



The Veterans of
 Episcopal Church Home



**HONORING
ALL WHO
SERVED**

VETERANS DAY 2017

“It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died.
Rather we should thank God such men lived”

– George S. Patton

World War II - 1939-1945
Korean War - 1950-1953
Viet Nam Conflict - 1955-1975



Episcopal Church Home

A letter home after D-Day

June 7th, 1944

No. _____

Jack J. Hanlon
V-MAIL AC
CENSORS STAMP

Mrs. Harry M Hanlon
Symmes Ave.
North Bend
OHIO

LT. J. J. HANLON 0422070
SENDER'S NAME
572 98 B. So APO # 140
SENDER'S ADDRESS
1. PM NEW YORK, N.Y.
June 7, 1944
DATE

Dear Mother and Dad: England

I suppose you have been wondering how I came through the great D day. We were a pretty tired bunch of fellows last nite but I did manage a short letter to Mattie. We (my crew) all came out in fine shape, after a stopover at an emergency field had my trouble fixed and returned home. It was a great sight to see, more boats than a person could count. We got right in on the very first of it and it was certainly a busy place around our spot of business. We did get what we went after and that made me feel pretty good. They seem to be doing all right over there now but the weather is still making it awfully rough on the boys with wings. If we can get in our blows without too much sacrifice we will try our darndest to hit them. We are already bombing from a ~~higher~~ level that is way below our usual. Well, there isn't much else to say, I am fine and expect to keep right that way. Keep praying for us all and so till a wonderful day. Your loving son
Jack

Write -- all of you.

V-MAIL





Episcopal Church Home Crew

Ballard, Martha Jean Stoll	Few, Ben
Bell, Donald Maclean	Forrester, Harold
Blackburn, Dwight	Franklin, Ann
Garrett, Ed	Gutmann, William Robert
Hamilton, William	Kiesel, John
Hausman, Carl	Lanham, III, Peter B. "Pete"
Heilman, Rodney	Mead, Donald
McDonald, Shelby	Morrow, John
McRobert, Kathryn Marie	Murphy, Marie
Miles, Louis	Osborn, Jr., John S.
O'Bannon, Whitney	Raith, Jul
Parker, Joseph	Ragan, Gordon
Pudlo, Joseph	Stanton, Harry
Whitworth, Roy	Summers, Doug
	Theuer, Bill
<u>DUDLEY SQUARE</u>	Thoben, Henry
Brown, Don	Tyrrell, Gerald G
Burba, Foster Sterling	Vanderburgh, John "Jack"
Castner, Charlie	Walker, Weezie

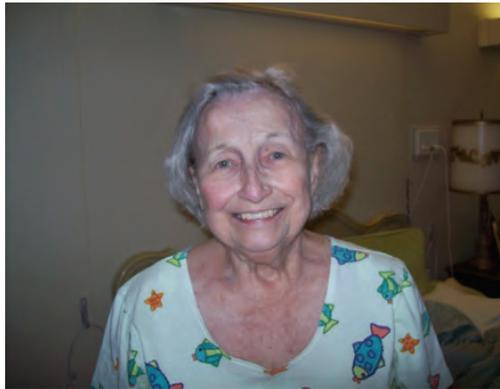


Martha Jean Stoll Ballard,

Airforce - 1953 - 1959

Wearing her Red Cross Nurse's Aide uniform. She's happily embracing my father, Everett E. Ballard, who had enlisted in the US Navy.

I believe Mom served in the nursery at Saints Mary and Elizabeth Hospital because there was a shortage of nurses during WW II.



Donald Maclean Bell,

Airforce - 1953 - 1959

I was commissioned a second Lieutenant in 1953 with USAF upon graduation from Purdue University. I was called to active duty at that time. I spent most of my 4 years of service in Japan on radar duty and went to single engine jet pilot school in Okinawa.



Dwight Blackburn

Army Captain - 1956-1959



Dwight Blackburn served as a Medical Officer in Okinawa. He also served as the Medical Officer for the Generals who toured Vietnam in the decision making process of whether or not the U.S. should enter in their war.



Ed Garrett

Navy - 1942-1946

Our Dad, Ed Garrett, joined the Navy on 7-14-1942, one month after his 17th birthday. He served until 1946.

Here is one of his favorite stories from WWII:

His skipper asked him to take on the special assignment of staying on the ship as it was going to be decommissioned by the US Navy and then commissioned by the Greek Navy. He boarded the ship in New York and sailed with 3 other US Navy staff and a few Greek naval crew to the US Navy yard in Washington DC. It was there that the ship was decommissioned by our Navy and commissioned by the Greeks. The ship was also blessed by a Greek Orthodox priest. Frank Knox, the US Secretary of the Navy, shook our Dad's hand.

After the ship was commissioned by the Greeks, Ed and the 3 other US Navy sailors sailed with the Greeks in the Atlantic Ocean and were then returned to New York harbor at some later date. Our Dad then resumed his former assignment back in Miami at the ammunitions storage yard. All this happened within his first two years of service prior to being assigned to the South Pacific to a submarine chaser.

While Ed was on his adventure with the Greeks, he was awakened in the middle of the night by gun fire. So he got up to see what was going on. As he climbed the ladder another round from the 3 inch gun went off which nearly deafened him. He never figured out what they were shooting at, but said that he was sure they had a good reason to be firing at that time.

Below is his picture from his US Navy class graduation from boot camp at Great Lakes Naval Base in Chicago area.



Dr. William Bruce Hamilton

Army - 1943-1945



William Bruce Hamilton was in the U.S. Army from 1943-1945 where he served in the U.S. Army Medical Corps assigned to the Greenbrier Hospital in White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia. He was trained as an X-ray technician. While there, he met and married my mother, Helen (Meno) Hamilton. Mom was also in the U.S. Army Medical Corps serving as an X-ray technician. Mom was a resident at ECH when she passed away in December, 2015. They were married for 69 years.



What was playing

1	Wish Me Luck	Gracie Fields
2	Love Is the Sweetest Thing	
3	A Nightingale Song in Berkeley Square	Anne Shelton
4	When I'm Cleaning Windows	
5	The White Cliffs of Dover	Vera Lynn
6	Run Rabbit Run	Flanagan & Allen
7	Adolf	
8	Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy	The Andrews Sisters
9	Whispering Grass (Don't Tell the Trees)	
10	Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major	Arthur Askey

11	Pertida	Ray Eberly
12	There'll Always Be an England	Joe Loss
13	Lili Marlene	Anne Shelton
14	We Must All Stick Together	
15	Yours [Quiéreme Mucho]	Bob Eberly
16	It's a Pair of Wings for Me	Nat Gonella
17	I, Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi (I Like You Very Much)	Carmen Miranda
18	Begin the Beguine	Artie Shaw & His Orchestra
19	Amapola Lacalle	Bob Eberly
20	Obeys Your Air Raid Warden	Tony Pastor

Carl Hausman

WWII - Air Force



Carl Ransdell Hausman served in World War II in the Air Force and was stationed in the United States and Greenland. In Greenland, he served at airfields where planes refueled when flying between the US and Europe. He reported the weather and transmitted radio reports by code so that forecasters could predict the weather for planes crossing the Atlantic ocean.

For most of Carl's service, he worked with a crew of eight at an outpost on Cruncher Island above the arctic circle. The outpost was at the mouth of a fjord that led to the mainland, and was only one mile in circumference. The other outpost he served at for a short time had a crew of twenty on the mainland. Carl made friends with the



Eskimos where they all battled sub-zero temperatures. The weather was a force to be battled!



In high school Dad was a member of the ROTC, which inspired him as he enlisted in the Air Force, which began with the pre-meteorology program at the University of Chicago. He was then assigned to serve as a weather observer, using Morris code to transmit messages about the weather forecast.

One story I am most proud of my father was when he defied orders out of a humanitarian and moral concern. One evening while the soldiers and the Eskimos were all seated together eating dinner, the officer entered and immediately ordered the Eskimos to sit on the floor. Rather than following orders, Carl joined the Eskimos on the floor for dinner. He also traded cigarettes with them for ivory carvings.

One of the risks he endured included high winds that almost sent his plane into a mountain. An ongoing danger, and part of Carl's regular responsibility, was to obtain fresh drinking water. The only way to obtain the water, was to row in a small flat bottom boat to collect fresh water from a waterfal, carrying it in a heavy tank, weighing down the small boat. Rough waters were a danger, for if the boat tipped, it would take only a few minutes before one could not survive such temperatures in the freezing water.



Rodney Heilman

Army - 1952-1954

Never served overseas – Rodney was a guided missile repairman.



Shelby “Dale” McDonald

Army National Guard - 1948-1968

Dale rose to the rank of Captain and Company Commander of the Lewiston, Montana National Guard, and armored unit.



McDonald Commander of Lewistown Guard Unit

Lt. Dale McDonald has assumed the command of the Lewistown National Guard unit, a post formerly held by Capt. Oscar Bechtel, who has been promoted to Intelligence Officer with the Third Recon Squadron, Montana National Guard.

McDonald, a native of Lewistown, enlisted in the Guard on June 27, 1948. He rose through the ranks to sergeant and received his commission on April 15, 1952. He was promoted to his present rank of first lieutenant on June 11, 1955.

McDonald, who in civilian life is employed as the manager of Herb Chubbie, is married to the former Catherine Mackler and the couple has two children.

Capt. Bechtel's military career begins in 1942 when he enlisted in the U. S. Army. He served with the 82nd Engineer Depot in Italy during World War II, advancing to the grade of first sergeant.

He joined the Lewistown guard unit when it was reactivated following World War II and was promoted to second lieutenant. He earned his first lieutenancy in 1949 and was advanced to the grade of captain in 1962.

Bechtel assumed command of the guard unit from Lt. Carl W. Park in 1951. He is married to the former Francis Ann Frank and the couple have three children. Bechtel is stationed with the Third Recon Squadron of the First National Guard at Fort Belvoir, Mont.



LT. DALE McDONALD, new commander of the Lewistown National Guard unit, is congratulated by Capt. Oscar Bechtel as he begins his new duties. McDonald, a native of Lewistown, worked his way up through the ranks. Captain Bechtel, who had previously been commander of the unit since 1951, has been promoted to intelligence officer with the Third Recon. Sqdn.

Kathryn Marie McRobert

Navy

Kathryn served in the US Navy and was stationed in Hawaii and California.



Louis Miles

Air Force



My grandfather, Louis “Louie” Miles recently moved to the Marimon Neighborhood from Memory Care. He has shared many stories over the years but I feel like this one is one of the more positive ones.

Louie joined the Air Force and served his country on foreign soil in both Korea and Japan. He was an Airman 1st class-MOS (heavy equipment operator). While in Korea, the base was secured with fencing topped with barbed wire. He spent most of his time in the motorpool but did take trips off base occasionally. Louie recalled breaking down bomb boxes and collecting the lumber. He then used the wood to line the floors and part of the wall inside of a captain’s tent. He then used a torch to the exposed lumber for a nice aged finish and then varnished it. The captain was very pleased and Louie was in his good graces from then on.



Whitney O'Bannon

Air Force Captain

Whitney O'Bannon was an Air Force Captain with 314th Bomb Wing receiving the Asiatic-Pacific Service Medal and World War II Victory Medal. He is a descendant of Presley Neville O'Bannon, an honored marine who fought in the First Barbary War.



Dr. Joseph Parker Jr.

Army Reserves 1st Lieutenant

Dr. Joseph Parker Jr. graduated from Virginia Military Institute as a 1st Lieutenant for the military reserves for 10th years. The core belief that influenced his life the most was HONOR, RESPECT and TRUTH.



Joseph Pudlo

Army - 1950-1952

Mr. Joseph Pudlo joined the Army and after his Basic training in Camp Breckinridge he was stationed in Germany. He was a Polish interpreter and served as a battalion clerk during his 2 years of service in the Army.



Roy Whitworth

Army - 1943-1946

During WWII Roy served in the U.S. Army with the rank of Technician Fifth Grade. His unit, the 97th Infantry Division, was credited with firing the last official shot in the European Theatre of Operations on May 7, 1945. While most of his service was in central Europe (Germany and Czechoslovakia), he was also stationed in Japan at the end of the war.

Just as music is celebrated here at ECH, so it was on the troop transport ships headed overseas. During his trips to Europe and Japan, Roy played the fiddle in a volunteer band that broadcast musical programs twice a day.



Decorations & Citations: Good COnduct Medal, WWII Victory Medal, European African Middle Eastern Theateer Ribbon with a Bronze Star, Expert Infantryman Badge, Asiatic Pacific Theater Ribbon, and the American Theater Ribbon.

'ROUND THE SQUARE

HONORING THE VETERANS OF DUDLEY SQUARE

The Dudley Publishing Committee presents a revised edition of last year's publication to honor those among our members who are veterans. The intent is to profile and provide a vehicle for each of Dudley's veterans to inform the rest of us about their service to this great country of ours. Each man was asked to describe his service to the degree that he felt comfortable. As the project progressed, though, it began to take on a life of its own.

In ***As You Like It***, Shakespeare compares life to a play and the world to a stage when he has Jaques say¹,

*All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts . . .*

Along with Shakespeare, recall part of the third verse of ***America The Beautiful***² which relates . . .

*O beautiful for heroes proved in liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!*

When these divergent aspects are combined; however, we can see each of our Dudley veterans as men who performed their role and provided service for the common good —both to those living at that time along with those that have and will come after. In one sense, our Dudley group is a microcosm of thousands

¹ ***William Shakespeare: The Complete Works***. The Edition of The Shakespeare Head Press, New York: Barnes & Noble, ©1994. p. 622.

² ***The Hymnal 1982*** according to the use of The Episcopal Church. New York: The Church Hymnal Corp, ©1985. p. 719.

upon thousands of other American veterans. One thing that seemed surprising was that some of our veterans stated they didn't feel that what they as an individual did was worthy of much notice. Yet their participation, when called to serve, is why we have the country that we have today. An interesting tidbit you will discover — it was through their military service that more than one of our Dudley veterans met the woman that became his wife. Is this simply an act of fate?

Once all data was received, it was typed, supplemented with photographs (if available), proofed and returned to each individual for their final approval prior to publication. The final task was then organizing the material. The final method simply became — let the articles themselves fit the appropriate spaces. This was the only practical method for this many separate items. So don't be upset if you don't find a traditional organizational pattern. There isn't one.

The publication itself is divided into two sections:

Dudley Veteran Profiles and
War Time Alternate Experiences and Memories

If you are interested in locating information about a particular individual, an Index is provided at the end of Section 2.

Please note that all photographs included with each individual's article were provided by that individual. The obvious exceptions are the current photographs which were made by Jim Norsworthy, unless otherwise noted.

JOHN “JACK” VANDERBURGH

Jack Vanderburgh served in three branches of the military. First as a member of the New York National Guard from March 1949 to October 1950 at Camp Drum, New York. He entered as a Private E1 and was discharged as a Private E2.

Next came Jack’s service in the Army. He entered service on September of 1954 and served until September, 1956. Stationed in Germany as a 2nd



Lieutenant and discharged as a 1st Lieutenant. Jack was awarded medals for the Army of Occupation (Germany) and a National Defense Services Medal. Bill Padgett and I were based at the same location in Germany at the same time, Baumholder. Bill was in artillery, I don’t know which Battalion. I was with 29th Tank Battalion, 2nd Armored Division. We never met and I didn’t discover this until we moved to Dudley.

Jack continued military service as a member of the United States Army Reserve for 11.5 years from 1956 through 1968. As he said, “My reserve unit was the 4th Medium Tank Battalion at Jeffersonville. As was typical of the reserves in those days we were under-equipped with 8 M48 tanks and a new tank retriever. For annual training we would road march all of our equipment, including the tanks from Jeffersonville across the Sherman-Minton Bridge and down Dixie Highway to Fort Knox and return at completion of training. At Ft. Knox we would be assigned troops and tanks to put us essentially at full strength for training. We did this at night so as to not interfere with traffic. Needless to say folks in New Albany and the south end of Louisville turned out to see what was making all the racket. During reserve assignments, Jack trained at Camp Drum, Camp Kilmer and Fort Knox.

“I was proud to have served,” Jack states. “I’m satisfied that we were prepared for involvement of various incidents that occurred during the cold war. For



Captain Jack Vanderburgh (far left) administers the Oath of Allegiance to three men re-enlisting.

example, in 1956 my unit, 2nd Armored Division, was alerted for possible commitment during the Suez situation that occurred in the summer to 1956 to aid the British and French in the attack on the Egyptians. Fortunately we didn't have to commit and the incident was quickly defused."

When I graduated college I was supposed to be an MP. I thought being in Armor was more interesting and better suited for Korea. My first assignment was to the Armored School, Ft. Knox. If I had not made that choice I would never have met my wife. I attended law school concurrently with the reserves and studying for the bar exam, prevented me from taking the necessary courses for promotion to Major and I was discharged as a Captain. I really appreciated the reserves because it paid my way through law school.



HENRY THOBEN

Henry joined the ROTC at the University of Cincinnati. It was part of a six year course in architecture that he chose to follow. This was followed by two years of mandatory service in the Army.

Once his initial service time was complete, Henry chose to remain in the service by joining a reserve unit along with continuing his work as a professional architect.

As a man with a family, Henry notes that at times it was difficult to keep things balanced between his military and civilian obligations; however, he and wife Agnes did so.

Henry relates, “The greatest thing that happened to me was when I took a class at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas in COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF. Half of the class were military academy students. Most were from West Point. It defined the elements that made our country great and delineated the elements we must maintain to be the leading country in the world.”



General Ben Butler, a Two-Star General from Carrollton, KY, took a liking to Henry and in effect took him under his wing. Henry credits the general for much of his success in the military.

When active in the reserves, Henry alternated between officer education and serving as an instructor for those in the Army Reserves. The majority of Henry's reserve time was spent with the 100th Division. One of his

responsibilities was overseeing maintenance and operations at the approximately 45 centers throughout Kentucky. The 100th Division is still vital in providing officer training for the army through its Ft. Knox location. At the time of his retirement following 26 years of service, Henry was a Unit Commander, Lt. Colonel/Division Engineer.

PETER BENEDICT “PETE” LANHAM III

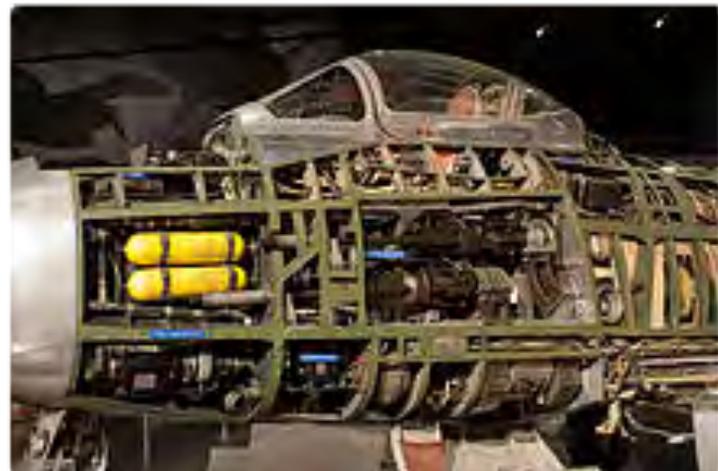


Pete spent six years in the Air National Guard. The first six months he was on active duty for training where he was awarded the American Spirit Honor Medal. This was followed by two years in the West Virginia Air National Guard where he served as a Fire Control Specialist on F86H aircraft.

Pete's last four years of service were with the Kentucky Air National Guard based at Standiford Field in Louisville. He was in Base Engineering serving as Staff Sergeant. Pete was discharged in 1965.

F-86H without skin panels at the National Museum of the United States Air Force

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/National_Museum_of_the_United_States_Air_Force



JOHN S. OSBORN, JR.



When I became 18 years old on January 14, 1944, I was examined for the draft and declared 4F because of a heart murmur. However, I attended U of L for two years on a basketball scholarship and then passed three years of law school without incident. I became a closing attorney for Louisville Title insurance Company.

When the Korean War started, I was called up for another physical and to my astonishment passed and was ordered to report to Camp Atterbury in two weeks for basic training. Later that week, I closed my last real estate deal and while waiting for the documents to be recorded told the parties what had happened to me. One of the parties was represented by an elderly attorney, Bob Hogan, who I had never met before. He said, "John, after we finish here, walk over to my office with me and let's see if we could do something for you." His office was small and without a secretary. He got on the telephone and said "get me the White House in Washington DC." When the White House operator answered, he said "get me Miss Flo and tell her Bob Hogan is calling." Pretty soon, Miss Flo came on the phone and she and Mr. Hogan talked about old times in Kentucky. Finally, Mr. Hogan said "Flo, I have young lawyer sitting here who is being drafted next week, but he is a fully qualified licensed lawyer who I know and I request you to see if you could do something for him." Miss Flo said she would look into it.

I later learned that Miss Flo was former Senator, but then Vice-President Alvin Barley's secretary. After a short hearing before a board of officers, in less than a week I received a telegram informing me that President Truman had give me a direct appointment as a First Lieutenant in the Judge Advocate Generals Corp of the U.S. Army and ordered me to report in uniform without basic training in ten days.

Needless to say, I was both flabbergasted and lucky. I was sent to the 101st Airborne Division at Camp Breckenridge, Kentucky to prosecute or defeat soldiers facing general Court Marshal Trials for murder, rape, robbery and other felonies. Breckenridge had a large stockade where soldiers were brought from several states for trial and internment. While there, I went through parachute training as a jumper.

Later, I was transferred to Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland where the atomic cannon was being tested. Once again, I prosecuted or defended major crimes including one case in Fort Meade which attracted national attention because of the involvement of the Mafia and a certified national hero over beer contracts for all the “Nike” sites around Philadelphia.

Hard work, but I enjoyed it and was discharged as a Captain after nearly three years’ service. Before my discharge, I was offered stationing anywhere in the world for the next three years, but I wanted to return to Louisville.

GERALD G. TYRRELL

Gerald served with the Kentucky Army National Guard from 1960 - 1968. All of his service took place in Kentucky. He entered as a recruit and was discharged as a Captain. For his service, Gerald received the Kentucky Commendation Ribbon.

Gerald enjoyed his service enough to serve two additional years beyond his obligation.



JUL RAITH



I registered with the draft in the U. S. Army immediately after my 18th birthday at the end of July, 1943. However, there were occasional openings in the U.S. Army Air Force pilot training program. I applied for one of those spots and was accepted. I started Basic Training in the Air Force at Keesler Field, Biloxi, MS at the beginning of 1944. After that I went to Michigan State for another phase of training.

By the summer of 1944, I don't think people in general — and particularly those of us who were cadets — realized that the war was beginning to wind down and with it the pilot training program.

There were approximately 400 cadets in my class and over 28,000 overall in the country in the same program that the Air Force knew they would not be needing. The question, then, was what to do with all these trainees. As a result we were dispersed throughout the U.S. for on-line training, doing whatever needed doing — but not the pilot training everyone had envisioned. One of my “tours” took me to LaJunta, CO. So when a group of us had a weekend off, we would hitchhike up the road to Colorado



Springs and stay at the Broadmoor Resort for \$8.00 a night! Those days are long gone!

I was discharged at the end of 1945 and started Washington University in St. Louis in 1946. As time has passed, I realize how very, very lucky I was not to be in a B-17 over Berlin.

BILL THEUER



I served in the United States Army as a Specialist during the years 1960 - 1962, stationed at the Ballistics Research Laboratory, known as BRL, Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Maryland. This facility was where most of the new military weaponry was developed or tested or both. The people at BRL were mostly civilians with math, physics, chemistry and engineering backgrounds. I was in a lab my entire service. Everyone had to have security clearances as did I. Therefore, unfortunately, I cannot talk about what I did or even the project's overall mission. I am no hero, I just a job which had to be done.

It was the time when the United States was trying to catch up with the Soviet Union, which had already launched Sputnik. And it was the time of a very Cold War. I recall one of the civilians, with whom I worked, even had a bomb shelter built in his home with food and water provisions for many weeks. It was a time in which America was coming from behind in ballistic technology. Eventually we caught up and surpassed the Russians.

Mary Ruth and I were married in a Methodist church in Kalamazoo, Michigan in 1961. But there was nothing military about the wedding.

My job at BRL was to do a job as part of a team. All I can say is that as a group we did contribute to our designated program.

FOSTER STERLING BURBA

Foster and his roommate were just finishing their



second year of college in mid May of 1943.

The war news was terrible and they knew it was just a matter of days till they would be drafted for the US Army.



Quickly they finished the school year, said goodbye to their engineer student friends and faculty at Oklahoma State and made plans to join the Army Air Corps³. They had decided they would rather be up in the clouds dropping bombs on Hitler's



troops than be on the ground in the walking army looking for places to sleep at night and eating C Rations for their meals. At least they maybe would have a bed to sleep in after the days work and a hot meal waiting for them after a bombing expedition.

³ Recruitment poster for AAC, Star with red circle Symbol of Army Air Corps courtesy of Wikipedia in article The United States Army Air Corps (USAAC)

Foster had two younger brothers along with his parents and his grandparents to bid farewell, but by May 26th, 1943, he was enlisting in the Army Air Corps. From there he began a long siege of training to become a Navigator in a B17 bomber. His training took him from his hometown of Tuttle, Oklahoma all over the west and especially several places in Texas. Since he had two years of college, he entered as an officer. This also meant a little better pay and better housing. Foster was third in the pecking order of the officers on his crew.

His middle brother Virgil left home to go to the Navy and not long after that his youngest brother Donald volunteered for the Army. Though very lonesome and worried, Samuel and Eula Katherine, his parents, were immensely proud of their boys and the honor their service gave to our country. Every evening those at home sat by their radios to hear the war news. Pictures of the boys in the war could be seen in windows of each home.

By July 1944, the training had ended and it was time to get to work. Foster was assigned to a group of nine young men. They in turn were assigned to a B17 on a US Air Corps base located in Ipswich, England. This base near the shore was handy for take off to fly over Germany and drop bombs on the enemy.

The B17 bombers flew in formation following a pattern that was to keep each plane as safe as possible. On one mission alone they lost 60 planes. Only once was Foster's plane shot down. They lost two engines and the plane had no





Foster

brakes. Losing altitude was a serious issue. As they were nearing Ghent, Belgium, they radioed a plane near them in the sky and heard that they could land in Ghent at a Canadian Air Base. This was welcome news. Their pilot began the descent. He saw a field and headed for it rather than a runway. The mud safely stopped their plane.

The Canadians were friendly, of course. They hosted the Americans for seven days before the US sent a plane for them and they were back to work flying in and out of Ipswich.

Foster flew his 35th mission on his 21st birthday March 11, 1945. At that time the war was nearly over, but his work was not done. He was transferred to the west coast where he served as navigator on a C54 Aircraft flying hospital patients from Manila to Hamilton Field. This was much easier since there were no shots being fired at the plane. The crew could look forward to three days at a time being spent in Hawaii and then more down time in the Philippines. Foster remembers seeing the Japanese prisoners working on the prison grounds in the islands.

Foster had accumulated 313 combat flying hours and 240 non combat hours totaling 796 hours as a Navigator on Military aircraft. His Air Force separation date was Dec. 31, 1945. Now he could go home to Oklahoma and his family.

He went right back to college and finished his civil engineering degree, a Masters degree and ending up teaching for two years at Oklahoma State. When he was



about to be recalled into active duty; however, Foster took a job as an engineer in Venice, Louisiana. He had had enough of war and bombing and wanted to live life serving mankind in a different mode.

GORDON RAGAN

I grew up thinking national service was a rite of passage in a young man's life. During WWII we lived on the West Coast. My father was a Civil Defense Warden and also helped train V-12 Naval Officer Candidates at the university. We lived high in the Berkeley hills overlooking San Francisco Bay with its numerous military installations. Our home was a short distance from one of the anti-aircraft sites which ringed the Bay Area and where I played soldier as a boy.

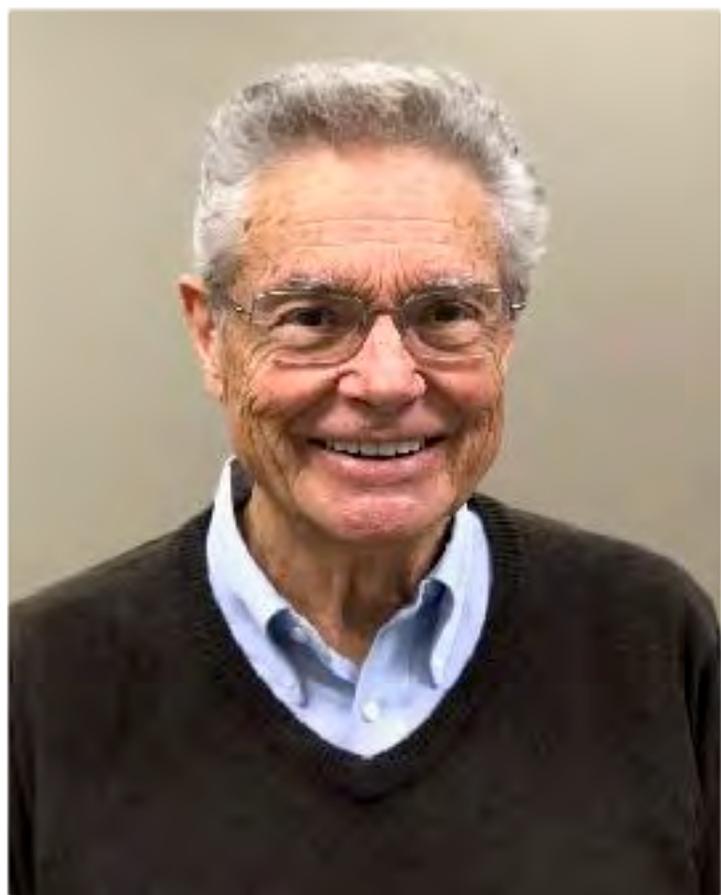
In high school I sought appointment to the Naval



Academy but failed the physical because of my eyesight. I was in the Air Force ROTC my first two years at UC Berkeley but washed out when they wanted flight officers with 20/20 vision. The Army ROTC promptly welcomed me as I could read the big E. Thus began my rite of passage in the peacetime military.

As a cadet I became a member of the National Society of Scabbard and Blade and a Distinguished Military Student. My basic training was at Ft. Lewis Washington. I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in 1956 and my branch assignment became the Adjutant General Corps. My two years of active duty were at Headquarters, XVIII Airborne Corps and Ft. Bragg in North Carolina. I was assigned to G 1 as a Classification and Assignment Officer filling DA levies from units which included the 82nd Airborne Division, the 10th Special Forces Group and the Psychological Warfare Center. My wife Nancy became a teacher at one of the post's elementary schools.

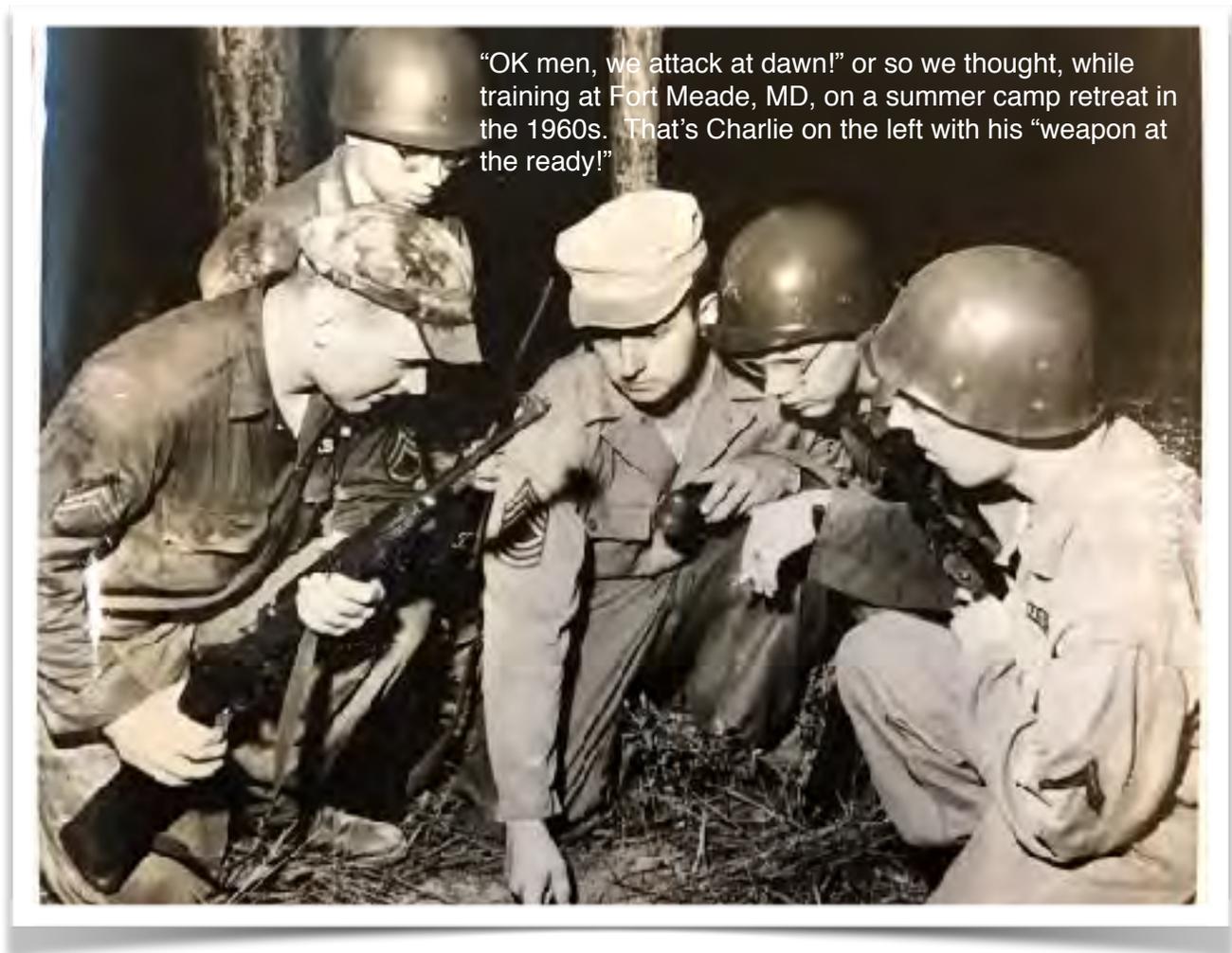
We loved active duty and seriously considered a Regular Army appointment, but in the end a civilian job called us home to California. Here began six years of active Army Reserve service with the 230th Military Intelligence



Detachment (Corps) in Oakland. I completed the Army Intelligence Officer Career Course and was appointed unit adjutant and served as a briefing officer. We trained each summer at Ft. Ord California and the Presidio of Monterey. Our unit had a Mandarin Chinese language capability and we always thought we would be activated as the Vietnam War continued to build. In 1965 my civilian career took me to New York City and my reserve service ended. I retired a Captain, grateful for my military service and devoted to the idea of universal national service.

CHARLIE CASTNER

I served in two branches of the military from 1952 until 1960. The first two years ('52-53) were during the Korean War. In March of 1952, I graduated from college and was immediately drafted into the U.S. Marine Corps where I continued to serve until March of 1954. I was a PFC (Private First Class) and all of my service was states-side USA: Parris Island, SC; Great Lakes, IL; San Diego, CA, and Camp Lejeune, NC. The unit to which I was assigned while at San Diego was training to go to Korea, but fortunately (at least for me), the war ended in the summer of '53! It was at that time I was transferred to Camp Lejeune. Here's a happy footnote—a favorite aunt and uncle lived just 30-40 miles or so from the base, and I spent many weekends with them when I could wrangle “liberty!”



With some reserve time still to complete, and back in Louisville in the spring of '54, I transferred to the U.S. Army Reserves, joining the 210th Radio Broadcast Battalion and attaining the rank of Staff Sergeant. All of my reserve duty was in Louisville, except for the two weeks of summer camp, which I spent at Fort Meade, MD. ('54-55) and Fort Bragg, NC ('56-'60). That reserve time also enabled me to obtain a position as staff writer and later, producer at WHAS Radio. From the "Radio Side," I then moved over to the "Railroad Side," viz, the L&N's P.R. Department, where I served until my retirement 30 years later. I also achieved a life-time goal — To Ride Trains Free!



HARRY STANTON

Harry was born and raised in the Wilmington, Delaware area. When WWII broke out in July 1943 Harry signed up for the Navy V-12 program. He took the physical at a Navy recruiting depot. When the examining doctor reviewed the results he explained to Harry that because of childhood asthma he didn't qualify for officers training in the V-12 program. Upon getting that report he immediately went next door and enlisted in the Navy.

Harry was trained in electronics and then sent to Washington, D.C. for further training in countermeasures. He was then assigned to the battleship Nevada where he served out the rest of the war. While serving on the Nevada, Harry



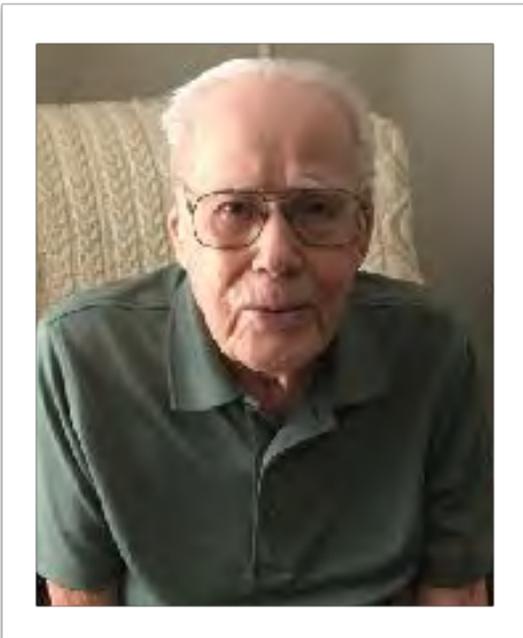
took part in the Normandy Invasion, an



amphibious landing at Cherbourg, and other landings along the French coast.

Following these actions, the Nevada was sent back to the U.S. for refitting and then reassigned to the Pacific theater. Harry and the Nevada took part in the landings at Iwo Jima and

Okinawa among others. At the end of the war, the Nevada was shelling Northern Japan.



With the war out of the way, Harry attended the University of Delaware where he received a BS in civil engineering.

Written by Jack Vanderburgh

Photos from Mr. Stanton's personal collection

JOHN KIESEL



US Army Medical Service (Fort Campbell) for two years — 1970-72. Entered as a Captain and discharged as a Major. John states, “My service was virtually uneventful except for a couple of stories which are best related verbally. I did not go anywhere but Fort Campbell. My service consisted of full time pediatric practice and participation in and chief (last year of service) of the Allergy Clinic.”

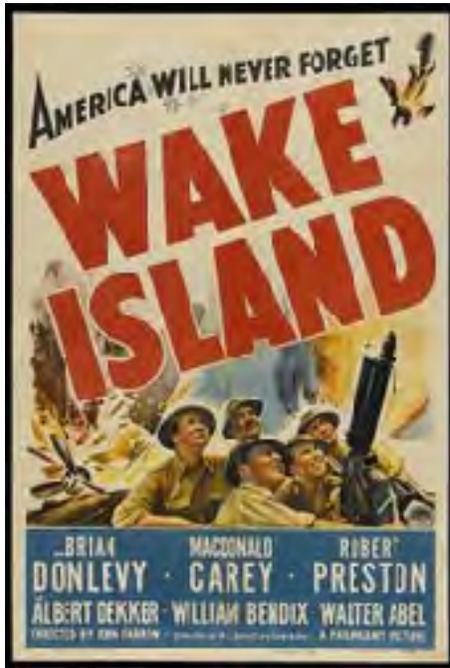
HAROLD FORRESTER

US Army Active Duty two years at Ft. Knox — Corporal, 6 years Army Reserve. I spent the majority of my time as a “Remington Raider” — that is, I spent most of my army career behind a typewriter. One good note, though, If I had not been drafted in 1958 and sent to Ft Knox I wouldn't have met in Louisville my wife of 52 years.



DON BROWN

US Air Force Security Service, 4 years — 1953 - 1957. Don relates a memorable event from his service days in Japan. . .”Three of us decided to go see a movie in this little town. It wasn’t much of a



theatre, very primitive. We sat on benches (no backs) in rows. There was even an open urinal down by the screen. The feature for the



evening was WAKE ISLAND. As the movie ran and the first American plane was shot down, one of the Japanese clapped. Then later when a Japanese plane was downed, one of our guys clapped. As the movie progressed, the audience began to get more and more lively with clapping and stomping. Finally I decided

that it was time to head out. I’d seen the movie before and the Japanese outnumbered us three to one.”

[Wake Island poster from www.imdb.com]



DOUG SUMMERS

As to my military service: I feel uncomfortable being considered a veteran when actually I spend two years at Ft. Knox in an administrative position, private room and weekends off. That said, I was subject to being shipped out at anytime to Vietnam as an "instructor." A lot of us fell into these positions between Korea and Vietnam.

WILLIAM ROBERT “BOB” GUTMANN

William Robert Gutmann was born and raised in Louisville. He graduated from Male High School and like all young men at that time, he registered for the draft. Shortly after he was eighteen, he joined the Navy as a Seaman 2nd class where he served for the next three years. He was in boot camp at Great Lakes and then sent to Charleston, SC where he was trained as a hospital corpsman because of the scarcity of doctors to care for the injured in the military. He also earned the rank of First Class Petty Officer. He then went to Puget Sound in Washington State and was assigned to an aircraft carrier called the Siboney. She was a new ship and they were her first crew.



Bob was involved in the Battle of Iwo Jima where 7,000 US Marines were killed. When the island was declared secured by the US, the Sibony sailed toward the last and largest battle of the Pacific, the invasion of Okinawa. Because of Okinawa's close proximity to the coast of Japan (only 340 miles), the US planned to use

the island as a base for the invasion of the Japanese Mainland. The battle lasted eighty-two days. The severity of the campaign led to the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki causing Japan to surrender less than two months after the end of the fighting on the island.

Bob's ship then sailed to Midway en route to invade



Japan. He remembers the hundreds and thousands of ships side by side and stretching so far you couldn't see the horizon. Then Harry Truman broadcast news that two atomic bombs had been dropped and Japan was in the process of surrendering. When Bob was asked if he was ever frightened by the mines in the water, the Japanese submarines or the Kamikaze, he said that when you are eighteen or nineteen you just think death could not happen to you even if your buddy sitting next to you is killed.

After he left the Navy, Bob began his college studies at Georgetown College and graduated in 1949 with a degree in chemistry. That same year he and Evarose married.



BEN FEW

Ben served in the Army Reserve.



JOHN MORROW

I was 17 the summer of 1944 and the war was heating up on both fronts. My high school graduation was scheduled for June, 1945. They were drafting the 18-year-olds out of high school, so I went to summer school to pick up enough credits so that I could graduate mid-term in the class of 44 1/2 . I was called up in February and was drafted into the USNR. Thank God! I did my boot camp at the Great Lakes Naval Training. After a leave to go home, I was shipped out to San Francisco where we boarded a Navy troop ship bound for the Philippines. All the way across, we never sighted another ship and arrived in the - Gulf of Leyte at night. The next morning



the whole Gulf was full of ships from the 3rd, 5th and 7th fleet. It was the preparation for the invasion of Japan. We slept in tents awaiting our assignment. I was assigned to the Lt Cruiser, USS Vicksburg. We sailed out

and took up a position as an outer submarine defense. We were told that the and took up a position as an outer submarine defense. We were told that the USA had dropped an atomic bomb and that the Japanese were asking for peace. As you remember, Halsey would accept nothing but a complete surrender. Well, we sailed into Tokyo Bay standing top side in our Navy whites, with our hats squared and at parade rest. I had several shore leaves in Tokyo. I recall the



Japanese women would dip the umbrellas in their face rather the look at us. A point system was in place to say who would go home first. I had very few points and was transferred to a destroyer, USS Halsey Powell. My good luck, we returned to the States: Bremerton, WA and I was home on leave over Christmas 1945. We sailed to San Diego to put our ship in moth

balls. They sent us in a WWI troop train back to Chicago where I was honorably discharged. I returned home and attended the University of Kentucky on the GI Bill. I met Barbara at UK and we married in August of 1950. USA had dropped an atomic bomb and that the Japanese were asking for peace. As you remember, Halsey would accept nothing but a complete surrender.



On patriotic days, John flies the 48 star flag he brought home from the USS Halsey Powell

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'ROUND THE SQUARE

Volume 8, No. 4 - Fall, 2017

SECTION 2

WAR TIME ALTERNATE EXPERIENCES AND MEMORIES

WEEZIE WALKER — MY MEMORIES OF WORLD WAR II



I was 13 when the shock of Pearl Harbor occurred, too young to do much about it at all, but my crowd of young teenagers got together on Sunday nights at a parents' home and rolled bandages. *I hope no one was damaged by them.* We knitted scarves for them, we rolled "silver paper" from gum wrappers and parents' cigarette packages, we collected scrap metal, and when we turned 15 we were allowed to work at the U.S.O. Now that was fun! *I never thought I would tire of milk shakes.* We danced with

the soldiers and we walked with them showing them our town of Charleston, SC where we had Air Force, Coast Guard, Navy and Army bases along with that of the Marines down the road at Paris Island. We turned out lights (black outs) and pulled curtains after dark and observed the curfew about being out after dark. We were warned by our parents not to be too friendly with the guests of our city — no more giving rides to guys hitchhiking to the beach. *But they really did look good in their uniforms to a young teenager.* We could not walk the beach in front of Ft. Moultrie on Sullivan's Island where target practice took place over the water to protect the channel into the harbor. While swimming,

we were warned not to let the tide float us too close to the submarine nets which had large spikes attached to a heavy metal net that stretched across the entrance to the harbor. Once while walking around high battery with a couple of young Naval officers, my friend pointed toward the landing craft (LST) and blurted out “LSMFT!” (*Remember: Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco?*) She was so embarrassed, but they got a good laugh out of that one.

Then some of the boys in our crowd turned old enough to enlist and things got more serious. As the years went by I ended up marrying an ex-Marine who was wounded while fighting in the South Pacific. Reality set in — but thanks to those brave men and women, many of whom gave their all, we lived happily ever after.



During World War II, Brown-Forman did not produce whiskey. They worked with the government to produce alcohol which was shipped across the river to Indiana and used in the production of gunpowder. This continued during the entire war period.

Ann York Franklin

DONALD MEAD

I have great respect for all who have served in our country's military services. I recognize that many have sacrificed a lot, living through danger and suffering



to defend our country. My father and two older brothers all served in the military, I fully expected to follow in their footsteps.

However, I spent four years at a Quaker college, where many of my classmates were questioning whether their calling as Christians would lead them to an alternative approach to the resolution of conflicts. The Selective Service System, then and now, makes specific allowance for the "Conscientious Objector" status, which permits people who feel they cannot in good conscience serve in the military to spend two

years doing Alternative Service. This involves engaging, under the supervision of the Draft Board, in some form of national service which contributes to confronting situations of injustice and moving our society and world towards peace.

In my case, the agreement which I reached with my Draft Board was that I would spend two years in Cairo, Egypt, with the Near East Christian Council Committee for Refugee Work. I worked as a social worker in helping administer a church-based program providing assistance to about 1,000 families of Palestinian



refugees living in some of the poorest neighborhoods of Cairo. It was not easy work! I was paid a minimum wage, just enough to live on. In some ways, it was like an early version of the Peace Corps, before that organization came into existence. I served from July 1957-August 1959.

The experience I gained during those two years of service confirmed my belief in the importance of continuing to search for ways of confronting situations



of conflict that reach beyond military solutions. I am pleased that the Presbyterian Church, of which I am a member, has recently reaffirmed that “peacemaking is essential to our faith in God’s reconciling work in Jesus Christ.” I am also pleased to know that the “Conscientious Objector” status is still recognized among the options included in the regulations of our Selective Service System, and hope that, if the draft is reinstated in our

country, many young people will seriously consider this option.

The Life of an Army Brat

by

Marie Murphy

What does it mean to be an “Army Brat” – or for that matter, any kind of Service Brat – because the experience is much the same no matter in what branch your father (and in modern times and/or your mother) might have served. I can’t speak for every Brat, but in comparing my life with others in the same boat I have found certain things in common.

When meeting a civilian for the first time, the question most asked is



“But didn’t you miss growing up in the same place?” How can I answer that? Growing up on six different Army posts in five different states is the only life I knew. I went to two schools in first grade, two schools in third grade, three schools in sixth grade, two schools in eighth grade, and had to change schools for my senior year in high school. I am always tempted to ask in return “Didn’t you find it boring going to the same school for twelve years with the same people?”

Many of my class mates had lived in different

countries during the course of their childhoods and spoke several different languages. What a great advantage for their adult lives. Studies have shown that service brats tend to be more self-confident than others of the same age and that is no wonder to me. Being the new kid in school some eight or nine times makes you sink or swim, and most of us Brats decided to swim.

I have often been asked what World War II meant to me? I was two years old when Pearl Harbor happened, so I don't exactly remember it, but I do remember the time when all the adults around me were so upset about something that happened at someplace they called Pearl.

My mother told a story about how it changed her life in a quite domestic way. The Army was a very casual place before Pearl Harbor. My father worked in civilian clothes, rather than a uniform. A Lieutenant wasn't paid very much. They had scrimped, saved and finally managed to have five white shirts, which she could now wash, starch, and iron on weekends, rather than having to wash several times during the week. But when Pearl Harbor happened, the Army moved everyone into uniforms!

When I was born, my father was stationed at Fort McPherson in Atlanta, Georgia. He then was transferred to Fort Benning, near Columbus, Georgia in 1942.

I was carefully trained in how to respond to an air-raid siren. My Grandmother came to visit, and while my mother was off at work, the sirens went off. My grandmother was very puzzled about why her three year old granddaughter was trying her best to pull her under the dining room table, at the same time crying out, "Air raid! Air raid! Hide!!"

My father (center) & his brothers in their uniforms



Given the atmosphere that children are raised in now with police being called if a child is left alone even for a few minutes, I remember Mother and other mothers that lived in post housing would go together to buy groceries at the post commissary. They would leave us kids in the car leave the radio on while they did the shopping. As a result, I knew all the latest songs. But by combining together, they could save on gasoline coupons – remember those? I also learned that desserts would be few and far between because of sugar rationing. I also remember that tin cans were carefully recycled. Mother would tear off the labels and remove both ends before flattening out the cans for the recycle box. One morning I decided to “help” her. I carefully removed all the labels from all the cans in the pantry. We had surprises for dinner for the next week or so. Funny — she did not appreciate my help at all!

Not long ago my daughter told me about using Skype to chat with her husband in Afghanistan. It made me remember that after the war, my father was among the first of the occupation forces stationed in Japan. Back then it took two to three week for a letter to get from us to him in Japan, and another two to three weeks for the answer to come back. A telephone call was for an absolute emergency only! It cost about \$35 in 1945 money. I don't even want to speculate what that would be in today's money.

My Father was in Japan for two years on that first trip. In 1950, he was sent back to Japan for another tour of duty. Between those two tours, and the various times he went ahead to a new posting, Mother closed up the house and took care of moving the household. My father was absent a good part of my childhood; physically absent perhaps, but still very much a dominant part of my life. The values he imparted still resonate in my life.

What was it like being an Army Brat? It was a wonderful childhood and I wouldn't have traded it for the world!



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 Episcopal Church Home

A special thanks to The Dudley Publishing Committee and Jim Norsworthy.