



With shouts and waves, veterans fix their eyes on the "Marauder" during fly over for dedication ceremonies.

## A "Marauder" in their memories

When the Martin Company delivered the first B-26 to the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1941, the plane was called the "hottest" aircraft of its time, due to its high landing speed.

### Don Sandstrom

Veterans of B-26 "Marauder" Bomb Groups shared common bonds last September 23 at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio.

They came from all parts of the country to dedicate their memorial to the "Marauder," their plane during World War II. One of the special participants was Major General John S. Samuel (Retired), who was Group Commander of the 322nd Bomb Group during the war.

The imposing memorial consists of a rock pedestal of black granite supporting a bronze model of the Martin B-26. It is the first significant memorial ever dedicated to the "Marauder."

A highlight of the dedication was the fly-over by the only surviving flyable B-26. Owned by the Confederate Air Force, it was brought from Harlingen, Texas, and flown by



Memorial to B-26 Martin Marauder, Wright-Patterson AFB

Colonels Ralph Benhart and Jerry Harville.

One member of the 397th, Dick Atkinson, got a special treat when the crew invited him to fly to Richmond, Indiana for gas. Despite a tad of hiccupping in the plane's right engine for a few seconds after takeoff, the trip was uneventful — just like the old days, Dick said as he completed his 68th "mission."

Wright-Patterson cooperated with the dedication program in fine fashion. The base was even closed to fighter traffic for 30 minutes while the fly-over was going on.

There was more to come. During the gathering, the "B-26 Marauder Historical Society" was formed to promote the famed bomber for educational and historical purposes. George Parker, who piloted a "Marauder" during the war, was elected president.

"Our focus," Parker said, "is to make sure this plane receives its rightful place in the history of flight

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during World War II."

During the war the "Marauder" was a primary aircraft used to isolate the battlefields prior to D-Day, June 6, 1944. All the major bridges in France that could have been used to supply enemy forces were destroyed prior to D-Day.

Approximately 300 veterans and their guests held a festive "Marauder Banquet" to close out the gathering. Elbert Watson, publisher of the World War II Times, was the featured speaker. His subject was "Remember your era." Many did.

There is a sad footnote to the above story. Don Kleinert, the first treasurer of the Marauder Historical Society, died suddenly on October 15.

A retired CPA, Kleinert was a bombardier and navigator with the 322nd Bomb Group. He served as Group Bombardier and flew with the Group Commander, General Samuel.

Dick Atkinson of Indianapolis assumed duties as treasurer.



General Samuel

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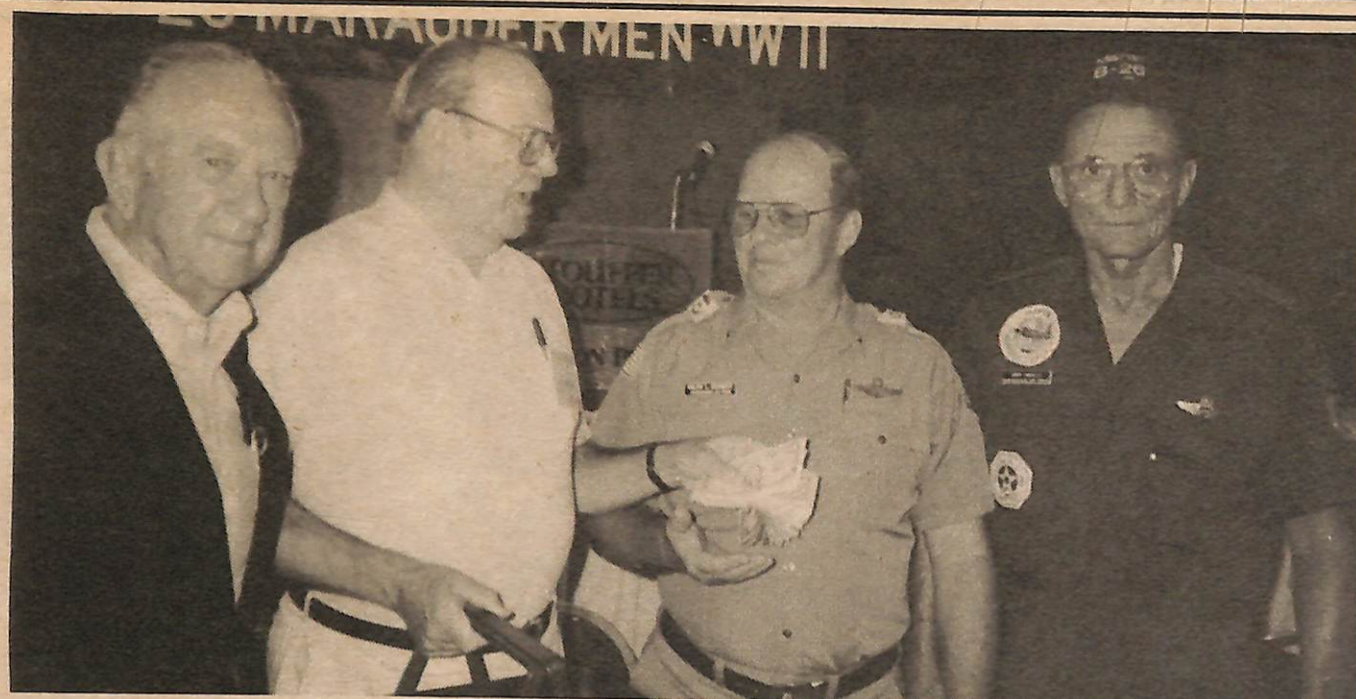
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V-P Hugh Walker and Treasurer Don Kleinert of the B-26 Historical Society, present the proceeds from a "pass-the 'hat'" collection for the Confederate Air Force. L-R: Walker, Kleinert, and representing the Confederate Air Force, Colonel Ralph Benhart and Colonel Jerry Harville.



Officers L-R: rear row — Esther Oyster, Audit Comm Chair, 319th BG; G George Norris, Dir, 387 BG; Lawrence Cash, 322 BG, Dir; V-P Hugh Walker, 391 BG; President-397 BG Earl Trull. Front row: Dir. Frank Brewer, 323 BG; President George Parker, 397th BG; Dir. Elmer Moffett, 387 BG and Treasurer Don Kleinert, 322 BG.

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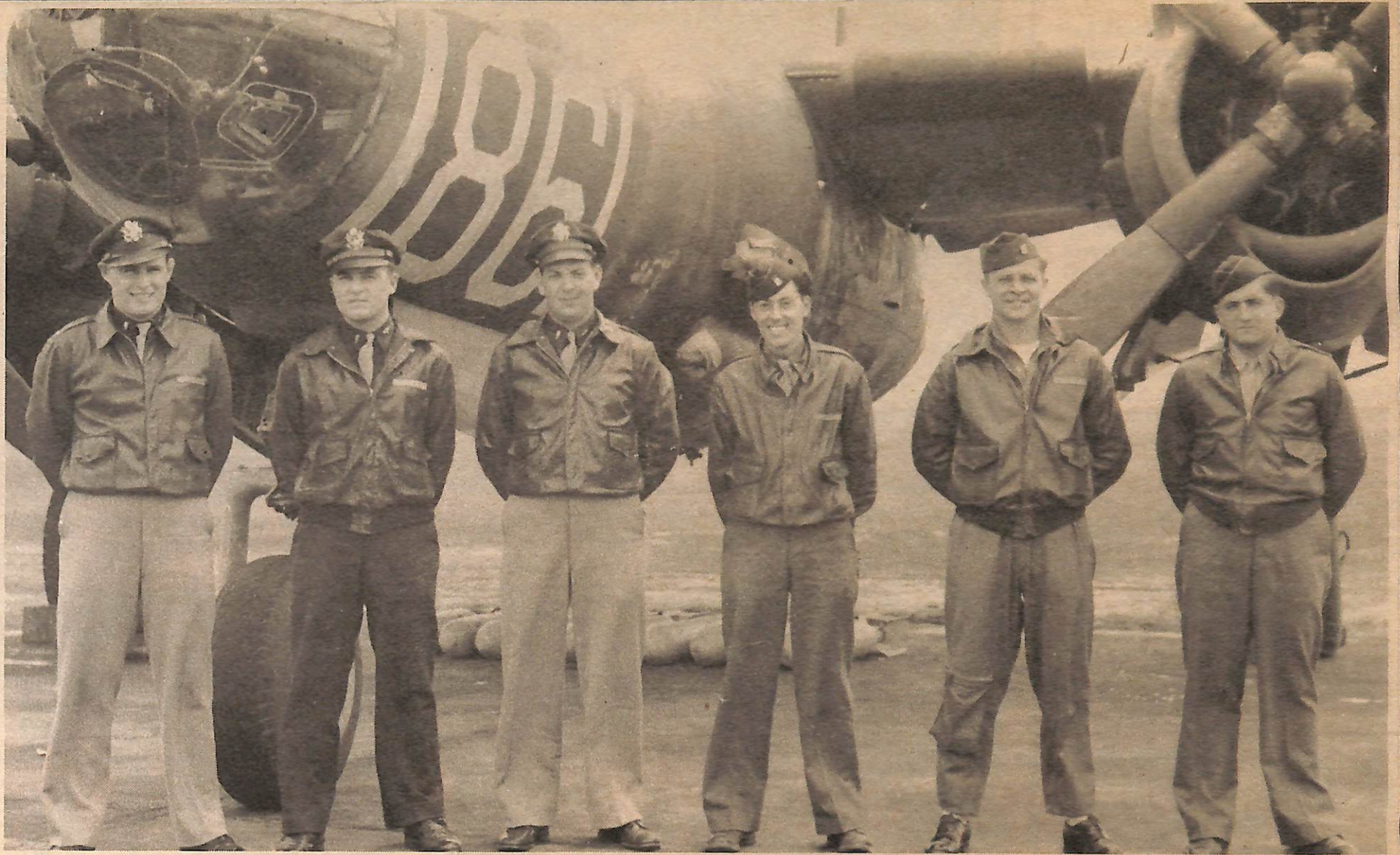
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**GALLANT CREW.** Left to right: Robert Maloney, pilot, Nicholas Fratt, Ward Hollis, Vincent Dado, Felix Ratkowski, and John Nicholson.

**I**t is said, when a person faces sudden death his whole life flashes before his eyes. On the morning of September 23, 1988, in Dayton Ohio, nothing so drastic was occurring, but a lot of memories were returning to a few hundred men gathered at the Air Force Museum for the B-26 Marauder Memorial Dedication.

As the last Marauder still flying, flashed overhead, tears flowed from the eyes of many mature men.

In my case, my memories returned to that long ago January 20, 1944, in Lake Charles, Louisiana, as a young airman who had completed individual training, and was ready to become a member of a flight crew. I was one of the luckiest tail gunners, since my assignment was to the crew of Lt. Bob Maloney, an outstanding officer and leader.

Memories returned to Easter Sunday, 1944, on board a troop ship in the North Atlantic. We had been surrounded by a submarine pack and the entire day was spent on deck in the freezing fog. After 18 hours we were completely covered with ice and so tired and cold, any change was welcome. We finally broke free of the pack and were able to go below.

The date of June 5, 1944, came to mind. Our 45's had been issued, flight crews assigned and aircraft painted with stripes. We needed no official notice that tomorrow was the day the

## God used a candy bar

**John Nicholson**

entire free world had been waiting for, D-Day. It was to be both my first and second mission.

As I lay on my bunk that night, unable to sleep, I wondered if I would be able to perform my duties consistent with my training. Would I be so afraid that I would panic? If we were attacked, would I be able to shoot back?

I tried to pray, but this brought up bigger problems. Was there really a God? Had all my time in church been wasted? If there really was a God, would he care about me? So many people would die tomorrow, would he have time for me?

My doubts about God continued until our tenth mission. Over enemy territory, our aircraft had been so badly shot-up that Maloney gave the order to bail out. For us to bail out it was necessary for the waist gunner to pull in the waist guns. The only problem

was that he was calmly eating a candy bar to make sure he was not captured while hungry. By the time we were ready to bail out, our pilot decided he could make it to an air strip above Ranger Cliff.

That night as I lay in a fox hole, I thought about that candy bar's role in saving my life. Suddenly, I remembered my mother teaching her children to have faith, that everything happens for the best. For the remainder of my missions, including four crash landings, all my doubts about God were gone.

One memory that has never faded was our stay in an orphanage in Belgium. During the Ardennes breakthrough, our crew had been temporarily assigned to the 18th Corp to work with the 82nd Airborne to get a taste of their life on the ground. Our home during that period was in a Catholic orphanage near Sap, Belgium. Each night we had a dozen

little girls join us to sing Army songs, and say a prayer for our safety.

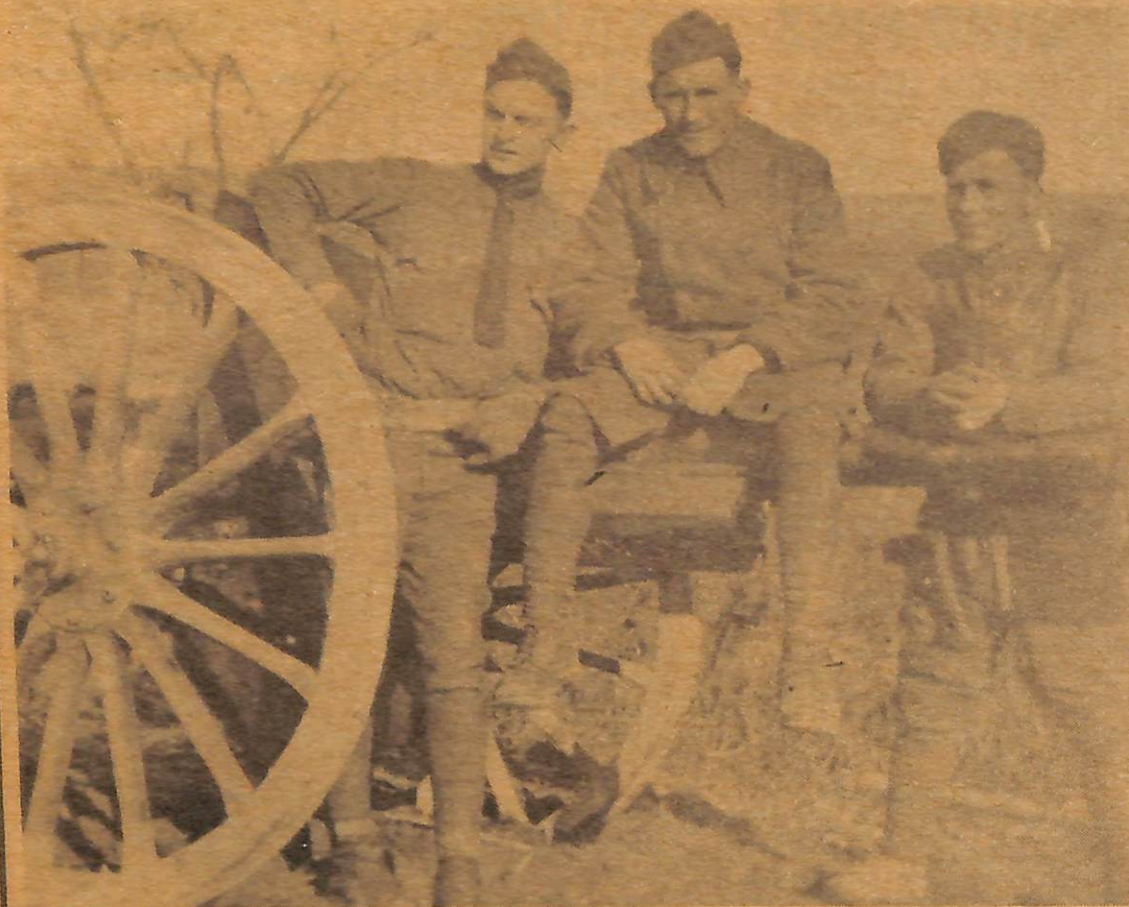
Sadly the "Marauder" has been forgotten by all, except for a few of us. At the British War Museum at Duxford, England, there was not one photograph of a B-26. One might wonder if we even flew during World War II.

I returned to the Air Force in 1949 and served in a B-26 unit during the Korean War. My son was in the Air Force during the Vietnam War and now my granddaughter is in the Air Force. I hope they realize that the B-26, the grand old bird, is part of their own heritage.



**Nicholson**





Gus Streeter poses with two of his buddies somewhere in France.



William Erwin, left, presents Streeter with an award from the World War II Round Table.

# "I can see them pass in review"

## Gus Streeter

I am a 92 year old combat veteran of World War I, the war which was fought (we were told) to end all wars.

I was an artilleryman in the 340th Field Artillery, 89th Division, which saw heavy action in late 1918. On September 12 we were part of a concentrated offensive operation which pushed across difficult terrain at Bois De Bartheville, which had been held by the Germans for four years.

Later, at Barricourt, we commenced a heavy assault which eliminated the St. Mihiel salient and threatened Metz. For six weeks we battered away at the pivot of the enemy line on the Western Front.

It was a position of imposing natural strength on both sides of the Meuse River, from the bitterly contested hills of Verdun, to the almost impregnable forest of the Argonne.

That position the 89th broke utterly, thereby hastening the collapse of the German forces. For more than a month after the initial strike of September 26, we slowly advanced through the Argonne Forest west of

the Meuse River.

On November 1, the enemy retreated in mass enabling us to clear the left bank of the river near Sedan. A few days later, the Armistice was signed.

On April 23, 1919, our division was inspected and reviewed in Treves, Germany, by General John J. Pershing and Secretary of War Newton Baker.

The 89th Division gained other honors aside from combat prowess. We won the 1918 football championship of the American Expeditionary Force. The next spring our baseball team went undefeated.

Considering all of these things, I hope that readers of the Times will understand the pride I have carried across the years for that Division. It was my home for awhile, even my country.

Countless sacrifices were made by my comrades in arms in behalf of our country. I can't remember many of their names but frequently in these twilight years of my life, I can see them pass in review, their heads high, their bodies erect, and their expressions noble.

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21, Woodland, CA, Marine  
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20, Arnold, PA, Army Air  
Corp. 2nd Lt. Forge  
Whiteman, Sedalia, MO, Ar-  
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James Dertick, 22, Ravenna,  
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## The shot heard

### 'Round the World

Betty Grable, the blond queen of the pinups, was the most popular actress at the movie box office during World War II. In her heyday Betty drew top dollar for her work and was known as Hollywood's most powerful star.

But to millions of GIs she was "their sweetheart," the girl back home who captivated their hearts with her brand of wholesome, unashamed sexuality. No wonder they plastered their barracks and painted their plane fuselages with her picture.

Betty's leggy pin-up photos brought her to this pinnacle of financial success and stardom. Her flirty-fun sex appeal also released a flood of new social habits for many wartime working women who had become part of the male-dominated workforce.

The famous photograph of Betty looking over her shoulder almost never happened. It was snapped by Frank Powolny in black and white near the end of a long work day during the summer of 1941, several months before Pearl Harbor. As he finished the pose with Betty, he casually asked: "How about some back shots?"

"Like this?" Betty asked. "That's exactly what I want," Powolny replied.

Only two shots were made, and it was the second one which made history. "That's all it was," Powolny once remarked, "just a posed shot. We didn't know it was to be used for such enormous publicity."

The photograph came just as the publicity departments were creating powerful sex-symbols throughout the Hollywood community. In a promotional gimmick, Betty was declared winner of the "best legs" competition, qualifying her shapely limbs for insurance by Lloyd's of London for \$1 million.

Her personal statistics were memorized by many G.I.'s — figure was 34-23-35, her shoe size was a five, her thighs were 18½ inches, and her legs measured 7½ inches at the ankles and 12 inches at the calf.

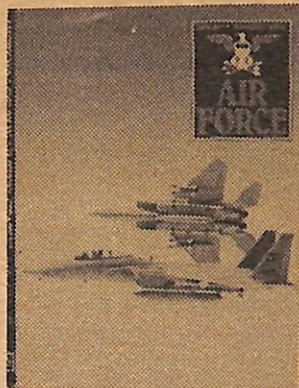
This fairy-queen world did not last forever for Betty Grable. Behind the wholesome facial facade was a tormented young woman plagued by chain smoking, beset by alcohol, and shackled by being a compulsive gambler. She succumbed to cancer on July 2, 1973.

Perhaps the most touching eulogy offered Betty was one which appeared as a letter to the editor in the Los Angeles Times. Written by Edward Johnson, it read: "Electing myself to represent about 10,000,000 GIs of World War II, I would like to say that Betty Grable instilled in GIs a desire to not only be victorious in that war, but also the serene thoughts of the good life back home."





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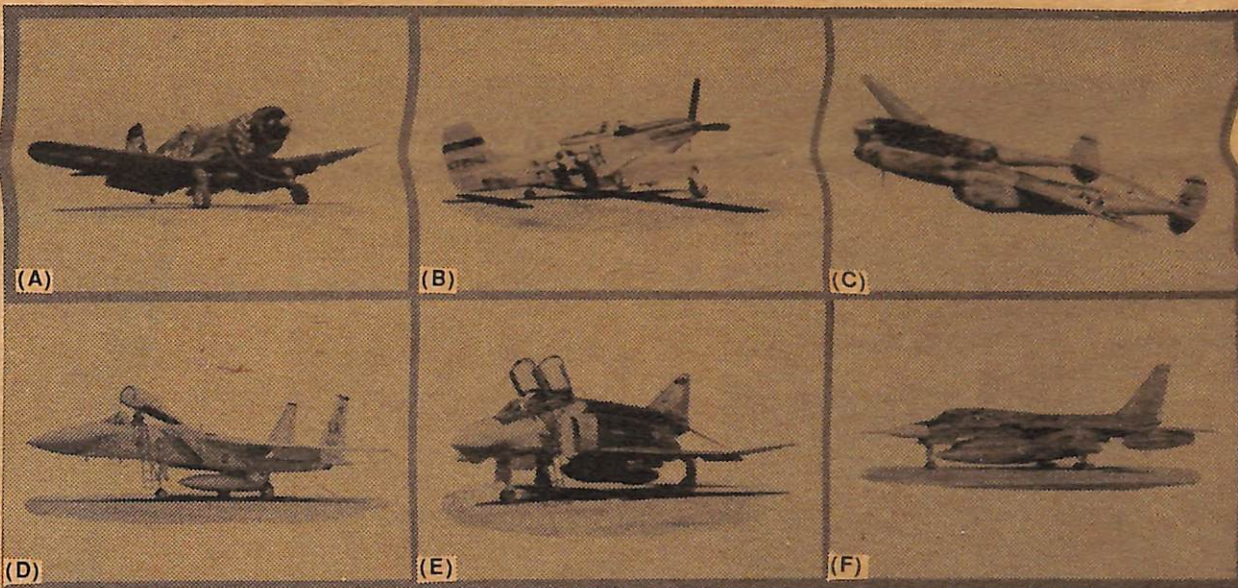
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# Ask the Colonel



Colonel Jim Shelton,  
Indiana Wing,  
Confederate Air Force

**Q.** What famous World War II fighter plane was called "Whistling Death" by the Japanese and the "Bent-Winged Bird" by the Americans?

**A.** The F-4U Corsair

**Q.** A famous American newscaster flew on the first B-17 raid over Germany, and later jumped with the 101st Airborne into Holland in Operation "Market Garden" in 1944?

**A.** Walter Cronkite who headed CBS Evening News for many years.

**Q.** One of the most produced planes of World War II was the A6M, A6M 2, and A6M 3. What was the name given to this plane by our forces?

**A.** The Zero Fighter of the Japanese — built for agility rather than protection or endurance.

**Q.** What was the Battle of the Atlantic?

**A.** It was primarily a war between German submarines and Allied surface and air antisubmarine forces.

**Q.** Karl Doenitz was a name heard often in World War II — who was this man?

**A.** Doenitz served Germany in World War I as well as having a major roll in World War II. He started his submarine career in World War I, and was held captive in that war by the British. In World War II he rose to be Commander in Chief of the German Navy and after Hitler's death was head of State. After the war he received a light sentence at Nuremberg. He was 89 years old when he died in 1980.

**Q.** Many production records were set during World War II — most of these thankfully by American workers and factories. Name one of the greatest?

**A.** The mass produced Liberty ship designed by the U.S. Maritime Commission. Between 1939-1945 out of 5,777 cargo ships built, 2,770 of these were Liberties.

**Q.** The oft decorated Audie Murphy is often mentioned as one of the many heroes of World War II. How many decorations did he receive?

**A.** The Medal of Honor plus 27 others. Audie wrote a book "To Hell and Back" and also was in more than 40 movies. He died in 1971.

**Q.** President Reagan now uses a 707 airplane with a 747 also available. Other presidents have used DC 4's, 6's, and 7's. What did President Roosevelt use mainly in World War II?

**A.** A C-87 (a converted B-24). He also used a B-17 on occasion.

**Q.** What famous comedian was drafted into the United States Army in World War II and was used mainly to entertain the troops in Italy?

**A.** Red Skelton went in a private and came out with the same rank.

**Q.** How did the Battle of the Bulge get its name?

**A.** This battle was so named because of the bulge created in the American lines. It involved more than 600,000 American troops, more than three times the number that fought on both sides in the Battle of Gettysburg. It was the largest pitched battle ever fought by American armies.

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These pictures are enlarged 200% from snapshots taken shortly before D-Day. We don't know who these men are or where they came from. A call to duty lay only hours ahead. Did they join those who Lincoln called the "honored dead?"

## "I'll never forget those men"

### Frank Ehrman's memoirs

From our airfield in Bottesford, we moved to Exeter, our last station in England. Exeter was in the southern part of England and close to a British naval base.

Facilities were much better in Exeter and we were only three miles from the city. It was located in the county of Devon which is noted for its rolling hills and beauty of scenery. It was only about 20 miles from the English Channel and when we saw some of the results of the bombing of the city, we knew that the war was a little nearer to us.

Here we encountered more "red alerts" but we were always fortunate that nothing happened. On one particular night, enemy aircraft were sighted but when the AA guns opened

up the Germans were driven away. That occurred about two weeks before D-Day. We had been warned about the Germans dropping a contingent of paratroopers for intelligence work and general sabotage.

About this time we could hear the distant rumblings of the Allied bombings along the coast of France in preparation for the coming invasion. Our planes were being used for training the paratroopers.

The four Troop Carrier Groups under the 50th Wing were the 439th, 440th, 441st, and 442nd. Each group had four squadrons under them.

On the evening of June 5, 1944, we knew this was the real thing and not a dry run as we had been accustomed. Paratroopers started coming to the base loaded down with their gear, chutes, rifles and their faces blackened, ready for the big jump.

I'll never forget those men. They

were young, scared faces just as we were scared for them. Only by fate were we not among those who had to make the real sacrifice.

The planes left the field late in the evening of June 5. All of them made the lift-off. We watched as the planes rendezvoused over the southern coast of England with our other planes. It was a sight one won't forget. We all said a prayer that night for those boys who were on those planes, knowing that many of them would not return.

(Shortly after the invasion, Ehrman's unit was sent to LeMans, France. On November 2 he was moved to Chartres, France, where he and his buddies were billeted in a former girls school, "Lycee de Jeunes Filles.")

The only period of anxiety we experienced at Chartres was during the German offensive which happened around the Christmas holidays of

1944. Through our Intelligence section, we had learned that the Germans were planning a mass prison





break of their prisoners in the American camps. The Germans decided that Christmas Eve, when Americans would be less alert of celebrating, would be the proper time to strike.

In Chartres we had a stockade of prisoners numbering between 14,000 and 16,000 men and women. Fortunately we learned of the plan in time and amply prepared for what might await us. We were equipped with hand grenades and tear gas bombs. All night long we waited, tense and uncertain what might happen. Nothing did. Morning came and the crisis passed.

What a way to spend Christmas Eve.

Soon we heard that the Yanks and Russians had made it to Berlin. Then V-E Day came and we all rejoiced. That relief was short-lived, however, because rumors started flying that we were going to be sent home for 30 days leave, then transferred to the Pacific Theater.

The war against Germany over, we got some time to relax. Our Headquarters took some of us on a sight-seeing tour by air to Brussels, Aachen, Wesel, Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Verdun, and Chateau Thierry. This trip left a deep impression on me. It made one realize all the suffering, hardships, sacrifice, and death sustained by our troops to stop the dictatorship of Hitler.

It was a reminder, too, that *America must always be prepared to keep our country free.*



FRANK EHRMAN is Executive Secretary of the 50th Troop Carrier Association.



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# The making of a Marine

## Charles Davis's memoirs

I have never talked nor written much about my experiences in World War II. Oh, I've told a neighbor of amusing anecdotes but until now I have never tried to relate a comprehensive chronology. My experience in trying to compile information of our family history made me realize that someone in the distant future might treasure the stories as much as I treasure letters written over 100 years ago by my ancestors.

When the war began in 1939, it was a distant news even to country people in the Mid-west. As the war progressed through 1940 and 1941 our government nurtured a growing hostility toward Germany, then toward Japan. Particularly in the face of known German atrocities, leadership decided that our country's participation in the war was the only solution. (I believe the war with Japan could have been avoided if we had been willing to consider an accommodation even remotely as favorable as post-war generosity to Japan.)

Conditioned by our government for more than 2 years, by late 1941 most men and possibly most women had become convinced that war was an unavoidable necessity.

On December 7, 1941 that undefined time arrived. To most people it was a complete shock. Like ones' own mortality everyone knew the end was coming but, like the instant of death, it was a stunning surprise.

My step-brother Carol and I had ridden our bicycles into Frankfort, Indiana some 4 or 5 miles away from home. We had spent the warm late fall Sunday afternoon going to a movie. We had gone to the Thompson dairy bar on the southeast corner of the square for a .15¢ sundae or a .20¢ banana split before riding home.

As was our routine, we turned on the white-wash spattered radio in the milk parlor, while one of us spread feed and the other went to the milk house for the milk buckets.

As the radio warmed up we were stunned to hear the news of Pearl Harbor being repeated over and over as it had been all day.

We completed our milking and arrived back home just as Dad, Mom, Lawrence, and Robert were driving in. We excitedly reported the news to them. They had not yet heard, (Most cars had no radios in 1941).

Gradually the news lost its immediacy and continuing defeats in the Pacific gloomed the spring of 1942. Our lives quickly resumed their routines. Although I was 17, I don't



Young Davis strikes a cocky, but proud, Marine pose.

recall having any personal concern about the effect of war on me.

In that spring of 1942, Dad's longing to have a place of his own led him to quit the security of his job and the nice home we had there. He went into debt for a 40 or 50 acre run-down farm on the Clinton Carroll county line about 4½ miles northeast of Geetingsville. (Within a year he learned that pride, hard work, a team of horses and 2 cows could not provide even the barest living for a family of seven. By the spring of 1943 he had to give up and once again go to work as a hired hand).

Meanwhile I had gone to work for our nearest neighbors, George and Marie Herron, and had entered Burlington High School as a junior in the spring of 1942. When the folks moved to a tenant house 4 or 5 miles south in Clinton County in the winter 1942-43, I moved into the Herron home. They let me work for my board and \$3.00 per week so I could finish high school at Burlington.

Sometime around January 1943, I received notice from the Draft Board at Delphi that I have been drafted but would be permitted to finish school before induction.

At that point, I became a little fearful, not because of the danger of war but because of my ignorance of the world outside the covers of books. I had never been more than 60 miles away from wherever my home happened to be, except for one trip of 120 miles to Seymour with George Herron to get a truck-load of fertilizer.

The prospect was exciting but filled with apprehension.

Along with a number of other boys, I boarded a bus in Burlington in late April for a trip to the induction center in Indianapolis. The bus had come from Logansport and was already partially filled with young men. We stopped at a couple of more towns on the way to pick up more anxious young men, most of whom displayed a bravado I'm sure they did not feel.

I remember little about the induction center except the rush of naked and partially clad boys being shunted from one table or curtain-enclosed booth to the next. There were many questions about illnesses, injuries and whether we liked boys better than girls, etc. (The significance of the questions about girls completely escaped me at the time).

Somewhere along the line the various service branches had recruiters who impressed upon us that, even at this late hour we could "volunteer" for their branch of the service. Few of us had known that.

I suppose the stigma of forever having to say I was drafted, coupled with the carefully cultivated he-man image of the Marine Corps led me to volunteer with no more prudent con-



sideration than was possible between questions of the various examiners.

Whether we were given orders before we boarded the bus for home, or if they were mailed to us, I don't recall. At any rate, in a very few days, I stood with my family at a train station in Frankfort with a handful of strange orders, train tickets and meal vouchers.

I tried to act nonchalant while wondering how in the world I could find out how to change trains in Chicago. I was not with a group but entirely on my own! What would the trip to San Diego be like aboard the famous Union Pacific's Super Chief, train of the movie stars? What if I needed money? (I had none or almost none). What if no one met me in San Diego? What if? — on and on.

The 3½ day trip west was an unending revelation. Even at night it was hard to sleep because so many new sights had to be witnessed.

There were frequent stops in the west, accented by the uniformed waitresses of the Fred Harvey restaurants. The Restaurants were the biggest, cleanest, busiest and most efficient I had ever imagined. Along with many uniformed service men (I was still in "civies"), I was rushed through cafeteria lines, told what items our meal vouchers could buy and prodded to eat quickly and re-board the train.

Many times our train was shunted onto sidings to allow a freight train to pass, loaded with tanks, aircraft wings, or fuselages and other priority military hardware.

Trains were nearly all powered by steam locomotives. The noise, smoke and belching steam of these iron monsters exuded a sense of nervous activity even when standing still.

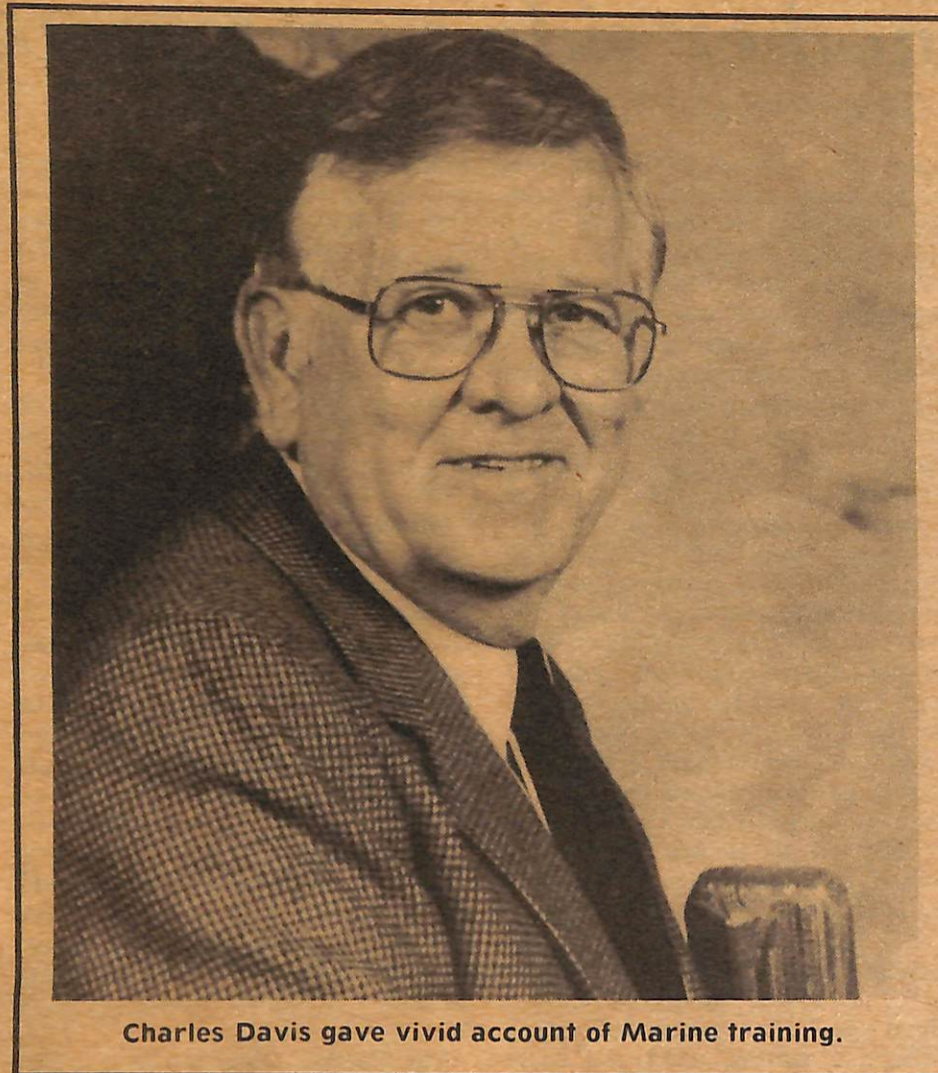
Finally arriving in San Diego, we were met by a uniformed Marine and a dungaree-clad driver with a bus to take us to the Marine Corps base.

Past the huge camouflaged Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft factory and rows of PBY amphibian airplanes we were driven, gawking, onto the beautiful permanent Marine Base with its ochre-colored stucco buildings, red tile roofs, and arched arcades fronting the buildings encircling the huge manicured parade ground.

Right on past these lovely surroundings we went. Finally we stopped before a miserable throng of low tarpaper-covered huts and canvas tents erected on an entire landscape of sand.

Two corporals, Polk and Lovelace, were our platoon leaders. From the first moment of our meeting their first objective was to instill in us complete fear of both of them. Their second objective was to teach us to scream a 62-voice response to every question they asked.

The standard opening speech, which we thought we were the first to hear, went, "I am your mother, your father, your preacher, your priest and



Charles Davis gave vivid account of Marine training.

your girl friend! Your heart may belong to Mother your soul may belong to God, but your ass belongs to the Marine Corps and, to you, I am the Marine Corps! Do you understand me???

The only acceptable response was, "Yes, Sir!" and no matter how loud the answer, the question was repeated until the answer rang from throats straining with effort.

While most of us were 17, 18 or 19 years old, a few were 23 or 24 and a couple were about 30. These few were less awed by the platoon leaders' performances, but most of us were unsophisticated teen-agers who cringed with the fear of being singled out for attention. Attention always meant ridicule or punishment.

For ten weeks, we marched through sand, marched to chow, marched to wash clothes, marched to the PX for hair cuts and toilet articles, marched - marched.

We learned the manual of arms, the 10 standing orders, how to assemble and disassemble our weapons, how to make a cot, how to stow a foot locker, how to use a bayonet, how to abandon ship, how to climb cargo nets and a thousand other things.

We were intentionally isolated. A number of other platoons were enduring the same training, some ahead of us, some behind. We were not allowed to talk with people outside our platoon. Sometimes we violated this when we met others in the "head", the Navy term for rest rooms.

There were none of the later rules against platoon leaders harassing recruits, swearing at them or even threatening them. We realized much later there were rules against striking

men, but D.I.'s got in some pretty good licks from behind when men were in ranks and some supposed infraction could be found or manufactured.

The stories of punishing an entire group for the failures or violations of one were true. Running in place in the sand with a 9½ pound M1 extended at arm's length until the culprit fell exhausted actually happened.

Once "Red" Trewin, a chronic offender or a favorite target of Corporal Polk for his lack of subservience, was forced to crawl through the outspread legs of the entire platoon as each man struck his rear end with a folded belt. Men who struck too gently were threatened with the same gauntlet.

The primary object of all the work and humiliation was to obtain immediate and unquestioning obedience.

At the eleventh week we were sent to Camp Matthews in the hills. For two weeks we learned to handle and fire all of the small arms issued by the Marine Corps.

Here, for the first time, the D.I.'s began to let up a little. They smiled now and then. They even conversed with individuals in a normal manner. We were about to shed the lowly title of "boot" and be recognized as Marines.

Now we could receive packages from home for the first time.

Now we were paid a small part of our earnings less the value of all the hair cut and toilet article chits we had been issued from time to time.

The final week of boot camp was spent in the huts back at Marine Corps base.

In that last week we learned that we must no longer salute N.C.O.'s, nor call them "sir".

On our final morning our platoon and a number of others were drawn up on the parade ground and we were inspected by a 2nd Lieutenant. This was the first time we had seen an officer except at a distance.

We were paid and issued our dress uniforms then given a 2-week furlough. I probably had \$70 or \$80 for the three months after all the deductions for the previous pay, the various chits we had been issued and our insurance payments.

I had too little money for a round trip ticket home so I decided to hitchhike, knowing I might have as little as 3 to 6 days at home depending upon my luck as a hitchhiker.

From more experienced men, I learned that I should go to Los Angeles and take U.S. 66 to St. Louis. Early the first day of the furlough, I went out into a world I had never seen and started home.

Rides were very easy to get but many of them were very short. With gasoline rationing, most drivers were not going far from their homes.

On the third night I was left alone the rain alongside a fenced portion of Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. Some Army M.P.'s stopped, took me into the camp with them and fed me. After a couple of hours of sleep they took me back to the highway and sent me on my way.

West of St. Louis a man came along who gave me a ride to Lafayette, Indiana. It was a Saturday night, I remember, because we had to wait 3 hours in Terre Haute on Sunday morning for a gasoline station to open.

I spent very little of my money. People with whom I rode almost always insisted on paying for food, and I skipped a few meals when no benefactor came along.

My last ride went out of the way to deposit me at the front gate of my folks home way out in the country.

I remember four things about that furlough: First, Doris Jean was home and she had a new baby girl, Cheryl, and Mom had given birth to Loretta. Both were less than a month old. Second, I paid two wreckers to pull Dad's car from a rain-wet ditch. I had visited a girl in Mechanicsburg named Yvonne Thomas. As I was leaving I backed into the ditch and had to call a wrecker. The first wrecker backed into the ditch and he also was stuck on the long wet grass. A second wrecker had to pull both of us out and both of them charged me! Third, on the train back to Chicago I met Mary Ellen See from Frankfort. She was in nurses training in Englewood, a Chicago suburb. I never saw her again but we wrote to each other for some time. Fourth, this was the last time I saw my little brother Lawrence and my step-brother Robert. Lawrence was 12 and Robert was 10.

TO PAGE 34



# There was another side to a tour of duty

FROM PAGE 19

nearly everyone who had a "story." Christie tells me that once it is known you work for the Screaming Eagle newspaper, and do stringer work for the Stars and Stripes, you don't have to look for stories — they look for you. From these interviews, Christie feels he has at least one story the Screaming Eagle might publish but nothing for Stars and Stripes. I follow Christie around for a couple of weeks and he tells me it is time to go out on my own.

Well, not having a great deal of confidence in my newly found "Newshound" skills, I fall back on old reliable and make my way back to "B-Ham."

The response is slow and prefaced with "where's Christie," but I still get to talk to a few of the "grunts" and stumble onto a real nugget. I have found the guy that used to be a "Stunt Double" for Jim Fowler on "Wild Kingdom." This I find out is the type of story that Major McClain and the Screaming Eagle eats up. I have become the "golden child" for this week, at least.

My favor with Major McClain comes crashing down with the first "Combat" story I turn in. (After all the baseball cap they gave me said "Combat Correspondent.") The Major tells me that he does not want to see anymore stories that tell how we are getting our butts kicked out there. If it is "Charlie's" butt, that's OK, but not ours. Lesson learned.

From then on it is trips to orphanages and villages where we are trying to do some good by helping those whose families or homes have been destroyed by the war (always with a Charlie must have done it slant). The firebases become my regular haunt as well for those "human interest" stories.

I found the best firebase food was located on the very top of T-Bone. This was an unusual base. Only 11

Americans were stationed on this remote communications relay base. The remainder of the forces (my guess 75-100 men) were ARVN.

These 11 Americans were on "separate rations" and bought most of their food in a nearby village. At a different time each day, every armed soldier pointed his weapon out into the jungle and fired it for one minute. This was believed to be as good a deterrent against the "bad guys" as anyone could come up with.

I guess the only time I "really" took advantage of my "position" was to get a front row camera position of Bob Hope's U.S.O. Christmas show. It is not that I did not do my job... I did get some great shots for the paper... it's just that I had this "other plan."

You see, I had this sign. A sign with a message for my folks and wife at home. I figured at this range I could not help but get Hope's attention. It worked. He read it! It made the final edit of the show and my folks saw it!

The sign was based on a then popular song called "Indiana Wants Me." I just added "Mom, Dad, Cathy, I love you." Hope responded with... "What's a matter, can't you write home, for God's sake." Maybe you saw it too. (I would give almost anything for a copy of that 1971 show).

I logged over 300 hours riding in helicopters from place to place until my "good thing" kind of came to an end. President Nixon was trying to wind the war down a bit and the "Big Chiefs" in Washington decided to close Camp Eagle down and send those with enough "time in country" home.

That was good news to most, but not me. I did not have enough time in country so they sent me south. First Da Nang. There they lost my records. A soldier without his records is hardly a soldier at all. You can't move, you can hardly get a meal, and you cer-

tainly can't write a letter home unless you have a return address.

So, I toughed it out each and every day for three weeks on the beaches of the South China Sea. I had to show up for a head count once a day to prove I had not got tired of all this and gone home.

As expected, some Army clerk found my records and they sent me on my way. But where was I going? "Well... this plane is going to Saigon." FINALLY!

Soon I was on a bus to Long Binh. (Home of LBJ, not the president.. Long Binh Jail, home to those who could not keep their nose clean). Once on the base, I was just as lost as I was at Tan Son Nhut. After an hour of walking all around where I was supposed to be, I found the personnel office and gave them my precious records.

After an hour and a half of "hurry up and wait," this Lieutenant Colonel comes in and shouts... "Got any 710s in here?!" It was like music to my ears. The Colonel was asking for a military journalist. "Here! I'm a 710!"

The Colonel takes me to a place known as "USARV (You-sar-vee) Hill." This place was unreal. Tiled floors, hot water, carpeted floors, hot water, flush toilets, hot water, air conditioning!

Air conditioning! This must be another cruel joke. No, this was real. Not only that, they had a party to celebrate my arrival. Gee... they must have heard of me. No, that's not the case... these people will party for any occasion. We once had a party because a WAC Major bought a car through the PX.

My job was quite different here, I sat in that air conditioned office and copied "home town news" off on A.P. radio teletype from midnight until 2 A.M. Typed it onto both sides of an 8-

sheet of paper and took it to the printer by 4 A.M. and picked it up at 5:30 A.M. when my driver (get a load of this... my driver) would take me to each of the mess halls on Long Binh to drop off a stack of copies of "The Morning Report," the only "hot off the press news" in the country.

My last stop was the "General's Mess" where a "Two Star" told me to take my last stop of the morning and I could eat breakfast with the rest of "the boys."

War is hell... I couldn't have steak and eggs but three times a week. Sometimes I had to settle for pork chops or ham.

If you haven't guessed, Long Binh was an "administrative base." Not much of the war made it up to the "Hill."

One morning I was hanging around the office doing a little typing or something when the Colonel came up to me and said... "If you want to go home, you must be at Bien Hoa by 2 P.M." I said, "This some kind of a joke... Sir?"

He replied, "I don't joke about things like this, son." Guess where I was at 2 P.M. The Colonel even drove me there himself! At 11 P.M. (after a short mortar attack by Charlie... I guess he hated to see me go). I was boarding my own "FREEDOM BIRD."

I have made light of most of my tour of duty. It was not all fun... God knows most of it wasn't. A recent trip to the "Traveling Wall" (A photographic scale replica of "The Wall" in Washington D.C.) reminded me of just how much we really lost in those years.

I can only hope that this effort might serve as a reminder to others of the patriotic duty we performed and asked for nothing in return. For those who fought for it, freedom has a taste the protected will never know.

## Learning the ropes as a young Marine

FROM PAGE 33

Back at Marine Corps Base I found that I had been accepted for training in the Japanese Language School at Camp Elliott nearby.

Through the fall and early winter of 1943, I experienced the most intensive schooling I ever knew. A Captain Jewett and two N.C.O.'s taught us conversational language as well as how to use the Kenkyusker dictionary to decipher Japanese writing.

Next I went to Combat Intelligence school, also at Camp Elliott.

Except for 2 or 3 evenings I had not been able to go into town on a pass because of studies while in language school. Now, all of a sudden, many evenings and every weekend was

free!

I began to go to Los Angeles every weekend. A number of times I went to the Palladium to see Frank Sinatra perform on the very popular Lucky Strike Hit Parade.

I met June Allyson, a movie star who gave me an authorized photo.

I visited my sister, Doris, who lived in a beachside apartment in Long Beach. (In 1943, Long Beach was a separate town with 20 miles of open country and orange groves between it and Los Angeles. Now is the one continuous city).

Upon completion of school another Marine, Cecil Batcheller, and I were promoted to corporal. I now made \$66.00 per month!

In the winter of 1943, I was sent to the Replacement Depot in Camp Elliott to be sent overseas within a few days. I woke in the middle of the night with extreme gas pains. Doubled over with pain, I stumbled through the cold California rain to the base hospital about a mile way. The Navy corpsman on night duty gave me a laxative and put me on a cot. It was the wrong thing to do. Very early the

next morning a Navy doctor saw me and rushed me to the San Diego Naval Hospital. There they operated on me for acute appendicitis.

In the next issue young Davis boards the PRESIDENT POLK and heads across the Pacific to New Caledonia. Later he will be assigned to Guadalcanal.



DOG TAGS

### Just ahead

- \* The first B-29 raid on Tokyo
- \* China, Burma, India Theater

- \* Tarawa: The face of battle
- \* Japan's work on an atomic bomb
- \* Wounded at Anzio



## The Truman Letters



Regardless of politics, most Americans will agree we will probably never see another President quite like Harry S. Truman.

Outspoken and combative, our post-war President was the last of a special breed of men to be "one of us." Truman rarely took himself seriously. He was earthy but sensitive to his place in history.

Fortunately, he took time to write voluminous notes, letters, and memorandums (some which were never sent). By doing so, he recorded important insights about people and events of the World War II era.

Through the generosity of Dr. and Mrs. Sherman Minton of Indianapolis, a sizable collection of Truman letters (most of them handwritten) is made available to the Times for regular publication. These communications are addressed to Dr. Minton's father, the Honorable Sherman Minton, Sr., a former United States Supreme Court Justice and United States Senator.

The letters which will appear in future issues of the Times have never been published, to our understanding. Whether you agree or disagree with Truman, we believe you will find the letters refreshing, entertaining, and informative.

## General Grant a statesman

Dear Shay:

November 28, 1958

Your letter of ten days ago was, as always, most highly appreciated, may I say that your viewpoint on Ike et al is as it should be. Was there ever a more complete failure in the White House after General Grant and Warren Harding?

Never did a man have a chance to be a great President such as he had. General Marshall gave him every chance, so did FDR and I gave him the most orderly turnover any succeeding President ever had. Bridge and golf have put him in a class of the Indian Mark Twain told us about.. "A vain expense for soap and a love of poker and sevenup ruined him."

I've never attacked the halo wearer publicly because I have too much respect for the greatest office in the history of the world. But as Wayne Morse said on "Meet The Press" when asked what the most important thing the present occupant of the White House had done, "He has made a statesman out of General Grant!"

It has taken the people eight long years to come to that conclusion. You'll remember in 1924, the Democrats at New York became involved in a Ku Klux argument between Al Smith and William Gibbs McAdoo. The convention voted 104 times, I think, and then nominated a striped pants New Yorker by the name of John W. Davis. Cal went in without a move on his part. It caused twelve long years of special privilege and ended in the great depression in 1930. FDR came along and cured it.

Now if the damned Democrats do that Smith-McAdoo program over, the same thing will happen and tricky Dickie will take us to hell sure enough. We can't let this happen.

Get on your feet and let's prevent it.

Harry.



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### IN PREPARATION:

**THE LEIBSTANDARTE III, DAS REICH I** (first of 5 volumes on the 2 SS Panzer Division), **TIGER: HISTORY OF A LEGENDARY WEAPON** (covers in detail the units which had the TIGER tank, many photos and detailed armor actions), **OTTO KUMM** (biography of another highly decorated SS officer, eventual Divisional commander), and several other books under consideration.

I hope that I will hear from many of you soon.

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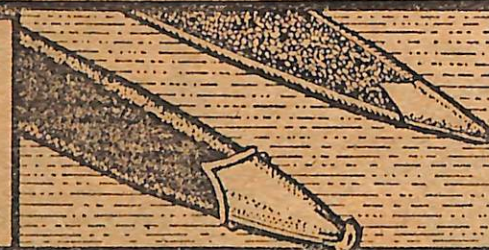
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# Lace is back

On March 3, 1946, Miss Lace, the American serviceman's fantasy girlfriend, stepped behind a screen and disappeared from public view.

Fortunately she left a note stating that although her mission was completed, she would return if ever needed again.

Two issues ago the Times, through the penmanship of Don Sandstrom, ran a tribute to Milton Caniff, Lace's creator. The article was headed "Miss Lace's final bow."

How wrong we were. We received dozens of notes and calls requesting us to include Lace as a regular feature in the Times. Two calls were long distance.

Through the courtesy of Dennis Kitchen of Kitchen Sink Press we are glad to add this touch of World War II nostalgia to the Times. Eventually we may even run the cartoons which were rejected because they were considered too bold for the times.

We hope our veterans will enjoy recalling those days when Lace held them in her grasp. And to our rapidly growing number of World War II buffs, just think what you missed by not being part of the BIG ONE.

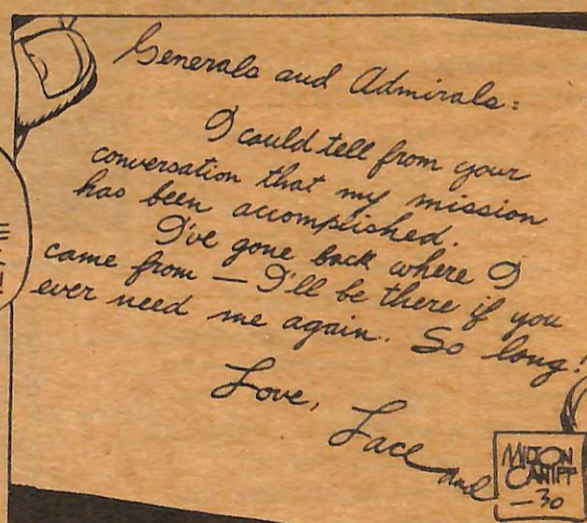
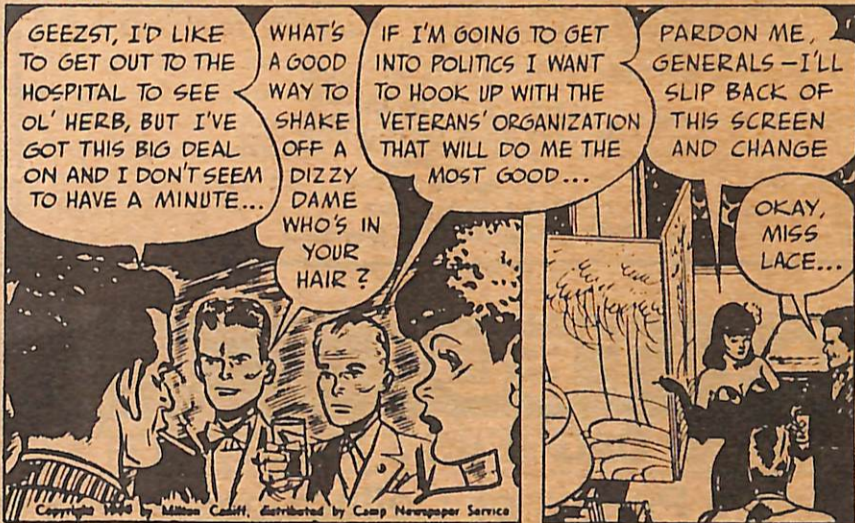


Copyright 1945 by Milton Caniff, distributed by Camp Newspaper Service

## Male Call 3/3/46

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

## Back To The Ink Well



## Male Call 8/26/45

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

## Ay, There's The Rub!





## Where was I on December 7?

### Van Watts

Where were you and what were you doing on the morning of the Pearl Harbor attack?"

This time it's the President of the San Diego Military Heritage Society who wants to know. But at least twice I have answered that question for historians without bothering to keep a copy of an account that well might be entitled "OUT OF THE FRYING PAN AND INTO THE FIRE!"

Some weeks before the Japanese attack I was detached from the U. S. S. ENTERPRISE at Pearl Harbor. I would return to San Francisco aboard the U. S. S. WHARTON, a transport which had evacuated from Far East Ports many former crewman of the famed "Shanghai Squadron" together with their dependents. In itself an ominous foreboding — why was it necessary? What did it mean?

In seven days aboard the transport I ghostwrote for OUR NAVY a tale related by one of those former "Shanghai Squadron" crewmen. It told something of the tensions and tempers of the times — even as the Japanese attack was being secretly planned. Soon I would be stunned to learn that, principally targeted in those plans, were the port and ship I had just left.

In San Francisco I would catch a Greyhound for San Diego, ordered to report to the Naval Receiving Station at the Destroyer Base. While waiting reassignment to sea duty, I would be temporarily assigned to the Disbursing Office where I worked on a rapidly growing Naval Reserve payroll with Chief Drake of San Diego, and Disbursing Clerk Second Class Dick Edwards of Redlands, two Reserves among thousands called to active duty.

Studying for the Supply Corps warrant officer examinations, at 10 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, December 7, 1941, I was in the Receiving Station Library. In the world history I was reading I had gotten as far as the Battle of Waterloo — and would get no further — for over the loudspeaker came the rasping order, "ALL HANDS TO QUARTERS!"

Two things prepared — or should have prepared — us for momentous news. Sundays were the only mornings we were not routinely called to quarters and there was an unusual urgency in the tone in which the order was delivered and repeated. With suspense building, the Commanding Officer, Captain McCandless, then the only former enlisted man, as I recall, to have reached that rank, informed us in a cool, calm voice that nevertheless could not conceal his anger:

"This Sunday morning, without warning, Japanese planes attacked Pearl Harbor. There have been heavy casualties. It is expected the President will momentarily ask Congress



Watts in 1951

for a declaration of war. All liberty and leave are cancelled 'till further notice. No one may leave the base without the Commanding Officer's permission. All hands will now fall out and stand by for orders!"

And there we stood — in that pleasant San Diego sun — dumbfounded!"

If perhaps we should not have been!

On September 8, 1939, more than two years earlier, Europe had exploded into war. And to many Americans, myself among them, that was the date America also entered World War II. The facts are that a national emergency was declared to have existed from that date; all servicemen on active duty from that date would be subsequently awarded the American defense Ribbon and Medal; and certain war benefits would accrue from that date.

"Fire back if fired upon!" — was this peace?

And a short time later we would be ordered, if the exact words escape me, to fire upon any enemy that seemed to be threatening.

Instances of attack and counterattack would soon add substance to a definition of war — restrained or limited as that war may have been.

These circumstances are cited to put into some perspective the way in which Americans reacted to the Pearl Harbor attack. For the surprise was not that all-out war came but in how and when it came. Much that was written at the time indicates most Americans accepted the inevitability of total war as the Axis powers, encroaching upon Europe, Africa and Asia, pushed their luck 'till it ran out that Sunday morning.

"Stand by for orders!"

December 8 I had mine! December 9 I was enroute! And December 11 I would arrive in Puget Sound to board the U. S. S. MACKINAC, a little seaplane tender which, according to its official history, on August 7, 1942, exactly eight months to the day after the Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor, would drop anchor in World War II's famous "First Offensive" — the combined land, sea and air reconquest of Guadalcanal and the Solomons!



President Reagan on October 25 signed legislation creating a cabinet-level Department of Veterans Affairs. With the President, left to right, are Representative Bob McEwen of Ohio; VA Administrator Thomas K. Turnage; and Representative Gerry Solomon. Looking on is Secretary of Defense Frank J. Carlucci.

White House Photo

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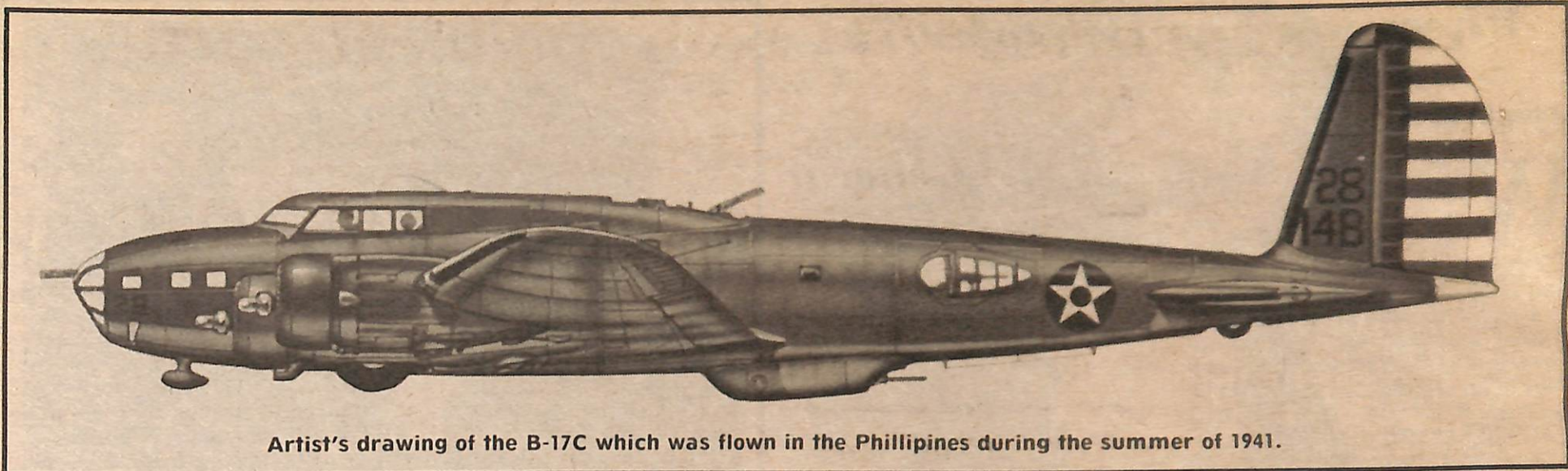
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Artist's drawing of the B-17C which was flown in the Phillipines during the summer of 1941.

## Kelly's name became legendary

FROM PAGE 3

three bombs, was ordered to fly a separate route alone north to Aparri to find and attack a carrier in the area.

He crossed Vigan at 20,000 feet in clear weather and looked down with his crew on a Japanese landing operation. No enemy pursuit planes were in sight, so the B-17 proceeded uneventfully cutting over the north coastline toward Aparri at the tip of Luzon Island. As the aircraft approached Aparri, the crew saw seven destroyers and the light cruiser ASHIGARA bombarding the shore. The men in the B-17 stared down for several minutes, then turned north toward Luzon Strait.

Though Japanese shipping was seen scattered everywhere throughout the island waters, there was no sign of the Japanese carrier. After proceeding to Formosa and finding it hidden by a rainstorm, every man aboard the B-17 could see in his mind's eye the light cruiser ASHIGARA standing four or five miles off Aparri blasting away with its big guns in solitary arrogance. Around noon, still at 20,000 feet, they approached their new target. The lone B-17 was instantly spotted by destroyers, which took immediate evasive action and threw up heavy anti-aircraft fire.

Corporal Mayer Levin, the bombardier, one of the best in the group, enjoyed the unique opportunity of a 10 minute run out. The B-17, now in his hands, became tense with anticipa-

tion while he worked over the dials of his Norden bombsight.

The three bombs were dropped in train. The first bomb struck very near the starboard side of the ASHIGARA, while the second hit amidship. The third hit near the portside. After the flash of the explosion, smoke billowed from the stern and an oil slick appeared on the water. The smoke increased and covered the ship. As the B-17 circled twice, the crew could not see whether any heavy damage had been done. The ASHIGARA remained afloat.

Captain Kelly again resumed control of the B-17 and turned it sharply toward the coast. As he crossed the mountain ranges, Kelly gradually descended until the big bomber was only 300 feet above the clouds.

At 10:00 A.M., 27 Zero fighters left Tainan, Formosa, for Clark Field in the Philippines 450 miles away. They were accompanied by air ace Saburo Sakai, who would finish the war as Japan's greatest fighter pilot with 64 confirmed kills. Over Clark Field, the formation circled for 30 minutes and not finding a single target, then turned north to fly cover for a Japanese convey landing troops at Vigan.

While flying at 18,000 feet, Sakai noticed three large water rings around the heavy cruiser ASHIGARA off Aparri. Upset by the fact that an American bomber had attacked a Japanese ship despite 27 Zero fighters, Sakai spotted Captain Kelly's unescorted B-17 several thousand feet above his plane. Immediately, 24 of the Zeros raced after the flee-

ing B-17. Under full power, the Zeros managed to get within striking distance of the aircraft, but still out of gun range.

Approximately 50 miles north of Clark Field, as Sakai and the other Zeros maneuvered to make their firing runs, suddenly three other Zeros appeared out of thin air and sliced above Kelly's course. At 20,000 feet, a reduction of the performance of the Zeros was noticeable. Sakai, and six other Zeros joined up with the three attacking Zeros and went into action. Each plane swung out in a long file and made firing passes one after the other — each Zero making its run alone. Amazingly, by the time all 10 Zeros had made their runs, not a single bullet or cannon shell had struck the B-17, whose unusual size and speed caused each Zero pilot to misjudge his firing distance, thus throwing his range finders off.

Noticing that they were now over Clark Field and wanting to destroy the B-17 quickly, lest they be caught in a trap of their own making, Sakai decided to try a close-in attack directly from the rear (which, on the B-17C, did not have a rear tail gun).

Under full throttle, he swung in behind the bomber and closed in for his firing run. Two other Zeros moved up with Sakai and, wing-to-wing raced in for the kill. The B-17's guns flashed as Captain Kelly fishtailed the big bomber from side to side trying to give his side gunners the opportunity to catch the Zeros in their sights.

But, despite Kelly's frantic defensive flying, the tracers from the B-17 missed the three Zeros now closing in for the kill. Sakai moved in ahead of the other two planes and opened fire. The overhead glass dome of the B-17 was smashed to atoms, and in the same instant an explosive bullet hit the instrument panel, breaking it loose and leaving it hanging from the wires that led to the dials. In the same burst of fire from Sakai's Zero, the left waist gunner, S/Sgt. William J. Delehanty, was beheaded and another gunner, PFC. Robert E. Altman, was wounded.

A second burst cut through the left wing gas tanks (which were not self-sealing on the B-17C), and flames spread rapidly on the flowing gasoline while pieces of metal flew off in chunks. A third burst cut the elevator cables and the bomber plunged into a steep dive under full power. Captain Kelly tried for a crash landing at Clark Field.

The B-17 was now aflame within the fuselage and beyond normal flight control. After a quick consultation, Kelly ordered the remainder of his crew to bail out. Immediately thereafter, the B-17 blew up. The wreckage of the big bomber was found scattered along a little country road about two miles west of Mount Arayat on Luzon Island.

Kelly's body lay close by, his chute unopened, along with S/Sgt. Delehanty who had been the first crew member killed in the attack. The remaining crew members who survived by parachuting out before the B-17 exploded were: co-pilot, 2nd Lt. Donald D. Robins; navigator, 2nd Lt. Joseph M. Bean; bombardier, Cpl. Meyer Levin; gunners, Sgt. James E. Halkyard, Pfc. Robert E. Altman, and Pfc. Willard L. Money.

On December 11, 1941, the bodies of Captain Kelly and S/Sgt. Delehanty were buried at the post cemetery at Fort Stotsenberg. Sometime later, their bodies were reburied in Cemetery No. 1 in Manila. Kelly rested there as an unknown soldier until August 1946, when positive identification was made by the American Graves Registration Command in the Philippines. The uncertainty arose from the fact that Kelly's I.D. tags were never found on his body after his crash.

On October 13, 1948, the body of Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr. was returned to his hometown of Madison, Florida, for reburial. The flag from Captain Kelly's coffin was presented to his eight year old son, Colin (Corky) P. Kelly, III.

A decade later, Colin (Corky) P. Kelly, III, would eventually attend West Point Academy from where his famous father graduated in 1937.

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# Wars supported by both political parties

Now that the 1988 political campaign is over, it is time to bring up one of the "silly" statements written and talked about during recent years. The charge: All of the American wars in the 20th Century occurred while Democrats were in the White House.

It seems to me that the majority of our citizens were in firm support of World Wars I and II. There were dissenters in both cases, draft dodgers and "conchies," but by & large the country's attitude was: "We're in it to win, so let's go win it." In uniform, the vast majority never thought of politics and supported the commander-in-chief in his goal for a more peaceful world and freedom from tyranny.

For the record here goes:

## World War I

The Germans under Kaiser Wilhelm II were hell bent on domination of Europe, control of the seas, and international commerce. Their military was all powerful and the German soldier was capable of unbelievable achievements.

Our goal was to make the "world safe for democracy." We did plant the seeds of democracy in many countries and led in the creation of a world forum to settle international disputes.

The unification of Germany with Austro-Hungarian forces was a menace against the forces of France and Russia.

Great Britain was not without fault in her colonization policy around the globe but proved to be a worthy ally in both wars.

When the Lusitania was sunk by a German sub in 1915 with 1,198 lives lost, including 128 Americans, the mood of the country began to swing. President Woodrow Wilson, a Democrat, fought hard to keep us out of the war, but reluctantly came to the conclusion that there is nothing as a man being too proud to fight. Then he reasoned our action was based on a



## A General Look

### Wendell Phillippi

"sense of humanity and justice" — pillars of our founding. The war also gave us a blueprint for economic mobilization for War II.

## World War II

The biggest, greatest, and most costly war in mankind's history was World War II. This came about in part because of the failure to solve many of the problems associated with World War I; the failure of America to join the League of Nations; and the so-called unfair peace terms imposed upon the Germans.

This latter argument has always left this writer cold. Cold because the Germans were too eager to join a madman, Adolf Hitler, and his dream of conquering the world — a desire which most Germans had to believe, since their support of death and destruction was almost unanimous.

The American firsters fought Franklin D. Roosevelt, a Democrat, for a long time, but German submarine warfare on the high seas, occupation of free countries all over Europe, and the invasion of Russia were too much for most Americans to take.

As the Germans were creating a military machine beyond our worse fears and expectations, Japan's conquest was rampant in the Far East. We closed our eyes to wholesale killing of Chinese civilians by the ruthless and savage war lords in the domination of commercial and military worlds.

While we tried to negotiate with the Japanese, they maliciously struck Pearl Harbor. Though unprepared for war, we realized we had to fight for freedom. The war had the support of Americans of all faiths and parties — political consideration was of no consequence which many now forget.

## Korean War

The Korean war was a sudden shock because it came only five years after the end of World War II. After the Soviets claimed the countries they had liberated from Nazi Germany, their military forces stayed there in

harsh occupation conditions. We had another type of warfare, the cold war.

We were determined that Communism would not roll over Asia as it had in Europe. Our thinking, based on the domino theory, was brought to fruition by a new team of foreign affairs policy advisors including John Foster Dulles, who became Secretary of State under Republican President Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Early on, Dulles caught the eye of General George Marshall, who had tried to unite the Nationalist and Communist forces in China without success. Russia, in the meantime, armed the North Koreans for a drive into South Korea.

History now knows that General Douglas MacArthur's intelligence failed him in the assessment of the enemy's strength. Thus, we paid a price with the Korean war, which began during Harry Truman's second term. Many Americans called it the Truman war. Some conservatives led by Senator Robert Taft of Ohio, threatened impeachment. However, Truman was not only exonerated, but now is frequently praised by conservatives for his stand against the Soviets.

## Vietnam War

The Vietnam war is a tragedy of the first magnitude and a combination of errors, diplomatically and militarily. But how can anyone blame that fiasco on any one political party? Granted, Lyndon Johnson, Democrat, is responsible for its escalation — but the issues go deeper than Johnson's role.

The truth: We were in Hanoi in 1945 as allies of the French, who wanted to continue their colonial control of Vietnam. We failed to recognize that nationalism was rising in Vietnam. Our

leaders, unfortunately, were in turmoil as to how to solve these new problems.

The French lost and we refused to bail them out. But as we had done for other countries, we sent advisors to help train a military force for defense and resistance. The experiment had paid off in Korea.

Eisenhower agreed to send more advisors to Vietnam to support corrupt, greedy war lords who controlled the land masses and commerce.

In 1961, the new President, John F. Kennedy, a Democrat, was warned not lose Laos. We had to control part of "Nam" to save Laos. So we sent more advisors. Meanwhile the Commies and Nationalist forces of Ho Chi Minh were becoming stronger and stronger.

In effect, when Johnson took over the Presidency the crisis faced him: Do we stop the Commies in Nam or not? After a love nest with the Russians, the Chinese told them go home, but we failed to recognize China's new nationalism which continued to back North Vietnam.

South Vietnam proved to be a lousy ally. We poured more troops into the conflict with the support of Congress. Only when the youth of America saw the futility of the war and refused to volunteer for service, or be drafted, did we realize we were in a winless situation.

The truth is that three of my favorite Presidents, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy, set the stage for Johnson's actions in Southeast Asia in the 1960s. To blame four Democratic Party Presidents for our wars in the 20th Century is misreading American and world history.

Phillipi, a retired Army major general, is former managing editor of The Indianapolis News.

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## Date of infamy

FROM PAGE 21

erupted in balls of flame and huge billows of smoke arose from strategic points around the island. All hell had broken loose.

"Bombs were falling everywhere, and the fighters came in strafing. It was terrible; but, you know, there wasn't chaos. Our guys reacted well. There just wasn't much we could do. They caught us with our pants down.

"I say more heroism that day than anyone could imagine. Our guys were out there shooting back with whatever they had — rifles, pistols, shaking their fists. I think we got about six planes into the air. The rest were sitting ducks.

"They got our fighters at Wheeler, our bombers at Hickam and it was sickening to see the warships ablaze in Pearl. They were shooting up everything in sight and we had nothing to fight back with. It was infuriating."

Berlier had just begun his motor trip when he saw the planes.

"I saw the first wave come in from the north. I thought they were ours. I saw the first one peel off, then the second and third. I heard explosions and saw smoke and then the big red Rising Sun on the wings. I knew we'd been had. I turned back, dropped off the family and headed for Pearl and the ship."

The US *Sacramento* was badly strafed but not sunk.

"I remember I was so proud of our boys. Despite the devastation, I knew in my heart the Japs had made a terrible mistake. I watched these 18-and 20-year old kids come together with a show of heroism and unity that was unbelievable.

"It was a terrible thing, but it put steel into our spines. It made us fighting mad..."

"But," he added sadly, "I'm not sure we haven't forgotten. There are stinkers around who want to breathe our free air, but don't want to pay the price.

"We paid the price at Pearl Harbor."

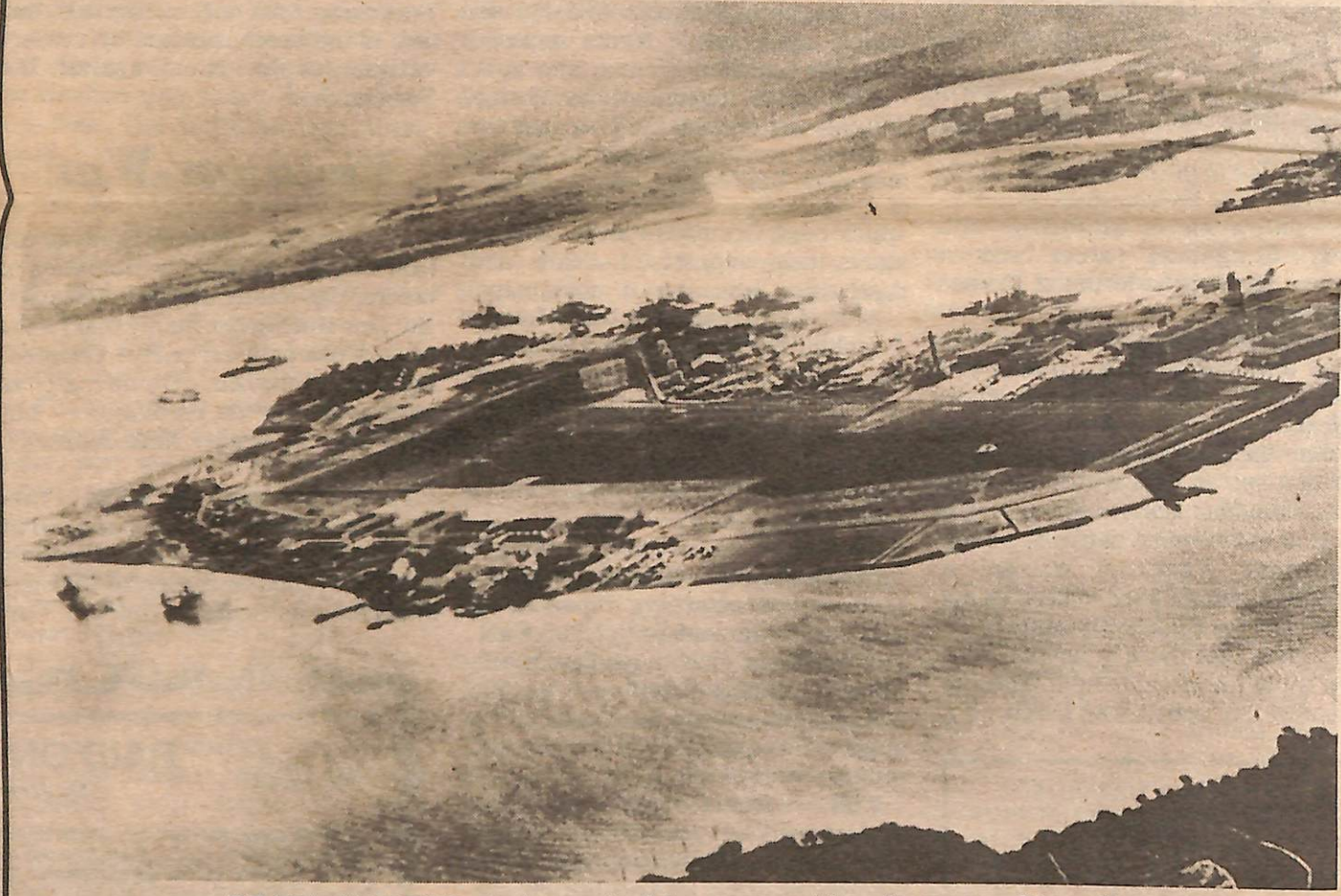
A terrible price, too: 18 warships destroyed or seriously damaged including eight battleships, 188 American aircraft destroyed — 96 Army, 92 Navy planes; 2,403 military personnel killed — 2,008 Navy (half on the USS *Arizona* where they went to a watery grave); 109 Marines; 18 Army; 68 civilians and a thousand more wounded.

Not only was it a crippling, blind-sided blow, but the attack set the American war effort back months, resulting in the needless death and capture of thousands of ill-equipped American defenders in islands throughout the South Pacific.

While America had begun to



Heavy smoke rises over the area as Japanese planes take their toll.



PEARL HARBOR photographed by approaching Japanese Aircraft.

mobilize in the summer of 1940, it was so woefully unprepared for war that it had an army of only 227,000 soldiers and equipment to supply only 75,000 of them.

While millions of young men, filled with pride and patriotism, rushed out to join the ranks following the attack, they soon learned the hard realities of war. It took more than bravado. It took blood and bullets and sweat. It took courage and deadly determination. They learned soon enough the

Japanese were a fanatic foe and that war makes no distinctions in human terms.

The United States dug in and held on until it could adequately train an army and mobilize to counter attack; meanwhile, the Japanese entrenched in its island fortifications, and a step-by-step conflict was waged through the Pacific.

It was a sordid chapter in American history. American scrap metal had been used to supply the Japanese with

arms; American oil fueled their ships; American gasoline their planes.

Time and events have largely buried World War II and age is claiming the men who fought it.

Still, after all these years, there remains that haunting echo:

**"Remember Pearl Harbor..."**