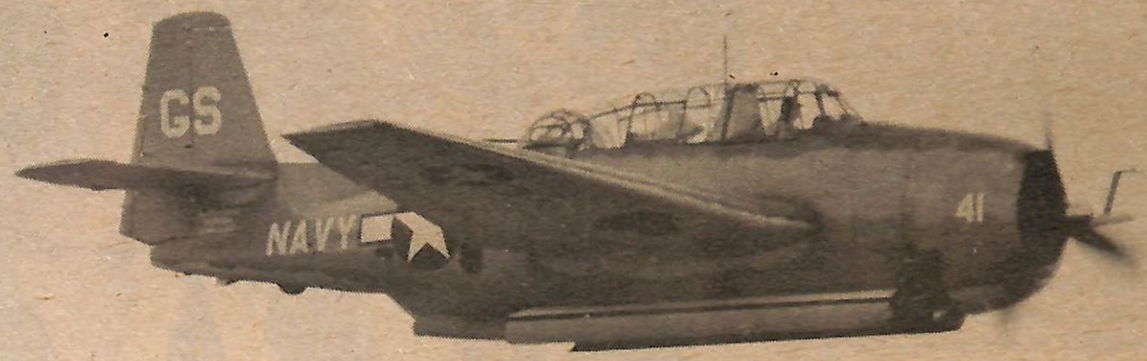

TBM "Avenger"

Lockheed P-38 "Lightening"

North American B-25 "Mitchell"

Giving life to old

Veterans

C.A.F. rescues World War II aircraft from scrap heaps

Colonel Jim Shelton

If the 50th anniversary years of World War II mean anything, they mean a memory for millions of veterans who are yet with us — at last count over 9 million of whom fought and bled on far flung fronts.

It also is a time for Americans to remember the veterans for their great s given so freely with few questions because our great nation was seriously threa

Veterans, of course, have feelings. As the pride of our nation in those distant they were equally proud to represent our country in unfamiliar lands. That pride a of country remain with them today.

The great planes of World War II constitute a veteran classification of specia Those which remain today among the living, so to speak, are a reminder of An resurgence after the sneak attack on us at Pearl Harbor.

Yet what the enemy could not do to these great planes, our nation permitte the war was over. The scenario went like this: the planes made their last flight, t ches were turned off, and the motors became silent. Then the noble machines, wh saved tens of thousands of lives, were dismantled, placed on the scrap heap, or ab ed to rust away.

This was an ignominious ending for noble aircraft, many of which should hav maintained as important artifacts to salute America's mighty air superiority during War II.

It was not always that way. Pearl Harbor electrified American industry to f muscles beyond anyone's imagination. We shot into high gear. After producin 19,000 aircraft in 1941 (most of them for Great Britain), we turned out over 47,0 1942. By the end of 1945, our industrial muscle had manufactured 275,245 aircra 733,760 engines.

And that's only part of the story. Three million men and women served their in some phase of America's air forces. The human dimension of this service is st In Europe, U.S. bombers and fighters flew hundreds of thousands of daylight m losing over 6,500 bombers and 3,000 fighters. And in the Pacific, our flying force an integral part of the inexorable march across the Pacific to the shores of Jap

Then suddenly it was all over! Men at arms came home to cheering crowds an ones. The veterans and their planes parted company, the latter consigned to a enemy could not decree.

But this is not the end of the story — not by a long shot! Twelve years later the shifts to the lower Rio Grande Valley, in Texas where five-service pilots share the of airplanes and flying. These men would become pioneers: Lloyd Nolen, Bill Turnb Royce Norman, crop dusters; and Billy Drane and C.W. Butler, farmers.

One man had purchased a war surplus P-40 Warhawk, a classic airplane, th truly modern U.S. fighter manufactured since the fabric-covered pursuit planes 1930's. Soon the group decided to locate a P-51 Mustang, perhaps the greatest fig the war. They found it in El Paso, and pooled their resources to purchase the p

Out of this unpretentious beginning came the "Confederate Air Force," a one outfit ready to take to the skies once again.

In a sense, those five pioneers were similar to physicians, firemen, and la whose business it is to save or protect life and property.

We owe much to those men and their vision. Early on, they decided to c "collection" of World War II aircraft, somewhere and somehow. And they would pu in flying condition, refusing to leave them stripped down for consignment to mu Only this way could generations of Americans experience some of the thrill of flyi aloft in the "Airplanes of Freedom."

It is a testimony to the perserverance of that small group that tod

Pictures courtesy Jim Alvis, staff photographer, Indiana Wing CAF

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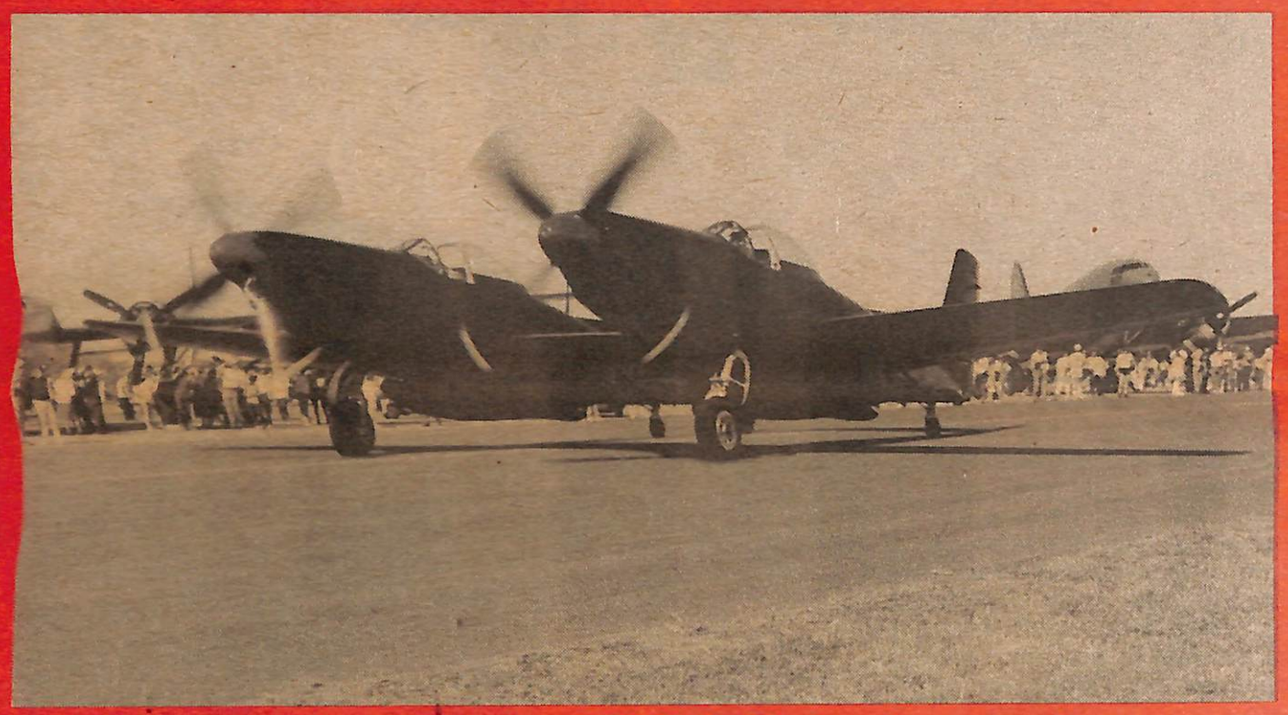
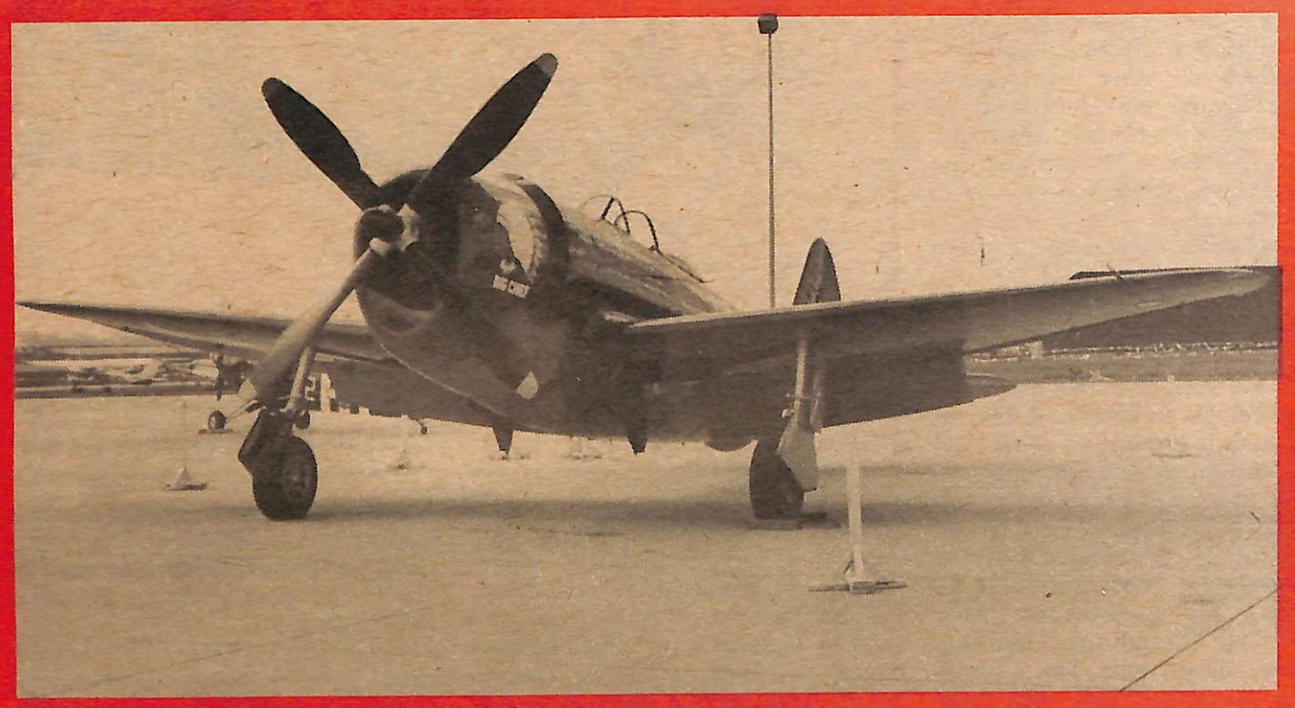
Pictures courtesy Jim Alvis, staff photographer, Indiana Wing CAF

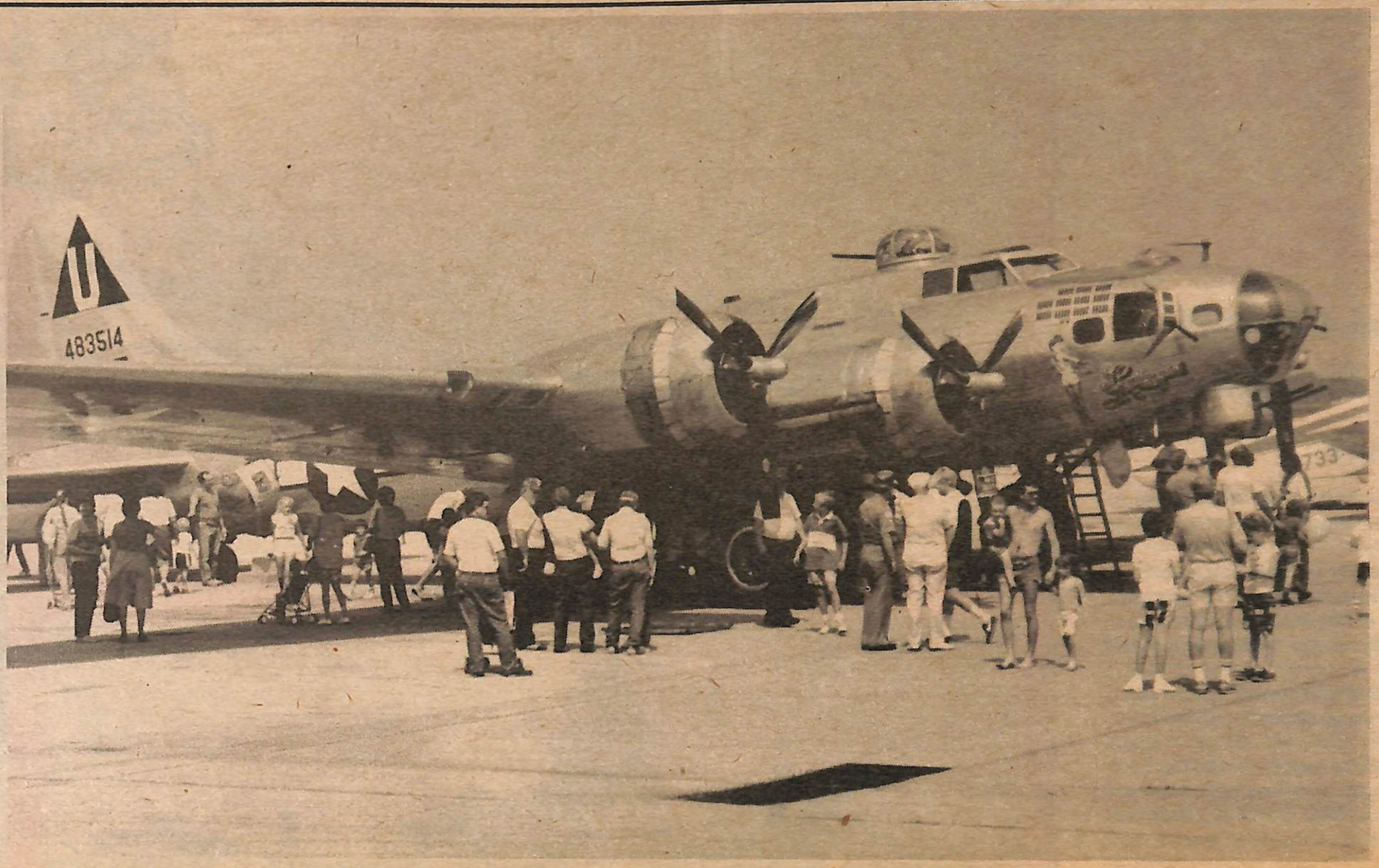
Boeing B-29 Superfortress



North American P-82 Twin Mustang (very rare)



P-47 "Thunderbolt"



B-17 "Sentimental Journey" draws crowds when the C.A.F. puts on an Air Show.

Confederate Air Force has saved more than 125 World War II airplanes of all descriptions and sizes, both U.S., Allied, and even German and Japanese types. The movement is worldwide, encompassing 86 different groups in 28 states, Australia, New Zealand, France, and Great Britain.

Who are members of the CAF/ Many are veterans of World War II, others are veterans of other wars, and some are just plain military aircraft buffs. Literally dozens of occupations encompass the membership: physicians, attorneys, students, teachers, and dozens of other occupations. These dedicated individuals may be millionaires or make only a nominal income. Agewise, a few are near the century mark, while others are in their teens.

Some well known celebrities show up in the membership rolls: Bob Hope, Barry Goldwater, Ed McMahon, and Ernie Ford, to name a few.

For the most part this dedicated army receives no salary. It travels far and wide to provide air shows, flyovers, and breathtaking entertainment for millions of people each year.

The Indiana Wing of the CAF is a typical CAF unit. Founded in 1970, the Wing maintains headquarters in Indianapolis and a squadron headquarters in Columbus, Indiana. Together, these units are approximately 125 strong. They own three airplanes and may acquire a bomber in the near future.

Diamond "Lil" graces fuselage of Consolidated B-24 "Liberator."

Like any organization, the Wing could not function without strong community support from volunteers, business people, corporations, and schools, to name a few. Such support enables the Wing to restore obsolete planes from certain destruction and put them in flyable condition. Thousands of man hours are involved in any restoration project. Frequently parts are not available and must be made — a large task by any stretch of the imagination.

The Indiana Wing is only one example of what is going on across the nation with the CAF. Ours is a mission "to perpetuate in the memory and in the hearts of all Americans the spirit in which these great planes were flown in the defense of our Nation." (CAF Objectives)

To that end, the CAF strives to preserve for future generations the great airplanes which guarded the skies during World War II.

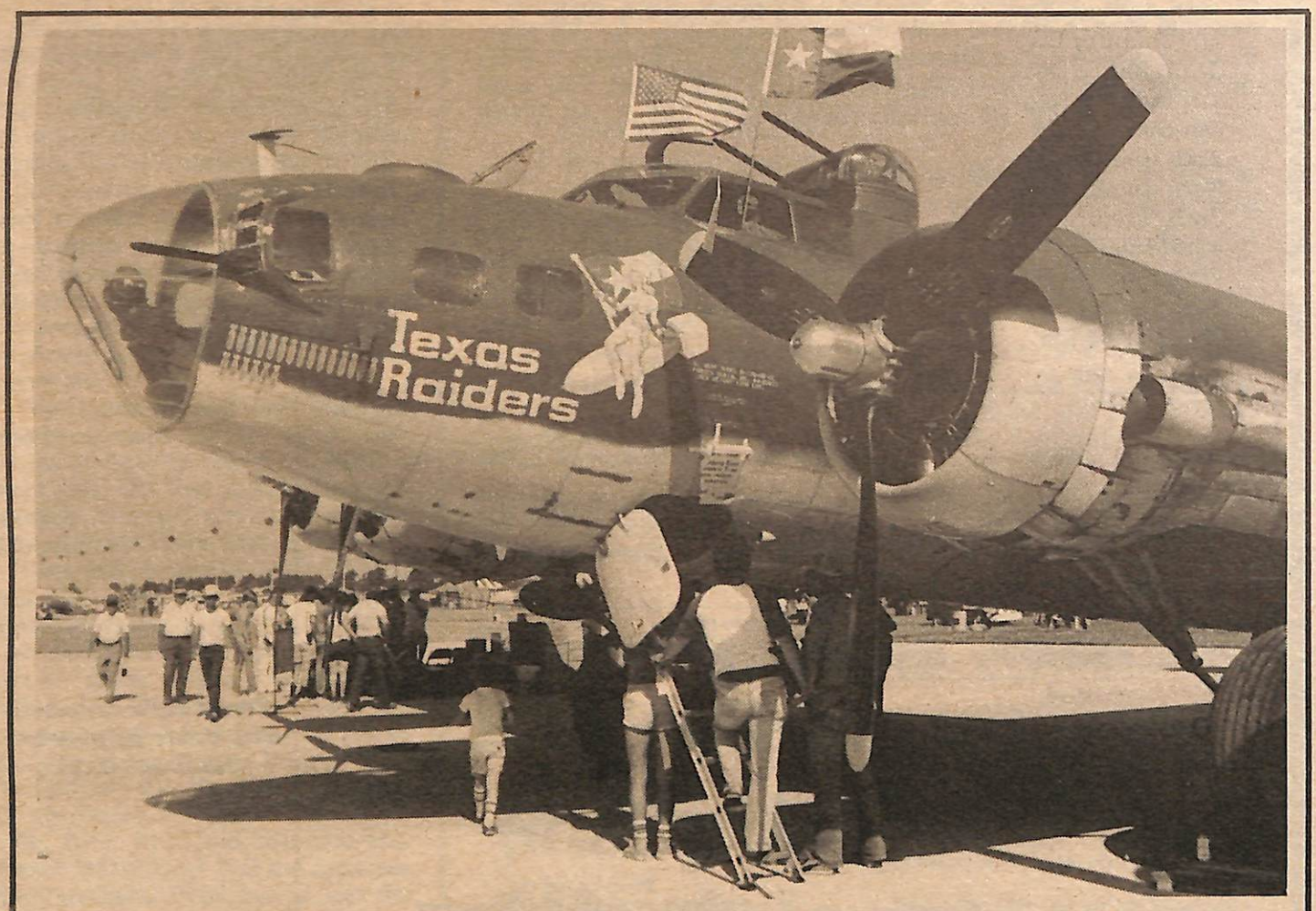
Victor Agather resto
use by CAF.

To know more ab
write to CONFEDE
FORCE, Box CAF, Ha
78551.

THEY HEAD INDIANA WING. ***Front, left to right: Steve Hilligoss, J.R. Johnson, and Jim Shelton. Second:*** **David Jackson, Harold Dillion, Mary Douglas, Midge Ervin, Joyce Gibbs, Joe Tummers, and Dale Galloway. Third: Harry Kirby, Ray Thompson, E.E. Ervin, Bob Henry, George Mock, and Lewis Shake.**

Victor Agather restored B-29 for use by CAF.

To know more about the CAF, write to CONFEDERATE AIR FORCE, Box CAF, Harlingen, Texas 78551.



"Texas Raiders" B-17 proudly flies Lone Star State Flag alongside "Old Glory."

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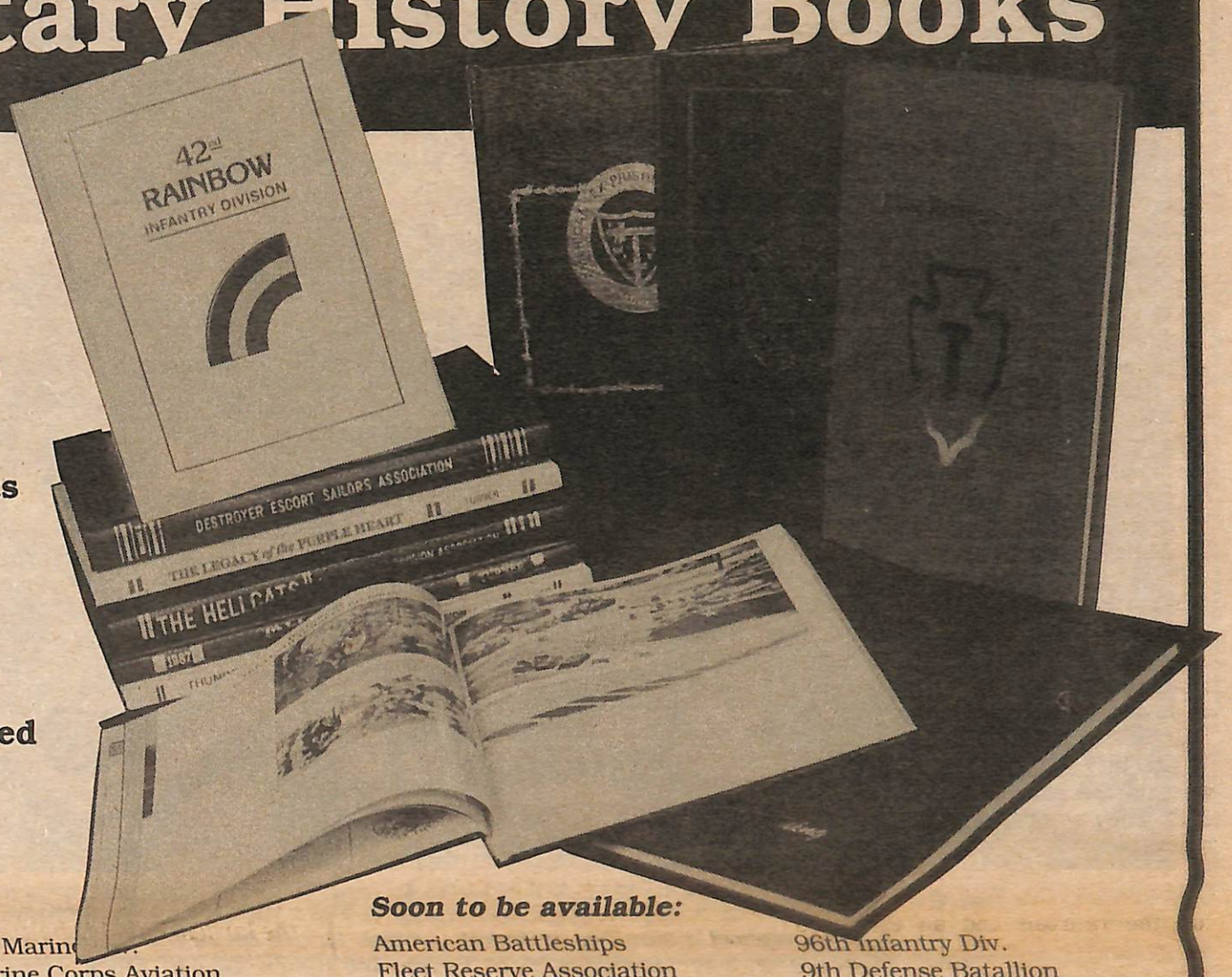

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Allied POWs knew about River Kwai

Geoffrey Adams

Yes, there was a river Kwai and yes there were railroad bridges spanning the river that were targeted for destruction by the Allied Forces. The 265 mile railroad was built by 61,000 Allied, POW's (the majority Australian and British) and some 250,000 Asian natives.

After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, their forces in French Indochina advanced into Siam. With the fall of Bangkok they continued toward Moulmein, Burma. Gaining control of Moulmein the Japanese split their forces, one unit advanced toward Rangoon, Burma and the other unit proceeded down the Malayan peninsula to Singapore.

The Allied troops that were captured in the fighting for Singapore and through Burma were sent to Siam to build a railroad between Bangkok and Moulmein. American troops captured on Java were also sent to labor on the railroad.

With this labor force, the railroad was started from both ends in late 1942. They worked for 14 months on starvation rations without adequate housing or medical care. It is known that 12,568 POWs died while working on the railroad and an estimated seven times that number of the Asian coolies died.

The fact that the railroad was being built was discovered on January 19, 1943, when an American B-24 from the 7th Bomb Group on a reconnaissance mission photographed the area. This indicated to the Allies that the Japanese did not believe they could protect the port at Rangoon and needed an alternate source of supply for its troops in Burma.

In March and April of 1943, the B-24 Liberators of the 7th Bomb Group and the Royal Air Force bombed the railroad from both high and low line (300 st.) and knocked out several bridges and strafed several trains.

The raids continued periodically during the remaining months of 1943 and into 1944. The 7th Bomb Group also mined the river leading to Bangkok. The monsoon season, which begins in June, and the Japanese forces in China attempting to destroy the bases of the 14th AF, brought a halt to the raids on the railroad for about four months.

The B-24s of the 7th Bomb Group were converted to tankers. By placing bomb bay tanks in them, they flew over two million gallons of fuel across the "Hump" in three and a half months to supply the aircraft in China.

In the interim, the railroad was completed. The Japanese no longer needed the large numbers of POWs they used to build the railroad but they were needed in Japan to work the mines. Tokyo asked for ten thousand of the most fit to be transported to the homeland.

At the POW camp at Tamarkan, Siam, 900 men were considered fit to travel the distance and work the mines. They were given a ration of new cloths, the first since their capture two years earlier, and then transported to Bangkok. The men thought they would be shipped out of Bangkok; instead they were put on other trains and sent to Saigon.

After waiting several weeks there they were told that ship transportation was not available, and they were to be returned to Bangkok.

While in Saigon and at stops along the way to Bangkok, the men were able to learn how the war in the Pacific and Europe was proceeding. They learned of the Normandy invasion and that Saipan had been invaded.

The trains continued through Bangkok and were switched to a south-bound track. It was then the men learned they were being sent to Singapore where many of them had been captured.

Arriving at Singapore the men from Tamarkan were joined by POWs from other camps to swell their ranks to about 2,300. Two transports waited with supplies to be taken to Japan. The men were divided between the two unmarked ships and departed.

As the convoy proceeded through the South China Sea, they were intercepted by five U.S. submarines. The commanders of the subs launched torpedoes and hit several ships including the two carrying the POWs.

Fortunately, the POWs had not been locked in the holds and were able to abandon ship after the Japanese. Most of the convoy trying to escape the subs continued on course leaving the people in the water. A few of the Japanese ships did try to rescue survivors.

The submarines, not knowing prisoners were in the water, continued to stalk the convoy. About five days after the first attack, two submarines returned to the area, surfaced and found the remaining POWs.

They pulled 159 men from the sea, and sent radio signals to the other submarines to aid them.

In September 1944, the 7th Bomb Group again began bombing the bridges in Burma and Siam on railroads that supplied the Japanese fighters in northern Burma. The bridges on the Kawae were their prime targets.

On their first raid the Liberator crews did not know that the Japanese had positioned POW camps near the main bridges and repair sheds. Their bombs were mostly on target, and 400

TO PAGE 32

Dancers agreed with Harry James, "It's Been a Long, Long Time."

Back in the good old days your daily newspaper only cost 5 cents.

TIMES at a Victory Dinner

"Praise the Lord and pass the ammunition," was playing the background. Your ticket to get in was a copy of a World War II Ration Book. Maybe, under your arm was an old photo, news clipping, or souvenir to show your shipmates.

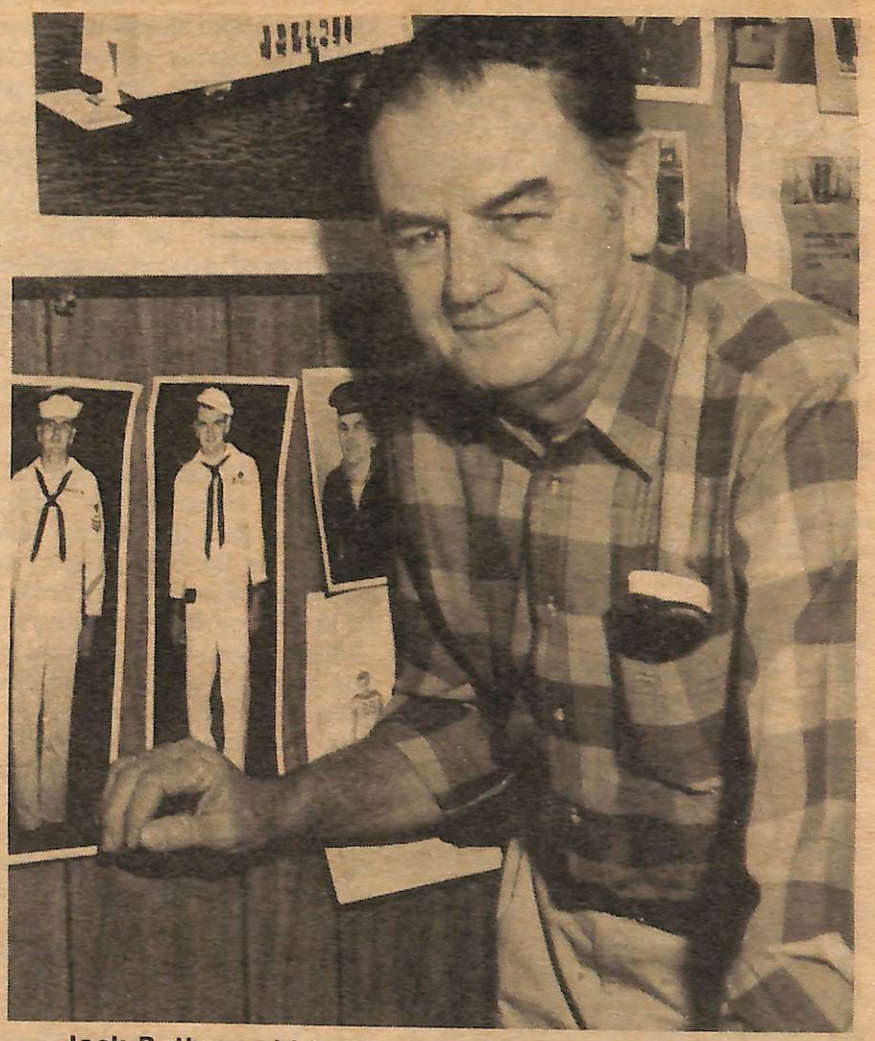
You were at the Home of Branch and Unit 67, Fleet Reserve Association in Suitland, Maryland. The Ladies Auxiliary was holding their annual World War II Victory Dinner.

Downstairs (Below) the ladies were dishing out the chow. *Boot Camp Spud Soup, V-Victory Meat Loaf, Kitchen Patrol Carrots, Victory Garden* Salad, Gold Star Mom's Jelly Roll, Oleo, and Java or Tea. If you wanted to feel like you were back in the Navy, *you could eat from Navy Mess Deck Trays.*

Upstairs (Topside), the walls were covered with World War II posters, old uniforms, and photos brought in

That's what Eugene Henley looked like .

Thanks to Pat Cady and Unit 67 F.R.A. for the story and pictures.



Jack Butler and his "Good Sailor, Bad Sailor" photos.

by individuals. Copies of wartime newspapers were on the tables. The younger generation found the 1942 ads and prices equally as interesting as the war news.

There was time to play guessing games. Matching up the handsome Sailor and Marine photos on the wall with the not-so-handsome Shipmates looking at them.

The "DJ" had to dig back into his files to come up with the songs of the times. Glenn Miller and Marion Hutton in "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree With Anyone Else But Me" was a favorite. Andrews Sisters with "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy" gave the dance floor a workout.

As the evening ended, it was down to the slow ones like Les Brown and Doris Day in the appropriate, "Sentimental Journey." By then it was one.

The ever-present Red Cross girl was there to brighten the festivities.

Inspiration key to 50th anniversary

Harold McCormick

All Americans should share in, and derive inspiration from, the 50th Anniversary of World War II because, for Americans, as Winston Churchill said of the British, "It was our finest hour." This is why I commend the World War II Times for its agressive leadership in focusing attention on the anniversary years, 1989-1995.

Today our nation faces many painful domestic issues and some international problems in certain regions of the world, but these pale in significance compared with the challenges the country faced in December 1941 when, following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, an underarmed and unmilitaristic America was drawn into two major wars simultaneously in Europe and in the Pacific.

Nearly 20,000,000 U.S. civilians left the work force to man guns, tanks, sail Navy and Merchant ships, and fly military aircraft. They were replaced on production lines by other millions of American men and women who built "the arsenal of democracy." After four years, in cooperation with other Allied peoples, total victory was achieved *in both wars, and "isolationist" America had become the undisputed leader of the Free World.*

The 50th Anniversary provides an ideal occasion to review modern history with some perspective. Fascism as a form of government was defeated in the wars, and, in the past decade, Communism has proven to be a disastrous failure wherever it existed. Peoples of the Democracies can be very proud and happy in their freedoms and achievements.

However, we should also be aware of certain serious flaws in our own system of government. For one thing, because elected and appointed public officials are uncertain about their tenures in office, there are occasional temptations to "take the money and run." In addition, because of political need to be "popular," there is a tendency at all levels of government to extend public benefits beyond public tax revenues. As a result, the Federal Government and many State and Local Governments are awash in a sea of deficits and accumulated public debt. These may pose the most serious threat to our future.

Much of the public debt problem could be alleviated if all levels of government could be more successful in collecting taxes from the so-called "underground economy," which operates on a basis of cash and checks payable to cash. I believe there should be a Federal banking regulation outlawing the issuance of all checks payable to cash. People with checking accounts who need pocket money would simply write checks payable to themselves.

Finally, most Americans who served in or remember World War II are now senior citizens who probably watch too much TV. To those people I have a suggestion for a retirement *hobby which I have found very rewarding — the research into phases of* World War II in which they or their loved ones were involved.

The National Archives in Washington has on file all previously classified documents of World War *II* — military orders, *personnel lists, battle reports, war diaries,* photos of ships, planes, bases, war material, etc. — and these are available to the general public for the payment of moderate reproduction fees. As a first step, write for the free booklet, **A Guide to The National Archives,** Washington, DC 20408.

Harold J. McCormick
Lieut-Comdr, USNR (Ret)
Stamford, Connecticut

Exciting journal

BACK IN PRINT: AIR FORCE magazine. Hewitt Publishing Company is proud to reprint the December 1942 issue of AIR FORCE magazine, World War II's most exciting and colorful service journal. From cover to cover, AIR FORCE is packed with features that will excite the AAF vet, historian, and collector.

The December 1942 issue contains 17 articles, plus the regular features; Crosscountry, Roll of Honor, Techique, and the Air Force I.Q. Test. This is World War II written as it happened by the men doing the fighting. Regularly $5.95; Christmas Sale $4.95.

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Just too clean for the colonial French

When Army Task Force 6,814 landed in Noumea, New Caledonia, March 12, 1942, some 17,000 strong, the need for a hospital was at once apparent. For the first few days the occasional sick American soldier was taken care of by the French civilian hospital.

Right next door to it was a large but old orphanage with only a few children. Very speedily it was arranged for these youngsters to be moved out and the building to be turned over to us to set up a hospital to accomodate 100 beds and surgical facilities.

Supplies, equipment, instruments and beds were easily obtained from the huge mass of material of all sorts piled on the docks as the seven ships of the convoy were unloaded as quickly as possible for quick turnaround. Medical personnel for the "American Hospital" were drawn from the 109th Station Hospital. Most of the nurses had been hastily assembled at Camp Edwards, Massachusetts, from among volunteers from local hospitals. Few had had any military training, but they were a fine group of women, well trained professionally, dedicated and enthusiastic.

Colonial French ideas of hygiene and cleanliness did not meet the standards of these New Englanders, and their first activity was to thoroughly scrub every floor, wall, nook and cranny of the orphanage. They were pleased to note that the plumbing system was quite modern, with ample water piped in from the hills to good toilets, sinks and faucets, since the hot were marked "C" for "chaud," and the cold, "F" for "froid."

However, with abundant buckets and scrub brushes they energetically erased all the grime and dirt, and with adequate "Lysol" in strong solution they destroyed every single germ. The many flush toilets were used to dispose of hundreds of bucketsful of dirty water as well as the copious antiseptic solutions.

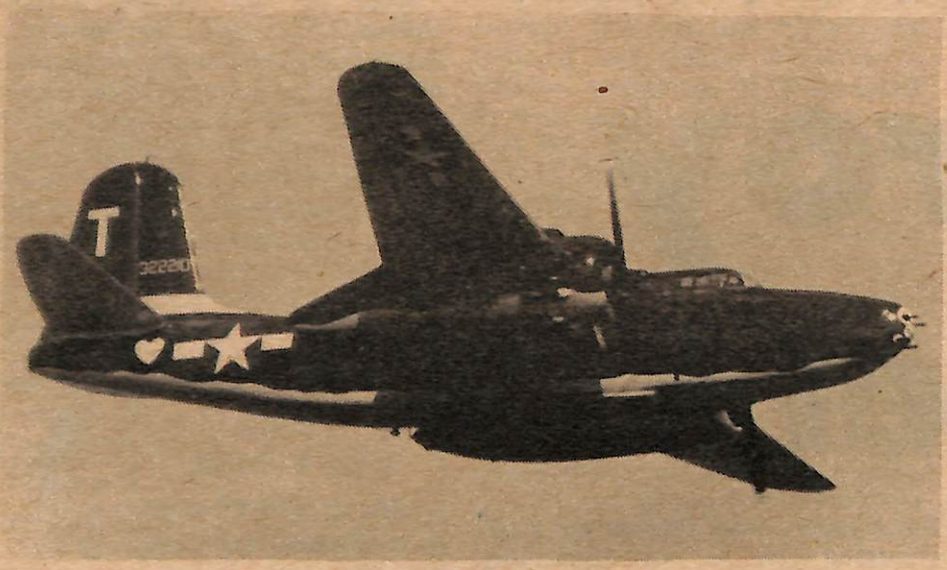
How were these darlings from the large cities to know that these toilets drained into septic tanks rather than sewer mains?

Our hospital was ready to operate in four days, which was just about the time when an unmistakable odor permeated it. The high concentration of disinfectant which had sanitized the walls, floors, sinks and toilet bowls had also killed the bacteria on which the septic tank function depended.

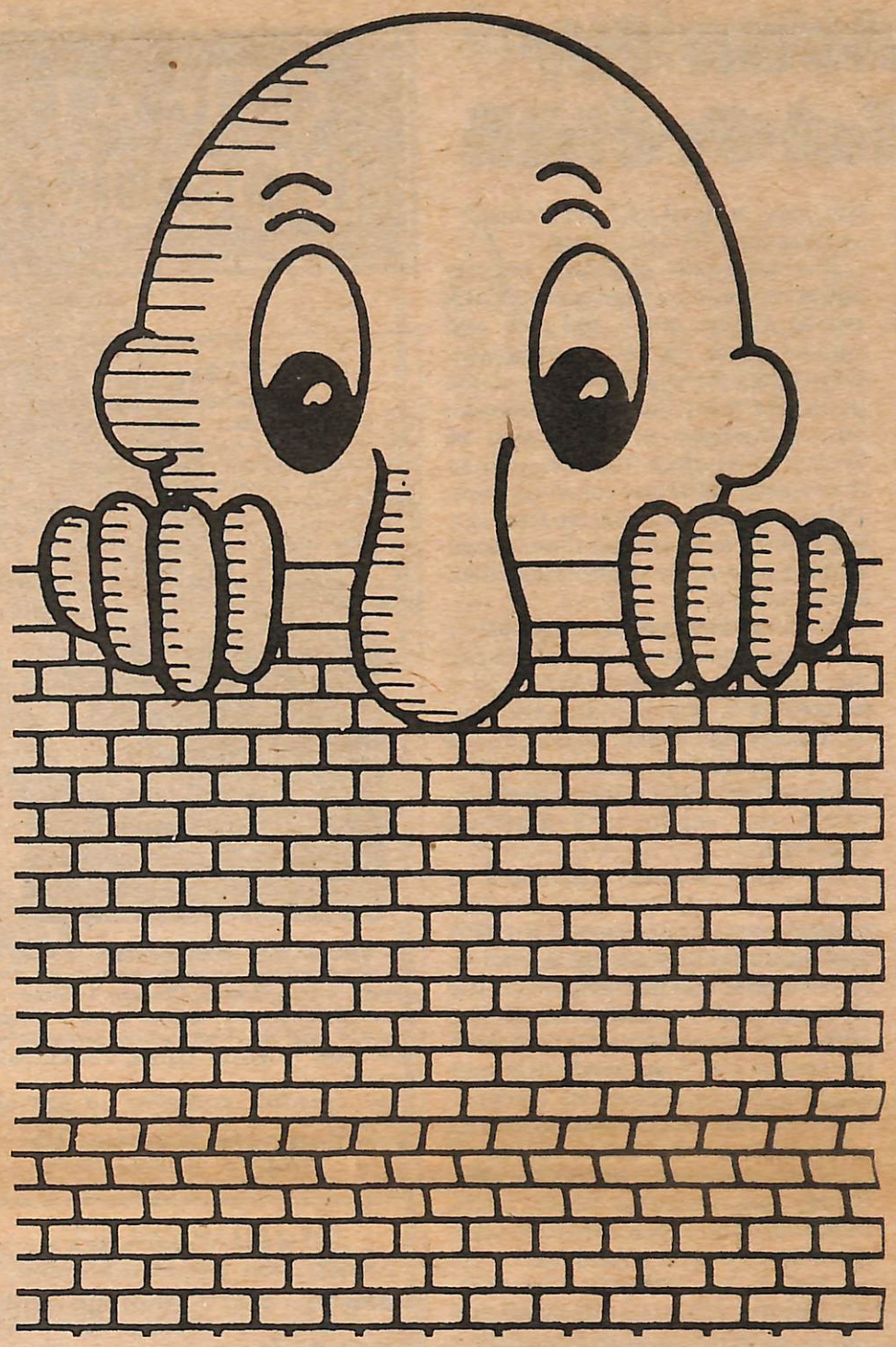
The Army Engineers admitted to complete helplessness in the emergency. Distressed French civilian authorities finally agreed to correct the situation if we paid for the cleaning and rehabilitation of the tanks, and warned Americans to flush the toilets and sinks vigorously and lengthily if any antiseptics were introduced into the plumbing system.

The well-meant "gaffe" caused not a little amusement among the New Caledonians, some of whom tartly reminded us that sometimes too much cleanliness may be unhealthy.

Arthur G. King, M.D.
Cincinnati, OH



Douglas A-20 "Havoc"



Kilroy is here

In the initial invasion of a certain Pacific atoll during World War II, Marines in the first wave were greeted on the beach by the sign: "Kilroy was here." A group of amphibious sailors moored overnight just offshore in a landing craft were the suspected perpetrators.

Kilroy is one of a few genuine American legends. Some say he's the twentieth-century Paul Bunyan for whom no place is inaccessible and no deed impossible. "Kilroy was here" was lettered 305 feet atop the torch of the Statue of Liberty, for example, and scribbled on the high girders of New York's George Washington Bridge. It was also neatly carved into the handsome wooden railings of the old luxury liner "Queen Elizabeth."

Kilroy's story begins during World War II, where, on faraway islands and in forgotten ports, his name greeted GI's and fliers. In Europe, Africa, Australia, New Guinea, the Philippines and on hundreds of islands on the farthest rim of the Pacific, Kilroy endorsed his former presence.

Wherever GI's kicked up dust or slogged through mud, Kilroy's trademark was sure to appear. He was often the first to hit the beach, and he certainly reached some places even the toughest avoided.

The impudent announcement that "Kilroy was here" decorated walls and any other handy surface from Hitler's "Eagle Nest" at lofty Berchtesgaden to the depths of a volcanic crater in Hawaii.

There's even a Kilroy Island somewhere in the far Pacific. Since its discovery in 1944, the island has given cartographers nothing but headaches. No two maps show it in the same location, and some don't show it at all. It seems to lie somewhere in the open sea between Hawaii and the Soviet Union — accuracy is not for Kilroy.

Kilroyisma are spread over the world from Brazil to Pakistan — the mark of Kilroy became the symbol of the speed and scope of global warfare. Kilroy phrases have been spotted on the Capitol dome in Washington, D.C., and the battleship "Pennsylvania," on which the puckish words were found after it had been blasted by the atomic bomb test at Bikini.

Beside a chow line at a naval base in the Philippines was inscribed: "Kilroy starved to death waiting in this line." On a latrine door on Leyte Island was marked" "Kilroy, personal." The last page of a Paine Field library book in Everett, Washington, bore the terse reminder, "Kilroy read it first." Even one of the Okinawa airport jeeps, used to bring planes to designated hangars, couldn't escape the phantom scribber. Below its checkerboard "Follow me" sign on the back was scrawled, "to Kilroy."

So it was really no surprise when a CBI tractor turned up on a Guam with a name like "Kilroy's Kat," or when a "Kilroy Station" started broadcasting to United Nations forces during the war in Korea. The station began life somewhere south of Seoul with nine enlisted men under the charge of one officer. It operated from a 2½ ton truck, and was probably the only mobile station in the world set up to broadcast commercial programs. It was nicknamed "Kilroy Station," because neither its staff nor its listeners knew where it would be located next.

On the wall of a small room at Canton Island Airfield, way out in Pacific waters, a pilot scribbled a triumphant "I was here before Kilroy" on the flight tower. What happened? After returning from his next flight, this cryptic taunt had appeared beneath his own bit of wit: "Like hell you were, I was here when this was only a gleam in the CO's eye. Kilroy".

Others tried. On Kwajalein Atoll, newcomers read: "No grass atoll, no trees atoll, no water atoll, no women atoll, no liquor atoll, no fun atoll." But then came the needle — the next day "he" had written a P.S.: "I just didn't pause atoll. Kilroy."

According to the story from an American air base in Japan, the ubiquitous, legendary veteran had the last say there, too. Someone had rhapsodized on a barracks wall,

Slap your hands and jump for joy.
For you were here before Kilroy.
Beneath it quickly appeared,
Sorry to spoil your little joke.
I was here, but my pencil broke.
—Kilroy

Only John Rogers Airfield in the Hawaiian group succeeded in combating the graffiti menace, and even there it was a passive sort of resistance. Nailed on the administration building door was a slotted box, a pad of paper, a pencil stub and a sign. The sign stated, "Kilroy has been here. Don't comment on the walls. Write what you have to say on the tab and drop it into the box."

Although records are, as you might guess, a bit sketchy in details, the Army was quick to grab credit for Kilroy's exploits. They claimed he started his World War II writing career after landing in South Africa. He later appeared in the Indian city of Karachi (now in Pakistan) and, near the end of the war, he surfaced in China after flying "The Hump" from India.

The Air Force was not going to let the Army take all the glory for Kilroy's adventures. They claimed an Air Force sergeant named Kilroy was responsible for scrawling the message on all those beachheads, just to keep the infantry in its place. The Air Force never could explain, however, what one of its sergeants *was doing hundreds of miles from the nearest airbase.*

Yet the infantry did find "Kilroy was here" drawn on the beaches at Casablanca, Gela, Anzio, the Philippines and Okinawa. They also found his marks in hundreds of French towns and on Alpine mountaintops.

When the 4th Infantry Division stormed Utah Beach at Normandy, they found Kilroy's name emblazoned on a German pillbox. More than 10 miles away at Omaha Beach, and at the same time, the 1st Infantry Division found that Kilroy had beaten them to another troublesome pillbox. Kilroy could move quickly when the situation demanded.

On at least one occasion, he managed to make monumental good sense.

When American troops scoured the blasted ruins of Hiroshima after the war, they discovered several signs proclaiming, "Kilroy doesn't want to be here!"

But the washrooms of the world provided Kilroy with his most fertile environment, and few in the United States haven't born Kilroy's well traveled signature. When President Truman, the Soviet leader, Stalin, and Great Britain's Prime Minister Attlee sought relief from the pressing demands of the Potsdam Conference in 1945, they found that their top security washroom had already been visited by Kilroy and his markeer.

Kilroy lore contains vague hints of a whirlwind romance with the Indian princess who now rests in the Taj Mahal, although evidence suggests that Kilroy preferred to devote his heart to the glories of American womanhood. He must have spread his heart rather thin because thousands of American homes during the war bore the proud motto, "Kilroy's girl lives here."

How did the redoubtable Kilroy get his start? The explanations are almost as varied as tales of the mystery Warrior's exploits. An Air Force version makes the first Kilroy a frequently missing man whose irate commander was foiled in tracing him by means of the "Kilroy was here, there and everywhere" technique.

Still another story has the original Kilroy as missing from a *special detail. When the missings'* names were posted, he indignantly wrote a denial under his name with the now familiar phrase.

So many people wrote the U.S. Army's Adjutant General in Washington asking who Kilroy was that he announced to the Associated Press in 1946 that, after combing through the Army's files on 10 million ex-GI's, he could only conclude, "As far as we're concerned, Kilroy doesn't exist."

Of course, the verdict is open to dispute. Especially since a large percentage of those 10 million ex-GIs claim to have some personal knowledge of the original Kilroy and how he started his literary career. There is, however, one piece of factual evidence.

When the war came in 1941, a shipyard inspector in Boston wanted to make sure that his boss knew he was on the job. To show his superiors how efficient he was, he chalked his name on the side of all the tanks, planes, ships and crates of material that were his responsibility. And all of this war material, bearing the proud autograph of the diligent James I. Kilroy of Boston, found its way to every corner of the earth. The soldiers took up this catchy signature — and soon the watchful eye of Mr. Kilroy covered the globe.

It's possible that we may never know the identity of "Kilroy." But one thing is for sure: Wherever you go, you'll find that he was there first.

This article was written by Nick *Reston and Robert Loefelbein. Reprinted with permission of Off* Duty/America.

Red-faced and chastened

In April, 1945, World War II was rapidly drawing to a close in the European theater. There was little enemy resistance in Dusseldorff where my infantry unit carried out mopping up orders. Conceding defeat, a German general and his staff surrendered to the American command.

As a cocky young motor officer, I felt important to be in charge of the German made touring car we had commandeered to transport the important prisoners to Allied headquarters.

Escorting Jeeps, in a waiting caravan, preceded and followed the powerful and elegant Mercedes. A sizeable gathering of Dusseldorff civilians and American soldiers watched the proceedings with casual interest. The passengers in the Mercedes, captured and captors, sat ramrod straight in a strained silence.

Meanwhile, I confidently scanned the unfamiliar maze of buttons and switches on the dash. Having elected myself as the best chauffeur available, I anticipated no problems. How wrong I was!! At my colonel's terse order, "Forward, Jones!", I managed to propel the vehicle violently backward, throwing the passengers in a scrambled heap on the floor of the auto.

Highly vocal in their discomfiture, the men resumed their seats, and adjusted their uniforms, while I frantically studied the control panel. Again the forward command. Again a mighty backward thrust unseated the occupants!

On the third attempt, red-faced and chastened, I finally moved the auto forward, amid the loud cheers of the delighted onlookers and relieved chuckles from my passengers!

Shelton J. Jones

Book gives useful insights into infantry

Book Shelf

William Rooney, Review Editor

ABOUT FACE

By Col. David H. Hackworth and Julie Sherman
Simon & Schuster, 833 pp., $24.95

This book is history. It is more than just a biography or, as the book is subtitled, "The Odyssey of an American Warrior." It is the story of the U.S. Army, specifically the Infantry, from the end of World War II through the Vietnam War. If any World War II draftee has ever wondered "what would it have been like if I had stayed in" this book is his answer. For this is the story of a guy who entered the service at age 16 immediately after the European surrender. It tracks his career as he grew up in the Infantry.

Hackworth is a true warrior. That is, he found his place in the universe in the front line in combat with the enemy. You, as someone outside looking in, will see exactly what it was like to fight in Korea on the squad, platoon or company level. And anyone who wants to get an idea of the mechanics of combat at this level — seldom, if ever, above — this book is an important tool to gain that knowledge — without actually having to go through it yourself.

Napoleon said, "Every corporal has a marshal's baton in his kit." The Army assumes that every person who makes a career of the service aspires to be a general. Hackworth finds himself forced onward and upward in the infantry from enlisted man to NCO, to field-commissioned officer and thence up the ladder of rank.

Throughout his life, he sees his role as that of a warrior on duty leading troops into combat. He suffers just like anyone else, however, when, while on duty in Germany, he is passed over for major. Just like everyone else, he sweats out his promotions as they come due until he reaches bird colonel.

Many of his advocates in the service, knowing what a maverick he was/is, try to bend him to the "system" so that he would become the general that every corporal is supposed to aspire to. Hackworth elects to self destruct just after being promoted to colonel. He does it by making some intemperate public statements about what was wrong with the military's conduct of the Vietnam war.

Appearing on a TV program "Issues and Answers" he criticizes the military. He gives interviews to other correspondents for release at the same time. From then on he suffers the fact of any government whistle-blower. He is harrassed by the military, his retirement is cancelled, he is shadowed by military spooks. An attempt is made to court martial him but that doesn't work. he hires Joseph Califano, a true heavy-breather lawyer in Washington, and the Army finally gets off his back.

Fourteen of the 23 chapters are devoted to Vietnam. Therein lies the story of the sleaze that has overtaken the military. Getting your ticket punched to qualify for advancement seems still to be the Army's game. The "Efficiency Report" is a make or break element of every promotion. Just as "gradeflation" has overtaken the college classroom, superlatives have overtaken the E.R., and anything less than a superlative ER means you are dead so far as your future in the service is concerned.

In Hackworth's last chapter and his Epilogue, he pours out his disillusionment with the Army. The agony is apparent. Anyone who has devoted a lifetime to an enterprise only to find a "handful of ashes" at the end would, indeed, be disillusioned. He goes over many things that are wrong with the services and offers measures to correct the wrongs.

The military has issued statements pointing out how these deficiencies have been corrected. Does anyone believe them? After reading this book, probably not.

William Rooney

WARTIME questions "good war" name

WARTIME

By Paul Fussell
Oxford, 330 pages, $19.95

The expectation is that in this, the 50th year since the onset of World War II, there will be a spate of books on that war. Were I a betting man I'd wager my Pete Rose cards there will be no book quite like WARTIME.

Fussell's theme is "America has not yet understood what the Second World War was like and thus been unable to use such understanding to re-interpret and re-define the national reality and to arrive at something like public maturity." He prefaces his text with the statement that "for the past fifty years the Allied war has been sanitized and romanticized almost beyond recognition by the sentimental, the loony patriotic, the ignorant, and the bloodthirsty."

This does not mean that Professor Fussell diminishes or puts down the tremendous sacrifices and the innumerable acts of heroism. He does say that to call it "The Good War" is an oxymoron. He claims, and I agree, that most of us were in the war to get out of it. We may have had revenge against Japan's sudden attack as part of our motivation but for the most part we realized we had to defeat Germany and Japan to get back to the states and to get on with our lives.

Fussell documents our lack of preparedness, the sloganeering, the misrepresentations, the endless euphemisms coined to camouflage the sheer horror of the war. He condemns the strict censorship imposed on both print and film which in turn screened and sifted what the public and much of the military were permitted to know. All of which in turn limits or distorts what most people today know about the war.

As an example, in making a war movie Hollywood's only source of military equipment was from the services. The equipment was obtainable subject to military approval of each script. While Fussell does not use the term "thought control," the implication is apparent.

Fussell is one of the most readable authors around; attributable in this case to his credentials as a professor of English who was an infantry rifle platoon leader in combat and to his reliance on wartime writings rather than on numbers, maps, and events a historian might employ.

Conversely, he may have been a bit careless in research. Readers have already pondered how he could claim 22,000 B-17's were shot down when fewer than 13,000 were built. He erroneously uses the adjective "Congressional" in front of the Medal of Honor. He defines USMJ as "Universal (it's Uniform) Code of Military Justice," and doesn't know that RIF means "Reduction in Force."

His pluses include his evocation of the humor so vital to our survival, how we coped with all that waiting, put up with numbing boredom, accepted a situation so "serious it was ridiculous," eagerly believed the implausible, enjoyed the ubiquitous Kilroy, and tolerated what we lumped under the term "chicken" or a term close to that. He reminds us of our songs and parodies as well as the specialized jargon with which we communicated. He uses the interesting phrase "from light duty to heavy duty" to describe how the outdated concept of chivalry gave way to the essential and abhorrent kill-or-be-killed mind-set.

Fussell is not exactly a Johnny-One-Note but he reiterates his conviction that only a small fraction of the military (maybe 10%) and none of the civilian population can truly grasp how gruesome and mind-bending it was to inflict and observe indescribable violent deaths. In today's vernacular he is saying that to know the savagery and brutality "you HAD to be there."

One reviewer says that Fussell is an elegant earthy wonderful writer who gives us considerable pleasure along with his coverage of a grim subject. I concur with that summation and while I realize they were our allies (or we theirs), I wish Fussell had devoted less or none of his book to the British experience and given us more about GI Joes.

Don Sandstrom

Wendell Phillippi — A General Look

No "good war" for those on front lines

Anyone who calls World War II a "good war" is nuts. It is a damned shame that historians, publishers, noncombatants and some of the general American public have ever accepted Studs Terkel's title for a book.

It is doubtful if he invented the term because a lot of people who put on a uniform in the rear areas or at a desk job no doubt did have it good. I never heard a GI on the front lines talk about a good war. Or since.

GIs knew then and many now know that war is dirty, cruel, and a horrible experience — so horrible that many families of veterans who served up front never heard much from their loved ones about war when they came home.

Webster defines war as a "state of open, declared armed fighting between states and nations, a state of hostility, conflict, antagonism." As for good, Webster says: "Of a favorable character or tendency." Terkel, a one-time disk jockey, even says in a preface note that the terms "good" and "war" are incongruous.

So the good boys are illiterate besides being wrong — and attack *the moral fibre of those who served and* died in war.

Just think of it — only one in 15 in uniform actually fought in World War II. So the fighter is outnumbered and *his rear area veterans can sit back, rub their fat bellies and call it a good* war.

Occasionally I go to reunions and I enjoy seeing old friends and soldiers who fought the good fight — different than the good war. But we seldom talk about a given battle unless we are talking about tactics. If someone starts talking about how many machine guns he knocked out or the number of enemy he killed, you can almost guess that he either heard it from someone else, made it up, or has read too many novels.

The only thing that could be considered good is the common camaraderie that fighting units create and experience. Without a family type adhesion units are not effective — be it a squad, platoon, company, battalion or regiment. The fighter sometimes wore a division patch but that was a high level operation compared to his lowly fire fight at the front. After the war one finds out about his division but by and large the fighter is on a very low level. He only

General Phillippi

wishes that his fellow regiment or other neighbor on his flanks would fight harder so the battle could be won sooner.

The "good war" concept is a slap in the face to Gold Star Mothers. Obviously they are small in number today and are seldom remembered except at Memorial Day or some special occasion. They have no big lobby in *Washington, only bad memories in the loss of a loved one. And someone* they had only with them for a few years before the call to arms.

It is impossible for most of us to even begin to realize what goes on in their minds and hearts when they see *the enemy nations* of the "good war," Hitler's Germany and Hirohito's Japan, emerging as two of the strongest nations in the world.

Another reason that Americans have tolerated the term, "good war" is that our country has never been occupied. Our country has never been nearly destroyed by enemy weapons. Is it any wonder that Russians have been so defensive, having had their native land ravaged by war for centuries?

The overwhelming majority of Americans have no idea what war is about. And unfortunaltely few of them care. Some only worried about their overtime in a defense plant or the shortage of sugar and gasoline.

So as we celebrate the end of World War II, we should never forget the war dead or the lads who suffered wounds that have prevented them from leading the good life. We should remind our leaders, historians and phrase makers that we no longer care for the term, good war.

The gallant thing would be for Terkel and his publishers to change the title of the book in future editions.

The famous cartoonist, Bill Mauldin, is quoted in Terkel's book thus: "I didn't feel we accomplished anything positive." He adds that we got rid of a negative, Hitler. But the world knows we did not get rid of the other negative, Hirohito.

If you really want to get mad, get a copy of the book from your library and then write the publisher what you *think.*

The best thing we can do as we observe and thank God for the possible end of the Cold War, let's knife the concept of a good war. There ain't no such thing, as any real fighter of World War II knows. It would give the observation of the Big 5-0 a new meaning.

Phillippi, a former managing editor of the Indianapolis NEWS, is a retired Army major general.

Note: In the column about my return to the Riveriera in the last issue of the TIMES, the copy implied that cocktails were served at church. Communion was served but the cocktail hour followed a reception in the public square outside the church. A dropped sentence in editing can mislead the reader.

Doolittle's Raid

When the Doolittle Raiders were enroute to Japan aboard the USS HORNET, the radiomen of Task Force 16 received a broadcast from Radio Tokyo. "Reuters, British News Agency," the broadcast reported in English, "has announced that three American bombers have dropped bombs on Tokyo. They know it is absolutely impossible for enemy bombers to get within 500 miles of Tokyo. Instead of worrying about such foolish things, the Japanese people are enjoying the fine Spring sunshine and the fragrance of cherry blossoms."

To this day, this strange report from Radio Tokyo has never been satisfactorily explained.

Vernon W. Coats

"Researcher/collector wants aerial propaganda leaflets. Please contact Dr. R. Oakland, 21, Metchley Lane, Harborne, Birmingham B170HT, England."

World War II veterans meet with Indianapolis Mayor William Hudnut (center, front row) for signing of Special Resolution supporting 50th Anniversary Program. Front, left to right — Wayne Miller, Dr. Buert SerVaas (President City-County Council), Holly Holmes (Council Member), and Henry Shackelford. Back — Ernie Baker, Bill Sare, Merlin Kinsey, Paul Breedlove, Sterling Gossett, Henry Lane, and Don Sandstrom.

Male Call

by Milton Caniff, Creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

Wipe That Opinion Off Your Face

3/7/43

Male Call

by Milton Caniff Creator of 'Terry and the Pirates"

Flank Exposed: Troops Vulnerable

3/14/43

"Don't just stand there! . . . . Do something!"

"IT MAY DO A GOOD JOB, BUT I'M SATISFIED WITH MY MAYTAG."
—Sgt. Bill Newcombe

Ask the Colonel

Colonel Jim Shelton, Indiana Wing, Confederate Air Force

Q. *Why didn't some of Hollywood's top male stars who played rough and tough parts serve in World War II — stars like Gary Cooper, Errol Flynn, and Dean Martin?*

A. They all tried but were turned down. Gary Cooper had a bad hip, Errol Flynn had a bad heart, and Dean Martin had a hernia.

Q. *What unit of the Army Air Force called itself "The Forgotten Air Force?"*

A. The 15th Army Air Force who believed the 8th Air Force received the most favorable publicity.

Q. *Every person in the German armed forces knew what "Fahneneid" meant — what?*

A. It was an Oath of Allegiance to Hitler, sworn by all who served in the German fighting machine.

Q. *During World War II what U.S. Navy ship sustained the greatest loss of life?*

A. The "USS Indianapolis" was sunk by a Japanese submarine on July 30, 1945. The commanding officer of this great ship, Captain Charles McVay, was greatly criticized for this disaster and eventually committed suicide.

Q. *What U.S. plane was known as the F-13?*

A. Believe it or not, it was the B-29 reconnaissance version. Few knew about its existence as only a few were built.

Q. *What person was given the big task of demobilization of the German Navy?*

A. Admiral Robert Ghormley who had commanded our Naval forces in the Battle of Guadalcanal in 1942 before "Bull" Halsey relieved him.

Q. *What was one of the top secrets under consideration between England and France during World War II?*

A. A move unequaled in world history occured when England suggested a union with France to form a single country. It was thought this union would "prop up" morale of the French and make it impossible for France to negotiate for a separate armistice.

Q. *The Battle of Coral Sea was not fought in the Coral Sea. Where?*

A. Actually it was fought in the Solomon Sea, May 7-8, 1942. It was Japan's first defeat in World War II.

Q. *A big tip of the hat to Marine Private Guy Bagaldan. Why?*

A. This brave Marine was a Japanese language interpreter who risked his life several times to talk Japanese soldiers and civilians into surrender rather than suicide. He was credited with capturing more than 1,000 men in the Battle of Saipan.

Q. *What Army Division used a captured German plane for scouting purposes?*

A. The 83rd Infantry Division used an ME-109 painted olive green.

Take a bow, veteran

River Kwae memories

FROM PAGE 24

POWs were wounded and 90 were killed. When information about the camps was ascertained, subsequent missions reduced the risk.

One of the prime targets on the railroad was a large steel bridge at Kanchannaburi, Siam. A mission in late November, with the bombs dropped from 8,500 feet, did not damage the giant span. A low level mission, 200 ft, in mid-December also failed to bring the bridge down, or a wooded bridge co-located with the steel bridge.

During the first week of February 1945, the group flew to the bridges and did not damage the steel bridge; however they did knock down two sections of the wooden bridge. The steel bridge was finally damaged on the 13th when three spans were sent crashing into the water.

The 7th Bomb Group became quite proficient at bridge busting with the development of the AZON bomb. This enabled the bombardiers to control the bombs by radio on their way to the target.

Also, a technique of using the Liberator as a dive bomber was developed.

On April 24, 1945, 41 B-24s flew along the railroad at low level and using the new techniques destroyed 37 bridges and in so doing, made the railroad useless to the Japanese.

And that was how the bridges on the river Kwae were destroyed.