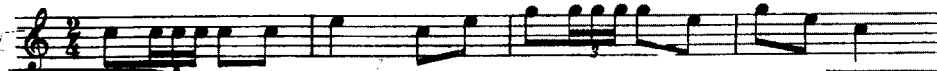




Moderately



Moderately



RECALL

The North Carolina Military Historical Society



VOLUME XIII

FALL 2007

ISSUE 2

Fighting Crazy Horse in the great Sioux War

The story of Lieutenant Henry Rowan Lemly of Forsyth County

By John D. Mackintosh

John D. Mackintosh is a native of York County, South Carolina. He received his undergraduate degree in history from Erskine College in Due West, SC. His Master's in History was earned at the University of Aberdeen, Scotland. Since 1980, he has worked at the South Carolina Department of Archives and History where he is currently supervisor of the Local Records Services program. In 2002, he published *Custer's Southern Officer*, a biography of Captain George D. Wallace who survived the Little Big Horn under Major Marcus Reno only to fall at Wounded Knee in 1890. Wallace was the only soldier from South Carolina in that legendary battle, and he left behind interesting testimony and insight on the engagement. Macintosh lives in Lexington, SC, with his wife. They have one son, Alex, an honors student at the University of Georgia in Athens.

Contemplate nineteenth century North Carolinians at war, and immediately one thinks of the Civil War, the conflict in which the Tarheel State contributed more men than any other in the Confederacy and, consequently, suffered more casualties than her Southern neighbors.¹ In the aftermath of that struggle, there were only a comparative handful of North Carolinians who took part in the Plains Indians Wars, and their experiences are worthy of attention. Men such as Sergeant Daniel Kanipe of McDowell County who served as one the last messengers from George Custer's command, thus escaping the last stand that took the life of approximately 212 men, including fellow North Carolinian Private John Thadus of Guilford County.² Second Lieutenant Henry Lemly of Forsyth County had already faced many of these warriors that killed Custer and his five companies, just a week before, when the Sioux under Crazy Horse had caught the forces of General George Crook by surprise. Fortunately, Lemly left behind a graphic account of that battle and the subsequent death of Crazy Horse that he witnessed in the following year.

Henry Rowan Lemly was born in Bethania on January 12, 1851, the son of Henry Augustus Lemly and Amanda Conrad Lemly. The elder Lemly was a native of Rowan County who had attended the University of North Carolina in hopes of becoming a doctor. Poor eyesight spelled an end to that dream though, and he went on to become a merchant in Salisbury before moving to what became Forsyth County.³ In 1868, the year of North

Carolina's readmission to the Union, young Henry sought and received a coveted appointment to the United States Military Academy through the influence of his Republican uncle, I.G. Lash, who was elected to Congress in the autumn of 1868 just after his nephew had entered West Point.⁴ Lemly's entrance to the Academy was as part of the first class containing young men from the former Confederate states. For Lemly and his fellow Southern cadets, such as South Carolinian George D. Wallace, West Point was attractive since it offered free education at a time when the South was economically hard pressed due to the loss of the war. Four long years of the Spartan lifestyle of a cadet ensued, with Lemly graduating on June 14, 1872, finishing a very respectable eleventh in a class of fifty-seven.⁵

Following a period of brief graduation leave in which he returned home to North Carolina, Lemly was commissioned a second lieutenant in the Third Cavalry and joined Company E of his regiment at Fort Sanders, Wyoming Territory, on October 1. Over the next three years he moved between posts in southern Wyoming and Nebraska, becoming acclimated to the sense of separation from the rest of the nation that characterized life in the frontier army. Apparently, conditions weren't entirely agreeable with him, as he journeyed home on sick leave in December 1875 and returned in May of the following year, just days before the departure of the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition. The Grant administration had been trying to follow a peace policy in

its relations with the Sioux and Cheyenne of the Northern Plains but the increasing pressure of settlers and gold seekers trying to get into the Black Hills, combined with retaliatory raids from the Sioux against settlements, resulted in the demand that all free roaming Indians not on reservations report to one by January 31, 1876, an unrealistic deadline that had passed without full compliance. The expedition that Lemly joined thus sought out the adherents of the nomadic plains way of life, especially those bands of warriors who accompanied leaders such as Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse. Surprisingly, considering his time away from the regiment, Lemly was appointed battalion adjutant for the Third Cavalry's ten companies that were part of the large military force under General George Crook.⁶ The Third Cavalry battalion left Fort D.A. Russell on May 21, heading north for a union with the rest of Crook's command as they made their way north towards the Sioux.

June 9, 1876, witnessed the young lieutenant's baptism of fire, as elements of Crook's Third Cavalry had a brief, virtually bloodless skirmish with Sioux Indians who had occupied bluffs above the Tongue River in northern Wyoming. On June 17, the expedition had just entered Montana Territory, resting peacefully along the banks of Rosebud Creek in the morning sun. Just two days later, Lemly somehow found the time to write down a fresh account of what he barely lived through: "We were suddenly surprised by the sound of shots from in front and the whistling bullets falling in our midst."⁷ Over a thousand Sioux and Cheyenne warriors, many under the leadership of Crazy Horse, had broken the early morning respite of the tired soldiers, very nearly overrunning their position before defensive measures were taken. Lemly ended up on the left flank of the action under Colonel William Royall. The situation worsened as "our entire line was now under fire from the Sioux, who occupied the highest ridge in our front but shot rather wildly ... nothing had been accomplished by our repeated charges except to drive the Sioux from one crest to immediately reappear upon the next. Casualties occurred among them, of course, as with us, but beyond the indefinite equalization, nothing tangible seemed to be gained by prolonging the contest. When we took a crest, no especial advantage accrued by occupying it, and the Sioux ponies always outdistanced our grain-fed American horses in the race for next one."⁸

As nothing was being gained, the battalion began to move towards the right, seeking to rejoin the main body of Crook's command. This movement was not without its consequences though, as "the Sioux appeared to construe it as a retreat and doubtless believed that they had inflicted a severe loss upon us. From every ridge, rock and sagebrush, they poured a galling fire upon the retiring battalion ... our casualties, comparatively light until now, were quickly quadrupled."⁹ As the danger increased, Colonel Royall sent Lemly with a message to Crook to send forth infantry companies to help cover the movement. At one point, the North Carolinian had his horse shot out from under him but came away unscathed by the incident. Newspaper reporter John F. Finerty then witnessed yet another narrow escape for the fortunate officer: "Lieutenant Lemly came near losing his scalp by rid-

ing close up to a party of hostile Indians whom he supposed were Crows. His escape was simply miraculous."¹⁰

After some six hours of fighting, the action ended with the Sioux and Cheyenne departing the battlefield. Crook and his men soon left as well, returning towards their encampment near the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. Lemly alluded to the criticism General Crook was receiving from men up and down the ranks: "It is not my business to criticize. His enemies say that he was outgeneraled. That his success was incomplete, must be admitted, but his timely caution may have prevented a greater catastrophe."¹¹ When he penned those words, Custer's Last Stand was only five days away and would result in the death of America's most celebrated Indian fighter, killed by many of the same Sioux and Cheyenne that had bested Crook. In light of that battle's results, Lemly's musings on preventing a "greater catastrophe" seem especially relevant.

The North Carolina lieutenant was involved in much of the remainder of the Great Sioux War, including the long and trying "mud march" of Crook's forces that finally bore fruit with the September victory of the army at Slim Buttes in what is now South Dakota. Apparently, he did not leave behind an account of that battle, possibly because he entered the engagement as it neared its end. By the Spring of 1877, the bands that had defeated Crook and Custer had either been driven into Canada under Sitting Bull or were reluctantly surrendering. To many, the May capitulation of Crazy Horse at Camp Robinson, Nebraska, represented a symbolic end to a war that had reached its dramatic pinnacle at the Little Big Horn. At the time of Crazy Horse's surrender, Lemly was stationed at Fort Laramie, Wyoming, probably the most famous post of the frontier military West.

The continuing presence of Crazy Horse's band, camped at nearby Camp Robinson, was accompanied by rising tensions, even though the Sioux leader had vowed that his warrior days were over. Various factions among the Sioux were jealous of his power and sought to raise fears among the military that he was not a peaceful man. Once again, Lemly took to the field as part of a Third Cavalry battalion, sent to the Camp Robinson area, and left a record of all that transpired: "The column of cavalry was directed to so time its arrival, after a night march, that it could surround the village of Crazy Horse at day-break ... when they arrived upon the bluffs supposed to overlook the village, there were no tepees in sight. The bird had flown!"¹² The military high command had intended on capturing Crazy Horse and sending him east for imprisonment at Fort Marion in St. Augustine, Florida. Eventually, Crazy Horse was talked into once again returning to Camp Robinson. The events that followed were carried out under the command of General Luther P. Bradley and Captain Jesse M. Lee, both of whom Lemly defended by stating "no more honorable officers ever lived ... and the part they played inadvertently or by compulsion that day was no doubt revolting in the extreme. Somebody high up had blundered, but orders had to be obeyed."¹³

Lemly was serving as officer of the guard and in command of Troop E of his regiment on the fateful day of September 5, 1877. He was thus in close proximity to all that transpired in the crowd-

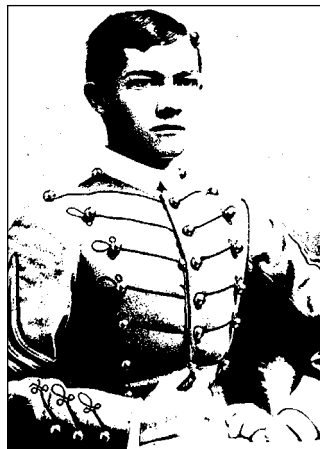


Photo courtesy USMA Library, Special Collections and Archives
Second Lieutenant Henry Rowan Lemly of Forsyth County as US Military Academy Cadet.

ed parade ground area of Camp Robinson as plans unfolded to lock Crazy Horse in the guard house, prior to transporting him east. Just days after the event, Lemly's anonymous report of what happened appeared in the New York Sun of September 14, 1877:

Taking Crazy Horse by the hand, Capt [James] Kennington led him unresistingly from the adjutant's office into the guardhouse, followed by Little Big Man, [who] now became his chief's worst enemy. The door of the prison room was reached in safety, when, discovering his fate in the barred grating of the high windows, the liberty-loving savage suddenly planted his hands against the upright casing, and with great force thrust himself back among the guards, whose gleaming bayonets instantly turned against him. With great dexterity he drew a concealed knife from the folds of his blanket, and snatched another from the belt of Little Big Man, turning them upon Capt. Kennington, who drew his sword and would have run him through but for another Indian who interposed. Crazy Horse had advanced recklessly through the presented steel, the soldiers fearing to fire, and gaining the entrance he made a leap to gain the open air. But he was grappled by Little Big Man.¹⁴

A struggle between the powerful Little Big Man and Crazy Horse followed, with the knife accidentally piercing Crazy Horse "who sank in a doubled-up posture upon the ground outside the door."¹⁵ Writing of this event in 1914, Lemly revised the cause of the great warrior's death: "Crazy Horse gained the door of the building and, with another leap, fell upon the ground outside, pierced through the groin and abdomen by the bayonet of one of the guard."¹⁶ This cause of death is in conformity with the generally accepted view of most historians as to how Crazy Horse died. The earlier account differed from this since, as Lemly recalled in 1914, it was "unofficially sought to be conveyed; but while I did not actually see the stroke, the conversation by members of the guard, which I overheard, convinced me that Crazy Horse was killed by a thrust from a bayonet." There then followed an occurrence every bit as harrowing as the Rosebud battle, when, "as if with a single click, thirty carbines were cocked and aimed at us by as many mounted Indians, who had formed a semi-circle around the entrance to the guard-house."¹⁷ Fortunately for all concerned, the soldiers were able to diffuse the situation, partially by assuring the Sioux that Crazy Horse was "ill" since most had not actually seen what proved to be the fatal bayonet thrust. Later, they spread the story that he had accidentally stabbed himself, a deception echoed by Lemly in his newspaper article. In the aftermath of the stabbing, Lemly was in charge of the dying prisoner and could only watch as the efforts of Dr. Valentine McGillycuddy proved futile in saving his life. The tragic occurrence ended with death of Crazy Horse in the adjutant's office, when, "in a weak and tremulous voice, he broke into the weird and now famous Sioux death-song."¹⁸

For Lemly, the demise of Crazy Horse came near the end of his participation in the frontier military. The following year, he was transferred to the artillery, a branch of service that was rarely

posted in the West since it primarily staffed coastal fortifications. In 1880, he was promoted to first lieutenant just before receiving a congressionally approved leave of absence to accept a teaching position at the National Military School in Bogota, Colombia. He returned to the United States three years later and continued serving at various artillery posts before, once again, returning to Colombia in 1890. In the later part of that decade, he was promoted to captain on the eve of the war with Spain. Unlike the Sioux War, he saw no action in that conflict but instead served as an aide-de-camp to Major-General Guy V. Henry, who had been severely wounded in the Rosebud battle the two men had lived through some 23 years before. In 1899, he retired in Washington, D.C., just over 30 years after entering West Point. Retirement proved anything but idle as he continued to work with the Colombian military as well as represent various armament manufacturers in Europe and Asia. With the American entry into World War I in 1917, he briefly returned to duty with the Quartermaster Department, which resulted in his promotion to major prior to his full retirement in 1920.¹⁹

Somewhere in the midst of this busy career, he met and married Katharine Palmer, daughter of Major General Innis Newton Palmer. Together, the couple had two children, Major Rowan P. Lemly and Mrs. Katharine Parker. He also found time to author numerous books, including various military training manuals in Spanish, as well as a biography of Simon Bolivar that was published in 1923.²⁰ He never forgot his service in the 1870s, when he both experienced

danger and witnessed history. He joined the Order of Indian Wars, an organization of Indian War veterans dedicated to preserving the memory of those who had fought and served in the West. He also worked with Indian Wars history researcher Walter M. Camp in marking the forgotten graves of those who had perished in Great Sioux War. On October 12, 1925, preceded in death by his wife, he passed away in Washington, D.C., at a time and place far removed from the vast open prairies where he had faithfully served as a young lieutenant.²¹

Sources:

1 David C. Roller and Robert W. Twyman, *The Encyclopedia of Southern History*. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1979, p. 920.

2 There was one other North Carolina native known to have fought at the Little Big Horn, Private Jonathan Robers of Surrey County who served under Major Marcus Reno and Captain Frederick Benteen and thus survived the battle. See John Carroll, *They Rode With Custer*. Mattituck, New York: John M. Carroll and Company, p. 132, p. 211, p. 244..

3 Lemly Obituary, *Army-Navy Journal*, October 17, 1925. See <http://www.fmoran.com/lemly.html> for the following information on his immediate family: in addition to son, Henry Rowan, Henry and Amanda Lemly had the following offspring: Elizabeth C. Lemly 1840-1902; Laura E. Lemly, 1843-1901; Ithiel T. Lemly, c.1845-aft. 1910; William A. Lemly, 1846-1929; Samuel Lemly, c. 1852-bef. 1910.

4 J.W. Vaughn, *With Crook at the Rosebud*. Mechanicsburg, Pa.: Stackpole Books, 1994, p. 192.

5 *Biographical Register of the Officers and Graduates of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, N.Y.* Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1891, p. 188. Information on Lemly's friendship with George D. Wallace of South Carolina can be found in the author's *Custer's Southern Officer: Captain George D. Wallace, 7th U.S. Cavalry*. Lexington, S.C.: Cloud Creek Press, 2002.

6 Ibid.



Major Lemly's grave marker in Arlington cemetery.

7 Henry Lemly, "The Fight on the Rosebud," in John M. Carroll, ed., *The Papers of the Order of Indian Wars*. Fort Collins, Co.: The Old Army Press, 1975, p. 14.

8 Ibid, p. 14-15.

9 Ibid, p. 15.

10 John F. Finerty, *War Path and Bivouac: The Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition*. Lincoln: The University of Nebraska Press, 1970, p. 145. The Crow, who were scouting for the army, were the bitter enemies of the Sioux and Cheyenne.

11 Lemly, "Fight on the Rosebud," p. 17.

12 Henry R. Lemly, "The Passing of Crazy Horse," *Journal of the Military Service Institution of the United States*, Vol. 54, No. 189, May-June, 1914, pp. 318-319.

13 Ibid, p. 319.

14 Henry R. Lemly, "The Death of Crazy Horse" from *New York Sun*, September 14, 1877 in Richard G. Hardorff, ed., *The Death of Crazy Horse: A Tragic Episode in Lakota History*. Lincoln: The University of Nebraska Press, 1998, p. 241. It was a fairly common practice for army officers to occasionally contribute letters and reports to newspapers.

15 Ibid, p. 242.

16 Lemly, "The Passing of Crazy Horse," p. 320.

17 Ibid.

18 Ibid, p. 322.

19 *Sixtieth Annual Report of the Association of Graduates of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York, June 12, 1929*, pp. 221-222.

20 Ibid, pp. 222-23.

21 Lemly Obituary, *Army-Navy Journal*, October 17, 1925.

My 25th Mission Was to Bremen, March 30, 1945

By HUGH B. JOHNSON

We took off at 10:40 a.m., later than usual due to bad weather. I was pilot of the group lead plane. The group consisted of 39 planes altogether. On my crew were co-pilot and Air Commander Major Glynn F. Shumake; navigator, 1st Lt. Hebar D. Hansen; trainee navigator; 2nd Lt. Robert J. Wallace; radar navigator, Captain Lawrence Lifshus; bombardier, 1st Lt. Wallace A. Burket; engineer and turret gunner, TSgt. Eugene F. Edwards; assistant engineer and gunner, SSgt. Harold P. Beck; radio operator, TSgt. Robert D. Carter; and tailgunner and observer, 1st Lt. Harry F. Hopkins.

On the bomb run at 32,000 feet, cloud cover of five-tenths to six tenths was encountered, and the bombardier lost sight of the target, requiring us to go around. Since we had to keep a constant speed and altitude, this made us much more vulnerable to anti-aircraft fire. Just before the target, which was submarine pens, a burst of flack hit the plane. It was almost a direct hit, so close we could smell the smoke and hear shrapnel hitting the plane. It looked as large as a two-story house. It knocked out the number three engine, which Sgt. Edwards feathered. Before the number four engine could be feathered, our electrical system went out.

Most everything on a B-17 is controlled electrically; therefore we could not transfer precious fuel from the dead engines, which were both on the right side of the plane, to the two operating engines on the left side. The automatic pilot was also lost, causing flying to be much more difficult. We were forced to drop out of formation and head for England alone while losing altitude to maintain flight.

Our next dilemma came when we had to lose extra altitude going through heavy clouds in a crippled condition. At about 10,000 feet, the Germans were shooting us up pretty good from the ground. Luckily, no German fighters showed up. In our situation it would have been "Katie, bar the door." Not too much later, all hell broke loose. It turned out we were right over the front lines, and the Germans were riddling the plane with everything, even small arms fire. We did every evasive action possible, considering two engines were out on the right wing.

By now, we were too low to bail out. About that time I spotted a large field dead ahead and dived the plane with all my might. The field was a large pasture on a dairy farm, not too far from the Rhine river, which we had been seeing for some time. The landing was made with the wheels up. It was an absolute

miracle that no one was injured by shrapnel, bullets, or in the landing. There were ten of us aboard. Someone brought us through with a lot more skill than we had.

Although no one was injured during the landing, the rest of the crew were in the radio room braced for a crash landing and had a very close call. On this airplane, the ball turret under the radio room had been replaced with a radar antenna. This was sheared off during the landing. It seemed as if the plane skidded forever. With mud coming through the hole in the bottom of the plane, it pushed the crew up and forward until their heads were almost touching the ceiling of the plane. Had we gone very much farther, the crew would have been crushed.

As we were getting out of the plane, bullets were whining above our heads, and we could see people running towards us from quite a distance. So we started running the opposite way. A young boy 12 or 13 years old said that there were Germans in the woods ahead. We started to go the other direction and ran straight into a group of German soldiers and were captured immediately.

We had landed in Holland, which was occupied by the Germans. The German soldiers took us to a nearby farm house and took two crew members to the plane with them. The soldiers had them go inside the plane. We assumed this was in the event it was boobytrapped.

While at the farm house, the Dutch family gave us a glass of milk that was really welcomed, since it was about 5 p.m., and we had not eaten since early morning breakfast. The German soldiers then marched us down the road a short distance and across a ditch where more soldiers and two other men stood in a small clump of woods. Several of the men, including myself, whispered that it looked suspicious. After discussions between the soldiers continued for what seemed like an eternity, we were turned over to three guards who we later learned were paratroopers wounded on the Russian front. They gave us all a piece of black bread that tasted and smelled awful. It was ten percent sawdust. I took one bite and put the rest in my pocket. As my hunger increased the next day, I began to nibble on it.

The day after we were captured, a tank crew was picked up. One of the men was badly burned. They told us about seeing us go down and that they were pulling for us to come close enough to a British spearhead, which was about two miles from where we did land, to save us from capture. No such luck. Several days

later, an Australian was added to our group. He was badly wounded when he and his bomber crew were being marched down the road. He told us that for no reason the crew was mowed down by their captors. He assumed all were killed but himself. He jumped in a canal nearby and swam under water evading the Germans. The next day he was captured. He had been shot in the hip. It was the worst wound that can be imagined. The guards finally put him in the hospital at Oldenburg. We never heard from him again.

As I stated before, we were in the front lines. As they were marching us down the road, we could hear shooting and machine gun fire off to our left. This made us think that our time as prisoners would be short. How wrong could we be?

A railroad bridge was blown up parallel to the road we were walking on. Several of the men started to laugh, which got us into real rouble with the guards. They cocked their guns and raised a ruckus in German. The language we did not understand, but we fully understood the gun cocking. That was the beginning of a sad day for us.

They put us on a forced march that lasted three days with no food for two and a half days. They occasionally did give us water. However, no smiles were seen for some time. After that they treated us reasonably well, sharing the bicycles with several of the men with bad feet. At this time it was even hard for the German soldiers to get food or cigarettes. When they did, it was shared with the prisoners. If they could not give us a whole cigarette, they would let us have several drags off of theirs. It was like money from home.

Four or five days later, a P-51 pilot who had bailed out was added to the group. Civilians got to him before he could get out of his parachute harness. The German civilians had beaten him badly, and if the Wehrmacht soldiers had not gotten to him when they did, the civilians would have killed him.

Soon after, we got a ride on a barge. One of the Germans aboard the barge had a patch over one eye. He was eating on a loaf of black bread. When he went into the cabin of the barge, I went over and cut off a slice. When he was returning, he must have seen me do this and for the longest time he never took his one eye off of me. It was a most uncomfortable feeling.

When reaching Oldenburg, we were put into an army camp overnight. About dark, a young soldier came to my room, stuck a gun in my back and marched me to a building about 100 yards away. From there, they took me to a large office for interrogation. An older man in civilian clothes, who spoke perfect English, and a German officer, who spoke very limited English, started grilling me. At first they started trying to set me up by giving me a cigarette and a piece of candy. Since I only gave my name, rank, and serial number over and over, the German officer got verbally abusive and took the candy away. It became pretty nerve wracking. One thing they harped on and kept asking a number of times was why there were so many officers aboard our plane. There was one Major, two Captains, three First Lieutenants, one Second Lieutenant, and three Technical Sergeants. This was a large number of officers and apparently made them think this was an unusual mission. When the interrogation of the entire crew was over, we remembered back to the day we were captured and their debating killing us. We felt it was very likely what saved our lives were so many officers in the crew.

The three guards had us for 16 days altogether. It was very

cold and rained quite a bit. The guards were living pretty much like we were, sleeping in barns, on the ground, and wherever they could find a place. We walked mostly those days, but as we got deeper into Germany, we did get a ride on a truck, a barge, and once a train before reaching Hamburg.

They put us in a real prison in Hamburg. We had individual cells. The next morning a German officer informed us of President Roosevelt's death. The German officer spoke perfect English. He told us he had lived in New York for a few years. He seemed as sad as we were about President Roosevelt.

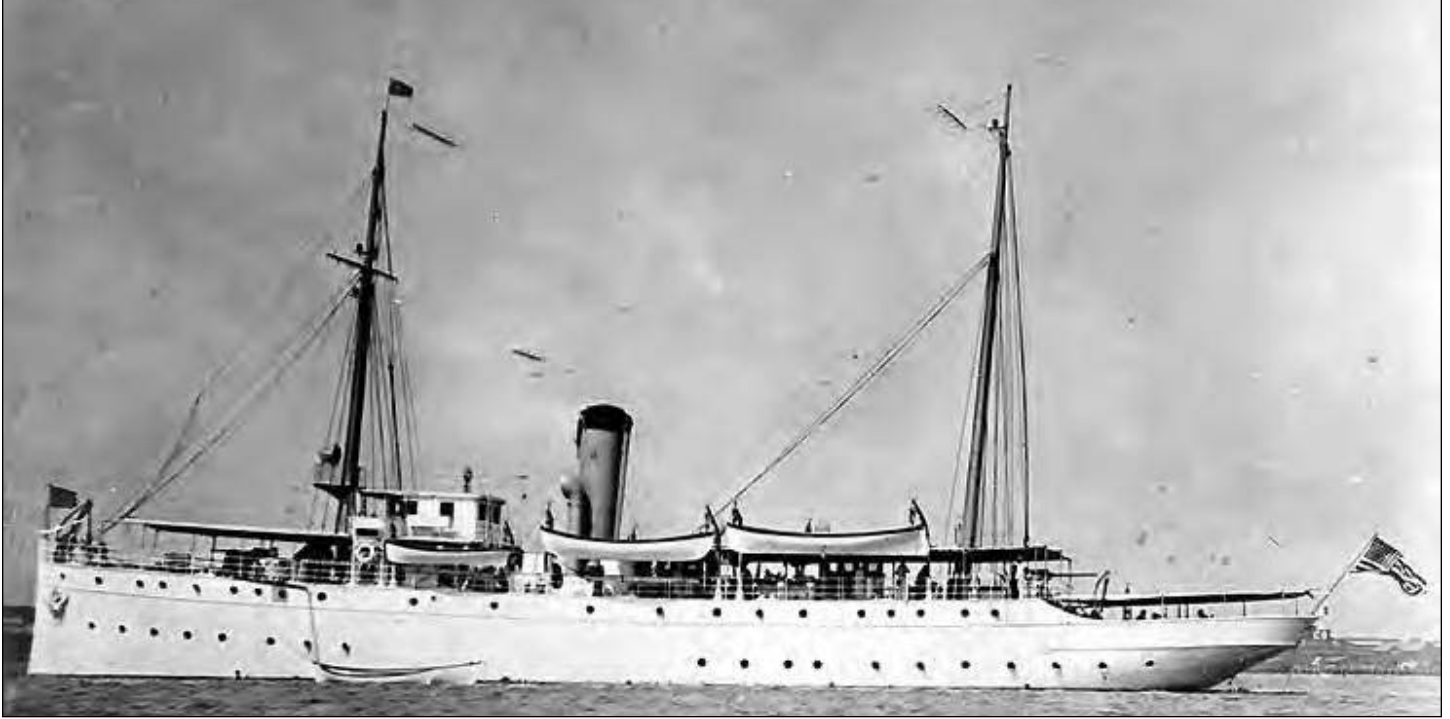
From there, we were sent by train to Barth, Germany, 100 miles north of Berlin, on the Baltic Sea. It was Stalag Luft 1, with four compounds holding approximately 2,500 men each. You could not go from one compound to another until the war ended.

We were given a seventh of a loaf of the terrible tasting black bread a day. We received one Red Cross parcel per week, which we pooled and rationed in such a way as to use the most perishable things first and so on until the last day. The parcel contained powdered milk, chocolates, a pack of cigarettes, prunes, raisins, etc. You could subsist on this but we stayed hungry all the time. It was miserably cold; in fact, so cold I slept in my hat, clothes, and boots every night. We slept on wood slats and had very little cover. A small pot belly stove was used to warm our meager food. The stove generated practically no heat and helped little on keeping us warm.

The Russians liberated us a few days before the war ended. At this time, we were allowed to go from one compound to another. I bumped into Jack Dunaway, one of the three brothers well known in boxing circles around Raleigh. Jack had been a POW for 18 months. I asked Jack where he had been since leaving N.C. State University. He told me New York. He had had a job as a lifesaver and theater usher. Jobs were hard to get in those days. The amazing thing, Jack said, was his main job before the war was dancing the Blue Danube in Sonja Heinie's Ice Show. Quite a feat since he never had on ice skates before going to New York.

When the war ended, day after day passed, and we were still being held in the POW camp. We heard rumors the Russians would not permit the planes to come to the area to pick us up. My patience ran out quickly, so another prisoner, Lt. Cammer, a P-51 fighter pilot, and I left the compound headed for Luneburg, Germany, to get transportation back to England. We spent one night in a German farm home. The next day we obtained two bicycles for two boxes of raisins and started riding. About half way to Luneburg, we heard B-17s that were headed toward Barth. We debated going back to the prison camp, which was 35 to 40 miles, or to continue riding to Luneburg. We decided to keep going. The next day, we got a ride to England on an AC-47. We were then quarantined in Oxford General Hospital for 16 days. Then we were sent to London and back to the United States by ship.

In London, we asked about the hold-up in the prison camp. It was confirmed that the Russians wanted to send us by ship to Odessa to the Russian Ukraine. Had this taken place, we could have been held as hostages due to the uncertainty between the Russians and Allies. My understanding was the key person responsible for getting things straightened out was Col. Hubert Zemke, one of the best known fighter plane commanders. Orders were issued not to fly us back to the United States in a war weary plane. We were sent home on a Liberty ship, which took 16 days.



USCG cutter *Tampa* (ex-*Miami*) in 1912, photograph courtesy of U.S. Naval Historical Center, Washington, D.C.

The sinking of the *Tampa*

By A Bryan Salter

Compared to many ships the life of the United States Coast Guard, Cutter *Tampa* was short. It ended off the coast of the United Kingdom in September 1918. But her life had started under better circumstances and with a different name.

Launched at Newport News, Virginia, on February 10, 1912, the cutter was originally named *Miami* and sponsored by a Miss Bernes Richardson. Built by the Newport News Shipbuilding & Drydock Company, *Miami* had a length of 190 feet, a draft of 14 feet maximum; she displaced 1,181 tons, was meant for a complement of 70 and cost \$250,000. The machinery was a triple-expansion steam power plant producing 1,300 IHP. Built for the Revenue Cutter Service, she carried three 6-pounder cannon;

On April 27, 1912, she made her trial run off Hampton Roads, was accepted by the U.S. government on May 8, 1912, and placed in commission by the Revenue Cutter Service at its depot at Arundel Cove, Maryland, on August 19, 1912. She was ordered to Key West on October 21, 1912, to take station. The patrol area ran from Fernandina to Tampa.

Because of the loss of RMS *Titanic* on April 14, 1912, public outcry demanded a patrol of the ice zone of the North Atlantic. On May 28, 1913, the *Miami* was ordered to New York and from there to Halifax, Nova Scotia where she joined the cutter *Seneca* on patrol and observation of icebergs.

On other occasions she operated out of various stations along the eastern seaboard.

During June and July of 1914, *Miami* was assigned to International Derelict Patrol Service out of Ponta Delgada in the Azores. On January 28, 1915, the U.S. Life-Saving Service and the Revenue Cutter Service were amalgamated into the United States Coast Guard. Just over a year later, on February 1, 1916, *Miami* was renamed *Tampa*.

On April 6, 1917, when the United States entered World War I, *Tampa* was transferred to U.S. Navy jurisdiction. During those summer months her armament was increased. The six-pounders were traded for four 3-inch guns and two .50-caliber machine guns (depth charge racks were added in 1918). She moved from the Boston Navy Yard to New York on September 16 and departed September 29 for overseas duty. She was joined by *Paducah*, *Sterling*, *B.H.B. Hubbard*, and five French-manned, American-made submarine chasers. The fleet reached Gibraltar on October 27, 1917.

When the *Tampa* crew sailed from New York's harbor on September 29, no one could have suspected they had less than a year to live.

Tampa was assigned ocean escort duty protecting convoys in route from Gibraltar to the southern coast of England. There was constant vigilance for German U-boats. She operated as part of Squadron 2, Division 6, of the Atlantic Fleet Patrol. *Tampa* escorted 18 convoys totaling more than 350 vessels; losing only two ships. She was never disabled and averaged 3,566 nautical miles a month while only duty. She received a let-



Photograph of a postcard, circa 1920, showing the church in Lamphey, Pembrokeshire, Wales, courtesy Rosemary Bevans

ter of commendation on September 5, just three weeks before her sinking, for a "... high state of efficiency and excellent ship's spirit ..."

During the late afternoon of September 26, 1918, after escorting Convoy HG-107 into the Irish Sea, she parted their company and headed for Milford Haven, Wales. She had been ordered to "put in there."

About dusk, in the Bristol Channel, she came into the sights of UB-91. According to the records of the U-boat commander, Kapitanleutnant Wolf-Hans Hertwig, they spotted a "large patrol craft¹ ... 1 stack, 2 very high masts, on each side a life boat swung out." The U-boat fired one stem torpedo "with special attachment."²

It is believed that the *Tampa* sank rapidly, as there were no survivors. Perhaps one of the boilers erupted from the torpedo concussion. Photos of other ships sinking by U-boats show as much as 12 to 15 minutes for a boat to go down.³ Time enough for some crew members to jump for it if not drop a lifeboat or raft. She sank with all hands: 131 personnel. There were 111 Coast Guardsmen, four Navy men, ten British sailors, one British Army Captain, and five civilians.⁴ The *Tampa* disappeared over the horizon at about 1900 hours after leaving the convoy. Little else is known about the sinking, except it occurred before 2100. The radio operator on the convoy flagship reported feeling the shock of an underwater explosion about 2045. This is believed to be the exploding of the *Tampa*.

When the *Tampa* did not arrive on time at Milford Haven, a search and rescue effort was undertaken. Three days' effort turned up wreckage clearly identified as coming from the ship. Also, two bodies in U. S. navy uniforms were recovered. Several days later two bodies washed up on a Pembrokeshire beach in southwest Wales. The authorities were able to identify one of the bodies as Seaman James M. Fleury, U.S. Coast Guard, The other man was never identified. Both were buried with full military honors in the churchyard, St. Tyfie's, Lamphey Parish, a small Welsh village near the coast.

The Florida Memory Project of the State Library and Archives of Florida, Tallahassee, has 35 service cards for men on

the *Tampa*. That is 31.5% of its crew. There was one known North Carolinian. Based upon an early report carried in *The New York Tribune*, only 106 names of the personnel on the *Tampa* are known.⁵

Lords of the British Admiralty sent a letter of condolence to Admiral W. S. Sims, the senior American naval officer on duty in the United Kingdom. The Navy Department released the information on October 3, 1918. There is no evidence of any follow up report. The name *Tampa* was struck from the Navy's list of ships.

Just over two weeks after the sinking two more bodies were recovered at sea. A British mine layer picked them up two miles off Helwick lightship, which marks the treacherous shoals off Mumbles Peninsular, at the entrance to the Bristol Channel. An identification disk found on one body, matched to a print of his right index finger, identified Acting Quartermaster Alexander L. Salardin, USCG. He and the unidentified man were probably buried at sea as no record of interment on land is known. As for the two bodies which washed ashore, Seaman Fleury's body was later disinterred and returned to his family on Long Island.

NOTES:

- 1 The position of sinking was 50 degrees 40 minutes North; 6 degrees 19 minutes West
- 2 The G6 AV, a 160 kg torpedo with a range of 5,000 meter; speed of 27 knots
- 3 U-Boote An Feind, pg. 346
- 4 The Captain was Charles Satterlee of Gales Ferry, Connecticut
- 5 Friday edition, October 4, 1918, pages 1-2

BIBLIOGRAPHY/REFERENCES:

- 1 Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships. Washington, DC: United States Government Printing Office, 1981. Volume VII, p.30.
- 2 www.uboot.net
- 3 www.usco.mil
- 4 www.archive.org
- 5 www.floridamemory.com
- 6 "Torpedoes, dies uns nicht erreichten," in U-Boote An Feind, 1937. Langsdorff, Werner von (ed.)
- 7 www.dyfedfhs.org.uk
- 8 www.spanamwar.com

Life Aboard a Troop Ship

By David A. Register

This is a new kind of adventure for most of us and it will throw us into a new kind of living. For two or three weeks or maybe more we are to be housed or herded on a floating post which is quite diminished in size but will answer the needs of several hundred men to the best of its ability and capacity for the duration of this trip.

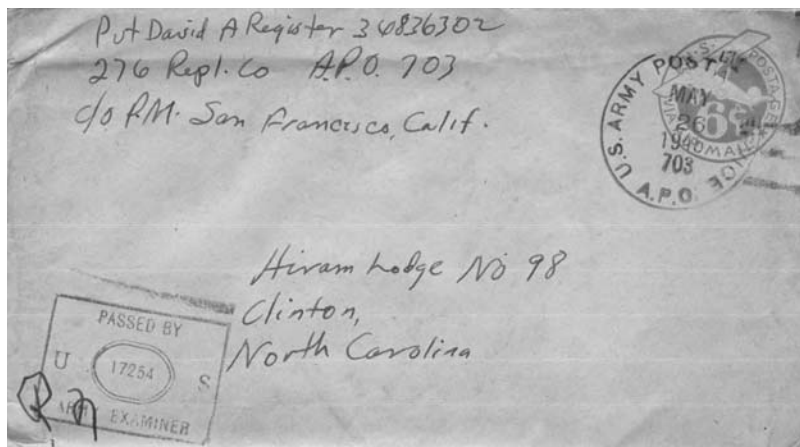
Where we are going and when we will get there are the questions that are flowing from each other to be answered by many rumors, speculations, and mute replies in the negative. Of course, the biggest and most important question is when will we come back, because there is no doubt in each Joe's mind but that he is coming back and that it will be the tough luck of some other poor Jim who will remain to be marked by a white cross. The faith and

belief that each American soldier has that he will come back, even though he knows there are some who will remain, is probably one of the big reasons why the American soldiers are the world's best.

The start of the voyage finds us being pushed, shoved, and packed into the different holds (sleeping quarters) where we are told to find a bunk (more shoving), put the bags on it, and lie on it out of the way until everyone has a place to stay. The bunks are two feet wide and about six feet long, stacked five high and two feet apart with two stacks bordering on one side of an aisle that is two feet wide and must accommodate ten men. There are several stacks in a row along the aisle, so you can see that things are a bit congested. These rows of bunks are all around the walls of

the hold with a square space in the center approximately 15x15 for stretching and as an access to the ladders leading to the open decks. The holds are just below water-level, so there are no port holes to be opened for the sea breeze to pass through. Fresh air is pumped in and out but it doesn't take care of all the foul air that is stored among several hundred men, and it isn't capable of keeping the hold cool.

After bunks had been found by all men, the S.O.P. (standard operating procedure to the Brass, same old potatoes to the men) was read concerning the trip. Rules that are expected to be obeyed, and others that are assumed will not be obeyed. Stress is laid upon the fact that there will be lots of spare time in which the troops will wear on each other's nerves; therefore, a lot of time should be devoted to writing letters home. However, there is a matter of great importance—censorship—and that must be complied with for the safety of all men on board this ship and other ships as well. Things that cannot be mentioned are: Name of the POE, ocean, ship, destination, weather, number of days at sea, stops, or anything of military interest that pertains to this voyage. Type of letter to write: "Dear Mom, I am somewhere at sea, don't know where I am going or when I will get there. Wish I were at home instead. Loads of love-



After the SOP had been given to us, we were allowed to go up on deck and take our last long look at the land we love so well. Then we turned our faces in another direction; a direction of questions marks for the future.

The whirlwinds created on deck are caused by men rushing to form the chow line which is to most men the main fete of the day; mainly because it means eating eventually. Yet it is an ordeal that is dreaded because it means standing and waiting, moving mere inches at a time and then moving again. Some gripe vehemently, especially if anyone cuts in line while others give only silent contempt. A few read in line and others just wait patiently. Chow starts at 6:30 for breakfast and continues until all are finally fed, meaning around 10:30. A very light midday chow of soup or sandwich is served at 11:30. The last meal of the day starts around 4:30. A system is used where one hold is first one day, and the others follow in rotation. Each man has a meal ticket which is punched each time he is fed. Sometimes the chow is good; then again—well, it is filling, anyway, as there is usually plenty of it. As the chow line reaches the chow hall, the noise that erupts sounds like the cross between an Indian war dance and a lion's den. The K.P.'s, in their frenzy to get through, sound off with any of the following: hubba, hubba, chop chop. Move along on the double; If you don't want it, don't take it. No seconds! If you don't have enough, draw in your belt and come back again—much later.

The cool breezes and fresh air up top-side compensate for the hard steel deck (which is only a little bit harder than the bunks), so every available space large enough to lie down is usually claimed a long time before blackout. If someone steps on you

(and someone usually does), you just forget about it, because turnabout is fair play. Blackout is strictly enforced from the time the loudspeaker system blares forth, "Now hear this: Blackout is now in effect. The smoking lamp is out. All port holes will be closed. That is all." Sleeping out under the stars gives one a feeling of security, as if they are there especially to watch over and guide each of us. The moon is usually beautiful, and you can look out over the water to the horizon, which appears to be painting the sea with a golden luster. It brings back memories. I surely would like to be at home under a moon like that. Sleep comes easy, since most of us are day-dreaming about home and building castles in the sky of the future. We continue on into dream-land, but suddenly those dreams are washed away to be replaced by the reality that it is raining, and it is time to get back down in the hold. When the shower is over, the deck is soon filled again and everyone goes to sleep again until morning only to be awakened by the loudspeaker shouting, "The smoking lamp is lit. Blackout is over." About the time that this announcement is made, the sanitation detail starts washing the decks with a pressure hose and anyone who hasn't gotten up either gets up on the double or else gets washed along with the trash. As soon as the deck is washed down and partially dried, it is occupied again by some

who want to sleep, others who want to read, write, play games, or just sit and look out over the water and think in silence. "A penny for your thoughts, Mister," but he keeps them to himself.

The two old army games of poker and craps take care of a lot of time, men, and money. (Seven or eleven, baby! Oh, little Joe, that's easy. I'm with him for two. It's a bet. Come on man, crap out. Roll on out and add up seven. Come on bones, keep talking and find that point.) That kind of lingo goes on for hours on end as some lose all or part and leave disgustedly, while others anxiously take the vacated places to see what luck the bones hold for them. Everybody has luck, but to different degrees, since very few usually come out with the money. Anyone who has never seen a crap game doesn't realize how hard a man works to roll those dice in order to win—or lose.

Vesper services are held each evening just prior to darkness at which time we have a song service, scripture reading, and a short talk by the Chaplain. There are a couple of good colored quartets that sing spirituals which we enjoy very much. The Chaplain has lots of work to do and deserves a lot of praise and credit. Besides the religious activities he is in charge of the library and all recreation.

The library has a good supply of books, magazines and games that are furnished by the Army Special Service, Red Cross, Veteran's Administration, and many societies that gather and donate reading material. To all of these we are very grateful. A Red Cross Chapter gave a toilet kit to each of us, and the Veterans gave each of us a carton of cigarettes. All of these are deeply appreciated. The library also has a good selection of

records that are played over the P.A. three times each day. Music is one of the musts as far as morale is concerned, because the soft strains from a beautiful symphony are always good to quiet jumpy nerves. We have had several good movies, but you should hear the cat calls and Bronx cheers when the reel breaks several times or the sound is cut for an announcement from the Command Post. News broadcasts come every morning, and several times during the day special radio programs are broadcast.

Informality reigns everywhere and G.I.'s are treated more like men on an equal footing, and much of the class distinction that non-coms and officers hold back home is done away with, yet respect and discipline is still maintained—with certain limitations. We can dress almost as we please, so lots of us are getting sun tans. Life belts have to be carried at all times. They are draped around in numerous ways, except during drills and then they have to be worn in the proper manner. Many new types of

creations of beards and mustaches are being displayed; some to win bets and others to test ability to grow a beard.

We have recently been told we are nearing our intermediate destination—the Philippines. Our final destination is Tokyo—that we are all sure of. All of us want to go there and complete the course of the Rising Sun. Of course everybody knows the sun always sets. We don't know what awaits us there, and it doesn't make much difference, because we will gladly do our job to end this war. The thing that is really uppermost in our minds is, what will conditions be when we get home? What kind of a world-wide Peace Treaty will be made? Will it have, and it must have in order to last, the sanction of divine guidance of God?

Fraternally yours,

Pvt. David A. Register

Please give my regards to all the Brothers of Hiram Lodge.

North Carolina and the Korean War

By Tom Belton

Background

The Korean War was the first US military action against a Communist country during the period known as the cold war (1947-1991). As part of a World War II agreement, the United States occupied the southern part of Korea and the Soviet Union occupied the northern part while a provisional Korean government was being formed. Korea was divided along the thirty-eighth parallel, with the south under the anticommunist Syngman Rhee and the north under Communist leader Kim n Sung. Each man was determined to reunite the country under his form of government. In 1949 the United States withdrew its forces from South Korea, believing that the greatest Communist threat was to Western Europe. Consequently, South Korea was considered outside America's Pacific defense perimeter.

The invasion of South Korea by North Korea on June 25, 1950, surprised Americans, who were getting use to the peace, prosperity, and opportunities of the post-World War II years. Taking advantage of a temporary boycott of the United Nations Security Council by the Soviet Union at the time of the invasion, the United States called upon the United Nations to provide military support to South Korea. In addition to the United States, 15 nations—Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the United Kingdom, France, South Africa, Turkey, Thailand, Greece, the Netherlands, Ethiopia, Colombia, the Philippines, Belgium, and Luxembourg—committed troops to the conflict. It was obvious to all of them that this was more than a move to liberate South Korea; it was a war to fight the expansion of Communism worldwide.

At different times during the three-year conflict, the tide of battle favored each side. The UN troops soon found themselves facing not only the North Korean army but also “volunteers” from the People's Republic of China. In addition, Soviet advisers played an active role manning North Korean jets in the air war. US forces eventually reached as far north as the Yalu River on the Chinese border but stopped there, as President Harry Truman did not want to expand the war.

The Korean War was largely a stalemate during its last two

years. This situation, along with restrictions placed on the UN force, caused Americans to become disillusioned with the war. After months of negotiations, a truce was signed on July 27, 1953, and a demilitarized zone (DMZ) separating the warring sides at the thirty-eighth parallel was established. Nearly three million people—civilians and soldiers—died during the conflict. American casualties totaled slightly over 54,000. Of these, 784 came from North Carolina. United States forces remain in South Korea today because no peace treaty has yet been signed.

North Carolina's Role

On Sunday, July 25, 1950, the front page of the *Raleigh News and Observer* focused on Willis Smith's victory over Frank Porter Graham in the US senatorial race the day before. The vicious and heated campaign had deeply divided many North Carolinians and had received national attention. At the bottom of the page, a small two-column article announced the Communist invasion of South Korea with the headline “Warfare Flares in Korea; Reds Open Border Attacks.” Once again the United States-and North Carolina found themselves being pulled into war.

The state's two major military facilities, the Marine Corps base at Camp Lejeune and the army base at Fort Bragg, trained many of the soldiers who fought in the Korean War. Seymour Johnson Air Force Base at Goldsboro had been deactivated in 1946 (it was reactivated 10 years later) and therefore played no role, but Pope Air Force Base at Fort Bragg trained forward air controllers for combat duty.

Camp Lejeune, near Jacksonville in Onslow County, is the largest Marine Corps training base east of the Mississippi River. It played a pivotal role in World War II, readying both white and black troops for combat duty in the Pacific theater of operations. Various satellite facilities are located near the main base. The pine forests and beaches on the Camp Lejeune site permit woodland and amphibious training. During the Korean War, thousands of marines trained at Camp Lejeune and shipped out from the

port at nearby Morehead City.

Fort Bragg, named after North Carolina native Braxton Bragg, a Confederate general in the Civil War, was established in World War I as an artillery training facility. During World War II, the base served as an airborne training facility. In the early 1950s, scores of recruits destined for Korea trained at the base, as did newly activated members of the National Guard and Army Reserve. Fort Bragg expanded its airborne capabilities and during the Korean War became known as the "Home of the Airborne."

Former members of the US Army Rangers and the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in World War II worked behind enemy lines and trained guerrilla forces in North Korea during the war. As a result of their efforts, the army's first unconventional warfare unit, the Tenth Special Forces Group, was activated on June 20, 1952, at Fort Bragg. Colonel Richard M. Ripley, a longtime volunteer with the North Carolina Office of Archives and History, was a pioneering member of that elite group. Col. Ripley directed guerrilla operations on the Korean peninsula from 1951 to 1952.

Few people remember the names of those who die in war. Of the almost 800 North Carolinians who lost their lives in the Korean War, one soldier receives recognition countless times a day, because an important institution bears his name.

Bryant E. Womack, a native of Mill Springs in Rutherford County, served as an army medic in Korea. He was killed in action on March 12, 1952, at the age of 20. While part of a combat patrol, Womack was severely wounded in a firefight, but he refused medical treatment so that he could aid his wounded comrades. He was the last man to withdraw from the scene, and he collapsed and died minutes later. His actions saved the lives of several men in his patrol.

On January 12, 1953, PFC Bryant E. Womack posthumously received the Congressional Medal of Honor. In May 1955 ground was broken at Fort Bragg for a hospital to be, built in his name. Today Womack Army Hospital is a major army medical center and the only such facility honoring an enlisted soldier.

WOMACK, BRYANT E.

Rank and organization: Private First Class, U.S. Army, Medical Company, 14th Infantry Regiment, 25th Infantry Division. Place and date: Near Sokso-ri, Korea, 12 March 1952. Entered service at: Mill Springs, N.C. Birth: Mill Springs, N.C. G.O. No.: 5, 12 January 1953. Citation: Pfc. Womack distinguished himself by conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty in action against the enemy. Pfc. Womack was the only medical aid man attached to a night combat patrol when sudden contact with a numerically superior enemy produced numerous casualties. Pfc. Womack went immediately to their aid, although this necessitated exposing himself to a devastating hail of enemy fire, during which he was seriously wounded. Refusing medical aid for himself, he continued moving among his comrades to administer aid. While he was aiding one man, he was again struck by enemy mortar fire, this time suffering the loss of his right arm. Although he knew the consequences should immediate aid not be administered, he still refused aid and insisted that all efforts be made for the benefit of others that were wounded. Although unable to perform the task himself, he remained on the scene and directed others in first aid techniques.

The last man to withdraw, he walked until he collapsed from loss of blood, and died a few minutes later while being carried by his comrades. The extraordinary heroism, outstanding courage, and unswerving devotion to his duties displayed by Pfc. Womack reflect the utmost distinction upon himself and uphold the esteemed traditions of the U.S. Army.

U.S. Army Center of Military History, "Medal of Honor Recipients—Korean War," <http://www.army.mil/Ucmh/mohkoi'L.htm>.

Although the truce ending the Korean War was the headline in the July 27, 1953, issue of the *News and Observer*, few North Carolinians felt the same jubilation that accompanied the end of World War II. The newspaper reported the next day that people in downtown Raleigh seemed indifferent and that the "Korean War was the farthest thing from their minds." For many, the war was like an unpleasantness in the distant past to be ignored and left undiscussed.

Soon overshadowed by the cold war conflict in Vietnam, the Korean War became known as the "forgotten war." But with its 50th anniversary in June 2000, Americans again remembered those who fought in Korea. The Korean War Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C., commemorates the men and women who "answered the call to defend a country they never knew and a people they never met." North Carolinians who served in the war are honored with a memorial on the State Capitol grounds, and the Department of Motor Vehicles created a special license plate for Korean veterans that acknowledge their service.

—Permission by North Carolina Museum of History, Office of Archives and History, NC Department of Cultural Resources.

A Soldier

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

I was that which others did not want to be.
I went where others feared to go,
And did what others feared to do.
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing,
And reluctantly accepted the thought
Of eternal loneliness should I fail.
I have seen the face of terror;
Felt the stinging cold of fear;
And enjoyed the sweet taste of a moment's love.
I have cried, pained, and hoped ...
But most of all, I have lived times
Others would say were best forgotten.
At least someday I will be able to say
That I was proud of what I was ...

A soldier

Typical Confederate Soldier

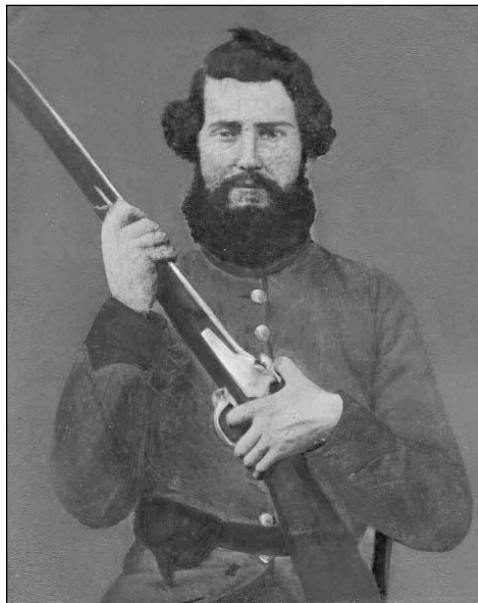
G. H. Baskett, Nashville, Tennessee

Nearly thirty-three years have passed since the alarm of war called from their peaceful pursuits the citizens who were to make name and fame as Confederate soldiers. The stirring scenes and the dreadful carnage of a memorable conflict have been removed by the lapse of time into the hazy past. And a new generation, however ready it may be to honor those who fought the battles of the South, is like to form its idea of their appearance from the conventional military type. The Confederate soldier was not an ordinary soldier. Either in appearance or character. With your permission I will undertake to draw a portrait of him as he really appeared in the hard service of privation and danger.

A face browned by exposure and heavily bearded, or for some weeks unshaven, begrimed with dust and sweat, and marked here and there with the darker stains of powder; a face whose stolid and even melancholy composure is easily broken into ripples of good humor or quickly flushed in the fervor and abandon of the charge; a frame tough and sinewy, and trained by hardship to surprising powers of endurance; a form, the shapeliness of which is hidden by its encumberments, suggesting in its careless and unaffected pose a languorous indisposition to exertion, yet a latent, lion-like strength and a terrible energy of action when aroused. Around the upper part of the face is a fringe of unkempt hair and above this an old wool hat, worn and weather-beaten, the flaccid brim of which falls limp upon the shoulders behind, and is folded back in front against the elongated and crumpled crown. Over a soiled shirt, which is unbuttoned and buttonless at the collar, is a ragged gray jacket that does not reach to the hips, with sleeves some inches too shun. Below this trousers of a nondescript color, without form and almost void, are held in place by a leather belt, to which is attached the cartridge box that rests behind the right hip, and the bayonet scabbard which dangles on the left. Just above the ankles each trouser leg is tied closely to the limb—a la Zouave—and beneath reaches of dirty socks disappear in a pair of badly used and curiously con-toned shoes. Between the jacket and the waistband of the trousers, or the supporting belt, there appears a puffy display of cotton shin which works out further with every hitch made by Johnny in his effort to keep his pantaloon in place. Across his body from his left shoulder there is a roll of threadbare blanket, the ends tied together resting on or falling below the right hip. This blanket is Johnny's bed. Whenever he arises he takes up his bed and walks. Within this roll is a shirt, his only extra article of clothing. In action the blanket roll is thrown further back, and the cartridge box is drawn for-

ward, frequently in front of the body. From the right shoulder, across the body, pass more straps, one cloth the other leather, making a cross with blanket roll on breast and back. These straps support respective; a greasy cloth haversack and a flannel-covered canteen, captured from the Yankees. Attached to the haversack strap is a tin cup, while in addition to some other odds and ends of camp trumpery, there hangs over his back a frying pan, an invaluable utensil with which the soldier would be loth to part.

With his trusty gun in hand—an Enfield rifle, also captured from the enemy and substituted for the old flint-lock musket or



Pvt. Robert Vance Williams of Buncombe County, Company F (Rough & Ready Guards). Williams served in the ranks from 1861 through 1865 and was wounded in the knee at Chancellorsville in May 1863.

the shotgun with which he was originally armed—Johnny Reb, thus imperfectly sketched, stands in his shreds and patches a marvelous ensemble—picturesque, grotesque, unique—the model citizen soldier, the military hero of the nineteenth century. There is none of the tinsel or the trappings of the professional about him. From an esthetic military point of view he must appear a sorry soldier. But Johnny is not one of your dress parade soldiers. He doesn't care a copper whether anybody likes his looks or not. He is the most independent soldier that ever belonged to an organized army. He has respect for authority, and he cheerfully submits to discipline, because he sees the necessity of organization to effect the best results, but he maintains his individual autonomy, as it were, and never surrenders his sense of personal pride and responsibility. He is thoroughly tractable if properly officered, and is always ready to obey necessary orders.

But he is quick to resent any official incivility, and is a high private who feels, and is, every inch as good as a General. He may appear ludicrous enough on a display occasion of the holiday pomp and splendor of war, but place him where duty calls, in the imminent deadly breach or the perilous charge and none in all the armies of the earth can claim a higher rank or prouder record. He may be ill-fashioned in dress, but he has sublimated his poverty and rags. The worn and faded gray jacket, glorified by valor and stained with the life blood of its wearer, becomes, in its immortality of association, a more splendid vestment than mail of medieval knight or the rarest robe of royalty. That old, weather-beaten slouched hat, seen as the ages will see it, with its halo of fire, through the smoke of battle, is a kingly covering than a crown.

Half clad, half armed, often half fed, without money and without price, the Confederate soldier fought against the resources of the world. When at last his flag was furled and his arms were grounded in defeat, the cause for which he had struggled was lost, but he had won the faceless victory of soldiership.

June 14th

The birthday of the U.S. Army

The following is a description of the birth of the U.S. Army from Robert Wright

The Continental Army (Washington, D.C.: Center of Military History, 1983), pp. 23-24

The June 14 date is when Congress adopted “the American continental army” after reaching a consensus position in The Committee of the Whole. This procedure and the desire for secrecy account for the sparseness of the official journal entries for the day. The record indicates only that Congress undertook to raise ten companies of riflemen, approved an enlistment form for them, and appointed a committee (including Washington and Schuyler) to draft rules and regulations for the government of the army. The delegates’ correspondence, diaries, and subsequent actions make it clear that they really did much more. They also accepted responsibility for the existing New England troops and forces requested for the defense of the various points in New York. The former were believed to total 10,000 men; the latter, both New Yorkers and Connecticut men, another 5,000.

At least some members of Congress assumed from the beginning that this force would be expanded. That expansion, in the form of increased troop ceilings at Boston, came very rapidly as better information arrived regarding the actual numbers of New England troops. By the third week in June delegates were referring to 15,000 at Boston. When on June 19 Congress requested the governments of Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire to forward to Boston “such of the forces as are already embodied, towards their quotas of the troops agreed to be raised by the New England Colonies,” it gave a clear indication of its intent to adopt the regional army. Discussions the next day indicated that Congress was prepared to support a force at Boston twice the size of the British garrison, and that it was unwilling to order any existing units to be disbanded. By the first week in July delegates were referring to a total at Boston that was edging toward 20,000. Maximum strengths for the forces both in Massachusetts and New York were finally established on July 21 and 22, when solid information was on hand. These were set, respectively, at 22,000 and 5,000 men, a total nearly double that envisioned on June 14.

The “expert riflemen” authorized on June 14 were the first units raised directly as Continentals. Congress intended to have the ten companies serve as a light infantry force for the Boston siege. At the same time it symbolically extended military participation beyond New England by allocating six of the companies to Pennsylvania, two to Maryland, and two to Virginia. Each company would have a captain, three lieutenants, four sergeants, four corporals, a drummer (or horn player), and 68 privates. The enlistment period was set at one year, the norm for the earlier Provincials, a period that would expire on July 1, 1776.

Responsibility for recruiting the companies was given to the three colonies’ delegates, who in turn relied on the county committees of those areas noted for skilled marksmen. The response in Pennsylvania’s western and northern frontier counties was so great that on June 22 the colony’s quota was increased from six to eight companies, organized as a regiment. On June 25 the

Pennsylvania delegates, with authority from the Pennsylvania Assembly, appointed field officers for the regiment. Since there was no staff organization, company officers and volunteers performed the necessary duties. On July 11, delegate George Read secured the adoption of a ninth company that his wife’s nephew had organized in Lancaster County. In Virginia, Daniel Morgan raised one company in Frederick County, and Hugh Stephenson raised another in Berkeley County. Michael Cresap’s and Thomas Price’s Maryland companies were both from Frederick County. All thirteen companies were organized during late June and early July. They then raced to Boston, where their frontier attitudes created disciplinary problems.

Selection of Commanders

The inclusion of troops from outside New England gave a continental flavor to the army at Boston. A desire to broaden the base of support for the war also led John Adams to work for the appointment of a southerner as the commander of all the continental forces raised, or to be raised, for the defense of American liberty. On June 15, Congress unanimously chose George Washington. Washington had been active in the military planning committees of Congress and by late May had taken to wearing his old uniform. His colleagues believed that his modesty and competence qualified him to adjust to the “Temper & Genius” of the New England troops. Washington was given the rank of General and Commander in Chief.

Congress clearly respected Washington, for it granted him extensive powers which combined functions of a regular British commander with the military responsibilities of a colonial governor. His instructions on June 20 told him to proceed to Massachusetts, “take charge of the army of the united colonies,” and capture or destroy all armed enemies. His was also to prepare and to send to Congress an accurate strength return of that army. On the other hand, instructions to keep the army obedient, diligent, and disciplined were rather vague. The Commander in Chief’s right to make strategic and tactical decisions on purely military grounds was limited only by a requirement to listen to the advice of a council of war. Within a set troop maximum, including volunteers, Washington had the right to determine how many men to retain, and he had the power to fill temporarily any vacancies below the rank of colonel. Permanent promotions and appointments were reserved for the colonial governments to make.

Although sectional politics were involved in Washington’s selection, in strictly military terms he was in fact the best-qualified native American. He had begun his military career in 1752 in the Virginia militia as one of four regional adjutants responsible for training. During the first phase of the French and Indian War, he served with gallantry as Edward Braddock’s volunteer aide at the battle of the Monongahela, and later as the commander of Virginia’s two Provincial regiments defending the colony’s fron-

tiers. In 1758 he commanded a brigade composed of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania units on John Forbes' expedition against Fort Duquesne. Washington was the only American in that war to command so large a force. The experience of these years taught him the importance of discipline, marksmanship, and professional study. Exposure to Forbes' ideas on adapting European tactics to the American wilderness also contributed significantly to his military education. Above all, he came to the conclusion that only unyielding commitment to hard work and attention to administrative detail could keep troops in the field.

On June 16, the day after Washington's appointment, Congress authorized a variety of other senior officers for its new army. Details were again settled by the Committee of the Whole. Positions for five major staff officers were established: an Adjutant General, a Commissary of Musters, a Paymaster General, a Commissary General, and a Quartermaster General. These officers were expected to assist the Commander in Chief with the administration of the "grand army." The forces allocated to New York already were considered a separate department and were authorized their own deputy quartermaster general and deputy paymaster general. A military secretary and three aides for Washington, a secretary for the separate department, and six engineers (three for each force) completed the staff. Congress also created the ranks of major general and brigadier general. The number of generals remained uncertain for several days as Congress debated. Between June 17 and 22, it finally decided on four major generals, each having two aides, and eight brigadier generals. These totals allowed each colony raising troops to have a share of the patronage. Congress then took steps for issuing paper money to finance the army, and on June 30 it adopted the Articles of War.

Some Politics Gets Involved

Selection of the subordinate generals and senior staff officers led to political maneuvering as delegates sought appointments for favorite sons. On June 17, Congress elected Artemas Ward and Charles Lee as the first and second major generals and Horatio Gates as the Adjutant General. Ward received seniority because he was in command at Boston and because Massachusetts had furnished the largest contingent of troops. Ward was a Harvard graduate with many years of political experience. After two years of active duty as a field officer in the French and Indian War, he had compiled an excellent record as a militia administrator. Lee and Gates were professional English officers in their forties who were living in Virginia on the half-pay (inactive) list. Both had served in the French and Indian War and were associates of politicians in England and America who opposed British policies. Lee had also seen service in Portugal and in the Polish Army. Gates had ended the Seven Years' War as a major in the Caribbean. His appointment as Adjutant General (with the rank of brigadier general) reflected Congress' hope that his staff experience would enable him to provide Washington with strong administrative assistance.

On June 19, two more major generals were appointed to satisfy other colonies' contributing large troop contingents. Philip Schuyler, a New York delegate with close ties to Washington, was expected to take command of the troops in his colony. A member of one of New York's leading families, the 42-year-old Schuyler had been a major in the French and Indian War, specializing in logistics. His experience, political connections, and

extensive business interests in Albany were particularly valuable in his new command. Connecticut's delegation could not agree on a nominee for that colony's major general. In the end Israel Putnam's status as a folk hero outweighed consideration of seniority, and he received the appointment. Putnam, at 57, had seen extensive service in the French and Indian War, rising to the rank of lieutenant colonel. He had also been an early, vocal leader of the Connecticut Sons of Liberty. The process of selecting brigadier generals on June 22 was the product of a compromise. Congress allotted these appointments in proportion to the number of men contributed by each colony and followed the recommendations of the colony's delegates in the actual selection. Congress, however, created problems by ignoring seniority and status. When it elected Massachusetts' Seth Pomeroy, William Heath, and John Thomas as the first, fourth, and sixth brigadier generals, respectively, Thomas felt he had been slighted. The situation was resolved when Pomeroy declined the appointment, citing age, before Washington handed out the commissions. Congress then made Thomas the first brigadier general, although it did not fill the vacancy created by Pomeroy's withdrawal. Thomas, a surgeon militiamen and former Provincial born in 1724, had gained combat experience primarily in medical roles. Heath, 13 younger, was strictly a product of the militia.

Richard Montgomery of New York became the second ranking brigadier general. Born in Ireland in 1738 and educated at Dublin's Trinity College, he had entered the British Army in 1756. After combat service in North America and in the Caribbean, he resigned in 1772 when he failed to receive a promotion to major. He moved to New York, married into the powerful Livingston family, and in 1775 won election to the New York Provincial Congress. Montgomery's appointment was intended to complement Schuyler's logistical and administrative skills with combat experience. David Wooster and Joseph Spencer of Connecticut became the third and fifth brigadier generals. Born in 1711 and educated at Yale, Wooster had served in Connecticut's navy during King George's War. He later commanded a regiment in the French and Indian War. Spencer, three years younger, had also served in both wars. The two men initially refused to serve under Putnam, disputing his seniority, and had to be coaxed into accepting their commissions. Delegate John Sullivan of New Hampshire, a 35-year-old lawyer, became the seventh brigadier general instead of Nathaniel Folsom. Nathanael Greene of Rhode Island completed the list.

Final Decision Remarkably Free of Politics

In retrospect, the June 1775 decision of the Continental Congress to create the Continental Army seems remarkably free from political strife. Delegates of all shades of opinion supported each step, and arguments largely concerned technical details. Unanimity resulted from a conviction that British actions required defensive measures and from carefully worded compromises. Those individuals committed to the ideal of the citizen-soldier saw Congress' adoption of the short-term New England force as an acceptance of a yeoman army. Others, remembering practical lessons of the colonial wars, believed that they were forming an army based on the Provincial model. Officer selection was another area of compromise; the fact that Washington and Schuyler were given blank commissions from Congress to distribute to the regimental officers confirmed local selections while retaining a nominal national level of appointment.

Music from the Ashes

Orchestras in the Nazi Death Camps

by Jeff Neale

While standing in formation for the daily morning Appell (roll call), Louis Bannet, a Dutch Jew, was trying to comprehend the vastness of his current predicament. Prior to the year of 1943, he had been one of Holland's most popular and sought after jazz musicians. His nightclub act, known as Louis Bannet's Rhythm Five, featured some of the finest swing players in all of Europe, and his own ferocious trumpet playing had earned him the title of the "Dutch Louis Armstrong." Now, far removed from the musical spotlight, he was prisoner no. 93626—dressed in rags, starving, and struggling to survive within the living hell that was the German Concentration Camp of Auschwitz-Birkenau.

When Louis Bannet first learned that there was a camp orchestra made up of prisoners, he scoffed at the idea of it. "You must be crazy," he told a fellow inmate. "There is only mud and dead people here. How could there be music?" Yet soon afterwards, ravaged by hunger and suffering from frost bite on his ears, face, and hands, he found himself with two others in the threshold of the Auschwitz Musiktube (music room) waiting to audition for the orchestra. The first prisoner, a Jew from the city of Amsterdam, tried to play the saxophone, but could only manage to squeak out a few sour notes. Likewise, the second prisoner, another Dutch Jew, barely produced a few scant sounds from a trombone. Upon hearing these two men play, the kapo of the orchestra, a Ukrainian inmate who had just recently been put in charge of the ensemble, sarcastically replied, "So far, we have two for the ovens and none for the orchestra. Is there no Jew who can play?" With these words pounding in his heart, Louis stepped into the room.

During the first two auditions, he tried to erase the numbness of his face by placing his hands directly on top of the building's stove and then rubbing them over his lips and jaw. As he did this, blood began to trickle from the cracks embedded in his skin. A fellow prisoner brought him a trumpet and placed it into Louis' cold hands. At first, he could only get a few scattered notes out. As he took the instrument away from his lips, Louis could see of the corner of his eye a guard walking towards him. He lifted the instrument back up and quickly tried again. Suddenly, a high piercing note came out. It was followed by another, and before he knew it, Louis was playing the opening passage of W. C. Handy's

St. Louis Blues. The guard stopped in his tracks, and the kapo sat up in his seat. Louis continued to play, swinging his way through every jazz riff that he knew until the orchestra leader began to mockingly applaud. "It looks like the orchestra has a new trumpet player," he jokingly remarked. Louis was then taken to the infirmary, given a new set of clothes, and moved into the musician's barracks. For the next two years, he would perform with the orchestra as it provided musical accompaniment for the prisoners as they marched in and out of the camp's gate; for new arrivals at the camp's train ramp; and at the whim of SS officers and soldiers who wanted to be entertained. It was during this time that Louis Bannet played his horn in order to save his life.

It is through this story that one sees the camp's orchestra acting as a means of survival within the murderous atmosphere of the Nazi Death Camps. Yet, the characteristics and facets of its musical activities extend far beyond this one aspect. In an encom-



Auschwitz Camp Orchestra, ca. 1943

passing manner, the music of the orchestras took on a paradoxical nature for both its performers and listeners. For the musicians themselves, it was both a temporary diversion and a constant reminder of the atrocities it accompanied. Likewise, their membership in the orchestra gained them either admiration for their abilities or scorn because of their advantageous position. In the minds of their fellow prisoners, music was seen not only as a spark of inspirational hope and resistance, but as a curse because of the false sentiments it produced. Lastly, the musical services of the orchestra not only provided the

German SS with a way to better control the inhabitants of the camp, but as a means to alleviate and temporarily escape the grimness of their own situation. It is by examining the various roles and functions of the prisoner orchestras that one can gain a better understanding of how these musical groups provided a way to control and manipulate the camp's inmates; offered a means of survival and hope; acted as a catalyst in helping to define the camp's system of social hierarchy; and impacted the psychological make-up of not only the prisoners, but of the guards as well.

Soon after the emergence of the concentration camp system in 1933, prison orchestras became a near permanent fixture of camp life. They ranged in size from the sixteen-member musical group at Esterwegen to the eighty-strong symphony at

Auschwitz. Up until 1942, Jews were officially prohibited from serving in the orchestras, though the need for musicians often subverted this rule. Depending on the purpose and composition of the camp, their duties, functions, and operations varied. However, it must be emphasized that the orchestras existed, first and foremost, as a tool of the SS. In their hands, especially within the atmosphere of the death camps, orchestras became instruments of control, demoralization, and deception.

The primary job of the orchestra was to provide music for the daily marching of prisoners to and from the camp. The cadence of the music allowed the columns of prisoners to move in a more controlled and brisk manner, and since they were required to march in step with the music, it was much easier for the guards and the kapos to keep a more accurate count of the number of inmates leaving and returning through the gate. Yet, as described by a former SS officer, the playing of the ensemble also provided a gruesome background in which the suffering of these daily marches occurred.

At the camp gate a prisoner's band played a jolly German marching tune, to the accompaniment of which work squads marched to their afternoon work. It was not easy for them to keep in step in their clumsy, wooden shoes, and with blistered feet. If one of the prisoners failed to do this, he was mercilessly kicked or beaten in the face.

As in most cases with the camp's musical life, this task had a deeper hidden meaning. For the members of the SS, parading the prisoners around in rank and file to the sound of military marches helped to instill a sense of German dominance and superiority. It gave credence to their role as masters, allowing them to transfer a sense of military dignity and elevated stature to this cruel, yet common activity. For the prisoners, this musical arrangement lent a sense of degradation and a macabre eeriness to their situation. Many of them could only limp in time to the music, while others carried injured or dead comrades in their arms, their lifeless hands and feet swaying to the music. In the view of Auschwitz survivor Primo Levi, this use of music by the SS was a calculated method of turning the prisoners into walking zombies, further dehumanizing their very existence.

The tunes are a few, a dozen, the same ones every day, morning and evening: marches and popular songs dear to everyone German. When this music plays, we know that our comrades, out in the fog, are marching like automatons; their souls are dead, and the music drives them, like the wind drives dead leaves, and takes the place of their wills.

In addition to this daily task, the orchestras also played for such tasks as daily roll calls, musters where the camp commander spoke, and inspections. By accompanying these activities to the sound of music, a certain degree of authority, prestige, respectability, and perhaps even normalcy was transferred onto these proceedings.

Besides offering a means of control and legitimacy to the affairs of the camp, the music of the orchestras also acted within the role of punishment and deception. Orchestras were often summoned to accompany punitive acts and executions. At some camps, orchestras played at special ceremonies celebrating the recapture of an escapee. The prisoner would be forced to march through the ranks while being preceded by the orchestra. He

would then be hanged as the music continued to be played. In one particular account, a large group of Jews were forced to "turn round and round with the rhythm of the [orchestra's] music until they became dizzy and fell over," while simultaneously another group of inmates were whipped—"each lash [resounding] across the square in time with the music." Within this context, the orchestra offered both a mixture of humiliation and torment.

During visits from high ranking military generals, Nazi Party officials, and even delegates from the International Red Cross, performances by the orchestra were used as a means to conceal the horrific conditions of the camp by creating an impression of order, effectiveness, and decency. At the concentration camp of Theresienstadt, a concert given by the camp's orchestra helped to convince members of the Danish delegation of the Red Cross that life was fine for the Jews in the Nazi Camps. In their estimation, this musical presentation was a testimony to the humane conditions of the camp. However, what these delegates did not know was that just prior to their visit, more than 5,000 inhabitants of the camp had been deported to the gas chambers in order for the camp to appear less crowded.

With the advent of the death camps located at Belzec, Sobibor, Treblinka, Majdanek, Auschwitz, and the sub-camps of Birkenau and Monowitz, this level of deception took on greater significance. At these camps, newly arrived prisoners were often greeted with the playing of the orchestra. This was done not only as a way to camouflage the threat of immediate death during the initial selection process, but as way to generate a feeling of calmness and serenity among the new arrivals. Claude Vaillant Couturier, a prisoner at Birkenau, would often see these selections from her block.

All these people were unaware of the fate awaiting them. They were merely upset at being separated but they did not know that they were going to their death. To render their welcome more pleasant at this time, an orchestra composed of internees, all young and pretty girls, dressed in little white blouses and navy blue skirts, played during the selection on the arrival of the trains, gay tunes such as "The Merry Widow" [and] the "Barcarolle" from *The Tales of Hoffmann* ... naturally, [the new arrivals] could not realize what was in store for them.

To further promote this illusion, the orchestra's repertoire was usually programmed according to where the new deportees originated from. As reported by a member of the Auschwitz prison orchestra, this façade more than once accomplished its intentions: "We [played] while the trains arrived and the people were driven directly into the gas [chambers]. The deported waved to us joyfully, because they thought that a place where there is music cannot be so bad."

It is important to note that the members of the orchestra knew full well of their role in this act of deception. They were not blind to the fact that they were providing a musical accompaniment to this hideous selection of life or death. However, they were forbidden to show any knowledge of this ruse. A violin player in the Birkenau women's orchestra remembered once how an SS officer severely reprimanded her for crying during these selections. Any show of emotion was forbidden, and to do so could possibly mean one's own disposal.

As evidenced by these actions, orchestras existed in order to

serve the demands of the SS. Yet, it was this desire for music that essentially created a way of survival. For example, when it was first discovered that Szymon Laks, the eventual Kapellmeister of the men's orchestra at Auschwitz, was an accomplished violinist and composer, his fellow inmates joked that "maybe [now] you'll live a little longer." This statement reveals a significant point about the importance of music within the camps: by being recognized as a musician, the prisoner automatically gained a new identity in which his or her value increased. According to Anita Lasker-Wallfisch, a surviving member of the Birkenau women's orchestra, though her head had been shaved and her name replaced by a number tattooed on her arm, she was not only identifiable, but unique and important as well:

"I was the cellist [and] had not melted away into the grey mass of nameless, indistinguishable people ... As long as [the SS] wanted an orchestra, they couldn't put us in the gas chamber. That stupid they wouldn't be, because we are not really replaceable. Somebody who carries stones is replaceable."

This state of uniqueness was further echoed by an SS officer who upon learning that a member of the Birkenau orchestra had burned her hand so bad that she could not play remarked that "it is lucky for you that you are our accordion player; otherwise I would send you to the gas today."

Though conditions differed from camp to camp, members of the orchestras led a somewhat privileged existence compared to the rest of the camp's prison population. Women in the Birkenau orchestra each had their own bed—a luxury considering that most prisoners slept several to a bunk—showered on a regular basis, used separate latrines, and received better clothing. Members of both the Monowitz and Auschwitz orchestras were assigned to less strenuous work details, lived in better barracks, and were given special uniforms to wear in addition to their traditional prison garb. Musicians also were able to gain additional food and sundries as "payment" for the performances they gave to the SS and members of the camp's hierarchy. On numerous occasions, the Kapellmeister of the Auschwitz orchestra would send out groups of musicians in the evenings to play for the private entertainment of the guards or the kapos. These groups would later return with food, cigarettes, and other items.

Though this act of "moonlighting" provided much needed revenue that augmented the prisoner's meager food rations and other necessities, the most important factor in ensuring one's survival was to have a substantial benefactor. For the orchestras, their most staunch supporters were usually the

Camp Commanders or other high ranking SS officers. Besides recognizing the special roles that orchestras filled in helping to administer camp operations, these officials also realized that having their "own" prisoners' orchestra was beneficial in elevating their personal prestige and cultural status. Therefore, special treatment and considerations were given to these musical groups so that the quality and quantity of their performances could improve. In addition to humanizing the orchestra's living arrangements, the Auschwitz Hauptsturmführer (Commander) diminished, and on occasions, eliminated the number of musicians participating in the camp's work details in order to have additional rehearsals. In other instances, actions taken by officials reflected a sense of concern and admiration for the musicians themselves. Maria Mandel, the ranking female SS officer of Auschwitz-Birkenau, took a special interest in Fania Fénelon, the featured singer in the women's prison orchestra. Despite her cruel reputation, she acted like a guardian angel towards Fania, providing extra food and personally fitting her with new shoes, stating "my little Butterfly will have warm feet. It's vital for the throat." In another example, trumpet player Louis Bannet was saved from certain death in the camp's work details when he was recognized and pulled out by an SS Officer who had heard him play. These "connections" not only improved the members' quality of life, but it helped save them as well.

Though chances of survival were much higher for the members of the orchestra, their existence was by no means free from the brutalities of camp life. Orchestra leaders and individual musicians would often be punished for poor musical performances, or in some cases, simply for playing a piece of music that offended or angered a prison official. On one occasion, the leader of the Auschwitz Orchestra was repeatedly beaten with a wooden staff because he had performed a musical piece that the Camp Commander found to be insulting and inappropriate. Members suffered from hunger, disease, random acts of violence, and regular selections where members would simply "disappear."



Drawing of Auschwitz-Birkenau Orchestra, ca. 1944

Nevertheless, the importance and privileges attached to the orchestras helped to set them apart from the rest of the prison community. Musicians were often regarded with jealousy, resentment, and even hatred. They were considered to be “lapdogs of the camp administration, [who operated] clearly in its good graces.” In the eyes of many of their fellow prisoners, musicians were simply “prominent members of the camp, who slept ‘on a bed of roses’ [auf Watte gebettet].”

Though relationships between the musicians and other prisoners were often contemptuous, the social standing of the orchestra’s members in relation to their German captors was at times very cordial and respectful. This regard is probably best exemplified by the courteous and reverent attitude shown by members of the SS towards the Kapellmeister of the Birkenau Women’s Orchestra, Alma Rosé. Before the war, Rosé had been one of the most famous and revered violinists in all of Europe, a fact that was not lost upon the Nazis. Both her masterful playing and her leadership of the orchestra won her the admiration of her German overseers. She was allowed direct access to high ranking camp officials, provided with separate and better furnished living quarters, and allowed to control nearly every aspect of the orchestra’s operations. In fact, she was so revered that members of the SS addressed her as “Frau Alma,” a salutation that was unheard of when addressing prisoners, let alone a Jewish prisoner. Upon her death in 1944 from meningitis, the Camp Commandant held a memorial for her where members of the SS respectfully walked past her casket. Upon conclusion of the service, Rosé’s baton and black arm band were mounted on the wall of the music room as a tribute to her musical talent.

Regardless of how its individuals were viewed, the orchestras as a whole greatly contributed to the prisoner’s system of social hierarchy through its use as a symbol of prominence. Weekly concerts given by the orchestras were mostly attended by members of the SS who sat in the first few rows. Seated directly behind them were the kapos, blockowas, and other prison-functionaries. In the rear stood the common prisoners huddled together in a large mass. This arrangement reflected both the bureaucratic structure and social standing of the camp’s composition. The elite and privileged sat closest to the orchestra in comfortable chairs; the undistinguished and worthless stood in the rear, as far away from the music as possible.

The social value of the orchestra was most evident though in the way that it was used by the prisoners themselves. Kapos and other prison functionaries would often request the orchestra to play at birthday celebrations or other festive occasions. In the stratified system of prison society, such performances were a luxury that was not only available to those who could afford such pleasures, but solely to those who commanded the power and influence to demand them. In return, these “command performances” by the band stood as a testament to the recipient’s high standing and further embedded a sense of prestige, honor, and superiority upon his or her persona. In this way, the orchestra identified to the rest of the prison community who was important.

Of all the ways that the orchestras affected the inhabitants of the camp, it is perhaps the psychological impact of their music that had the greatest impact. In this intangible realm, the orchestra’s music asserted its influence by being a bastion of despair, hope, or relief. For both the prisoners and the SS, music either made life easier to manage or simply magnified its horrors and

brutalities even farther.

According to a former inmate of Auschwitz, “[music] had a disheartening effect and deepened still further [the prisoner’s] chronic state of physical and mental prostration. ... “For many, the memories and feelings provoked by the melodies of the orchestra served as a means of torture and anguish. While playing for the inhabitants of the women’s hospital during Christmas of 1943, members of the Auschwitz orchestra were met with uncontrollable sobbing and shouts of protest that drowned out their music. In reflecting on these cries of despair, the leader of this musical ensemble remarked that “[he] did not know that a carol could give so much pain.”

In addition to music being viewed as an instrument of torment and sadness, other prisoners saw the orchestra’s playing as a slap in the face or as an insult:

We are returning from work ... The camp orchestra in Birkenau is playing lively marches, popular foxtrots. It’s enough to make your belly ache. How we hate that music and those musicians! Those dolls in there, all in navy blue dresses and white collars—in comfortable chairs. That music is supposed to perk us up, to mobilize us like the sound of a war trumpet that during a battle rouses even croaking horses.

For these individuals, music was simply just another tool of oppression and persecution. In this regard, the orchestras were a constant reminder of the camp’s horrific environment.

However, in the opinion of another prisoner, this musical accompaniment had an altogether different meaning:

[The] prisoners came staggering in marching columns and from afar heard the orchestra playing by the gate—this put them back on their feet. It gave them the courage and the additional strength to survive ... we could clearly hear how our colleague musicians spoke to us in masterly fashion on their instruments ... they sent improvise greetings in colorful sound, a special crescendo con agitato [“even louder and stormily”]: “Don’t give up, brothers! Not all of us will perish!” What marvelous eloquence of this musical internationale!

In this interpretation, the orchestra is seen as an instigator of hope and inspiration. Its music acts as a catalyst—urging the prisoners to carry on and persevere. This surge of motivation is simultaneously accompanied with a sense of escapism and transience. According to survivor Thomas Geve, “A prisoner’s best friends were melodies.” For him, the performances of the orchestra not only allowed him to forget the harshness of his surroundings, but were a constant reminder that there existed a better and more human world beyond the boundaries of the camp’s gate.

In addition to serving as a reminder of salvation, orchestras, in slightly underhanded ways, could also act as vehicles of resistance. Near the end of the war, the Auschwitz orchestra began to perform a few selected marches by the American composer, John Philip Sousa. The SS allowed this because the marches appealed to their sense of military music; but for the orchestra, these pieces stood as “subversive musical symbols for the advancing Allied troops.” A similar reason was given for the playing of Beethoven’s Fifth Symphony. For the Nazis, it was a tribute to the superiority of German music; to the members of the orches-

tra, it represented freedom because of its opening motive of “ta-ta-ta-taaaaaam.” This musical phrase was not only the signature tune of the freedom broadcasts by the BBC, but its pattern of three short notes followed by one long note corresponded to the Morse code entry for “V,” which stood for “victory.” In this hidden way, the musicians displayed a sense of rebellion and opposition.

As mentioned earlier, music in the camps solely existed at the whim and desire of the SS, but its use was not just confined to the operations of the camp. It also played an important part in helping to promote and sustain the morale and welfare of the Nazis themselves. Prison musicians would play for parties and Nazi celebrations, both in and outside the camp. These events, as well as the weekly concerts and impromptu performances staged by the orchestras, served as a means of relaxation for the SS. In both Auschwitz and Birkenau, guards and other prison officials would constantly visit the music block in order to listen to the orchestra play, or in some cases, actually sit in and perform with the musicians. Both Louis Bannet and Szymon Laks speak of one particular officer, SS member Pery Broad, who would often come and play his accordion along with the orchestra during rehearsals. These actions served as a catharsis for the SS: they implied a sense of normalcy; provided a degree of comfort; and reinstated a degree of decency into their lives. Ironically, this fact was not lost on the musicians themselves. In describing the effects that these visits had upon the SS, a member of the Birkenau orchestra remarked that “[the Nazis] looked a little more human after hearing us.”

In a public address promoting the value of bands to the British military, Rudyard Kipling, the noted British author, remarked that “[No one] can say for certain where the soul of the battalion lives, but the expression of that soul is most often found in the band.” Perhaps the same could be said of the orchestras in the Nazi Death Camps. It is through their functions and purpose that one can perhaps best see how the conflicting nature of life and death existed side-by-side within the confines of the camp. The orchestras rejoiced within the pulse of survival, but cried with the tears of death. They offered a glimpse of humanity and hope; yet operated under the guise of dehumanization and despair. Like life and death, the orchestras are neither to be glamorized nor despised. They existed as part of the infernal machine that was the death camps. However, unlike the gas chambers and the crematorium, they are not finite. Their melodies exist as a testament to the persistence of life and to the horrors of death. In the shadows of the camp, they continue to make music from the ashes.

Bibliography

- Bach in Auschwitz. Produced by Fox Lorber Centre Stage. Directed by Michael Daëron. 105 mins. Cinemax Reel Life. 2000. 1 videocassette.
- Bergen, Doris L. “Music in the Holocaust.” In *The Holocaust: Introductory Essays*, edited by David Scrase and Wolfgang Mieder. Burlington, Vermont: The Center for Holocaust Studies at the University of Vermont, 1996, 133-147.
- Chartock, Roselle K. “Including Music in a Study of the Holocaust.” In *Teaching and Studying the Holocaust*, edited by Samuel Totten and Stephen Feinberg. Boston: Allyn and Bacon, 2001, 280-299.
- Eckhard, John. “Music and Concentration Camps: An Approximation.” *Journal of Musicological Research* 20, no. 4 (2001): 269-323.
- Fackler, Guido. “‘We All Feel This Music is Infernal ...’: Music on Command in Auschwitz.” In *The Last Expression: Art and Auschwitz*, edited by David Mickenburg, Corinne Granof, and Peter Hayes. Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 2003, 115-124.
- . “Music in Concentration Camps 1933-1945.” *Music & Politics I* (2007): 1-20. <http://www.music.ucsb.edu/projects/musicandpolitics/fackler.html>.

- Fénelon, Fania with Marcelle Routier. *Playing for Time*. Translated by Judith Landry. New York: Atheneum, 1977.
- Geve, Thomas. *Youth in Chains*. Jerusalem: Rubin Mass, 1958.
- Gilbert, Martin. *The Holocaust: A History of the Jews of Europe During the Second World War*. New York: Holt, Rinehart, and Winston, 1986.
- Gilbert, Shirli. *Music in the Holocaust: Confronting Life in the Nazi Ghettos and Camps*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2006.
- Graham, Lisa. “Musik Macht Frei: Choral Music Composed and Performed in the Nazi Concentration Camps, 1938-44.” Masters thesis, University Southern California, 2001.
- Gutman, Yisrael and Michael Berenbaum, eds. *Anatomy of the Auschwitz Death Camp*. Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Press, 1994.
- Höss, Rudolf, Pery Broad, and Johann Paul Kremer. *KL Auschwitz Seen by the SS*. Translated by Constantine FitzGibbon and Krystyna Michalik. Oswiecim: The Auschwitz-Birkenau State Museum, 1997.
- Kipling, Rudyard. “A Plea for Bands.” *The London Times*, January 28, 1915, p.5.
- Langbein, Hermann. *People in Auschwitz*. Translated by Harry Zohn. Chapel Hill, North Carolina: University of North Carolina Press, 2004.
- Laks, Szymon. *Music of Another World*. Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press, 1989.
- Lasker-Wallfisch, Anita. *Inherit the Truth*. New York: St. Martin’s Press, 2000.
- Levi, Primo. *Survival in Auschwitz: The Nazi Assault on Humanity*. Translated by Stuart Woolf. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1996.
- Newman, Richard. “In the Shadow of Death.” *Strad* 111, no. 1325 (September 2000): 964-968.
- Newman, Richard and Karen Kirtley. *Alma Rosé: Vienna to Auschwitz*. Portland, Oregon: Amadeus Press, 2000.
- Moss Stephen. “Anita Lasker Wallfisch.” *Guardian Unlimited*, 13 January, 2005. www.guardian.co.uk/print/0,,5102352-111784,00.html. (accessed 2 April, 2007).
- Playing for Time*. Produced by John E. Quail. Directed by Daniel Mann. 150 mins. Columbia Broadcasting System, 1980. 1 videocassette.
- Shuldman, Ken. “‘The St. Louis Blues’ Saved His Life at Auschwitz.” *New York Times*, vol. 150, No. 51654, Section 2 (February 4, 2001): 30.
- . *Jazz Survivor: The Story of Louis Bannet, Horn Player of Auschwitz*. Portland, Oregon: Vallentine, Mitchell, 2005.
- The Music of Auschwitz*. Produced by the CBS News. 16 mins. Carousel Film and Video. 1978. 1 videocassette.
- Wheeler, Kara. “Melodies of a Nightmare: Music in the Holocaust.” *Perspectives Student Journal* (2005): 1-10. http://germslav.byu.edu/perspectives/2005/Wheeler_K.

What? A war with no rationing and no draft?

A WWII P-51 ACE'S OPINION

There is no war that compares in danger and hardship with the one described by a veteran who was there. For WWII vets, the toughest time may have been Iwo Jima or the Battle of the Bulge. For Korean vets, Chosen Reservoir. We have fought other wars—namely, the Vietnam War—which were not popular with the public, and many Americans took out their frustration on the U.S. military forces who could have won that conflict were it not for the politicians in Washington.

Where did we go wrong? For Vietnam, we had government leaders who led us to war while pretending there was no war. There was no imposition of rationing ... no coupons to trade for gasoline, meats, shoes, tires, coffee, extra taxes, and other necessities as had been the case in WWII. Members of the “flower power” generation with money could escape the draft by hiding in colleges. It was politically inexpedient to mobilize the National Guard, so this force also became a haven for those wanting to escape military service..

If we fight a war, the sacrifices should be universal and fair. Neither money, political influence, nor loop holes should enable any American citizen to escape whatever sacrifices are necessary for us to win the war. We should never send our troops into battle with less than the best equipment, and we can not blame the mistakes of Washington politicians to be placed on the shoulders of those who are performing in an exceptionally fine manner in Iraq, Afghanistan, and around the world.—*BARRIE DAVIS*.

Thoughts of a Pearl Harbor Survivor

The day of the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor

Written and compiled by Wayne Campbell, COL (USA, Ret)
Past President, North Carolina Military Historical Society, Past President, NCNGA.

It was December 7, 1941, a day which would go down in infamy.

At 0755 the Armed Forces on the Island of Oahu, (then) Territory of Hawaii, was attacked by Japanese aircraft. The first wave of Japanese aircraft attacked the U.S. Navy ships in Pearl Harbor and Army, Army Air Corps, and Marine Bases throughout the Island. In that attack, the United States lost 18 ships sunk or damaged, 347 aircraft lost or damaged, and 2,388 military personnel killed and 1,178 wounded. Of those killed, 1,177 Navy personnel are still entombed in the *USS Arizona*. This undeclared act of war by the Japanese, forced the United States into World War II.

In his earlier, childhood days back in Saint Louis, Missouri, my friend, Dr. Bill Marshall had not given much thought to ever having to fight a war, much less a war of any magnitude. However, during his youth, his grandmother offered him the opportunity to attend a military school, in fact it was the Missouri Military Academy in Mexico, Missouri, just about 120 miles west-north-west of Saint Louis. Bill accepted her generous offer and attended. The motto of the school would be one which he would follow for a lifetime. "Look like a Soldier, Act like a Gentleman, Study like a Scholar."

After graduating from Austin High School in Chicago, IL and attending Loyola University, also in Chicago, my friend began to think about the "big one" that was building in Europe. He considered the Navy but they wanted him for six years, too long! The Army, but they would want him to fight in cold places and he loved the warmer temperatures. The Marines! They only wanted him for four years and they would be fighting in warmer climates. What one can make themselves believe...

At 22 years of age, or about 1940, Bill was off to San Diego for Marine Corps Basic Training. What a rude awakening! Toward the end of his basic training he was offered the opportunity to receive additional training which would allow him to serve in a Marine Detachment on board a Navy ship. Part of his thinking was ... at least he "would not have to sleep in a foxhole if he was on board a ship!"

Let's back up a few years... In the last months of 1912 a new class of battleship was laid down in the United States at Quincy, Massachusetts, and Camden, New Jersey, which was to have a most profound and lasting influence on capital-ship design all over the world. The ships were the *Oklahoma* and the *Nevada*, America's first "Second Generation" dreadnoughts. They can be considered as the genesis of a family of ten more American battleships, and the family tree of every "Third Generation" capital ship can be traced back to them.

The *USS Nevada*, first of a class of two 27,500-ton battleships, was built at Quincy. She was commissioned in March 1916 and operated in the western Atlantic and the Caribbean until mid-1918, when she went to the British Isles for World War I service. Following that conflict, *USS Nevada* was active in the Atlantic, Caribbean and Pacific. Cruises to Brazil in 1922 and to Australia in 1925 punctuated a decade of regular fleet exercises and drills.

USS Nevada was modernized in 1927-30, exchanging her "basket" masts for tripods. The update work also included the installation of a new superstructure, relocation of her five-inch secondary battery, new anti-aircraft guns and significant improvements to her firepower and protection. She then returned to duty with the U.S. Battle Fleet, mainly operating in the Pacific over the next eleven years.

From San Diego to Bremerton, Washington, not a great distance but a trip that would change the life of Bill Marshall for ever. Sometime earlier, a railroad engineer from Montana had been asked by the Government to move his family to Bremerton and help establish a more elaborate rail system there because of a potential buildup of military transportation. Next, enter the only daughter of that railroad engineer, a beautiful, young lady named Mary Elizabeth Corrie (she is known as Betty to her friends). She and Bill met in January 1941, and one month later they were married. And after 64 years they are still quite a couple. Notwithstanding young, innocent love, fate puts my friend, at that time, Corporal Wilbur P. Marshall, and the *USS Nevada* at the same place and at the same time.



Bill Marshall

The ship sails and my friend is on board. Their destination? A meeting with Japanese military forces on December 7. Listen, as his first-hand account unfolds.

"I was a 'Sea Going' Marine aboard the battleship *USS Nevada*. The *Nevada* was one of eight battleships that were in the Harbor that morning. She was berthed just behind the *USS Arizona*.

"I was in my bunk, asleep, after working until 0230 that morning. I had permission to sleep late that day because of my additional military duties which had kept me up so late the night before.

"About 0755, a Marine came running through the Marine Compartment shouting, "The Japs are here!" With very little time to dress, I almost immediately headed for my battle station. When I got out on the deck a bomb had already exploded and a man was lying there dead. I climbed up the ladder to the boat deck and then started climbing up the main mast. It was about 105 feet to the Secondary Aft which was at the top of the mast. All the while Jap Zeros were strafing the decks.

"The directors for the 5" 51 broadside guns are located in the

Secondary Aft. Since we were in port and not at sea, the word was sent down to the gun captains to switch to local control and fire at will. If we had been at sea when the attack took place, we would have fired our 5" 51 broadside guns by director control from the 'Tops' instead of each gun captain firing his own broadside gun.

"The PBY airplane hanger on Ford Island had received a bomb hit and the Jap fighter planes and torpedo planes were attacking the Island. At the same time the Japs started attacking the ships. At 0802, Marines above us in the 'bird bath well' started firing .50 caliber machine guns and a Seaman halfway up the mast firing a .30 caliber machine gun shot down two torpedo planes. At 0803 the Nevada was again attacked by torpedo planes and she took a hit on the port bow making a hole twenty by 40 feet.

"At 0810 a missile hit the starboard anti-aircraft director and hit the officer of the deck, Joe Taussig, passing completely through his thigh and through the case of the ballistic computer of the director which was directly in front of him. His left foot was grotesquely under his left armpit. He eventually lost his left leg. At 0830 a bomb exploded on the bridge causing fire from the teak wood decks to the bridge. The torpedo hit that the Nevada took on her port bow caused the ship to fill with water.

"Captain Walter Asmuth, Jr., was the Marine officer in charge of the directors in the secondary aft. Second Lieutenant Stoddard G. Cortelyou was next in command. I was the talker on the telephone. Lieutenant Cortelyou knew we would need some guns so we could fire at the approaching Jap Zeros. He told Sergeant Hall and myself to climb back down the mast and go to the armory, which was on the first deck below the main deck and get some Browning Automatic Rifles and ammunition! When we climbed down the main mast and onto the deck, I saw the deck on fire, men on fire, huge bomb holes in the deck, twisted metal, and wounded and dying men. The sight was unbelievable! Sergeant Hall and I got the guns and ammunition and climbed back up the mast to the secondary aft, all the while Jap Zeros were strafing the decks!

"The ship was aflame!

"The brave men that were manning the machine guns on top of the mast and the men that were manning the 5" 25 anti-aircraft guns on the boat deck kept firing at the attacking planes, even though some of the 5" 25 gun crews were blown into the sea, and kept the enemy from completely annihilating us!

"It seemed like about half an hour after sighting the first enemy aircraft and we were underway. We passed the *Arizona* just as she blew up! The explosion threw all kinds of foreign matter over the decks of the *Nevada*. A bomb must have exploded her main battery ammunition!

"For several days prior to the attack the battleships at Pearl Harbor had been replacing their standard weight main battery projectiles with heavier than standard projectiles. This had been ordered by the Bureau of Ordnance, which accepted the loss of a mile or so in maximum range in exchange for a higher penetration factor and a larger and more powerful explosive charge. In order for the new projectiles to be fired with approximately the same muzzle energy as the old ones, new powder charges were needed at the time. Lorenzo Sabin, U.S. Navy, was type gunnery officer on the staff of Commander Battleships Battle Force, Rear Admiral Walter S. Anderson. On Saturday afternoon, December,

6, 1941, Lt. Commander Armand J. Robertson, gunnery officer of the *Nevada*, reported to Sabin that all old main battery projectiles and all old powder had been removed from the ship and all new projectiles loaded on board, leaving only the new powder charges to be loaded.

"Since his crew had been working around the clock and needed a rest, Robertson said that unless Sabin directed otherwise, he would arrange for the new powder to be barged from the ammunition depot at Lualualei to the *Nevada* early the following morning. On Sunday morning, the barge was enroute to the *Nevada* when the attack started; it was loaded with enough powder to blow up half of Pearl Harbor!

"Captain Francis W. Scanland, Commanding Officer of the *Nevada*, was not on board when the attack began, but the command duty officer made the decision to get the ship underway. As all of the *Nevada's* high ranking officers were ashore, Chief Quartermaster R. Sedberry, U.S.N., on the bridge, was acting in the capacity of the officer of the deck at the time Ensign Taussig took over the air defense officer's post. After consulting with Ensign Taussig via phone, Sedberry announced: 'NOW HEAR THIS. MAKE ALL PREPARATIONS FOR GETTING UNDER WAY.'

"One of the most dramatic moments of the attack occurred a few minutes before 9 a.m. when the *Nevada* got underway. Although damaged by a torpedo in the first wave, the *Nevada* managed (by having an extra boiler lit) to reach steam in 45 minutes instead of the normal two hours. The *Nevada* eased past the burning *Arizona* and headed for the harbor's entrance just as the Japanese second wave broke. The dive bombers spotted the moving ship and swept down to sink her in the channel and block the harbor.

"Ten to fifteen bombs exploded around the vessel before the Japanese corrected their aim and scored five direct hits! These bombs ruptured the hull in two places and started many more fires. The *Nevada* escaped the fate of the *Arizona*, because they had not reloaded the 2,800 bags of smokeless powder into the main magazines.

"With the assistance of the mine sweeper *Sea Gull*, the *Nevada* was kept from capsizing and secured with anchors in the channel. It was later grounded at Hospital Point which was at the entrance of the harbor. Being grounded at the entrance to the harbor with a 20 by 40 foot hole in our bow and filled with water, placed us in a very precarious position. The Jap planes had left the harbor, but now we thought they might attack with an amphibious landing force. All of our guns that were still serviceable were trained to point out the harbor.

"Machine gunners and riflemen were positioned on the decks. We waited for the invasion that never came!

"The task of removing the wounded began as launches appeared along side the *Nevada* to take the wounded to Hospital Point where taxis were waiting to transport them to the Naval Hospital.

"Most of the crew was transferred off the *Nevada* to join other ships to fight the Japanese in the Pacific with the exception of 300 men (including the Marine detachment) that remained to help salvage the ship.

"There were 29 sailors and seven marines killed in action, 100 sailors and marines wounded, and 17 sailors and marines missing. These figures were taken from the *Nevada's* log of

December 7 (list is incomplete but as accurate as could be determined under the conditions when it was taken.)

"We salvaged the *Nevada* and floated it over to the Pearl Harbor Navy yard. Here the ship was repaired so that it could make the trip back to the States. It became part of a convoy of ships and arrived in Bremerton, Washington, in May of 1942. In the Puget Sound Navy Yard the *Nevada* underwent an overhaul and was equipped with all the latest guns, radar, etc. to make it a first class fighting ship. Seven months later, thoroughly modernized, the *Nevada* rejoined the Pacific Fleet. She became the most decorated ship in the Navy during World War Two!

"I left the *Nevada* in Bremerton, having completed my two year tour of duty as a 'Sea Going' Marine. My next tour of duty overseas was spent with the Second Marine Division, 5th Amphibious Force, in the South Pacific in the Gilbert Islands. (Editors note: This could be another story!)

"Next I was assigned to the Naval Base at Coeur d'Alene, Idaho. Then on to Chicago, Illinois, where I received my Honorable Discharge from the United States Marine Corps in October, 1945."

With the coming of peace, the *USS Nevada*, in spite of her decorated career, was returned to Pearl Harbor, where she was declared incapable of further warlike service. She was formally decommissioned in August 1946. Two years later, the *Nevada* became a target ship for an atomic bomb test, but survived the holocaust of flame, smoke, and atomic power. Through fire, more onslaughts of explosions from within and bombardment from above, *Nevada* remained stubbornly afloat. Finally, on July 31, 1948, Navy dive-bombers sank her 65 miles southwest of Pearl Harbor. This is how she got the name, "The ship that wouldn't sink."

Also with the coming of peace, Betty and Bill moved to Great Falls, Montana. After working for about ten years with the U.S. Department of the Interior, Bill and Betty decided to move to Saint Louis where Bill enrolled at Logan College of Chiropractic. Upon his graduation in 1958 and until his retirement in 1986, Dr. Marshall owned and operated Marshall Chiropractic Center in Raleigh, NC.

Thanks for all you did, Bill, for all of us!

REMINISCENCES OF WAR

Donald V. Atkins, First Cavalry Division, Vietnam

By Ken Samuelson

In Vietnam air combat, from 50 feet above the ground to an altitude of 2000 feet is the "dead zone". You had to fly a helicopter below 50 feet from the ground to surprise the enemy or else over 2,000 feet altitude, which was outside the effective range of small arms fire. You did not survive in the dead zone. Donald V. Atkins avoided the dead zone and survived his 750 Vietnam combat missions as a helicopter pilot to enable him to later retire with many honors from the Army.

Upon graduation from high school in Charleston, West Virginia, Atkins enrolled at Marshall University on an athletic scholarship, participating in football, wrestling, and track. His father, who was a World War II veteran, encouraged the military life, so Atkins joined the Army ROTC. He was obligated to two years of active duty upon graduation. Shortly after graduation from Marshall, he was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to an armor (tank) unit in Fort Knox, Kentucky. It was only four months later when he was sent to Korea, assigned to the Seventh Infantry Division to assist in guarding the two-mile wide demilitarized zone on the 38th parallel between North and South Korea. On the way to Korea, while waiting in an airport, Atkins heard John Foster Dulles, US Secretary of State; say, "If necessary, we will fight to the last man in Korea." Atkins and his fellow soldiers looked at each other and remarked, "He is talking about us."

When not on the DMZ border, Atkins was assigned as reconnaissance platoon leader, commanding two tanks and five machine gun jeeps doing "war games" and training exercises. His mission was to find the enemy and suppress their activity.

Atkins had been married to Jane for a year when assigned to Korea, and she could not officially join him for the 13-month assignment. She did come over as a "tourist" however, and lived in an apartment in Seoul. Atkins' first daughter was born in Korea.

After his 13-month Korea duty, Atkins was able to choose his next assignment to Fort Knox training soldiers in tank operations. Upon returning to Fort Knox, Atkins decided to make the Army his career and applied for a regular commission.

Atkins remarked that the worst job in a tank is that of "loader." The other tank crewmembers can look out a hatch or slit opening but the loader cannot see outside from his position except through an optical viewfinder. The confined tank space can cause problems for a crewmember not psychologically suited for the task. There is much foam padding inside a tank but crewmembers still have to wear head protection for the frequent jolts and bumps. Firing the gun is very dangerous in a tank. A crewmember could be crushed by the gun's recoil if he is not in the proper position.

After receiving his regular commission, Atkins applied for Airborne and Ranger training—a 13 week course. This was both physically and emotionally demanding. It included hand to hand and bayonet combat training. Several men dropped out before completion of the courses. The instructors were known to say "Completion of the course is a matter of mind over matter—we don't mind and you don't matter." Going five days without sleep and food, except what could be dug up or found growing, worked on a man's mind more than the physical aspects of the training. Earning a Ranger badge is an extraordinary achievement.

The airborne portion of the training included that of building up the whole body, especially the legs, as well as practicing the acrobatic part of the landing, which allows a person to absorb the shock over his whole body. The instructors joked that all parachutes were guaranteed, saying, "If a parachute does not open, you can always come back and get another one." After the required five jumps, Atkins earned his parachutist wings. This was not enough for Atkins, and he volun-

teered to attend a jungle-training course in Panama. This taught him how to navigate and survive in primitive conditions.

Upon return to Fort Knox Adkins applied for flight school; first at Fort Rucker, Alabama as a fixed wing observation pilot and later to Fort Walters, Texas, for helicopter training. He graduated in October 1962 in the middle of the Cuban Missile Crisis and was assigned a special command going into Cuba as part of an attack force. These orders were countermanded and he returned to Fort Knox to an Advanced Armor Course. Germany was his next duty station for three years as Adjutant of an Aviation Battalion. About this time in 1967, combat in Vietnam was heating up. Pilots qualified in the "Huey" helicopter were needed badly in Vietnam. Adkins was not trained in the Huey so he was sent to a quick instruction course. His instructor told Adkins that he "could not fail" the course because he was needed in Vietnam. Adkins received orders to the First Cavalry Division in Vietnam for one year, arriving on August 11, 19/66, at Pleiku. Upon arrival, he observed ambulances moving about and wounded being treated—not a good omen. Adkins was promptly sent to An Khe, his base camp, called a Landing Zone, where he would live the next year. His new home was a tent.

Captain Adkins was put in charge of a scout platoon consisting of ten OH 13 light observation helicopters. These had two seats and a bubble canopy with machine guns on either side. His job was to find the enemy. The night before a mission, he would be briefed and then go to bed. He would get up before daylight, eat a good breakfast, and look at maps showing recent trails where Viet Cong were traveling. If he found VC, he would call in the lift helicopters with their troops to deal with the enemy. If much enemy activity were found, he would fly for his limit of two hours and 40 minutes of fuel, return, refuel, and go out again until the problems were handled. That sometimes was from dawn to dusk. Then came the reports of the day's activity to mission interrogators before concluding the day's work. Every day was the same. The way Adkins kept up with the day of the week was; each Monday he had to take a large malaria "horse pill" in addition to the small one he took everyday. Worship services did not help him remember because services could be held any day of the week due to the chaplain's erratic schedule.

The same ground was fought over several times during Adkins' time in Vietnam. In September 1966, he was sent to Phan Thiet near Saigon to clear out enemy strongholds. The base had concertina razor wire around the perimeter and guards on duty at all times to watch for infiltrators. Adkins typically had "first light" and "last light" missions. The first light missions frequently caught the VC guerrillas still marching to their destination. Sometimes smoke from breakfast fires gave away their location for later attack by our forces. Last light missions were flown to keep the enemy from advancing near the base for a night attack. Flights had to be close to the ground to see the enemy in the jungle. Many times Adkins' helicopter skids almost hit the treetops. Sometimes, he could not tell where the enemy was until he was fired upon.

In his cavalry troop, there were scout helicopters, gun ships, lift ships, and platoons of infantry. The scouts would find the enemy; lift helicopters would take the troops to the enemy with fire support from gun ships. Adkins stayed in Phan

Thiet until December 1966 and returned to troop headquarters where he was promoted to Major and made Troop Commander. Adkins then began flying gun ship missions. Adkins' Huey gunship had mini guns similar to Gatling guns on both sides capable of firing 5000 rounds per minute. It had 14 rockets, which were fired two at a time by aiming the helicopter at the target. Some gun ships also had grenade launchers.

The cooperation with the Air force was superb. Adkins could call in B-52 strikes on large targets he found and the sensation was similar to an earthquake when the bombs struck their target. The bombers could obliterate a square mile of countryside. It was routine that civilians be warned of the impending strikes so they could evacuate the area.

Adkins was often in the position of helping his fellow soldiers escape from dangerous situations. On one mission, two helicopters had been shot down, and Adkins put himself in an exposed position while hovering over the downed helicopters, suppressing enemy fire as other helicopters came to rescue the crews. Adkins himself was shot down twice. The first time, he was rescued by an Air Force helicopter and the second time by an infantry platoon, which provided security to escape. The medals and commendations Adkins earned are testimony to his valor under fire

One of the most difficult problems was identifying the enemy. Viet Cong guerrillas would live inconspicuously in the villages but while friendly today, tomorrow they would try to kill you. Some of the VC were only 14 years old and some of the VC women were tougher fighters than the men. Adkins had no animosity toward the Vietnamese people per se and liked some of the civilians very much. However, the atrocities he heard about made him eager to rid the earth of the enemy who could do such things.

Adkins had opportunity to take rest and recreation leave to Hawaii while in Vietnam, and Jane could have traveled to be with him, but they elected not to do so. As difficult as it was the first time he had to say goodbye to Jane as he left for combat, it would be doubly difficult now that he knew what awaited him upon his return to Vietnam. He did finally take a few personal days off and his destination was wherever the "next airplane" was headed. It happened to be Palong, Malaysia, where he enjoyed a brief respite from combat.

The Ahn Lo valley was called the valley of death. Nothing lived there because it had been bombed and fought over until no living thing survived. When Adkins was sent home after his year in Vietnam, it sickened him to hear of later battles in that same valley where some of his men had been killed while capturing it. Adkins is proud to say that his unit never left a man behind. Every crewmember I downed was rescued and brought to safety. All bodies of those killed in action were also recovered. One of Adkins' most heart wrenching duties was to write home to the wives and parents of those killed in action. Adkins is proud of the young soldiers he served with. Without exception, they did a good job in an unpopular war and would not let their friends down in very trying circumstances.

Adkins completed his duty in Vietnam and enjoyed a happy homecoming with his family, one of whom was an 18-month-old child who did not know "daddy." Adkins career continued with assignments including Command and General Staff School, Force Development in the Pentagon (obtaining a mas-

ter's degree in Systems Management while there), Assistant Director of Athletics at West Point, Commander of an Air Cavalry Squadron at Ft. Bragg, and recruiting duty in West Virginia. He was then offered an assignment in Germany but because of his family needs decided to retire and take a position with Morehead High School as ROTC Commander, and where he later became Athletic Director. He retired a second time after serving as principal at Holmes Junior High School.

Adkins appreciates every day and is proud of his career as a soldier. It helps put life in perspective for him. In Vietnam, every decision he made caused someone to live or die. He

vowed never to let life's small problems disturb him. In comparison to combat, all other problems he has faced have been small ones

Lieutenant Colonel Adkins flew 750 combat missions, earned the Silver Star, Distinguished Flying Cross, and 30 Air Medals, one for valor, among other medals. All of the awards commended Adkins bravery and valor under fire.

He still serves his community in significant ways and continues an active life. He and wife Jane also enjoy being with their six children and their families, including seven grandchildren.

Free Publications Catalog, Discounted Books

During 2007 the N.C. Department of Cultural Resources has as its theme "History Happens Here." For anyone interested in exploring North Carolina's rich history, the Historical Publications Section of the state Office of Archives and History offers a wide variety of affordable Tar Heel books. The section's free 2007 catalog, which offers more than 160 titles, is now available.

From the Roanoke Colonies to the dawn of the twenty-first century, the story of North Carolina's governors is a prism through which to view the state's history. New titles in the 2007 catalog include "The Governors of North Carolina," which contains biographical sketches of the 99 men, from Ralph Lane to Michael F. Easley, who have served as North Carolina's chief executive. Arranged alphabetically, the informative biographical sketches are accompanied by pictures or signatures of the governors, if available.

The Moravians of Piedmont North Carolina have left their indelible stamp on the history and culture of the state. Another new title, Volume 13, 1867-1876, of "Records of the Moravians in North Carolina," contains edited church diaries and minute books kept by Moravian ministers, which provide insight into their communities after the Civil War.

The original publication in 1964 of Joffre Lanning Coe's "The Formative Cultures of the Carolina Piedmont" represented a landmark in American archaeology. This classic work

has recently been reprinted by the Office of Archives and History and is featured in the Publications Section's new catalog.

Among the Historical Publications Section's most popular titles are paperback books about legends from across the state, the "Tar Heels" nickname, highway historical markers, lighthouses, pirates, the Lost Colonists, and African Americans. In addition, the new catalog describes short histories of 13 North Carolina counties and 11 books about the state's participation in military engagements from colonial Indian wars to World War II. Separate sections describe six black history titles and 12 Civil War books.

To receive a free catalog with information on how to order, write: Historical Publications Section (N), Office of Archives and History, 4622 Mail Service Center, Raleigh, NC 27699-4622; telephone (919) 733-7442; or e-mail trudy.rayfield@ncmail.net. The Publications Section's books, many of which are now on sale at discounts of 50% or more, can also be ordered from the section's secure online store at <http://store.yahoo.com/nc-historical-publications/>.

The Historical Publications Section, administered by the Office of Archives and History, is part of the N.C. Department of Cultural Resources, a state agency dedicated to the promotion and protection of North Carolina's arts, history and culture, now podcasting 24/7 at www.ncculture.com.

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

North Carolina Military Historical Society

Class of Membership: ANNUAL (\$20.00 a year) LIFE (\$100 one time)

Amount enclosed: \$ _____ for calendar year

NEW MEMBER RENEWAL

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONES: (Office) _____ (Home) _____

Please make check payable to NCMHS and mail to:

NCHMS, 7410 Chapel Hill Road, Raleigh, NC 27607-5096

EDITOR'S TACK ROOM

By Richard M. Ripley

Our President, Sion Harrington III, says to mark your calendars! On May 10, 2008, our state's Confederate Memorial Day, the North Carolina Military Historical Society will hold its annual meeting and symposium in the Purple Room of the North Carolina Museum of History at 5 East Edenton Street, Raleigh.



The theme for this year's symposium is an ever-popular one—the Civil War. Though planning is still on-going, it will feature two presentations with topics and speakers yet to be confirmed. Make plans now to join us for a morning of interesting speakers and camaraderie with fellow members.

As always, the free symposium is open to all society members, as well as the general public. A period of registration and fellowship will be held from 9 a.m. until 10 a.m., after which a brief business meeting will be held. In a change from past symposiums, this year's gathering will feature two instead of four speakers, and since it will end around noon, there will be no lunch meal offered for purchase.

Carrying on with popular tradition, we will again enjoy a variety of raffle prizes, along with some tasty refreshments. In addition, Confederate re-enactors are scheduled to be set up on the lawn of the Capitol, recreating a typical Confederate Army camp. We hope to see you all there!

The stories in this *Recall* cover a number of campaigns and wars, including the Civil War, the Indian Wars, World War II, Korean War, and Vietnam. All great stories! Can any one give me a story of his or her experiences in Afghanistan?

God Bless and have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Contribute Articles to Recall

Readers are invited to submit material to *Recall*. In choosing material for publication, the editor of *Recall* will give preference to articles of unusual significance and transcripts or abstracts of difficult-to-locate records.

Photos, Interviews Sought

In 1998, the N.C. Division of Archives and History began Phase III of its effort to better document the state's 20th century military experience. Previous phases have focused on the period from 1900 through the end of the Korean War. Though still actively collecting and preserving items from this era, the Archives is seeking to honor North Carolina veterans who served North Carolina and the nation from 1954 through the present.

In keeping with this state's long and proud military tradition, large numbers of North Carolinians served in the military forces of the United States both in time of war and in operations other than war, primarily in support of humanitarian efforts around the world.

If you have a photograph or photographs of a North Carolinian in uniform, consider making a donation to the Military Collection Project. The Archives also seeks to collect and preserve military related papers and memorabilia so that future students, researchers, historians, and others can better understand the nature of military service and sacrifice.

The Military History Collection Project also is engaged in an extensive oral history program. People around the state are encouraged to tape interviews with veterans of all time periods and services for deposit in the Military Collection of the State Archives. If you have items to share, please mail them to or contact: Sion Harrington III, Coordinator, Military Collection Project, North Carolina Division of Archives and History, 109 East Jones Street, Raleigh, N.C. 27601-2807; or call 919-807-7314. E-mail: sion.harrington@ncmail.net.

In this issue ...

Fighting Crazy Horse	1
My 25th Mission Was to Bremen	4
The Sinking of the Tampa	6
Life Aboard a Troop Ship	7
North Carolina and the Korean War	9
Typical Confederate Soldier	11
June 14th — The Birthday of the U.S. Army	12
Music from the Ashes	14
Thoughts of a Pearl Harbor Survivor	19
Reminiscences of War	21

The North Carolina Military Historical Society

7410 Chapel Hill Road
Raleigh, North Carolina 27607-5096

NON-PROFIT ORG.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
CARY, NC 27511
Permit No. 551