



7-2012

164th Infantry News: July 2012

164th Infantry Association

[How does access to this work benefit you? Let us know!](#)

Follow this and additional works at: <https://commons.und.edu/infantry-documents>



Part of the [Military History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

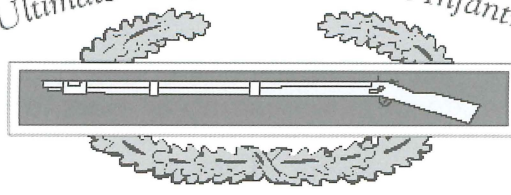
164th Infantry Association, "164th Infantry News: July 2012" (2012). *164th Infantry Regiment Publications*. 88.

<https://commons.und.edu/infantry-documents/88>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Elwyn B. Robinson Department of Special Collections at UND Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in 164th Infantry Regiment Publications by an authorized administrator of UND Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact und.common@library.und.edu.



The Ultimate Weapon the Combat Infantryman



THE 164TH INFANTRY NEWS

Vol. 54, No.2

July 2012

Success Story: **THEY WERE READY** The Book about the 164th Infantry

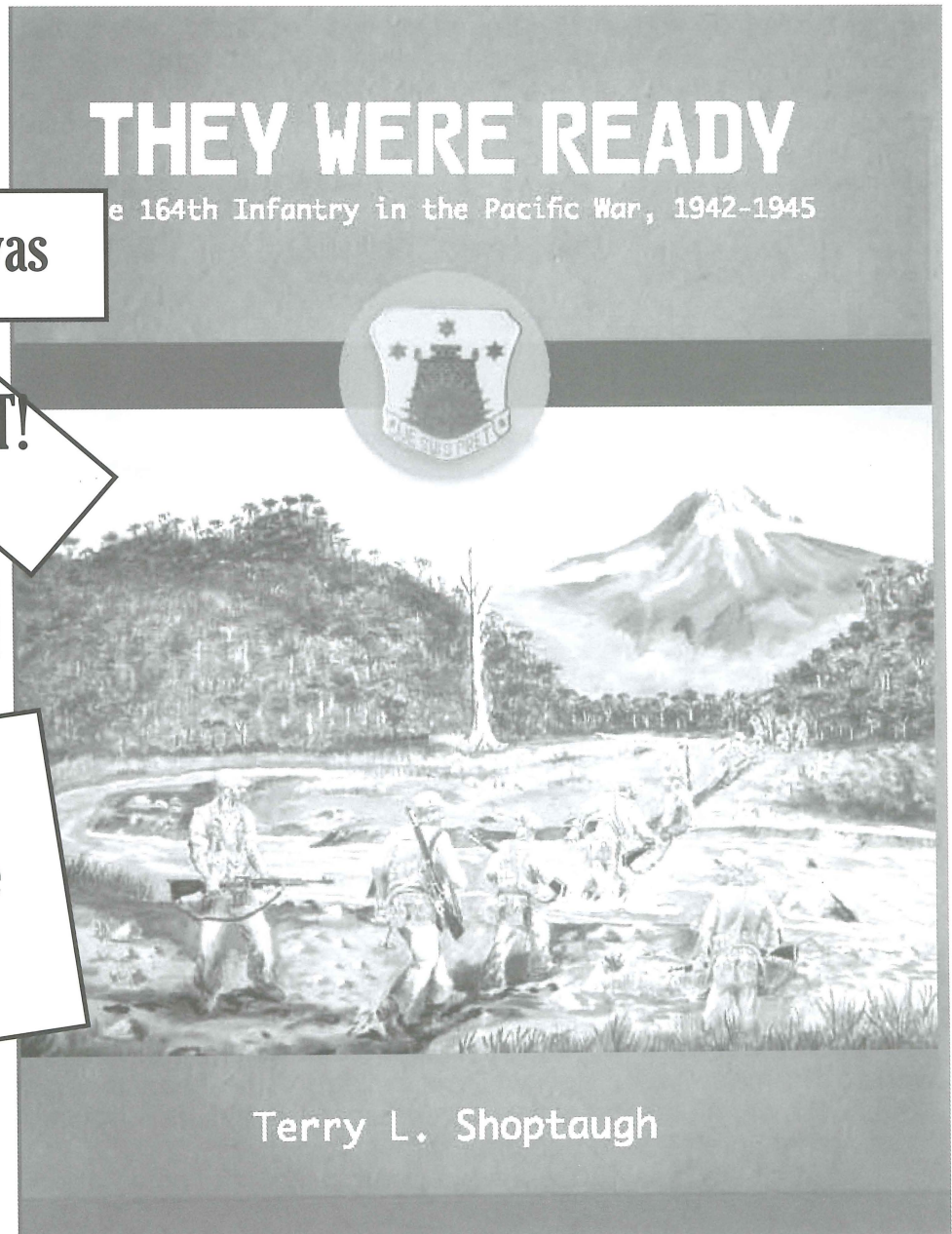
Stayed up half
the night reading

Tells it like it was

GREAT!

Like you were
right there in that
foxhole with them

Finally....**OUR** story in
print! The Marines like
to think they won the
war by themselves



Terry Shoptaugh: Author's profile

I grew up in St. Louis in a safe and happy home, and because the local draft board decided I was too near-sighted for military service, I learned about wars from books and talking to “those who were there.”

I did my first interview with a veteran of World War II when I was nineteen. The man I interviewed was my father. I was writing a college paper about the non-combat aspects of the life of the infantryman – how he lived in the field, dealt with the terrain and the weather, what he ate, what he thought of his officers and how he reacted to the violence of combat. He had served in a heavy weapons platoon with the 26th Infantry, 1st Division, in France and Germany, fighting house to house at Aachen and in the dense trees of the Huertgen Forest before being wounded and evacuated to London. All of that had happened almost 30 years before I talked to him, but even so it was as fresh in his mind as if it had occurred the day before we sat down. I can still see him turning a little pale when he described how he had to climb down a cargo net to go ashore in France: “if I jumped and missed the landing craft, that was it for me!” There were many things he declined to talk about that time, saying it was something he didn’t want to relate, especially the deaths of men he knew. Years later he wrote a more detailed memoir of his experiences and gave it to me. I treasure it to this day.

In the end, the paper I wrote wasn’t that good; I did not know enough yet about the course of the war or the creation of the army he served with. But I learned a lot from doing the paper, especially about how valuable first-hand perspectives can be to understanding what really happens in the past. I’ve done over 300 interviews since that first one, and used them for almost all my publications – especially in a book on the Minnesota-North Dakota sugarbeet industry, one on a North Dakota merchant who rescued German Jews from Hitler’s Nazi persecutions, and of course the story of the 164th Infantry in the Pacific.



Dr Shoptaugh signed most of the 330+ books sold at the kickoff.

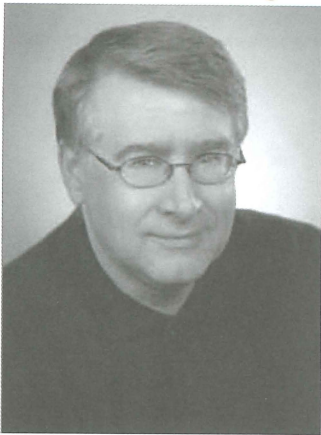
All three of the books received awards and very good reviews from readers. I think the praise came mostly because of the interview material that was in the narratives. The Stone and Stone internet site on the books about World War II, for example, published a nice review about *They Were Ready*, noting that I had “managed to locate and interview enough men of the 164th Infantry Regiment to assemble a remarkably meaty book about them and their unit. Along with material mined from archival sources and the author’s explanatory text, the recollections of the GIs make *They Were Ready* a solid, compelling story. The author handles the interviews, diaries, and letters deftly, keeping the focus on the GIs at the sharp end while framing everything with ample explanations” about the war on the islands.

I appreciated the kind words, but, like the award that the book received from the Military Writers Society of America, I think the real credit should go to the men I interviewed. After all, they took the risks and were willing to share their stories. I never had to sit in the rain, sleep in the dirt, or worry about mortar fire while writing.

Now that the 164th book is finished and doing well, I have turned back to another subject that I worked on many years ago while in college – the financial crash of the American economy in the 1830s. It’s an interesting story and certainly the materials that are out there for writing about it have a lot of human interest and personal stories.

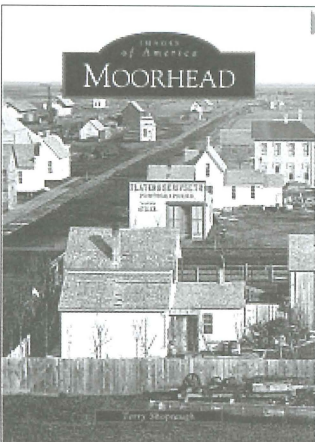
But all this was 170 years ago, and I still wish I could ask them some questions!

Dr. Terry L. Shoptaugh: Historian



Dr. Shoptaugh earned his doctorate in American History at the University of New Hampshire. He was hired by University of Minnesota – Moorhead in 1986 as the Director of University Archives/Northwest Minnesota Historical Center and part-time reference librarian. In addition, he teaches history and American multicultural studies classes, earning tenure in 1991. Shoptaugh's research articles, books, presentations, and lectures pertain to the history of Minnesota, North Dakota, MSUM, agriculture, flooding in the Red River Valley, and WWII. He has authored 4 books:

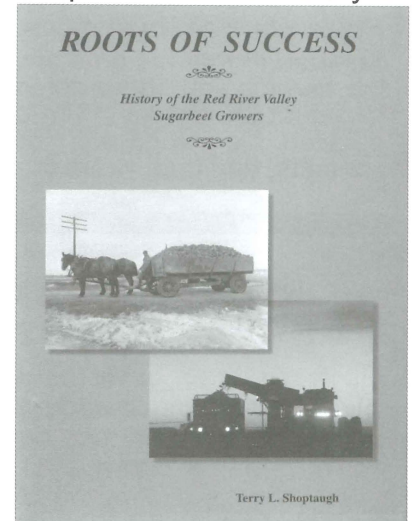
Moorhead: The images of America series celebrates the history of neighborhoods, towns, and cities across the country. Using archival photos, it represents the distinctive stories from the past that shape the character of the community today.



Roots of Success: History of the Red River Valley Sugarbeet Growers.

(ND Institute for Regional Studies, 1997).

The book outlines the rise and achievements of the Red River Valley Sugarbeet Growers Assoc, an organization that has been the prime mover in the success of the sugarbeet industry in North Dakota and Minnesota, and the growth of the American Crystal Sugar Company as one of the largest sugar producers in the United States.



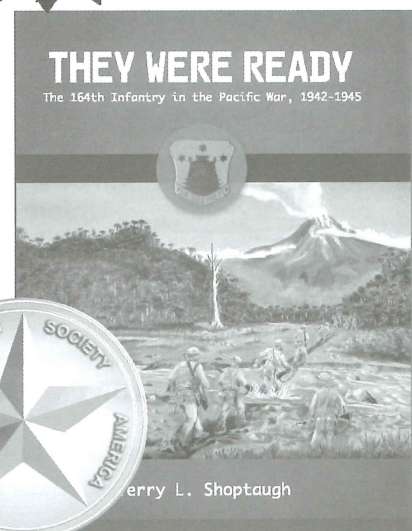
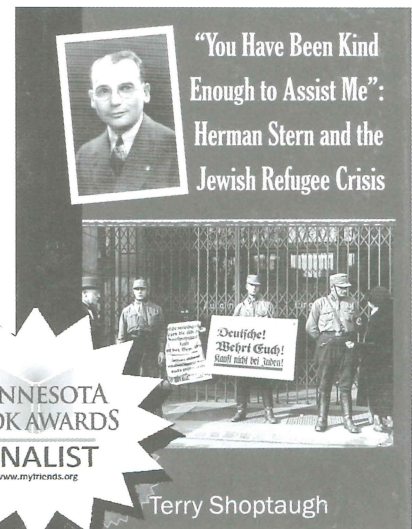
You Have Been Kind Enough to Assist Me: Herman Stern and the Jewish Refugee Crisis (ND Institute for Regional Studies, 2008).

The compelling story of a North Dakota clothier who rescued more than 100 German Jews from the impending Holocaust in Europe, and of how this effort burgeoned into a plan to rescue many more, only to be derailed by the sudden onset of WWII. Herman Stern, himself a Jewish immigrant to the United States, began by sponsoring the immigration of relatives, and expanded his efforts during the thirties until he had developed a plan to settle hundreds of Jewish refugees in North Dakota, and had begun raising money for that purpose. While the onset of the war in 1939 stalled the

larger effort, Stern continued to sponsor refugees and was ultimately responsible for more than 140 people coming to America and safety. The book provides a rare glimpse of how some Americans reacted to the Holocaust as it was developing. *You Have Been Kind Enough to Assist Me* was a finalist for the Minnesota Book Award in 2008.

His latest book, ***They Were Ready: The 164th Infantry in the Pacific War, 1942-1945*** (164th Infantry Association, 2010) tells of the important role of this North Dakota National Guard unit in World War II, especially on Guadalcanal. It received the Military Writers Society of America Bronze Medal in 2010.

Dr. Shoptaugh has also twice received the Editor's Award for best article published in **NORTH DAKOTA HISTORY**, the quarterly journal of the State Historical Society of North Dakota.



A Best Book Award & Excellent Reviews!

The Story of the Soldiers of the 164th Receives Significant Attention!

MILITARY WRITERS SOCIETY OF AMERICA

Bronze Medal Award: Army Category

Review by Bob Ruehrdanz, MWSA Reviewer (May 2010)

Shoptaugh met his goal of writing the 164th history. He describes the heroics and sheer determination of the members of the 164th to defeat the enemy. With over 60 pages of endnotes, the author detailed his interviews, located documents, and improved his contacts, and then wrote the story.

Full review at http://www.militarywriters.com/titles_P-T.htm#TheyWereReady



Je Suis Pret

means

"I Am Ready"

I Am Ready was initially proposed as the title for the book. Dr. Shoptaugh liked the past tense of that phrase, as it then becomes an accurate statement about the 164th: *They Were Ready*.

The crest shows rich history: 1st Dakota Infantry -- the Castle from the Spanish-American War; the 3 mullets from the Phillipine Insurrection; the sun from the 41st Division patch with whom the newly named 164th served in WWI.

Excerpt of the Review by

Roland Dille, President Emeritus, MSU Moorhead

The 164th Against the Japanese Empire

Much has been published about the Guadalcanal campaign, but little of it said much about the critical, even crucial part the 164th played. Shoptaugh set out to correct this imbalance, without minimizing the courage of the Marines and commenting, only briefly, on the skill of the Marines public relations. It is all there: the fear and the courage; the rain, the mud, the mosquitoes; the death of old friends; Japanese artillery and airplanes; officers disliked and officers trusted; almost impenetrable jungle, streams to be forded, malaria; the errors of high commands, the darkness, friendly fire; and enemies willing to die rather than retreat. On Guadalcanal they were forced to test their motto, "We are ready." They passed the test. For four months, the 164th had fought side by side with friends and neighbors, in a sense, North Dakota against the Japanese empire. It is often said by veterans that "You had to be there." You cannot read these pages without feeling, that, in some sense, "you were there."

In what your Editor considers one of the most unselfish acts of the 21st Century, Dr. Shoptaugh donated the manuscript to the 164th Infantry Association and is receiving no direct compensation for his 3 years of work! He stated "I didn't do this for the money; I did it for the guys in the unit." His father was a WWII veteran.

stone&stone

second world war books

www.stonebooks.com

At Stone & Stone Second World War Books, we don't buy, stock, or sell books or anything else. This is strictly an informational website, designed to offer fresh news every day about WWII-related books, publishers, booksellers, and authors. We also provide a wide range of book reviews, historical essays, an online WWII order-of-battle database, and an entertaining WWII Trivia Challenge. We've been building this site since 1995, and we have over twenty thousand webpages of information available for you to explore and enjoy. Have fun!

Excerpt of Review:

...Terry Shoptaugh has managed to locate and interview enough men of the 164th Infantry Regiment to assemble a remarkably meaty book about them and their unit. Along with material mined from archival sources and the author's explanatory text, the recollections of the GIs make *They Were Ready* a solid, compelling story... Unfortunately, this kind of book will become more and more difficult to produce as the old soldiers fade away. Perhaps that immutable fact helps make these stories all the more poignant.

....The Association can be thoroughly proud of *They Were Ready*, a book they self-published. Unlike the America's divisional history, this isn't a view from headquarters... But it's far more than a simple scrapbook. Shoptaugh has done a professional job of blending the memories of old soldiers with a solid, factual account of the unit and the wider war... He handles the interviews, diaries, and letters deftly, keeping the focus on the GIs at the sharp end while framing everything with ample explanation (including footnotes) for those unfamiliar with the course of the war in the Pacific.

A fine job by the farm boys and the author. A worthy book for a worthy regiment.

Reviewed 18 July 2010. See full review at <http://stonebooks.com/archives/100718.shtml>

Copyright © by Bill Stone fused with permission]

THEY WERE READY -- How it happened

A Chance Meeting and other assorted Facts

Author Terry Shoptaugh was in Bismarck at the 2006 Governor's History Conference to receive an award for the article "Missing in Action" about B27 crewman Jim Hagen, written for the **NORTH DAKOTA HISTORY** magazine. Your Editor was attending that same conference to present awards for historic preservation. The mention that Shoptaugh had previously won an award for a 2-part article about the pilot's brother, John Hagen, Co B, 164 Infantry, led to an after-awards discussion.

Shoptaugh mentioned an affection for the 164th and stated, "I think there's a book there." "What's your timeline?", I asked. "I'll retire in a few years, I'll think about it then", he stated. "These guys don't have a few years", I said.

He was surprised to learn that there were about 200 WWII veterans on the member roles at that time. After a bit more discussion about availability of veterans & documents, a couple of emails, and a few days of thought, Terry had decided to write a book!

President Bernie Wagner assembled a committee consisting of Vern Fetch, Ben Kemp, Treasurer Patricia Drong, Jim Drong, & Frank Eide to discuss 164 Association support and approval of the project.

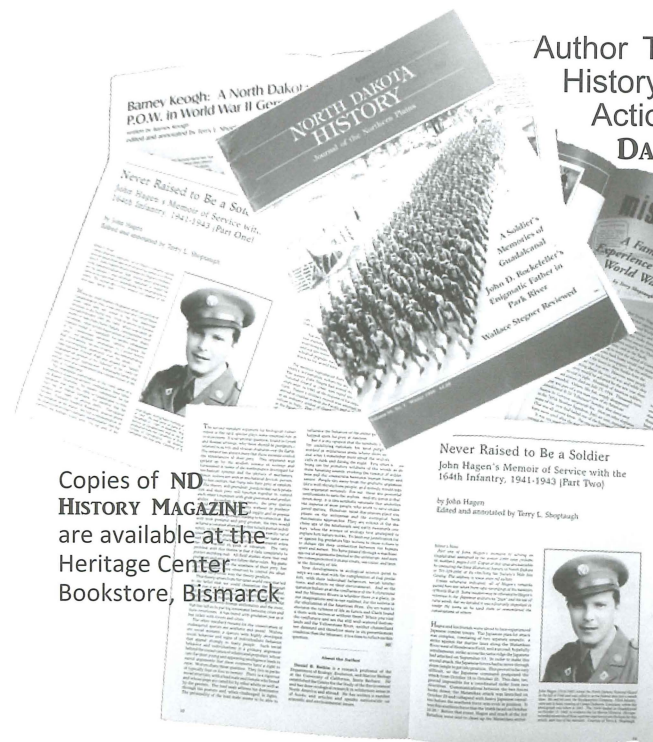
Dr. Shoptaugh began interviewing at the 2007 reunion; gathered information from the 164th Archives at the Univ of ND; contacted veterans and families on the Association mailing roster; and reviewed past issues of *The 164th Infantry News*. After 3 years of researching and writing, he was satisfied with his product and we started discussing a sales plan.

NDSU Institute for Regional Studies had published his other books, but when they ignored this proposal, we approached the 164th Assoc Book Committee for funding. They approved, and this gave the Assoc control of printing, management, sales, & marketing, which turned out to be a good thing.

Being "the publisher" of a book is an interesting process, consisting of getting bids from printing companies; deciding on font size (large for the WWII reader, did you notice?); hard cover color; basic layout; dust cover color, style, and content; purchasing an ISBN (International Standard Book Number); establishing a UPC (Universal Product Code); requesting a Library of Congress number; and miscellaneous other tasks. Terry had good contacts at MSU-Moorhead who helped cut costs by helping with the specialized layout required by the printer as well as designing the dust jacket. I think he paid them with a few bucks and a couple of bottles of vintage wine.

At member price of \$10, the Association makes only a few cents after paying for the book, the box, & postage. That meets the main purpose of getting this history into the hands of the members and family. This low cost was possible because the author *donated the manuscript* to the 164th and has received no direct compensation for his 3 years of work!!

- ❖ The 1st printing of 2500 books arrived in late March 2010 and was sold out by October 2010!
- ❖ The very 1st book was presented to ND Governor John Hoeven by President Bernie at the kickoff
- ❖ Barnes & Noble called us; we didn't have to call them.
- ❖ ND Heritage Center Bookstore waived the 6 month vetting process & ordered books immediately.
- ❖ The 2nd printing of 2500 arrived in time for December 2010 Holiday Showcases
- ❖ The 2nd printing includes contact info on the title page & on a bookmark (always recruiting!)
- ❖ Over 1200 books have sent *by mail* to members and friends (does not include direct purchases)
- ❖ Mailed-to locations: 40 states, Philippines, France, Australia, Germany, & Canada.
- ❖ Who's bought the most? Bill Welander, 56; Dennis Ferk, 57; Joe Castagneto, a whopping 106.
- ❖ A book was donated to each Public Library in North Dakota, and to school libraries by request.
- ❖ The 164th is selling the book on Amazon.com to reach larger audiences (full price + shipping)
- ❖ Yes, there's enough left in stock for you to buy Christmas presents for all your relatives & friends!
- ❖ The News continues to tell the stories of 164th Soldiers – please contribute your photos & notes.



Copies of **ND HISTORY MAGAZINE** are available at the Heritage Center Bookstore, Bismarck

Earl J. Borsheim, Co L

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

When Earl's nephew, Dr. Jason Lupkes, (pictured at right) contacted the 164th while researching awards for a shadow box, he not only got some advice, he eventually helped recruit his Uncle Earl back into his old unit! He surprised Earl with a shadow box packed with medals&memorabilia on his 90th birthday.

Jason writes, "It was a great event. Earl never shows much for emotion but he was very appreciative and very happy. There were close to 200 people that attended at the Wheaton Legion. The meal was great. Everyone was blown away by his medals, the book, and Newsletters. Most people had no idea what he went through. He said that his brother used to get the news letter and that he read in the Fargo Forum that there were still regimental reunions. I'd really like to see him go to at least one more. Thank you for all your help."



BRONZE STAR MEDAL.—By direction of the President, under the provisions of Executive Order No. 9419, 4 February 1944 (sec. II, Bull. No. 3, WD, 1944), a Bronze Star Medal is awarded by the Commanding General, Americal Division, to the following-named enlisted men:

Staff Sergeant EARL J. BORSHEIM, 20711608, Infantry, United States Army. For meritorious achievement in connection with military operations against the enemy at Bougainville, Solomon Islands, on 7 August 1944. Home address: Mr. E. J. Borsheim (father), Sperling, Manitoba, Canada.

Above, an excerpt of the order awarding Earl the Bronze Star Medal for action on Bougainville on 7 August 1944. Right: Earl and Fran, his wife of 65 years. They reside in Wheaton, MN.



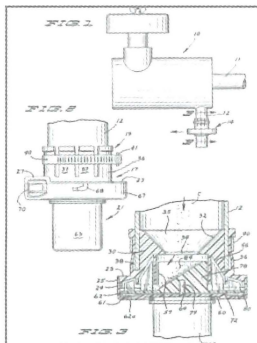
Borsheim, Earl J. 20711608
Borsheim, Lewis A. 20711611

American Legion

HAPPY
90TH B-DAY
EARL



Left: Earl's brother, Lewis, also served in Co L.



He passed away in the year 2000 at age 81 in Fargo. It seems he was an inventor and had patent rights to a contaminant discharge evacuator for air cleaners on internal combustion engines. (diagramed above).



Earl, back 3rd from Left; son Eugene Borsheim to his right & wife Fran in front of him. Earl has 3 grandchildren (Carlin, Wyatt & Rachel; 3 Great-Grand Children. His only grandson Wyatt Borsheim is an Active Duty Marine Officer flying CH-46 'Sea Knight' helicopters.

The Boys of Company "I"



Your Editor had an appointment in Fargo, which is 40 miles from Wahpeton, so I called Leslie Aldrich to see if I could drive down for a visit. We chatted for awhile at his kitchen table, and I asked if anyone else from Co "I" was still around. Yes, he said, "Jerry Hipp lives a couple of blocks away. Let's give him a call." We did, and Jerry came over in a jiffy. Leslie brews a mean cuppa coffee, and they talked about old times. We're always recruiting, and Jerry became the newest member of the 164th Assoc!

Both original members of Co "I", Les fought thru the Guadalcanal Campaign, then joined Merrill's Marauders getting home in '45. (Story March 2010). Jerry stayed with the 164th thru Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Leyte, and Cebu.



Above, 1942 photos of three current Association members from Company I: Leslie Aldrich, Jerry Hipp, & Dennis Prindiville.

COMPANY I REUNION — These former members of Company I who served together in the Pacific Theatre during World War II, returned for their 27th annual reunion held at the Vets Club in Wahpeton Saturday evening. Standing, l-r, are Jim Scheller, Forman; Dave Rome, Hugaton, Kans.; Les Aldrich, Breckenridge; George Carpenter, Grantsburg, Wis.; Leslie Manstrom, Wyndmere, Lynn Gilbertson, Wyndmere; Fred VanVleck, Ashland, Wis.; Leonard Stai, Wyndmere; Arnold Kline, Wahpeton; Ignatius Meyer, Wahpeton; Jerry Hipp, Breckenridge; Herbert Worner, Breckenridge; and Ira Keeney, Wahpeton. Seated, l-r, Norman Eckes, Long Prairie, Minn.; Wallace Robertson, Fergus Falls; Bert Kostel, Glencoe, Minn.; Chris Kruse, Stewart, Minn.; Paul Zwack, Tracy, Minn.; Joe Supina, Geneseo, Ill.; Leonard Hiedeman, Largo, Fla.; Les Henjum and Norm Henjum, both of Spokane; and Daniel Richards, Dilworth.



Company I reunion in Wahpeton sometime in the '80's.

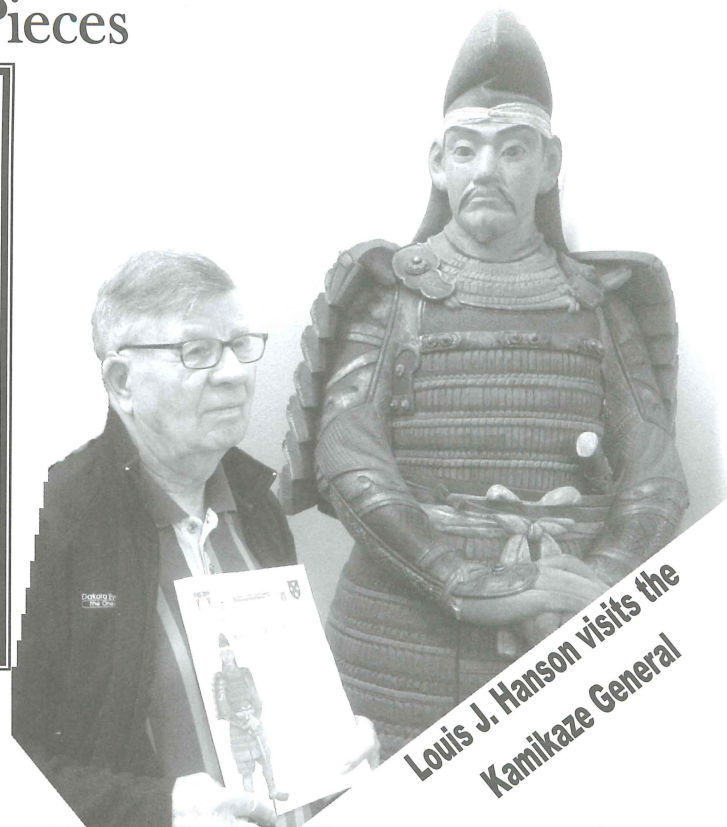
Do you have old reunion photos? Send them in!

Bits 'n' Pieces

As if it were Yesterday...

Pete Grant sent in a copy of the May 2009 *Military Officer Magazine* that had an article called Turning Point. The first paragraph: "American Victory on Guadalcanal during WWII halted the Japanese push toward Australia and put Japan on the defensive for the remainder of the war in the Pacific. By all accounts, it shortened the war by at least a year."

Pete says, "Of course, they give the USMC view as compared to the US Army. The Marines never like to give the Army credit for anything. **I do think that if the 164th was not there during the last attack on Henderson field, that island would have been lost.** I can still see that Red Beach in my mind as if it were yesterday. Also the Jap ship that was beached when the Japs were landing supplies. I guess one never forgets things like that."



Louis J. Hanson visits the Kamikaze General



Bill Welander sent in this picture of his 1st cousin, Lloyd Welander, who passed away in 2005 at the age of 85. Lloyd was the only baby ever to be born in the Carrol Hotel in Fullerton, ND, which was on Main Street right next to the Horwitz Grocery Store owned by a Jewish man well liked by all. Lloyd signed up with the 164th the same month as Bill did, Dec 1940, both in Co G. Lloyd stayed in for 4+ years in Co G and made Staff Sgt. The list of soldiers staying in Rm G10 at Cp Claiborne with Bill & Lloyd were Sgt Lac Pfaff, Cpl Mike Conlon; & Pvt Tom Lynch.

Louis J. Hanson, Co E, called Fraine Barracks one day and said he'd like to visit the fiercest general the Japanese ever had. He was told, "I don't think he's arrived yet." After a couple more phone calls, he located your Editor, who arranged for a visit. Louis left the South Pacific in August 1945 and never got to meet the General in Japan.



Escorts & Guests L-R: SSG David J. Rohrich, who served in Iraq; Louis; Gilbert Stenmoen, 161st Inf, 25th Div, WWII, arrived at Guadalcanal Jan 1943; CW3 Kari J. Pearson, who served in Kosovo. The General's story was in the Mar '12 News.



Col (ret) **John Jacobsen** (left), Bismarck, and **Roy Kozitzky**, his 1959 First Sergeant in the 188th Field Artillery Medical Detachment. Roy, now from Tucson, mobilized with Co E in 1951 and served in Korea with the 8063rd MASH (story July '11 News). John joined the Guard during the transition of the 164th from infantry to engineers. He is a retired pharmacist who served with the 311th Evac Hospital, USAR, in Desert Storm.



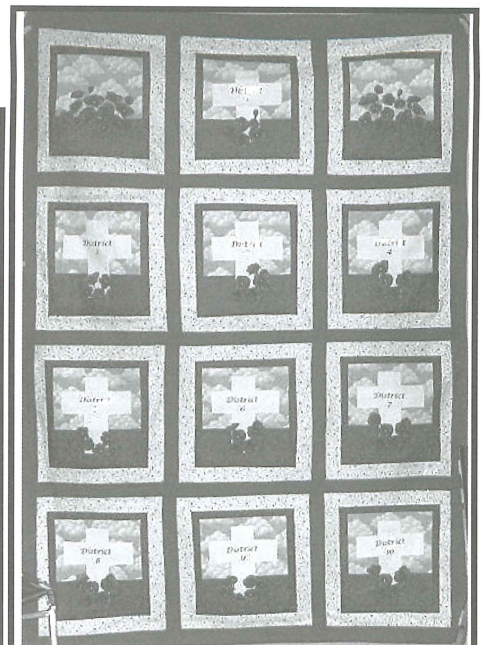
Lois Blomstrann and your Editor correspond about her husband Emil's crush on Gloria DeHaven. (Oct '07 & Mar 10 News) Emil (Co E) sculpted a clay likeness of Gloria at Bougainville and celebrated her birthday every year after that. Now, we celebrate Emil's memory on Gloria's birthday in July "just because". Here's Lois at her hometown museum where she volunteers.

More Bits 'n' Pieces

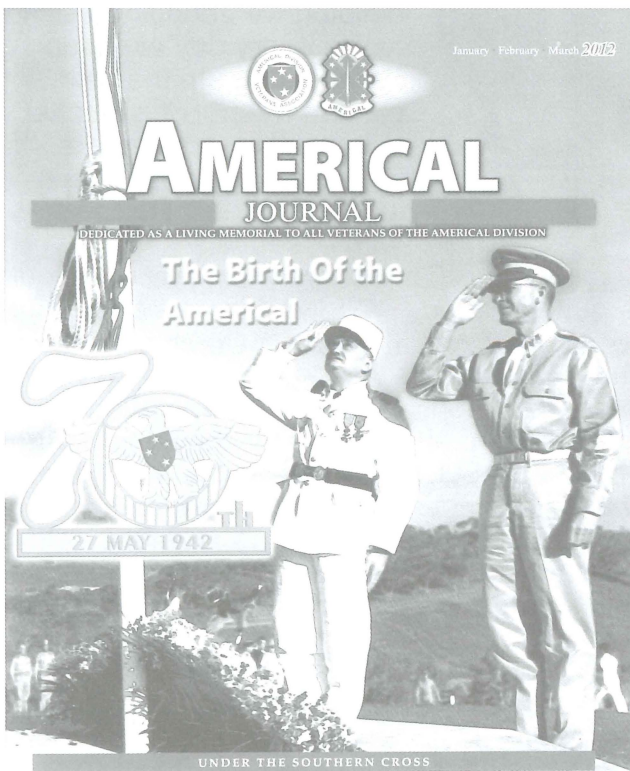


Your Editor was touring some sights in northeast ND with a group of friends last month. I always tell folks that about 1 in 20 people from ND is somehow connected to a 164 soldier—"they're everywhere", I say. Well, at Gingras Trading Post in Walhalla, I observed a National Guard license plate & inquired of the owner – yup, 164! The Gaugler Girls (Ralph, Co K) from L-R: Nancy Larson, Pam Ellenson, Alice Gaugler, Mary Jo Gaugler, Sandy Nelson . See? I said to my friends: They're everywhere!

"Had we invaded Japan, I doubt there would have been enough survivors in our unit to fill a lifeboat" -- Ed Mulligan, Co B (1918-2011)



Hetty Walker (Chuck, Co E) is a Commissioner in your Editor's home county. I saw her the other day opening a 100 year old time capsule from the court-house cornerstone. She sent in a photo of the Poppy Quilt she made for Memorial Day, a square for each of the 12 Legion districts in ND.



The Jan-Mar issue of the **Americal Journal** touts the 70th Birthday of the Americal Division on 27 May 1942. Happy Anniversary to all you Charter Members out there, and a hearty hip-hip-hooray to all who served under the banner of the Southern Cross!

Gene Brinkman, Co A, from Hamilton, OH, ordered another copy of "They Were Ready" the other day. His note says he keeps loaning his out and never gets a chance to read it himself. He says, "I can attest to the fact that 'they were ready' and very kind to this replacement, too.

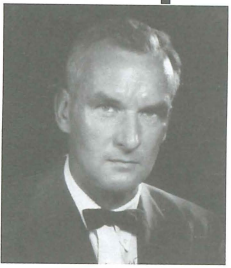


Part of the program at the 2011 Reunion Banquet was a presentation of the flags used during the evolution of our great country. Jerry Hieb from Valley City narrated the program and was assisted by members of the 188th Army National Guard band who presented the colors.

Photo from L-R: Sgt. Paul Barta (Pine Tree Flag 1775), Sgt. Toni DeBerg (Gadsen Flag 1776-77), Spec. Kelsy Johnson (Grand Union 1775-14Jun77), Spec. Andrew Bergan (13 Star Betsy Ross 1777-95), Spec. Rachel Dahlen (15 Star 1795-1818), Spec. Joshua Peterson (20 Star Flag 4Jul1818, one star added for each state), Spec. Carla McLean (50 Star Flag of Our Nation, since 1960)

Thanks to the members of the 188th Army Band who have supported the 164th Infantry throughout the years!

Capt Morris W. Stroud III, Medical Corps



Editor's Note: Medic Sandy Sanderson approached your Editor at the September reunion and asked "Where in the world did you find the obit for Dr Morris Stroud in the July issue??" The internet, was the answer. Did Sandy know Stroud? Yup! So we sat down to talk.

Morris Stroud was assigned to us in late December 1942 at Guadalcanal, from the 52nd Evacuation Hospital at New Caledonia. He served in 2nd & 3rd Battalion medical sections through the rest of Guadalcanal and the R&R period on Fiji, then on to Bougainville. I (Sandy) left the unit in June 1944, while unit was still at Bougainville, but he stayed. And sometime after that, he made Regimental Surgeon when they

were serving in the Philippines

Stroud was a well to do doctor from Philadelphia. Upper crust of 400, I guess you'd call him. He'd comment on that. They had a summer home in Maine. He'd lived the life of the very rich. I think he enjoyed serving. He was very athletic and would run 7-8 miles a day. He rescued a swimmer at Bougainville. The ocean had an undercurrent that went out to sea and if you got too far out, you'd get carried away. He rescued this guy from that current and got the Soldier's Medal.

He was a gifted musician, too. On Fiji, where we R&R'd, he spent many an evening playing the portable organ that the Chaplain had.



On Fiji, we had a building we conducted sick call in every day at Camp Samambula. In the field, we had a tent & a stretcher set up on two containers. If we were out on patrol, we just had a small suitcase with essentials.

On Bougainville, we went out on quite a few patrols. The six months I was there, was quite relaxed. We lived in rear area, but went out on patrols a couple of times a month. Patrols were 1-3 days. If it was a Company patrol, the Doctor would sometimes accompany us. We had a Surgical Kit at the Aid Station that had basic surgery items, enough to take out a bullet and patch up for evacuation. It had an amputation saw, but I never saw one used. We moved them on to a collecting station, and from there they'd go to the General Hospital. On Bougainville, there were the beginnings of MASH. They had a van, and if there was an area that was active, they'd park it close by and take the most serious cases there.



I. SOLDIER'S MEDAL: By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 2 July 1926 (Bulletin 8, WD, 1926) a Soldier's medal is awarded by the Commanding General, XIV Corps, to the following named officers and enlisted men:

✓ Captain MORRIS W. STROUD III, (0-434802), Medical Corps, United States Army. For heroism at Bougainville, Solomon Islands, 22 May 1944. While swimming in the surf, a soldier became exhausted and suffered a severe cramp. As he was being carried swiftly out to sea by a strong undertow, Captain Stroud, without hesitation or regard for his own life, swam to the struggling man and towed him to safety. Captain Stroud's heroic action unquestionably saved the soldier's life. Home Address: Mrs. Marion R. Stroud (wife), Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. ✓

Award of the Silver Star..... Section III.

III. AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR:

By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bull. 43, WD, 1918), a Silver Star is awarded by the Commanding General, United States Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, to the following-named officer:

✓ MORRIS W. STROUD, III, (0-434802), Captain, Medical Corps, United States Army, for gallantry in action at Bougainville, Solomon Islands, wherein he courageously exposed himself to concentrated enemy fire to safely evacuate and administer medical treatment to two seriously wounded soldiers on 18 January 1944. Home Address: Chestnut, Pennsylvania.

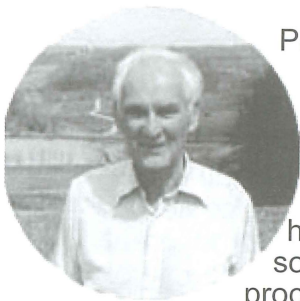
We really enjoyed Dr. Stroud. He was very fair and helpful. He came twice to reunions. One in Fargo in 1959, that's the first we'd seen him after the war. Then he came to Turtle Mountain Lodge, Bottineau, one time in the 1970's. He was close to Kenny Lystad, Stanley, ND. Kenny was invited out to Pennsylvania to visit Stroud's family after the reunion.

Stroud's brother was the Executive officer of the Destroyer that ND Governor Bill Guy served on. Stroud went out to the destroyer at Empress Augusta Bay, Bougainville. Gov Guy spoke at a meeting at Valley City one time, when he was governor, waxing poetic about that meeting at Empress Augusta Bay. He was a good speaker, you know. I talked with him afterwards.

Stroud was so different from us because he was a well to do man. I think us rural people with farm experience kind of astounded him. Surprised him. He told us at the '59 reunion -- he worked in the hospital in Cleveland then -- he said, "I need good men who can do anything, like you guys could." He was really impressed with the North Dakotans. You guys are talking about your living and how much you make. "To me", he said, "that's never been a problem. It's always been just there". He had told **Kenny Lystad** that he and his wife were going to leave their fortune to a water resource board, which I guess he did, based on what was found on the internet.

10

Dr. Stroud's Legacy <http://www.stroudcenter.org/portrait/10.htm>



Why did Morris Stroud leave his farm as a research site and set up the Pennswood Endowment Fund to support scientific research and education?

Not a man who acted on impulse, Dr. Stroud thought long and hard about his decision. In the end, he told [friends] he wanted to make a permanent contribution of the resources he had acquired during his life to a cause that would make a difference to the world he would leave behind. In pursuit of that goal, he transformed a piece of his property into a laboratory dedicated to understanding how humans can use the land without imperiling its water. To support that effort, he sold stock he had received as a wedding gift 50 years earlier, and he used the proceeds to create an endowment. It was time, he said, to stop growing more money for its own sake and to invest it instead in ideas and programs that will benefit future generations.

Dr. Stroud's gift established his farm as a premier site for studying water resources in agricultural settings. It created an environmental education department that has helped thousands of students, teachers and others understand, appreciate and develop a sense of stewardship for streams and their watersheds. It has provided critical seed money which has helped Stroud scientists turn interesting ideas into fundable projects. And it has ensured that the Stroud Water Research Center can pursue in perpetuity its mission of science and education about stream and river ecology.

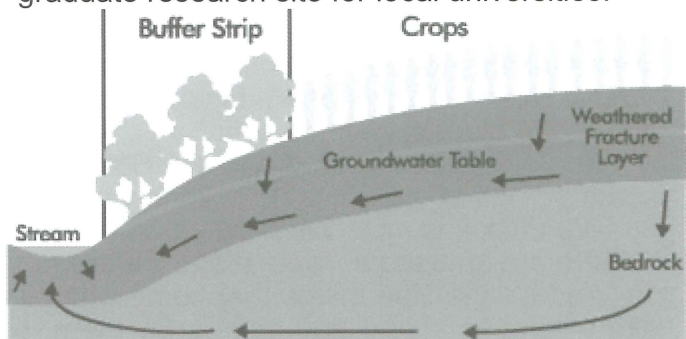
Stroud Preserve

Transversed by the East Branch of Brandywine Creek, characterized by upland meadows, woodlands, agricultural fields, and several small ponds and streams, and situated just 15 miles from the Stroud Water Research Center, the 332-acre Stroud Preserve is a place of scenic beauty, historic interest and economic value. To a visitor it offers a variety of extraordinary vistas. To the Center staff it offers the rare opportunity to do long-term research on a site that has been preserved forever.

Formerly known as Georgia Farm, the Stroud Preserve was created by **Dr. Morris W. Stroud** shortly before his death in 1990. It is a unique collaboration among three of the region's most important research and environmental organizations. Dr. Stroud, who was Dick Stroud's elder brother and a pioneer in the study of geriatrics, bequeathed the ownership of his farm to the Natural Lands Trust, with instructions that the land and water be managed for the benefit of science, education and the environment. He simultaneously donated conservation easements to the Brandywine Conservancy to assure the permanent integrity of the landscape. And he granted the Stroud Water Research Center perpetual use of the entire property to conduct scientific research and education programs. He charged the Center to develop a long-term research plan that would advance the knowledge, appreciation and understanding of streams & rivers and conservation of watersheds.



The Stroud Preserve is part of the EPA's National Monitoring Program, a network of sites which have been set up across the nation to evaluate how land use and human practices affect water quality. It is the only such site in Pennsylvania. The Preserve is also used for a host of public education programs and as a graduate research site for local universities.



This profile of a landscape shows the underground pathways water takes to a small stream and the role a buffer of deciduous trees can play in filtering contaminants.

The long-term research project that led to the EPA designation is focused on the role riparian tree buffers play in mitigating stream pollution in an agricultural watershed. In conjunction with the U. S. Forest Service, Stroud scientists have set up experiments in three small watersheds on the Preserve in an effort to understand how buffers filter agricultural nutrients — such as nitrogen, phosphorus and other chemicals — which pose a major threat to downstream waters and the Chesapeake Bay. The study, which began in 1992 and will stretch over the entire span of a forest's maturation, is part of a broader effort by Stroud scientists to analyze the impact of streamside forests on the quality of water in our streams and rivers.

Kenneth Lystad, Medic

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



Sandy Sanderson commented, "Contact Kenny Lystad. He was invited out east to visit Dr. Stroud."

Well, Kenny Lystad's address was as close as our member roster, and his phone number was as close as the internet. While I was in the computer anyway, I googled his name to see what else I could find. See the WDAZ news interview below—some great things have happened to his family in the last couple of years.

We had a very nice telephone chat. Ken echoed Sandy's comments about Dr. Stroud's integrity and his awe of the work ethic of the North Dakota soldiers who could "do anything".

He was, indeed, invited out to Pennsylvania to see Stroud's family estate. Mrs. Stroud was up at their other home in Maine because of some allergies, but Ken and his wife Elaine had a very nice visit.

COMPANY C	
NAME, GRADE	ASN
Officers: 6	
STRENGTH: Enlisted Men: 64	
FIRST LIEUTENANTS	
Amsbaugh, Charles F.	0959054
Zahn, Arthur V.	0959082
SECOND LIEUTENANTS	
Lystad, Kenneth O.	0985808
Mollet, Lyle F.	0981323
Stewart, Jack J.	0987698

The Medical Detachment was located in Bottineau, ND, when PFC Lystad left for WWII. Ken also mobilized to Ft. Rucker for the Korean War, but the reorganized medical *company* had been located in Grand Forks and 2Lt Lystad was a platoon leader in Company C, Bottineau. Looks like Lyle Mollet followed that same course.

PRIVATES FIRST CLASS		
Gorder, Winfred A.	20710164	Bottineau
Kretschmar, Leonard F.	20710165	Bottineau
Lien, Elton L.	20710166	Bottineau
Lystad, Kenneth O.	20710167	Bottineau
Marty, Stewart P.	20710168	Bottineau
McNea, Milton E.	20710169	Bottineau
Mollet, Lyle F.	20710170	Bottineau

Running with Oil: Striking it rich with mineral acres

By: Kevin Wallevand, WDAY

Stanley, ND (WDAY TV) - The oil-boom in western North Dakota is producing more than just "black-gold." Farmers and Ranchers that have lived quietly in their cozy small towns are now "New Millionaires". Those with "mineral acres" are now getting monthly checks with dollar amounts they only dreamed of!

"It's an early morning in the oil fields. Another sunny, hot day in the patch and not far from Stanley, the pumps are churning and turning out oil. Not far from town, the Lystads and their horses make for a picture perfect summer day on the farm. Quietly, not that far from here, their oil pumping rigs and the oil boom is changing their lives. "I have heard it is one of the biggest oil finds in the lower 48 in the last 50 years and I have heard it is one of the biggest oil finds ever."

Ken and Elaine Lystad came to Stanley in the 50's, at the time of the old boom and now they have some pumps of their own "Everyone was so excited, unreal. You could hardly believe it."

"We think it is nice. We created a trust right away."

"We are so used to routine and we are not about to change it."

And it's the little things that come with oil and new money: "Tried to get him to buy boots, but he didn't want to spend 200 dollars for them, but when we got our first oil check we are going to get those boots." [The reporter noted that Ken still hadn't bought the boots at the time the program aired, not sure at his age he will get full use of them].

Mountrail County, which includes Stanley, is the biggest producer of oil in the state. More than three million barrels a month! Meantime, nearly three-quarters of the state's 1.1 million acres is leased for drilling in the 16 oil-producing counties. Sales were a record 269.2 million dollars for about 135,000 acres. Most money funds public schools. Watch at <http://www.wday.com/event/article/id/37440/>



Sandy Sanderson commented, “That internet is so powerful— maybe you can find something on some other guys”

From Sandy: “Another surgeon we had into Bougainville was Meyer Halperin from New York City”. From internet research:



Dr. Meyer Halperin was born on January 1, 1911 and passed away on October 9, 2009. He was a resident of East **Stroudsburg***, Penn, at the time of his passing. He graduated from High School in Brooklyn, NY in 1927 and the City College of New York (now the City University of NY) in 1931. Due to the high cost of U.S. medical schools, Halperin had to go overseas for medical school in Austria. As challenging as it was, he was able to learn the school's language of instruction, German, well enough to understand and excel in his studies. After receiving his M.D. degree in 1937, he graduated from a radiology course at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington D.C. He enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1939. During the 2nd World War he served as a Battalion Surgeon with the Rank of Captain in the 164th Infantry of the Americal Division in the South Pacific. He participated in the landings on Guadalcanal and Bougainville. His numerous medals included The Bronze Star for the combat medical badge, The Republic of Philippines Presidential Unit Citation, the WWII American Defense Medal, The American Campaign Medal, the Asiatic Pacific Campaign Medal, and the Army of Occupation Medal. *East Stroudsburg is about 80 miles from the Stroud Water Preserve. Coincidence?

After working as a private doctor and becoming an anesthesiologist after more schooling, Dr. Halperin moved to the Poconos to work in the burgeoning local hospital that is the Pocono Medical Center of today. The hospital's first board certified anesthesiologist, Dr. Halperin helped improve the young medical center by setting up the first pulmonary department and ICU, among many other significant contributions. He worked at Pocono Medical Center until 1986 and then continued to work within the local medical community, often as a guide to young doctors, until 2000.

Dr. Halperin was touted as East Stroudsburg University's oldest student at 98-years-old at the time of his passing. He was always trying to better himself and learn new things. He viewed learning as a lifelong process. This outlook propelled him to attend classes at ESU up until the winter prior to his death, and even then, classmates visited him to assist with Spanish classes up to the week prior to his passing. "Dr. Halperin taught me that it's never too late to follow one's dreams and that age is only a state of mind.." "Astounding, inspirational, a life dedicated to helping and inspiring others" was how Professor Leo Teixeira described the life of Dr. Halperin. He is survived by his wife Frances. <http://www.tributes.com/show/Meyer-Halperin-86916235>

From Sandy: “There was a Dr. Yechnes from New York City” From Internet Research: No Yechnes found. Got a hit on Yachnes. Searched for physicians in New York, and came up with two, both deceased, both Irvings. One Irving born in 1923, too young to be a doctor in 1943. Another Irving born in 1915, died 1996, would be correct age. Could not find any online obit to verify.

From Sandy: “Major Yantze was the 2nd Bn Surgeon. Became Regimental Surgeon on Fiji. I don’t remember when he left.” Research Yantze/Yancy/Yancey: nothing. Anyone know First name?

From Sandy: “Stroud’s brother was the Executive officer of the Destroyer that Governor Bill Guy Served on.” Internet Research:



William Boulton Dixon Stroud died in 2005 at the age of 88. He served on two ships that were sunk; one in the Mediterranean, then as Executive Officer on the *USS William D Porter*, which (prior to boarding by Stroud and Guy) had been a ship of follies under a colorful but apparently inept Captain.

http://www.cracked.com/article_19637_the-5-craziest-war-stories-all-happened-same-ship.html
<http://www.historynet.com/uss-william-d-porter-the-us-navy-destroyers-service-in-world-war-ii.htm>



William L. Guy: A Profile

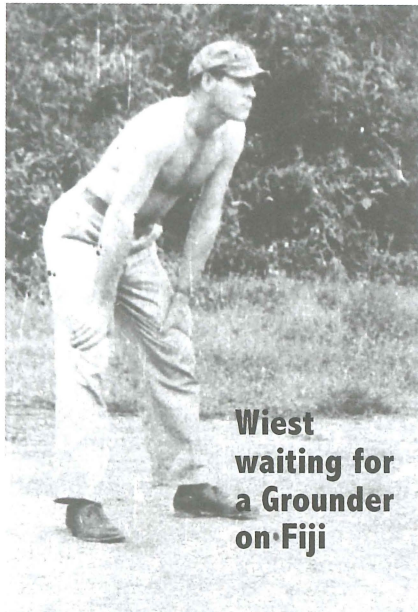
It was during World War II. William Guy had completed the Navy’s midshipman school at Notre Dame University and, as an ensign, was assigned to a destroyer, the *USS William D. Porter* in January 1943. While in the Pacific, one day Guy looked up and saw a Japanese airplane zeroing in on his ship. It smashed into the destroyer, tossing Guy 20 feet in the air. He was shaken but not injured. His ship, however, sank. This was a harrowing experience for the young North Dakotan who would become the state’s 26th governor. [Ndstudies.org/articles/meet_your_new_governor_william_l_guy_a_profile](http://ndstudies.org/articles/meet_your_new_governor_william_l_guy_a_profile)

Baseball As It Was: Before the War

by Col (ret) Albert Wiest, Olympia, Washington

"Readers will recall from two issues ago the highly entertaining excerpt from Al Wiest's memoirs on life in the old ND National Guard. Here is the promised follow-up on "Baseball As It Was."

In late 1936 my off and on career in the retail grocery trade with a focus on meat again came to an abrupt end. I had to ask myself an all too familiar question: Now what? I found the answer in an article in the Sporting News describing a baseball school in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The school offered personalized instruction by major league stars, opportunities to break into organized baseball, board and room, the whole bit for \$60 for a three-week course. It sounded good to me, also to Allan Johnson, a ball-playing buddy vggcwho agreed to go with me.



**Wiest
waiting for
a grounder
on Fiji**

The plan for transporting two eager young ball players a distance of 1200 miles was simple; we would hitchhike or ride the rails - neither of us could afford the price of a bus ticket. In fact, I didn't even have the \$60 tuition but I figured (correctly as it turned out) they would let me enroll in hopes of stumbling onto a budding Babe

Ruth or another Bob Feller. So, with high hopes, we left Jamestown in the middle of February 1937, having the good fortune to snag a ride with a trucker all the way to Minneapolis. From there on we rode the freight trains, but not without a couple of incidents that could have had disastrous results. In Minneapolis we had to board an open gondola of scrap iron - we couldn't find an empty boxcar. Somewhere along the way the train entered a tunnel and we were suddenly engulfed in a choking swirl of black smoke and cinders. Fortunately the tunnel was a short one and we emerged coughing and gasping for air, with black faces, but otherwise unharmed. The experience left me with some sobering thoughts on what could have happened had the tunnel been much longer.

It was around midnight when we arrived in Des Moines, Iowa and there we encountered another peril of riding the rails: a big ugly-looking yard bull (railroad detective). He approached us

with a club in one hand and a lantern in the other and commanded us to halt. He shined the light in our faces and then, brandishing that club, said, "You god damn niggers are gonna learn not to ride the rails around here," "We're not niggers!" we shouted. He shoved the light in our faces again and (after a few swipes of our coat sleeves) was satisfied that we were not of Nubian descent and let us go. We didn't get a chance to clean up until the next night in Kansas City where we got a bed and a bath in a flophouse for twenty-five cents; for the first time since we left Jamestown, we relaxed a bit and congratulated each other for getting this far without serious mishap. The next morning it appeared our luck might change.

The Kansas City freight yard was a bewildering maze of tracks extending for miles in all directions; locating the right train for our purposes was turning into a hopeless task until an old hobo came to our rescue. He was a real character - a font of information and sage advice and eager to pass it on to us. "Where you kids headed?" he asked. "Hot Springs," we replied. "Well, you want the Osawatimie branch outta here" he said, and then told us where to find it and when it would depart. He went on to explain, "When you get there, you gotta change trains - two of 'em come through there- one of 'em goes to Muskogee and the other to Hot Springs - be sure you get the right one." Thanks to this noble knight of the road we made all our connections and two days later reached our final destination, home free. Hot Springs is a popular resort town noted for its naturally heated waters that (according to a Chamber of Commerce brochure) "have amazing recuperative qualities". Out of curiosity we joined a tour of so-called Bathhouse Row, a series of bathhouses that extended for several blocks - from plush spas in hotels to less ornate houses that catered to the public, free. It was interesting but I was relieved when the tour ended - I was somewhat disheartened by the sight of so many handicapped people, and to add to my discomfort, we were constantly accosted by panhandlers. I had seen all I wanted to see of Hot Springs - I was ready to play ball.

"Ray Doan's Baseball School" was on the office door when we checked in, along with about 150 other aspiring young ball players. There must have been a shortage of catchers or maybe I just looked like a good prospect - at any rate I was readily accepted (after signing a \$60 IOU).

We were put up in boarding houses, scattered all over town - there were six of us in the one I was assigned to. We were comfortable and the food was good, despite a steady diet of grits and turnip greens.

The school was organized into American and National Leagues with six teams assigned to each league. For three weeks we played ball, two games a day, every day - and that's all we did was play ball. There was no specialized practice whatsoever - not even hitting practice. The only workouts we got were normal pre-game warm-ups, and they never included hitting. We did get a lecture on batting one day. The entire class was jammed into an old union hall and some guy on the stage, armed with a bat, talked for about twenty minutes on techniques, occasionally taking a cut with that bat to emphasize a point.

The "personalized instruction" touted in the Sporting News was non-existent. I never once saw any of the major leaguers in camp involved in any form of instruction - they would appear at a game long enough to make their presence known and then move on. I'm sure that's all they were paid to do.

The closest I ever came to meeting one was in a barbershop. I had just taken a seat when the barber said, "You want to know who sat in this chair a couple of minutes ago? Ole Dizzy Dean-that's who".

It was not all work and no play at the school. We had opportunities to sample southern hospitality when the local citizenry invited kids into their houses for a home cooked meal. My experience at one of these functions ended with a rather humorous twist. My gracious hosts were Chief of Police Davis, his wife, and two daughters. After a delicious meal of fried chicken with all the trimmings (no turnip greens) we repaired to the living room where I spent the next hour or so answering questions about family, background, North Dakota, baseball, etc. The following day I dropped into the local Woolworth store where one of the girls worked to thank her again for their hospitality, and I offered an apology for monopolizing the evening's conversation. She said, "Oh no, we loved to hear you talk, especially my mother - she couldn't get over your charming ACCENT." I got the feeling I would have been just as entertaining by reciting the preamble to the Constitution.

The school made good on at least one of its promises - there was no lack of opportunities to break into organized baseball. The games were well covered by scouts and if you looked like a good prospect you were offered at least a

tryout contract, which was a simple agreement to show up at the spring training camp, at your own expense, with no guarantee you would make the team. The competition among scouts must have been sharp too -I remember one game when I lined a tape measure shot over the left field fence and this guy approached me before I could get to our dugout. He said, "Red, don't you sign with anybody until you hear from me, you hear! I'll get back to you." I never saw the guy again. Near the end of the third week I signed up for a tryout with the Winnipeg Maroons of the Northern League.

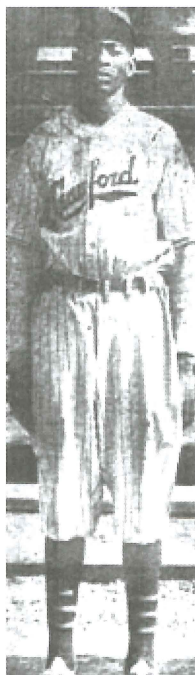
It was a fun three weeks but school was out and I was 1200 miles from home. My return trip started out in class -I chauffeured a kindly old farmer to Galva, Illinois in a new Dodge - he had been soaking in the spas all winter, and he was ready to go home but didn't want to drive a brand new car. He bought me a bus ticket to Minneapolis where I borrowed the price of bus fare to Jamestown from Aunt Katy and Uncle Archer. So, I traveled first class all the way home, and with a week to spare before attending the Maroons tryout camp in St. Paul.

When I checked in at the camp I soon found out that my chances for making the team were slim. The Maroons catcher for the previous year had the first string job locked up and they wanted a back up receiver with a talent for infield positions, too. I wasn't too disappointed when I didn't make the cut. The highlight (and I use the term loosely) of my trip to St. Paul had no connection with baseball.

My uncle Charles Wiest and Aunt Minnie lived there and I stayed with them while attending camp. Uncle Charles, a Seventh-Day Adventist preacher, was holding nightly revival meetings at which I was a captive audience for five nights.

Any thirst I may have had for spiritual enlightenment was quenched at the first session or two - after that it was like trying to drink water from a fire hydrant. At least I returned to Jamestown with a cleansed soul.

Now, opportunity knocked on my door again in the person of Al Breitbach, the owner of the Jamestown Northern League club. He had gotten a plea from the town of Watford City for a pitcher and catcher to bolster their team - he had the pitcher lined up - was I interested in the catcher's job? You bet I was! My battery mate was Perce Keefe, a young right-hander from Chicago, who had been cut from the Jamestown team because of a sore arm. By the end of the following day we were in Watford City talking turkey with the team manager, Frank Wall, who was also the Mayor.



Satchel Paige
Played in ND

We happily accepted his offer of \$75 a month - good wages considering they played only on weekends and holidays. By comparison, \$75 a month was entry-level salary in Class D pro ball, those guys played almost every day.

With plenty of rest between games and warmer weather, Perce's arm came back to life and he was virtually unbeatable. We lost one ball game the whole summer against a Montana team loaded with ringers. My only problem with this set-up was boredom. The local guys had jobs and kept busy during the week while my only function between ball games was to drop in at the cafes or pubs occasionally and mix with the customers. Sometimes, to break the monotony, Perce and I would go to the ballpark just to play catch or work on some of his pitches. This usually drew a crowd of admiring youngsters and soon we had a baseball clinic going; the kids were eager to learn and we had the satisfaction of contributing a little extra to the community.

We played our last game in September and by the end of the month my venture into play-for-pay baseball was over. It was an exciting experience and I have pleasant memories of a summer of fun in this small backwoods town.

My love for the game was born on the sandlots of Jamestown where the neighborhood kids would gather, choose up sides and, if someone had a baseball, the game would start. Not every kid owned a glove but most of the time there was enough to outfit the team in the field. Our bats were throw-outs from the town team that were cracked, but with a few nails and black friction tape, quite adequate for our needs. The same tape covered many a ball that lost its hide from constant usage. The lucky kid that retrieved a foul ball when the town team played was a hero and always assured of a spot in our lineup. I caught without a face mask for several years until a foul tip in my face convinced me (and my mother) of the folly of that practice.

In those days there were no little leagues or any other kind of leagues for kids under the age of sixteen. When a kid reached that age and still had the desire to play ball, the American Legion sponsored league play, followed by state and regional tournaments, then a "World Series" for the national title. The sandlots were the only place a youngster could learn the game of baseball unless he had a father who would take the time and effort to teach him the basics.

Those of us not old enough or good enough to play on the town team formed our own teams and played just for the fun of the game. I

remember the time we beat a Valley City team on their home diamond - I had a new Al Simmons bat that I christened by hitting three triples and a home run, all over the center fielder's head. I remember the first time I was paid to play ball, an event that swelled my ego considerably. The little town of Crystal Springs hired me and a pitcher to beef up their team; we were paid five dollars apiece for each game, big money in these days.

I'll never forget one of those games when they couldn't find anyone willing to umpire. Finally someone reluctantly agreed to take on the job and the game got started. This guy had a strike zone you could drive a car through but it didn't bother us - he applied his version to both sides. The fun started though when I came to bat with the bases loaded. The count was 3 balls and a strike and the next pitch was in the dirt. The ump called ball four, hesitated a few seconds, and then said, "You're out". I yelled, "What!" He said, "I got no place to put you." By then both teams and the crowd were laughing and the game came to a halt until the team managers had a few words with the hapless guy.

In 1933 the complexion of baseball in North Dakota changed considerably when Bismarck and Jamestown started hiring black players. These fellows were not run-of-the-mill talents - they were stars in the Negro Leagues and could play on a par with most of the white major leaguers. I could name a dozen of them but one in particular stands out in my memory: Satchel Paige. He played for Bismarck and I had the privilege of seeing him in action more than once. Jamestown had a southpaw, Barney (Lefty) Brown, who was almost as good as Satch and the competition between the 2 cities was fierce.

I used to hang around the ballpark when the team worked out and shag balls during batting practice. Sometimes the manager would let me sit in the dugout during the game (a reward for my conscientious ball shagging); it was at one of these games that I had my brush with sports history. The White House of David (younger readers should google The House of David baseball teams, white and black, (for a very odd bit of religious and sports history) was in town ballyhooing the world's greatest woman athlete, who would pitch a few innings in exhibition. Midway through the game, the House of David manager asked if we could spare someone to warm her up. I was elected and for about five minutes I was on the sidelines in front of a big crowd catching the great Babe Didrikson. By 1936 the blacks had returned to the Negro Leagues - the heyday of integrated baseball in North Dakota was over.



Didrikson

Baseball “During the War” by Col (ret) Albert Wiest

Shortly after we arrived on Fiji, the 3rd Battalion organized a baseball team. One of the members of “I” Company was a pitcher of proven quality, a full-blooded Sioux Indian by the name of Woodrow Wilson Keeble. In fact, he had been scouted by several major league teams before the war and was offered a try-out contract by one of them. However, Woody stayed with “I” Company when 164th was called into federal service. We found enough positions players in the battalion to field a team of passable ability, but Woody (we called him the “Chief”) was the backbone of our aggregation. He was an imposing figure on the mound, six feet two or three and well over 200 pounds. There was another team of players from Regimental Headquarters and special units. With only two teams in the area, we played each other every Sunday. (1st and 2nd Battalions were bivouacked too far away from Suva for their possible teams to conveniently get to us or we to them for a wider-ranging competition.) The troops would come out in droves, mainly to watch the Chief beat up on the other team. We drew quite a few onlookers from the local natives also. They appeared not to have the slightest idea what was going on but they would clap and cheer every time the ball was hit, whether it was fair or foul. It is likely that their perception of a game with bats and balls was shaped by cricket, pervasive in every part of the world where the sun never set on the British Empire, including Fiji. In cricket there is no such thing as a ball hit foul—the batsmen (they aren’t called batters) can run on any hit or glance off the bat in any direction. And there’s no foul tip rule—if it’s caught by the wicket keeper (catcher), you’re out.

The Chief never lost a game—his fast ball came across the plate like it was shot from a cannon. I know, I was the catcher on that team! The Chief had so much steam on that fastball that I cut a piece of sponge rubber to fit behind the palm of my catcher’s mitt. I have thought of the Chief every day of my life since those great ball games—not because I am unduly sentimental but because of a still-visible scar around the ring finger of my right hand. Once in a careless moment while catching the Chief, I relaxed and opened my right hand, which was ordinarily either clenched up by my mitt or tucked behind my back. A foul tip off a probably 95-mile-an-hour pitch went right into the middle of my open bare palm, with spectacular results.

At the battalion aid station where I promptly went, with my hand split open and bleeding profusely up one side and down the other around my ring finger, I ran into an aspect

of RHIP (rank hath its privileges) which was quite new to me. The duty surgeon that Sunday was a first lieutenant, I then a lordly captain. He said, “Captain, you know you have the right to be treated by a medical officer of your own rank or higher. Shall I get the battalion surgeon?” I replied, perhaps a bit testily, “You’re a doctor, aren’t you?” “Yes, sir”, came his reply. “Start sewing”, said I. The resulting 9 (count ‘em) stitches have left their trace to this day, my permanent memento. I am happy to say this was the worst wound I sustained in my army career.

We did lose one game that season, however. There was a rotation schedule in “I” Company as to who had to do KP (kitchen police)—dirty work of various kinds in the mess hall. The Chief had always gotten out of KP on Sundays due to his sporting responsibilities and some of his fellow troopers were churlish enough to complain. The Company Commander told me, “Al, I’ve got to get these guys off my back”, and made the Chief do KP one Sunday. We came in second that day.

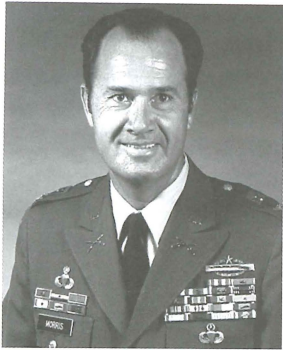


Woody Keeble with Wahpeton Red Sox, 1947 ND Champs.

As an aside about the Chief, in the Korean War he was decorated for bravery in combat. His unit was being held up by enemy machine-guns, so Woody filled his pockets with hand grenades and single-handedly took out three machine gun nests, killing all the occupants and allowing his unit to advance to their objective. He could pitch more than baseballs accurately. He was recommended twice for the Congressional Medal of Honor (CMH) for this action and both times his paperwork was lost. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross (the DSC is the second highest medal for bravery in combat) instead. After more than sixty years of concerted effort by family, fellow soldiers, and congressmen, his DSC was upgraded to the CMH. The medal was presented to the family in a colorful ceremony at the White House in 2008. Sadly, the Chief did not live to see this day.

The 164th’s honeymoon in the Fijian paradise came to its end in December 1943. The Americal Division was ordered to move to Bougainville, another island in the N. Solomons. On the day of our departure, the local citizenry turned out to bid us bon voyage. They presented me with a bottle of scotch which I had to stuff into my overloaded barracks bag. We arrived at Bougainville on Christmas Day 1943 without incident, except my bottle of scotch was smashed.


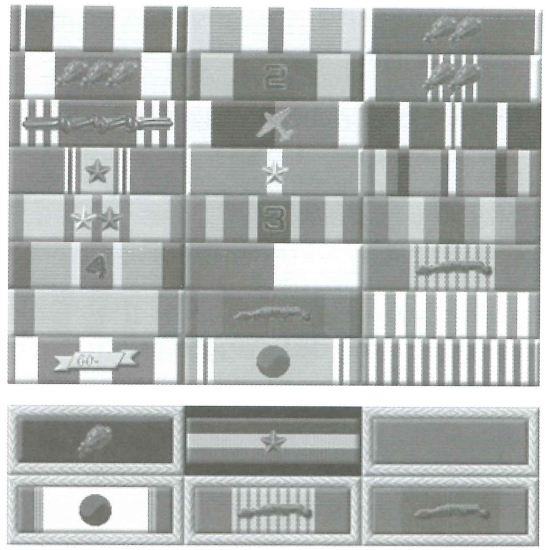
Col (ret) James H. Morris, Co F (Korea)



Rank, Service
Colonel O-6, U.S. Army

Veteran of:

U.S. Army 1948-1987
Cold War 1948-1987
Berlin Airlift 1948-1949
Korean War 1950-1951
Vietnam War 1961-62,
1966-67, 1968-69, 1970

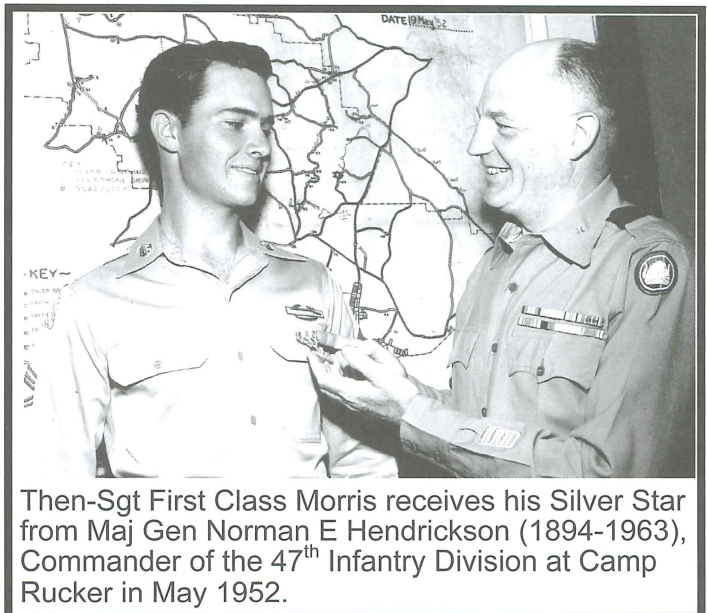



--Jim Morris was born on Oct 4, 1931, in Vidalia, Ga. He enlisted in the Army, completing Infantry Basic, Ft Jackson, SC, in Nov 1948. --His first assignment was with the 18th Infantry Regiment of the 1st Inf Div, Germany, from Nov48-Jul50; then Co C, 1st Battalion, 15th Infantry Regt, 3rd Inf Div in Korea from Jul 1950 to Oct51. --Sgt 1st Class Morris next served with Company F, 164th Infantry Regiment of the 47th Infantry Division at Camp Rucker, Alabama, from October 1951 to September 1952

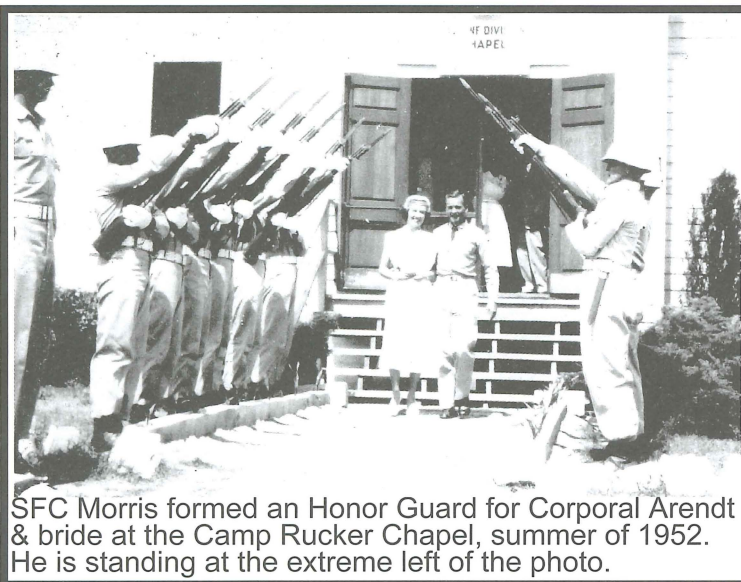


Silver Star Citation: On 24 March 1951, Sergeant MORRIS was leading his squad in an attack on Hill 337, north of the town of Uijongbu, Korea. While advancing up the slopes, he and his squad were pinned down by intense small arms fire and hand grenades coming from a knoll overlooking their position. Sergeant MORRIS, having gathered grenades from his men to replenish his own exhausted supply, leaped to his feet and singlehandedly assaulted the enemy emplacement in the face of withering fire. Having utilized his grenades he then courageously continued his charge, firing his rifle into the well fortified position and completely destroying the occupants. The gallantry and devotion to duty displayed by Sergeant MORRIS reflect great credit upon himself and exemplify the high traditions of the military service.

www.veterantributes.org/TributeDetail.asp?ID=1556



Then-Sgt First Class Morris receives his Silver Star from Maj Gen Norman E Hendrickson (1894-1963), Commander of the 47th Infantry Division at Camp Rucker in May 1952.

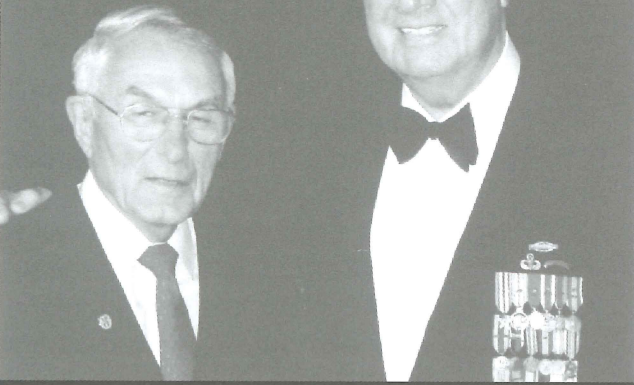


SFC Morris formed an Honor Guard for Corporal Arendt & bride at the Camp Rucker Chapel, summer of 1952. He is standing at the extreme left of the photo.

Editor's Note: When Google found the posting about Col (ret) Morris on the Special Forces website, I started looking for him using some other search tools. With no clue where he lived, it wasn't easy. There are 1500+ James Morris's in the US. He was #53 on the list of 186 James H. Morris's in the US; because the Special Forces posting had listed his birthdate, I presumed finding the correct one & sent a letter.

*He had just returned a trip to North Carolina where his prestigious career was recognized with induction into the Special Forces Hall of Fame....We exchanged some info and he sent in these great 1952 photos. He wrote: "I looked through the rosters you sent and recognized some of the men I served with. **Gerald Pierson** was the First Sergeant & **Edwin Arendt** the company clerk. I also recall **Darrell Lampert**."*

Maj Gen Sidney Shacknow
& Col Morris (r) at the
Special Forces
Convention, June 2012



COL (RET) JAMES H. MORRIS

INDUCTED INTO SPECIAL FORCES HALL OF FAME

HEADQUARTERS
UNITED STATES JOHN F. KENNEDY
SPECIAL WARFARE CENTER
FT. BRAGG, NC
16 June, 2012

CITATION

By Direction of the Secretary of the Army, Colonel James Hampton Morris is inducted into the US Army Special Forces Hall of Fame as a Distinguished Member of the Special Forces Regiment. Colonel Morris served 26 years of his 39 year active duty career commanding Special Forces units, and in major joint command and staff positions. Colonel Morris made significant contributions to the Regiment's success on the battlefield and to the training and qualifications of new members to the Regiment. As commander of the Special Forces School at Fort Bragg and Camp MacKall, NC, he consolidated the enlisted and officer field training, creating highly cohesive team members to the Special Forces Groups. The ranks of the US Army Special Forces have always been and will continue to be filled by a special breed of man. These men are set apart from others by their superior mental, physical and spiritual strength. Colonel Morris demonstrated that he is an icon within the distinguished ranks of US Army Special Forces.

Col Morris served as rifleman, squad leader, platoon sgtn, and field first sgt throughout his 11 years of enlisted service. He participated as a member of the 1st Bn, 15th Reg't, 3d ID in the first 5 UN counter-offensive campaigns of the Korean War. He was commissioned after Infantry OCS in June 1959, and served in special forces with the 1st, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 7th, & 8th SF Groups and 46th SF Company, beginning in 1961 with the White Star Mobile Training Team in Laos & Thailand, then SF Security Assistance duty in Panama, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Guatemala, Chile, Peru, & Venezuela from 1962-65. He then set up an airborne school in El Salvador to train the first parachute qualified military units in Central America; advised the Peruvian Commandos in counterinsurgency (CI) tactics; and security/CI training of the Royal Thai Army. In 1967, he served on the faculty at the Infantry School, Ft Benning, GA. He returned to Vietnam in 1968, where he commanded SF Det B-33 and the Military Assistance Command Vietnam (MACV) Recondo School (5th SF Gp, Abn). Departing Vietnam in 1969, he assumed duties as Adjutant, 3rd SF Gp (Abn), and later XO, 7th SF Gp (Abn) at Ft Bragg.

In August, 1970, Col Morris was selected by the Joint Chiefs of Staff to be the Chief USA SF planner and ass't ground commander for the Nov 1970 raid on the American POW camp located in the suburbs of Hanoi at Son Tay, North Vietnam, participating in briefing, consolidation, and execution of this ultra-secret humanitarian effort. He participated in a total of six Vietnam campaigns.

Graduating from Armed Forces Staff college in '72, he was selected to form a Special Warfare Division for the J-3 Directorate, US Readiness Command. After commanding the 3rd Bn, 5th SF Gp (Abn) at Ft Bragg in 1978, he was selected to be the Defense & Army Attache in Malawi, with regional coverage of Zambia, S. Rhodesia, Mozambique, & Tanzania. In 1980, attended Army War College. He commanded the grad level School of International Studies, later the Special Forces School, and was selected to command the Special Operations Command Europe in 1983. In 1986, his final assignment was Inspector General of the Alabama National Guard. He retired 1 July 1987.

Col Morris & wife CJ reside in Arizona. They have 3 children: Carolyn, Vickey, & James II; 5 grandchildren; and 4 great grandchildren.

Col (ret) James H. Morris, 4625 W Judson Dr, Phoenix, AZ 85087, jhmorris1@cox.net, (623)561-1347

Propaganda Campaign

Korean War Propaganda Leaflet Collection



The Korean War Propaganda Leaflet Collection preserved at the NDSU Institute for Regional Studies provides a unique look into an aspect of the war often overlooked. Based upon what President Truman called "the campaign of truth" these leaflets became one of the primary means of winning the hearts and minds of enemy troops and Korean civilians.

This collection of over 600 leaflets was amassed by NDSU alumnus Albert G. Brauer who served in the Eighth U.S. Army Korea as Chief of the Projects Branch, Psychological Warfare Division, G3 Section (February 1951 to January 1952). Under his direction, he transformed a small nucleus of relatively untrained personnel into an integrated team of writers, artists, and oriental language specialists of professional caliber who produced many hundreds of propaganda leaflets and voice messages for dissemination by aircraft, artillery and by air and ground loudspeaker units.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE SECTION
Headquarters USAF
APO 101

15 April 1951

LEAFLET: Addressed to Former UN Soldiers of the 48th UN Division
LEAFLET: Korean
DESIGNATION: Serial No. UNAX - 8119 - Korea
TARGET: Former UN Troops
REMARKS: ITT Reports indicate large percentage of former UN Troops in 48th UN Division.
ART WORK: South Korean Flag.

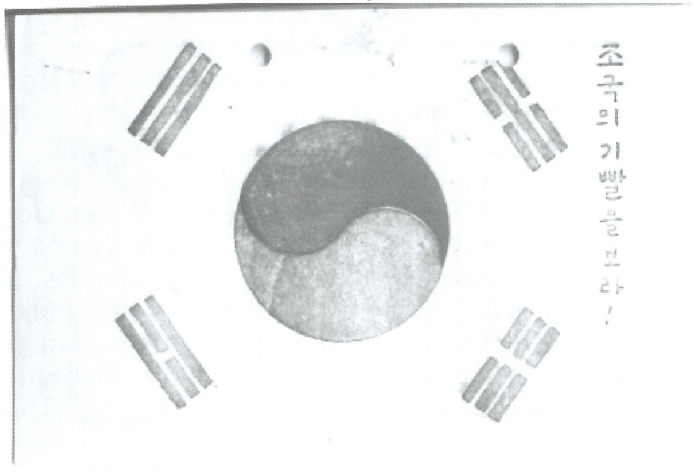
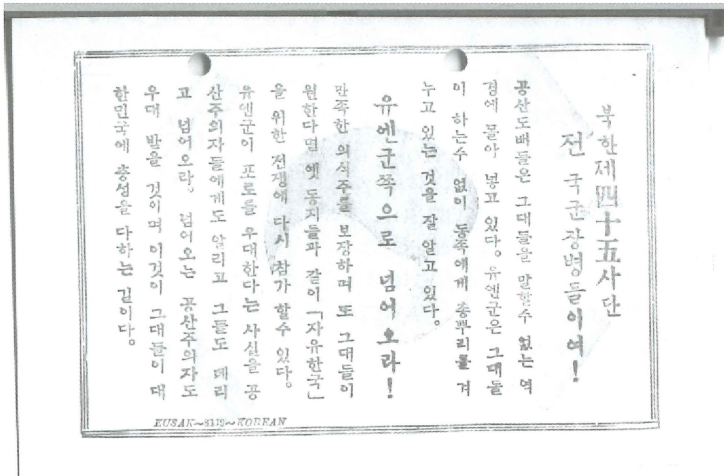
Page 1. South Korean Flag.
Caption: "Work in your true flag."

Page 2. Text.

Former UN Soldiers now with the 48th UN Division.

Your Communist leaders have forced you to endure great hardships. UN Forces here that you are forced to fight your dear brethren. Come to the UN lines. You will be well fed and clothed, and if you wish, allowed to rejoin your comrades in arms in the battle for a free Korea. Tell the Communists of the UN's good treatment of prisoners. Bring them with you to our lines. They will be treated well and you will have served Korea faithfully.

NDSU Institute for Regional Studies



At right is a letter that authorizes & describes the "Anti-Morale" flyer below:

Page 1: Sketch, with Caption
"DO NOT BE A LIVE TARGET"

Page 2: The Mark of death is upon you. The firepower of the UN is merciless. Why sacrifice yourself in this sea of fire. This need not be your fate.

You can save your life by going to the UN lines. Hide and stay in your foxhole when your unit moves to the rear and then wait for the UN to arrive. Or else lag to the rear and escape from your unit during darkness. Then come to the UN lines in daylight. The UN forces will give you good treatment.

PSYCHOLOGICAL WARFARE SECTION
Headquarters, USMA
APO 301

LEAFLET : Anti-Morale
LANGUAGE : Korean
DESIGNATION : Serial No. 20541-5125-Korean
TARGET : North Korean Army
Remarks : Phase 5 leaflet for use against units that are withdrawing.
ART WORK : North Korean soldier with bull's eye target.

TEXT:

(Page 1) Sketch, with caption-----

"DO NOT BE A LIVE TARGET"

(Page 2)

Officers and Men of the North Korean Army:

Thousands and thousands of your comrades have been killed and wounded.

The mark of death is also upon you.

The firepower of the UN is merciless.

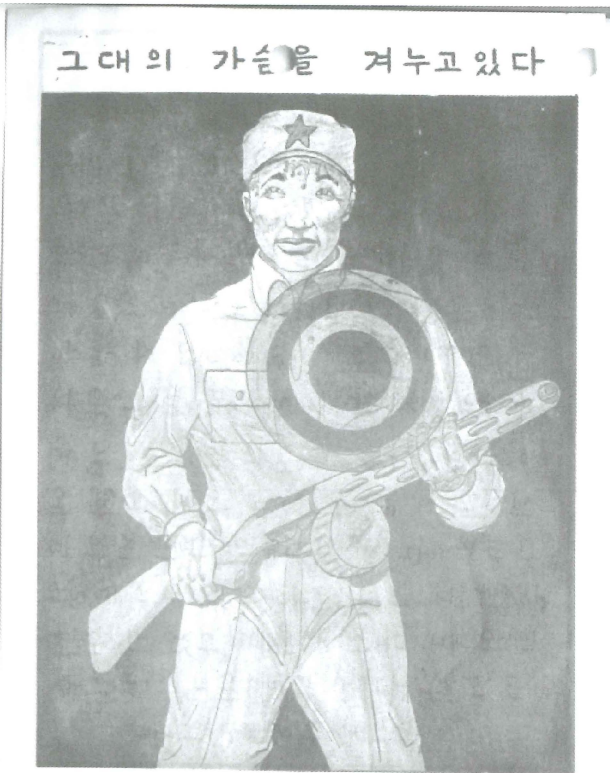
Why sacrifice yourself in this sea of fire?

This need not be your fate.

You can save your life by going to UN lines.

Hide and stay in your foxhole when your unit goes to the rear and then wait for the UN to arrive. Or else lag to the rear and escape from your unit during darkness. Then come to UN lines in daylight.

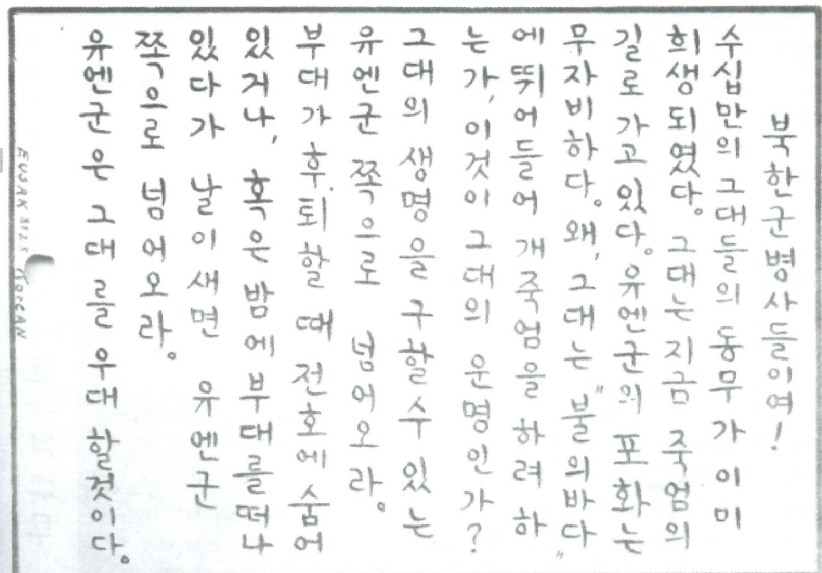
The UN forces will give you good treatment.



NDSU Institute for Regional Studies

Flyer on the previous page:

Your communist captors have forced you to endure great hardships. UN Forces know that you are forced to fight your dear brothers. Come to the UN lines. You will be well fed and clothed, and if you wish, allowed to rejoin your comrades in arms in the battle for a free Korea. Tell the Communists of the UN's good treatment of prisoners. Bring them with you to our lines. They will be treated well and you will have served Korea faithfully.



NDSU Institute for Regional Studies

Pfc. Cresencio “Chris” Cruz, Co. F

By Wayne Fauber & Chris Hart

WWII VICTORY

To Editor: I am the son-in-law of Stan B. Castro, a man who served in the 164th during World War II. I wrote a profile for him and your organization published it in your excellent newsletter (July 2010). After it was published, a soldier who served with Stan, Cresencio Cruz, got in touch with him and they've been able to meet a couple of times since. It was wonderful seeing them together and during one of the visits I asked Mr. Cruz if he had had his profile published in the newsletter. He told me he had not, so my friend, Wayne Fauber and I interviewed him and videotaped the sessions. Wayne then wrote his profile. Thank you, Chris Hart

Like most Americans at that time, Cresencio “Chris” Cruz had never heard of Pearl Harbor before December 7th, 1941. But it didn't take long for the 16-year-old boy to learn that the war wasn't so far away: he was in Santa Barbara, California, when the town's Ellwood oil field was shelled by a Japanese submarine on February 23rd, 1942.

About two years later, by then living in the Mar Vista area of West Los Angeles, Chris turned 18. His draft notice arrived almost immediately. “They must have been waiting at the door,” Chris says with a smile.

Chris had always thought of the U.S. Army as a place for “big, tough” guys, and didn't know why they'd want a “short, skinny” kid like him who had never fired a weapon in his life. During basic training at Camp Roberts in central California, a lot of Chris's fellow recruits were from places like Texas and Oklahoma, and they knew all about guns and hunting. So when the guys in his barracks started putting money in a pool—whoever scored the highest at the rifle range the next day would win the pool—Chris reluctantly joined in. “Guess who won?” Chris points his thumb at himself. “The dummy who'd never shot before,” he says.

When basic training ended, the men in Chris's outfit were told about a new unit being formed at Fort Benning, Georgia, and were offered the chance to join the 101st Airborne, later known as the Screaming Eagles.

“I'd never been in a plane,” Chris says, “so I wasn't about to jump out of one.”

He'd never been on an ocean-going vessel, either, but Chris soon found himself on a troop transport steaming across the Pacific. It took over three weeks to reach New Caledonia off the eastern coast of Australia. Within a couple more weeks, Chris and others in his group were on their way to Fiji to serve as replacements in the already battle-tested Americal Division.



Stan Castro (left) and Cresencio Cruz, now and “then”.

The three infantry regiments of the Americal—the 132nd, 164th and 182nd—had distinguished themselves fighting on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. Chris was placed in the 164th, 2nd Battalion, F Company, 2nd Platoon. Chris and five other replacements—Carter, Castro, Cortez, Espinoza, and Flores—were the first six Mexican-Americans in F Company. By war's end, there would be 16. “I was proud to be in the Army,” Chris says.

On Fiji, the Guadalcanal veterans taught the new guys the skills of jungle fighting. And the replacements would eventually need everything they learned, because the division's next combat assignment would be at one of the most inhospitable places on earth: another one of the Solomons, an island called Bougainville. They landed there on Christmas Day of 1943.

Extreme tropical heat and humidity, rain every day, snakes, swarms of biting insects, malaria (which Chris would come down with four times), jaundice, and jungle rot were all part of life on Bougainville. As if that weren't enough, the island had an active volcano that caused frequent earthquakes.



And, of course, there was a Japanese enemy to be fought. Chris was assigned to a 3-man BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) team by a sergeant named Hannet. "He was a very nice person," Chris says. He pauses before adding: "He was one of the first killed."

On Bougainville, Chris and his friend Leonard Cortez stuck close to each other. Maybe too close. In the lead element of a patrol one day, they were walking right next to each other when an enemy machine gun opened fire on the patrol. After they jumped in dry wash for cover, Leonard soon asked Chris to carry his field pack. Chris refused by saying, "Carry your own pack, Leonard. I'm tired too."

It wasn't until Cortez took off his pack that Chris could see the blood: a machine gun bullet had hit Leonard in the back. Chris said, "Why didn't you say so, dummy?"

After a year on Bougainville, Chris, Leonard and the entire Americal Division were shipped off to the Philippines for more fighting on Leyte, Cebu, and Negros islands.

During his combat tour, Chris would sometimes serve on BAR teams, and at other times as a rifleman or a platoon runner. But during all those months on the front lines, he was wounded not once.

He did, however, survive many close calls.

On Leyte, a soldier named Wendell Bosch got shot in the stomach, and Chris set him down against a tree. A sergeant motioned for Chris to follow him, and when he got up a friend of Wendell's, Ted Dietrich, knelt down by the tree. Just then, Ted was shot in the shoulder; he was exactly where Chris had been a split second earlier.

One night on Cebu, Chris's platoon was dug in on a ridge when the enemy began lobbing mortar shells onto their position. First, Keenan on his left and later, Dietel on his right were badly wounded—Dietel, mortally. Chris would eventually carry each of them to the aid station without sustaining so much as a scratch. "How come I didn't get hit," Chris wonders aloud. Their captain was also killed that night.

Also on Cebu, Chris was standing by a sergeant named Brooklander when the sergeant was shot by a Japanese sniper. "Being that close," Chris says, "it could have been me."

Then, of course, there was that time on Bougainville when Leonard Cortez was wounded by machine gun fire that could have just as easily hit Chris. "You always think your turn is next," Chris says. "It gets worse, the longer you stay."

When he is asked if he thinks it was just luck that kept him from getting hit all those times, Chris immediately responds, "Of course. What else?" Matter-of-factly he says, "It wasn't my turn." And when he's told that Stan Carter (1st Platoon) says that exact same thing—it wasn't my turn—Chris says, "I guess we all feel that. I think a lot about that now."



Carter & Cruz

There was another event, one on Negros, Chris has also obviously thought about: "That day that Carter got killed." Neptali "Tali" Carter had been badly wounded in a hillside battle and become separated from the rest of the men. One soldier was sure Tali was dead, so when the company withdrew down the hill, no one went to look for him.

But then an artillery observer in a plane reported that one of their men was still up there. The observer saw the man "get up then fall down; get up then fall down." Two soldiers were sent to bring the man down the hill and, when they became exhausted, Chris went up to help. "When I saw his [dark] skin," Chris says, "I knew it was Carter. I was carrying him down the hill, he died in my arms."

Chris wrote a letter of condolence to Tali's mother, and they corresponded for a while. Then, a few years after the war ended, Carter's brother located Chris and asked him to come to San Francisco to meet Tali's family. Chris agreed, and the Carters showed Chris a great weekend in the city. Before leaving, Chris was asked by Tali's mother about her son's death, including whether he had suffered. "How are you going to tell the lady," Chris says, "yeah, her son suffered . . . he suffered."

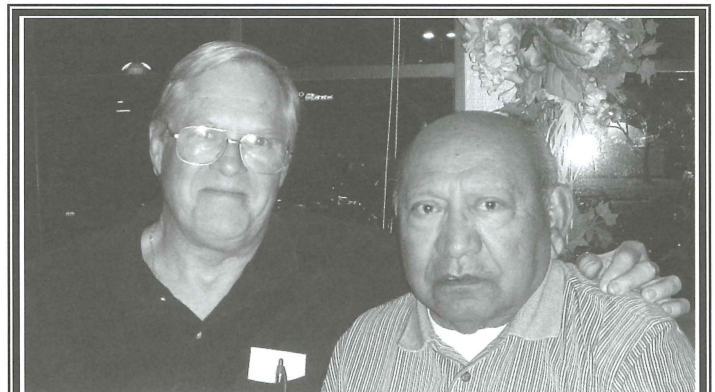
When Chris's regiment left Negros in June of 1945, it joined the other Americal regiments on Cebu to prepare for Operation Downfall: the invasion of Japan. Estimates were that the Americans could sustain over one million casualties during the operation. "I don't think I would have survived that," Chris says.

But when the Japanese announced their surrender in August, the invasion force became an army of occupation instead, with the Americal Division arriving in Japan in September of 1945. Some of the men, Chris says, drank too much while there and got into trouble or, worse, were badly injured. Chris didn't drink or go to the bars. "I went through all this s---," he says, "I'm not going to get hurt here. I never went anywhere."

He did, though, find something that would become his only souvenir of the war: a brand new Japanese military rifle that was right out of the crate, never been fired. He was told that the authorities would confiscate it. But when Chris left Japan, he and his lone souvenir made it all the way back to the states, safely.

After 33 months in the U.S. Army, Chris was honorably discharged in San Pedro, California, in November of 1945. When he got home, he found that his old civilian clothes didn't fit him. "I was bigger," he says. He and his brother married two sisters they'd known since childhood, and Chris went to school on the G.I. Bill. He's now retired after a 35-year career with McDonnell Douglas, still living in the same Mar Vista neighborhood his family moved to in 1942.

And as for that souvenir rifle? Chris gave it to one of his grandchildren, Henry Angel, Jr., on the young man's 18th birthday. "He's got it," Chris says.



In the March 2006 News, Danny Simpson posted an inquiry about his dad, James C. Simpson, KIA in the Philippines. A couple of days after the issue was mailed, he was contacted by Chris and their meeting was in the July 2006 News. Danny Wrote: "World War II Orphans have a hard time dealing with the loss of someone they never knew. When I talked to Mr. Cruz and he told me he was in the same squad as my dad and was there on the day he died, it was like hearing of his death for the first time - all over again - very emotional for me. It took me almost two weeks to get up enough nerve to tell my Mom that I had been in contact with Mr. Cruz - I didn't know how she would be able to take the news. She's happy that we were able to get together."---

Crescencio Cruz lives at: 3331 Wade Street. Los Angeles, CA 90066-1531. Phone 310-398-5412.

Vets at Arlington mark 70th Anniv. of Guadalcanal

www.army.mil/article/85181/Vets_gather_at_Arlington_to_mark_70th_anniversary_of_Guadalcanal/

August 8, 2012

By **J.D. Leipold**

WASHINGTON (Army News Service, Aug. 8, 2012) -- Seventy years after the Aug. 7, 1942 start to what would be a brutal, six-month-long battle over an island in the South Pacific, veterans of Guadalcanal gathered at Arlington National Cemetery to pay respects to their fellow Marines, Soldiers, & Sailors.

Fifteen members of the Guadalcanal Campaign Veterans Association, or GCVA, gathered in the cemetery's amphitheater for a roll call of those known and to recognize the unknown battle buddies who had passed away over the last year. In their 80s and 90s now, they were accompanied to the event by wives, sons, daughters, grandchildren and friends.

"We want to honor all participants of Guadalcanal, those who perished in the air, sea and land and those who came home, raised families, started careers and have since passed," said GCVA's national secretary, Gerald Mohn Jr., whose father had served with the 1st Marine Division on Guadalcanal. "We think it's important that these men be honored for their sacrifice, they are the greatest generation."

Nicholas Schlosser, of the Marine Corps History Division, discussed the significance of the Guadalcanal Campaign to the eventual Allied victory over Imperial Japanese forces in the Pacific.

"I would say Guadalcanal was no less than the turning point of the war in the Pacific theater," Schlosser said. "There were very few battles in the war that were fought equally on air, land and sea that hang in the balance for so long. The battle was six months, and up until mid-November, if not December, there were still concerns that the Allies might not win."

"It was really through the fortitude and courage of all those fighting on the island, at sea and in the air around the island, that enabled the Allies to achieve victory and advance," he added. "It no longer was a question of will the Allies win the war; it became a matter of when will Japan lose the war and how long until surrender."

The invasion force to hit the beaches on Aug. 7, 1942, was made up of about 16,000 Marines which would later swell to a force of 60,000 joint service personnel, including Soldiers from the 164th Infantry Regiment of the Americal Division. The participating Allied forces there included forces from Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, the British Solomon Islands, Tonga and Fiji.

The 164th Infantry News, July 2012



Master sergeant stripes on his green campaign vest, William J. Hanusek, was just 21 when he found himself on Guadalcanal as a medic with the 121st Medical Battalion of the Americal Division.

One of those Americal Soldiers at Guadalcanal included William J. Hanusek, of Mt. Pleasant, Pa. When he turned 21, Hanusek found himself drafted while in the process of enlisting.

He wanted to be a bulldozer or crane operator, but during processing into the Army, he was asked if he'd had any special training under his belt. Hanusek told the captain processing him that he'd taken a first-aid course when he was with the Civilian Conservation Corps for Youth in 1936. That was enough to get him sent off to medic school after boot camp. Hanusek eventually found himself caring for wounded Soldiers in Guadalcanal-while carrying a carbine.

Hanusek said that in the Pacific theater, unlike in the European theater, Allied medical personnel were routinely shot. "I had some great friends in Guadalcanal," he recalled. "In the position you're in, the guy next to you in the foxhole is your best friend in the world, he's more than a brother to you. I remember him to this day, Kenny Davis, a young boy from North Carolina. He made it through the war, but died about a year after the war ended.

"At the time it was all really horrible to me. I remember snipers, bullets right next to your ear, your head, friends who were shot in front of you and those next to you who were decimated by artillery fire," he said. "Seventy years later, I don't have the nightmares or flashbacks anymore, those things don't bother me anymore, but what does bother me is trying to walk and move around."

Hanusek went on to make the Army a career, retiring as a master sergeant in 1964.

Editor: The original article stated Hanusek was in the 164th Infantry, so I phoned him. He had praise for the 164th and bought a book. But, although the 121st supported the 164th, he could not take credit for serving with the Regiment and was troubled that the reporter had misunderstood.

Autographs: The Alpha & Omega of WWII

by Dan Marrs, Bismarck, ND

Editor: While I was taking a class about possibly selling the 164th book on Ebay, the instructor and I started talking about WWII, and he told me this interesting story about two famous autographs that he acquired on a scrap piece of paper, as that was all he had in his pocket when he got the first one.

The first autograph, that of Mitsuo Fuchida, a veteran of the Japanese Navy, was obtained by me in 1965 or 1966 when a speaker came to the school where I was teaching. The speaker was Mitsuo Fuchida, a person of whom most of us knew nothing about. The theme of his presentation to the students was his determination to become the "number one pilot in all Japan," and setting goals. He had entered the Japanese navy during the 1930's and by chance he was selected to become an aircraft carrier naval aviator. So he applied all his energy to becoming the finest aircraft pilot he could. Consequently, he was selected to lead the raid on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, on December 7, 1941. Fuchida planned and coordinated the entire raid, under the command of Admiral Nagumo.

Several teachers invited him to sit with us at lunch and tell us more of his experiences. Fuchida talked about how he realized after the war that he was spared for some reason and converted to Christianity. His mentor was Jacob DeShazer, one of the crew members of the infamous "30 seconds over Tokyo raid," the raid led by Col. Jimmy Doolittle in a squadron of B-25 bombers, launched from an aircraft carrier in the north Pacific.

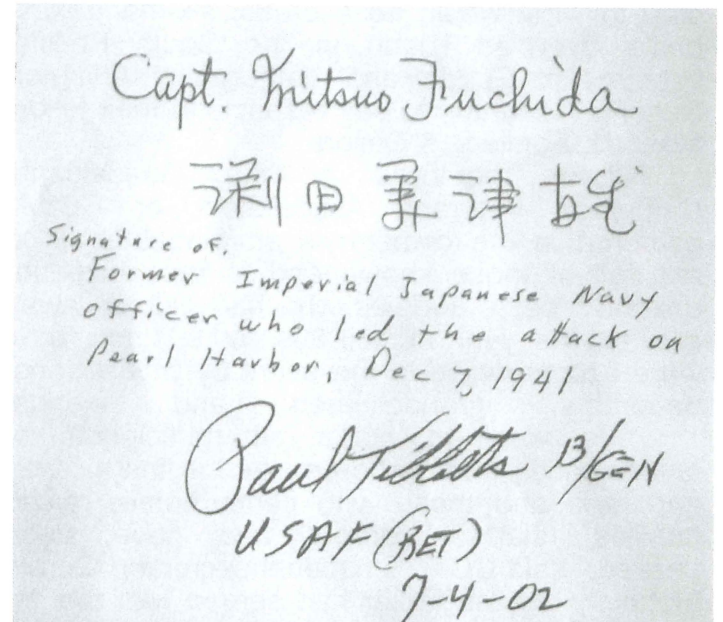
Because they had to launch sooner than they expected, they did not have the fuel to continue on to China and turn the planes over to Gen. Chenault. Consequently, all the planes ditched after the raid, with some of the crews being captured by the Japanese. DeShazer, survived his POW experience and returned to Japan after the war to work as a Christian missionary. Fuchida was one of his converts [Editor's note: he spent his life teaching the word of Christ. One of his books is enscribed Luke 23:34 which is "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."]

Some of the examples that Fuchida shared with us were those of the several times he very easily could have been killed, but was spared. His first story was the raid on Pearl Harbor. His plane was one of the first over Pearl Harbor, as he had to command the raids, and he was one last to leave the scene. So the chances of him either getting shot down or running out of fuel were very real outcomes. But he made it back to the carrier safely. I learned in later readings, that he was the one who radioed "Tora Tora Tora" back to the fleet, meaning that the attack was successful –



Left: Fuchida. Right: Tamura playing Fuchida in the movie. Tora means Tiger, the code word for the attack of Japanese planes on Pearl Harbor.

commented that he was headed to California to assist with the film and proudly announced, "My part is being played by the finest actor in Japan!" (Takahiro Tamura was the actor.)



The Alpha (The Beginning): Mitsuo Fuchinda was the pilot who planned the raid on Pearl Harbor. The Omega (The End): Paul Tibbets was the pilot who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

"Tora Tora Tora" is the title of an excellent movie of the Pearl Harbor raid - from both the American and Japanese perspective. Fuchida was one of the technical advisors on the movie and his name is mentioned several times. When Fuchida was visiting with us, he

The second situation in which he escaped with his life was the battle of Midway. He was not able to fly in the battle, as he was still recuperating from appendicitis surgery. But he was aboard one of the main Japanese ships during the battle, in the ship's sick bay. In the heat of the battle, he made his way from sick bay to the commander's station on the ship - but just as they were making the decision to abandon ship due to damage. They transferred Fuchida to another ship and shortly thereafter, the original ship on which he was aboard, sunk. So he dodged death for a second time during the war.

He told of several other events, but the two that stick out in my mind was his accounting of being stationed in Hiroshima in the August of 1945. The Japanese command in Tokyo called a meeting of all the main commanders, the meeting to be held in Tokyo. Shortly after he departed Hiroshima, the United States dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima, so if he hadn't have been called to Tokyo, he surely would have perished in the blast. He said they knew that America had a very powerful new weapon, but had no idea it was of this magnitude. They also weren't aware of the dangers of radiation poisoning that would linger in the area for a long time to come. Fuchida and several others were dispatched to Hiroshima a day or so after the blast to assess the damage. He said his first encounter was trying to land his small aircraft on the only runway available and it was littered with debris and had major damage. But he landed safely and spent time in Hiroshima, preparing a report for the commanders in Tokyo. He said they all wondered through the rubble just as anyone would after a tremendous disaster, but not knowing of radiation poisoning, they took no precautions. After a few months, he was one of the few of the military surveying party, to not only not be dead from radiation poisoning, but also had no signs of its effects.

Fuchida died in May of 1973. To learn more about the man, I purchased two books, one written by him (*Midway: The battle that doomed Japan, the Japanese Navy story*), and an biography of him by Gordon W. Prange (*God's Samurai*). I also have a book that personal accounts from survivors of the Hiroshima bombing, but it has nothing to do with Fuchida.

The second autograph on the piece of paper is what I call "the omega" of WW II, as it is of General Paul Tibbits, the commander of the Enola Gay B-29 that dropped the bomb on Hiroshima. I first got his autograph when I purchased his book, online, "Return of the Enola Gay," which is his autobiography. I paid the extra cost so I could have his autograph.

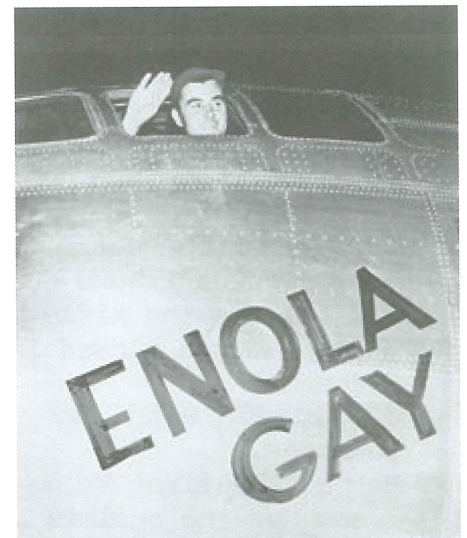
But in July of 2002, my brother-in-law, Chuck, called to let me know that Tibbits would be at a Korean War Veterans event in Minot,



Gen Paul Tibbits and Dan Marris in 2002

ND. So I retrieved my Fuchida autograph and the Enola Gay book and headed to Minot with Chuck.

General Tibbits signed the same scrap of paper on which also contained Mitsuo Fuchida and signed the Enola Gay book for me a second time - beside the photo of him receiving the Distinguished Flying Cross from General Spaatz on Tinian Island just after his return from the bombing run. While getting his autograph, Chuck took a photo of General Tibbits and me. As General Tibbits was signing the scrap of paper, I asked him if he knew Fuchida, to which he smiled and said, "Oh yes, he and I have made many joint presentations to groups over the years."



Paul Warfield Tibbits, Jr.
(23Feb1915 – 1Nov2007) &
the aircraft that dropped Little
Boy on Hiroshima.

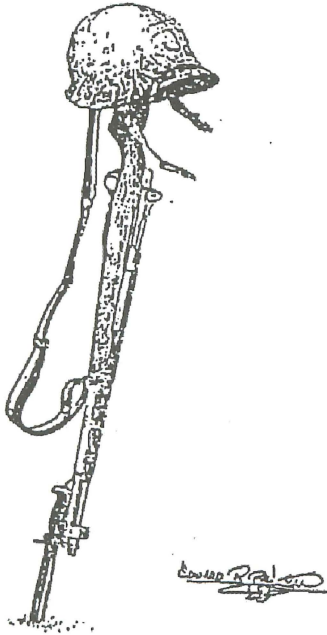
Dan Marris, email: dcmarris@bis.midco.net

Dan's brother Ray served in WWII and wrote the book "*I Was There When the World Stood Still*"

"Helmet on a Rifle"

An unknown soldier of the 164th thought this poem significant enough to have it placed in the 164th Archives at the University of North Dakota. **Significant?** Yes! It will touch your soul. Your Editor got curious about the author, and after a few months of internet searching, found that he is a former Marine with a penchant for patriotism. More about him and his poems on the following pages. ...

A HELMET ON A RIFLE



Author Found!

They built a marble monument
In town the other day.
They put it on the village green,
In permanent display

It's a grand and noble symbol
Raised by a grateful land.
But I remember a simpler one
Of steel, wood and sand.

I remember the puffs of dust
That swirled around our feet
And the way the rifle barrels
Shimmered and glowed in the heat.

I walked with my eyes on the
pointman.
He was the first to go down.
I saw how the bullets hit him
And slammed him onto the ground.

That day lasted almost forever
But it finally came to an end
And there were no strangers among
For each man was every man's friend.

And then I looked at the captain,
And he silently answered me.
He took my hand and he nodded,
Then turned so I couldn't see.

And I walked back to the pointman,
To the place where I had seen him
fall.
Where now the land was quiet,
With a piece of God on all.

I covered him up with a poncho
And then, to be sure he'd be found,
I took his rifle and bayonet
And jabbed it into the ground.

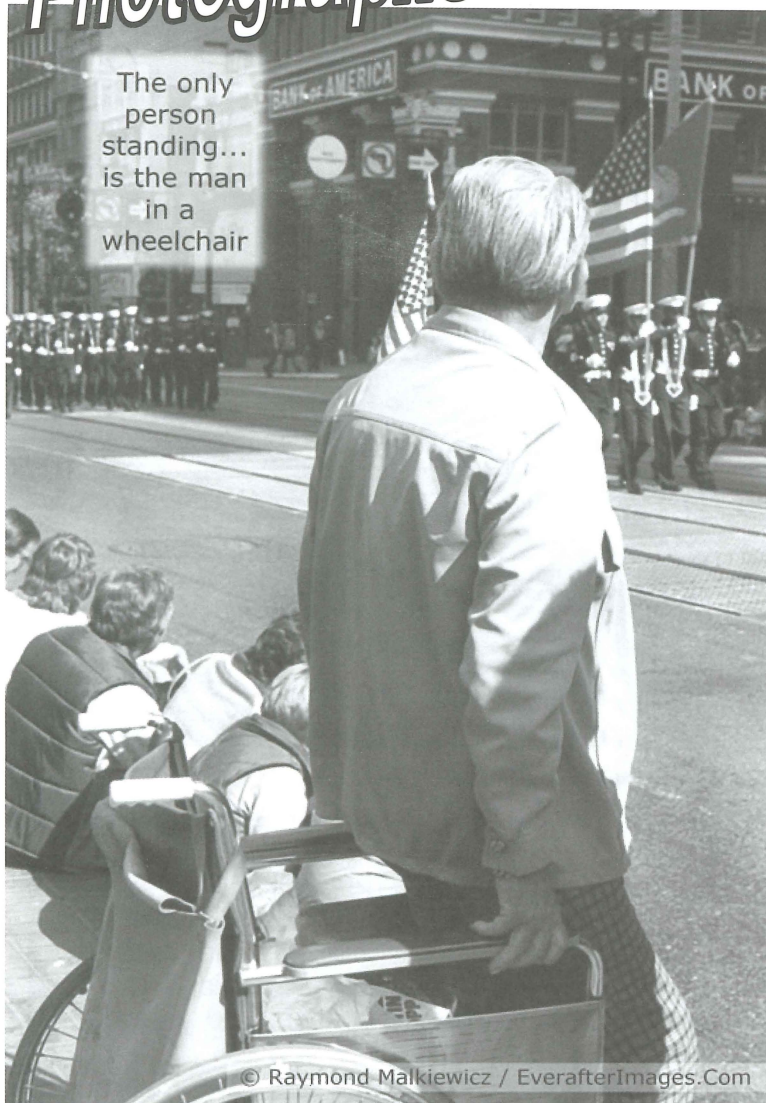
There wasn't much more than I could
do
My tribute seemed a trifle
So I took a battered helmet
And placed it on the rifle.

Years have passed since that fateful
night.
An now I read his name
Carved on a marble monument
Enshrined on a Roll of Fame.

Yet, that helmet on a rifle
Was a far more fitting shrine
For the rifle was my brother's,
And the helmet? It was mine.

R.A.Gannon

“Only Man Standing” Photographer Found!



About the photo: I was just out of the Navy in March '83. I traveled to San Francisco to photo “spot news” images, freelance for local magazines and try to get my name out into media row. I was just out & about when I saw the parade starting.

I positioned myself to capture the man in the wheelchair with the Marine Color Guard coming around the corner. My thoughts would be that most people would stand for the passing of the flag, and the “veteran” in a wheelchair would remain sitting, this might be a nice image of those who served.

I did not expect the opposite to happen - the man struggled to stand and most everyone else stayed on the curb. I knew I had something special but never got the photo published. I posted it on an AOL site to share with family and now it's all over the we. While I felt it was a good image - I didn't think it would rise so much in popularity over time.

Photographer Raymond Malkiewicz
<http://blog.everafterimages.com/2011/04/only-man-standing.html>


“Why?”

By R.A. Gannon

*Written after seeing the Photo known as
“Only Man Standing” (left) on the internet*

Why do you rise for the flag, old man,
As it comes fluttering by?
It's only a piece of colored cloth
Waving against the sky.
So, why do you rise for the flag, old man,
As it comes fluttering by?
I rise for the flag. young man, he said,
And you should do so too.
It's not just a piece of colored cloth
Of red, of white, and of blue.
The red in those stripes is heroes' blood
That had flowed for you and me.
It has stained the sands of foreign lands
And spread through the salty sea.
The white is the banner of purity
That says we are like no others,
That, here, we speak of no royalty,
That here, all men are brothers.
The blue is the blue of loyalty
That colors the sky above
And stretches from eastern to western sea
To assure us of God's great love.
It's not just a cluster of 50 stars.
Each one of those stars is a state
That joins her sisters in common cause
To eliminate fear and hate.
I've seen that flag flown high on a mast,
And it filled my heart with pride.
I've seen it lowered half down the staff
On those few days when I've cried.
That flag has been hailed in foreign lands
By many who longed to be free,
And America's sons and daughters died
To ensure their liberty.
Those are the reasons I rise, young man,
When it comes fluttering by.
I rise with pride and I rise with love,
And with, maybe, a tear in my eye.
Those are the reasons I rise, young man,
When it comes fluttering by.

M-1



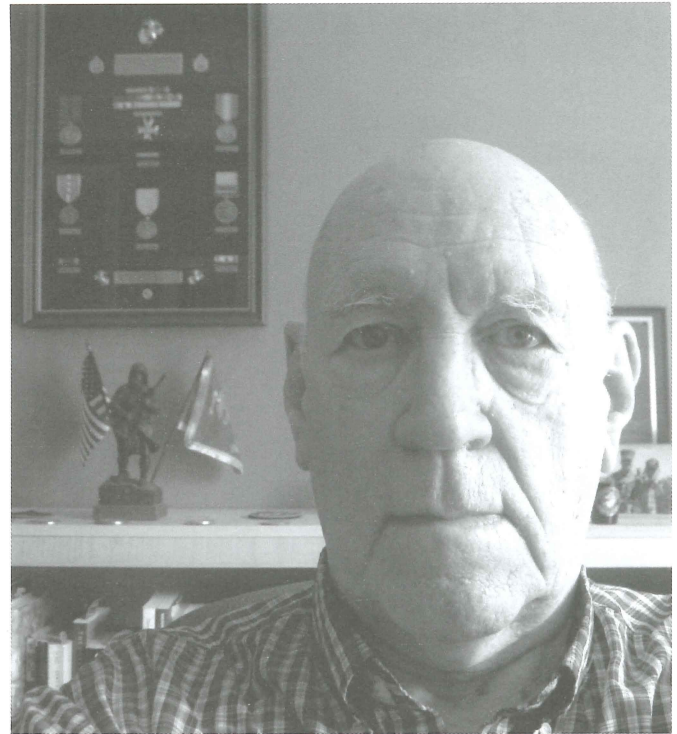
Do you wonder why that rifle
Is hanging in my den?
You know I rarely take it down
But I touch it now and then.
It's rather slow and heavy
By standards of today
But not too many years ago
It swept the rest away.
It's held its own in battles
Through snow, or rain, or sun
And I had one just like it,
This treasured old M-1.
It went ashore at Bougainville
In Nineteen Forty-Three.
It stormed the beach at Tarawa
Through a bullet-riddled sea.
Saipan knew its strident bark,
Kwajalein, its sting.
The rocky caves of Peleliu
Resounded with its ring.
It climbed the hill on Iwo
With men who wouldn't stop
And left our nation's banner
Flying on the top.
It poked its nose in Pusan,
Screamed an angry roar
And took the First Division
From Chosin Reservoir.
Well, time moves on
And things improve
With rifles and with men,
And that is why the two of us
Are sitting in my den.
But sometimes on a winter night,
While thinking of my Corps,
I know that if the bugle blew
We'd be a team once more.

~ R.A. Gannon
Sergeant of Marines



Robert A. Gannon

Sergeant of Marines



Profiles of the Poems:

Helmet On A Rifle is a generality intended to express the brotherhood of soldiers and, quite frankly, to wake up a few civilians.

I wrote *The Old Man* to emphasize that war ages us quickly and youth is lost forever. Too many people expect a 20-year-old combat veteran to act like a 20-year-old college student.

Yesterday's Soldiers is the other end of that thought. We should never forget the dedication and valor of our predecessors.

Why? was inspired by a picture I received over the internet. It depicted a military color guard leading a parade down a city street. The curbsides were lined with mostly young people sitting down. The only person attempting to stand was an old man pushing himself up from his wheelchair.

When A Woman Goes To War is a long overdue salute to the selfless dedication of America's daughters whose service has, for too long, gone largely unnoticed.

In closing, Colonel, I thank you for allowing me to share my thoughts with one of our Army's most distinguished regiments.

Semper Fidelis,

Sgt Bob

Profile of the Patriotic Poet

Robert A. Gannon joined the Marine Corps directly out of high school in 1951 and deployed to Korea in 1952.

He first thought about writing while returning home on a troopship from Japan to San Francisco a year later. Just before his ship sailed from Yokosuka, a pallet bearing eight flag-draped caskets was whisked aboard by a winch and dropped into a forward hold. An Army honor guard on the pier fired the traditional three rounds and that was the only recognition given.

Gannon noted that the only troops who instinctively came to attention were soldiers and Marines. It struck him that his fellow travelers broke into two distinctive groups; those who had experienced warfare and those who never heard gunfire. The passengers were a mixed group of all services and veterans from the front lines to postal clerks stationed in Tokyo. As an ordnance technician, he fell somewhere in between, experiencing little more than infiltrators, a few bombs needing disposal, and the occasional sniper.

He soon realized that most of the hard-core veterans would not speak of their sacrifices and he pledged to do so for them. Over the years, he has enjoyed some recognition and been at least partially successful in his efforts.

He left active duty as a sergeant in 1955 and remained in the Marine Reserve until final discharge in 1959.

In civilian life, Gannon finished college with a bachelor of science degree and worked in the aerospace and electronics field as a quality engineer. His most memorable projects were the Apollo space program and the Minuteman ICBM.

In 2011 the Marine Corps Heritage Foundation established the Robert A. Gannon Award for Poetry in recognition of his 40 years of dedication to preserve the history and traditions of the Corps.

The Dogface Soldier

They call him a dogface soldier
And rarely afford him acclaim,
But admit he'd handy to have around
When the fat is in the flame.
He's sometimes hard to understand,
He'll fight like a tiger, wild
Then turn and give the last of his food
To his enemy's hungry child.

He stood by a bridge at Concord
Where the stream was flowing fast
And fired the shot heard 'round the world,
The first shot and the last.
He starved in the camp at Valley Forge
And froze under skies of lead
Where his footsteps, bare to the winter air,
Turned frost white snow to red.

He fought in a small adobe fort
Down in a Texas town
And, falling under the enemy's sword
He gained eternal renown.
And upon the field of Gettysburg
He rallied in Union blue
While across the way were men in gray,
Dogface soldiers too.

There's hardly a place he hasn't gone
When called by patriot love
He's come by land. He's come by sea,
And he's dropped from the sky above.
He's fought on the fields of Europe
And under Pacific sun,
In Korea, Vietnam, and Saudi
He's shouldered the task to be done.

So, here's to the dogface soldier,
Proud in his Army green,
A toast to his honor and valor,
Proposed by an old Marine.

~R.A. Gannon
Sergeant of Marines



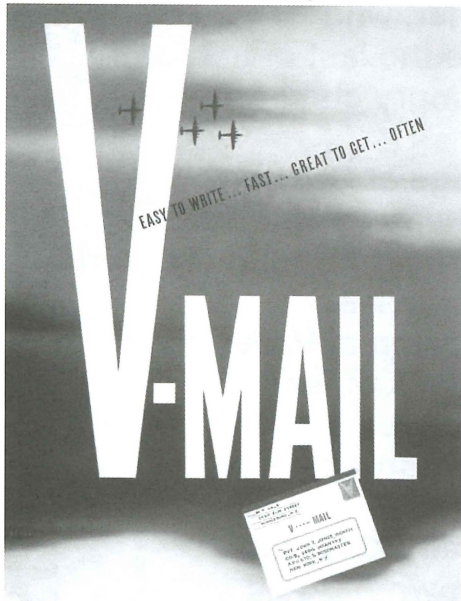
"Dogface"
by Doug Burtell

V-mail: microfilm airmail from WWII

Posted by Cory Doctorow, www.boingboing.net/2006/02/06/vmail-microfilm-airm.html



During WWII, soldiers sent "V-mail" ("victory mail") home in the form of letters that were opened, photographed onto microfilm, flown to the US and printed out, re-addressed and delivered. This saved tons in freight expenses and delivered by speedy airmail, while regular letters went by slow sea-freight.



A reel of 16mm microfilm could contain 18,000 letters and in terms of bulk and weight the roll of film took up only a fraction of what real letters would take. Upon arrival in the USA, the letters were printed from the film and then posted onward to the addressee.

This clever method was employed at the suggestion of the US Army Postal Director Col. Bill Rose who actually copied the idea from a system then currently in operation in the British services which was called an 'airgraph'.

The process might seem to be laborious with the collection of mail, the actual photographing of thousands and thousands of letters and a similar process at the other end of re-printing the photographs, addressing envelopes and mailing them on. It did really all boil down to a space issue and it is on record that for every 150,000 letters microfilmed like this over a ton of shipping space was saved.

Before V-Mail, the handling of thousands of letters going in both directions from the battle fields to home was a very difficult challenge during times of war. As we call it today, "snail-mail" then was even slower, as huge numbers of bags of letters had to be manually handled, loaded on to ships, then a long 10-15 day journey to the U.S.A., unloading, then sorting and sending it on to its destination, taking another week or ten days. Consequently it could realistically be nearly a month, or even more, for a letter to get home, be answered and a reply received by the soldier overseas. Today this can be accomplished in a matter of minutes!

Back in the 1940's, V-Mail was the latest, most modern technology. There were many major publicity programs in the U.S.A. to try to persuade families that using V-Mail was the patriotic thing to do. Its acceptance after first appearing in June 1942, was slow – only 35,000 letters sent by families that month – but one year later, in June 1943, several million letters were sent by this method.

All correspondence, in both directions, still had to be censored in case any sensitive information was being sent in either direction. Families were generally quite dubious to start with, as they did not like the idea of some unknown person opening their mail, but they soon became accustomed to this invasion of privacy, and they understood the reasons for it.

The V-Mail which went by air, speeded up the point-to-point delivery of mail to about a week, from the U.S.A. to Europe or the Pacific, whereas regular mail, which had to go by sea, could take up to a month or more, depending on the availability of space, and, postage had to be paid for this service, whereas V-mail was Free!

Great care was taken to register, number and track the reels, and a master copy was made and kept at the point of origin, just in case of an accident and any reels were lost in crashes or fires. A duplicate reel could be issued almost instantly and forwarded to its destination.

In the European Theater of Operations, the processing of microfilm was done by the US Signal Corps, but in the U.S.A., the Kodak Company had contracts to handle this type of mail. By the end of WWII there were 9 V-Mail stations and nine under contract, located strategically all over the U.S.A.

To start the process, the soldier would write his letter on the V-Mail form, which was furnished free, and usually hand it directly to his Platoon leader, or some other Officer, who had been designated as an Official Censor. The Officer was required to obliterate any remarks containing sensitive information – dates, places, town names, unit designations, officer's names or any other type of information, so if captured by the enemy, it would be of no intelligence value.

Since the individual soldier was obliged to destroy all personal material before any offensive operation took place, very little of the mail received by the soldier survived the war. Thus, the most of the V-Mail that exists today is that which the soldier sent to loved ones at home.

© Frank W. Towers

http://30thinfantry.org/history_docs/v-mail.doc

On the other Side of the World: Charlie Brown & his B-17

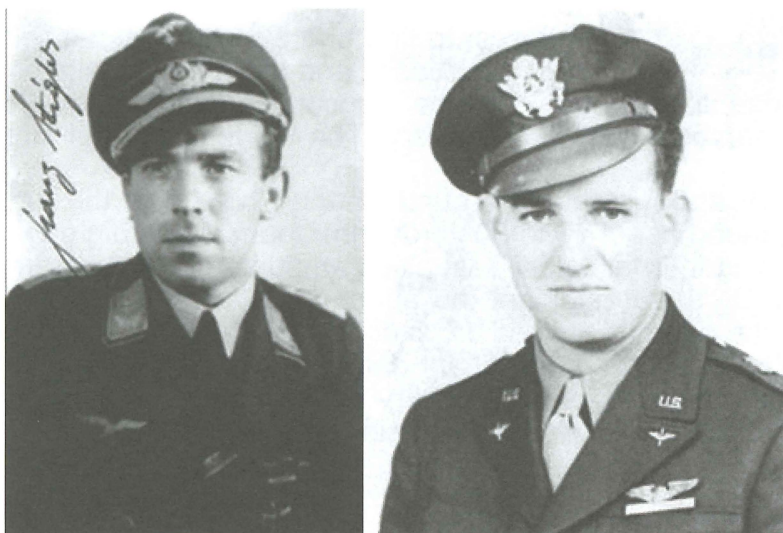


Look carefully at the B-17 and note how shot up it is - one engine dead, tail, horizontal stabilizer and nose shot up.. It was ready to fall out of the sky. (This is a painting done by an artist from the description of both pilots many years later.) Then realize that there is a German ME-109 fighter flying next to it. Now read the story below. I think you'll be surprised...

Charlie Brown was a B-17 Flying Fortress pilot with the 379th Bomber Group at Kimbolton, England. His B-17 was called 'Ye Old Pub' and was in a terrible state, having been hit by flak and fighters. The compass was damaged and they were flying deeper over enemy territory instead of heading home to Kimbolton.

After flying the B-17 over an enemy airfield, a German pilot named Franz Stigler was ordered to take off and shoot down the B-17. When he got near the B-17, he could not believe his eyes. In his words, he 'had never seen a plane in such a bad state'. The tail and rear section was severely damaged, and the tail gunner wounded... The top gunner was all over the top of the fuselage. The nose was smashed and there were holes everywhere.

Despite having ammunition, Franz flew to the side of the B-17 and looked at Charlie Brown, the pilot. Brown was scared and struggling to control his damaged and blood-stained plane.



BF-109 pilot Franz Stigler

B-17 pilot Charlie Brown

Aware that they had no idea where they were going, Franz waved at Charlie to turn 180 degrees. Franz escorted and guided the stricken plane to, and slightly over, the North Sea towards England. He then saluted Charlie Brown and turned away, back to Europe. When Franz landed he told the CO that the plane had been shot down over the sea, and never told the truth to anybody. Charlie Brown and the remains of his crew told all at their briefing, but were ordered never to talk about it.

More than 40 years later, Charlie Brown wanted to find the Luftwaffe pilot who saved the crew. After years of research, Franz was found. He had never talked about the incident, not even at post-war reunions.

They met in the USA at a 379th Bomber Group reunion, together with 25 people who are alive now - all because Franz never fired his guns that day.

When asked why he didn't shoot them down, Stigler later said, "I didn't have the heart to finish those brave men. I flew beside them for a long time. They were trying desperately to get home and I was going to let them do that. I could not have shot at them. It would have been the same as shooting at a man in a parachute".

Both men died in 2008.

This is a true story: www.snopes.com/military/charliebrown.asp

<http://www.militaryphotos.net/forums/showthread.php?105373-Franz-Stigler-s-act-of-chivalry>

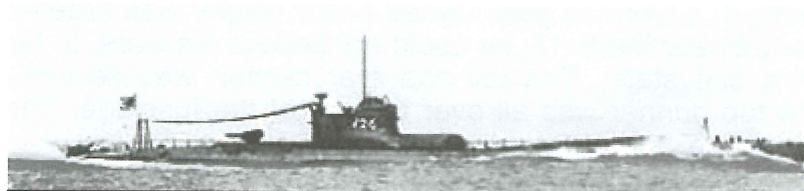


(L-R) German Ace Franz Stigler, artist Ernie Boyett, & B-17 pilot Charlie Brown.

Japanese Attack Mainland US: 4 Civilian Casualties

Japanese submarine shells Fort Stevens

Events in Japan played a part in triggering the shelling of Fort Stevens near Astoria in 1942. In April, sixteen U.S. Army B-25 bombers managed to attack the Japanese home islands after being launched from the aircraft carrier *U.S.S. Hornet*. The "Doolittle Raid," named for its leader, Lieutenant Colonel James H. Doolittle, was the most audacious operation yet undertaken by the United States in the young Pacific War. Conceived as a diversion that would also boost American and Allied morale, the raid generated strategic benefits that far outweighed its limited goals. Though it resulted in no tactical advantage, the shock of the attack left the Japanese high command deeply embarrassed.



Long-range Japanese submarine I-25 shelled Fort Stevens in June 1942. Later it launched a seaplane that dropped bombs on the southern Oregon coast.

Among their responses, Japanese military leaders adjusted their forces throughout the Pacific and dispatched a number of I-class long-range submarines across the Pacific to raid shipping off the American coast. As part of this the Japanese high command ordered submarines I-25 and I-26 to the Pacific Northwest to find and attack naval vessels headed to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands.

On June 20, 1942, I-26 shelled the light-house at Estevan Point on Vancouver Island and I-25 torpedoed and shelled the freighter *S.S. Fort Camosun* off Cape Flattery. The freighter did not sink and rescuers towed it to safety in Neah Bay.

The I-25's shells left craters in the beach and marshland around Battery Russell at the fort, damaging only the backstop of the baseball diamond about 70 to 80 yards from the facility's big guns. A shell fragment also nicked a power line, causing it to fail later. Casualties amounted to one soldier who cut his head rushing to his battle station. By about midnight the attack ended and the enemy vessel sailed off to the west and north. While the submarine fired 17 shells, witnesses on land only heard between 9 and 14 rounds. Despite having caused no significant damage, the attack certainly raised awareness of the threat of future strikes and went into the history books as the only hostile shelling of a military base on the U.S. mainland during WWII and the first since the War of 1812.

Japanese plane bombs Oregon coast

Oregon again made national headlines only a few months later in two incidents that went down as the first aerial bombing of the United States mainland by a foreign power. Once again the Japanese submarine I-25 was the source of the trouble. On September 9, 1942 Japanese pilot Nobuo Fujita catapulted from the I-25 near the coast of southern Oregon aboard a seaplane and headed east toward Mt. Emily. His mission was to drop an incendiary (fire) bomb on the thick forest and cause a massive fire that would shock Americans and divert resources from fighting the war. Once over forested land, Fujita released the bomb, which struck leaving a crater about three feet in diameter and about one foot deep.

The next day searchers found the bomb nose cone as well as a casing fragment with Japanese markings on them, confirming the identity. They gathered up the fragments and pellets, totaling about 60 pounds, and hauled them out for delivery to the Army lieutenant in charge of the Gold Beach detachment.

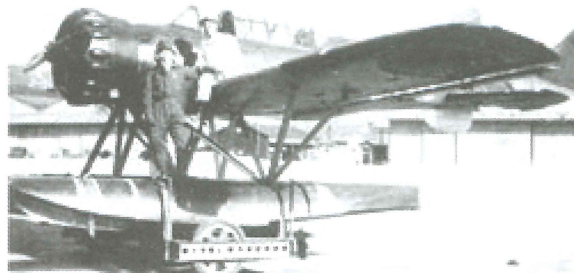
The Seaplane had folding wings and was transported in a small hangar attached to the deck of the sub.

- Crew: 2 (pilot and observer)
- Length: 8.54 m (28 ft)
- Wingspan: 11 m (36 ft 1 in)
- Height: 3.82 m (12 ft 6 in)
- Wing area: 19 m² (204 ft²)
- Empty weight: 1,119 kg (2,467 lb)
- Loaded weight: 1,450 kg (3,197 lb)
- Max. takeoff weight: 1,603 kg (3,533 lb)
- Powerplant: Hitachi Tempu (340 hp)
- Maximum speed: 246 km/h (153 mph)
- Cruise speed: 167 km/h (90 kn, 104 mph)
- Range: 880 km (475 nmi, 548 mi)
- Service ceiling: 5,420 m (17,780 ft)
- Wing loading: 76.3 kg/m² (15.7 lb/ft²)
- Guns: rearward-firing 7.7 mm machine gun
- **Bombs:** 4× 76 kg (168 lb) incendiary bombs

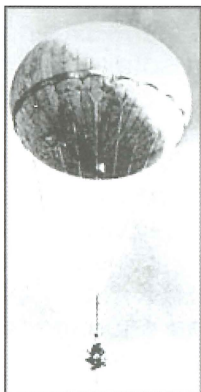
Oregon Bombed (Cont) More at <http://arcweb.sos.state.or.us/pages/exhibits/ww2/index.htm>

Despite their efforts at secrecy, officials watched helplessly as newspapers across the country ran stories that included more details than the government had hoped to release. A second, similar seaplane attack at the end of September yielded similar results. If the forest had been as dry as normal for that time of year, the Japanese plan might have worked, leaving forest fires that could have diverted hundreds of fire fighters and large amounts of money from the war effort while triggering panic in the population.

Nobuo Fujita, the only Axis pilot to drop bombs on the USA mainland during WWII & his E14Y



Balloons carrying bombs drift over Oregon

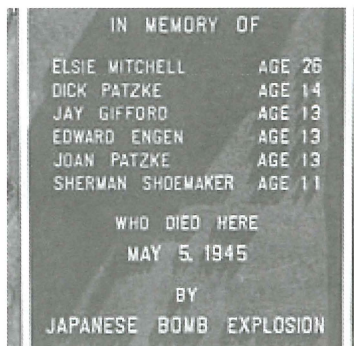


By November 1944, almost in a cruel and desperate afterthought to what seemed to be a lost cause, balloons launched from Japan and carrying explosive and incendiary bombs began to drift east on the jet stream to the United States. Once again, the goal was to start forest fires and wreak devastation. On December 6 after a "mysterious explosion" in Wyoming, officials found balloon parts and bomb casing fragments from what had been a 33 pound high explosive bomb.

During the course of the next several months, Japan launched over 9,000 balloon bombs resulting in over 342 incidents registered throughout western United States and Canada. Oregon alone counted 45 balloon incidents. While they varied in size and design, many of the balloons measured about 100 feet in circumference and about 33 feet in diameter. The ingenious design helped them drift along the newly discovered fast moving jet stream at an average elevation of 30,000 feet.

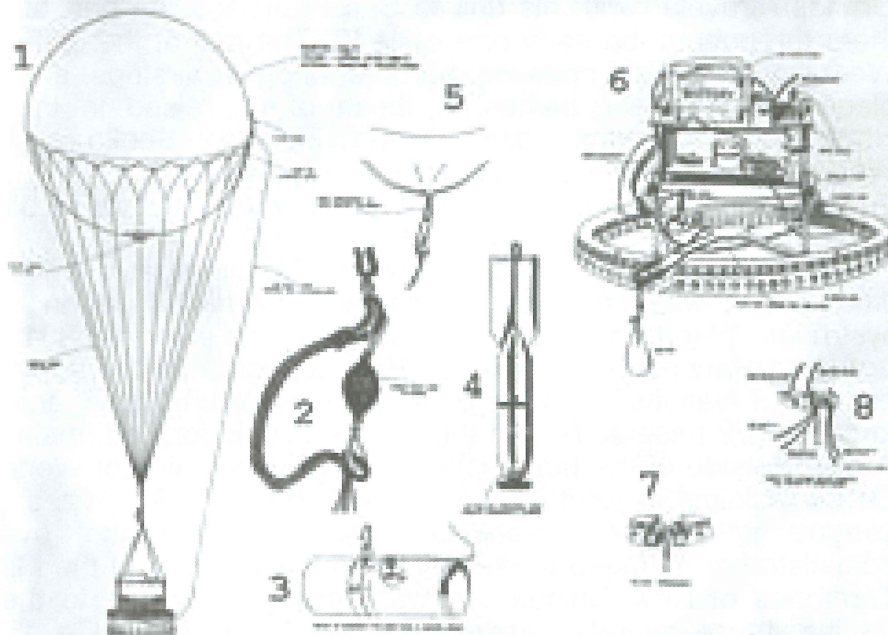
Casualties

The most tragic incident involving balloon bombs also found a place in history as yielding the only deaths due to enemy action on mainland America during World War II. The events unfolded on May 5, 1945 as a pastor and his wife took five children for a picnic on a beautiful spring day east of Bly. As Reverend Archie Mitchell parked the car, he heard his pregnant wife, Elsy, call out: "Look what I found, dear." One of the children tried to remove the balloon from a tree and triggered the bomb. The force of the blast immediately filled the air with dust, pine needles, twigs, branches, and dead logs. The mangled bodies of Elsy and the children were strewn around a crater that was three feet wide and one foot deep. Elsy lived briefly but most of the children died instantly.



Numerous other balloon bombs were found in Oregon after this sad event but none caused any death or injury. Japanese radio propaganda trumpeted the balloon bombs as being incredibly effective and claimed that they had killed thousands. In truth, the balloons disrupted routines as officials chased after sightings and reports, but failed to cause the widespread fires or panic that were anticipated by the Japanese.

Most Americans didn't find out about the balloon bombs until after the war. The government censored the news to prevent the Japanese from finding out that the effort was even partially successful.



A diagram of balloon bomb parts. (courtesy Canada's Digital Collections)

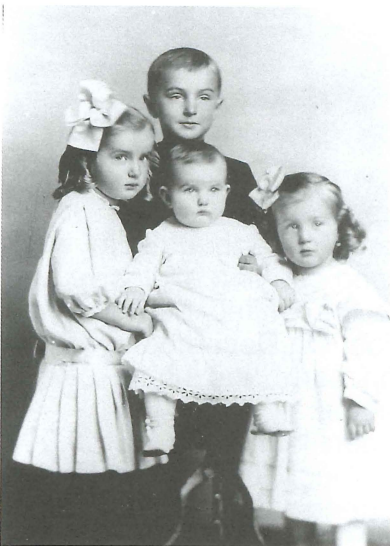
Corporal Shinnick:

“A mighty fine and willing soldier”

By his grandson Gerry Parmantier, Jr

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

NORTHERN SOLOMONS 1943-1944



Raymond and his sisters
Cecelia, Frances & Dorothy

Born on June 2, 1909, in Watertown, South Dakota, Raymond Michael Shinnick was the oldest of eight children in the Irish Catholic family of John and Catherine. Ray's father operated grain elevators and farmed in North and South Dakota from 1909 to 1923, when he settled with his young family on a farm a half mile west of Reynolds, N.D. Reynolds had an accredited high school and in John's words, "Here they could finish high school from the farm."

After high school Ray spent most of his time on the farm. During the winter he worked various jobs: a lumberjack in Minnesota, tractor mechanic in Stanton, N. D., a railroad gang extra. He partnered with his father in farming for three years before he was drafted into the army.

Inducted April 30, 1941, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, Ray trained with the 164th Infantry Regiment of the N. D. National Guard at Camp Claiborne, Louisiana. The picture of the Headquarters Detachment of the Second Battalion hung in my grandfather's room from my earliest memory. This picture was taken during the summer of 1941. Many of these men would develop a lasting bond through the shared experience yet to come.

I have a Certificate of Service that reads:

*Raymond M. Shinnick 37028475 Private
Headquarters Detachment, Second Battalion, 164th Infantry (Rifle)
Honorably served in active Federal Service
in the Army of the United States
from 30 April 1941 to 5 December 1941
Place of Separation: Camp Claiborne, Louisiana
Character: Excellent
Transferred to Enlisted Reserve Corps 5 December 1941*

Although officially separated, (see insert at left) he did not make it home...a surprise attack at a little-known place called Pearl Harbor resulted in his being recalled. It would be almost four years before he returned home.

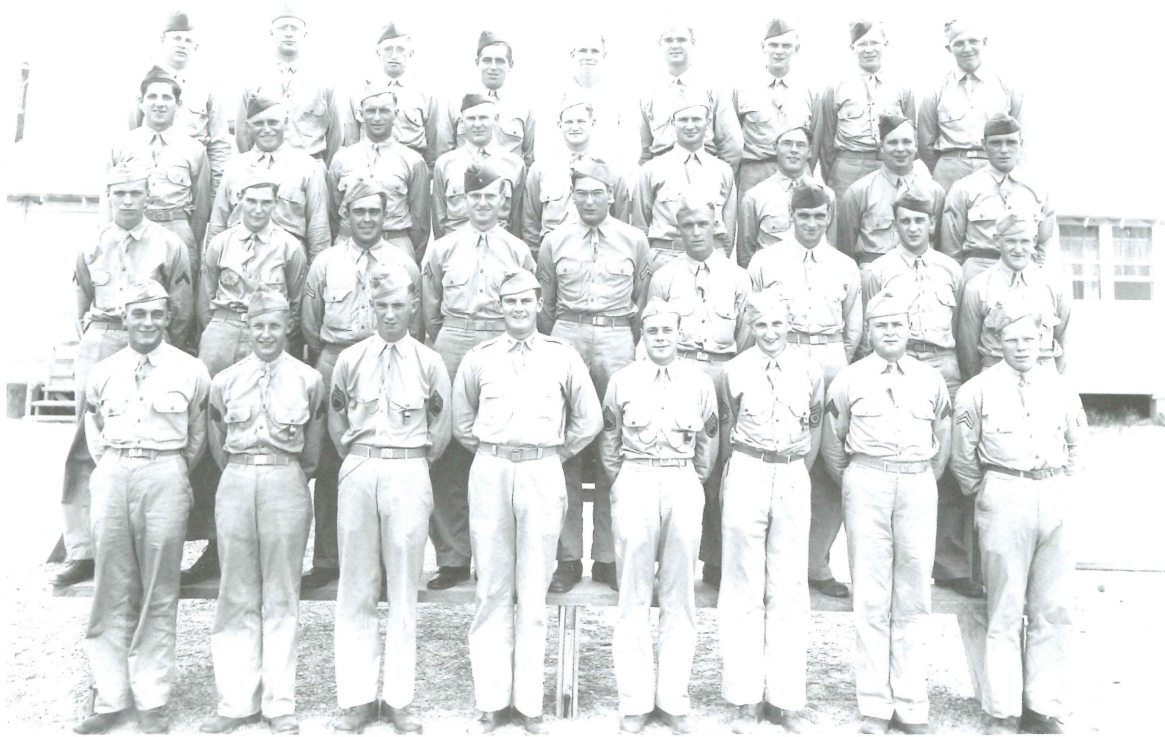
I have a copy of the program for the Commencement Exercises for the Reynolds High School Class of 1927. The class motto: "Tonight we launch—where shall we anchor" would prove prophetic. Grandpa traveled with his unit to San Francisco. As part of the headquarters company, he stayed there throughout the early part of 1942. The rest of the unit was literally scattered up and down the West Coast guarding passes, harbors, bridges, airstrips, and military bases. They were stationed at places with familiar names to those of us raised in the Pacific Northwest: Bozeman Pass; Geiger Field in Spokane; Umatilla Weapons Depot; The Dalles, Oregon. By March of 1942, the attack that was feared on our West Coast did not come, but for an ally in the South Pacific, the situation was critical.

In Australia, a land little known to the average American at the time, attack was imminent. The Imperial Army of Japan began a systematic plan to dominate the Pacific Rim as early as 1931, when it occupied Manchuria in China. By 1933 Japan had withdrawn from the League of Nations. It began developing a powerful navy and two air forces. Their base at Truk in the Carolinas was fortified, making it the largest outside of the home islands. At the beginning of World War I, German claims to territory in the South Pacific were seized and the League of Nations authorized Australia to take over civil administration of these territories, collectively renamed the Mandated Territories of New Guinea. As war once again came to the South Pacific, these islands formed what some would call a "Northern Barrier." The reality was that they were a slender chain of forward observation posts at best.



Australia declared war on Germany in September 1939, committing three divisions to North Africa and one division to Europe. At the same time, Lieutenant Commander Eric A. Feldt traveled by “ship, motorboat, canoe, bicycle, airplane, and boot throughout the Mandated Territories” enrolling plantation owners, traders, and concerned civilians into a loosely organized group known as “Coastwatchers.” Also a small militia known as the New Guinea Volunteer Rifles was formed. The Australians assumed that with General MacArthur in the Philippines, the British in Malaysia, and the presence of Dutch warships in the Netherlands East Indies, that the Japanese would not attempt any aggressive action in the South Pacific. As a precaution, battalion sized units were sent in early 1941 to defend Timor, Ambon, and Rabaul, the largest natural port in the South Pacific.

After their success at Pearl Harbor, the Japanese moved quickly and aggressively. The fall of Rabaul on New Britain in January of 1942, Singapore on February 15 of the same year, and deteriorating conditions in the Philippines, caused Prime Minister Curtin of Australia to inform Churchill of his plans to withdraw two divisions from the Middle East to defend the homeland. Churchill appealed to Roosevelt, who intervened directly. The result was the sending of four divisions to the South Pacific: the 41st, 32nd, 37th and a collection of National Guard regiments (later designated the Americal Division) that would defend New Caledonia.



“Join the army and see the world” was a saying my grandfather was fond of.

Leaving San Francisco aboard the converted luxury liner *USS President Coolidge* on March 18, 1942, the men of Grandpa’s regiment had no knowledge of their final destination.

Twenty days later they arrived in Melbourne, Australia. Their stay was short-lived, and soon the second battalion was loaded onto the Dutch freighter

L. SMITH, L. PIERSKALLA, R. SKNIE, M. LACHAPPELLE, W. GEARY, V. PERSCHAU, H. LEDEBOER, W. NELSON, M. KOLDBERG
 R. PARKER, P. MAKI, R. SELNICK, H. BJORNSTAD, M. BERG, R. LEE, H. DOWNEY, R. REITHOM, W. BAKER
 A. FORNESS, G. LUSSENDEN, H. HICKS, L. BURKHART, C. HAMMOND, A. FOSAAEN, R. ANDRICK, R. EVENSIZER, W. BJORNSTAD
 E. FOSAAEN, M. UMPLBY, W. HENDERSON, T. THOMPSON, R. COCRAN, L. UNDERDAHL, D. ERICKSON

Hq. Det. 2nd. Bn. 164th Infantry, 34th Division, Camp Claiborne, Louisiana, Lt. Dygve, Commanding

Van Heutz for the trip to New Caledonia, which was part of a vital sea lane that allowed supplies to reach Australia from the West Coast of the United States. It was also considered a likely Japanese target. These, combined with pro-Vichy elements in the island’s militia, and political unrest, propelled the 164th toward the French colony of New Caledonia.

At the same time the Japanese were indeed moving to take Port Moresby on New Guinea, Tulagi in the Solomon Islands, and if successful, New Caledonia. In the Battle of the Coral Sea fought on the first week of May 1942, the Japanese were turned back from Port Moresby, but managed to take Tulagi and establish a seaplane base. For the moment New Caledonia was off the table. Under the guidance of General Alexander M. Patch, three National Guard infantry regiments, the 132nd Illinois, the 182nd Massachusetts, and the 164th North Dakota formed a new division. A combination of America and Caledonia, the Americal Division was unique in that it had a name rather than a number to identify it, and was formed outside the states.



As I began to dig deeper into Grandpa's service record, the first thing that came to mind was the unit picture on his bedroom wall. The caption ("Hq Det 2nd Bn 164th Infantry") was the launching point. As I dug for information, I found little to explain their function. I scanned past and recent issues of the *164th Infantry News*. Any time I found a name and address of someone who served in the 2nd Battalion Headquarters, I wrote them and included this unit picture. I received kind responses by letter, e-mail and phone, but one letter was an answer to my prayers. Sgt. Maj. Paul Longaberger had indeed served with Grandpa on Fiji and Bougainville. What I discovered from Mr. Longaberger was that the Headquarters Detachment in war time was the Pioneer & Ammo Platoon of the Headquarters Company. This platoon of one officer and twenty-five to thirty enlisted men maintained all ammunition stocks and assisted in all manner of jobs from trails to tents and latrines—in Mr. Longaberger's words, "countless duties night and day." Now that I had a lead, a little more research revealed that in 1943 the Infantry Battalion was reorganized one more time. The

Pioneer and Ammo Platoon did many manual tasks that included hauling ammo to forward positions, at times under fire. A 2nd Lieutenant led three eight-man squads, each led by a Corporal, who was promoted to Sergeant in 1944. Several men that I wrote, including Mr. Longaberger, recognized Sgt. Maj. Marvin Berg in the unit photo. Evidently Sgt. Maj. Berg left an impression (maybe material for an article in the *News*).

In July of 1942 a reconnaissance flight revealed the Japanese were building an airstrip on Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands. It was decided that this would be the site of our first offensive action in the Pacific, Operation Watchtower. Arguably one of the wettest places on earth, Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands was approximately twenty-five miles wide by ninety miles long with mountainous peaks of up to seven thousand feet. Tropical rainforests were broken by razor like ridges and grassy plains. The island was alive with creatures and tropical diseases such as malaria and dengue fever. Guadalcanal and its surrounding islands were under British administration and had coconut plantations and cattle ranches on the coastal plains. Missionaries, natives, colonists, plantation owners, and coast watchers had retreated at the approach of the Japanese.

On August 7, the 1st Marine Division landed on Guadalcanal after a naval bombardment and quickly took the airstrip. The Japanese fled to the hills. (Across the channel the story was different. An entrenched and determined enemy on the tiny island of Tulagi required two days of bloody fighting to dislodge.) The Japanese sent planes from Rabaul and attacked the landing fleet at Guadalcanal, causing the landing fleet to depart with most of the supplies for the landing party and all of the heavy equipment. The Marines utilized captured Japanese equipment, food, and fuel to set up a defensive perimeter and complete the airstrip. On August 12, the first American plane landed on the airstrip, named Henderson Field for a Marine pilot who "gave the last full measure of devotion" at Midway.

Guadalcanal was the point at which the Japanese advance would be turned back, but in October 1942 the contest was very much in question. So many notable battles and famous fighting men inhabited the air, land, and sea of this contested island. Terms like: The Slot, Iron Bottom Sound, The Tokyo Express, Cactus Air Force, and Washing Machine Charlie were coined here. People like Lt. John Kennedy, PT109; the Coastguard's only Medal of Honor winner, Douglas Munro; the immortal Marine, Chesty Puller; fought and in some cases died here. My research familiarized me with these people and terms.

After more than two months of fighting, the Marines had repulsed many Japanese counter attacks, but between malaria and other tropical diseases and exhaustion they were unable to go on the offensive. The Japanese were building up forces on the far end of the island to retake the airfield. At this point, the 164th was brought in and attached to the 1st Marine Division. In my research I came across the diary of Lt. Col. Baglien, the Executive Officer of the Regiment. His published diary includes the preparations to embark for Guadalcanal October 7, 1942, until after they were relieved February 23, 1943. The entry for October 14 caught my attention. The first night on the island, shelling from enemy ships that lasted from 12:10 to 3:30 A.M. resulted in the death of Corporal Rollie Andrick Hq. Det. 2nd Bn. This man had trained with Grandpa at Claiborne and was in the unit photo.

The coming days would bring continual attacks by artillery, aerial bombardment, strafing, and nightly naval shelling, as the enemy prepared to retake the airfield. At sea task forces of both navies prepared to face off. The 1st and 2nd battalions were placed on the perimeter guarding the airfield in what Marine General Vandegrift considered the Quiet Area, while the 3rd battalion was held in reserve. What Vandegrift didn't realize was that the Japanese had hacked their way through trackless jungle to stage a night attack. Fighting on October 24-26 would test the resolve of both sides.

In two nights of fighting, the men of the 164th earned the praise of the Marines they served with. The 7th Marines Commander Chesty Puller commented, "Damn, those farm boys can fight." Lt. Colonel Hall, whose 3rd battalion had been fed into and integrated with the 7th Marines on the night of the 25th, received the Navy Cross at Puller's recommendation. General Vandegrift's message was a little more direct: "The officers and men of the First Marines salute you for a most wonderful piece of work on the night of 25 and 26 October, 1942. Will you please extend our sincere congratulations to all concerned. We are honored to serve with a unit such as yours. Little did we realize when we turned over our 'quiet sector' to you that you would bear the brunt of an attack so soon. I'm sure you are very proud of the fighting ability demonstrated by your unit and our hat is off to you."

After three days of fierce fighting, the 164th had the onerous duty of burying over a thousand Japanese dead in a mass grave. We know that Grandpa contracted malaria during his time on Guadalcanal and was hospitalized at one point. His unit continued to advance against the enemy until the Japanese evacuated the remainder of their troops under cover of darkness in early February '43.

At this time the 164th was moved to the Fiji Islands to recover and receive replacements to bring it back to full strength. The regiment was stationed at Samabula outside the capital of Suva, when then-Private Paul Longaberger joined the headquarters of the Second Battalion. Paul was assigned the task of Company Clerk and came to know Grandpa through a "day by day relationship" over the next 15 months. Paul described Corporal Shinnick as a good friend and a "*mighty fine and willing Soldier.*"

I have in my possession a prayer book with a tin cover that says, "May the Lord be with you." In the front Grandpa wrote: Xmas Gift from Perk Linder Nov.-43. 309 Granite B.L.K., Watertown SD.

On November 1, 1943, the 3rd Marines and the 37th Infantry Division landed at Empress Augusta Bay on Bougainville in the Northern Solomons. These units quickly established a perimeter and constructed three airstrips. On November 25, the 164th received orders to prepare to embark for Bougainville, part of Operation Cartwheel. Paul and Grandpa were with the 164th when it landed on the island at dawn of Christmas Day of 1943—in Paul's words, "with everything you owned strapped to your back you climbed over the side of the ship, down a rope ladder, and into the bobbing Higgins boats. After you untangle yourself from your buddies in the bottom of the boat, you prepared to meet the enemy." Wading ashore the last few yards, no resistance was met. It was miserably hot when the regiment went ashore. The commanders took stock of their men and gave the command "Lay low and smoke if you got 'em." As Paul lay down to rest on his pack, he felt movement all around. This island had two active volcanoes that were in continual eruption, making earthquakes a daily occurrence. This Christmas story gives one a new appreciation for those who keep vigilance on our behalf, so that we might celebrate Christmas in freedom.

In Paul's original letter, he stated that he and Grandpa served together on Bougainville and likened it to running the farm back in North Dakota. This required a follow-up letter, in which I was introduced to the unique American-Japanese farming methods employed on the island. "The Japs had been there for many months so they stole seed potatoes from the natives which they would place in small garden plots and then await the harvesting. The sad part is they never got to partake of the fruits of their labors because you see we were also watching the progress of their potato crop. When they showed signs of "grubbing" for their "spuds," we used our modern means called artillery. We had forward observers with us from our rear artillery companies, and with a phone call or two, they could call in a shell on the patch and we had "spuds" everywhere.



The Shinnick Story (Continued)

All we had to do was gather them up. We also made quick work of their corn planting efforts. This plan involved using our Piper Cub planes to drop a little gasoline on the corn patch along with an incendiary grenade. No more corn field, but there were some "ticked off" Japanese. Grandpa Ray wouldn't call this farming although it worked under the conditions we had going for us."

Grandpa was with the unit until he was rotated out, leaving on August 2, 1944. He went back to the states and finished his service with the 144th infantry at Camp Swift, Texas, part of the Fourth Army. This is why he has the four leaf clover of the Fourth Army above his picture instead of the Blue Americal patch with the Southern Cross constellation.

Grandpa was honorably discharged on January 31, 1945, at Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He then returned to the family farm. Paul Longaberger stayed with the regiment as they moved on to their next mission in the Philippines, eventually attaining the rank of Master Sergeant, and a duty appointment as Sergeant Major.

In August of 1945, Ray married Billie M. Jewel. At the age of thirty-six, Grandpa was a late bloomer. It was related that Grandpa passed out while kneeling at the altar and had to be propped up by the best man to finish the ceremony.

As soon as they returned home, Grandma was cooking for a threshing crew. Over the next 9 years, Ray & Billie had five daughters: Ruth Ann, Mary Jane, Susan Kay, Rita Claire & Carol Rae.

By 1955 the hard scrabble existence of North Dakota farming with five young daughters caused Ray and Billie to seek a new life. Moving to Vancouver, Washington, Grandpa bought a share at Fort Vancouver Plywood (a newly formed co-op) where his brother-in-law worked. Grandma, a registered nurse, went back to work part-time to help get the family established. My grandmother, always the socialite, made many new friends. Grandpa, a home body, set about gardening, building a workshop, and later a boat in the utility room of their large home on "V" Street. In their home, family life was celebrated and animated. The welcoming atmosphere of their home brought in the neighbors and countless friends. It was often commented that the neighborhood children could be found at the "Shinny Inn." Grandpa wondered out loud if he could qualify for additional tax deductions.



Ray is preparing to cast off at Frenchmen's Bar in Vancouver, Washington, in the boat he built. The author of this article is in the lower right.

When I was a young boy, my grandmother would say, "The sun rises and sets by your Grandfather." I knew him as a farmer, millworker, and jack-of-all-trades. I did not think of him as a soldier. He was young at heart; he enjoyed sports, fishing, and working with his hands. He taught his grandchildren to fish, repair equipment, and garden.

Returning early from one of many summer visits to North Dakota, Grandpa was diagnosed with kidney cancer. The affected kidney was removed, but the cancer had already spread. Within a year he was dying in Ward 10 at the local veterans' hospital. On October 3, 1981, Grandpa Ray met the Lord.

Little did I know that almost thirty years after his death I would discover his service to our country during World War II. My love and admiration have grown with time, not faded. His influence can be seen in many facets of my life.

I invite all those who read this article to be aware of our shared history and heritage. The sacrifice and commitment to duty of men such as Corporal Shinnick and Sergeant Major Longaberger give me hope that once again men of goodwill will arise to defend truth and life in our country.

Thank you, Grandpa, and thank you, Sgt. Major Paul Longaberger.

Je Suis Pret (164th motto in French, meaning "I am ready").

Gerry Parmantier Jr., 390 S Balm St, Yamhill, OR 97148, email gpar5@frontier.com



Seeking Info: Rollie Andrick

Hqs Det, 2nd Bn, KIA Guadalcanal

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



THE INQUIRY

I am seeking information on a member of my wife's family named Rollie A. Andrick. He was born about 1920 and lived in Cando, Towner County, ND. I understand that he was killed on Guadalcanal in 1942. He was a corporal at the time. He is buried in Cando.

My wife is related to Rollie through her maternal grandmother, Tessie (Nelson) Worms, who was the sister of Rollie's mother. His parents were Julia Mae (Nelson) and Herb Andrick, both of whom lived their lives in Cando. Herb died in 1958 and Mae in 1991. Rollie was survived by his sister Orma Jean and brothers Dale, Charles, and Ivan. I regret to say that I don't have any newsclippings or such on Rollie and his family was sort of closed mouthed about him, as I understand it. Those were the pre-Oprah days, when people kept things more private.

As a Navy veteran of several conflicts myself, I believe that the efforts made by these fine young men should not be allowed to fade. That is especially true of those, like Rollie, who gave up pieces of their bodies, their minds or even all of their tomorrows in service to this country. Thank you. Gregory Carpenter

WHAT IS KNOWN (from LTC Baglien's Diary):

At dawn on October 13, 1942, the regiment arrived at Kukum Beach, Guadalcanal. Debarkation of personnel began immediately. Stations at nets had been previously assigned. The troops carrying ammunition, combat packs, gas masks and arms entered Higgins boats, via nets and were taken ashore. The First marine Division, already stationed at Guadalcanal, covered the landing. The debarkation of troops was completed by 7:30 a.m. Details were assigned for unloading supplies and equipment. The supplies were transferred to Higgins boats from the transports and unloaded on the beach and distributed. In the midst of this work, at about noon, a flight of Japanese bombers passed over and bombed the area for a half hour. Corporal Kenneth S. Foubert, Company "M" was killed; the first casualty of the regiment. Two men were injured. The enemy again bombed the area from aircraft from 1:30 p.m. to 4:00 p.m., but there were no further casualties and very little damage.

At 6:00 p.m. the area was shelled by enemy artillery located west along the beach toward Point Cruz. The troops sought cover and, although alarmed, maintained order. Pvt. Park E. Jagears, Company "D" was killed. At 11:00 p.m. the regiment began movement toward bivouac areas about two miles east, between Lunga Point, Teneru River and Henderson Air Field. What a day and what a reception for our first day! The Marines are sure glad we are here and they certainly look like they have gone through "Hell."

Immediately after midnight, 12:10 a.m., October 14, 1942, terrific shelling by enemy naval craft began. "Louie the Louse" seems to be directing the fire. Several cruisers and destroyers were lying off Kukum Beach and Lunga Point and shelled the area near Lunga Point and Henderson Field incessantly until 3:30 a.m. The shells were 6-8 and 12, 14 inch with star shells to light up the area over Henderson Field. The troops had no time to dig in, but sought all available cover and maintained good order. Warrant Officer Bernard E. Starckenberg, O-2105012, was killed; **Corporal Rollie Andrick, Hq. Det. Second Battalion was killed.** Three landing boats containing enemy troops approached Kukum Beach, but withdrew. Many coconut palm trees were cut down, but otherwise damage was negligible. Col. Brookes of the New Zealand Army stated this shelling was worse than Crete....

See unit photo on page 37. If you have any info, please contact your Editor.

“Lew”

By Andrea Carlisle, Portland, Oregon

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

On November 20 (1942) our regiment took up defensive positions at Point Cruz west of the Matanikau (river)...A slow advance toward objective further west is begun. The enemy is laying down heavy mortar and machine gun fire. They are well dug in and concealed. Due to the terrain of jungle and ridges and the terrific heat, it is very difficult to get supplies, ammunition and water to our troops. They are taxed to exhaustion. Coordinated artillery, air and mortar fire does not dislodge the enemy. They have dug-in in the coral and in draws and are quite secure. Any exposure of our troops draws accurate enemy fire. Casualties are fairly heavy.

-From the diary of Lt. Col. Samuel Baglien, Executive Officer, 164th Infantry, North Dakota National Guard

My mother, Alice, is almost ninety-seven. She grew up in Carson and Bismarck. Her only brother, my Uncle Lew, died in this battle. He was twenty-one years old.

The 164th Infantry North Dakota National Guard had gone ashore at Guadalcanal the previous month, reinforcing U.S. Marines at Henderson Airfield.

Lew's unit was the first U.S. Army unit to take offensive action in the Pacific. They were all North Dakota farm boys and small town boys. One of them later explained their much-lauded courage under more or less constant bombardment, combat, and sniper fire: "Because if you let down a friend and neighbor, well this is someone you have known all your life."

Last night Alice talked about Lew to help me conjure an uncle I never knew.

She and her five sisters called him "Brother" for most of his childhood, she said. "We were so glad to finally have a brother."



"Lew"
Llewellyn M. Hamery
Co A, KIA Guadalcanal

"He loved to dance when he got older, like all of us. And oh, he fell in love with a Catholic girl, to Mama's dismay, but she didn't say anything to him about it." (Martha, never much of a churchgoer, nevertheless stayed faithful to Luther.)

"Our big black telephone was in the dining room," Alice said, "and I remember Lew walking into the kitchen holding it and then walking back to the dining room, over and over, when he was talking to a girl. Back and forth. Back and forth. So cute. He dressed in pullover sweaters, nice slacks. He liked clothes."

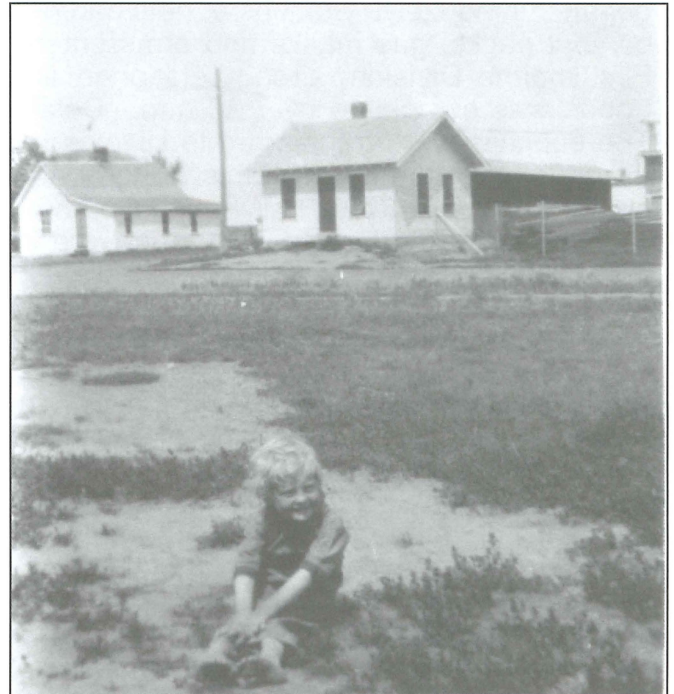
He was playful. He was fun. He was that odd man out, the happy Norwegian.

The hardest thing for Alice, she said, was to explain Lew's death to her firstborn, Bruce, who was four years old at the time. Bruce and his uncle had been close. "Lew played with him all the time. Anything Bruce wanted he could have, as far as Lew was concerned."

"I remember," Alice said, "that Bruce asked me, Was it a bad man who killed him? And I said No, not a bad man. It was a man who was fighting for *his* country."

After a moment she added, "There was no way to explain it, really. Never a way."

Later, Bruce would die at around the same age, just shy of twenty.



Brother

"Lew" (continued)

What was Lew expecting from life? What did he want more than anything else? Would he have loved to travel, to cook, to read science fiction and poetry or listen to chamber music or Frank Sinatra or rock and roll? Would he have married the Catholic girl as his namesake, my cousin, married a Catholic girl twenty years after Lew's death, forcing the family to expand its understanding of religion and Rome?

I have a fantasy that Lew's safe return from Guadalcanal would have meant that Bruce would have chosen life over an early death, that our uncle's good looks and happy spirit would always have cheered us whenever we came within range, that he could have brought the other warriors in the family, my father and my uncles, back from battle in a way that extended their feelings of brotherhood and disallowed the sour solace of bars and alcohol and cigarettes. Despite the rise of feminism, his sisters would have made a fuss over him right up until the day their only brother died a natural death in his Bismarck back yard or on horseback out in a far corner of his Wyoming ranch or on the deck of his rambling house in Big Sur.

"I'll never forget, it was early evening when we buried Lew," Alice said. "They played *Taps*, of course."

After the burial, a woman walked up to Lew's mother Martha as she stood next to the grave and reminded her of what a mess it was over there after those battles, how the men did their best, but how could they be careful about details like names in the midst of everything else?

"So many boys got dug graves over there," the woman said to this grieving mother, "and nobody really knows whose body got the right name or whose got sent back home and whose got left over there. It might not even be your son you buried today."

"Well," Martha said, turning away, "it doesn't matter. It was somebody's son I buried today."

Lew was posthumously awarded a Purple Heart.

Copyright 2012 Andrea Carlisle. Used with permission.

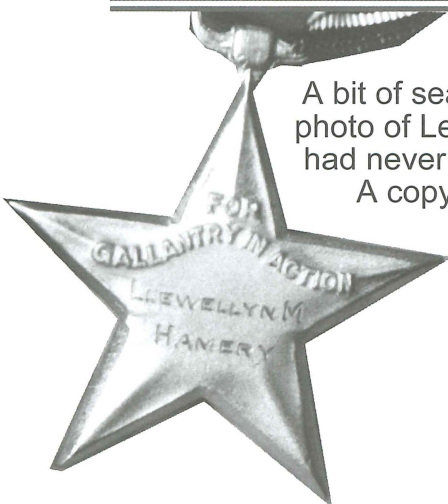
No reprints/reproductions of the text are allowed.

Andrea is a professional author and editor, working on a book that will include this story about her Uncle "Lew," Company A.

Andrea Carlisle, 14964 NW Mill Road, Portland OR 97231

A bit of searching in your Editor's files located a photo of Lew's Silver Star that Andrea and Alice had never seen.

A copy of the citation has not been located...yet.



(Medal photos are from the files of Dave Erbstoesser, Bismarck, a collector of 164 obits and information)



Guadalcanal military cemetery

Sgt. Lew Hamery Is Killed In Action in South Pacific

Sgt. Lew Hamery, 21-year-old former national guardsman here, has been killed in action in the South Pacific, according to notification received by his parents here Saturday.

Sergeant Hamery was the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Hamery, Capital Court. He had last written his parents here from Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands.

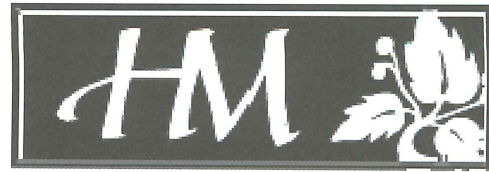
Born at Carson, N. D., Sept. 3, 1921, Sergeant Hamery came to Bismarck when a small boy and attended the schools here. He was graduated from Bismarck high school in 1940.

Sergeant Hamery was a member of Company A of the national guard here and left with that unit when it went to Camp Claiborne, La., for training. Later he went to the West Coast and to New Caledonia.

He was the Hamery's only son and the baby of the family. Besides his parents, he leaves six sisters. They are Mrs. John Flaig, now at home; Mrs. Roger Carlisle, now at home; Mattie, at home; Pearl, at home; Mrs. Vera Davidson, Klildeer, and Mrs. Henry DeLaBarre, Corpus Christi, Tex.



Honorable Memories



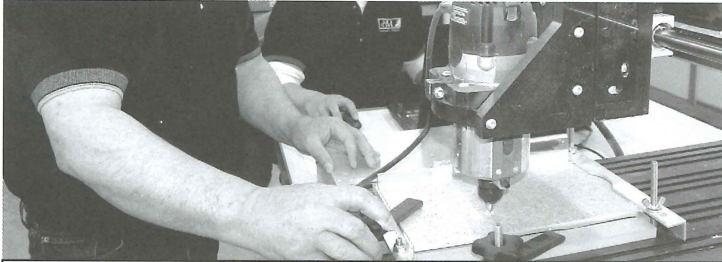
Honorable Memories

If you've been out to the North Dakota Veterans Cemetery any time in the past 21 years, you've probably met Master Sergeant (ret) Philip Miller.

Phil served as the construction supervisor during the landscaping of the cemetery grounds and construction of the beautiful brick Chapel. He worked in various positions through the years and was instrumental in securing 2 grants in excess of 4 million dollars. Phil retired as a Master Sergeant from the ND National Guard in 2009 with 29 years of service, and retired from his full time job as the Director of the Cemetery on 31 Dec 2011 after 21 years of service there.



Honorable Memories



Curt programs the computer as Phil monitors the engraver.

Retirement lasted a few hours through New Year's Eve and the next day, he started a new business with his son, Curtis, who serves as the production manager.

Curt served in the ND National Guard for 9 years. He earned a bachelor's degree in biology at the University of North Dakota and had been an employed with Target Corporation for 21 years, where he gained vast experience in retail and customer service. Curt's priority is to use his past experiences to produce great products that honor military service while providing an outstanding customer service experience.

The Millers have over thirty-five years of military experience and have always had great admiration for the men and women of the armed forces.

During his tenure at the ND Veterans Cemetery, Phil recognized a niche for specialized products with a military theme. The main focus of the business is to manufacture cremation urns in the shape of a military headstone, for which Phil has applied for a US patent.

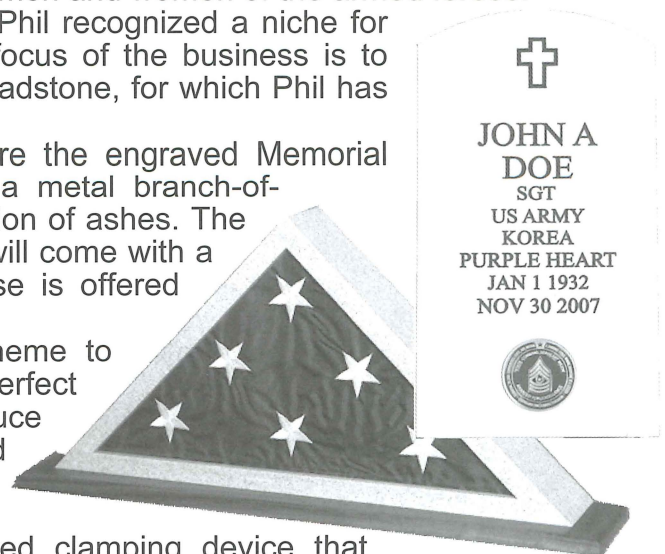
Other items they believe will be very popular are the engraved Memorial Plaque and the Keepsake Plaque which comes with a metal branch-of-service coin that covers a recess cut out for a small portion of ashes. The coin can be selected to go on the front or the back and will come with a bottle of sealant to lock the coin in place. A flag case is offered separately or as part of a "package" that combines items.

Many of their other products have a military theme to them, but Phil & Curt like to customize the item so it is perfect for the customer. They currently produce engraved pet urns with clocks, and business card holders. They may add items based on customer request.

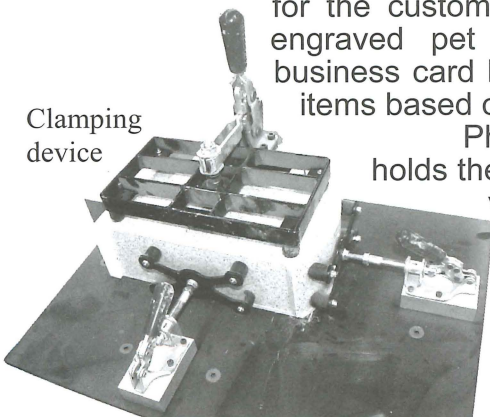
Phil designed a specialized clamping device that holds the urn together as the glue is drying, and is working on a "ferris wheel" version that will hold multiple items to speed production.

The Millers believe they are poised to provide unique, custom crafted items that will truly honor the memory of beloved friends and family.

For their products and prices, you can visit the website at www.honorablememories.com, or phone 701-751-3975, fax 701-751-1783, or email honorable.memories@gmail.com.



Clamping device



North Dakota Veterans Cemetery

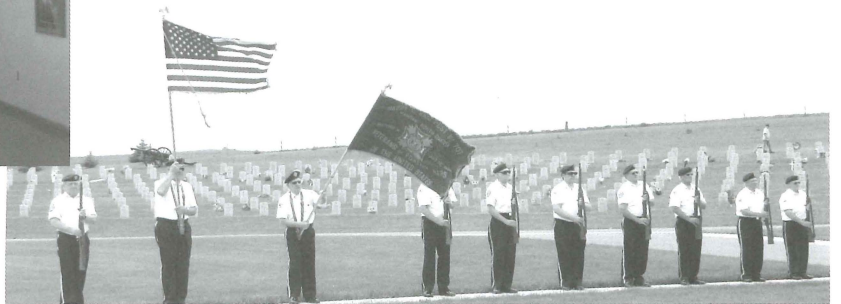
*Dedicated to the men and women who have served
this state and nation with unequalled distinction and honor.*

The North Dakota Veteran's Cemetery was established by an act of the 1989 Legislative Assembly. It is located on 35 acres near the entrance of Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park 6 ½ miles south of Mandan, ND on Hwy 1806. North Dakota Army National Guard engineer units performed the major portion of the construction work. Interments began on the 6th of July 1992. There have been approximately 5400 interments as of July 2012.



Burials are conducted on the hour, every hour, between 9:00am and 3:00pm. All memorial services are held in the beautiful committal chapel, but full funeral services are not accommodated. The cemetery will accept applications for interment if so desired, but it is not required. Documents that indicate honorable service are necessary to verify eligibility for the veteran and spouse.

The ND National Guard Military Funeral Honors team provides flag folding service and VFW, Legion, & AMVETS posts from Bismarck- Mandan provide rifle squads.



A granite monument honoring the service of the 164th Infantry Regiment was emplaced near the chapel at the cemetery and dedicated during the 50th Anniversary of WWII reunion in 1992.

For any questions you may have about eligibility or procedures, consult the website; www.ndguard.com at the "Benefits" tab
Contact: Pamela S. Helbling-Schafer, Cemetery Manager
ND Veterans Cemetery, 1825 46th Street, Mandan, ND 58554.
Email: pamela.s.helbling@us.army.mil
Phone (701) 667-1418 Fax (701) 667-1419

Additional information: your State or County Veteran Service Officers

General information: <http://www.cem.va.gov/>

ND General Information: <http://www.nd.gov/veterans/burial/>

Survivor Assistance: Each state National Guard has a Survivor Outreach Services Coordinator

ND Survivor Outreach Services (SOS), POB 5511, Bismarck, ND 58506 701-333-3333

National Funeral honors website: www.militaryfuneralhonors.osd.mil

ND Military Funeral Honors, PO Box 5511 Bismarck, ND 58506 Toll Free: 1-866-963-4977



The Bismarck Squadron of the Civil Air Patrol manages the Wreaths Across America program at the ND Veterans Cemetery. You may sponsor a wreath for \$15 and you may designate a specific grave to be decorated.

Fundraising is from 1-30 November, so mark your calendars. Wreaths are placed in early December & retrieved late January. Contact the Civil Air Patrol for questions about this program; please DO NOT call the Cemetery staff.

Wreaths Across America, PO Box 2104, Bismarck, ND 58502
More Information at their website: www.BismarckCAP.com
Email: BismarckCAP30@gmail.com (701) 390-9593

Wendell Wichmann

Decorated Army officer fought with North Dakota's famed 164th Infantry Regiment during World War II

BY FREDERICK N. RASMUSSEN
The Baltimore Sun

Col. Wendell W. Wichmann, a highly decorated career Army officer who fought in three wars, died May 22 of renal failure at Lorien Mays Chapel Health Center in Timonium. He was 96.

Wendell Willard Wichmann, the son of farmers, was born and raised in Leonard, N.D., where he graduated in 1934 from Minot High School.

He earned a bachelor's degree in 1939 from what is now North Dakota State University.

Because he had attended reserve officers training during his college days and held a reserve officer's commission, he was called to active duty in mid-1941 and sent to Camp Claiborne, La., where he was assigned to Company D, 164th Infantry Regiment.

In March 1942, the 164th left Fort Ord, Calif., joining two other National Guard regiments from Massachusetts and Illinois to form the Americal Division, meaning "American troops on New Caledonia."

"This was the only Army division not to have a numerical designation," said retired Lt. Col. Shirley J. Olgeirson, editor of The 164th Infantry News. The Americal Division fought its way into history when it landed on Guadalcanal on Oct. 13, 1942.

During the first five days of battle, the 164th lost 117 men, and two weeks later, during the battle for Henderson Air Field, Japanese troops began breaking through the 1st Marine Division's perimeter.

The attack was repulsed after 1st Marines Battalion Cmdr. Lewis Burwell "Chesty" Puller and the 164th's Lt. Col. Robert K. Hall agreed to position 164 soldiers in each Marine foxhole.

"One of his World War II memories was being on Guadalcanal and watching the Japanese fleet sail offshore," said Colonel Wichmann's daughter, Kathryn Cathell of Phoenix in Baltimore County. "He said, 'When they fired their 14-inch guns at us, it sounded like a freight train approaching. Fortunately for me, the shells went over our position and headed for the air base above us.'"

During the course of the Pacific campaign, Colonel Wichmann landed at Bougainville and fought in the campaigns for Leyte, Cebu, Negros Oriental, Bohol, and Mindanao in the Philippines.

"After being in three wars, the positive thing was that he was never seriously injured. He did tell the story of a fellow

officer who was going to get a plane back to the States the next day who offered to ride deeper into the Philippine jungle that evening with dad," said Mrs. Cathell.

"They were sitting on a log talking when a sniper killed the officer sitting beside him. My dad always said, 'Why him and not me?'"

Colonel Wichmann rose from company commander to regimental intelligence officer, battalion executive officer and battalion commander.

After the war, he taught math from 1946 to 1950 at Walsh County Agricultural and Training School in Park River, N.D.

In 1951, he was recalled to active duty during the Korean conflict with his old regiment and served in counterintelligence in Seoul from 1952 to 1953.

From 1953 to 1957, he was assigned as an adviser to the Army's Advisor Group in Hannibal, Mo., and from 1957 to 1958, he was chief of the Army's technical intelligence branch in Japan.

Colonel Wichmann was chief of the special activities branch of the Army's Intelligence Support Center in Honolulu when he was assigned to Fort Holabird in Baltimore, as deputy director of combat intelligence, 1961-1965.

In 1965, he was sent to Tan Son Nhut, Vietnam, where he worked in interrogation centers and helped formulate interrogation policy.

He returned to Fort Holabird in 1967 as director of the Army's investigative repository and defense index of investigations.

Colonel Wichmann retired from the Army in 1969, and his decorations included the Bronze Star, Legion of Merit and Korean Service Medal.

He took a position in 1969 at Westinghouse Electric Corp. in Linthicum, where his work was of a classified nature, family members said. He retired in 1981.

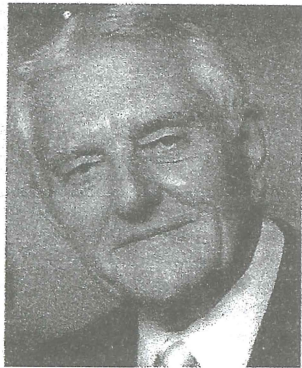
A resident of Timonium since 1961, Colonel Wichmann was an avid golfer and Baltimore Colts, Orioles and Ravens fan.

"He golfed until he was 92 at Pine Ridge and Longview Golf Club," his daughter said.

Colonel Wichmann was a member for 51 years of St. Timothy Lutheran Church, 100 E. Timonium Road, where funeral services will be held at 10:30 a.m. today.

In addition to his daughter, Colonel Wichmann is survived by his wife of 70 years, the former Eunice Thorn; a son, Wayne Wichmann of Williamsburg, Va.; five grandchildren; and five great-grandchildren.

fred.rasmussen@baltsun.com



Col Wendell W. Wichmann was awarded the Bronze Star and Legion of Merit.

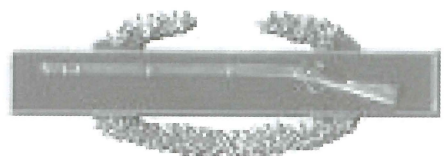
A Son's Tribute

Excerpt of the Eulogy by
Wayne W. Wichmann

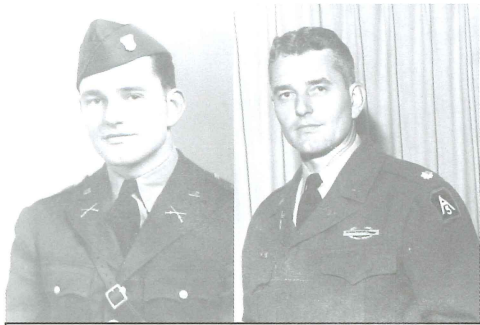
When my sister called me and told me about my father's passing away, I of course had a range of emotions from sadness, concern for my mother, to happiness that my father was no longer suffering. The man that we had known for many years as being full of life, energetic, demanding, generous, loving, tough, humorous (yes, my father did have a great sense of humor and he would laugh at my jokes and stories which only encouraged me more). He was a husband, father, uncle, grandfather, great grand-father who had really been struggling with his health the last several years.

I became very reflective thinking of my father being born in Leonard, North Dakota, June 18th, 1915, almost 97 years ago, the only son, with 4, yes 4, sisters, (I have one sister! But yikes! 4, can you imagine!) growing up on a small farm in desolate North Dakota, no running water, privy out back, his sisters always wondered why in the middle of the night Wendell never had to go outside in the cold, rain, snow and use the facilities, he had his secret--a window in his bedroom. They would always wonder why the roof by Wendell's room was a little damp in the mornings.

I can see where our father developed that toughness growing up during those times, life wasn't easy and many days my father would not go to school and would plow the fields behind a horse and work from sunup to sundown. He of course finished school, graduated from North Dakota State University (he had been part of the ROTC program and the National Guard), taught school after graduation for several years before being called to active duty in the military.



Wichmann: A Son's Tribute (continued)



GUADALCANAL 1942-1943

KOREA

VIETNAM 1968-1970

Wichmann in 1942, 1957, and 2007 reunion. At Right, Co D Officers 14Dec42: Lt Yuill, Lt Petersen, Capt Brown, Lt Wichmann, Lt Murray



Did I mention that our father was loving....He met the apple of his life in our mother and if we heard the story one time we heard it a 1,000 times about the first time he kissed our mother and said to his brother-in-law, "I just kissed the woman I'm going to marry" and for almost 71 years they carried forward a love story that all of us could only hope for. Just think about my father, 3 wars, military travel, living overseas, but his love and devotion to my mother was unwavering. In the last days of my father's life, my mother would sit and hold his hand as if they were two young teenagers going on a date for the first time.

Of course as a youngster growing up in a military family I wanted to hear the stories about guns and tanks and planes but my father really wouldn't discuss this as many don't. As we got older he shared stories about his leadership of young men, being away from home for the first time, driving a convoy through San Francisco's



Wendell married Eunice (c) in July 1942; daughter Kathy (r) was born July 1943. She was almost 3 years old before she met her dad when he returned home on leave after 39 months of duty with the 164th.

deserted and darkened streets, residents fearful of an attack (Pearl Harbor had taken place less than 3 weeks earlier). He was leading a convoy to guard the coast of Oregon on Christmas Eve 1941, young men crying wanting to be home with their families. Local people coming in and taking many of these young men into their homes for Christmas Dinner, my father by himself sitting in a diner and a church choir coming into this diner singing Christmas Carols. Did I say our father was sentimental?

As I've told my children many times, the grandfather they knew, and the father that we knew were different people.

As my sister told me, the day my father retired from the military after 30 years was the day he changed from Tough Wendell to Mr. Gentle. I remember asking my father, "Dad why are you so tough?" and he said very simply, "I had to be." As I kiddingly would say, my father invented the phrase, 'This hurts me more then it hurts you.' I think that when we were cleaning up his things that that belt still existed!

I could go on for hours talking about how supportive my father was. How he showed up at our home in Williamsburg, unannounced, driving to visit with Nell and myself, sensing that things weren't right between the two of us, sitting down talking with us about marriage, the love we shared, hanging in there etc; after talking for a few hours, getting in his car and driving back to Baltimore. Did I say he was a

confidant, a leader, a consultant, a giver of advice? Whether you were willing to accept it was your call, but my father was going to give you that advice.

So many humorous stories about pranks that were played on the Colonel-- trying to get under his skin, one in particular about the fireworks we planted under his car engine which sounded like a missile launch as he started his car. We laughed about this last week till we cried. Thank goodness, I was a bit faster than my father at that time.

The baseball games, football games, family meals, family trips, all fond memories, of course. As the majority of us now can say, 'Gee, our parents really got smart as we got older.' I can honestly say that my father was a rock that established a foundation of life not just for me but for my family to carry forward. Because of my father I am the person that I am and as we all go forward in life we can hang onto the many memories that he has given not just to our family but others as well.....As that famed poet Dr. Seuss said, 'Don't cry because it's over. Smile because it happened!'

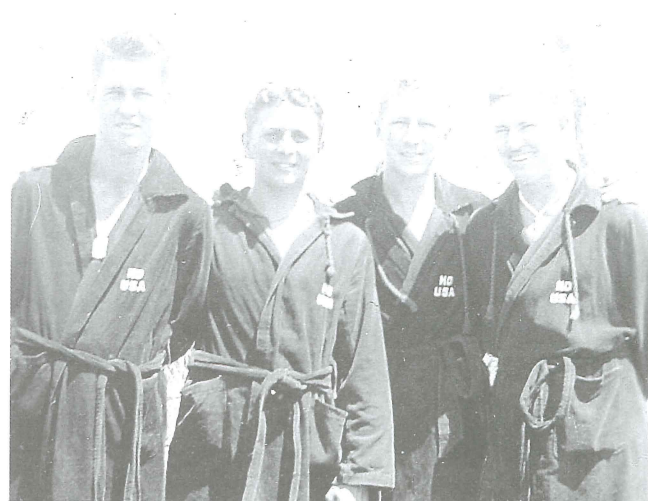
Our Father was a true Gentleman and Patriot. God Bless America, God Bless the USA.

From the Lester Wichmann Collection

*Kistach,
This picture was taken
on July 4th 1944 on the island
of Bougainville, Solomun Islands.
We were marching down the
airport runway during a
Regimental parade and the
wind was so strong the
flag ~~was~~ would wrap around
my head so I couldn't see
where I was going. The
picture was taken by some
news service as we were at
"Eye-Right" in front of
"Generals Admirals".
That's how we won the war!*



Left: Lester Wichmann, Co B, wrote this note to his daughter Leah. He's second from the left. See Last Roll Call this issue.



Men in Bathrobes: 26 Feb 1943 at 9th Station Hospital, probably recovering from malaria. L-R: Sgt LeRoy Koenig, Co A; Cpl Walter Roos "Boston", 89th Field Artillery; Les Wichmann, Co B; Cpl Earl Roberts "Trooper", 112th Cavalry.

Get-Together in Fargo 1945 or 1946

Top Row left to Right:
Brenton C. Knudson,
George (Joe) F. Jordan,
James P. Hanson,
Lester V. Wichmann,
Al J. Schwalier,
Russel R. Elvrum,
Huston W. Galyen
Bottom Left to right:
Arnold Johnson,
Raymond P. Leggett,
Peter F. Benzmiller,
Raymond D. Conlon



Left--164 REUNION 5-6-7 OCT 1990, Bismarck
Back Row L-R: Ken Sandhop, Horace Nearhood,
Bob Carr, Bill Hagen, Mel Kjera. Middle Row: Russ
Elvrum, Vince Powers, Malcom McKay Front Row:
Les Wichmann, Ben Osborne, Donald Wertz, Arnold
Johnson, Brent Knutson Not pictured: Chuck Walker

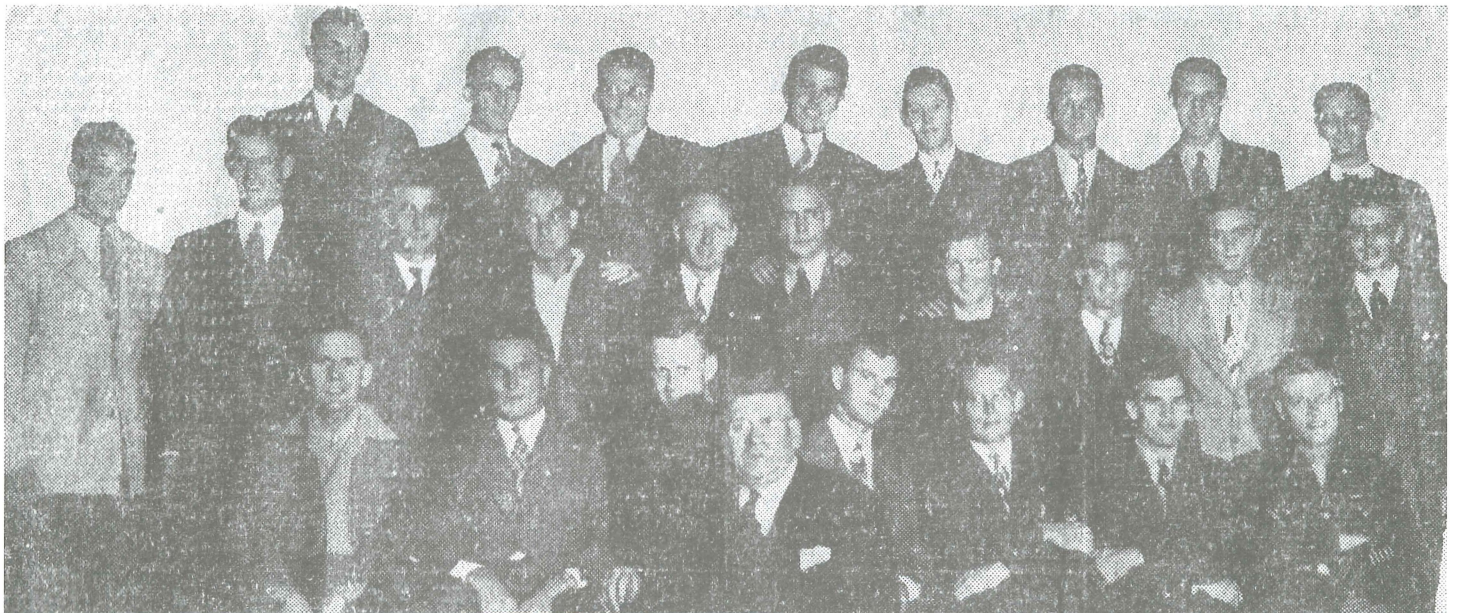


Next page Bottom:
Memorial Service at ND
Veterans Cemetery. The
Military Funeral Honors
Team folds the flag to
present to Les's daughter
Linda Oja. Far Right: Les's
sister Marian Tesmer
(center), Les's daughter
Leah Frederick & husband
Allan. Marian donated a
WWII scrapbook that will
be used in future issues.

From the Lester Wichmann Collection



1944 or '45: Co B Auxiliary hosted a gathering to honor men from Fargo's Co B on furlough or those who have been discharged. Brig Gen G.S. Fraser of Fargo and Maj James Gray of Jamestown were speakers. Front row L-R: Kelly Smith, Jerome Eggum, Bill Hanson, Thomas Fischer, Al Schwalier, Norman Krantz, Lyle Eggum, Brent Knutson, Albert Eshpeter, Gordon Johnson, Vincent Powers, and Raymond Leggett; Back Row: Ray Ihme, George Hill, Vance Frazee, Elden Sande, Glenn Rott, Raymond Conlon, Kenneth Lindberg, Bill Hagen, Russ Elvrum, Jewell Rowe, Robert Smith, Lester Wichmann, LeRoy Wahowske, & Huston



Discharged veterans of Fargo's Headquarters Company met to thank Ole Jacobson (in front of the group) who started the Boosters Club in 1942 for family members of the deployed soldiers. Front row L-R: Ralph Rothrock, Arthur Larson, Arthur Wold, Douglas Burtell, Robert Dodd, Leon Cossette, Melvin Erickson; 2nd Row: Russel Elvrum, James Hendrickson, Richard Burley, Roy Kelly, Robert Kilpatrick, Robert Olson, Kenneth McLaughlin, Jerome Eggum, Darwin Nickolas, Walter Johnson; Back row: Maurice Wilson, John Korsmo, Robert Hoff, Edward Ulvan, Wallace Sarkenberg, Wallace Larson, Robert Olerud, Robert Breen.



Brig Gen Fred Flo: What a Life!

Submitted by his Daughter Betty.

GUADALCANAL 1942-1943



Lt. Fred Flo, WWII

Fred was born in the small town of Pocatello, Idaho, and was the only child of Hans and Adna Flo. The family moved to Salt Lake City where Fred enjoyed the great Salt Lake and snowy winters. Later they moved to southern California where he went to high school and in 1940 graduated from UCLA. He received his commission in the Army in 1939. Fred and Lucile met at UCLA and were married on June 18, 1941. He was sent to the Island of Guadalcanal with the 164th Infantry, serving at Platoon Leader, Intell Platoon Leader, Company Commander, and Regimental S-2. In March, 1943, Captain Flo was ordered to Ft. Benning, GA, where son, Eric, was born in 1944.

When WWII was over, the family build their first home in Los Angeles where their daughter, Betty, was born in 1948. Fred continued to serve with the Army Reserve and was ordered again to duty, spending two more years in the service at Ft. Ord and in Korea (1951-52). When he came home, Fred decided to join the National Guard. He finally retired in 1969 as a Brigadier

General. He lived his entire life so proud to serve his country and be an American. In 1984, Fred and Lucine lived in the community of Casta Del Sol for 21 years. Fred golfed weekly with terrific friends in the men's golf club. In 2005, they moved to the lovely San Clemente Villas.

Fred had been a "server" all of his life, serving his country, state, county, city, community, and family. Never a day would pass when he didn't ask himself, "What can I do to help someone else or my community?" All that love and dedication was returned to him in his last days as friends, family, and Villas staff visited his bedside to show their honor and respect for him and the awesome man he was. What a wonderful family and life he has had all these years, with a devoted, loving wife, 2 terrific children, 2 successful and talented grandchildren, and 2 dynamite twin great grandsons that are 12 years old. His life is certainly one to admire and utilize as a model of true American values.

Fred, 93, (5May18-26Mar12) and Lucile (22Oct1919-29Sep2011) are joined again, but now at peace with God in heaven surrounded by His grace.



Celebrated 70 years of marriage on June 18, 2011

II. AWARD OF THE SILVER STAR:



By direction of the President, under the provisions of Army Regulations 600-45, August 8, 1932, the Silver Star is awarded by the Commanding General, United States Army Forces in the South Pacific Area, to the following named officers and enlisted men:

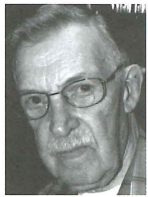
FREDERICK T. FLO, (O-375563), First Lieutenant, Infantry, United States Army, for gallantry in action during the period of November 21 to November 30, 1942, at Guadalcanal. Lieutenant Flo led a patrol of volunteers consisting of thirteen infantrymen, two Marine radio operators, two Indian communication men and one native boy. The mission of this patrol, an extremely hazardous one of great importance, was to scout along and in rear of the enemy, along the coast line and inland ten miles from Beaufort Bay to Aruligo Point to determine the strength of the Japanese in that area. The report of this patrol revealed important landing areas, streams and rivers not shown on the maps and suitable points where observation posts could be located. Nine bivouac areas were found containing an estimated two battalions of the enemy. Eight Japanese were killed and one prisoner was taken by this patrol. The information obtained by them later proved extremely valuable and aided in the ultimate success of the operations by our forces in this area. Home address: 159 South Norton Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Last Roll Call

164th Infantry Regiment

† Maj (ret) Osborne Arlien (K) Co E, 3 Mar 12
 † Harold O. Bjornstad (WWII) H2, 17 Feb 08
 Alfred A. Brown (WWII), 14 Sep 04
 † Robert M. Carr (WWII), Co B, 14 May 12
 Archie R. Devitt (WWII), Band, 16 Dec 07
 † Harry Dolyniuk (WWII) Co K, 26 Mar 12
 Martin A. Edinger (WWII) Co F, 1 Mar 08
 † BG(ret) Fred T. Flo (WWII) Rgt Hqs, 26 Mar 12
 Edward Gaik (WWII) 11 Mar 02
 Jerome Gazler (WWII) 11 Feb 03
 Howard M Gardner (WWII) Co B, 4 May 68
 Robert P. Gehrman (WWII) 15 Nov 03
 Ernest A. Gilbertson (WWII) Co A, 19 Oct 08
 Dr. Meyer Halperin (WWII) Med, 9 Oct 09
 Donald W. Herman (K) Co F, 9 May 12
 Earl R. Heuer (WWII) 3 Apr 06
 Clayton W. Hewes (WWII) 8 Aug 08
 William F. Jacober[^], Co K 22 Dec 05
 Vernon O. Johnson (WWII) 3 Mar 06
 † Carl R. Lauritsen (WWII), Co K, 17 Jul 10
 Thorvald J. Lillevik (WWII), 5 Sep 08
 Arthur L. Mainville (WWII), 10 Dec 04
 Louis P. Marinos (K) Mortar Co, 4 Jan 09

† = 164 Assoc Member ^ = 164 other than WWII or K



Maj (ret) Osborn Jay Arlien, 85, passed away 3 Mar 12. Farmer, hunter, water witch, scholar, soldier, teacher, sky diver, salesman, pilot. Army WWII (Airborne); joined 164 Inf, called for Korea. Retired from MN NG. Preceded by wife Dara; survived by Linda & Cort, 3 grandchildren.



Harold O. Bjornstad, 91, died 17 Feb 08 at his farm in OR. He joined HHD, 2nd Bn, ND Guard, Jun 40. Awarded Purple Heart at Bougainville, returned to duty, discharged Jul 45 as Sgt. Preceded by wife Beatrice; survived by Eric, Paul, Randi, Lisa, & Lori; 11 grand- & 4 great grandchildren.

Alfred A. Brown, 78, 6 Jun 26-14 Sep 04. Army veteran WWII & Korean Conflict, received Combat Infantry Badge, Purple Heart, & Bronze Star. Was member 164 Inf. Assoc. Preceded by Geraldine; survived by Steven, Dorene, & Beth; 6 grandchildren.



Robert Carr died peacefully 14 May 2012 six weeks shy of his 94th birthday. Bob and his brother Dick served in Co B. Worked at Alameda Naval Air Station for 30 years. Went on the 50th anniv reunion trip to Guadalcanal. Preceded by wife Janet in 2002; survived by nephew, Dennis.

† Albert Martin (WWII), Co D, 12 Jun 12
 Clinton J. Meche (WWII) Co A, 6 Apr 12
 Norman Morgan (WWII), 21 Sep 07
 Harris D. Moss (WWII), 5 Mar 12
 Harold J. O'Hearn (WWII) Co B, 16 Dec 03
 Capt(ret) Wm.A. Parker (WWII) Med, 24 Dec 03
 Delbert E. Paul (WWII), 14 May 12
 Lenard A. Pfarr (WWII) Co H, 22 Nov 03
 Roy G. Poole (K), 16 Dec 2008
 Talmon L. Reichard (WWII) Co F, 1954
 Richard L. Rucker (WWII) Co C, 17 Nov 10
 John Schools (WWII), Co L, 21 Jun 09
 Viril W. Stafford (WWII), Anti-Tank, 19 Nov 07
 Raymond C. Stivender, Jr, (WWII) 29 Mar 09
 William J. Symonovicz, (WWII) 19 Oct 02
 Henry P. Theander, (WWII) 5 May 05
 George J. Urbanec, (WWII) Co K, 22 Nov 05
 Melford J. Vigen (WWII), Co E, 5 Feb 99
 Walter J. Wells (WWII), 4 Nov 05
 † Lester Wichmann (WWII) Co B, 26 Nov 11
 † Wendell W. Wichmann (WWII), 22 May 12
 Dr. Irving Yachnes (WWII), Med, 9 Oct 09

Archie R. "Bud" Devitt, 87, died 16 Dec 07 in WA. Mobilized with ND National Guard 164th Band in WWII. Retired music educator. Survived (then) by wife, Mickey; daughter, Kathy; 4 grandchildren.



Harry Dolyniuk died 26 Mar 12 after brief illness. Served at Guadalcanal & Bougainville. Commissioned upon return from S Pacific assigned to Mil Intell as a Russian interpreter. Retired Professor of Chemistry, Preceded by wife of 57 years Laverne & daughter Elaine. Survived by sons Harry and Randy; 7 grand- & 9 great grand children.

Martin Adam Edinger, 87, died 1 Mar 08 in Texas. Mobilized with Co F and received the Purple Heart for his heroic actions during battle. Retired from Sherwin Williams after 27 years. Remainder of obit archived.



Fred T. Flo, 93, passed away 26 Mar 12. Served with the 164th from Nov 42 to Mar 43. His wife of 70 years preceded him in Sep 2011. Survived by children Eric & Betty, 2 grand-, & 2 great grand children. Story Pg 50 this issue.

Edward Gaik, died 11 Mar 02 in Chicago. Decorated Veteran of WWII. 164th Infantry Americal Division. Survived (then) by wife Isabelle; children Sharon & Robert; Grandson Michael.

<http://www.legacy.com/obituaries/chicagotribune/obituary.aspx?n=Edward-Gaik&pid=255878>

More Last Roll Call

Jerome Gazler, 79, died 11 Feb 03 in S. Chicago. Survived (then) by wife Jeannette. Veteran of U.S. Army, 164th Infantry, Silver Cross recipient. Retired millwright. <http://legacy.southtownstar.com/obituaries/southtownstar/obituary.aspx?n=Jerome-Gazler&pid=790264>

Howard M. Gardner; 15Oct19 – 4May68; PFC Co B 164 Inf WWII; buried in Brookings, OR. Tombstone Transcription Project (thanks to W. Haynes & R. Rosencrans) <http://files.usgwararchives.net/or/curry/cemeteries/williamward.txt>



Gehrman Robert P. 13 Mar 19-15 Nov 03. Survived (then) by wife of 55 years Frances; children Bob Jr., Bill, John, Mark, Janice, Paulette, Katie; 12 grandchildren. Served in South Pacific with 164th Infantry then trained troops at Fort Ord, CA. Interred at Ft Snelling.



Ernest A. Gilbertson, 91, died 19 Oct 08 in MT. Assigned as a cook after being late for KP. Survived by wife of 65 years, Millie; sons Don & Neill ; 10 grand-, 15 great grandchildren. Preceded by children Janice, Nancy, & Paul.



Dr. (Col, ret.) Meyer Halperin, 98, of East Stroudsburg, PA, died 9 Oct 09. Received MD in '37; joined Army in '39. Served as Bn surgeon as Captain on Guadalcanal, Bougainville, & Philippines. Preceded by 1st wife Mary; survived by wife Mina; son Michael; 2 grandchildren.

Earl R Heuer 22 Nov 16-3 Apr 06, 89, native of California passed away in Eugene, OR. Earl was a humble but decorated WWII veteran of the Pacific serving with the 164... Remainder of obit archived. legacy.com/obituaries/sacbee/obituary-preview.aspx?n=earl-r-heuer&pid=17315332&referrer=106



Donald Winton Herman passed away 9 May 12 in Seattle, at age 83. Called to duty in 1951 with Co F and served at Ft. Rucker, AL. Survived by his wife of 54 years, Valeria; children Gabriel, Edith, Robert, & Terri; 9 grandchildren.

Clayton W. Hewes, Sr, 79, Delaware, died 8 Aug 03. Served in Philippines with 164th. Retired chauffeur trainer. Survived (then) by wife of 56 years, Gladys; son, Clayton Jr.; grandchildren, Clayton III +3 ; great grandchildren, Clayton IV + 5 more.



William F. Jacober, 14 Oct 1919 - 22 Dec 2005, was survived by daughter, Lisa; grandson Michael. Enlisted at 18 in Co K, 164th & was honorably discharged June 1940. He was attending college to be a teacher when the war started. He joined the US Army, landed in Normandy with 290th Infantry. Preceded by wife, Barbara.



Vernon O. "Tim" Johnson, 87, 1 Apr 18-3 Mar 06, Richfield, MN. Survived by wife, Gertrude; sons, Terry and Todd; 4 grandchildren. Served in WWII, as a Major in 164th Infantry. Interred at Ft Snelling.

Carl R. Lauritsen, 95, died July 17, 2010, in Calif. He was a lieutenant in Co K. After WWII, he farmed & earned a law degree. Preceded by wife of 65 years, Alma; survived by children, Martin, Janet, Glen, Wayne, John; and eight grandchildren.



Thorvald Johan Lillevik, 90, died 5 Sep 08 in Alaska. Born in ND, grew up in MN, drafted after finishing college and served with 164 in Guadalcanal, Bougainville, Philippines. Preceded by 1st wife Betty. Survived by wife Susan, children, Sandra, Jon, & Elizabeth; 4 grandchildren.



Arthur L. Mainville, 83, 28 Mar 21-10 Dec 04 died in Conn. Served 25 months during the Philippine Liberation with 164th Infantry. Self-employed carpenter. Survived by sons Gary & Kenneth, step-daughter, Betty Ann; 5 grandchildren.

Louis P. Marinos, 79, of Wyoming, died 4 Jan 09, After Infantry Leadership School at Ft. Jackson, he was assigned as Platoon Leader Heavy Mortar Co., 164th Infantry Reg't, and later 4th Regimental Combat Team in Korea. Survived by wife Norine.



Albert Martin, 95, died 12 Jun 12 in Minot, ND. Drafted in 1941, he served as a mortar man in the 164th until discharge 30May1945. He farmed all his life, and lived on the farm until 2 years ago.



Clinton J. Meche, 88, died 8 Apr 12 in Louisiana. He served his country during WWII as a Private First Class in the "A" Company, 164th Infantry. He earned a Purple Heart on 21 May 45. Survived by 3 nephews & 5 nieces.



Norman Meldon Morgan, 82, passed away 21 Sep 2007 in Ohio. He served in Bougainville, Philippines, & Occupied Japan. Preceded in death by his wife, Nell. Survived by children Jerry, Tim, Rick, Susan, & Debra; 9 grand-; 5 great-grandchildren.

More Last Roll Call



Harris David Moss, 31Dec16 - 5 Mar12. In his words, "95 years is a long time." He played on the AmeriCal Division baseball team in Bougainville, as well as a gunner in the 164th Infantry. Survived by wife of 65 years, Gladys; daughters Pam, Karen, & Kathy; 22 grandchildren.

Harold J. "Bud" O'Hearn, 79, died 15 Dec 02 in WI. Served with Co B in S Pacific, discharged as Master Sgt. Survived (then) by wife of 56 yrs, Connie; children Patrick, Mary, Shannon, Colleen, Kerry, & Erin; 8 grand-, 2 great-grandchildren.



Capt(ret) William A. Parker, died in Calif. 24Dec03. Combat Medic on Guadalcanal; earned Bronze Star Medal w/Oak Leaf Cluster. Retired USAF 1964. Member of 164 Inf Assoc. Survived (then) by wife Evelyn; children Mary & William; 8 grand-, & 4 great grandchildren.



Delbert E. Paul, 85, passed away 14 May 12, in Nevada, due to complications of Parkinson's. Joined the Army in 1944 after High School. Survived by wife of 65 years, Patricia; Son Dennis, daughter Cindy; 8 grand-, 12 great grandchildren.

Lenard A. Pfarr, 81, passed 22 Nov 03. Served in S Pacific in WWII. Survived (then) by wife of 58 years, Millie; children, Michael, Brad, Lynn, Steve, Lisa, Marilee; 11 grand- & 3 great grandchildren.



Roy G. Poole, Sr., 77, of Owensboro, KY, died 16 Dec 2008. He served in the US Army with the 164th Infantry (probably at Ft Rucker), and National Guard during Berlin Crisis. Survived then by wife of 52 years, Shirley; Roy Jr; daughter, Mary; 3 grand- & 3 great-grandchildren.

Talmon L. Reichard; 1913-1954; PFC Co F 164 Inf WWII; buried in Umbria Cemetery, Osceola Mills, PA. <http://aruathite.tripod.com/Veterans.pdf>



Richard "Dick" Rucker, 87, 21Jun24-17Nov10. Served in Bougainville, Philippines, & Occupation of Japan before returning home in 1946. Survived by wife of 68 years, Joyce; children Linda, Rick, & Rodney; 5 grand- & 3 great grandchildren.



John Schools 15Sep1924 - 21Jun2009, 84. Served as PFC, Co L in the N Solomon & S Philippines, received Purple Heart. Retired firefighter. Preceded by wife Glenna: survived by children Cheryl & John, 6 grand-, 13 great grandchildren.

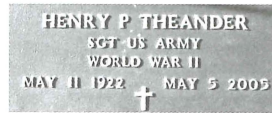


Viril Stafford, 17 Aug 20-19Nov 07. Born in Harvey ND, served with his hometown unit in WWII. Moved to Citrus Heights, CA, with his family in 1959. Remainder of obit archived.

Raymond C. "Bubba" Stivender Jr., 85, died 29 Mar 09. Native of SC, he served in 164 in WWII. Owned IGA store in Lake Placid, FL, retired 1987. Survived by wife, Marie; children George & Kenneth; 4 grand- & 3 great-grandchildren.



William J Symonovicz, of Worcester, MA, died 19 Oct 02 in MD. heavy machine gunner in 164th Infantry, Guadalcanal and Bougainville; then MP at White House, funeral of Pres FDR; retired Naval Dept 1988. Survived by brother.



Henry P. Theander, 82, died 5 May 05, in NJ. Preceded by wife Leone. Survived by Doug, Karen, & Lynn; 5 grand-, numerous great grandchildren.



George J. Urbanec was born 5 Oct 20 in Dickinson, ND; died in Tucson, 22 Nov 05. ND Nat'l Guard, Co K. Survived by wife of 64 yrs, Anne; children Randy & Kim; 6 grandchildren. Owned Urbanec Motors in MT and was very active in the community.

Walter J. Wells, 89, died 4 Nov 05 in TX. He served this country he loved so well in WWII as an Infantry man with the 164th Infantry, with the rank of 1st Lt.. Survived by wife of over 50 years, Marie; children Cynthia, Carolyn, Walter, & Earl; 4 granddaughters.



Lester G. Wichmann, 93, passed away 26 Nov 11 in Minn. He served with the 164th at Guadalcanal, Bougainville, & Philippines. Although stricken with polio in 1951, Les pursued hobbies in aviation & woodworking. Survived by Louise, wife of 65 yrs; and daughters Linda & Leah.



Col (Ret) Wendell W Wichmann, 96, died 22 May12. He served in Reg't Hqs, Hqs 1st Bn, Co's A & D in WWII, then on active duty for 30 yrs thru Korea & Vietnam. Awards include Bronze Star & Legion of Merit. Preceded by son, Warren. Survived by wife of 70 yrs, Eunice; children Kathlyn & Wayne; 5 grand- & 5 great grandchildren. He will be buried at Arlington National Cemetery on 22 Oct.

Dr. Irving Yachnes 16 Aug 1915 – 21 Feb 1996. Unconfirmed. From internet research; this is the only Dr. Yachnes with a DOB in the WWII timeline.

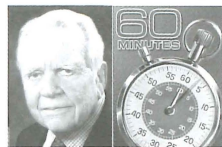


Update from March issued: Melford J. Vigen, Found Photo, Co E. His great nephew wrote that he was shot in the leg, and stabbed in the face with a Japanese bayonet. kmitch.com/Pueblo/obits/via-vigh.html

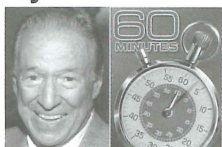
In Our Thoughts & Prayers

WWII: Famous Folks & Interesting People

Andrew "Andy" Rooney's final appearance on *60 Minutes* aired 2Oct11. He died one month later, 4Nov11, age 92. In 1942 (Army), he wrote for *Stars and Stripes* in London. At first a pacifist, he recounted that what he saw in concentration camps made him ashamed that he had opposed the war & changed his opinions about whether "just wars" exist. Earned the Bronze Star Medal & Air Medal. Wrote memoir, *My War*.



Myron L. Wallik, aka "Mike Wallace", 93, (9May18 – 7Apr12) was one of the originals on *60 Minutes* 1968-2008. Wallace enlisted in the US Navy in 1943, & served as a commo officer on the USS *Anthedon*, a submarine tender. He saw no combat, but traveled the South Pacific & South China Sea, & Japan. Discharged in 1946.



Eugene "Gene" Roddenberry (19Aug21-24Oct91) created *Star Trek*. He flew 89 combat missions during WWII. He was a commercial pilot after the war and joined the LAPD before writing scripts for *Highway Patrol*, *Have Gun Will Travel*, many others. His ashes are "buried" in outer space.



Van T. Barfoot (5Jun19-2Mar12) Chocktaw Medal of Honor recipient more recently known for winning fight to keep a US Flag flying in his yard at a condo assoc. Earned MOH for 2 separate heroic actions 23May44 while serving with the 157th Inf Reg't, 45th Division.



Richard W. "Dick" Clark, America's oldest Teenager, died 18 Apr 12, at 82. Was too young for WWII, but his older brother Bradley was KIA



Margie Stewart, the Army's only official pinup girl, died 8 May 12 at 92. The Army made a dozen posters of her, and printed 94 million copies. Most pictured a handwritten letter at the poster's forefront. "Please... get there and BACK."



Ernest Borgnine (Ernes Effron Borgnino), 95, 24 Jan 1917–8 Jul 2012. Served in US Navy 1935-45, USS *Lamberton*, Gunners Mate 1st Class, made honorary Chief Petty Officer in 2004. Starred in *McHale's Navy*.



Andy S. Griffith 1Jun26-3Jul12, no military service.
J. Donald Knotts 21Jul24-24 Feb 06. Enlisted 1942-45 Special Svcs Branch.



George "Goober Pyle" Lindsey 17Dec28-6May12. Enlisted in USAF in 1952, stationed in Puerto Rico. [Jim Nabors, aka "Gomer Pyle" is still alive & well.]

The 164th Infantry News, July 2012

ASSOCIATES & FRIENDS



Pearl Oehlke, 89, passed away 25 Nov 11. She is survived by Ralph Oehlke, Anti-Tank; & two sons. Their Story was in the March 2012 News.



Edith Tuff, widow of John Tuff, commander of Co. M, passed away 6 Apr 12. John preceded her in 1998. She is survived by sons John & Bill, daughters Linda & Kathy; 8 grand- & 6 great grandchildren.



Betty Nerpel, 84, passed away 18 Dec 11. She was sister to Gottfred Eurich, who served in Co F & Merrills Marauders. She was an Associate Member.



Mildred Stimsen, Associate Member from Watertown, SD, passed away 26 Dec 11. Preceded by Forrest Stimsen, WWII.



Beverly J. Isenberg passed away 9 Apr 12 Easter Sunday, at age 87. Preceded by husband George, Co F & Co A (LRC Oct10). She helped get his stories printed in the "65 Years Since..." series in the *News*.



Eileen Benzinger, 79, died 7 May 12. She was the widow of Col (ret) John A. Benzinger, Co G (K) who was listed in the Last Roll Call in July 2011.



James R. McLaughlin, 86, died 8 May 2012 in Fargo. He was the son of 1SG John McLaughlin (Anti-Tank) & father of Tim (LM)*. Preceded by wife Dorothy in 2003.

Leonard P. Covey died 24 May 07. Active Army at Ft. Benning, Ga, as light weapons infantryman, 164 Inf Reg't, from 1953-55. (The Reg't flag moved from Ft Rucker to Benning after ND troops returned home.)



Donald E. Jaster, 85, died 2 Jun 2012. Mobilized to Ft Rucker with Co A, 231 Engr Bn, Cavalier, then worked full time for the ND Guard. Preceded by wife Donna. Survived by 2 sons, 4 great-grandchildren.



Victor G. Lander, 97, died 20 Dec 10 in Fla. Went to OCS on New Caledonia with Tom Lynch, 164th. Assigned to 57th Engr (Americal Division Engineers), and submitted a story to the Mar 2007 *News*.



Richard C. "Bud" Rothschiller passed on 30May12 in Calif. Mobilized to Ft Rucker with Hqs Btry 188 FA 1951. Served 2 years in Korea. Survived by children Richard, Curtis, and Wendy; six grandchildren.



PRSRTD STD
US POSTAGE
PAID
UNITED PRINTING



THE 164th INFANTRY NEWS

P.O. Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111

Editor164thInfantryNews@hotmail.com

The 164th Infantry News is published 3 times a year as an informational newsmagazine for members of the 164th Infantry Association. Photos, stories, and soldier profiles are always welcome. Very important are Rosters, Orders, and Unit Photos. Please send to the above address.

Membership is \$10/year or \$50 Life for 3 issues of the *News* and mailings about the annual reunion.

2011-2012 Association Officers

President.....*Bernie Wagner: (701) 845-0799, Valley City, ND*

Vice President..... *Dave Lokken, Valley City, ND*

Secretary/Treasurer & Reunion Coordinator: *Patricia Drong*
Memberships, Renewals, Donations, Reunion Mail:

Box 192, Sanborn, ND 58480 Email:*pjdrong@ictc.com*

Editor.....*Shirley J. Olgeirson: Bismarck, ND*

Editor Email: *Editor164thInfantryNews@hotmail.com*

Editor Mailing: *PO Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111*

Book Orders: *PO Box 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111*

THE OCTOBER ISSUE WILL CELEBRATE THE REUNION & THE 70TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE 164TH LANDING AT GUADALCANAL ON 13 OCTOBER 1942

Looking for Unit Photographs from Camp Claiborne for EACH company.

Looking for WWII and recent photos for each current WWII member.

Please send them to your Editor, PO 1111, Bismarck, ND 58502-1111

CAN YOU COME TO THE ANNUAL REUNION IN VALLEY CITY 14-16 SEPTEMBER 2012???

Contact Reunion Coordinator Patricia Drong, PO Box 192, Sanborn, ND 58148

pjdrong@ictc.com