies, cakes and buns "in three weeks." With the end of July reached, Louie is still saying "about three weeks." In normal times, folks would not be so impatient, perhaps, but the shortage of sugar stopped home baking long ago, while the supply available in the stores—as far as cakes and pies are concerned—is sharply reduced. But things look brighter. Carpenters are completing repairs to the exterior of the bakery, now that the insurance adjustment is out of the way; the oven repair man will soon be back from a vacation, and if a lot of repair parts are not needed, Louie may be mixing up the dough before long. (July, 1945.)

Spencer Moore, resting himself against the meat block in his grocery store, told this one the other day. When his son, Winston, was born, it was in order to bring out a box of cigars. You know—"Congratulations!" "Have a cigar," etc. The jolly old custom was being carried out well until he encountered one man from whom Spence, having said, "Have a cigar," received this reply: "If you don't mind I'd rather have a package of chewing tobacco!" Spence obliged. (July, 1945.)

The wholesale jewelry manufacturing business conducted by Adolph Sickinger on Model Avenue for a number of years has been sold to an out-of-town company—but Mr. Sickinger will still be on the job. He has been retained as foreman and reports are that quite a number of jobs will be available before long. The western end of the property—the former Elementary School annex—is being enlarged. (October, 1945.)

For several days, bakery trucks were not to be seen around Hopewell due to a strike of drivers. However, Louie Gerhard's bakery switched to bread baking almost exclusively and Hope-

well residents fared much better than folks in Trenton and some nearby towns. In Trenton, bread was rationed, one loaf to a customer for a few days but the strike was settled suddenly, being attributed chiefly to a Northern Jersey situation. Not only did Hopewell have sufficient bread, but Louie also bought up 1,000 breakfast rings—yes, 1,000 of them—from a bakery truck driver who wanted to unload them in a hurry on the day that the strike was called, as he had to get his truck off the street by three P. M. The breakfast rings sold well. (October, 1945.)

Every week there seems to be a new strike to worry about. For days, a dire threat that Public Service maintenance and repair workers would stop work has hung over the State, but now appears to have eased off. If it had taken place, eighty per cent of the power and light facilities in New Jersey would have been crippled. Both sides have now pledged to continue negotiations until a settlement is reached. . . . Many workers at the General Motors plant in Trenton (known as Eastern Aircraft until production of Navy planes ceased following V-J Day) are affected by the strike originating in Detroit and affecting all GM plants. A number of Hopewell residents are hit by the suspension of work. . . . Then there was a strike involving milk delivery men, which really got customers aroused because of non-delivery for several days. However, Hopewell with local sources of supply, weathered that one rather well. . . . At the Montgomery-Ward store in Trenton, clerks went on a one-week strike, while several other industries there have been affected by labor troubles. . . . As usual, the general public has no way of judging the right-and-wrong of the disputes, but does wish that a way would be found to "get on" with the production of civilian goods. (December, 1945.)

Equipment is being installed in Hopewell's new industrial plant on Model Avenue—a wholesale jewelry manufacturing factory set up in the former school property. Production is expected to start shortly. Jobs will be available, it is reported, for fifty to sixty women. If that occurs, the industry will rank as the second largest in town, next to the H. A. Smith Company. Renovations are being rushed to completion. A quantity of machinery has already been delivered. The owners, who purchased the Hopewell Jewelry Company busi-

ness have two other plants, one in New York and the other at Bergen Heights, New Jersey. In addition to the interior alterations, considerable excavation has taken place as well as the removal of trees to assure adequate lighting. (December, 1945.)

With the old Finney & Fetter sawmill removed and a garage and filling station to be erected in its place on Louellen Street, the site of two or three of Hopewell's "firsts" will be drastically changed in appearance. Ralph Marotta will conduct the new business there, which will include an automobile show room when building materials are available. For the present, a temporary garage and filling station will be erected. . . . Hopewell's original water system was supplied from a large well on the Finney & Fetter property. When the Borough outgrew the water supply available at that point, the Borough developed a more extensive system. The first telephone in Hopewell is said to have been in the old sawmill, which was torn down last summer. It was a one-way line between the mill and the railroad station. When cars arrived at the station, they could ring the mill and let the owners know that they were available for loading with timber, shipped from the mill to all parts of the world. When the phone was being used, it was necessary to speak directly into a box-like affair, in order to be heard at the other end of the line. A. G. Fetter, one of the sawmill partners, is credited with originating Hopewell's first street lighting system. It consisted of kerosene lamps that were cleaned daily. Eventually, utility company lines were extended into the Borough. (December, 1945.)

CHAPTER XIX

Town Celebrations

HOPEWELL'S Memorial Day parade (May, 1943), has been cancelled. The Memorial Day Association decided that too many people will be working that day. It's also difficult to obtain bands. But what a grand parade it will be on the first Memorial Day after peace is restored and the fellows who saw service are right in there getting a bit of well-deserved honor.

The annual Memorial Day service was held in Calvary Baptist Church, and Rev. N. Vance Johnston preached a timely, worthwhile sermon, with a number of World War I "vets" present. The choir sang "Sleep Noble Hearts." Earlier in the Sunday School, Robert Copner was called upon to read the Church Roll of Honor. As he mentioned individual names, he made special comment, such as the fact that John Dilts had been in the Army exactly three years on that day, and that "Reg" Hurley might get home on furlough within three months or so.

Since the town parade was cancelled—no gas to haul bands, many folks working in war industries regardless of the holiday, etc.—exercises at the cemeteries were quite simple. A firing squad, a color guard, the pastors and a few spectators were on hand for the firing of the volleys, the salute, taps and the prayers.

As elderly Warren Hart expressed it, "I don't believe I ever saw a Memorial Day when so many folks were working." That's it—those who weren't doing war work were busy in their Victory gardens—and while thoughts to some extent concerned those who had passed on in the service of their country, it really was a day when everybody was thinking of today's soldiers, sailors and marines to whom all honor is due. (June, 1943.)

Everybody loves a parade so Hopewell's 1944 Memorial Day event was well received. It was the first in two years and everyone seemed glad to have the parade restored as a community feature. Here's a glimpse of the parade as it goes by:

"Here comes the parade!" someone shouts. It's coming out of Louellen Street and it is a little after 9:00 A. M. The band is playing. It's the band from the Quartermaster's Depot at Belle Mead. (For a time, it seemed as if it might be impossible to get a band this year.) And see how many horseback riders there are: count 'em—why, there are fifteen. Hear the clatter of hoofs on the concrete. Sure enough, there's Howard Butcher and his son, Joe, and Dezzie Casey on an Indian pony, and Father Thompson, and Adele Hurley, and Norman Gebhart and Lee Thomas Hightower (red shirt 'n everything)—yes, and Harbourton's famed "Buffalo Bill," 68-year-old Charles Lennox, who wears several medals received when he served with the British Lancers. (One of the boys asked him where he got all the medals, and he replied: "I wasn't throwing snowballs!")

Who's that—yes, it's Herbert Rorer acting as parade marshal. His suit from World War I fits him tighter every year, it seems. And that's John Faussett in charge of the color guard and firing squad. Yes, there's Lloyd Drake in the color guard, and look—that's Lieutenant Harold Temple, of the Army Air Corps, who's using up some of the precious last hours of his furlough to honor the heroic dead.

Now the groups are coming thick and fast—the Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Brownies, the 4-H Club, the Firemen and their Auxiliary and a float prepared by Mercer Grange. And who's that driving? It's Andy Wyckoff, his hand pretty well recovered after that mishap with a circular saw. Then there's the school children.

Now the parade swings up Greenwood Avenue to Highland Cemetery. A prayer is said, taps sounded after a three-rounds salute by the firing squad, and taps is echoed by a trumpeter in a far corner of the cemetery. The parade re-forms and in succession visits St. Michael's Children's Home, the Grammar School monument, the Catholic Cemetery and the Old School Baptist Cemetery. The ceremonies are repeated at each place. Then the band strikes up "Star Spangled Banner" and the parade is over. The children scamper for their ice cream and soda tickets—while many of the bandsmen head for the hotel and a "short snort!" (May, 1944.)

While the end of the war in Europe is yet to be achieved, plans for Hopewell's observance of V-E Day have been devel-

oped. While great rejoicing will follow, it is generally accepted that the memory of the dead and wounded calls for a day of thankfulness and religious observance. A union service will be held in Calvary Baptist Church with pastors participating and combined choirs. In fact, the choirs are preparing special music right now, to be sure that all is in readiness. It is expected to be a memorable occasion, and all hope that it will not be too long delayed. (October, 1944.)

Civilians are notoriously bad guessers about war developments, but right now the folks back home are more than certain that V-E Day news may come at any moment. In fact, many believed that a news blackout to conceal the joining of the American and Russian Armies was being enforced until after President Roosevelt's funeral. While it may be a little longer before the collapse of Germany comes, there is supreme confidence that the end is not far distant. What a day of rejoicing that will be—and a day of renewed vows to triumph over Japan just as quickly as the job can be done. (April, 1945.)

V-E DAY! Peace has come to the battlefields of Europe! The great day has arrived for which millions have prayed; the achievement so stupendous that it seems almost unbelievable. But as aptly stated by Rev. Raymond A. Gray, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, thoughtful people "go to church and pray . . . knowing that God is still holding human destiny in the palm of His hand. Pray and thank God . . . knowing the cost and how to observe the meaning of victory."

The great news set the church bells a-ringing, schools and stores closed, and a few fire crackers were set off, but in general the townspeople had a feeling of gratitude that prompted quiet observance of the historic May 8th. The community V-E Day service, held in Calvary Baptist Church, was attended by 225 persons, and was a most impressive occasion. Mr. Gray spoke in remembrance of the sacrifices, while Rev. Harold R. Fuss, of the Methodist Church, stressed the need of re-dedication to the task of fostering lasting peace through the acceptance individually of Christian teachings. A combined choir of about twenty-five voices sang a special anthem. Prayers of thanksgiving and hymns of praise to God for the victory were included.

Victory—how sweet it is and what obligations it places upon all to hasten the day when similar success in the Pacific war zone can be proclaimed, and to make a just peace universal and cherished forever. (May 8, 1945.)

Great changes are taking place, as an aftermath to V-E Day. Fellows in the service and folks back home are trying to learn the answers to questions concerning releases from the Army, reassignments, furloughs, transfer to the Pacific war zone, etc. Corporal Edwin T. Sheppard, Marine veteran of the Saipan-Tinian invasion, probably summed up the view of most servicemen when he said the other day: "All I want is a new suit of clothes." However, all realize that victory over Japan is necessary if an era of peace is to be achieved. So most everyone is saying, "Let's get ahead with the job, we'll continue to do whatever is required of us." That's the spirit that will hasten the day of final victory.

But reports indicate that V-E Day with the troops in Germany was not an occasion for boisterous hilarity. Private First Class Joe Muredda (Infantry), writing on May 12th, said: "I imagine the people back home heard the news of the war's end just a few hours after it occurred. I can just picture what happened there. I'll bet the shouting is just dying down now. As to our reactions, we were happy, but it just didn't have that big ice-cream cone effect as when you were a kid. I believe the boys, plus myself, were thinking of the future and what it might have in store for us."

A number of restrictions have been relaxed since V-E Day. Gasoline rationing is to be eased up to some extent; outdoor lighting was O. K.'d and the Colonial Playhouse looked bright again with its concealed lighting effect.

It's regrettable, of course, that those assigned to Pacific duty, haven't been able to share in these historic events, but there'll be a day when they, too, can be on the scene and know the sweetness of victory. (May, 1945.)

It's Memorial Day again (1945) and here comes the parade—the band playing, flags flying, the firing squad, veterans, scouts, school children, firemen and the horseback riders! It's Hopewell's big event with appropriate ceremonies at the cemeteries to honor the dead who sacrificed all for love of country. The parade, blessed by blue skies overhead and a cool breeze, followed a new route, starting at West Broad Street and Ege

Avenue, and taking in West Prospect Street and Model Avenue. Winkler's Band, of Trenton, provided plenty of marching tunes. The marchers halted on Greenwood Avenue while a firing squad, color guard, buglers and clergy went on up the hill to Highland Cemetery. Fire engines provided transportation—although it was a rather unusual sight to see fire trucks in a cemetery.

At St. Michael's Children's Home, the children, waving flags, greeted the paraders. Ceremonies were held there, also at the Catholic Cemetery, Elementary School, in front of the Borough Honor Roll and at the Old School Baptist cemetery. At the latter place, the firing squad gave a "Chinese fire-cracker" effect to one round.

Several veterans of World War II participated in the parade including C. Lloyd Drake, Edwin Savidge, Oliver Jenkins, William C. Eelman, Sr., John F. Corcoran (newly arrived on leave from the Pacific) and a paratrooper, visiting locally. While honoring the dead, paraders and onlookers alike were not unmindful that about 175 from Hopewell are now in military service, scattered all over the world. But there's the hope that Memorial Day, 1946, will find the world at peace and all the veterans safely back home. (May, 1945.)

Fourth of July was a more quiet day than most Sundays in Hopewell. Many people were away, of course, and there being no special observance planned locally, others went to Pennington where a sports program and a block dance went off as scheduled. Fire-crackers? What are they? (July, 1945.)

Victory! Peace! Wonderful peace—too wonderful to accept as a reality. And with it, the prospect of joyous homecomings, a civilian suit of clothes, a job and a return to normal living. Yes, it's really true—all that and much more.

August 14, 1945—a date always to remember—the day when Japan capitulated, little more than three months after Nazi Germany was overwhelmed.

Supreme joy that changed to tears at thoughts of the sacrifices of life and the wounds borne; hilarious shouts of joy and solemn prayers that world brotherhood be firmly established and maintained; deafening noises to ring out a note of triumph and an awful hush in homes where a brave lad went out and will not return; war, ghastly and leaving its scar upon nations and men—then peace, to be only as permanent and as

wonderful as it seemed in the first hours after President Truman proclaimed Japan's surrender, if individuals decide that their daily lives will be based on Christian ideals put into everyday practice.

Peace—hard won, but peace—may we cherish it dearly.

As throughout the world, the suspense in Hopewell during the final hours before the full surrender was announced, became terrific. Clustered around radios, the chief question was "Is this really IT?" But finally there came the word that released all the pent-up emotions—and the big celebration was under way.

However, Hopewell had its fair share of premature "news flashes." About 8 A. M. on Friday, August 10th, the fire siren and church bells signaled that it was all over—but it was all a mistake. Again on Sunday night, about 10 P. M., the fire siren set up its wail. In a moment of uncertainty as to whether it was a fire alarm or a signal of peace, one junior fireman appeared in his pajamas.

But Tuesday night was something else! When the President's announcement was flashed at 7 o'clock, the fire siren, church bells and every auto horn and noise-maker in town joined in a terrific din that lasted well into the night. Immediately the streets filled with cars and people. A parade started like a spontaneous combustion. Flags appeared everywhere. The Borough's two fire engines, together with autos—estimated at 100 or more—formed in line and the parade wended its way up and down practically every street in the Borough. Every car was jammed with occupants, shouting, ringing bells and blowing horns. Spectators on the corners waved flags and shouted. Some cried. Pots and pans really took a banging that night. One old Ford coupe contained two fellows who were seated on the lowered top and shooting off a shotgun. The empty shells were picked up by those along the curb as souvenirs of the occasion. Boys riding the fire trucks put on over-sized fire hats and tried to look dignified. Firecrackers appeared from somewhere and added to the din. The fire siren had eased off, but a group of men and boys took turns pounding the old iron hoop on the Borough Hall grounds—used years ago as a fire alarm signal. When one tired, another took his place and that continued far into the night.

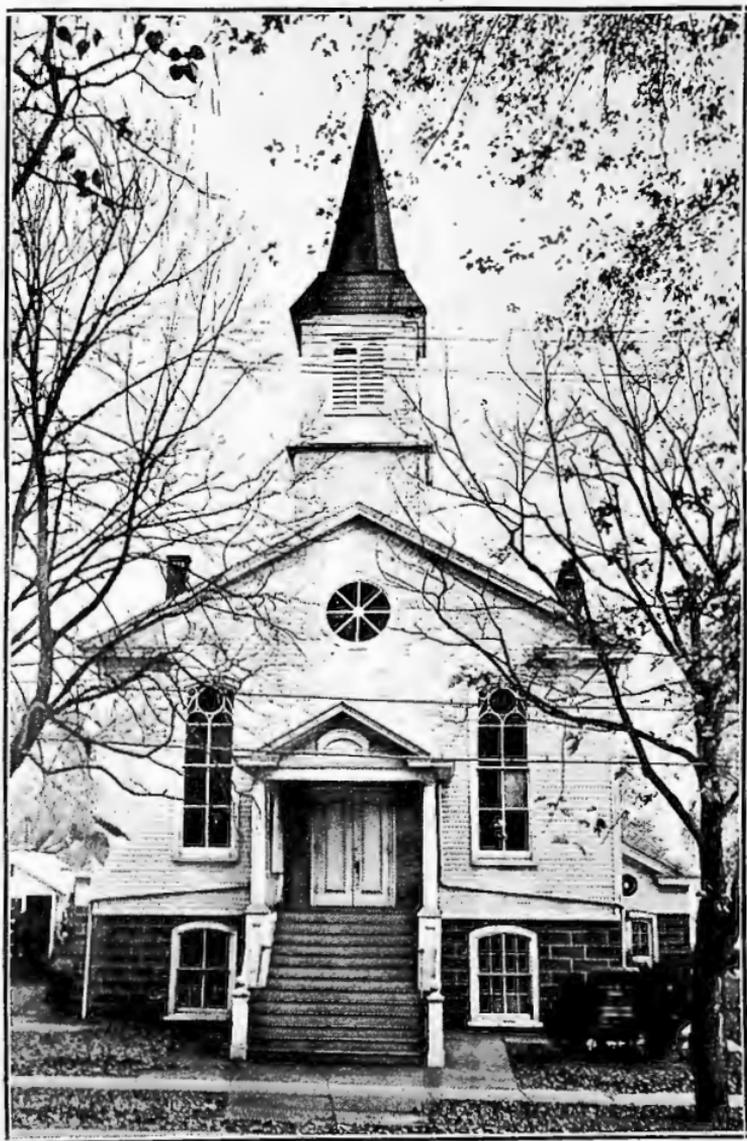
A large fire-cracker was set off in front of a car as it passed the bank. The driver stopped, jumped out and looked at his

tires, then drew a sigh of relief. . . . When one car in the parade went by with cans clattering behind it, a youngster said: "Gee, Mom, somebody's just got married!" . . . A part of a large lumber wagon was abandoned on Lafayette Street (Hallowe'en style) after the celebration.

Following the parade, boys gathered boxes and light wood and started a victory bonfire on the school grounds. It was decided to build a bigger fire the following night. The kids gathered old furniture, boxes, railroad ties, baby carriages—even a "half-moon" house. The match was to be applied at 9 P. M. but the temptation was too great and some of the more eager set it off ahead of time. It seemed as if all the children in town were there—and in the midst of it all, a false fire alarm was turned in. The Junior Firemen went racing to the Fire House, found it was all a mistake and then back again to the school grounds, where Tojo in effigy was burned. (August, 1945.)

Union services in connection with V-J Day were held in Hopewell on Thursday, August 16th, and Sunday, August 19th, the latter to observe the day of prayer and thanksgiving proclaimed by President Truman. At the community service in the Methodist Church, Rev. Harold Fuss spoke of the appalling power of the atomic bomb; how to some minds it dwarfed their conception of the omnipotence of God, while to others it had the opposite effect, making God seem so great in comparison to all previous conceptions that there was danger in feeling that man might be too small to be noticed by so great a Creator.

At the Sunday day-of-prayer service, held in the Presbyterian Church with 185 attending, the atomic bomb was discussed. Dr. Edward Jurji, stated simply, termed it "the landmark of a new era" and "an ultimatum to end all ultimatums." With so much power placed in the hands of so few, he declared that "man must make peace or perish." He continued: "How do we begin? By accepting Him and His word. No force save Christianity can bind the world together." (August, 1945.)



CALVARY BAPTIST CHURCH, HOPEWELL, NEW JERSEY

CHAPTER XX

Church and School

CHURCHES and their pastors occupy an influential position in the life of every community. They seek to uphold high standards of moral conduct and to challenge men to Christian living. Some individuals may say "The churches mean nothing to me," but even in the face of a studied effort to remain beyond the influence of religion and its teachings, the church's influence is felt. Perhaps it may be a kindly neighbor who, because of Christian teachings in her own life, goes out of her way to do friendly deeds; perhaps it is a challenging position taken by the churches generally that has brought about an era wherein men have progressed a few steps along the road to world brotherhood; perhaps it has been a sermon or pastoral advice that has shown the better way.

Sometimes men forget that there is more to a church than the edifice in which services are held. The church building is only a physical expression of united participation by believers who are seeking to follow a pattern of living in accordance with Bible teachings; it represents in wood and stone a cause carried forward by ordinary people who, realizing their own imperfection, are endeavoring to lift themselves and hoping to be such an example of glorious living that others may wish to follow the same course.

The manner in which a pastor is selected necessarily varies according to the practices of the different denominations. In some instances, a high church authority makes the designation of a man for a particular location. In others, the choice may be made by the members of a local church but be subject to ratification by some superior body. Baptist churches, however, adhere to their traditional independence, each being free to manage its own affairs, carry through its own program and make a choice of the person who will serve as pastor. Actually, there is a strong bond of unity between Baptist churches, as they belong to associations, adhere to the same general program and support denominational work in the home and foreign fields. While there may be a certain lack of uniformity, there is a unity of purpose in which the Baptists take great pride. In the news items from the "Hopewell News" that

follow will be found a portrayal of the steps taken by Calvary Baptist Church, Hopewell, to obtain a new pastor when its minister, Rev. N. Vance Johnston, resigned in 1943.

The New Pastor

Members of Calvary Baptist Church are concerned over the possible outcome of a visit that Pastor N. Vance Johnston made on November 28, 1943, to Vineland at the request of the pulpit committee from the First Baptist Church there. The Vineland committee arrived in Hopewell quite unexpected on a Sunday two weeks previous, only to find that Mr. Johnston was exchanging pulpits for the day with Rev. Don Clyde Kite, of Trenton Central Baptist Church. The Vineland group headed for Trenton and heard Mr. Johnston there. They concluded that he should be invited to appear in the Vineland pulpit to be heard by the entire congregation there. So Mr. Johnston acceded to their request. Naturally, it has led to wide speculation on the possible outcome. As a matter of fact, it was the third pulpit committee to visit Hopewell this year (1943), making it all the more evident that an aggressive, result-producing pastor becomes sought after by larger churches. During his absence last Sunday, the congregation heard Rev. Gerald W. Trussell, of Texas, who is now a Navy chaplain at the U. S. Naval Aircraft Delivery Unit, at Mercer Field, in Ewing Township. (December 8, 1943.)

The advent of a New Year (1944) finds Calvary Baptist Church starting a search for a new pastor, having accepted with regret the resignation of Rev. N. Vance Johnston on Sunday, December 19th. He has accepted a call extended by the First Baptist Church at Vineland, Cumberland County. His final sermon in Hopewell will be preached on Sunday, January 16th. The congregation is planning to hold a farewell supper in honor of Pastor and Mrs. Johnston. Pastor Johnston has been in Hopewell almost five years. The Vineland pulpit committee liked him from the start apparently and the congregation, after hearing him, gave their approval through a unanimous call. It is now revealed that a church in Norwich, Conn., also had suggested that he come their way for a try-out, so the danger of losing him in Hopewell had become constantly greater. However, Vineland offers an opportunity for wider service.

The choice of a new pastor is presently in the hands of a pulpit committee consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Fred I. Sutphen, Mr. and Mrs. C. Lloyd Drake, J. Russell Riley, Marvin Vandewater and Margaret Hullfish. Already they have met and are beginning to assemble the names of prospects but it may take quite a few weeks for them to hear several pastors, narrow their choice and present recommendations. Meanwhile, the church will hear substitutes, most likely. (January 3, 1944.)

The Baptist parsonage stands vacant and strangely silent, the Johnstons are now established in their new location at Vineland, N. J., and Hopewell's Calvary Baptist Church is seeking a new pastor. Pastor Johnston and family moved last Wednesday, the Vineland church sending a van to haul their household goods. On the previous evening, Mr. Johnston didn't see how it could be done, for he had a heap of packing yet to do. In fact, he was in that perplexed stage that is inevitable when a major change is about to take place. However, the moving van backed up to the front door the next morning and that settled it. In Vineland, Mr. Johnston has a much larger church and it's quite a town with 8,000 people, about twenty glass companies, nearly as many clothing and dress firms, some employing several hundred people. It's also the trading center of the poultry-raising area of South Jersey.

During the last ten days or so in Hopewell, the pastor and his family were royally entertained. They had a string of invitations for meals that kept them on the go night after night. Along with it, of course, there was a farewell tribute by the church congregation which included a covered-dish supper and a program to express appreciation for the work done. A presentation of cash and a few other surprises topped off that occasion. There was a rousing good crowd for the farewell program. On the table there was roast beef, obtained by Mrs. Horace Wyckoff's committee, since few people could spare their "points" for such an occasion. After the boards had been cleared, friends from the other churches arrived for the community program. Dr. Edward Jurji, stated supply at the Presbyterian Church, and Rev. H. R. Fuss, of the Methodist Church, spoke for their congregations. Leaders of the various organizations in the Baptist Church told of progress made during Mr. Johnston's stay; the choir sang; Vincent Denito

played violin solos and some original poems were read. Miss Sadie Dansberry was in charge of the program. She read a poem reviewing Mr. Johnston's career in Hopewell. Here is a part of it:

"What bothers me most," said the preacher one day,
"Some think I don't work, but I'm here to say,
That between the fires in the winter and the lawn
in the Spring,
Paint jobs and leak jobs, I do most everything."

O, speaking of working—the lawn, trees and flowers,
And a huge (?) vegetable garden took up the spare
hours;

But as big as it was—the story's behind it—
He built a fence around it, so he'd be sure to find it!

In addition to the cash gift, the congregation presented a large framed card with a picture of the church and parsonage. Beneath the photo was a resolution of regret adopted when Mr. Johnston's resignation was accepted, and then the signatures of 100 or more of his friends. A couple of gifts on the lighter side enlivened the proceedings. Mr. Johnston received a package containing seven neckties, which he opened up one at a time, a poem indicating the one for each day in the week. He had said once in a Junior Sermon that he hoped some day he could afford to have a different tie for every day. Now he has them. For instance, there was a bright one for Monday with these lines of explanation:

Monday—A dreary sort of day,
The pastor's weary and in the way
If his wife is busy with the wash—
And says his sermon was mostly bosh.
On Monday, then, a mental lift
Is surely needed, so this gift
Is intended to do the trick
To banish dull Monday and do it quick.

Then the final verse, for Sunday, was as follows:

Sunday, the big day of the week,
Must find the Pastor at his peak,
Feeling fine and look spruce
To shout, to plead, to give the deuce.
So here's a tie to wear that day,
Not too gay nor even risqué,
But for the pulpit, it should do well
As he chases the devil back to—
Well, where do you think?

Mr. Johnston preached his farewell sermon on January 16th. It was no easy task for him but he held to his text and kept it from being a tearful occasion. And so when the final "Good-bye" was said, the pastor and his family took with them the sincere wishes of his people for success and continued happiness. (January, 1944.)

One night recently the pulpit committee met at the church to continue its planning. One member, arriving a few minutes late, saw lights in the basement but no people. Investigating, he found the members of the pulpit committee in the heater room, as close to the heater as they could get. . . . They have a big job on their hands. Right now, many ministers are in the Armed Forces, classes in the seminaries are smaller and the larger churches are taking most of the younger men who are available. For the time being, the church will have guest speakers, but it is hoped that it will not be too long before the right man for the pastorate is located. (January, 1944.)

The pulpit committee is still on the trail of a capable pastor. The plan being followed is to assemble information on the prospects, go as a committee to hear those that seem likely possibilities and later bring the man who seems to rate most favorably. It is understood that the committee has three or four good prospects lined up, but they are some distance away, so it may be necessary to bring them to Hopewell, to save the committee from undertaking long trips. The group, headed by C. Lloyd Drake, is really applying itself to the task but it's a job in which it doesn't pay to hurry too much. Meanwhile, the same committee arranges for supply pastors from Sunday to Sunday. Dr. Miles W. Smith, of the Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, has been heard and also Dr. Joseph W. Seay, headmaster of Pennington School. (February, 1944.)

All the lights were aglow in the Baptist parsonage the other night and persons who passed by must have thought that "the Baptists have a new pastor." Through the curtainless windows could be seen a crowd of people—really a crowd—moving around and raising high jinks. They were climbing up ladders, digging away at the walls, upstairs and down, and squirting gallons of water on walls and ceilings. It was a paper-pulling

party, to get rid of the wallpaper in preparation for the arrival of a paperhanger. There were thirty-two persons on the job! Furthermore, they set what must be a record, for in just three hours' time, they had removed the wallpaper from three rooms and a vestibule downstairs, the stairway, upstairs hall and two upper-floor rooms. After that, sandwiches and coffee were supplied to the weary. Despite a few sore muscles and a few blisters, it was quite a party. Mrs. William Drake and Mrs. Harry Hullfish supervised the job. Some of the trustees had seen to it that there was heat and light. The working force included half a dozen deacons, one trustee, the choir director, organist, five others from the choir and many from the Ladies' Aid Society, etc. The work started at 7 P. M. and it was almost a problem to find a wall where somebody wasn't at work. Some of the women got busy scrubbing the kitchen paint and the floor. As quitting time approached, Margaret Hullfish complained that her toes ached, because she had tried to curl them up so she could cling to the stepladder. J. Russell Riley fell from a ladder into the outflung arms of a young lady, so it wasn't a serious mishap after all. Once there was a call for a first-aider as Sophia Benson had a blister. Another time, C. Lloyd Drake was sitting or balancing himself on three stepladders—and so it went—and so went the wallpaper. (March, 1944.)

By unanimous vote, Calvary Baptist Church extended a call to Raymond A. Gray, of McPherson, Kansas, at a congregational meeting following yesterday's morning service. (April 2, 1944.) He preached in Hopewell on the previous Sunday and made a very favorable impression. Mr. Gray will graduate from the Andover-Newton Theological Seminary, at Newton Centre, Massachusetts, just outside Boston, around the end of May. He is twenty-five years old, married, and previously graduated from Ottawa University, Kansas. For nearly three years, while a student, he has been acting as pastor of two rural churches at South Lyndeborough and Wilton, New Hampshire. Previously, he was an assistant pastor at the Lexington (Massachusetts) Baptist Church. As a matter of fact, his previous experience was quite apparent as soon as he began his sermon here, for he spoke with such eloquence and the right amount of self-assurance as to leave no doubt about his acceptability.

In all likelihood, there will be a few days of anxiety until definite word comes from Mr. Gray as to whether he will accept the call. He indicated that he liked Hopewell, found the congregation very cordial and would give careful thought to any developments. However, he made it known that he and his wife had not settled definitely in their minds as to whether they should return to the mid-West to do their work or locate elsewhere. One point in favor of Hopewell, however, is the fact that he had given some thought about locating in the East, although chiefly considering New England. Mr. Gray has been driving seventy miles each Sunday to his New Hampshire churches, teaching two Men's Bible Classes, preaching two sermons, doing some calling and then driving home—ready to resume his studies. Mr. Gray also is a trained singer, and at one of his present churches, plays the church organ also. He is one of six children and his parents are living in Kansas. If he accepts the call—and the church congregation feels that any lingering doubt would be removed if he knew all the fine things that had been said in his favor—it may be early June before he is available. With graduation, completion of his New Hampshire work and plans to move, it looks like a busy schedule for the Grays. However, the church parsonage is ready, and the church will rejoice if they do agree to be the next occupants at 1 East Broad Street.

While the congregation of Calvary Baptist Church looks ahead with eager anticipation to June 1st when Raymond A. Gray, newly chosen pastor, begins his work in Hopewell, Mr. Gray himself is trying to weather an extremely heavy schedule for the intervening weeks. As a student pastor in his senior year in Andover-Newton Theological Seminary with the usual round of graduation activities—not to overlook preparations for moving—Mr. Gray might safely be termed a busy man. But he left the impression during his first short visit in Hopewell, that he thrives on activity. It is expected that he will move here on May 31st, only two days after his graduation. Before that date, however, his ordination service will be held in New Hampshire. Some folks there who had enjoyed his preaching for almost three years were eager to witness his commissioning for the ministry and he felt that it was the least he could do at his leaving. Meanwhile, there is packing up to be done there, inasmuch as Mr. and Mrs. Gray occupied

the parsonage at Lyndeborough over week-ends except during the winter season. On Sunday, May 21st, Mr. Gray will be free—the second Sunday in almost four years that he hasn't preached! Then on May 28th, the Seminary has its baccalaureate services for the graduating class, with graduation the following day. (April 24, 1944.)

Pastor and Mrs. Raymond A. Gray have arrived—he has preached the first sermon of his pastorate at Calvary Baptist Church—been formally installed—made another swell impression—and as he expressed it, is “ready to plunge in with both hands, clear up to the elbows,” in the work that awaits him. And Mrs. Gray, who took the town, the church and the people on faith—not coming to Hopewell last March 26th when Mr. Gray was heard as a candidate—is very happy about the cordial welcome extended and the spic-and-span condition of the parsonage. Already she has won a host of friends. Mr. Gray, a hustler, was in Hopewell little more than twenty-four hours before he was “digging in” at a meeting of the Board of Deacons; discussing the Vacation Church School, the Children's Day program, and beginning to get a grasp on the scope of the work. The Grays had driven down from Newton Centre, Massachusetts (just outside Boston) in his Ford sedan. Reaching Hopewell, they discovered that their van of furniture had not arrived. So they were delayed in unpacking until the following morning. There also was the first sermon as pastor to be whipped into final form, as well as his part in the installation service; folks dropping in to say, “Welcome to Hopewell,” as well as many other details. When Sunday came, it was an outstanding day in the history of Calvary Baptist Church. The attendance at morning worship totaled 141, being just above the Easter Sunday turnout. At the evening installation service, the attendance again was above the 100 mark. Big doings—all right—so much so that one woman admitted that when the collection plate was passed, she was so excited that she dropped a penny (!) on the collection plate instead of a quarter. All in all, it was a great start on a new page in church history. (June 8, 1944.)

Five notables, in addition to Pastor Gray, took part in his installation service held June 4 (1944). Included were Dr. Roy B. Deer, Executive Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, who gave the charge to the new pastor; Rev. E. C.

Dunbar, of Flemington; Rev. Paul Smith, of Lambertville; Miss Julia Huffman, Moderator of the Central Baptist Association; and Edward M. Haynes, Church Clerk, who presided. Mr. Haynes remarked that he had witnessed the arrival of eleven different pastors during his association with the church. The choir sang a special anthem.

Dr. Deer told Mr. Gray that the Hopewell church, as his first full-time pastorate, probably would always hold first place in his affections, and "although you may make some mistakes and have some failures, you will find in this, your first church, personal relationships that you are unlikely to find in any other churches." He outlined certain suggestions: (1) Keep close to your people for "all have deep problems of their own and they will seek to share them with you to the extent that you open your heart and your own life"; (2) keep close to the Bible, studying it and remembering it as the central book of the ministry, presenting the picture of God, the glory of redemption and the true message of life; and (3) keep close to your Lord. On that point, Dr. Deer said: "I say it reverently, but your life will mean more to the folks you meet on the street than will this Book itself for yours will be the life they will read. Many will be drawn to love the Lord because they first loved you." Dr. Deer added that "With the poise that comes through calm confidence in the eternal verities of life, one can move calmly ahead." He expressed a hope that Mr. Gray would have a happy and blessed ministry.

Some of the thoughts expressed by the new pastor, Mr. Gray, in his first sermon on June 4 (1944), on "Masters of Life, or Mastered by Life," follow:

"There are people whom life shakes around like dice in a dice-box, casting them out at will. But there are some who stand up straight and make life deliver the best it has to offer. The individual who said 'I am the master of my fate, the captain of my soul,' was fooling no one more than himself. But I am not speaking of that kind of mastery but the kind that Jesus exemplified in his life. Inasmuch as God has set his children in a world of his creation, we have an opportunity to make decisions affecting our daily lives. But what we do with our lives depends upon the religion with which we face life. Our religion is the most precious, irreplaceable thing in God's world. Without it, we will be defeated by the intricacies

of our daily living. I would like to suggest three things we must have if we are to win a mastery over life:

"First, we must have the courage to stand up straight, throw back our shoulders, raise our eyes to the pathway ahead and start walking. Face life as it is, with all of its demoralization, tragedy and sin. We cannot master that which we refuse to face. If we may happen to fail in some little particular, we still can be masters of life because we have played the better game. He who faces life fully unafraid, yet aware of its pitfalls and dangers, can become a master. Constantly, we have the tension of courage pulling against fear, the good against the bad. These conflicts must be resolved by facing life, never by evading it. Because Jesus faced life as he found it, he mastered the world. We as Christians are not ordinary men of the world because we have potential salvation within us.

"Secondly, we must recognize that life is fundamentally based on spiritual truth. Might we not have the Kingdom of God today if we had not in the past failed to realize that life is based on spiritual powers and forces alone? But do you really believe that? If you really believe it, life would be far different for many Christians. For example, I ask if you believe in the power of prayer, for there is a spiritual force. Then why do you not pray without ceasing for our world today? Again, you believe that love is a greater force than hate? Then why do we not think constantly in terms of love rather than hate? If life is spiritually founded, then we must keep that faith living and alive, so the world can come back to it when the madness of war is over. War fills a man's whole living until the Sermon on the Mount seems an irrelevance to a man in the midst of the mighty problems of today. Yet it is in the midst of a great storm that man needs the compass needle that points true. It may be true that war at present is the greatest expedient but war is not and can never be Christian. Some may say that I am too idealistic but there can be no war in a world that is truly Christian. We can go into all the causes of war but they all boil down to one thing—that the world hasn't become Christian. It is the special function of the church in days of war to keep alive the devotion to Christ that war obscures. Could we not learn this from the dictators themselves? They have tried to become masters of life by overthrowing the whole spiritual basis of life and substituting aggression and power. Cannot we learn, then, that

if men would become masters of life, they must recognize that it is founded upon spiritual forces?

"Thirdly, we must realize that we receive the energizing force from above to live a masterful life. Men can never become masters without looking up to Him who is the supreme Master of life. To Him will we give our allegiance and our loyalty. Him only will we believe. Him only will we love. Will you be mastered by life with its burdens, or will you take Jesus as your Christ, your Master? For only as you take Him can you live a masterful life."

The new pastor, Mr. Gray, has been making lots of personal calls and preaching sermons that create a keen desire to hear some more. . . . The funeral of Laszlo DeNagy, the artist, was the first call for that type of pastoral service since Mr. Gray arrived here. His earlier work as a student pastor again served him well, for it was not a new experience for him to conduct a funeral. In fact, he had assisted with twenty or more in New Hampshire during the past three years. . . . Also, Mr. Gray was pressed into service to sing in a men's chorus as a feature of the Fathers' Day program on Sunday, June 18 (1944). The men sang "Praise Ye The Father," by Gounod. It was quite a treat. The congregation hopes to hear more of Mr. Gray's singing a little later. Others who warbled were Scott Dansberry, Jr., Lloyd Drake, Harry McCandless and Clifford Higgins.

Mrs. Gray, meanwhile, has been getting acquainted, attending meetings of the women's groups and like her husband, displaying a marvelous memory for names and faces. . . . The church gave a reception for the Grays that attracted about 125 persons. There was a program that included a piano number by Harry McCandless, solo numbers by Rev. H. R. Fuss, pastor of the Methodist Church; readings by Mrs. Joseph Baldwin; a cornet-trombone duet by Paul Ashton and his father; talks by Mr. Fuss, as well as by Dr. Edward Jurgi and Mrs. John H. Ginter who represented the Presbyterian Church; and by Deacons Edward Jones and Walter Housel and Trustee Marvin Vandewater. Several gifts were presented, including useful articles for their home, cash and countless jars and cans of vegetables, fruits and jellies for the pantry shelves. Refreshments were served. Mr. Gray made a happy little speech, in which he said that he couldn't entirely agree with Robert

Louis Stevenson who wrote "To travel hopefully is better than to arrive," as his reception in Hopewell had proven otherwise. He also revealed that he had told his wife as they drove toward Hopewell that "I hope we'll like it so well that we'll never want to move again." Their work in New Hampshire had made them fall in love with that State, he continued, and they had thought they would never find a place as nice, but again he was mistaken. Remarking that the relationship between a pastor and his people is one of the most unique things in the world, Mr. Gray added: "So many gracious things are done by the people for their pastor, so many little acts of kindness, and I only hope we can repay you for the kindnesses shown and that I can count upon your loyal support." A guest register was signed by those present and turned over to the Grays later by Miss Sadie Dansberry, chairman of the reception committee.

In the Schools

The 4-H Club directed by Paul Stryker at the Elementary School, is raising chickens, starting some day-old stock and proud of its success to date. (March, 1943.)

The show given by the Grammar School faculty—aided and abetted by a few outsiders—was quite a hit. "Jumpin' Jupiter," it was called. Paul Stryker had one of the chief parts, being a dreamy magazine salesman who was interested in astrology. He was held overnight by some dizzy dames who wanted him to return ransom money they had received through a blunder. Paul was dreamy, all right, so much so that (believe it or not) he fell asleep on a sofa right out on the stage while there was a pause between two scenes. When the curtain went up, he didn't stir and the audience couldn't figure out why nothing was happening. Backstage, Mr. Charles M. Wilgus, school principal, was shouting "Stryker! Stryker!" and finally Paul awoke. He said later that he was in sort of a fog, forgetting that the action didn't start until he got up to walk in his sleep and unlock a window. Roma Weaver had some good lines and put them over well. Mr. Wilgus was supposed to be a kidnaper but he turned out to be the father of the kidnaped fair-haired damsel. Rev. N. Vance Johnston appeared as a song writer; Sadie Dansberry was a

graduate of a first-aid course who just couldn't wait to work out on a "victim." (May, 1943.)

School graduations are over. For the first time since Hopewell students were sent to Princeton High, Hopewell was represented in the Senior Class. Donald "Jake" Dilts was awarded his diploma, although now in the Army. Another absentee for the same reason was Charles Bregenzer. The group graduating included these from Hopewell: Graham Benson, Orville Carkhuff, Dorothy Stout, Hartwell Vannoy, Bill Servis, Tom Pessel, Harris "Buck" Runyon, Marian Rorer, Marie VanArsdale and Bill Lowe. . . . The Grammar School had an unusual baccalaureate service that finally was called a "community meeting." Father Thompson had been asked to address the graduates and the program was changed considerably since it was held in the school auditorium. Patriotic songs were substituted for the usual hymns. (June, 1943.)

Do pupils hate school? The bus to Princeton High, leaving from Lamson's Garage, was well filled at least ten minutes before starting time on the first day! (September, 1943.)

The Princeton High School band gave a concert recently, and the players bought a \$25 war bond to present to the leader. The bond was ordered on the quiet and delivered at the school to one of the teachers who didn't know about what had been planned. He tried to give it to the band leader, Mr. Andrew Frech, who said there was some mistake. Fortunately, the bond was retrieved. This had happened two or three days before the presentation was to be made, and Mr. Frech accepted the explanation that it was just another Senior Week "stunt." Then came the night of the concert and Johnny Cromwell, Hopewell lad and vice-president of the band, was due to present the bond. When he arrived at the school, he realized that he had left the bond at home. It was too late to get back to Hopewell for it, so he presented an empty envelope and Mr. Frech had to be told in advance not to open it up on the platform, under any circumstances. After all that, Mr. Frech really did appreciate it when he received the bond. (December, 1943.)

Some frank talking was done recently when the Parent-Teacher Association invited six men to take part in a panel discussion on "What Results Should Our School Produce?"

It grew lively when teachers' salaries and discipline were discussed. One speaker said a teacher should have the right to put trouble-makers in their proper place, if present-day kids were to be kept straight. Dezzie Casey told how he had tried in vain to find a school boy who could compute the quantity of water in the quarry swimming pool and he said it didn't help much, even though he supplied the dimensions. He said he had concluded that the pupils lacked confidence in themselves. Others said that some teachers did not stay because salaries were too low. David L. Smith, lawyer, said that the teachers were usually young and were paid salaries equaling possible earnings in other lines. Rev. N. Vance Johnston, pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, commented that teachers, like ministers, usually take up their work because it is a type of service that appeals to them, and money making isn't the first consideration, but added that they should not be underpaid. The discussion held the audience until 11 P. M. (December, 1943.)

That tip-top band developed at Princeton High put on a concert in the Hopewell Grammar School. A big crowd turned out and considered it quite a treat. The "Donkey Serenade" topped everything. Players from Hopewell included Jack Ginter, Lois Casey, John Cromwell and Paul Ashton. To Johnny Cromwell's dismay, the band director called on him to lead one of the marches. John acted as though he were pretty doubtful about it, but once he started them off, the band went right along. (January, 1944.)

Pupils in the Hopewell Grammar School are "going places" in the purchase and sale of war bonds and stamps. With the Fourth War Loan getting under way, they turned in over \$4,000 worth of business during the past week alone. (January, 1944.) The 1943-44 total exceeds all sales of stamps and bonds through the school during the previous two school years. Of course, the students have rounded up a few good orders but for the most part, their purchases have represented the pennies, nickels and dimes that might have been spent for candy, movies, &c. The bond drive slogan, "Back the Attack!" only has one meaning as far as Hopewell's pupils are concerned.

Hopewell students figured in an unusual War Bond auction sale held at Princeton High recently. Students brought "white elephants"—odds and ends that they wanted to unload—each

wrapped up to add an element of surprise to the auctioning. Bids were in terms of war stamps or bonds. As students are buying stamps and bonds daily, there was a lot of money in the crowd. One item, for instance, actually sold for a \$750 bond.

But this is a story chiefly about what happened to Harry McCandless. Other students knew that he was prepared to buy a \$75 bond. So right after the first \$5 sale had been made, the auctioneer held up a neat little package, done up in blue ribbon. Harry had been tipped off that it was really worthwhile. He began to bid fast and furiously. Dick Lewis, who was in on the plot, kept the bidding going and the price went up and up. Dick eased off when Harry had bid \$75. Harry opened his package and found that he had purchased a rattle! (February, 1944.)

To boost the sale of War Bonds and stamps, the Elementary School gave a program the other night. (April, 1944.) Quite a crowd attended and the sale of stamps boosted the school's sales to \$17,500 during the school year, compared to a total of \$4,500 for all of last year. The program included an original play by Lois Righter, with Kenneth Paul directing the fifth grade pupils who took part. To wind up the show, a play was given in which the famous picture "Spirit of '76" (Remember—soldier playing a fife, a drummer boy and another carrying the flag) was transformed into "Spirit of '44." Midway in the show, Charles M. Wilgus, school principal, made a brief speech. When he remarked that it was the "seventh inning stretch and anybody who wants is free to indulge," one fellow stood up and took a healthy stretch!

School goes right on, war or no war, and that means graduation exercises when June arrives. Twenty from Hopewell Borough graduated from Princeton High, including three whose diplomas were delivered to their parents, since the fellows are in the service. They are Russ "Hokey" Holcombe, Joe McAlinden and Sheldon Embley. Special awards were won by Dick Lewis, Dorothy Titus and Bill Ashton. At Central High in Pennington, the Hopewell Township students were graduated, with Evelyn Bruno really collecting the honors. She was singled out as the most representative girl; given prizes in French and English and also for the highest standing in the class. Bob Solan (of the Golf Club Solans), who

is now in the Marines, was named as the most representative fellow and also given a history prize. Then at the Hopewell Grammar School, another class graduated, with Jordan Bodine as its president; Tom Laird, vice-president; Eleanor Paul, secretary, and Ernest Gotthilf as treasurer. (June, 1944.)

Charles M. Wilgus, principal of the Hopewell Elementary School, is resigning to accept a position at Scotch Plains, in Union County, near Plainfield. His decision has caused quite a flurry, occurring as it did after the start of the new school year. Mr. Wilgus has been in Hopewell for the past two years, combining supervision of the eighth grade and the teaching of science with his duties as principal. At Scotch Plains, Mr. Wilgus will be the non-teaching principal of School No. 4. His decision to leave Hopewell almost turned a reception for the teaching staff, sponsored by the Parent-Teacher Association, into a Wilgus farewell. Until a new principal is selected, Mrs. Margaret Lawson will serve as acting principal. (October, 1944.)

Football is "out" at the Elementary School, for Bob Leigh broke his thumb and then a few days later in a football scrimmage, his collarbone was fractured. . . . Lois Wyckoff has qualified as a drum majorette at Princeton High. (November, 1944.)

Pupils at the Hopewell Elementary School did a great piece of work when they presented "H. M. S. Pinafore," the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. The cast responded well to coaching by Mrs. Shirley Selbie Boice and the singing was the best heard in the school. David Bellis was the captain in command of the "Pinafore," surrounded by his cousins and his sisters and his aunts. Ronald Titus, togged out in all the gold braid of the First Lord of the Admiralty; Hope Embley, as "Little Buttercup," and Bob Temple, as an able seaman, also had important parts. The sailor crew did a hornpipe. Between the acts a group of girls sang three Czechoslovakian folk songs. (December, 1944.)

In the Elementary School, it's like starting a new school year for upper grade pupils, with the arrival of the new principal, Earl B. Whitcraft, and a new seventh grade teacher, Mrs. Florence A. Hopkins. The school faculty has been hard pressed to keep things going, as the situation was complicated

by the resignation of Mrs. George Koeppel, who was teaching seventh grade. The two upper grades had several substitutes, including Mrs. Harry Riley (who left because of earlier plans to go to Florida); Mrs. Claude Emmons and Mrs. Robert P. Miller. (January, 1945.)

Only three weeks have passed since the Elementary School's new principal came on the job but he really has "gone to town." He is Earl B. Whitcraft, a former teacher in the Palmyra (N. J.) High School, and principal of the Columbus School prior to accepting his present position in Hopewell. Mr. Whitcraft works well with the teaching staff, is liked by the student body and has already demonstrated that he has a lot of ideas. Notable changes already are in effect. A reception in his honor was held January 22, 1945, sponsored by the Parent-Teacher Association.

Instead of taking charge of the eighth grade, which Mr. Charles Wilgus, former principal, supervised, Mr. Whitcraft took over the sixth grade. Mrs. Shirley Selbie Boice moved up to the seventh grade (Mrs. George Koeppel having resigned) and a new teacher, Mrs. Florence Hopkins, also from Columbus, is taking the eighth grade. Pupils shifted classrooms in adjusting to the changes. School starts ten minutes earlier each day, at 8:50. The lunchroom is to be brightened up with fresh paint, and tables and benches rearranged. Cafeteria style of service has been installed (one week after Mr. Whitcraft arrived!). Menus with greater variety are being offered. About \$400 worth of new equipment, such as trays, new plates, stainless steel knives, forks and spoons, etc., has been ordered by the Parent-Teacher Association. To pay the bills, the Parent-Teacher Association is going to break out in a rash of bake sales, card party, St. Patrick's Day dance, etc. For the school library, \$50 worth of new books have been ordered. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Whitcraft and two children plan to move to a home on Shaftsbury Avenue about February 1st. The youngsters, Gary and Pamela, are three and a half years and ten months old, respectively. (January, 1945.)

There is hot soup—and "hot" soup—as a boy at Hopewell's Elementary School learned to his regret recently. The school lunchroom was well-filled. A prankster decided to put pepper in the soup of a companion while he thought the latter wasn't looking. But the act was detected and Mr. Whitcraft, the new

principal, was informed. So what did he do? He just made the jokester eat the soup with the pepper in it! About 2:30 P. M., the latter reported to his teacher: "I don't feel very good." (February, 1945.)

White elephants were being sold at the Elementary School the other day—these being articles that you are glad to pass along to a new owner. The eighth grade ran the sale in the auditorium with Gus Castranova and John Murphy as auctioneers. There was some lively bidding. The bids for a basketball ran up to \$2.25 before it was sold—on credit—and then the next day the buyer reluctantly reported that he couldn't take it as his mother had overruled him. Two kittens, too, were put up for sale. One sold for ninety cents, but the would-be buyer had the same trouble as the basketball purchaser. So the kitten was returned to the donor, Celeste King, who had been given it by Jerry McAlinden, and he didn't want it back as they had kittens to spare. Other odds and ends were auctioned off more successfully, including heaps of comic books. Near the end of the sale, one lot of thirteen comics went for twenty cents. . . . Speaking of "white elephant sales," they held one some time ago in Pennington. One man, aiding his wife in her search for something to donate, took a piece of pottery and ground off the words "Made in Japan," then donated it to the cause. While the sale was in progress, a purchaser came along—a woman who paid \$1.50 for the article and exclaimed: "What lovely Italian pottery!" (February, 1945.)

They've had several special events at the Elementary School lately. There was a hat show, with prizes offered for the largest, smallest, most modernistic, etc., and even the teachers and the new principal, Earl B. Whitcraft, participated. Mr. Whitcraft promoted the show. The pupils paraded on the platform with their hats and the winners were determined by applause. Sophia Benson produced the biggest hat, having used square boxes, stacked one on top of the other. The smallest was worn by Jack Ferrante, being a tiny fragment of paper. Other special types included "fruit" hats, "vegetable" hats and aviation hats.

Then there was an evening presentation of "G.I Junior," an original play written by Emily Carballal. It was cleverly worked out, with "G.I.'s," Military Police and Canteen celebri-

ties included. The play was so well done, in fact, that it has been staged for four different groups, and Emily's grandmother thought enough of it to make a special trip from Brooklyn to be in the audience.

And here's one for the book. Mr. Whitcraft, to spread out the flow of students to the lunchroom one day, told a class: "All who have blue eyes can now go to the lunchroom." After a pause, he then said: "All who have crew haircuts can now go," and two boys qualified on that score. That left about ten in the room, and they felt they were getting badly left. Then he said: "All those that I love can now go." Nobody stirred! Mr. Whitcraft laughed, then dismissed them also. (March, 1945.)

It is understood that the Elementary School may have a non-teaching principal with the beginning of the September term. If the plan is carried out, Earl B. Whitcraft, principal, will be able to devote all his time to supervisory matters, instead of having charge of the sixth grade and doing departmental teaching. In that event, a new teacher will be required, along with another to replace Mrs. Shirley Selbie Boice who plans to resume residence in Wyoming, anticipating the return of her husband from the Pacific war zone before another school year is over. . . . School pupils engaged in a contest for the best book-plate drawing to be used in the School Library volumes hereafter. Edith Waldron won first prize, with Joyce Kilmer second. (May, 1945.)

If apples seemed to be over-featured on the cafeteria menu at the Elementary School lunchroom, there was a reason. The Surplus Commodity Administration of the Federal Government decided it should move its reserve stock so thirty-two bushels of apples arrived at the school. Suddenly, the lunchroom menu, supervised by Mrs. Maybelle Drake, began to feature apple salads, brown betty and apple sauce. A bushel basket also was placed in each classroom. (May, 1945.)

Thirty pupils were graduated from the Elementary School last Wednesday night. On the previous Sunday evening, a baccalaureate service for the class was held in Calvary Baptist Church with Rev. Raymond A. Gray, pastor, speaking on "Kings In Hiding." At the graduation ceremonies, David R. Bellis and Mary Ann Cataldo received Legion awards as being

outstanding in the class. The graduates offered a program that included papers on "Our Pan-American Neighbors." Few in the audience were aware that lightning during a shower earlier in the evening had hit the chimney on the Elementary School. The damage was confined chiefly to the chimney. (June 19, 1945.)

With \$1,000 worth of new books, several new teachers, department work limited to the seventh and eighth grades and other changes, the Elementary School has reopened for a new term. The "polio" ban delayed action until September 24th. Earl B. Whitcraft, principal, is devoting almost his entire time to supervisory work, although teaching a double science period for the seventh and eighth grades. New books were accepted eagerly by the pupils, but the new teachers, as far as the students are concerned, are still on trial! One anxious parent asked if it was going to be permissible to wear dungarees to classes, to which Mr. Whitcraft replied that it would be O. K. if they were clean and pressed. Other improvements have been made in the Library and in the appearance of the hallways. (October, 1945.)

An emergency call for tomato pickers came to the Hopewell Elementary School a few days before Jack Frost finished off the crop. Help was needed to harvest the crop on the Joe Svetan farm near Ringoes. School Principal Whitcraft gave permission for pupils to work a half-day if they made up their class work. About a dozen volunteered. They were paid ten cents a basket, but when some grew a little weary and began to throw tomatoes at other pickers, a fine of ten cents was imposed for everyone caught in the act. That wasn't adequate in one case, and one boy had his face washed with a tomato as a further penalty. (October, 1945.)

A turkey dinner, served with a charge of only fifteen cents, made Thanksgiving a memorable event at the Elementary School. About 200 made reservations and feasted on turkey with all the "fixin's." (November, 1945.)

CHAPTER XXI

This Is Hopewell!

Hunting, Fishing and Pets

THERE'S a whale of a fish hanging on the wall in the Cox & Cray barber shop. It was placed there for a purpose—to dispose of a lot of argument about the size of fish caught. As you know, fish caught in past months or years are inclined to grow heavier as time passes. So Asa Carkhuff, who lives in Trenton, decided he would produce a mounted specimen to prove what he had caught a little time back. It's a beauty—a big-mouthed bass, weighing six and a half pounds. (November, 1943.)

Did you ever hear the story about Jack Blackwell's experience when he went on a deer-hunting trip? With others, he was on "stand" when a big buck deer came through. The man nearest to Jack fired and missed. Jack blazed away and brought down the deer. Man, was he excited! As others in the party gathered around to inspect it, Jack started to tell just how it all happened and how he felt. Suddenly, he went green and his stomach did a flip-flop. The trouble? Well, Jack in all the excitement had not only swallowed a mouthful of tobacco juice but his "chaw" of tobacco as well! (December, 1943.)

You know George Diles, of course, who lives "up on the mountain" and saunters into town carrying a heavy knotted cudgel. Well, George belongs to the Sourland Mountain Sports Club and he sat down with its members the other night for the annual roast-chicken dinner at Ockelmann's. It was quite an occasion and tongues were well limbered up by the time the speaking program got under way. Finally, they called on George Diles for a speech. He really gave them a story. George told about his deer-hunting last Fall. He said he had rare good luck, coming upon two bucks. When he looked down the barrel of his gun, he discovered that the deer were standing in such positions that if he pulled the trigger, he might

kill both bucks with one shot! And as George explained: "That was too much for me. I knew that I'd be fined \$250 if I killed more than one, so there was nothing I could do but put down my gun and start for home!" (February, 1944.)

Mrs. Daniel Righter has a pet hen and she's named it "Mary Lou." Now "Mary Lou" developed some unusual traits last summer. Around 11 A. M., this hen came to the back door clucking. Mrs. Righter opened the door and the hen came in and laid an egg on the kitchen floor. The next day, "Mary Lou" was back again and laid another egg. And so it continued. Then came a day when Mrs. Righter went to Trenton. The hen clucked at the back door but no answer. So it ambled around to the front door. Still getting no answer, it jumped up on the arm of a chair and peered in the window. Neighbors will vouch for that as a true statement of facts. When Mrs. Righter returned, the hen scolded a little but laid an egg anyway. Now that Winter is here, the hen has been moulting but it still comes to the house every night, is admitted and goes to the cellar, there to be watched by a jealous cat. (February, 1944.)

The western end of Broad Street seems to have gone "horsey." Adele Hurley, who worked on a western ranch some time back, has purchased a saddle horse to ride after she returns from her job at the Eastern Aircraft factory. A few days after she first appeared on a horse, Howard Butcher brought two "hay-burners" into town. Dezzie Casey, who went to Bristol, Pennsylvania, with Butcher to get the horses, has been doing a bit of riding on one of them. Right now it's a toss-up whether Casey's Texas-style of riding is preferred to the Wyoming style that Adele acquired while out west. Adele has her horse stabled in a garage. As she goes through town, she cuts quite a figure in her overalls, wide-brimmed hat, etc. (March, 1944.)

Ronald Titus, 12, is going to remember the day that he walked through a sheep-pen at Wagner's, on Crusher Road. The boys had gone there with Orville Carkhuff to see some young lambs. Quite unexpectedly, a ram came up behind him and shoved Ronald into another young lad who was walking just ahead. They wasted no time in getting out of the sheep-pen. (March, 1944.)

Spencer Moore, grocery store proprietor, has been having a "duck hunt," trying to retrieve a pair of ducks that flew out of his barn after he had bought them to fill customers' orders. The ducks are the kind that can fly well, and apparently they took advantage of an opening near the roof of the barn. On the first day, one disappeared and it was seen at various places in town, including Dr. Pierson's front lawn, before it was recaptured. The next day, however, two of the three ducks were gone again. Two were retaken with little effort but the third fugitive duck was reported back of Jim Waldron's, near the H. A. Smith factory. Ed Vansant, who had sold the ducks to Moore's store, went after the duck but on his first trip returned empty-handed. So he got his revolver, figuring that if the duck took advantage of the water nearby, it might develop into quite a chase. When he returned this time, however, Vansant was carrying the duck. With good aim, he had sent a bullet through the duck's neck. But, meanwhile, the customer who didn't want to wait to see how the duck hunt turned out, had decided to eat chicken that week-end! What's that old saying—"A bird in hand is worth two in the bush"—and nobody knows that better right now than Spencer Moore. (April, 1944.)

Scott Dansberry, Jr., takes great pride in his bulldog pup, for it's a real pet and well-trained. On a recent Sunday morning, the dog vanished. Scotty felt so concerned about it that at the session of the Calvary Baptist Church School, he mentioned it and asked that he be notified if anyone saw the dog. Nobody saw the pup, however—except Scotty. When he returned home, the dog was sleeping soundly on a bed upstairs. (September, 1944.)

Several deer were shot in the vicinity of Hopewell during the four-day season December 18th-21st. Tracy Hall, who had been wounded by buckshot during the rabbit season, was right out there searching for deer, being with Joe Baldwin when the latter got a 220-pounder that had a 10-prong "rack." And the next day, Tracy was after them again, and this time, George VanDoren, a companion, had the luck. But when it comes to gunning, they'll have to go some to beat the record made by Howard Stout, Livy Horn and Elmer Pittman. Pittman is the only one of that trio now living. They really made

a name some years ago as fox-hunters. After the rabbits were done, Stout, Horn and Pittman didn't let many good gunning days go by without being afield. At night they'd be around the Cox & Cray barber shop, relating their day's adventures. The recital—especially with three versions of it—was rare, but it made good listening. And if they happened to go back over a few recent fox-hunting stories—well, according to one who used to listen—"they'd have foxes piled so high that you could hardly get out of the barber shop!" (January, 1945.)

One rarely knows what takes places in the life of a cat—although somebody decided years ago that they were entitled to nine lives. At any rate, all the cats in town are meowing about the fact that "Nobody's safe these days." It seems that Mrs. John Burd was concerned about the disappearance of her cat. She mentioned it to her aunt, Mrs. George V. Van Neste. The latter, going out of the house later, saw a cat nearby. "There's her cat!" she exclaimed, and obtained a basket, putting the cat in it. She took it to Mrs. Burd, who at first glance saw that it wasn't her cat! So Mrs. Van Neste took it back and released it. Weeks went by and Mrs. Van Neste often wondered whose cat that might have been. Then one day she was visiting a neighbor when another neighbor arrived, trailed by her cat. Seeing the cat, Mrs. Van Neste said, "I do believe that's the same cat." The cats around town have resolved to be more wary about folks who want to put them in baskets. (January, 1945.)

Dr. Herbert Swertfeger owns a dog—a species of greyhound—that is a keyhole watcher! Smart dog, all right, and smart enough to keep to himself everything that he sees. The other night, the dog slid into the doctor's waiting room when a patient arrived. The dog was sociable momentarily, then patients noticed that he was sitting back on his haunches, about four feet from the door to the inner office. His head moved slightly from time to time but he kept his long pointed nose directed toward the door and his ears in the alert position. Then it was discovered that he apparently was in a favorite spot—where he could detect immediately if anyone inside was moving about. When Dr. Swertfeger opened the door, the dog walked in as if he was the next patient—but was hurried through into the living quarters. (February, 1945.)

Walter Housel has six deer heads to mount. He is quite a taxidermist and the antlers are the fruits of last Fall's hunting by local sportsmen. . . . Gus Vandermark, Jr., recently decided to give up pigeon-raising and devote his attention to hounds and terriers. Then he wavered, as he had some birds that had made long flights and he was attached to them. So he concluded he would keep a "few"—actually thirty was what he meant by a few. However, a buyer came along subsequently and in a moment of weakness, he sold out. (March, 1945.)

Did you know that Hopewell Township farmers own 7,075 cows, making the township second in the State in cow population? (April, 1945.)

Some funny things have been happening near the Hopewell House lately. Folks walking along on either side of Broad Street hear "Hello, hello," but when they look around frequently no one is in sight, or the person seen may be someone with whom they are not acquainted. Walking on again the passerby hears the same voice call out "Hello, hello!" but the situation still seems to be the same. Those who have looked more carefully in all directions detect that the "Hellos" came from a pet parrot, owned by the Charles Ockelmanns, who run the Hopewell House. The parrot, in its cage, is put outdoors to enjoy the sunshine, usually on the cemetery side of the hotel property. (April, 1945.)

Every Sunday, several dozen pigeons come winging back to Hopewell, participating in races being run off by owners of lofts in this vicinity. The races are for old birds and will continue for eight consecutive weeks. Later, races for young birds—born this Spring—will be staged. In the first race, a pigeon owned by Harold Farlee was first to cover the 100-mile course, with a pigeon owned by Frank Wyckoff, a fifth grade boy, finishing second. Their speed was about 41 miles an hour. But plans went awry for the second race a week later. A crate holding 96 pigeons was shipped to Remington, Virginia, for a 200-mile race, but the crate was delayed in Washington, D. C., and the homers couldn't be released at the scheduled time. Some frantic phone calls were made, with the whereabouts of the birds traced, but the race had to be postponed to the following day. Joe Siciginano's pigeon won the diploma, while Frank Wyckoff's was second. (May, 1945.)

Residents in the neighborhood of Princeton and Columbia Avenues are hoping that the owls are going to cut out their eccentric behavior of recent weeks. Shotguns were brought out after owls had swooped down from the trees and knocked off Mrs. Scott Dansberry, Sr.'s, glasses and alarmed others who ventured outdoors around dusk. It is believed that old birds were acting that way with the idea that they were defending younger birds. Van Schomp is reported as one of those who had to fight off one of the owls. The neighborhood had a similar experience last year—in fact the story goes that Lafayette Street had like trouble—so much so that some women venturing out at night put dishpans over their heads until they had passed beyond the danger zone. (June, 1945.)

What do you get from bees? Honey—and some vicious stings, as “Doc” Amos Stults and Walter Sinclair can well testify. They’ve had an intimate acquaintance with bees since last Spring when a swarm strayed into town. At first the bees started to hive up near Weart’s Store but then shifted to a tree near the post office. “There’s a million of ‘em,” someone declared, and it looked that way. The problem was—how to get them to move on. Joe Tucker tried blowing cigarette smoke at them, using a double extension ladder to get to them. He was rewarded by a few bee-stings while some bees got into his hair. Then “Doc” Amos Stults went to work. He grabbed the hive, threw it down where it was seized and tossed in a box and covered with a lid. Stults and Sinclair decided to keep the bees. The bees got busy making honey so some time later the two men decided it would be well to divide the hive. “Doc” Stults tackled the job alone but got chased. He concluded that he would garb himself to be fully protected, so he put on boots, tucked his pants inside, donned a straw hat covered with mosquito netting that came down to shield his neck, and added a pair of gloves. Then he called Sinclair. Together, they advanced on the hive but a moment later, Sinclair was chased a respectable distance away. However, “Doc” went ahead with the job, ignoring the bees swarming around him. But when he began to do a little lifting, raising his arms, the bees were able to get under the mosquito netting—and then the bees went to work. In fact, the bees were ready to chase anybody within range and one swarm took after Sinclair, while others concentrated on Stults. Sinclair tried to fight

them off, while Doc was shouting out his ideas about the cussedness of bees. The excitement began to attract passersby. Even Sinclair's dog was singled out as a target for the bees, so Sinclair cut his rope so he could run ki-yi-ing away. Mrs. Sinclair, it is reported, came out the kitchen door with a camera to take a picture of "Doc" Stults in his outlandish rig. About that time, her husband headed for the kitchen. She, seeing so many bees around him, locked the door so he wouldn't bring them inside with him. In fact, the sight of the two men and the dog trying to free themselves from the bees set her to laughing—until she became so weak that she slumped to the floor alongside a washing machine and when the excitement had died down, it was first feared that she had been taken ill—from laughing. Meanwhile, what about "Doc"? They say the bees had stung him until his ears stood out straight from his head—while Sinclair presented a most unusual sight, dashing around with bees, by the dozen, clinging to the seat of his pants, and inflicting more stings every minute. Finally, the "keepers of the bees" recovered and decided to get some advice about approved methods of moving bees. Then they used smoke as an aid and accomplished their purpose. (September, 1945.)

Garden and Cannery

Ira Blackwell, who seems to start his garden earlier every year, planted lettuce during a snowstorm about ten days ago. He has peas, onion sets as well as lettuce already at work. For a man of eighty or more, he's quite a pace-setter. (March, 1943.)

A four-man "Victory Garden" up on Greenwood Avenue is something to see, with a friendly rivalry apparently in progress. Russell Riley and his brother, Harry, are the pace-setters, but Harry Seibert and I. S. Rossiter, a newcomer in town, are going to have good crops, too. Rossiter, who is associated with Standard Statistics in New York, may finish up with some worthwhile figures on the percentage of weeds in relation to worthwhile plants produced in a square yard of Hopewell soil. . . . Rossiter tells a story about the Englishman who heard the American say that "We eat all we can, and what we can't, we can." When the Englishman retold it, he

said, "The Americans, you know, eat all they can, and what they can't, they tin!" (July, 1943.)

There's plenty of black smoke pouring from the chimney of the tomato factory these days. The tomato crop is moving in that direction. Some of the factory employees went out one morning to help with the picking, when work at the plant was a little slack. The business is under new management this year. However, tomato worms—fat, green cusses two and three inches long and ugly as sin—have been playing havoc with farmers' tomato fields. The yield for the canning factory will be reduced as a result, for the worms eat all the green vines, then the green tomatoes. With ripening tomatoes on the vines, the growers didn't dare use poison. In desperation, some tried to gather the worms from the vines. Jack Voorhees had five gallons of them in no time at all. Marvin Conover counted seventy-one worms on four plants. Going over a half-acre of late tomatoes, he filled a ten-quart pail with the worms. The canning factory has been sending off that familiar odor that is all right if you're just passing by, but a little disturbing to your "inners" if you're working at the H. A. Smith factory or in the cannery itself. (September, 1943.)

They are still canning tomatoes at the Urban Food Company factory. The pack hasn't been up to average in quantity because of the tomato-worm plague. One report was that the pack wouldn't take care of the Army's order, let alone the civilian demand. The new owner, the Urban Food Company, even advertised for Hopewell gardeners to "pick every tomato" for delivery at the factory. Under new management, the factory has been decidedly different this year. Of course, "Happy" Hoagland was still firing the boiler and George Savidge was serving as paymaster; Henry and Dick Esche were working on the platform and running the capper, respectively. But the new signs around the place were "killers." They read something like this: "Attain good health by avoiding tea, coffee, chocolate, cola, tobacco, liquor." As a matter of fact, those signs probably are only the beginning of a campaign to sell a new idea called "Human Engineering" to Hopewell. It seems that the new owners feel they must warn people that they're reducing their efficiency if they drink tea, coca cola, chocolate and coffee—as well as other items. The argument given is that your personal efficiency will hop up if you cut

out all these "vices." Several Hopewell people have been approached about it recently, being given this suggestion: "You can run your car on 45 octane gasoline, but it runs much better with 85 octane, so why not give your body the same chance?" . . . Wayne Lowe, who is nine years old, isn't going to forget what happened to him at the tomato factory. He was standing on the edge of the big waste vat into which excess water, tomato juice, peelings and the like were being dumped. There had been a little "horse-play" going on and Johnny Cromwell threw a tomato that made Wayne Lowe duck. In fact, he not only ducked but took a ducking, for in he went—right down in the juice, the peelings and all. He lost no time in climbing out—a sight to behold! (October, 1943.)

It's getting along toward gardening time, and it's one of the lively topics in the "hot-stove" sessions held in the Cox & Cray barber shop. The other day, Ed VanArtsdale was being taken over the hurdles about his garden plot back of the Library—one of several there—last Summer. First, they were talking about tomato seeds, and Ed maintained that nothing was any better than his Rutgers seed. When he was asked if he wanted some "beefsteak" tomato seed, he scoffed at it, saying that half the tomato had to be thrown away. When it came to string beans, Harry Cox insisted that he beat VanArtsdale by "half an hour" last Summer. And as for egg-plants, Ed was reminded—truthfully or otherwise—that he planted the rows so close to tomato vines that he lost track of his egg-plants until late in the Summer. And as for parsnips, Cox said his had grown so big that he was using dynamite now to blast them out of the frosty ground. (March, 1944.)

For a week or more, Ira Blackwell has had his bean poles set and who knows—maybe he's planted his lima beans by this time. Most gardeners are still thumbing through their seed catalogues or at best, planting their early peas. Ira's peas? Oh, they've been planted since March 15th, one day after he spaded his garden. What if it did snow five days later until the ground was covered four inches deep? "Keeps the peas nice and warm," Ira remarked. He usually comes through with a good crop and that's the best answer to any argument as to whether he plants them too early. (April, 1944.)

Ed VanArsdale had a lima bean tragedy in his garden this Summer, and he has been ribbed about it until it's hardly funny. He planted a row of pole limas and when they were big enough, tied them to the poles. But runners didn't develop. Realizing that the worst had happened, Ed got up one morning at five A. M., pulled out the poles, cleared his onion bed and planted a row of real pole limas. The others were bush limas. (July, 1944.)

The "Needle Club" in the barber shop was working out on Harry Cox lately about his lima beans. They became longer and longer, as the story grew, until at last reports "the lima beans had to be cut in half so he could haul them across the street in a wheelbarrow." (August, 1944.)

Elmer Weart has bought 100 acres adjoining his farm, and it's reported that he plans to enlarge his peach orchard. His peaches have been in great demand around town, selling at \$1.50 per basket. (September, 1944.)

Tons and tons of tomatoes are being delivered these days to the tomato cannery, with the management struggling to get them canned despite a shortage of help. For the first time, the factory is also producing tomato juice, having installed new equipment for that purpose. The plant is being operated again this year by the Urban Food Company with Mr. E. F. Dori, of Summit, in charge. The farmers are right at the height of their tomato season now and maybe the peelers don't know it! Reports are that the tomatoes have tougher skins this year, due to the dry weather. However, some of the expert peelers can zip through as many as sixty bucketsful a day, and that's a lot of tomatoes. About twenty peelers are on the job but the management had hoped to get about twice as many. Most of the crop will be sold to the Government, as in the past year. Mrs. Sadie Merrell, who has supervised the peelers for a number of years, gave up her job after the season started. Another who is missing is George Savidge, who didn't undertake the work this year. But Mr. Hoagland is still firing the boiler and one family of six comes daily from Monmouth Junction to work in the factory. (September, 1944.)

Ira Blackwell, who will long be remembered as the energetic man who set the pace for Hopewell gardeners for years, passed away on Sunday, December 3rd. He was taken ill on the pre-

vious night and died before many of his friends were aware that he was at death's door. If he had lived another month, he would have been eighty-two years of age. Every spring, before others had begun to think much about gardening, Ira had his peas planted—and he always seemed to get his crop. And all Summer long, he gardened intensively in his small backyard plot—although taking care of a number of lawns and doing other work around the neighborhood. Even though he might have his bean poles encrusted with snow, Ira believed in being ready to plant when a favorable day came. Some of those who gathered to pay final tribute to him observed that he had turned over the ground in his garden in anticipation of planting new crops in the Spring. But it was not so to be. Ira also will be remembered for the enjoyment he derived from playing the fiddle. Self-taught, he played jigs, reels and Southern airs with keen delight, and could also dance a jig as well as some of those half his age. (December, 1944.)

There's a right time and a wrong time to sow seed, according to Garrett Conover, Sr. So earlier this month, he decided it would never do to miss the right time to get sixteen acres of clover sown on the farm that his son, Marvin, operates. Marvin, however, had been laid up in bed for a few days because of a cold that settled in a muscle of his hip. Marvin's son, Delbert, was willing to tackle the job but Garrett, Sr., told him that "You and I can take care of this." So, they took the wheelbarrow, the sower and the clover and went to work—Garrett, Sr., at eighty-six years of age, but still liking to "get a hand in." He supervised and Delbert trundled the wheelbarrow back and forth. They didn't stop with one field but kept at it until they had sown clover in three fields—sixteen acres. Afterward, Garrett, Sr., said: "I just helped a little." (March, 1945.)

Gardeners who "rushed the season" during the warm weather early in April have repented to a considerable extent because of a long cold-and-rainy spell. Peas, cabbage and lettuce could "take it," but those who ventured to plant lima beans and corn are still waiting to see them come through the soil. And with it, of course, goes the usual joshing. One day in the Cox & Cray barber shop, Harry Cox was asking whether there was going to be frost, saying he was worried about his peas. He added that they were out in blossom. One customer com-

mented: "You must have planted them last Fall." Later, Cox revealed that he hadn't planted any peas this year. . . . Ed VanArsdale has been undergoing a quizzing as to whether he planted yellow string beans, for the cold weather has turned his sprouting beans to that color. . . . Henry Braasch, building a substantial framework for his tomato vines (to come) found that it had been nicknamed the "bull pen." "Do you expect your tomatoes to weigh fifty pounds apiece?" he was asked. (May, 1945.)

It seems strange these days to walk into the Cox & Cray barber shop and fail to see Harry Cox there on the job. But death comes swiftly sometimes and Harry L. Cox was taken away on December 14, 1945, before most of his friends were aware that he was ill. Apparently he did not realize the seriousness of his condition but an abdominal growth had developed. He worked up to within a few days of his death and then a doctor advised an operation. The operation was undertaken on December 13th, but Cox's heart kicked up, and death followed early the next morning. Harry Cox felt especially close to the fellows in military service, for he had seen most of them grow up from the time when they came in for their first haircut and squirmed through fear that they would not live through the ordeal. By actual count, more than one hundred of the shop's customers were in the armed forces during the war. But Harry Cox's anxiety about them was not on a dollars-and-cents basis; to him, they were always "our boys." . . . It's also been difficult for the "Hot Stove Card Club" members to adjust themselves to Cox's absence from the shop. His participation in the joking while the game was in progress in the back room was a natural part of their relaxation. But change is inevitable in life. Cox's son, Raymond, is now in the shop and plans to carry on in his father's place.

Sports and Recreation

Georgie Jones, who is fourteen and therefore not old enough to require a gunning license, shot a deer up on the Magalhaes place, north of town. He's a grammar school boy but he is the envy of some old-timers who still have their first deer to get. Furthermore, Georgie used an old, rattly gun that could have qualified for a museum. But the young hunter had made up his mind he was going to produce the goods. After all,

Harry Cox, the barber, had kidded him plenty about coming home empty-handed. But arriving back in town with the deer slung over a front fender of his father's car, young Jones burst into the barber shop and exclaimed, "Come out here!" Mr. Cox took one look, left Herb Forsythe half-shaved in the chair and dashed across the street to see the buck. In fact, the news even broke up the backroom card game—and it really takes something to do that. Pa Jones was more excited than the successful hunter himself. The deer weighed about 200 pounds and Georgie had dropped it with a single shot. (January, 1944.)

It was something else as far as another party of hunters was concerned, Tracy Hall, Claude Emmons and George VanDoren, who went up into Pennsylvania to "get deer." Three others joined the party there and five deer were shot—but it was no luck for Tracy Hall and VanDoren. The story is that Tracy Hall spent a lot of time chasing deer through the woods, banging away now and then but he couldn't get to a point where he had a good shot. So when the party wound up, someone slipped into a store at Dushore, Pennsylvania, and brought out a toy machine-gun for Tracy's special use if he decides to employ the same tactics on another deer hunt. (January, 1944.)

Fox hunting is becoming quite a business around the Hope-well area. Orville Carkhuff, who buys up the pelts, had eleven in stock recently, four red ones and seven gray. He also had a coon larger than any of the foxes. It seems to be a season with lots of skunks and possums but light on the coons and muskrats. Young George Carkhuff is doing his first trapping this year, starting where his older brother, Junior, left off. The latter is now working for Jake VanDoren. Young George, in his first year of it, has had two skunks, one possum, one coon, one weasel—and five wood mice to date. (February, 1944.)

Bingo—is it the game that's silly or the people that play it?—has been resumed in town. The parties are being held at St. Alphonsus' Church, with chickens among the prizes being offered. (February, 1944.)

Did you know that Lester LaRue had an airplane stored in his garage on West Prospect Street? "Had" is the word for

he sold it recently and the buyer flew it away. In fact, it hovered low over the school because the take-off was from the snow-covered field adjoining the end of Prospect Street. It seems that LaRue had owned it for three years or so, but under wartime restrictions, it couldn't be used, although he warmed up the engine about once a week, it is reported. When the sale was negotiated, the purchaser came with a mechanic, who assembled the blue and yellow ship and gave it a tryout. Then it was flown away and Hopewell lost its only airplane. (April, 1944.)

It wouldn't be summertime if the clang of quoits and shouts of "A ringer!" were not being heard these nights. There is the keenest sort of rivalry between two teams representing the East End and the West End of town. Their matches are played out at Harry Hullfish's place every Tuesday night. Lester Paul is captain for the East Enders while Orville Carkhuff runs the West End team. The East Enders include Floyd Gray, George Clark, Bill Davis, Harry Hullfish, Sherrill Spencer, George McCandless, Hart Cromwell and John Moore. For the West Enders, there is Howard Shanks, Les Warman, Carl Smith, Orville Carkhuff, Jr., Marlin Fritz, Russ Holcombe, Sr., Horace Kane and Walt Lawyer. Spectators? Oh, yes, you can count upon Joe Drake and Sam Little being on hand to enjoy the sport. Thus far, the East Enders seem to have the edge. On the first night of the league games, they made a clean sweep of nine games. But a week later, the West End team managed to capture five games, with four lost. Then on June 20th, the East End players took seven of the nine games. That was a cool night and most of the players wore plaid flannel shirts and heavy sweaters. In fact, four of them even wore hats (their wives' idea, most likely). Harry Hullfish may have to build a grandstand next, to accommodate the spectators, for this quoit league is really being taken seriously. (June, 1944.)

Hot summer nights have made "Doc" T. A. Pierson's shuffleboard layout the center of attraction for a sizeable group. The lights go on above the court almost every night and there's no telling when a night's play may end. "Doc" Pierson ranks as one of the best and Mrs. Pierson is pretty clever at it, too. Others know how to put them right in there, too, including William Corbett and Howard Larason, although almost any

one of the twenty-five or thirty who play at intervals is liable to pull a surprise and have a "big night." Ed VanArsdale laid out the "diamond" and waxed the concrete surface and "Doc" Pierson had the benches repainted, so it's quite a colorful recreation spot. (August, 1944.)

Louise Hill and seven Girl Scouts camped at the Benson cabin "up on the mountain" near the Rock House, and when they had flapjacks for breakfast, it took an hour to cook enough to fill them. (September, 1944.)

They've been banging away "up on the mountain," in fields and meadows, with the rabbits and pheasants putting meat on the table in the home of many a successful gunner. John Riley had some extra good luck, getting a shot at a gray fox and bagging it. That was up on the Emily Whitehead place on the mountain. They also tell a story about a "gunner who went up a tree to look for rabbits" (and according to reports the man resembled Russell Riley) and the explanation given was that he climbed in order to study the possible hideouts in that particular area. . . . While on a gunning trip on the opening day of the season, John F. Dunn, of Columbia Avenue, became over-exhausted and was rushed home, but died before a physician arrived. He was only thirty-six years of age. (November, 1944.)

There's good luck and bad luck to be told about the gunning season. Rabbits have been both plentiful and scarce—just according to whether the gunner happened to see any—or get any. When one gunner told in Cox's barber shop how "game is scarce some days but when you go over the same ground other days, you find it plentiful," Mr. Cox remarked: "That's just how it was twenty-five years ago!"

Among the lucky ones is Leon "Ducky" Drake, who was "up on the mountain" with Al Fitzpatrick. They saw two gray fox and "Ducky" stopped one of them. On the same day, Fitzpatrick bagged five of the six rabbits that hopped out ahead of him. . . . Marvin Conover, heading for town to buy a load of feed, took his gun along, and when he got back, with two stops enroute, he had two tons of feed and five rabbits. . . . Delbert Conover, coming to town about 8 A. M., spied a possum and stopped in a hurry, hoping to get it but the possum vanished; however, Delbert still is hopeful.

The luck was otherwise for Tracy Hall, who had the misfortune to be in the line of fire when a young chap in his party banged away. More than seventy pellets of shot hit Tracy, chiefly around his hips and back and legs. The mishap occurred near Blawenburg. Tracy was taken to Princeton Hospital. According to reports, the boy involved said: "It's a good thing I didn't shoot when I first raised the gun as you were right in front of me." To that, Tracy is said to have replied: "Where do you think I was when you did shoot?" However, Tracy is now back at work, but he may never get over the fact that he was unable to go deer hunting when the Pennsylvania season opened.

Alvah Voorhees, Jr., was hit in the knee and ankle by shot that ricocheted from a stone after his father had fired at game. The injury didn't appear serious but after a lapse of about two weeks, it was found that a pellet of shot was pressing on a nerve, so Alvah, Jr., required hospital treatment. (December, 1944.)

They say the floor was highly waxed for the Thanksgiving Day dance of the S. E. D. C. (Saturday Evening Dancing Club). At any rate, a Philadelphia woman who attended, took a spill and broke a bone in her leg, just above the ankle. (November, 1944.)

The S. E. D. C. held a New Year's Dance on December 30th. No broken legs this time, but some participants could hardly get home—slippery streets and pavements, of course. (January, 1945.)

Railroad, Taxi and Auto

Ed Ashton (the taxi operator who says that a doctor told him "Better take things easy until I see you again," and then the doctor died, so Ashton still follows the doctor's advice) lost a wheel from his taxi while passing the Presbyterian Church. The taxi swerved around close to the wall on the other side of the street but a crash was avoided. Shortly thereafter, he obtained a new car. He has promised that he will drive just as slowly as ever, even if it is safe to go over twenty-five miles an hour! (April, 1943.)

Young Bill Johnson has been learning to drive a car—with the usual results. He poked the radiator through the rear

wall of the family garage and it made a nice repair job for Fred Sutphen. Bill was visited by a delegation from the Fender Benders' Association to see whether he had qualified for membership, but they concluded that he hadn't earned the right to join as yet. (May, 1943.)

Dezzie Casey has rejuvenated an old "tin Lizzie," painted it red and is flying around, getting the Quarry "swimmin' hole" ready for a busy season. (May, 1943.)

A lot of sleuthing has been going on with FBI agents and railroad detectives working on the "Troop Train Mystery." They've been trying to fix the blame for a queer accident that involved injuries to a soldier riding on a troop train that went through town one morning about 5:30 A. M.—but as in all FBI checkups, the findings haven't been disclosed. The soldier sustained a fracture of the skull due to a missile which went in one window and out another. The victim was taken to a Philadelphia hospital. In checking along the route, the investigators spent quite some time around the "H. A." factory. (September, 1943.)

What would you think if someone declared that they had seen a Pennsylvania Railroad train going through Hopewell, or had heard the moaning whistle of an Erie locomotive? Well, that happened about two weeks ago. A "Pennsy" electric engine—despite all its haughtiness—was pulled over the Reading lines by a Reading freight locomotive—of all come-downs—along with a string of "Pennsy" passenger cars. Also, the Erie whistles really were hooting in Hopewell. It all came about as the consequence of a very serious crackup at Frankford Junction, near Philadelphia, in which more than 80 persons were killed. The wreckage blocked the tracks and railroaders resorted to some weird plans to carry the traffic. A lot of cars enroute from Philadelphia to New York were routed to Camden and then up on the Jersey side. The Erie engines had the town agog, because the whistles just "didn't belong." (September, 1943.)

A General Sherman tank was quite an attraction in town for a few days, being switched to a siding when a flat-car developed a hot-box. (September, 1943.)

Harry McCandless went cruising through "Featherbed Lane" recently—twice, in fact—to prove that a car really can get through. He had to repair a small bridge, though, laying planks to take the wheels across. (October, 1943.)

Several Hopewell mothers will long remember the day when the Reading station driveways were given a tar-surface treatment. It was windy and the tar-spreading equipment made it easy for the wind to waft tiny particles about. Result, a lot of kids, who just had to watch the operation, went home with speckled faces and the tar never intended to come off. (December, 1943.)

Ed Ashton has given up his taxi business. Anybody who had seen him dozing while waiting for business in front of Gebhart's Hotel could tell that he was plenty tired, and that seems to explain why he has quit his old stand. Instead, he is working as a crossing watchman at Skillman, a job that he held several years back. Actually, he grew weary of staying in his taxicab to meet the last train about 1:38 A. M., probably taking a trip some distance from town with a patron, snatching a little sleep and then getting up before daybreak to start somewhere else for the city. (December, 1943.)

Once you've been in the taxi business, it isn't as easy to get out and stay out as you might think. Ed Ashton, who believes that nothing should be done hastily, even killing mosquitoes, has learned that. He still gets calls for taxi service, although he's been a crossing watchman near Skillman for a couple of months or more. The other night about 3 A. M., a lady called in distress. She said she was at Marshall's Corner on her way to Trenton and her car had broken down. Ed Ashton explained that he was not only out of business but was home sick with the grippe. With some difficulty, he persuaded her that she must look elsewhere for assistance. Taxi service is being provided by Jose Carballal, of Railroad Place. (January, 1944.)

Observers saw an interesting thing at the railroad station the other morning after the 7:30 "dinky" took on passengers and started East. Just as it got under way, a fair damsel came dashing around the end of the station. The man at the throttle saw her and the train was brought to a standstill. The car was close to the freight-loading platform. Out stepped

the conductor, took the girl's pocketbook, reached for her hand and gently aided her across the wide space between the platform and the doorway. Then the train started off again, chugging merrily as if well satisfied to see such a display of gentlemanly courtesy so early in the morning. (April, 1944.)

When they have a trunk to weigh at the railroad station, the station agent has to dig down into his pocket for a penny so the scales will operate. (April, 1944.)

What a clatter is made by the "pusher" engine on the Reading Railroad as it goes fussing and fuming up and down the tracks through Hopewell during the long hours of the night! It seems that the noise comes from the drive rods on the wheels, and is most noticeable when the engine isn't being bothered with a string of cars. Its chief job is to run down to Roelofs to push heavy trains around the Yardley curve, up over the Delaware bridge and on through Hopewell. (June, 1944.)

A box of horse meat at the railroad station, purchased by a nearby resident to feed to his dogs, gave strong evidence that it didn't belong there. (August, 1944.)

Two women from Belle Mead were standing on the Reading station platform in Hopewell waiting for the Saturday 2:59 P. M. train. One dropped her shopping bag and immediately a liquid began to drip out of the bottom of it. "Oh, my new stockings!" she exclaimed. "And my candy!" she added. To those nearby, it was quite apparent from the odor and the foam that the liquid was beer. Then the two women began to laugh—and they laughed and they laughed! "What will I tell him when he asks if I brought his bottle of beer?" one woman exclaimed. "He will never believe me when I tell him I dropped the bag and the bottle broke." "Look at your shoes!" the other woman directed, for they were well splattered. More laughter. "And when we get on the train, the people will think we are two rummies!" the second woman remarked. Then more laughter. Luckily, they got their possessions reassembled before the "dinky" arrived, but the fragments of the bottle remained on the platform when the women, still laughing, boarded the train. (September, 1944.)

About once a week, Sam Little boards the 12:57 P. M. train in Hopewell and rides to Skillman. Then he walks back to the Zion "Hollow" Road to sit down for a chat with Ed Ashton, crossing watchman at that point. Sam used to like to ride with Ed Ashton when the latter drove a taxi around town, so the new plan permits him to keep up his chats. Sometimes, Sam walks back to Skillman and gets back to town on the 4:49 or if a car comes along, he frequently gets a lift. David Moore also likes to travel the same direction at times, but he usually walks out the tracks and more often than not, gets double exercise by walking back. (October, 1944.)

The other night, a man stood on the station platform waving frantically as the 10:10 train pulled in. Just in time to catch the train, a girl came racing out of the darkness, carrying ice cream cones. She had been over to Walter Ewing's store and as a result, almost missed the train. . . . There's a good-natured conductor on the 8:25 A. M. train out of Hopewell who uses a cloth to wipe off the handrails of the passenger coach at almost every station before the passengers get aboard. (October, 1944.)

The Reading "dinky" had things pretty much to itself on Friday, December 22nd, when a freight train mishap tied up all four tracks at a bridge over Neshaminy creek near South Langhorne, Pennsylvania, for about eight hours. The derailment occurred about 5:30 A. M. and by 2:00 P. M. one track had been cleared so the streamlined Crusader could make its run from Philadelphia to New York. No one was injured, although twelve freight cars were derailed and rails and ties ripped up. (January, 1945.)

In a shift of railroad personnel, a young lady has been placed in charge of the Reading station from 3:00 P. M. to closing time. Since she is not a "key-pounder," telegrams to be sent out are not accepted during those hours. (June, 1945.)

An odd mishap occurred the other day on the Reading Railroad involving the baggage-passenger car better known as the "dinky." As the "dinky" came around Crusher Road curve, west of town, a burial casket being carried in the baggage-car went sliding out the doorway of the baggage compartment. Fortunately, the casket was empty. When it hit the road-bed,

the outside box was splintered and one end of the casket loosened. It was consigned to Francis C. W. Rorer, who naturally refused to accept it after it had been unloaded at the Hopewell station. Instead, he put in a hurry call to Philadelphia for a replacement which came through on a later train the same afternoon. (July, 1945.)

Some speculation has been heard around town about the work being done along the Reading Railroad tracks between Pennington and Ewing. While it appeared as if extra tracks might be laid, it is understood that the removal of embankments is designed to improve drainage in that section. At intervals in the past, flood damage has occurred and interfered with rail traffic. (September, 1945.)

After working on the Reading railroad tracks near Hopewell for several months, a group of about thirty Mexicans have started homeward. They regarded Hopewell as a "friendly place," but found West Trenton, where they were housed, less so, they said. The group had been brought into the United States on temporary passes because of the shortage of American labor. It had become a familiar sight to see the "rail gang," supervised by a Mexican wearing a wide-brimmed hat, giving the "heave-ho" to sections of track or working on the road-bed. The Mexican foreman translated the orders given in English by the section foreman. Nearly every one of the Mexicans carried back home a Sears-Roebuck catalog. They called them "fashion books." They were wanted in order that their wives in Mexico could design new clothes after the latest fashions. Other items also were keenly sought. In fact, they relied for assistance upon Jose Carballal, taxi operator, and his wife, because Mr. Carballal speaks Spanish and could translate their requests. Mrs. Carballal rounded up the Sears-Roebuck catalogs from friends who were willing to make this "Good Neighbor" gesture. Last Saturday, a number of the Mexicans went to the Hopewell bank to obtain American coins, to be used later as ornaments on bracelets, earrings, etc. One man wanted to buy a combination lock, and others wanted to replenish their stock of ammunition. The men came from the State of Jalisco, in Central Mexico, about 250 miles north of Mexico City. Many had come direct from farms. They left Sunday from West Trenton for Philadelphia and thence to Mexico. (December, 1945.)

As an economy measure, the Reading Railroad company now closes up the Hopewell station all day Sunday. Passengers cool their heels outside while waiting for trains and then pay their fares on the train, if they lack tickets. Borough Council is looking into the matter in the hope that the railroad officials will relent, but residents are not very hopeful about it. Russell W. Holcombe, School Board Clerk, recently urged Council to go into action, fearing the effect upon the Borough as a community. While travel is somewhat curtailed in Winter, many week-end visitors use the rail service during the Summer months. (December, 1945.)

Fires and Firemen

On one of the most stormy nights experienced this Fall (November, 1943) Hopewell firemen were called out to check a bad fire that destroyed Kettenburg's barn on Walnut Avenue, just below Highland Cemetery. It was one of those northeast storms that whipped the rain into a frenzy, caused lights to flicker and everyone to prefer the shelter of a warm home. Clouds on such a rainy night made the fire appear from a distance as if half of Hopewell was being destroyed. Kettenburg lost a lot of new lumber, stored in the barn, and also a chicken house. The house was in danger for a time and that kept the firemen stepping. When it looked as if one side of the barn might tumble out, firemen decided they'd have to move their apparatus in a hurry, as it had been driven quite close. Several autoists had pulled in immediately back of the engine so there was quite a scramble to get things untangled. Pennington firemen, making a fast run to Hopewell, were well drenched, but the fire was under control when they arrived.

It isn't the noise of the fire siren that wakes up Hopewell residents as much as it is the weird key when it hits its shrillest note. It's B natural—the oddest note in the musical scale. This fact about the fire siren's key was learned from the organist of Calvary Baptist Church. It developed that the organist frequently is practicing Saturday noons when the fire siren is tested. The organist said: "Somehow, a fire siren doesn't mix well with organ music, so on one recent occasion, the time was used to identify the musical key of the siren." The Saturday siren blowing is handled by "Gat" Breese. For actual alarms during the day, however, the calls go to Cutter's

drug store and someone dashes over to set off the siren alarm. At night, however, the calls go to Harry Cox. He turns on the current by direct wire, and then puts in a few fast phone calls to make sure that firemen are roused up and quickly on the job. (January, 1944.)

A big barn adjoining the railroad bridge north of Pennington, near the T. P. Reed mill, burned to the ground before daybreak on April 15th, 1944, and the owner, William H. Whitecraft, didn't have a cent's worth of insurance. The wagonshed and house across the road and a milk-shed constructed of concrete blocks and a silo right close to the barn still stand, but the ruins still smoked a week later, probably because there was about \$1,500 worth of fertilizer stored in the barn. Nobody has been able to determine what caused the fire. Five cows, two bulls, two heifers and a bird dog also were lost, along with a quantity of hay. So there will not be any more barn dances there on Saturday nights—for it had been used to some extent for that purpose some time ago. . . . One story being told about the lack of insurance goes this way: Whitecraft is quoted as saying that "If I had known it was going to burn down, I'd have taken out insurance." And a fireman is said to have replied: "Yes, if we had known it was going to burn down, we would have had the fire engine there, too!" Hopeless firemen responded to the emergency call put in about ten minutes after the siren in Pennington sounded.

The Boy Scouts had about three tons of newspapers and magazines stored in their building near the Eagle Bakery, the result of their drive to gather in the scarce material. The other day, it was in danger of going up in smoke, for scraps of burning paper, whisked from a trash fire nearby, set fire to other trash beneath the Scout building. However, Louis Hebner and "Ink" McLaughlin were nearby and extinguished the fire before firemen had arrived. (April, 1944.)

Quite a fire occurred on March 13th, 1945, when flames raced across grass fields south and west of the Borough, spreading almost to the Vasant farm. The fire siren sounded but few firemen seemed to be available. Sam Copner, who had been at home resting under doctor's orders, drove the fire truck. Going in Lawyer's lane, the truck stuck in the mud. Meanwhile, the flames were racing through the Indian grass.

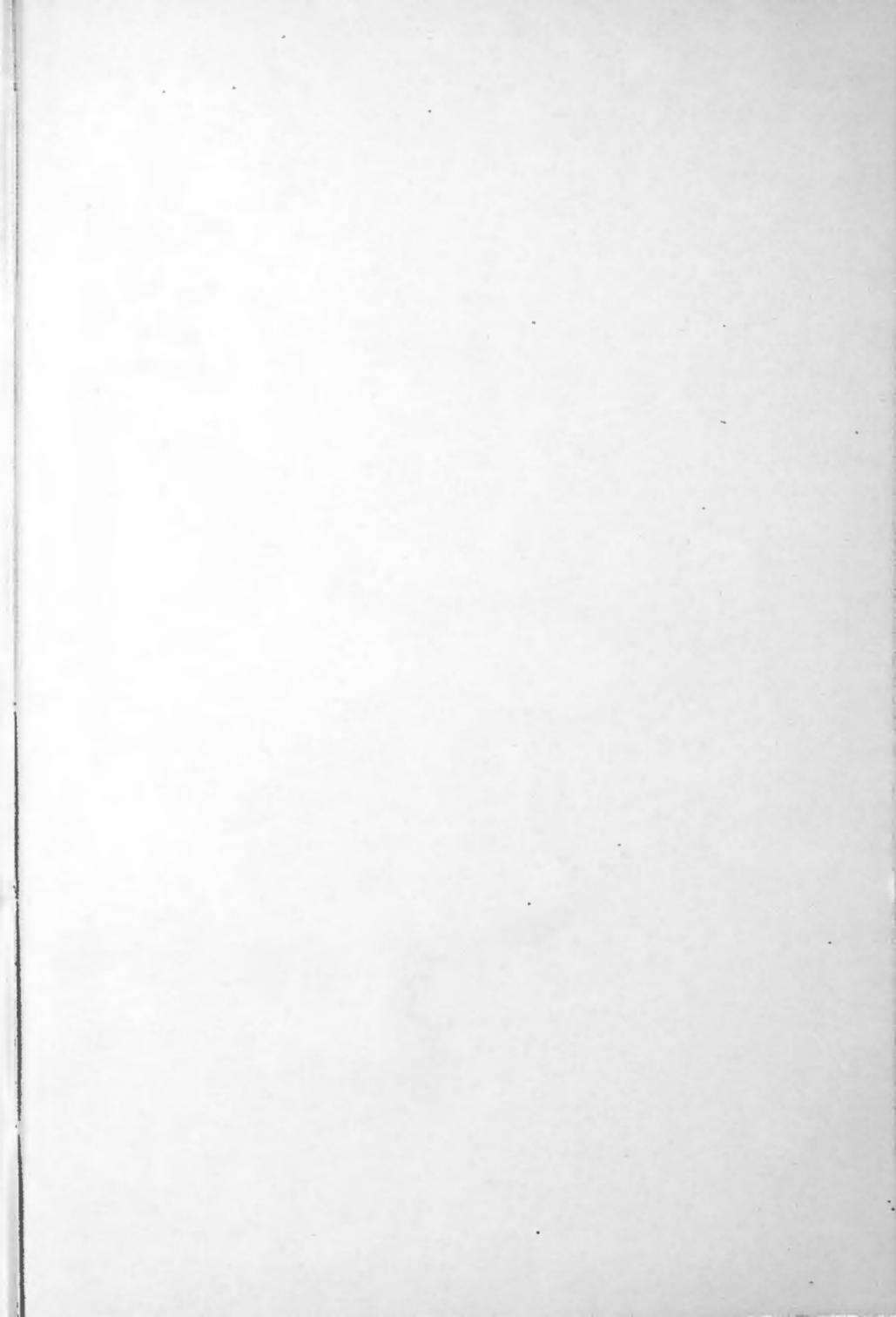
School children of the seventh grade, outdoors for physical education, ran to the scene. With their help, the truck was shoved out of the mud. By that time, school was over and others came, older boys using brooms and cedar branches to beat out the flames.

Nobody was able to get at the records of the Fire Company for two years or more as a "gremlin" got into the combination of the Fire Company safe at Borough Hall and jinxed it. Old records were locked inside and the combination wouldn't work. However, an expert has finally manipulated it successfully. (May, 1945.)

Bingo players, who like the thrill of winning a cash prize, experienced a different form of excitement Thursday night (May 3, 1945) when a short-circuit occurred in the wiring of the Catholic Church prompted a hurry-up call for the firemen. At first, efforts were made to locate someone in town who could make disconnections. However, overheating soon prompted an emergency call to the Fire House, but firemen had little to do.

A fire that threatened to reach serious proportions caused extensive damage to the Eagle Bakery and destroyed the Boy Scout building adjoining on Mercer Street at the supper hour (May 30, 1945), to climax Memorial Day excitement in the Borough. It is believed that the blaze was due to spontaneous combustion, as newspapers and scrap paper obtained in recent salvage drives had been stored in the Scout building. The north side of the two-story bakery property was gutted, with considerable damage in the bakery store and ice cream parlor. For a quarter hour, it appeared that the flames would sweep through the entire property and menace the double-house facing Broad Street. A strong breeze at the outset of the fire sent the flames high into the air. Firemen also were handicapped by the small brook that runs beneath the two properties. The fire attracted a large crowd, particularly because the wind carried smoke across town. The Hopewell Fire Company brought the blaze under control, with the assistance of Pennington firemen, who responded to an emergency call and put extra hose lines into action. As a member of the Fire Company, Robert Copner, Scoutmaster of Troop No. 26, started for the Fire House when the alarm sounded at 6:10 P. M., but ran

into the Scout house when he saw the location of the fire. He rescued some Troop property despite the intense heat but a new set of flags, used earlier in the day in the Memorial Day parade, was destroyed. Louis Gerhard, bakery proprietor, entered the store with firemen as soon as possible to cover show cases and refrigerators with tarpaulins. Later, firemen and others carried bags of flour and sugar from the bakery to store them in a building back of the Hopewell House, on the opposite side of Mercer Street.



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It takes a book like "Be It Ever So Humble" to remind us that the small towns, rather than the big cities, really are most representative of the United States. The cities may capture the spotlight but the American way of life can best be found in the lesser towns where a few hundred residents do "a heap of living" as they go about their daily tasks.

This volume deals with Hopewell, a town that lies contented amid fertile farmlands in Central New Jersey, only a few miles from Trenton, the State capital. The period covered is 1940-45, the years of World War II. Most of the persons mentioned would answer to your knock if you tapped on the right door. Yet they might well be residents of any one of a thousand similar towns throughout the United States.

The author has the happy gift of seeing the human-interest side of happenings. Many readers will say "That's just like my home town!"

Several chapters describe the experiences of Hopewell's service men and women during World War II. Their stories are woven into the gigantic war pattern, to bring home the fact that the struggle was fought and won by the neighbor's boy, the chap down the street and the fellow who lived around the corner.

"Be It Ever So Humble" is a story both vivid and fascinating.

About the Author . . .

Dean H. Ashton, author of "Be It Ever So Humble," is a resident of New Jersey by birth and inclination. He has been engaged in newspaper work or related activities since graduation from college.

His inclinations in that direction developed while he attended the Collingswood (N. J.) public schools. He wrote "pieces" for his home-town weekly, delivered copies, and served as editor of his High School publication. After graduation from Columbia University, he worked as a newspaper reporter on dailies in Camden and Trenton (N. J.), and earned the reputation of "always having a pocketful of good news stories." His special favorites were of the "off-the-beaten-track" variety.

Since 1938, he has been in State employment. Mr. Ashton is married, has two sons and resides in Hopewell, New Jersey. He has had a number of magazine articles published.

The writing of "Be It Ever So Humble" came about because of the wealth of information accumulated by Mr. Ashton while producing a mimeographed news-letter during World War II. It was mailed chiefly to those in the Armed Forces who boasted of Hopewell as their home-town. Fifty issues of this news-letter, known as "Hopewell News," appeared, with a total circulation of upwards of 12,000 copies. The editor's choice of stories and the chatty, heart-warming style of presentation accounted for the keen demand.

Mr. Ashton is now at work on a book of historical interest touching upon events in Hopewell during the 1700's.
