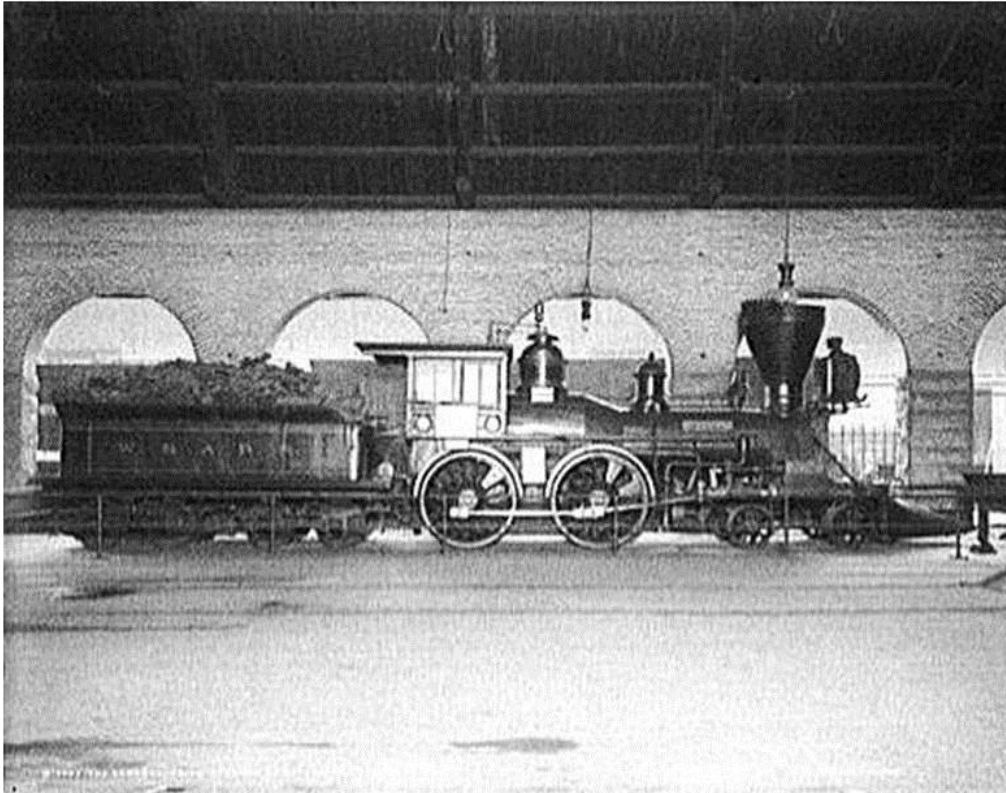


Soldier's Stories

Kentuckian James Andrews and the Yankee Bridge Burners



The General – Detroit Publishing Company

he mystery of James Andrews and the part he played in the hijacking of The General, the steam locomotive that hauled supplies for the Confederacy between Atlanta and Chattanooga, is just as intriguing 132 years later as it was in April 1862 when the whole story began. Andrew's past life is a mystery even today. The documented part of his life began in 1859, when he appeared in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. He took up house painting and clerking in the local hotel and settled into the community, where he became liked and respected as a solid citizen.

James Andrews Formulates a Plan

The Civil War that divided the United States in 1861, also deeply divided Kentucky. Union and Confederate advocates competed for the loyalty of Kentucky citizens, and sowed the seeds for CIA type intrigue in the Blue Grass State. During the winter of 1861-1862, James Andrews participated enthusiastically in this intrigue. He smuggled medicines into the Confederacy and returned with intelligence reports for the Union forces Kentucky. In the course of his intelligence work, James Andrews had seen many Confederate railroads and came up with a brash plan to sabotage one of them. He pitched his idea to General Ormsby Mitchel, then the head of a division of Union Forces in Kentucky.

General Mitchel appreciated the possibilities of Andrews' sabotage plan because he recognized that railroads were the key to winning battles. The South found itself at a railroad disadvantage to the North. It had less than half of the North's railroad mileage and its system, at least for military purposes, was erratically laid out. Only one direct line linked the eastern and western theaters of the Confederate armies. To complicate things more, only one line linked Atlanta, the second most important munitions center after Richmond, into the one Confederate line to the battlefield. Chattanooga, Tennessee was the tie in point for these important railroads. Chattanooga also happened to be just seventy miles from General Mitchel's headquarters tent. Andrews and General Ormsby and according to his later report, General Buel, came up with a plan to eliminate Chattanooga from this important Confederate railroad equation.

General Ormsby Mitchel Helps James Andrews

Andrew's focused his plan on the Western & Atlantic Railroad, which wound 138 miles north from Atlanta through the mountains of northern Georgia to Chattanooga. The railroad was financed and owned by the state of Georgia, and was one of the premier railroads of the South. It consisted of a single track line with sidings at all principal stations. It crossed several major streams on covered wooden bridges and tunneled under Chetoogeta Mountain. It Chattanooga it tied into a line from Lynchburg, Virginia. From Memphis it tied into the Memphis & Charleston.

With the aid of General Mitchel, Andrews recruited 23 volunteers from Company H. 33rd Ohio Infantry, and the 2nd and 21st Ohio Infantry. All three regiments were serving in Tennessee at the time and when their officers told them they were needed for a special secret mission behind Confederate lines, the 23 volunteered.

The oldest man was 32 and the youngest 18. One man, William Campbell, was a civilian and all of them wore civilian clothes and were armed with pistols. One of the soldiers described how impressed the men were with Andrews. He said that Andrews was about 35, "a large, well-proportioned, gentleman with a long black silken beard, black hair, Roman features."

Andrews revealed his plan. They would form small parties and make their way through enemy lines to Chattanooga. Everyone would meet there the following Thursday afternoon. From Chattanooga they would take the Western & Atlantic evening train south to Marietta, Georgia, just above Atlanta. If anyone stopped and questioned them, the story would be that they were Yankee-hating Kentuckians on their way to enlist in the Confederate Army. On Friday morning at Marietta, they were to board the first northbound train and commandeer it. Their goal, Andrews told them, was to burn enough bridges behind them to cripple the Western & Atlantic. They would ride their stolen train through Chattanooga and westward on the Memphis & Charleston to meet General Mitchel's division, which by then would have pushed southward across the Tennessee border to Huntsville, Alabama. This action would enable Mitchel to capture Chattanooga and move on through Tennessee and Alabama from there.

James Andrews and His Men Hijack the General

Although the party was two men short, Andrews and his men boarded the evening train at Chattanooga on Friday April 11, 1862. They rode without incident, noting the numerous bridges across Chickamauga Creek that had to be burned. At midnight they left the train at Marietta to barter for beds in the town's two hotels. On Saturday morning, April 12, 1862, Andrews assembled his men in his hotel room for a final briefing. He told them to board the northbound morning mail train and get ready to act during the 20 minute breakfast stop at Big Shanty, Georgia, eight miles up the line. Andrews told them that when the crew and passengers left the train for breakfast, he and engineers William Knight and Wilson Brown and fireman Alf Wilson, all recruited from the Ohio Regiments for their previous railroad experience, would commandeer the engine. The other men were to move quickly into one of the head cars after the railroad men had uncoupled it from the cars behind.

The morning mail train from Atlanta arrived at Marietta station right on schedule. Pulling it was a locomotive called the General, a powerful wood burner built for the Atlantic & Western in 1855 by Rogers, Ketchum and Grosvenor Works in Paterson, New Jersey. The General pulled three empty boxcars which

were to bring commissary stores out of Chattanooga on the return trip, and a string of passenger cars. The Yankees boarded the train, still two short, and rode to Big Shanty. When the train hissed to a stop at 6:45 a.m., everyone hurried over to Lacy's Hotel for breakfast. The train crew consisting of conductor William Allen Fuller, engineer Jeff Cain, and foreman of the W & A's machine shops went for their breakfast as well.

As soon as the hotel door closed behind the last person, Andrews, Knight, Brown, and Wilson swiftly got down on the off side of the train, pulled the coupling pins from the three boxcars and made sure the switches were in their favor. The other Yankees sauntered up to the General and climbed aboard and Andrews waved the rest of the men into the third boxcar. They did this right under the puzzled noses of sentries at a Confederate training camp just 50 feet away.

Andrews signaled and Knight threw open the throttle. The General's wheels spun for a minute, and then the locomotive chugged away.

The Confederates Pursue the General

Meanwhile, in the hotel dining room, Murphy shouted to conductor Fuller and his crew that someone had moved the General. The crew piled out to the platform, rousing the nearby Confederate camp. The sentries fired a few futile shots at the General, disappearing around a curve. Fuller, Cain and Murphy decided to pursue the stolen train, but they had to immediately find something to use for the pursuit. Big Shanty didn't have a telegraph station so they couldn't even send a warning up the line.

Conductor Fuller, 25, didn't give up, though. He took the hijacking of his train personally, so he acted personally. He started running along the track, and Cain and Murphy tagged along. The Yankee highjackers, in the meantime, rolled towards the North and freedom and fame. They stopped to get a crowbar from a repair crew working on the track and tore up rails to slow down anyone chasing them. They stopped again past the first telegraph station to cut the telegraph wire. They rushed on towards Kingston, thirty miles north of Big Shanty. According to their timetable, at Kingston they would meet the first of the southbound trains from Chattanooga.

In the meantime, conductor Fuller continued to pursue the trainjackers. He ran two and a half miles down the track and reached the repair crew. They told him about their earlier encounter with the train, and Fuller began to suspect that he was

dealing with professional trainmen and not Confederate deserters heading for home. Fuller took the repair crew's pole car, a small handcar pushed along by poles, and hurried to pick up Murphy and Cain. They headed north and discovered the break in the telegraph line. This made Fuller even more certain that they were chasing a band of Yankees bent on serious mischief.

The Yankees and Confederates Fight over the General

During the next six hours, the fortunes of the chase seesawed between the Yankees and the Confederates. Fuller and his two fellow Georgians managed to impress a small switching engine named the Yonah from Etowah station, which made it easier to pursue the Yankee highjackers. The Yankee highjackers themselves were delayed for over an hour at Kingston by extra trains on the line. Fuller and his small crew were stymied by the extra trains and switching problems as well and once again, Fuller had to take to his feet to command a train at Rome, Georgia to continue his pursuit.

The Yankee highjackers continued on their mad dash for Chattanooga, now pushing hard for Adairsville, which was ten miles north of Kingston. So far as they knew, there was no pursuit. They had a good cover story about hauling extra ammunition for General P.G.T. Beauregard, commander of the field army at Corinth, Mississippi, and they had cut the telegraph lines and torn up track as extra precautions. Just to be safe, Anderson stopped four miles short of Adairsville to take up more rails and load up with crossties to use as fuel for their bridge burning. While the men were busy taking up the track, they spotted the smoke of a pursuing train. They wrenched the last rail loose and continued their trip to Adairsville.

Stopped by the wrecked track, Fuller abandoned the Rome engine and once again headed north on foot. He felt both anger and desperation. He knew the timetable and he realized that once the General got beyond Adairsville, the Yankees would have a clear track all the way to Chattanooga. The Yankee highjackers pulled into the Adairsville station and found the local freight waiting on the siding. There was still confusion in Chattanooga because the high command in the city was evacuating stores and rolling stock to counter the threatening Yankee force at Huntsville. The confusion meant extra trains and more delays for the Yankee highjackers.

Andrews talked his way out of the Adairsville station by promising to run slowly and send a flagman ahead at every curve. As soon as they pulled out of Adairsville,

he ordered Knight to open the throttle wide, because they had to reach Calhoun station before the Chattanooga train did or they would be blocked in. The Yankees reached Calhoun by a narrow margin. The southbound passenger train had just pulled out of the station when its engineer heard the General's whistle and moved far enough to clear the siding switch. Again Andrew's used his story of rushing to General Beauregard's rescue and again gained the main line.

The hijackers had a clear track ahead, but behind them the Confederates worked steadily to equalize the race. Just below Adairsville Fuller and Murphy had met a southbound local freight. It was pulled by a locomotive, the Texas, the same class as the General. They hurried aboard, put all of the freight cars off at the Adairsville siding, and raced north. Now the Georgians commanded a locomotive capable of overtaking the General. They too, stopped at Calhoun, and told the local militia about the Yankee hijackers.

The long trestle over the Oostanaula River, five miles north of Calhoun, about halfway between Big Shanty and Chattanooga, was one of the Yankee Bridge burner's main targets. They stopped to cut the wire, and take up rail for what they hoped was the last time. As they bent their backs, prying up the spikes with their crowbar and trying to wrench the rail loose with a fence rail, they heard the whistle of the pursuing Texas, loud and clear from the south.

Here, James Andrews seemed to lose his nerve. He had brought his nineteen men through improbable adventures and peril. He had every reason to believe the track ahead was clear. The rail they were trying to lift was nearly loosened and just needed a few more minutes of effort to come off. When this rail was off, they could go about their bridge burning in peace and safety. But Andrews didn't stand and fight long enough to finish tearing up the rail. None of the men knew why. One of the men wrote that Andrews "delighted in strategy" rather than "the plain course of a straight out- and-out fight with the pursuing train."

The Locomotive Texas Finally Captures the Locomotive General

The General started up again, leaving the rail loose but still intact. The pursuing Fuller and Murphy guided the Texas over the loose rail and continued the chase. Andrews tried to take advantage of his dwindling lead. He ordered the last boxcar uncoupled, reversed the General, and sent the boxcar hurtling down the track toward the Texas. Fuller too reversed course, skillfully picked up the runaway boxcar in full flight, and headed after the General, pushing the boxcar ahead of him. The Yankees dropped a second box car in the middle of the covered bridge

over the Oostanaula. Fuller just shunted the two cars off at Resaca and continued north.

Above Resaca, the Western & Atlantic wound through rough country. The Yankees tossed crossties on the track behind nearly every curve. Fuller perched on the tender and signaled to Murphy and Pete Bracken, the Texas' engineer, when the track ahead was blocked. They heaved over the forward lever, and the Texas, spinning its driving wheels, would stop, sometimes on a dime. On a straight stretch of track near Tilton, the Yankees lengthened their lead enough to stop of wood and water. With their engine refueled, they tried again to stop Fuller's pursuit.

One team of men cut the telegraph line, another pulled up wood on the track, engineers Knight and Brown checked and oiled the locomotive, and the rest of the party labored to lift a rail. Several of the Yankees pleaded with Andrews to conduct an ambush assault on the Rebel train, but he refused to do so. The pursuing Texas chugged into view, and the Yankees chugged off, leaving the track undamaged. The General and the Texas thundered on, sometimes running a mile a minute. They raced through Dalton, through the long tunnel under Chetoogeta Mountain, across the first of the long bridges over Chickamauga Creek, and past Ringgold Station.

Near the Georgia-Tennessee border, about a mile short of Graysville, the General started to slow down. Water for the boiler was low and the firewood gone. The General had carried them nearly one hundred miles from Big Shanty, but now it could carry them no further. Later, fireman Alf Wilson testified that "Andrews now told us all that it was 'every man for himself,' that we must scatter and do the best we could to escape to the Federal lines."

Before dashing into the woods, engineer Knight threw the General into reverse, but by now steam pressure was very low. The Texas easily picked up the slow moving engine. Fuller sent a messenger back to the militia garrison at Ringgold to order a roundup of the fugitives. "My duty ended here," he said. After six hours of pursuing the Yankee highjackers, he had recaptured his train.

The Yankee highjackers didn't fare well in Georgia. Within hours, Confederate cavalry patrols guarded every crossroad and examined every farm lane. The farmers formed posses and tramped the fields with tracking dogs, hunting the Yankees. James Andrews posed as a Confederate officer and got within 12 miles of Bridgeport, Alabama, with two of his men before they were captured. All

twenty two of the Yankee raiders were captured in civilian clothes deeply inside Southern territory.

James Andrews is Tried and Convicted of Spying

The Confederate authorities were urged to try them as spies. The Yankees realized their one hope was the claim that they had acted under orders and were subject to the rules of war for military prisoners. James Andrews knew this line of defense wouldn't work for him. The Confederate authorities knew about him because of his earlier medicine smuggling into the South. It was now obvious to them that he was a double agent, and he knew exactly what they would do to him.

Late in April, 1862, a military court in Chattanooga tried him as a spy. Secretary of War Leroy P. Walker and President Jefferson Davis reviewed the case and on May 31, the verdict was announced. James Andrew was found guilty as charged and sentenced to death by hanging. On the night of May 31, 1862, James Andrews and Private John Wollam used a jackknife they had managed to conceal to pry the bricks loose in the wall of their Chattanooga jail and escape. Andrews was retaken two days later and Wollam a month later.

James Andrews wrote two letters from prison before he died. He addressed the letters to County Attorney David McGavic of Flemingsburg, Kentucky, and said that he was to be executed on the 7th of June for his part in the train highjacking. He instructed McGavic to settle his affairs and sent regards to Mr. and Mrs. Eckels, and the young ladies of Flemingsburg, "especially to Miss Kate Wallingford and Miss Nannie Baxter." In another letter, Andrews asked McGavic to take possession of a trunk and black valise at the City Hotel in Nashville and asked him to take an empty lady's trunk he would find at the Lousiville Hotel to Mr. Lindsey's near Mill Creek Church on the Maysville and Flemingsburg Pike and "request him to present it to Miss Elizabeth J. Layton for me."

Perhaps the most interesting request Andrews made of McGavic was dated Flemington, February 17, 1862 and directed the cashier of the Branch Bank of Louisville, at Flemingsburg, to pay to David S. McGavic a sum of twelve hundred dollars. When he gave McGavic the note, Andrews told him that he was engaged in a rather critical business and might never get back. If he should not get back, Andrews said, "I want you to draw the money out of the bank, loan it out and the proceeds to go to the poor of Fleming County perpetually."

On June 7, 1862, Andrews was taken to a gallows a block from Peachtree Street and hanged. Conductor of the General, William Fuller, said that he "died bravely."

Modern visitors can find The General in the Kennesaw Civil War Museum in Kennesaw, Georgia.

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Logan Dyke: Union City Pennsylvania Civil War Veteran



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

Logan Dyke was born on a farm in Franklin County, new York. He was the son of school teachers and one of Oberlin College's first graduates. He came to Erie County, Pennsylvania, when he was very young and attended the public schools there. He also studied bookkeeping and accounting in an Erie commercial school. When the Civil War started, Dyke was living in Harbor Creek, and he, along with hundreds of other young men hurried to enlist.

The Civil War officially began for Dyke on November 23, 1861, when he enlisted as a private in Company F, 111th

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

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

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

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

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

Altogether, Logan Dyke served in the Army for three years and eight months and was on active duty with his command at the end of the war despite the loss of his arm. When the war ended in April 1865, Private Dyke had advanced to the rank of sergeant major, the highest non-commissioned rank in the Union Army.

When Logan Dyke came marching home again, he picked up the threads of his civilian life. In 1869, he married Sarah Baer at Pigeon, Michigan. After living on a

farm near Wesleyville, Pennsylvania, for ten years, he spent ten years in Kansas, and then moved to Union City in 1898. The Dykes had three children: Ella, E.M. and Fred. After Sarah died in 1919, Dyke moved in with his daughter, Ella, and her husband, D.E. Junkins.

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

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

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

During the dinner, Dyke’s eyes gleamed as someone placed a birthday cake with 100 lighted candles on it in front of him. After looking it over carefully, he remarked, “Well, you can have your cake and eat it!” With two healthy puffs, he extinguished the candles.

Attorney Mortimer E. Graham of Erie, speaker of the evening, pointed out that Dyke had lived during the administrations of 19 presidents and the waging of seven American wars. After Graham’s talk, Dr. George H. Ledger, president of

the Union City Lion's Club, presented Dyke with a scroll, enrolling him as an honorary member of the Union City branch of the Lions. This made Dyke the oldest member of the Lion's International.

Next, toastmaster O.C. Hatch on behalf of the residents of Union City, presented the guest of honor with a banjo clock. It was inscribed:

“Presented to Sergeant major Logan J. Dyke, of 111th Regiment, Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, with veneration and esteem by the citizens of Union City, Pennsylvania, in celebration of his 100th birthday, January 28, 1942.

The Sergeant Major accepted his gifts graciously at his place and in a “clear, understanding tone,” thanked the community for its consideration of him on his 100th birthday.

When Logan Dyke died on Monday, January 10, 1945, he had reached the grand old age of 102 years, 11 months and 10 days. He would have been 103 years old on January 28, if he had waited another two weeks to answer the final bugle call.

Michael Linovich, An Italian in Napoleon's Grand Army



Often the stories told in old newspapers are inaccurate and overblown, but just as often they are the only sources that mention people who otherwise fade into the mists of history. The story of Michel Linovich and the impact of Napoleon Bonaparte on his life illustrate this historical truth.

Michel Linovich was born in Boretto, in Reggio-Emilia in northern Italy, in 1785, into a family of farmers. Michel Linovich came of age along with the military career and conquests of Napoleon Bonaparte and Napoleon and his armies catapulted Michel's life from the path of an obscure farmer to a seasoned soldier and exile in distant lands. Like Napoleon, Michel Linovich possessed the gift of extraordinary energy of mind and body. Historians estimate Napoleon to have been about 5 '7" tall, and Michel also stood tall and physically imposing. Women of their time considered both Michel and Napoleon handsome.

Revolutionary France Conscripts Michel Linovich

In the first decade of the Nineteenth Century, Napoleon Bonaparte led the French Empire in series of conflicts called the Napoleonic Wars that involved every major European country. Napoleon defeated a series of coalitions and controlled most of Europe, seeking to conquer the world and spread Revolutionary ideas. In 1812, Napoleon's invasion of Russia marked a shift in his fortunes when his Grande Armee suffered heavy damage in the campaign and never recovered.

In 1813, the Sixth Coalition defeated Napoleon's forces at Leipzig and in 1814, the

Coalition invaded France. The Sixth Coalition forced Napoleon to abdicate and exiled him to the island of Elba. In less than a year, Napoleon escaped Elba and recaptured power. In 1815, the Seventh Coalition- Britain, Russia, Austria, and Prussia- defeated Napoleon and his army at the Battle of Waterloo in June 1815. The British imprisoned Napoleon on the island of Saint Helena in the South Atlantic Ocean for the last six years of his life.

Michel Linovich's life became entangled with Napoleon's ambitions and actions. At age 21, Michel found himself part of Napoleon's Imperial Guard and he served with his regiment in the 1806-1807 Prussian Campaign, fighting at Jena and Friedland. Napoleon decisively defeated the Prussians in a lightning campaign that came to a climax at the Battle of Jena-Auerstedt on October 14, 1806.

Michel's regiment participated in the advance on the Russian frontier and in the French victory at Friedland on June 14, 1807. France and Russia signed the Treaties of Tilsit in July 1807, and Russia agreed to join the Continental System, the embargo that Napoleon instituted against British trade which he began on November 21, 1806. The Battle of Friedland which Michel also fought in, ended the War of the Fourth Coalition against Napoleon which lasted 1806-1807, with the Russian army retreating in chaos over the Lyna River.

Michel Linovich Goes to Dalmatia And Then To Spain With General Lecchi's Division

Now age 23, Michel spent 1808-1810, with his battalion in Dalmatia and Spain with General Lecchi's Division. When Napoleon had created the Kingdom of Italy around the Adriatic Sea in 1805, he annexed the former Venetian Dalmatia as well and he used his soldiers to rule and keep order. Michel Linovich was one of these soldiers.

Michel's next assignment in Spain – the Provincial Campaign- proved to be more hazardous for him. Spain's struggle for freedom signified one of the first national wars and the creation of widespread bands of guerrillas- Spanish *guerrilleros*, Portuguese *guerrilha*- and English guerrillas.

Napoleon and his French troops occupied Spain and destroyed the Spanish government which broke into quarreling provincial ruling groups. In 1810, a new national government reemerged in Cadiz, but it couldn't raise effective armies. British and Portuguese forces secured Portugal and used it as a base to launch campaigns against the French Army. Spanish guerrilleros waged their own war

against the French. Napoleon's marshals couldn't subdue the rebellious Spanish provinces and the many years of fighting in Spain gradually wore down Napoleon's famous French Army. Years of fighting affected Michel as well.

Wounded in an assault in 1810, Michel Lino returned to Boretto and worked on his father's farm for two years. Then in 1812, when Michel was 27, Napoleon called his old soldiers to serve once again under his victorious eagles and Michel Lino rejoined the service as a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards. Under the command of Eugene Beauharnais of the Grande Armee, Michel Linovich marched off to fight the Russians.

Michel Linovich And The Russians

October 19, 1812, Napoleon's Grand Armee evacuated Moscow and marched southwest to Kaluga, with Beauharnais leading the advance. The Russians under Marshal Mikhail Kutuzov with about 15,000 men and 84 guns decided to hold out at the town of Maloyaroslavets on the Luzha River until reinforcements arrived. The French forces consisted part of the corps of Eugene de Beauharnais which numbered about 20,000 strong. The two armies met on October 24, 1812. General Raevski arrived with 10,000 more Russians, but the French, especially the Italian Royal Guard under Eugene de Beauharnais "fought like lions." Domenico Pion, Minister of War of the Kingdom of Italy, fought hard. The French won the battle, but they continued to retreat.

Michel Linovich fought with the General Pino's Fourteenth Division and after being severely wounded by the Cossacks of Platow, he was taken prisoner. The Cossacks transported Michel and a large convoy of French prisoners to Orenburg, a Russian city located on the Ural River over 900 miles from Moscow. From Orenburg, Michel and a few of his fellow soldiers were sent to a village located at the foot of the Caucasus Mountains, located in Eurasia between the Black Sea and the Caspian Sea. On the border of Europe and Asia, the Caucasus Region includes what is now Georgia, Armenia, and Azerbaijan.

For over ten years, Michel stayed in the village, working hard and suffering hardships. Finally he requested and received permission to join the Russian Army as a private soldier. As a Russian soldier, Michel Linovich fought in the campaign of the Caucasus in the Russo-Turkish War of 1828-1829. He was one of the 92,000 soldiers in the Russian Army that fought the Ottoman forces that Hussein Pasha commanded. After a year of fighting and Russian sieges, the Sultan signed the Treaty of Adrianople on September 14, 1829.

At the close of the Russo-Turkish War, the Russian government offered Michel Linovich a small piece of ground as a reward for his services and he faithfully cultivated it. In 1835 when Michel Linovich was 45, he married a Polish girl named Nerawska and they had three sons. She died in 1855, and eventually so did their three sons, leaving him alone in the world. He returned to Orenburg, formally Russianized his name to Michel Linovich, and lived there comfortably for many years.

Michel Linovich Comes Home to Italy

In 1889, famine swept through Orenburg and the surrounding region and unsettling revolutionary currents made the reign of the Russian Czars seem less autocratic and less divine. Perhaps influenced by the unsettling events happening around him or perhaps homesick for Italy, Michel Linovich decided to return to Italy after 78 years in exile.

Maurizio Marochetti, the Italian Ambassador at St. Petersburg, negotiated with the Italian government and Italy paid for Michel Linovich's return to his native country. Michel arrived at the Boretto railroad station, a tall, old man with a long white beard. He got off the train and handed the mayor of Boretto a feuille de route, or soldier's orders, signed by Baron Marochetti instructing the Italian people to take good care of him.

At 105 years old, Michel Linovich had survived a lifetime of battles and was one of the last of the Italian heroes who fought at Jena, Friedland, and Moscow. He spent the remainder of his years in an asylum for old people at Reggio, loved and respected.

Like Michel Linovich's story, the story of the feuille de route, the message that he handed the mayor of Boretto, has faded in and out of history and its meaning has changed through the years. The feuille de route, translated as a direct orders or road map that Marochetti sent to Baretto with Michel Linovich secured his safety and well being. By World War I, a feuille de route was interpreted as a document for soldiers ordering them to the front and setting out their exact itinerary to get there. Once again, the expression fell into disuse, with some French language dictionaries calling it archaic. Then in 2003, it came into use again with a slightly different twist during the United Nations attempt to resolve the Israeli Palestinian conflict.

For Michel Linovich, the feuille de route he handed to the mayor of Reggio was an order to return home that he was glad to obey.

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John Kissinger Volunteers to Get Yellow Fever



Dr. Walter Reed Conducted
Yellow Fever Experiments and
Private John Kissinger
Volunteered for Them.
Wikimedia Commons

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

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

In the year 1900, John Kissinger was a farm boy in Huntington, Indiana. He was born on the farm on July 25, 1877, and at 23, a private in the Indiana militia. With his unit, he came within a day's sailing distance of Cuba, but before he could fight in his front lines, the Rough Riders marched up San Juan Hill and the Spanish American War was over. He went home without seeing the enemy and without firing a shot.

John Kissinger Joins the Army and is Sent to Cuba

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

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

In Cuba, Yellow Fever is the Enemy

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

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

The Doctors Allow the Mosquitoes to Bite Them

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

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

Major Reed Praises Private John Kissinger

Seven days later, Private Kissinger lay in a hospital bed, racked with pain and burning with fever. The inoculation by the yellow fever mosquitoes had taken. In the eight days of his illness, the doctors learned more by studying Private Kissinger

than they had discovered in eight years of experimentation. His commanding officer Major Walter Reed said of him, "In my opinion, his exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

John's Health Suffers

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

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

John Kissinger Receives the Congressional Medal of Honor

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

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

Friends Help John and His Family Survive

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

with his own hands.

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

John Lectures Across the Country

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

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Charles White Whittlesey - Scholar, Soldier, Humanist



No one knows exactly what hour Charles White Whittlesey slipped out of his cabin on the United Fruit Company steamship *Toloa*, bound for Havana, Cuba. He had said a cordial goodnight to Captain Grant and his fellow passengers at about 11:15 on the night of November 26, 1921, and before he left the cabin that he had purposely chosen for its seclusion, he arranged nine letters in envelopes and a note for the captain on his bedspread. Then he went on deck, and by some accounts leaned over the rail, shot himself in the head with an army issue pistol and tumbled over the side, and by other accounts he simply climbed over the rail and fell into the cold embrace of the Atlantic Ocean.

No one in his time knew why this hero of World War I, who so many people besides his family and friends loved and respected, chose to end his life. A few

close friends like John Bayard Pruyn and Judge Charles L. Hibbard suspected that he suffered from what then was called shell shock -today thought to be a form of post traumatic stress syndrome,- but he had skillfully managed to hide the depths of his despair from almost everyone but himself. True to his character, he had resolutely decided on his course of action, and carried it out as persistently as he had fought with his men to survive in “The Pocket” in the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

Childhood Memories

Charles Whittlesey started his life as a small town boy. He was born January 20, 1884, in Florence, a small town in northwestern Wisconsin, the second oldest of six boys. His brother Timothy is not often mentioned in biographies of Colonel Whittlesey, but the 1910 census lists Timothy as a son of Frank and Anna Whittlesey, born in 1894. An older brother Frank had died before his first birthday, but Charles and his four younger brothers, Russell, Elisha, Timothy, and Melzar grew to adulthood. A story in the Centennial edition of the Florence Mining News detailed his early life in Florence, Wisconsin, and described some of his boyhood exploits.

Annie Elizabeth, the only girl born to the Whittleseys, died of “black diphtheria” in 1894 just before her ninth birthday. *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, Vo. 79, No. 16, October 13, 1922, sheds some light on what killed Annie. In an article called “Milk-Borne Diphtheria,” Dr. Malcolm Graham, MD and E. H. Golzza, BS, described an advanced case of diphtheria where the mucous membranes of the throat had turned from the normal red to a dirty, black appearance. Many children besides Annie died in the diphtheria epidemic that swept through the ranks of Wisconsin children like a winnowing scythe in the mid 1880s. Annie’s death affected her entire family deeply, but the loss of his only sister remained a sore spot in the soul of sensitive, bookish Charles for the rest of his life.

A New Englander by birth and inclination, their father Frank Whittlesey who hailed from Connecticut, traveled west with his two brothers to work in the lumber industries of Wisconsin and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. Frank used his salesmanship to buy land and foster good relations with the Indians and his expertise in things electrical to bring electricity to the mining and lumber towns of northern Wisconsin and Michigan. The town of Menomonee, Michigan, also brought him his wife Anna Elizabeth Gibbs who he married on October 5, 1881.

A December 1, 1921 article in *Wisconsin's Appleton Post Crescent* sheds a little light on why the Whittlesey's named their youngest son Melzar and where Charles went to school during part of his childhood. The story datelined Green Bay, said that old time Green Bay residents remembered Colonel Whittlesey believed to have drowned in the ocean as a school boy who attended the Old First Ward School back in the early 1890s. According to the story, Charlie's father Frank Whittlesey was engaged in logging somewhere in the north while Charlie and his brother went to school in Green Bay. They lived with Mrs. Melzar F. Merick, their aunt. Melzar F. Merick at that time was the president of the Citizens National Bank of Green Bay.

Charles Whittlesey, Scholar and Lawyer

In 1894, the same year Annie died, the Whittlesey family moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The newly created General Electric Company had acquired Frank's Company, Stanley Electric, and transferred him to Pittsfield, Massachusetts to work at the General Electric Company as a purchasing agent and later a production manager.

After graduating from Pittsfield High School, Charles enrolled at Williams College in Williamstown, about twenty miles away from Pittsfield. At Williams College, Charles shared a room with Max Eastman, who would later establish himself as a noted American writer, poet, and political activist. Charles embraced the socialist ideas of his friend and roommate and was a member of the American Socialist Party for a number of years before he resigned in disgust at what he considered the Party's increasing extremism.

At Williams, Charles developed his literary talents, joining St. Anthony Hall, a national college literary society. He served as Editor-in-Chief of the *Guilmersian*, the Williams College yearbook, and he was also the editor of the *Williams Literary Monthly* and the *Williams Record*. He wrote so frequently for the magazines that he edited that he was asked to write the essay on the "Literary Enterprises" of the Class of 1905 as well as for the Class book. His classmates nicknamed him "Count," for his aristocratic bearing and "Chick" because it was the popular nickname of their time for Charles. Noting his literary skills and inclinations and intellectual interests, they voted him the third brightest man in the Class of 1905.

In 1905, Charles Whittlesey graduated from Williams College and he went on to earn a law degree from Harvard, graduating from Harvard Law School in 1908. He established a law practice in New York City with Murray, Prentice & Howland

from 1908 to 1911 and in 1911 he went into law practice with his friend and Williams classmate John Bayard Pruyn at 2 Rector Street in New York City, residing at 136 East 44th Street.

Charles Whittlesey, Soldier

In August 1916, he graduated from the military training camp at Plattsburg, (the post office left off the h in Plattsburgh in those days) New York. On August 8, 1917, he was placed on active duty and asked to report to Camp Upton in Yaphank, Long Island, New York, where he received three months of training before he shipped out to Europe.

Charles Whittlesley had successfully completed a military training program for civilian called the Plattsburg Movement. In 1913 during spring break Lieutenant Henry T. Bull, Cornell University's professor of military science, rode the train from Ithaca, New York to Washington D.C. to confer with General Leonard Wood, the Army's Chief of Staff. He urged General Wood to allow qualified students to be attached to regular army units for a month or more in the summer. The students would participate in the program strictly as volunteer civilians and would not be required to enlist in the Army.

President Woodrow Wilson's secretary of War Lindley M. Garrison supported the program and soon volunteers were training in several camps around the country. By 1914, war swept over Europe, making military preparedness take on a greater urgency in America, including New York. Hundreds of men in their thirties and forties volunteered for a summer camp at Plattsburg Barracks upstate New York, including Quentin Roosevelt and Theodore Roosevelt Jr. The Plattsburg camp which continued into 1915 provided a supplement to the camps for college men and was officially known as the Business Men's Camp because so many businessmen and attorneys like Charles Whittlesey trained there.

Charles Whittlesey, War Hero

In May 1917, Charles Whittlesey left his profitable law partnership with John Bayard Pruyn and joined the United States Army. He shipped out to France as a captain in the 77th Division, called the Metropolitan Division because mostly New York City men from the Lower East side filled its ranks. In Europe, he served with the 77th Division, 308th Battalion Headquarters Company and after participating in defensive actions behind the British front and in the Luneville Defensive Section, beginning in August 1918, his division moved into combat in the Vesle,

Aisne, Argonne and Meuse offensives.

In October 1918, several companies of Major Charles Whittlesey's battalion were cut off for several days without food or ammunition. Although a formidable group of military officials, historians, and others blamed Major Whittlesey's excessive zeal and inexperience for the battalion's predicament, an equally formidable group of supporters argue that the battalion's successful advance and the stalled advance on the Allied troops on the battalion's flanks had left them in their vulnerable position.

The 308th Infantry found itself cut off in The Pocket, a hill between Charleveaux Brook and the old Roman road and a railroad. German troops bombarded them with machine gun and trench mortar attacks and they even endured friendly fire from the 50th Aero Squadron who were confused about the coordinate of The Pocket. The chain of human runners from The Pocket to Headquarters had been disintegrated, forcing Major Whittlesey to use homing pigeons to communicate with Headquarters. He sent Cher Ami as the last communications pigeon on October 4, to stop the friendly fire.

Early on October 7, 1918, the same day that Allied troops arrived to rescue the "Lost Battalion" as the newspapers dubbed it, the German Commanding Officer who surrounded the 308th sent an American prisoner with a letter requesting that Major Whittlesey surrender his battalion for humanitarian reasons. Major Whittlesey and his second-in-command George McMurtry did not even acknowledge the request for surrender and Major Whittlesey pulled in the white panels he used to signal Allied planes in case the German mistook them for surrender flags.

The American Press reported that Major Whittlesey had replied "Go to Hell," in answer to the surrender request, but he later said that he had not answered the German letter because no reply was necessary.

On October 7, hours after the German request for surrender, several runners broke through the German lines to the south and lead advancing Allied troops to The Pocket. The 308th had been rescued! When the Germans first surrounded the companies of the 308th Battalion on October 2, the 308th numbered 554 men. When the Battalion was rescued on October 7, 107 soldiers had been killed, 63 were missing and 190 wounded. Only 194 men were able to walk out of The Pocket.

After the rescue of his “Lost Battalion,” the Army promoted Charles Whittlesey from Major to Lieutenant Colonel, relieved him from further duty and honorably discharged him. He returned to the United States and on December 6, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Whittlesey received the Congressional Medal of Honor as did his second in command George McMurtry.

Colonel Charles Whittlesey, Veteran

After Armistice Day -November 11, 1918- thanks in part to the American Press the story of the Lost Battalion became one of the most reported and talked about World War I events. In 1919, Hollywood made the story of the Lost Battalion into a movie, starring many of the soldiers who had actually taken part in the mission, including Lieutenant Colonel Charles Whittlesey.

Lieutenant Colonel Whittlesey tried to return to his career as an attorney at Pruyn and Whittlesey and later at the Wall Street firm of White & Case, but he discovered that he could not recapture his quiet life. He had become a national hero and since the Lost Battalion was one of the most recounted World War I stories, many organizations asked him to speak about his war experiences.

Idealistic, modest, and sensitive, Lt. Colonel Whittlesey limited his war reminiscences to praising the enlisted men who had fought with him, calling them common soldiers who had not been recognized for their uncommon bravery and patriotism. When Colonel Whittlesey did speak about the War, he advocated pacifism, and endorsed the idea of a League of Nations as a promise of lasting peace. He continually stressed the valor of America listed men, encouraging people to remember that “those who have been picked out for special praise are the symbols of the men behind them. No man ever does anything alone. It’s the chaps you don’t hear about that make possible the deed you do hear about.”

Instead of gradually receding with time, Lt. Colonel Whittlesey’s fame increased and he found himself in constant demand for speeches, parades, and honorary degrees. He visited wounded soldiers in New York City area hospitals and delivered eulogies at funerals of soldiers he had known. He marched with soldiers in a July 4 parade in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. He went to the first New York State American Legion convention in Rochester and actively participated in the Roll Call, an annual membership drive supporting the New York City Red Cross. The pain of war seemed to overwhelm Colonel Whittlesey. He said to a friend, “Not a day goes by but I hear from some of my old outfit, usually about some sorrow or misfortune. I cannot bear it much more.”

In 1921, the Army promoted him to Colonel of the reserve division of the 108th, an honor he reluctantly accepted. The military asked Colonel Whittlesey to serve as a pall bearer at the ceremonies to honor the Unknown Soldier at Arlington National Cemetery on November 11, 1921. It is possible that Colonel Whittlesey knew that another Whittlesey, Brigadier General Eliphalet Whittlesey, rested in Arlington in Section ED SS Site 1110. Brigadier General Whittlesey who died on September 30, 1909, had taught at Bowdoin College and served as Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners for 25 years. He fought in the Civil War under General Oliver Otis Howard and after the War, he became a professor at Howard University. Like Charles Whittlesey, he too received honorary degrees and accolades.

Colonel Charles Whittlesey, Missing in Action

Friends and relatives noticed that Colonel Whittlesey seemed moody and depressed after the Unknown Soldier ceremonies at Arlington. He also had a racking cough probably an after effect from being gassed during the War that kept him awake at night and disturbed the other people at the rooming house where he lived. He mentioned to a fellow boarder that he might take a cruise to get away from things. After his speech at a Red Cross dinner he told his dinner partner that “Raking over the ashes like this revives all the horrible memories. I’ll hear the wounded screaming again. I have nightmares about them. I can’t remember when I had a good night’s sleep.”

Colonel Whittlesey put his affairs in order and on November 24, 1921 without telling any of his family or friends of his traveling plans he boarded the *S.S. Toloa*. On the night of November 26, 1921, two days out of New York, he stayed up late reminiscing and telling war stories with Captain Grant and the crew. Then he excused himself and went to his cabin.

When Captain Grant of the *Toloa* notified Colonel Whittlesey’s friends and relatives that he had been lost at sea, they couldn’t believe the news because he hadn’t told anyone about his travel plans. He had left letters addressed to his parents, his brothers Elisha and Melzar, his uncle Granville Whittlesey and his friends George McMurtry, J. Bayard Pruyn, Robert Forsyth Little and Herman Livingston, Jr. He didn’t reveal the reason for his suicide in any of the letters and no one publicized them. He also left a note to Captain Grant in his cabin directing the disposition of the baggage he left in his stateroom.

In his will found among the papers in his law office, Colonel Whittlesey left the famous German letter asking for surrender to George McMurtry and his Cross of the Legion of Honor to his closest friend John Bayard Pruyn.

On December 11, 1919, at the memorial service in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Judge Charles L. Hibbard, a friend of the family recounted Colonel Whittleseys career and trial by fire in battle. He concluded his remarks by saying,

“You say, ‘He had so much to live for – family, friends, and all that makes life sweet.’ No, my friends, life’s span for him was measured those days in that distant forest. He had plumbed the depth of tragic suffering; he had heard the world’s applause; he had seen and touched the great realities of life; and what remained was of little consequence. He craved rest, peace and sweet forgetfulness. He thought it out quietly, serenely, confidently, minutely. He came to a decision not lightly or unadvisedly, and in the end did what he thought was best, and in the comfort of that thought we too must rest. ‘Wounded in action,’ aye, sorely wounded in heart and soul and now most truly ‘missing in action.’”

Colonel Charles Whittlesey-Shell Shock, Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome?

Colonel Whittlesey’s family, friends, and contemporaries tried to come up with reasons for his suicide. Some of his friends and family believed that his sensitivity, modesty, ambivalent feelings about being treated as a hero, and the lasting effects of War’s destruction drove him to suicide. Others thought that perhaps he felt guilty about the possibility that he had given incorrect coordinates to The Pocket, causing friendly fire to rain on his men or thinking perhaps his refusal to surrender to the Germans may have led to increased casualties for the 308th Battalion.

Memories of lost friends must have weighed on Colonel Whittlesey’s mind. He must have agonized in private over his Harvard classmate, fellow Plattsburg Movement soldier and fellow lawyer Eddie Grant . After Eddie Grant graduated from Harvard Law School, he played several seasons of professional baseball for the Cincinnati Reds and New York Giants and then he retired and established a law practice.

Eddie Grant enlisted in the Army when the United States entered World War I in 1917, serving as a Captain in the 77th Infantry Division. All of his superior officers were killed or wounded during the fierce battle of the Meuse-Argonne offensive and Captain Grant commanded his troops on a four day search for the Lost Battalion that his friend Major Charles Whittlesey commanded. On October 5, 1918, an exploding shell killed Captain Grant. The first Major League Baseball

player killed in action in World War I, he was buried at the Meuse-Argonne American Cemetery in Romagne, France.

His World War I experiences certainly weighed heavily on the mind and heart of Charles White Whittlesey as he returned home to make his peace with peacetime. When Captain Grant sent the wireless message that Colonel Whittlesey had disappeared from the *Tolosa*, the news broke in newspapers all over the country, with a detailed story about him appearing in the New York Times.

In Colonel Whittlesey's era, medical and military people and civilians to a lesser extent used the term "shell shock" to describe what modern medical science calls Post Traumatic Stress Disorder(PTSD). It is impossible to psychoanalyze a long dead soldier without straying into the realms of speculation and imagination, but twenty-first century understanding of PTSD compels thoughtful consideration of Colonel Whittlesey's reactions to the horrors of the First World War.

Soldier Against His Nature

Charles White Whittlesey hated war. He considered war morally unacceptable and recoiled at the thought of the country that he loved entering a World War. Relatives of his had fought in the Civil War, including the Brigadier General Whittlesey buried in Arlington National Cemetery. He believed that war held no glory, just destruction of land, resources, and people, but he obeyed the call of his country and fought bravely enough to become a legend. He sought neither medals for war nor accolades in peace, but he received both. He sought forgetfulness on the *Tolosa*, but he is still remembered.

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George Hamann and Donald Lardie: Shipmates aboard U.S.S. Enterprise (CV-6)



When George Hamann (right) of Menomonee Falls, Wisconsin, was drafted into the Navy in 1943, he wasn't certain of where he was going, but he didn't think it would be Farragut, Idaho. Eventually, George was trained to be a store keeper at the Bremerton, Washington Navy Yard, and assigned to the U.S.S. Enterprise.

Donald Lardie (left) of West Allis, Wisconsin, enlisted in the Navy in 1943 and was trained in Fire Control Service at the Great Lakes Naval Training Base. After he learned to control the firing of guns like those on the Enterprise, he was sent to Seattle to board the ship herself in September 1943. Donald's sea-going rating was Fire Control Seaman 1/C and he was one of the Enterprise gunners who manned the 20mm and 40mm guns.

“Over all, I traveled about 196,000 miles on water, and after the first few weeks adjustment period, I never got seasick,” he remembered.

George has a briefcase bulging with information about his Enterprise stint and can answer questions about her almost at the drop of a salute. Donald has a “Life Magazine” article and several other stories about the Enterprise and his time aboard her. She is part of their lives still.

The U.S.S. Enterprise began her own life story with her October 3, 1936 launching. She was built at a reported cost of about \$25,000,000, with the space for more than 100 aircraft. On December 7, 1941, she was sailing the open sea on the way to Pearl Harbor. The Japanese considered her a prime target, but they did not bomb her the way they did so many battleships tied up at Pearl Harbor.

Less than two months after Pearl Harbor, the Enterprise spearheaded the task force

under Admiral William F. Halsey which smashed the Japanese bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. This was the first U.S. offensive thrust after Pearl Harbor. She participated in attacks on Marcus and Wake Islands and provided patrols and fighter protection for the U.S.S. Hornet when it participated in the bombing of Tokyo. The Enterprise fought at the Battle of Midway, was struck by three bombs in the Battle of Stewart Island on August 24, 1942, and suffered bomb hits and casualties in the battle of Santa Cruz. Planes from the Enterprise wiped out a fleet of twenty Japanese transports and possibly 200,000 soldiers aboard them in the Battle of Guadalcanal. On January 29, 1943, it destroyed twelve of thirteen Japanese torpedo planes which had sunk the U.S.S. Chicago.

According to the Navy, the Enterprise was the first carrier to strike offensively at the enemy and throughout her career she damaged the Japanese at an estimated eight to ten times of her original cost. She absorbed terrific punishment, refuting the notion that “flat tops were hopelessly vulnerable.”

The Enterprise was commanded from March to July 1942 by Captain George Murray of Washington; from July to November 1942 by Captain Arthur C. Davis of Worcester, Massachusetts; and from November 1942 to April 1943 by Captain Osborne B. Hardison of Wadesboro, North Carolina. The commanding officer in the summer of 1943 when George Hamann came aboard the Enterprise was Captain S.P. Ginder of Altoona, Pennsylvania.

During the time George Hamann served on the Enterprise from August 1943 until June 1945, it participated in the Bonin Island, Formosa, and Philippine island raids. The Enterprise fought in the French Indo-Chinese Theater, and on January 16, 1944, participated in the battle for Hong Kong-Canton. George recalls this vividly. “We were so close to this one we could see the planes dropping bombs on Canton.”

During the time he served on the Enterprise, George remembers about 150 general quarters alerts which meant that every man had to report to his battle station. Many battles did take place because from December 24, 1944 to May 31, 1945, the Enterprise operated as a specialized carrier. It supported the Luzon Landings, strikes at Okinawa, Tokyo, Iwo Jima, Kyushu, and Kaito-Gunto, and made a total of 1,022 night sorties.

Both George Hamann and Donald Lardie recall that their battle gear was dark blue dungarees, blue dungaree shirts, and royal blue caps. Their clothing was flash proof in case of fire, and everyone wore life preservers all of the time.

“She was the most decorated ship in the war,” George says proudly.

The statistics bear out his statement. The U.S.S. Enterprise earned 20 out of 22 possible Pacific battle stars, knocked down 911 Japanese aircraft, sank 71 enemy ships, and damaged 192 enemy ships. She was damaged 15 times by enemy actions- more than any other carrier – and six times the Japanese optimistically announced that they had sunk her.

Donald and George were both aboard the Enterprise on May 14, 1945, when shortly after dawn she took a hit through the forward elevator into the interior of the ship from a perfectly placed kamikaze plane. The Enterprise was off Kyushu, the southernmost of the Japanese home islands. The kamikaze bore down on the Enterprise despite a hail of anti-aircraft fire. It struck and its delayed action bomb crashed through the elevator deck and the deck below, landing in compartment 305-A before exploding.

The concussion threw one large section of the elevator at least 400 feet in the air and exploded the flight deck for 116 feet. But despite the damage done to her, the Enterprise was still lucky. Compartment 305-A was loaded with rags and toilet paper, two things perfect for absorbing the downward and horizontal thrust of the explosion. Crews had put out the fires within half an hour.

George and Donald express the pride the men assigned to her felt. This pride was reflected in most of the activities on board, including sporting events, gunnery, engineering, aviation, and ship handling. When Enterprise sailors went ashore, they vigorously defended their reputation of being the best ship afloat in local bars and with other service personnel. “I’m not sorry I served aboard her. It was for a good cause and I’d do it all over again if I had to,” George says

Donald stayed with the Enterprise after VJ-Day and sailed on her last voyage which was to rescue a Liberty Ship which had broken up off the Azores Islands. The Enterprise picked up sailors and WAVES in January 1946.

At the end of the war the Enterprise wore her battle scars proudly. She had very few compartments above the fourth deck level that had not been damaged. Many of her pipe lines had temporary patches of sheet rubber with a sheet metal clamp over it to stop a leak. Temporary electrical connections were twisted wires covered with black electrical friction tape. There were many scars, shrapnel holes, and temporary structures throughout the ship. In 1945 one bomb exploded below the

No. 3 propeller with the effect of a depth charge, causing considerable damage to engineering spaces. She was badly scarred and worn after nine years of arduous service to her country. Eventually the Enterprise could not perform and compete with the newer ships and aircraft. She was decommissioned and in 1959, she was scrapped.

Donald Lardie's epitaph for her speaks for the thousands of men who served on the U.S.S. Enterprise. "She was so big she was a city in herself. I had some good times on her and some scary times, and I hated to see her scrapped."

Milwaukee Sailors Adam Piotruszewicz and Roy Lepsey Aboard the U.S. Milwaukee



Milwaukee sailors Adam John Piotruszewicz(left) and Roy Lepsey (right) did their World War II Navy service aboard the *U.S.S. Milwaukee*, a ship almost as young as they were.

The third ship to bear the name Milwaukee, CL-5 was a light cruiser with a length of 555'6", draft of 13'6" and a speed of 34 knots. An Omaha class cruiser, she had 10-21 torpedo tubes and was fitted with a powerful echo sounder. She was built at a cost of \$7,500,000 and commissioned on June 20, 1923 at Tacoma, Washington with Captain William C. Asserson in command of a crew of 29 officers and 429 enlisted men.

Captain Asserson reported to the Commandant, 13th Naval District, at Seattle, Washington and then went to Tacoma for duty in connection with fitting out the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* at the Todd Drydock and Construction Corporation. The captain had to deal with the problems of new construction as well as with the problems caused by a long delay in construction of the *Milwaukee*. One of these problems developed while she gathered barnacles alongside the pier in Tacoma. A coil of steel cable rusted into the steel weather deck in the vicinity of the anchor engine. No amount of paint could cover the ring shaped depression which was still visible when the ship was transferred to the Russians in 1944.

The Milwaukee's shakedown cruise took her to Hawaii, Australia, the Fiji Islands

and New Caledonia for the Pan Pacific Scientific Congress which opened in Sydney, Australia on August 23, 1923. The *Milwaukee* was filled with the newest, most sophisticated sonic depth finding equipment and gathered knowledge of the Pacific Ocean as she served there in the two decades between the world wars.

Despite her Pacific Ocean cruising, two highlights of the *Milwaukee's* peacetime service occurred in the Caribbean. On October 24, 1926, the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* and the *U.S.S. Goff* steamed into the Isle of Pines at Guantanamo Bay to help victims of a fierce hurricane which had ravaged the island four days before. The two American ships set up a medical center at the city hall in Neuva Gerone, donated over 50 tons of food to the devastated area, replaced downed telephone lines, and maintained wireless communications with the outside world. The efficient and tireless work of the crews made many loyal friends for the American Navy.

On February 14, 1939 the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* steamed north of Hispaniola and Puerto Rico and set a world record. She recorded the greatest depth to be discovered in the Atlantic Ocean, 5041 fathoms or 30,246 feet and the spot has been called "The Milwaukee Depth" since then.

Japanese and German totalitarianism reached out to draw the *Milwaukee* in their talons. In December 1937, the Japanese bombed the U.S. gunboat *Panay* in the Yangtze River near Hankow, China. The *Milwaukee* was part of the U.S. Navy's response to the challenge. She got underway from San Diego on January 3, 1938, on a cruise to the Far East, including Singapore, the Philippines, and Guam returning home April 27 as tensions abated.

On December 7, 1941, the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. When Japan struck, the *Milwaukee* was being overhauled in the New York Navy Yard. Under Captain Forest B. Royal, she departed New York on December 31, 1941, to escort a convoy to the Caribbean. She arrived at Balboa in January 1942, and transited the Panama Canal. She escorted eight troop transports to the Society Islands, returning to the Atlantic through the Panama Canal on March 7, 1942. Roy Lepsey was aboard the *Milwaukee* during 1941 and 1942, while she helped the U.S. Naval war effort get underway.

After stopping at Trinidad, the *Milwaukee* proceeded to Recife, Brazil, where she joined the South Atlantic Patrol Force. It is at this point that the paths of Ada John Pietruszewicz, and the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* merged with each other for two years. Adam joined the Navy late in 1941 and spent most of 1942 and 1943 cruising on the *Milwaukee*. During 1942 and 1943, the *Milwaukee* made many patrols from the

ports of Brazil, traveling from the border of French Guiana, down to Rio de Janeiro and across the Atlantic Narrows almost to the African coast.

On May 9, 1942, the *Milwaukee* received an SOS from the Brazilian Merchantman *S.S. Commandant Lyra*. It had been torpedoed by a German submarine off the coast of Brazil and the *Milwaukee* crew rescued 25 men including the ship's captain. November 21, 1942, was another day of action for the *Milwaukee*. A task group of ships including the *U.S.S. Milwaukee*, the *U.S.S. Cincinnati*, and the *U.S.S. Somers* challenged the German motorship *Anneliese Easberger*, and scuttled and sank her. The *Milwaukee* picked up 62 prisoners and disembarked them at Recife, Brazil on November 24, 1942.

The year 1943 saw Adam Pietruszewicz disembarking too. He was transferred to the naval warehouse at Recife, where he served as the GSK store keeper in charge. Later in the year, he went back to the *Milwaukee* and cruised with her from 1943-1944.

June 1943, was a memorable month for the *Milwaukee*. In the early part of the month while operating in the South Atlantic at about 24 degrees south latitude and 20 degrees west longitude, the *Milwaukee* was rammed by the *Omaha*. *Milwaukee* sailors remember it well. James Lyman said the collision happened at least 500 miles out of Recife. Snowy Hemphill said, "The *Omaha* was passing to take station ahead of us. Her Waterbury steering gear went out and her rudder jammed."

Captain Berthelotte's story went this way: "The *Omaha*'s bow struck our portside about the area of the F & T Division sleeping area forward of the Logroom. Then her starboard anchor caught in an airport in the machine shop and tore out a section of the side."

The remainder of the month of June 1943, was taken up with ordinary shipboard life, as recorded in the *Milwaukee's* log. On June 3, E.G. Phillips, AOM, was admitted to the sick bay for a contusion of the right foot. Phillips was hurt while lowering an aviation depth charge down the ladder of No. 3 hatch. The bomb slipped off the hatch and struck his right foot. Between June 15-18, the ship was apparently underway and arrived at Trinidad on July 19, 1943. On June 24, the *Milwaukee* arrived in some port of the U.S., because several of the passengers were transferred.

The *U.S.S. Milwaukee* continued its South Atlantic Patrol and departed New York

with Convoy UT-9 on February 27, 1944, enroute to Belfast, Ireland. In March, the *Milwaukee* joined Convoy JW-58, composed of 49 ships enroute to Murmansk, Russia. The *Milwaukee* was on the way to be turned over to the Soviet Northern fleet. She saw some exciting action before she reached Russia. One day German planes shadowed the convoy and were shot down by fighter planes launched by HMS activity. A wolfpack tried to penetrate the convoy screen during the night of March 31, 1944, but was driven off. The following night seven U-boats shadowed the convoy, but were driven off and that morning carrier-based planes reported sinking a U-boat about ten miles astern.

On April 4, 1944, four escorts of the Russian Navy joined the Convoy, now headed for Archangel, and a few hours later, the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* left the convoy and headed for Kola Inlet. There on April 20, 1944, the ship was transferred on loan to the Soviet Union. An excerpt from the ship's log of that day tells the story:

“11:04 – In accordance with instructions emanating from the President of the United States of America, the American Ambassador, Moscow U.S.S.R., Mr. W.A. Harriman, and the Commander Twelfth Fleet, the *U.S.S. Milwaukee* was officially delivered to and accepted by the Navy of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics at Vaengea Bay, U.S.S.R. At this time the American Ensign was lowered and the flag of the U.S.S.R. was raised. The transfer was effected by Captain C.F. Fielding, U.S.N., representing the United States of America and Commodore Zubkov, U.S.S.R. Navy, representing the Navy of the U.S.S.R.

Upon the lowering of the Ensign of the United States of America, the American watch was ordered secured by the commanding officer and the Russian watch was ordered secured by the Russian commanding officer. Upon assumption of command by Commander Zubkov, U.S.S.R. Navy, the name of the *Milwaukee* was changed to *Murmansk*. The transfer of the *Milwaukee* was effected by the signing of a bilateral deed by Captain C.F. Fielding, authorized representative of the United States of America, and Commander Zubkov, authorized representative of the U.S.S.R. The American crew, consisting of 32 officers and 372 enlisted men remained on board as guests of the Soviet Navy, awaiting the arrival of British escorts.

Then the entire personnel, with the exception of six officers and 32 enlisted men remained in the *Murmansk* for the purpose of instructing Russian Naval personnel, returned in escorts of convoy RA-59 with orders to report to the Commander of Twelfth Fleet.

After five years of service under the Russian flag, the *Murmansk* was transferred

back to the Americans at Lewes, Delaware, in March 1949. Captain Joseph U. Lademan Jr., a native of Milwaukee, boarded the cruisers and was greeted by six side boys and Russian Commander V. Kotov. Three Russian flags were lowered from the cruiser, a Russian bugler sounded attention, and 150 Soviet and 25 American sailors stood at attention on the main deck as the Soviet National Anthem sounded.

The highlight of the ceremony occurred when Captain Lademan returned the receipt the Russians had given the U.S. government in 1944 for the *Milwaukee* to Admiral E.G. Glenkov, Soviet Naval Attaché in Washington. The 150 Russian seamen were taken in Navy tugs to the freighter *Molotov*, lying one-quarter mile away in the Delaware Bay.

As soon as the transfer was completed, the *Molotov* left the bay and sailed out into the Atlantic. The American sailors from Fort Miles, Delaware, began boarding the *Milwaukee*. Seaman Ray Cash said, "I got to see the *Milwaukee* after she was returned by the Russians and she was not a very pretty sight."

On October 27, 1949, on Navy Day, the *Milwaukee's* name was struck from the Navy list. On December 20, 1949, she was sold to the American Shipbreakers Inc., Wilmington, Delaware for \$148,000 or 1/50th of her initial cost of \$7,500,000. Her helm rests in the conference room at the Milwaukee Port Authority.

The *U.S.S. Milwaukee*, CL5, had a long, interesting life. She was in the thick of World War II, yet was never touched by enemy bombs or shells. The only known torpedoes fired at her failed to explode. She was rammed four times and nearly blown-up by another ship alongside the dock. She steamed from 74 degrees north latitude to 40 degrees south and visited every continent except Antarctica. She transited the Panama Canal 21 times, and the equator at least 44 times. She remains a living memory to the men who served aboard her, including Adam Piotruszewicz and Roy Lepsey.

This poem expresses the way most of the sailor aboard the *Milwaukee* felt about her:

"The Mighty Milly still sails on in seas of pleasant memories and we shall not forget her in the days that yet remain. We feel her noble presence still guides us on our course."

Clarence and Mildred Beltmann - Persevering Through Hard Times



This interview was one of many I did of World War II veterans. I post this in their honor and in appreciation of the sacrifices of all veterans.)

Clarence and Mildred Beltmann of Hubertus, Wisconsin, were in separate branches of the armed services during World War II, but they managed to persevere through the hard times and to survive Clarence's five months in four German prisoner of war camps.

Back then the Beltmanns were both from Milwaukee and they went together for four years before the war. Clarence enlisted in the army the night before Pearl Harbor and became a mess sergeant after attending cooks and bakers school. He

joined the 9th Army at Fort Riley, Kansas, and sailed overseas on the *Queen Mary*. After leaving England and France, Clarence ended up on the Siegfried Line during the Battle of the Bulge.

The date was December 18, 1944, and the time was about 5 pm in the afternoon. Dusk blanketed the besieged town where Clarence and his company fought a German mortar barrage from inside the few houses that still stood in the village.

Meanwhile back in the United States Mildred was working as a teller at the Marshall & Illsley Bank in Milwaukee, but she wanted to do something for the war effort. In the fall of 1943, she enlisted in the Navy because “it sounded exciting and my mother said I would never do it.”

Mildred didn't know exactly how long she would be a WAVE, but she counted the days until the war would be over so she and Clarence could be married. She underwent her boot camp training as a specialized store keeper at Hunter College, New York, and she was assigned to the U.S. Naval Receiving Station based in Chicago. Here she did many phases of storekeeping in the disbursing office until October 1945.

On January 16, 1944, Clarence's mother, Mrs. Mable Thoss of Milwaukee received a telegram from the secretary of war informing her that “your son technician fifth grade Clarence W. Beltmann has been reported missing in action since December 20 in Luxembourg.”

Another telegram dated April 7, 1945, informed his mother that Clarence was a German prisoner of war. Both his mother and Mildred were happy about this telegram. “When I read that one, I knew there was hope again,” Mildred said.

In his diary which he calls “Notes of Prisoner Life,” Clarence described how his company was taken near Befort, Luxembourg on the Siegfried Line. His company was called to defend a gap between the first and third American armies. He estimated that the Germans outnumbered the Americans 20-1 in this sector and they quickly surrounded his unit. After a night of combat, an explosion from a German bazooka hurled their small group to the floor and flung a few others to the opposite wall. The men checked their condition and they discovered that they were badly shaken and a few of them suffered broken bones from the concussion. Clarence had a dislocated knee and a badly wrenched back.

As the morning progressed and regiment after regiment of Germans marched past

the house, Clarence's unit realized they were witnessing a major offensive. The group voted and decided to surrender because there was no food and water in the house and it seemed improbable that the American Army could rescue them.

As Clarence puts it: "Two of the men being married, we decided to surrender instead of resisting. We therefore marched or rather crawled and hobbled downstairs not knowing whether we would be shot or taken prisoner..."

The men were taken prisoner and before this ordeal ended, Clarence would be quartered in four German POW camps or Stalags. One of the things he remembers best is the terrible food and sanitary conditions. "We had coffee, black bread and soup that wasn't fit to eat," he wrote. He recalled sleeping on the floor on straw which had been used by prisoners for months. Most of the prisoners had lice and dysentery.

Describing long marches to different camps, always just a step ahead of the Russians, Clarence recorded the ups and downs of POW life. He utilized his time by writing his diary, including poetry to Mildred and making a belt of buttons from uniforms of many different armies, including British, French and German. Eventually the Germans were in a complete rout and the Russians and Americans joined forces at Rostock. Liberation drew nearer for Clarence and his fellow prisoners.

During his last days as a POW, Clarence wrote, "Many Americans have been going into Barth souvenir hunting and quite a few have been killed by German snipers or by drunken Russian soldiers who insist on firing their guns to terrorize the populace. I decided to stay close to the Stalag as I had come this far and intended to reach home in one piece."

On May 13, 1945, in the late afternoon, many airplanes landed and the men boarded them early the next morning to start their trip home. The terse telegram Clarence's mother received on May 29, 1945, said it all for Clarence and Mildred:

"The Secretary of War desires me to inform you that your son, T/5 Beltmann Clarence W., returned to military control..."

When Clarence finally was scheduled to meet Mildred at the train station in Milwaukee, his train arrived early. Taking advantage of the situation, he sneaked up behind Mildred and grabbed her. "I was just getting ready to punch him when I realized who it was. I hugged him instead," she said.

Clarence and Mildred were married in July 1945 and are the parents of two sons and five grandchildren. In 1985, they returned to Barth which was then in East Germany, for a reunion of POWs and their wives. The Russians, East Germans, and Americans enjoyed a four hour dinner and Mildred danced with a Russian soldier.

When Clarence retired from the Prudential Insurance Company, he and Mildred were involved with Veteran Administration support groups for ex-POWs suffering from flashbacks and health problems. He also did historical recordings of prisoner experiences for the VA library.

He said that “to some prisoners, the war is as real as if it happened yesterday. They still can’t talk about it. If I can help them a little, the whole experience I had was worth it.”

One of the poems Clarence Beltmann wrote to Mildred while he was a POW.

Waiting

When you’re far away from the one you love

Stop and gaze at the heavens above

Whether the time be sun scorched noon

Or a frosty night with a glittering moon.

And there above in that realm of space

I see not a sun or moon, but a face

A beautiful face with a tender smile

Which tells me she’s waiting to make life worthwhile.

Perhaps tonight from here windowpane

She's gazing aloft on her lips my name
As she prays to God way up above
To watch over, keep safe, and return her love.
So when you're alone and feeling forlorn
Watch into the night and the coming moon
And remember that westward across the blue
She's watching and waiting the same as you.

Christmas Eve 1942- A Sailor Goes AWOL To Milwaukee



The Sailor Longs to Extend His leave in Milwaukee

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

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

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

The Sailor Has Family Reasons for An Extended Leave

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

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

The Sailor Would Have An Easy Time Going AWOL

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

What would his mother do this year with both of her sons gone? Would she set up the manger scene and the church anyway? If he started for home right now, he would get there in time to go downtown shopping with her for last minute decorations. His mother loved to go into the stores at Christmas time because she thought Christmas brought out the magic buried in people's hearts the rest of the year. His mother loved the lights, the decorated Christmas trees and the carols. She loved the Christmas cooking and baking and basting and tasting and even the Christmas clutter and constant vigilance it took to keep Bing from biting a certain blue light on the Christmas tree. He ignored all of the other lights, but the blue one which he tried to attack and destroy. The sailor laughed, thinking of the yearly battle between his mother and Bing.

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

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

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

This Christmas the Sailor Could Go AWOL

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

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

The Sailor Earns His Stripes in the Mediterranean

The sailor took special training and passed his sonar exams. The United States Navy assigned minesweepers to sweep mines ahead of the invasion forces at Anzio Beachhead and Sicily. When his minesweeper wasn't taking part in invasions, it

visited different Italian and French ports to clear mine fields that the Germans had planted. The sailor earned his third stripe for minesweeping off the coast of France.

The Sailor Still Would Resist the Train Whistle

The sailor survived World War II. He knew that a minesweeper was one of the most dangerous places to serve in a war, but he still would serve again because it was the right thing to do for his country. Train whistles still make him sad and stir memories.

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

Organizations that Record Veteran's Stories

[The Great Lakes Naval Museum Website](#)

[Veterans History Project](#)

[Take a Veteran to School Day](#)

The Five Sullivan Brothers Stick Together and Answer Pearl Harbor



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

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

The Sullivans Have a Large Family

Thomas Sullivan and Alleta Abel were married in 1914 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church and they eventually settled down at 98 Adams Street in Waterloo, Iowa. Thomas worked for the Illinois Central Railroad, a steady job that he needed, because soon he and Alleta like the Irish-Catholic families of that generation, had a large family. George Thomas was born on December 14, 1914; Francis Henry was born on February 18, 1916; Genevieve Marie was born on February 19, 1917; Joseph Eugene was born on August 28, 1918; Madison Abel was born on

November 8, 1919; and Albert Leo was born on July 8, 1922. The Sullivan's last child Kathleen Mae was born in April 1931, but died of pneumonia five months after her birth.

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

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

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

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

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

Aletta Sullivan "Cried A Little" When Joseph, Francis, Albert, Madison, and George Sullivan heard about their friend Bill Ball's death, they marched into the Naval recruiting office together. They wanted to avenge their friend if they could do it together, they told the recruiter. Their motto had always been, "We Stick Together," and they intended to stick together. The Sullivan's hometown paper, *The Waterloo Iowa Courier* featured a series of stories of about soldiers getting ready to go to war and asked Aletta Sullivan how she felt about all five of her sons going to war together. "I remember I was crying a little," she said.

George Thomas Sullivan summed up the feelings of all of the brothers when he said, "Well I guess our minds are made up, aren't they fellows? And, when we go

in we want to go in together. If the worst comes to the worst, why we'll all have gone down together.”

The Sullivan Boys Are Assigned to the Juneau

These words would come back to haunt Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and their daughter Genevieve. Both Gunner's Mate George, 27, and Coxswain Francis Henry, 25, had already served in the Navy for four years. Joseph Eugene, (Red), 23, Madison Abel, 22 and Albert Leo, 19 enlisted and became seamen second class. They insisted that they all be assigned to the same ship as a condition of their enlistment. The Navy agreed to let the Sullivan brothers enlist together, and on January 3, 1942, the Sullivan brothers were sworn in at Des Moines, Iowa, and left for the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Illinois. The Navy assigned all of the Sullivan brothers to the new \$13,000,000 light cruiser, *Juneau*, the first American war ship commissioned in camouflage.

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

Japanese Submarine I-26 Torpedoes the Juneau

On the night of November 12, 1942, the sky in the Solomons was dotted with stars, but there was no moon. It is possible that the five Sullivan brothers munched on some chocolate walnut drop cookies while they waited for action, because Genevieve, their sister, and her mother often sent them cookies from home. The mood aboard the *Juneau* was tense, because the Naval fight for Guadalcanal (November 12-15) was about to begin. The *Atlantic* led the battle formation, followed by the *San Francisco*, *Portland*, *Helena*, and *Juneau*. Four destroyers provided an escort for the other ships.

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

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

No Sullivan Brothers Survive

Eight days after the sinking of the *Juneau*, a PBY Catalina search airplane spotted the survivors and pulled them out of the water. The survivors reported that Frank, Joe, and Matt Sullivan died instantly, Al drowned the next day, and George survived for four or five days. Gunner’s mate Allen Heyn, one of the ten survivors, told of ten days of intense suffering and the men succumbing one by one to the heat, their wounds, and sharks. He recalled that one night George Sullivan decided to take a bath. He took off his clothes and swam around the raft, attracting a shark. George Sullivan disappeared under the waves.

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

The Navy couldn’t reveal the loss of the *Juneau* or other ships for security reasons, but when the Sullivans in Waterloo, Iowa, didn’t receive any more letters from the Sullivans in the South Pacific, Thomas and Alleta Sullivan worried. Even when one of the *Juneau* survivors wrote to them, Tom and Alleta prayed that at least one of their sons had survived. The *Waterloo Daily Courier* ran banner headlines for its story: SULLIVANS MISSING. The *Courier* reporter quoted Alleta Sullivan as saying that she hoped that they may “Show up somewhere someday soon, but if they are gone it will be some comfort to know that they went together, as they wanted, and gave their lives for their country victory.”

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

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

February 1, 1943

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Sullivan:

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

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

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

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

Very sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt

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

The Surviving Sullivans Campaign for the War Effort

After the death of the five Sullivan brothers, the Navy awarded them posthumous Purple Hearts. The Navy statement after *the Juneau* sank stressed that the ship's executive officer repeatedly recommended that the Sullivan brothers not serve together on the same ship, but the brothers had prevailed and stayed together. Another source states that two of the brothers were going to be transferred when the *Juneau* reached home port. As a result of the Sullivan tragedy, the Navy issued regulations permanently forbidding relatives to serve on the same ship.

In spite of the crushing grief of losing all five of their sons at once, Thomas and Alleta Sullivan vigorously campaigned for the war effort at war plants and ship yards, hoping to help save the lives of other American boys. The loss of all five

Sullivan brothers became a focal point for the war effort.

Posters and speeches honored their sacrifice. Newspapers and radios covered the story and a national wave of sympathy and patriotism surged over the Sullivan family in Waterloo, Iowa. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt sent a letter of condolence to Tom and Alleta Sullivan and Pope Pius XII sent a silver medal and rosary with a message of condolence. The Iowa Senate and House adopted a formal tribute resolution to the Sullivan Brothers.

Genevieve Sullivan Enlists in the WAVES And Makes United Nations Cookies



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

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

After her enlistment in the WAVES on June 14, 1943, she was sent to Chicago to

serve as a recruiter for the WAVES. While stationed there, she made the chocolate walnut drop cookies that her five brothers had enjoyed so much.

The United States Navy Names Two Destroyers *The Sullivans*

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

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

The Bath Iron Works Company of Bath, Maine, laid down the second *The Sullivans* (DDG-68) on June 14, 1993, and the second *The Sullivans* was launched on August 12, 1995. Kelly Sullivan Loughren, granddaughter of Albert Leo Sullivan, sponsored the second *The Sullivans*. The ship commissioned on April 19, 1997, at Staten Island, New York, and commanded by Commander Gerard D. Roncolato. The motto of the ship is "We Stick Together."

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

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

Waterloo, Iowa, to Ireland and Back

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

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

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The Dudman Family Lived the Meaning of Patriotism and Sacrifice During World War II



Three brief obituaries appeared on the front page of the *London Times* the last week of July 1945, recording the lives and deaths of soldiers Richard Anthony Dudman, 22, Peter John Dudman, 25, and Pilot James Dudman; 26. Peter John Dudman was the "Loved Husband" of Joan Burbery Dudman and father of Nicholas and Maureen."

The three British soldiers were the sons of William James Dudman.⁵² and Nora Dudman, 49, who were killed by a German air raid at Ealing, a London suburb, on Thursday, September 26, 1940.

September 1940- A Fiery Autumn for Great Britain

Nora Annie Dudman, born in 1891, and William James Dudman, born in 1888, lived at 13 Inglis Road in Ealing. The Dudmans and other Londoners were civilian targets of war in the German Luftwaffe's ferocious, systematic, day and night attacks on Britain that took place from September 1940 to May 1941- attacks

which soon came to be known as the " Blitz", after the German word "blitzkrieg" which means lightning warfare. The Luftwaffe hoped to cause as much damage and death as possible to weaken British morale and compel Britain make peace with Germany.

The first day of the Blitz, the afternoon of September 7, 1940, marked a milestone in Hitler's campaign to defeat Great Britain. During the summer of 1940, he had ordered the Luftwaffe to focus on destroying RAF airfields and radar stations to make it easier for Germany to invade Britain. The Royal Air Force 's gallant defense of Great Britain denied the Luftwaffe air superiority over the country and caused Hitler to refocus his campaign .He directed the Luftwaffe to destroy London.

At approximately 4 o'clock on the afternoon of September 7, 1940, tea time on a warm, sunny autumn day, 617 German fighter planes escorted 348 German bombers to London skies and for the next two hours, the planes pelted London with bombs. The blazing fires guided the second group of German planes in another attack that lasted until 4:30 in the morning of September 8, 1940.

The Blitz Doesn't Quench the British Fighting Spirit

For the next consecutive 76 days and nights, the Luftwaffe bombed London and other English cities including Glasgow, Belfast, Cardiff, Coventry, Liverpool, Portsmouth, both day and night. The Luftwaffe inflicted heavy casualties, destroying and damaging more than one million London houses and killing over 40,000 civilians, 20,000 of them in London.

Despite its devastating impact, the Blitz didn't significantly damage the British war economy, soften the country up for invasion or frighten the British into surrendering. With characteristic pluck and determination, British citizens endured and by May 1941, Hitler had diverted his full attention from Operation Sea Lion, the invasion of Great Britain to Operation Barbarossa, the invasion of the Soviet Union.

Although it didn't defeat them, the Blitz took its toll on British civilians. German manufacturers poured their technical talents and ingenuity into devising weapons of terror to use on British cities. The Luftwaffe dropped a variety of bombs, including incendiary bombs, high explosives, and parachute mines.

On September 16, 1940, the Luftwaffe first used parachute mines against British

civilians. The Luftmine A weighed 1,100 pounds and measured 5 feet 8 inches, while the Luftmine B weighed 1,100 pounds and measured 8 feet 8 inches. Both were triggered by a clockwork fuse mechanism, and they were fastened to parachutes to function as blast bombs. They were rigged to detonate at roof level instead of on impact which maximized the effects of the blast.

When the parachute mines exploded at roof level, the surrounding buildings couldn't cushion the shock waves from the explosion, enabling them to reach a wider range. Parachute mines could destroy an entire street of houses and kill at least 100 people in a single blast.

Ealing Endured 73 Nights of Bombing

Jonathan Oates in *Ealing and the Blitz*, wrote that Ealing was part of the western suburbs of London and bomb damage in the western suburbs was less severe than in central, south, and east London, although 217 civilians were killed in Ealing.

The Germans staged their heaviest raids in September 1940, when they dropped about 350 bombs in west London in just three weeks. Sirens had sounded incessantly through July and August of 1940, but the Luftwaffe didn't drop bombs on Ealing until September 8, 1940.

West Ealing during World War II saw 73 nights of bombing. By the end of the blitz over 600 high explosive and thousands of incendiary bombs had fallen, causing the deaths of 190 Ealing residents and serious injuries to many more. Famous buildings in Ealing including the Load of Hay Pub, Ealing Abbey, and St. Savior church were destroyed

Statistics can't capture the human cost of bombing and war. Names and faces and stories are needed to do that. The BBC has collected hundreds of Blitz survivor memoirs and reading them is a riveting history lesson in survival and the tenacity of the human spirit. Some people perished because they lingered in the kitchen for a cup of tea before they raced to the Anderson Shelter or Underground shelters, and other survived because they were a few fortunate feet to the right or left of a bomb landing. Many miraculously escaped houses that were nothing but piles of broken brick and rubble.

The Middlesex County Times of October 1940 reported that the Luftwaffe conducted a raid over the north of Ealing on Wednesday, September 25, 1940, and a parachute mine that fell on a house on Medway Drive in Perivale, killed six

people. On Friday, September 27, 1940, the King and Queen in the company of the mayor of Ealing and other officials visited the area. The King and Queen spoke comforting words to the homeless and bereaved survivors.

On October 1, 1940, Ealing resident Erica Ford recorded in her diary... "flats shook when about 8 bombs dropped. Each one seemed nearer & really sounded as if they were on top of us."

Bombing floods the senses. Shells and parachute flares flash fire, combined and rampaging fires blaze and crackle. Burning buildings have individual scents, and the reek of explosives and gas from damaged pipes burrows into the nose and stings like a hive of bees. Dust from debris filters non-stop into noses. The earth shakes, familiar landmarks disintegrate, and the world turns upside down.

Bombing survivors reel from the assault on their senses. Bombing blows human bodies apart or shatters human structures into lethal weapons against the people that built them. Along with many of their friends and neighbors, William James Dudman, 52 and Nora Annie Dudman, 49, of 13 Inglis Road were killed on Thursday, September 26, 1940 during one of the Luftwaffe bombing raids.

Lieutenant Richard Anthony Dudman Helped Defeat Rommel

Even though the world was at war, life continued to lurch forward, and it did for the children of William and Nora Dudman. Richard Anthony Dudman joined the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry Unit and he earned the rank of lieutenant. Lt. Richard Dudman fought in the Western Desert Campaign in Africa. Commonwealth forces from Great Britain and later the Free French and a unit of Polish and a unit of Greek troops fought the Axis forces of Germany and Italy.

The battlefield stretched across the 621 miles of desert between Alexandria in Egypt and Benghazi in Libya, with control of the Mediterranean Sea the strategic objective. In February, the Allied Army managed to halt German Commander Erwin Rommel's advance between Gazala and Timimi.

The Second Battle of El Alamein took place from October 23 to November 11, 1942, and the Allied Armies shattered the Axis line and drove the Axis all of the way back to Tunisia for the first Allied victory in Africa. In a speech about the victory Winston Churchill said, "Now this is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end, but it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning."

On Wednesday, February 11, 1942, Second Lieutenant Richard Anthony Dudman, 22, was killed at El Alamein. He is buried in the El Alamein War Cemetery approximately 80 miles west of Alexandria, Egypt.

Lieutenant Peter John Dudman Helped Defeat the Gustav Line

Peter John Dudman joined the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, leaving his wife Joan Maureen Dudman and their two children Nicolas and Maureen, living in Sefton Park, Liverpool, England.

Peter John Dudman earned the rank of Lieutenant and fought in the Allied Winter Line Operations, the campaign with the goal of breaching the Gustav Line, forcing the German Army out of southern Italy and ultimately occupying Rome. The Allies wanted to keep continuous pressure on the German Army and engage the Germans enough to prevent them from replenishing their combat divisions that they might use to defend Rome.

Lieutenant Peter John Dudman, 25, was killed in action on Thursday, November 11, 1943. He is buried in the Cassino War Cemetery which is located in the Commune of Cassino, Province of Frosinone, about 86 miles southeast of Rome, Italy.

Pilot Officer James Dudman Flies Lancaster Bombers to Liberate Europe

James Dudman joined the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve, 625 Squadron which flew bombing missions in Lancaster Bombers over occupied Europe. He had originally been reported missing, but then the Air Force confirmed that he had been killed in an operation over Europe.

Pilot Officer James Dudman, 26, died on Monday, November 6, 1944. He is buried at Clichy Northern Cemetery which is located in Clichy, a town adjoining the northern boundary of Paris. Clichy Northern Cemetery lies between the town hall and the River Seine.

Words can't really acknowledge their sacrifice, but remembering them can.

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