



Moderately



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RECALL

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Memories

U-Boat War in WWII Off the Outerbanks

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During the early months of World War II, North Carolina Outerbanks residents were the most susceptible of any along the Atlantic seaboard to rumors and misinformation. The isolated villages at Hatteras and Ocracoke on these barrier islands were without means of receiving current news of the war. Picture yourself living under those conditions and waking up at night with the windows rattling from concussions of ships being torpedoed and looking out on the horizon of the ocean to see as many as five ships at one time burning.¹ Most Outerbanks residents earned their living fishing and many were without formal education, and as far as they were concerned invasion was imminent and their lives were severely threatened. Rumors ran amuck and you could not blame them. These people were witnessing the war firsthand much more graphically than the west coast Americans, who the country seemed to think were at great risk. For many, a mail boat, several times a week, was all the news they received, except what they heard on the radio. As we know, the U.S. government, in the early part of the war particularly, highly censored all radio broadcasts after the Germans initially were able to pick up the names of ships being sunk and weather information from local radio stations along the coast. During the first few months of 1942, over sixty ships were sunk off the North Carolina Outerbanks between Cape Lookout and the Virginia border.²

Now it is quite a contrast to compare the news coverage that we saw in the Persian Gulf War. We were able to sit by our television and watch the actual initial bombing of Baghdad and hear all the commentators, generals, admirals, the President and Saddam Hussein give the status of the war. Conversely, these Outerbanks residents were completely in the dark in World War II.

When I vacationed at Atlantic Beach or Morehead City, North

Carolina, in early WWII, I remember hearing rumors of German spies being caught with theater tickets from the Morehead City theater in their pockets. These were never proven true, and, in fact, the FBI, between January 1942 and May 1943, investigated over 500 reports along our coasts of such spies signalling to submarines, etc., but each one was a false alarm.³

The only spies put ashore by submarine were at Long Island, New York, and Ponte Vedra, Florida. These were caught because of one spy who turned state's evidence.⁴

I recall houses on the coast having to have blackout curtains at night and cars had to have their headlights painted so only a small amount of light would be emitted.

During those early months of 1942, most of the sinkings along the coast occurred by submarines on the surface at night. They were much faster on the surface, 17 to 18 knots vs. 7 knots, and they would usually fire one torpedo because there were so many targets, and they were saving as many as possible. This usually allowed the crew to disembark, then the U-boat would simply stand off and sink the ship with its deck gun. Conversely, U.S. submarines in the Pacific had a standard procedure of firing three initial salvos. Obviously, if all three were accurate and the ship was not too large, there was not much left of the ship or crew.

Experiences of the Coastal Residents

On Harker's Island, a small island between Beaufort, North Carolina, and Cape Lookout, Paul Tyndall, former member of the N.C. House of Representatives, remembers well the early months of World War II.⁵ He was the principal of the local school at

1. Author's interview with Jack Willis, Ocracoke Island,

2. David Stick, *Graveyard of the Atlantic* (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1952).

3. Quote by J. Edgar Hoover, Director, Federal Bureau of Investigation, *American Magazine*, October, 1943, p. 110.

4. Author's interview with Professor Dr. Jurgen Rohwer, German Historian, October 20, 1989, Annapolis, Maryland. (Notes in possession of the Author.)

5. Author's interview with Paul Tyndall (former member of North Carolina House of Representatives), February 13, 1988. (Notes in possession of the Author.)

Harker's Island. The residents of the island at that time consisted of many families who had moved over from a whaling village at Cape Lookout after the hurricane of 1899. The island was isolated with no telephones and at that time a bridge connecting the mainland had not been completed.

Soon after the war started, passes were required for citizens to go over on the Outerbanks to fish. Tyndall remembers seeing the many ducks and loons washed ashore covered in oil from tankers that were sunk off the coast. At night, he recanted that windows would occasionally be blown out from explosions from ships off shore. In this atmosphere rumors got started early about German spies and the possibility of signals from shore being given to U-boats. At Tyndall's school there was a teacher of German descent who was immediately suspected of being a spy and even followed by well-intentioned natives who suspected him of foul play. When this teacher began to leave his home early in the morning to cross over to the mainland, the citizens immediately suspected he was rendezvousing with the enemy. As it turned out he was only going to get milk for his children. However, by the end of the school year he was forced to leave the island and seek employment elsewhere.

One day the principal noticed that many of the boys in school who usually came barefooted were wearing new Florsheim shoes. Investigation revealed that these had washed up on the Outerbanks from a merchant ship that was sunk by a U-boat. The fathers of these children who were fishermen had quickly commandeered these shoes and the children wore them proudly.

During the spring of 1942, Tyndall's wife had to be transported to the Morehead City Hospital with serious appendicitis, and while she was a patient there he visited the hospital daily and saw the many burn victims being treated. These were seamen who had been rescued off the coast from burning tankers, and he even assisted the nursing staff in caring for these patients since they were shorthanded and the hospital was overflowing at the time. The public was not made aware of this for fear of panic along the coast.

In fact, on April 1, 1942, the navy, after nearly three months of bad news, announced that twenty-one Axis submarines had been sunk in the Atlantic.⁶ This was good news for the beleaguered coastal residents, but absolutely false. The navy did not sink the first East Coast submarine until April 14.

On the sound near Salter Path, North Carolina, a small fishing village west of Atlantic Beach, lived Mrs. Alice Hoffman, whose niece married Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. She had purchased approximately a nine-mile portion of Bogue Banks in the early 1900s. Her name, of German origin, spurred many rumors that she was aiding the enemy. One such rumor had Mrs. Hoffman refuelling submarines from the dock of her home. Since the water was only a few feet deep in the sound, even I, who was six years old at the time, could figure out that this was impossible. After the war, I visited Salter Path (at that time still accessible only by boat or a dirt road) and talked to fishing families who were quick to tell of windows being blown out by exploding ships just off the coast, much debris and oil on the beach, and suspicious persons seen about during the spring of 1942.

Further up the coast at Ocracoke Island, Jack Willis, who was

6. Michael Gannon, *Operation Drumbeat*, Harper & Row, 1990.

then in his late teens and later served in the navy, remembers seeing as many as four or five ships burning at one time off the coast at night. Both he and long time native, Thurston Gaskill, adamantly refute the rumors among vacationers that native fishermen⁷ assisted German submarines off the coast. In fact, further investigation through the German Military Historical Research office has proved their contentions correct. Captain Werner Rahn, a German historian, in an interview in September 1987, emphatically stated that he had read all the U-boat logs concerning East Coast activity and there was absolutely no evidence of islanders selling supplies to U-boats and he does not believe it happened either on the East Coast or in the Caribbean area later on.⁸

By April, Admiral Donitz had introduced large U-boat tankers called "Mitch-Cows" which allowed the submarines further cruising limits. Some, including U-123 captained by Reinhard Hardigan, moved further south off Florida and in the Caribbean where the "turkey shoot" continued unabated. In one incident, Hardigan showed compassion for Florida residents watching from shore when he brought his submarine around between a burning tanker and the beach so that shells from his deck gun would not fall ashore.

On March 11, the American freighter, *Caribasca*, was sunk near Ocracoke. Survivors were tossed about on life rafts all day until they used a metal can as a reflector to attract a passing steamship, *Norlindo*, bound for Baltimore. One of those lost was James Gaskill from Ocracoke whose brother, Thurston Gaskill, still resides on the island. The ship's nameplate is said by island residents to have floated through the Ocracoke inlet and washed ashore near where Gaskill lived. Marvin Howard found it and made a cross which can be seen today in the Methodist church located on the island.⁹

It was not until the Fall of 1945 that the Fifth Naval District released the number of merchant seamen and guncrews lost off the coast by Axis submarines in World War II. In this district's waters, which extend halfway to Bermuda and include the shores of Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina down south to Onslow Bay, 843 men lost their lives.¹⁰

The Bedfordshire Incident

Alarmed by the large number of ships being sunk off the eastern coast of the United States, the British government, in February 1942, at the request of the United States, agreed to loan the United States Navy 24 anti-submarine corvettes. These ships were about one half the size of a World War II type destroyer, being 170 feet long, with a crew of four officers and 33 enlisted men. Their armament consisted of a 4-inch quick fire deck gun and a .303 caliber Louis machinegun. They also carried approximately 100 depth charges and sonar.

It seems ironic that only two years after the United States had given, through its lend-lease program, 50 destroyers to the English, they would have to turn around, and give us ships to combat our submarine menace.

7. Author's interview with Thurston Gaskill, Ocracoke Island, North Carolina, July, 1986. (Notes in possession of Author.)

8. Author's interview with Captain Werner Rahn, West German Navy (head, German Military Historical Research Office), September 25, 1987, Annapolis, Maryland. (Notes in possession of the Author.)

9. Author's interview with Jack Willis, Fall, 1989, Ocracoke Island, North Carolina. (Notes in possession of Author.)

10. Fifth Naval District Press Releases, September, 1945.

Among the 24 corvettes leaving England in early March was the *HMS Bedfordshire*. The ships travelled through the North Atlantic to Newfoundland, then Halifax, Nova Scotia, and New York. At least one ship was lost during the winter gales on this trip, and they arrived in New York in much need of repairs. Among the officers on board the *Bedfordshire* was Sub-Lieutenant Thomas Cunningham. The *Bedfordshire* spent April and part of May patrolling off the North Carolina coast between Morehead City and Norfolk, with Morehead City being its home port. These ships were coal burners and required refuelling frequently.

In early May, a Naval Intelligence officer visited the ship to obtain British flags to use in burial of Englishmen at Cape Hatteras who had lost their lives in ship sinkings. Sub-Lieutenant Cunningham was the officer who procured these flags for the U.S. Navy. The *Bedfordshire* then refuelled at Morehead City and left to check out a submarine siting report.

On the night of May 12, U-boat 558, captained by Gunther Krech, was cruising between Cape Hatteras and Cape Lookout. Its mission to date had been uneventful, and the captain was beginning to wonder if he would have as successful a cruise on the American coast as his counterparts. Suddenly, the noises of a ship's screw were heard on the submarine's listening device, and a lookout saw the *HMS Bedfordshire*.

Visibility was low. Because of the faster speed at which submarines can move on the surface, U-558 made its attack on the surface. After missing with its first torpedo, the submarine's second torpedo hit the *Bedfordshire* squarely amidships, catapulting the ship into the air and sinking it almost immediately. No one survived this sinking to explain how the "hunter was killed by the hunted." We can only speculate that our British friends had become too complacent in their efforts to assist their allies.

The U.S. Navy, to which the British ships were attached, was not diligent in keeping track of these patrol craft, as evidenced by the fact that the navy was not aware of what had happened to the *HMS Bedfordshire* for several days.

On May 14, while patrolling the shore at Ocracoke Island, a Coast Guardsman discovered the bodies of Sub-Lieutenant Thomas Cunningham and telegraphist Stanley Craig. Later, two other bodies, unidentifiable, were recovered. These were removed to a small plot next to a local cemetery at Ocracoke Village and, with Coast Guard assistance and Protestant graveyard services, they were given proper burial. Ironically, the flag used for Cunningham's funeral was one of the very ones given by him to the navy about 10 days earlier.¹¹

In subsequent years, with the cooperation of the United States government and the citizens of Ocracoke Island, this small plot was deeded to the British government and is now an official English cemetery. It can be viewed today on Ocracoke Island. Permanent grave markers are present and a British flag flies continuously over the site to remind all who see it of the brave men who fought in World War II and died in defense of democracy. It also is a reminder of the close ties by this country to our mother county, England.

11. L. Vanloan Narisawald, *In Some Foreign Field* (The Story of Four British Graves on the Outerbanks) (Winston-Salem, North Carolina: John F. Blair, Publisher, 1972).

Cape Lookout

Cape Lookout, with its fine natural harbor, is located five miles east of Beaufort, North Carolina. During early colonial history, it was an ideal sanctuary for pirates. The Cape was a beautiful, isolated barrier with only a lighthouse until early World War II when again it became a "haven" for desperate seafaring men. The German submarine menace on the North Carolina Coast in the Winter of 1942 forced the navy to form a "bucket brigade." This consisted of a group of ships that would only sail during daylight hours and spend their nights anchored in harbors such as Charleston, Cape Lookout, and the Chesapeake Bay. Those of you who may have visited the area after the war remember seeing buoys for submarine nets that remained rusting on the beach.

Early Mined Harbor

One of the "bucket brigade" harbors was a specially mined harbor in the ocean between Hatteras Inlet and Ocracoke Inlet. The idea was to put U.S. merchant ships in the harbor at night which was surrounded by Mark 6 contact mines.

In theory this sounded good, but as a practical matter several of our own ships were sunk by the mines when they failed to enter the harbor properly. In 1943, a navy minesweeper was dispatched from Norfolk to clear this minefield as the harbor was no longer used. The Mark 6 contact mines were considered

"unsweepable" because instead of a cable they were anchored to the bottom with chains. This proved an interesting and exciting time for the ship; however, after

several months, most of the mines were swept and the minesweeper proceeded to the Pacific for further duty.¹²

Many years after the war, one of these mines was brought by a trawler, who had snagged it in its net, to the dock at Jack's Store in Silver Lake on Ocracoke Island. Apparently, the fishermen did not know what it was and hammered on it for several days, thinking it might be a treasure from Blackbeard's time. When the Coast Guard heard about it, they carried the mine to the northern end of the island to be detonated. On the way it fell off the truck, but still did not detonate. Finally, with the aid of a bomb squad from Norfolk, it was determined it was still live and with one shot it exploded. The explosion left a crater 150 feet across, caught the marsh on fire, and the Ocracoke Fire Department had to be called out. Needless to say, if the mine had gone off in Ocracoke Harbor, there would have been little left of Jack's Store and the surrounding area.¹³

Some seamen who were on ships torpedoed during World War II still reside in Snug Harbor, a seamen's retirement home on the Outerbanks about 30 miles north of Morehead City. They can recite their experiences with the U-boats and subsequent rescue at sea. While I was visiting there, an old sailor sitting in the lobby was overheard saying, "that young author believes all these stories they are telling him."

Conclusion

Hitler's refusal to heed his U-boat Commander's recommendation of sending more than six submarines to our East Coast in

12. Author's interview with Armistead J. Maupin, Executive Officer of the minesweeper, August 15, 1990, Raleigh, North Carolina. (Notes in possession of Author.)

13. Author's interview with waterman, Norman Miller, Ocracoke Island, North Carolina, December, 1990. (Notes in possession of Author.)

early 1942 probably saved the country an oil and sugar crisis. As it was, these still had to be rationed and England's ability to stockpile war materials for pending operations against the Axis was curtailed. While all such postponements and setbacks cannot be directly linked to the success of the German U-boat off the American Coast, Donitz's submarine offensive unquestionably restricted allied operations. During the early part of 1942, the U-boats were making their mark and the Americans were repeating

just what happened in World War I, that is, instead of instituting convoys, they were sending random, single ships out to hunt the U-boats. President Woodrow Wilson had a saying for this action in World War I which was equally applicable for the first months of 1942, "They despaired of hunting the hornets all over the farm."¹⁴

14. T. J. Belke, *Roll of the Drums*, U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings, (April, 1983).

Reminiscences of World War II

Related by Walter G. Atkinson

By Ken Samuelson

During the June 6 D-Day landing at Utah Beach, Sergeant Walter Atkinson's instructions were for his men to get off the beach and to the high ground, a series of sand dunes about 75 yards from the water's edge. His first view of the beach as the heavy steel door slammed down in the water was of German machine guns firing at his landing craft. The water was neck deep and it was 75 yards to the beach. How is it that Atkinson found himself in this precarious situation, taking part in the greatest invasion by sea in history?

Atkinson had joined the U.S. Army in September 1939 because he wanted to get a steady job and see the world. Little significant work was available in Leaksville, N.C., for an 18 year old high school graduate. He was not well informed on the European situation nor did he care. An Army job and steady pay was of most importance. Atkinson's father drove him to Danville, and after a few days Atkinson was in the Army and bound for Panama, having been assigned to an Infantry Chemical Company specializing in the use of mortars in combat. Five weeks of intense basic training followed, including the usual close order drill, calisthenics, and classroom work. During the five weeks of basic training, he could not talk to anyone except his drill instructor. He was training 12 hours per day with homework at night. "Rigorous" is the word for it, according to Atkinson.

After five weeks he was integrated into the mortar company and promoted to Private First Class. He was assigned as a "saddler" responsible for repairing harnesses and saddles for the officers. The Army used horses and mules to a great extent to move men and material. There were only 160,000 men in the peacetime Army and money for mechanized equipment was scarce. That changed immediately upon the entry of the United States into WWII in December 1941.

Atkinson was a very good baseball player. Sports competition was intense in those peacetime Army days so his talent helped him to be promoted to Specialist 4th class at the rate of \$45 per month. A private only made \$21 per month. He was living well

and worked half a day as a saddler and the rest of the time played baseball for the base team. This was his job for two and one half years in Panama. He considered himself well off for a young single man his age.

The war was heating up in Europe and the Far East and there were frequent briefings to the men on the news. No radios were available to the men on the base. When the attack on Pearl Harbor was announced, Atkinson and his friends were on the porch of his barracks. The full implications of the attack did not register on the men until later in the day when the complete report was in the newspaper.

The immediate orders to Atkinson and his fellow soldiers were to pack up, go into the jungle, and take up preplanned gun positions to guard the Panama Canal, as it was a prime enemy target. They stayed in the jungle for 10 days. It was boring, lonely work. The food available was pork and beans, canned tomatoes, and whatever game could be shot and cooked. The routine was, after 10 days his unit came back to the base to help train draftees and in another 10 days back to the gun positions guarding the Canal.

In late 1942, his unit was split up into teams and was assigned to New Orleans to train draftees as part of formal basic training which the Army instituted at that time. Meanwhile, Atkinson had been promoted to Technical Sergeant and was now making \$95 per month. In early 1943 he was sent to Fort Rucker, Alabama, to help form and train mortar companies for combat assignment. It was there the 87th Chemical Mortar Battalion was formed, using the 4.2 inch diameter mortar.

Atkinson spent the balance of 1943 and into 1944 training mortar men. In April 1944, the 87th Mortar Battalion was sent to Tivington, England, in preparation for the invasion of France.

In England the build up for invasion was overwhelming with soldiers and equipment everywhere. It was clear to Atkinson the invasion had to happen soon. Everyday his unit engaged in mock battles and other training to the point where he was prepared for just about anything that could happen.



After crossing the English Channel on D-Day, Walter Atkinson is awarded the Bronze Star Medal for bravery by Lt. Gen. J. Lawton Collins.

On June 3, the men went aboard their mother ship as though it were just another practice landing. The weather was terrible, and the men were seasick. On June 5 at 4:30 a.m. the men were told the invasion was scheduled for that day, but the weather was too severe and the landing had to be postponed to June 6. On the evening of June 5 the men were very edgy. They talked with each other, mostly about home and family. Atkinson said "We were fearful because we knew the Germans would throw all they had at us. We were so physically sick we wanted to get off that boat and get the invasion over with." In spite of poor conditions, morale was high.

Early on June 6, Atkinson and his men got up for breakfast after a mostly sleepless night. They were given anything they wanted to eat, but many of the men were so sick they could not eat. General Kermit Roosevelt, the son of President Teddy Roosevelt, was on board Atkinson's vessel and was very visible, encouraging and being supportive to the men. Even though the weather was better that day, there were still 20-foot waves and loading the LCVPs (Landing Craft Vehicle Personnel) with men, mortars and ammunition was very treacherous. It was extremely difficult to go down the netting hanging over the ship's side. Some men fell while boarding their LCVPs and broke their legs, arms, or backs.

The noise from naval bombardment, wave action, fumes from the engines, and thoughts of the dreaded invasion were overpowering. All of Atkinson's 13 men threw up their breakfasts. The men hunkered down in the LCVP on each other's backs behind the big steel door which would drop and allow them to go on their way to shore. They circled the mother ship several times waiting their turn to advance to shore. There were about 100 LCVPs going ashore on that 7th wave of attack. When their time came, the landing craft hit the beach, the big door crashed open downward and all the men were exposed to machine gun fire as they left the landing craft. The water was neck deep but no one drowned in Atkinson's group. Two men were hit by machinegun fire, and they were left on the beach for the medics to care for as there was nothing Atkinson's men could do. They died. Many men were dead floating in the water with their life vests on but Atkinson and his men did not focus on them but rather on their mission to get on the higher ground. There were many large steel cross obstacles which made progress difficult for vehicles and tanks.

Atkinson's orders were to get to the higher ground about 75 yards from the water's edge. From there he and his men were to fight their way to the nearby town of Saint Mere Eglise, link up with Airborne troops dropped earlier that morning, and continue on to capture the port city of Cherbourg.

As history tells us, the battles took much longer than the best planning had projected. Day by day Atkinson and his mortars advanced toward St. Mere Eglise. It took four days instead of one day to reach there and much longer to capture the port city of Cherbourg. Atkinson acted as forward observer in many cases, so was very close to the enemy as mortar shells fell on them. On the fourth day in action Atkinson was wounded in the knee by an artillery shell. He was taught to dress it himself, if possible, which he did. He took morphine to ease the pain and stuck his rifle in the ground so a medic would see it. He was picked up by a medic and evacuated to a hospital ship for transfer back to England and treatment. After 30 days of healing and rehabilita-

tion he was sent back to his unit.

He came back as platoon leader and led his men until he received a battle field promotion to reserve 2nd Lieutenant at Liege, Belgium. He was then put in charge of two platoons; about 60 men. A few days after his promotion, Atkinson was slightly wounded in the head by a sniper's bullet that would have killed him except for the protection of his helmet. At Malmody, Belgium, his unit was cut off and surrounded by German troops but the Germans went around rather than capture the surrounded troops. German forces were taking no prisoners at this point in the war, so Atkinson said his unit would have fought to the death if necessary.

Atkinson was involved in many major battles as he and his unit fought across France and into Germany. While on a 21-day leave in Leaksville, he learned about the German surrender. His unit was then sent back to the U.S. for more training in anticipation of the invasion of Japan. While in training, the war with Japan ended. He was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, and was asked to decide whether he wanted to stay in the service or get out. He became a civilian for eight months and then decided to go back in the Army at his permanent rank of sergeant. During the Korean War he asked to be "recalled" as a reserve officer, which he had been during WWII after his battle field promotion. This was a technicality and gave Atkinson his commission back which he retained for the rest of his 21-year military career. Atkinson says his experience in Korea was worse than his WWII experience, but that will have to be told in another story.

Atkinson retired from the Army in 1961, came back to Leaksville, and was in various businesses, the last being vice president of Stoneville Furniture Company until his full retirement in 1988.

He is married to his wife, Nadine, and lives in Leakesville. He has two sons, one of whom is deceased, and one daughter. He says his experience in WWII of hardship, discomfort, and fear was similar to many other combat veterans, and he was proud to serve. He met some of the bravest men he ever knew while in combat. If he had to do it all over again for his country, he would.

Lili Marlene

Based on a German poem of 1915, this song became a favorite of both German and American troops during the Second World War, both in English and in the original German. A curious example of song transcending the hatreds of war, American troops particularly liked Lili Marlene as sung by the German-born actress and singer, Marlene Dietrich.

Underneath the lantern by the barrack gate,
Darling, I remember the way you used to wait,
'Twas there that you whispered tenderly,
That you loved me, you'd always be
My Lili of the lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

Time would come for roll call, Time for us to part,
Darling, I'd caress you and press you to my heart,
And there 'neath that far off lantern light,
I'd hold you tight. We'd kiss "good-night,"
My Lili of the lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

Orders came for sailing somewhere over there,
All confined to barracks was more than I could bear;
I knew you were waiting in the street,
I heard your feet, But could not meet
My Lili of the lamplight, My own Lili Marlene.

The Angels of Bataan & Corregidor

By Tom Belton



1st Lieutenant Evelyn B. Whitlow after her return to North Carolina, 1946.

Evelyn Barbara Whitlow was one of 12 children born to Robert Norwood and Ruth Carolina Stephens Whitlow in the small community of Leasburg in Caswell County. Evelyn attended local schools and following high school graduation trained as a registered nurse at Memorial Hospital in Danville, Virginia. In May 1940 she entered military service at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, as a U.S. Army nurse and received her commission as a 2nd Lieutenant.

She served at Forts Oglethorpe and Benning in Georgia before being ordered in late 1941 to Manila in the Philippine Islands. The surprise Japanese attack at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, was followed with an air attack on the Philippines Islands and the landing of Japanese troops. Along with other army and navy nurses, Evelyn provided as much care as she could for the many injured American and Filipino soldiers with the dwindling medical supplies. These women became known as the "Angels of Bataan and Corregidor." Despite the approaching Japanese forces, the Americans were successful in evacuating many of the military nurses, but the amphibious PBY airplane flying Whitlow and others to safety crashed on the island of Mindanao, and they became Japanese prisoners.

Evelyn, along with other prisoners, was taken to Santo Tomas University in Manila, which had been turned into an internment camp. She was one of 81 female prisoners of war (POWs) and these women were the first female POWs in American military history.

After the fall of the Philippines, the Whitlow family knew nothing of Evelyn's fate, and it was not until 1944 that the fami-

ly learned she was still alive. In the meantime, four of her brothers and a sister had entered military service and the family proudly displayed a service banner with six stars in their home. According to family history Mrs. Whitlow could only locate a service banner with five stars so she removed one from another service banner and added it to the five star banner to complete the six representing her children. For three years Lieutenant Whitlow remained at Santo Thomas treating civilian detainees until American troops arrived at the camp on February 3, 1945. During the fighting to liberate the camp, Evelyn received a small shrapnel wound in a shoulder.

The liberated women were treated as national heroes when they returned home, and Evelyn received many requests to do speaking engagements. Her most notable one was probably addressing the North Carolina General Assembly during her visit home. At the end of the war, 1st Lieutenant Whitlow decided to leave the army.

During her internment at Santo Thomas, she had met Milton Greenfield, a civilian detainee who had been employed in the Philippines before the war, and they were married on January 2, 1946. At different times his work took him and Evelyn back to the Philippine Islands where both had been captives. In 1980 she made her final visit with 25 surviving nurses to attend a monument dedication for the "Angels of Bataan and Corregidor." In 1993 she met President Ronald Regan during a ceremony at the White House honoring "POW-MIA Day." When Whitlow died on June 3, 1994, she was honored as one of the military nurses who had been part of American's first female POWs.



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Lt. J. Pembroke Jones

Confederate States Navy

By Henry Harris

During the Civil War, Lt. J. Pembroke Jones commanded the Confederate ironclad *CSS Raleigh* of the Wilmington Squadron during her short and ill-fated career. During the night of May 6 and 7, 1864, the *Raleigh*, and her two consorts, the *Yadkin* and *Equator*, steamed out of New Inlet to engage the Union blockade. Although no official Confederate reports have been found of the operation, it was assumed to be a diversion to allow blockade-runners to escape. During the course of the night the *Raleigh* separately engaged three Union vessels, the *Britannia*, *Nansemond*, and *Howquah*. In each encounter both parties fired a few ineffective shots, and the Union vessels withdrew. At daylight the Union fleet of some six or more vessels converged and the Confederate flotilla withdrew back into the Cape Fear River. After re-entering New Inlet the *Raleigh* ran aground and subsequently broke her back. A court of inquiry was requested, and it absolved the commanders of any wrongdoing. The blame was placed on her design.

John Pembroke Jones was born in 1825 on Pembroke farm near Hampton, Virginia, the son of John and Mary Booker Jones. He was educated at the John Carey School in Hampton, and spent a year at William and Mary College. In 1841 he was appointed to the United States Naval Academy. Jones was a fine student and graduated second in his class in 1847.

In February 1847, the Naval Academy's senior class was allowed to serve in the Mexican War. Midshipman Jones participated during the siege of Buena Vista.

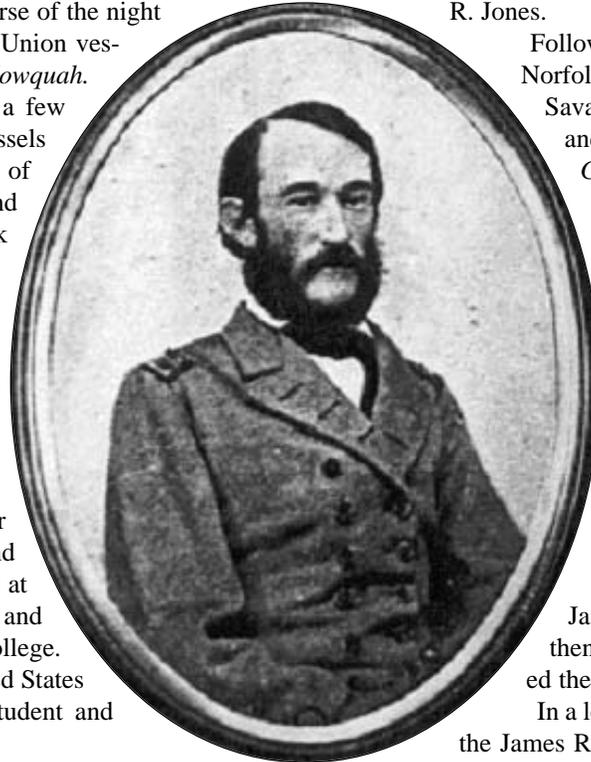
Following the war and graduation, Jones served on coast surveys of North Carolina and Virginia. While surveying the mouth of the Cape Fear River, he met and married Jane Vance London of Wilmington. This marriage produced a son, Pembroke Jones, who became one of the wealthiest railroad men in the country during the latter part of the 19th century. Mrs. Jones died after about three years of marriage.

Jones had attained the rank of lieutenant in the US Navy by the outbreak of the Civil War. He was on duty at the time on the *USS Congress* off the coast of Africa. While on sick leave he resigned his commission and offered his services to the Confederate Navy.

He was commissioned as a first lieutenant in the Virginia Navy, and later on May 2, 1861, a first lieutenant in the Confederate Navy. He first served with the James River batteries in 1861, and then commanded the batteries at Barretts Point on

the Elizabeth River. Later he served in the Savannah Squadron during 1861 and 1862, commanding the gunboat *CSS Resolute* during the Battle of Port Royal, South Carolina.

In March of 1862, Jones served as Flag Lieutenant, to Flag Officer Franklin Buchanan, on the *CSS Virginia (Merrimack)*. During the battle between the *Virginia* and the *Monitor*, Jones served as executive officer to the commander, Lt. Catesby R. Jones.



Lt. John Pembroke Jones, CSN ca. January 1865
In possession of the Virginia Historical Society
Found in book - Storm Over Carolina: The Confederate Navy's
Struggle for Eastern North Carolina, by R. Thomas Campbell - 2005

Following the Confederate abandonment of Norfolk in May 1862, Jones returned to the Savannah Squadron. While there in 1862 and 1863 he commanded the ironclad *CSS Georgia* and probably the gunboat *Savannah*. (The confusion here arises from the fact that there was a gunboat *Savannah* up to the time of the commissioning of the ironclad of the same name in June of 1863. The gunboat was then renamed *Oconee*.)

(NOTE: Not an uncommon occurrence by the Confederate Navy to have more than one ship of the same name. Usually the ironclads took precedence and the wooden vessel's name was changed.)

Later in 1863 Jones transferred to the James River Squadron in Richmond. From then until late February 1864 he commanded the gunboat *CSS Nansemond*.

In a letter from Flag Officer French Forrest of the James River Squadron to Secretary of the Navy Stephen Mallory dated February 27, 1864, Forrest requested that Lt. J. H. Rochelle might take command of the *Nansemond*. The vessel had been with-

out a commander since the transfer of Lt. J. Pembroke Jones. With the lack of other Confederate records it may be assumed Jones had been transferred to Wilmington by this point. Jones must have arrived in late February or early March 1864 to take command of the nearly completed ironclad *CSS Raleigh*.

Construction records for the Wilmington Squadron are virtually nonexistent. The *Raleigh*, like her sister the *North Carolina*, was a Richmond-Class ironclad. She was probably begun in the fall of 1862. The approximate dimensions were 175 feet in overall length, 150 feet between perpendiculars, a moulded beam of 34 feet, an extreme beam over armor of 45 feet, 14 feet depth of hold, and 13 foot draft. (The draft figures for Confederate ironclads were notoriously underrated; usually a 2 to 3 foot increase could be expected. This ultimately proved to be the *Raleigh's* downfall.) The vessel carried 4 guns, probably two 7-inch and two 6.4-inch Brooke Rifles. They were arranged so that one 7-inch gun pointed out the bow and the other out the stern, with a



CSS Raleigh driving off the Union blockaders from New Inlet River, by Daniel Dowdey

6.4-inch gun on either side. The bow and stern guns could pivot left or right to give the vessel a three-gun broadside. A single 10-foot propeller drove the vessel. With a full compliment of officers, crew, and marines, the ship would carry about 180 men.

The *CSS Raleigh* was commissioned near the end of April 1864. It moved down river on station at New Inlet with the *CSS Yadkin*, probably a Maury-Class wooden gunboat with two guns, and the *CSS Equator*, a converted side-wheel tugboat mounting one gun.

This was the turn of events that led the *CSS Raleigh* and her commander to the encounter of the night of May 6, 1864. Under the overall command of Flag Officer William F. Lynch, the Confederate force ventured out.

Following the loss of the *Raleigh*, Jones temporarily commanded the ironclad *North Carolina*, whose commander William T. Muse had died on April 8, 1864. He also briefly commanded the receiving ship *Arctic* during this time.

The following September finds Jones in command of the submarine defenses (torpedoes, or mines in today's terms) at Chaffins Bluff on the James River. The latter part of 1864 and early 1865 he commanded the *CSS Torpedo*, a small wooden gunboat and torpedo tender on the James River. In this vessel he probably took part in the January 1865 Battle of Trents Reach.

With the fall of Richmond and the destruction of the James River Squadron, we lose sight of J. Pembroke Jones. His service record contains no indication that he took a parole.

Although 1864 seemed to be a busy year for Jones, he found time to marry a Mary Willis of Savannah, Georgia. There was one son, William Jones Willis, who took his maternal grandfather's surname.

Following the war, Jones lived at Airlie Farm in Fauquier County, Virginia, for a number of years. He later surveyed the

Rio de la Plata for Argentina.

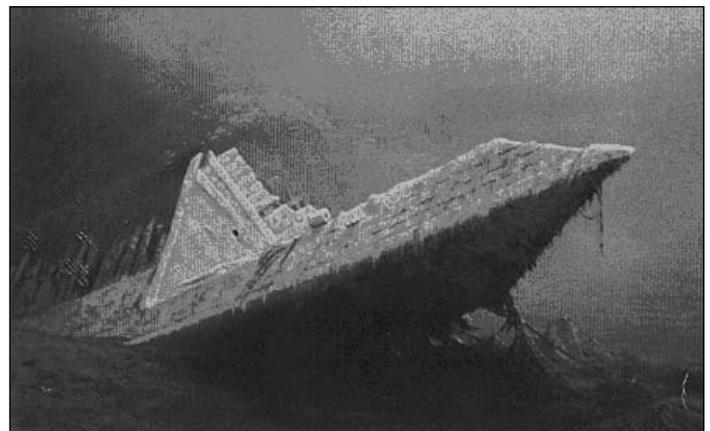
He apparently traveled in Europe for several years for health reasons. At some point he married for a third time, to Georgia Newton of Norfolk, Virginia. There is no indication of what happened to his second wife.

His last years were spent in Pasadena, California, where he died on May 25, 1910.

In his obituary it was said that, "Captain Jones was a man of most charming personality, and his wealth of experience ... and intelligence made him an interesting companion for anyone young and old. His shipmates and classmates had spoken of his courage, ability, patience, charm, and character. He was nicknamed 'Paul Jones' by his associates in the navy. He was gentle, considerate, and kind always, thought unselfishly courageous and patriotically devoted to his duty." At the time of his death he was said to be the oldest living graduate of the United States Naval Academy.

SOURCES:

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CSS Raleigh Wreck by Martin Peebles

The youngest Southern officer

Alfred Hunter Baird of North Carolina enlisted as a private in April 1861 at about the age of 15. He was soon after made a corporal, then color-sergeant in the 1st NC Infantry. He had the honor of carrying and protecting the regimental flag. On June 9, 1861, he and about 25 other soldiers attacked some Union pickets around Fortress Monroe. They captured one of the pickets. Some say that was the first prisoner captured in the war.

Later, Alfred was made a 1st lieutenant in the cavalry. When he was only 16, he was promoted to captain in the 5th NC Cavalry Battalion. Before he was 18, Alfred was promoted to major in command of the battalion. He was finally made the lieutenant colonel of the 6th NC Cavalry Regiment. Baird and his regiment were still fighting the Yankees almost to the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston on April 26, 1865.

After the war, he wrote, "I have never heard of an officer of the same rank younger than myself. I was lieutenant colonel at 19, commanding a regiment. I will let others tell how I earned the promotions. I will only say that I was in the first fight on land, and I think the last, and I always tried to do my duty. I served under Morgan, Forrest, Pegram, and Hampton."—Article by Joe Warnke, 11th GA Cav [Source: *Confederate Veteran*, August 1897.]

Violating the Principles of War

*Personal experiences of a Battalion Commander and Brigade Signal Officer,
105th Field Signal Battalion, in the Somme Offensive, 1918*

Captain John W. Stanley, Intently

Introduction

This monograph is based almost entirely upon memory. Search as I may, I have been unable to locate any official records of the detail operations of the 105th Field Signal Battalion during the Somme offensive which commenced on the morning of September 29, 1918, other than it was a part of the 30th Division.

The 105th Field Signal Battalion was organized at Camp Sevier, SC, in October 1917. Its organization consisted as follows:

- A. Radio Company,
- B. Wire Company,
- C. Outpost Company.

The Outpost Company was divided into four sections, one section being assigned to each infantry regiment. The Radio Company established communication principally with Brigade, Division, and Corps. The Wire Company was principally concerned with communication from Division Headquarters to Brigade, and from Brigade forward to Regiments. The Brigade Signal troops operated a T.P.S. set (ground induction) and telephones from Brigade to Regiments. From Brigade to Division, Tube set and telephones. The Division plan of communication was prepared in the office of the Division Signal officer as an annex to the Division order for the attack. This plan was delivered to the battalion commander for execution. On September 25, 1918, the 105th Field Signal battalion relieved the Signal troops of the 75th British Division on that portion of the front that the 30th Division was to attack. The battalion commander had been previously notified by the Division Signal Officer the location of the various command posts, observation posts, etc. Work was immediately commenced by the battalion constructing the division net.

By the morning of September 28, 1918, a most complete system of signal communication existed in the 30th Division area. Two telephone lines were laid from division CP to each brigade CP and two from brigades to each regiment. These lines were separated about 100 yards apart in order to prevent both lines being knocked out by a single shell. However, before noon of this date, the enemy shell fire became so heavy that this heretofore very satisfactory layout was almost doomed to failure. Between brigade and regiments it was very difficult to keep the lines repaired. Almost as fast as communication was established, it would go out again. As mentioned before we had other means of communication at our disposal, but this did not satisfy the commander; he must talk to his subordinate commanders personally over the telephone; then the trouble started. We at first requested more men to use as repairmen; this was promptly refused. Something must be done and done quickly. After thinking the matter over for a short while longer, we finally decided on the following plan: to lay two laddered circuits from brigade to regiments, one to each regiment. The circuits were constructed as follows: three lines were laid parallel to each other and separated fifty yards apart and laddered every 40 yards.

This circuit proved quite a success for a while, at least, but of course like most everything else connected with modern warfare had its disadvantages. Its chief advantage was: a shell could strike and break any one of the lines or even two of them, but so long as all three were not cut in a single frame, it would not put the line out of commission. Its disadvantages were: it took too long to construct, also after the offensive had started and the enemy in retreat, the brigade and regimental command posts changed so often, time would not permit its construction. This, of course, was not learned until after the offensive had commenced. During the remainder of the day and until about 9 p.m., this system worked like a charm. The other telephone lines were kept repaired and worked satisfactory. The T.P.S. (ground induction) worked satisfactory.

Shortly after 9 p.m., telephone communication began to go out; one by one each line would go dead. We had several men out all the time patrolling the lines and testing it to brigade command posts at intervals of five to ten minutes. Within a few minutes after all the lines to the 118th Infantry had gone out, we received a very excited call from one of our linemen over the 117th Infantry lines, reporting that about 200 British tanks were crossing directly over all our lines and leaving them a tangled mass. Of course we knew immediately what this would mean, i.e., more and more trouble. After making a hurried investigation, it was learned that 44, not 200, British tanks were moving into position ready for the jump-off next morning at 5:50 a.m. Even if there were only 44 tanks instead of 200, as stated by the excited soldier, they did plenty of damage.

Strange to say, the laddered circuit to the 118th Infantry was not damaged as badly as we expected, and the same line to the 117th Infantry was not touched. The single lines to both regiments were all out. We reached the 118th Infantry through the 117th switchboard. Of course this overcrowded them considerably. As stated before, we still had the T.P.S. working but this did not suit the brigade commander. He must have his telephone.

Now here is where the battalion commander must make a quick decision. The attack on the Hindenburg line was to start at 5:50 a.m., communication must be established to its highest degree and maintained, especially until zero hour. Well, here is what the battalion commander did. He ordered all available men of the battalion, together with all officers out, with orders to get all lines repaired, and keep them repaired until zero hour. Under heavy shell fire every available officer and man went out and, with extreme difficulty, the lines were repaired and communication established by 4:30 a.m. and maintained until the brigade commander moved his command post. The heretofore bawled out signal officer now received the congratulations of the brigade commander. During the next two or three days very little trouble was experienced in maintaining communication. Of course, there would be a break of the lines at times but not for very long. We had learned more about war by this time, and our organization

had somewhat undergone a change from the original plan. About October 6 or 7, late one afternoon near sunset as I recall, Colonel "A" at Division Headquarters called Colonel "B" of one of the regiments in the assault echelon over the telephone, and the conversation ran something like this: Colonel "A" to Colonel "B": "How is everything coming along down there?" "Oh, fine," replied Colonel "B," "They are shelling us pretty heavy, but their shells are all striking about 100 yards in rear of my reserves." The conversation ran on for several minutes when suddenly Colonel "B" exclaimed, "By Jove, they are planting them right on my reserve line," and almost in the same breath, "There one landed right on top of my dugout; they surely are giving us hot peas now."

From the above conversation it can be plainly seen what Colonel "B" did. He not only corrected the range for the enemy artillery but told them when they were on the target. At this time the enemy had powerful interception sets and to speak in the clear from brigade forward was very dangerous. However, try as they may, the signal personnel were unable to convince some commanders of this danger. So the next day a meeting of the signal officers was called by the Division Signal officer to discuss ways and means to overcome this danger, which was now beginning to be realized.

Pardon this personal reference, but at this meeting I pointed out to the Division Signal officer that the old 1st N.C. Regiment which was split up at Camp Sevier, SC, in 1917 and its personnel assigned to the 119th and 120th Infantry Regiments, contained quite a number of Cherokee Indians which were now somewhere in the division, and that, in my opinion, if a number of the most intelligent of them were placed at each telephone, they transmit all messages in their native tongue, I felt sure that even a battalion commander could use them in transmitting messages to his company commanders in perfect safety. The matter was taken up with the division commander, and the next day found every command post from brigade forward, including some company command posts, a telephone with a Cherokee Indian beside it. Needless to say, there were no further messages intercepted by the enemy that we heard of. About the second or third day after this system was put into effect, a colonel of the enemy Intelligence staff was captured and sent back to Division Headquarters for questioning. He could speak English exceedingly well, and after the officers at Division Headquarters had about finished their examination of him, he asked permission of them to ask a question himself, which was granted. It ran something like this, "Gentlemen, we have officers in our army that can speak and translate the majority of the languages of the world, but none of them can understand the language you Americans are using over the telephone. Now, please, gentleman, won't you tell so what it is?" There was quite a bit of laughter, but no one gave the secret away. From then on until October 12, 1918, at which date I was ordered back to the United States as an instructor, the Cherokees were kept on the job with continued success, and I understand were used until the end of the war.

Lessons

In summing up the lessons to be learned by this personal experience, there are probably many, but the three that strike me most forcibly are as follows:

First. The great improvement of our present equipment and system of signal communication over that used during the World

War.

Second. The successful use of the Cherokee Indians in transmitting messages over the telephone in their native tongue.

Third. If I ever have the honor to command troops in battle again, and any American Indians are available, I will in all probability insist upon their use over the telephone.

Conclusion

Considering all of the Principles of War, the one that seems to apply most strongly in this case is the Principle of Cooperation. That Principle of War which embodies the doctrine that all members of a command must work together for the accomplishment of their mission. Teamwork.

In my opinion, the British tanks violated this principle by not informing the division signal officer in ample time what, when, where, why, and how.

PVT Robert Lester Blackwell

The only North Carolinian to receive the Congressional Medal of Honor during World War II

By LTC (Ret.) Sion H. Harrington III

Private Robert Lester Blackwell
Hurdle Mills, Person County, NC
Company K, 119th Infantry, 30th Division

After surviving the blood-bath of September 29, 1918, at Bellicourt, Blackwell was cut off and pinned down with his company by heavy artillery fire on October 11, 1918, near St. Souplet, France.

After all company runners had been killed, the company commander asked for a volunteer to try once again to go for help. Blackwell said he'd do it.

He only made it a few yards before being killed by shrapnel. For his extraordinary act of bravery and sacrifice on behalf of others, Blackwell was posthumously awarded the Medal of Honor, the only Tar Heel to receive the medal during the war.

NOTE: Union County's 2LT Samuel Iredell Parker was also awarded the Medal of Honor in the 1930s following a review of records.

[Photo courtesy of State Archives of North Carolina]



Rare Story from the ‘Big War’

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

After the crippled bomber flew over an enemy airfield, a German pilot named Franz Steigler was ordered to take off and shoot down the B-17.

When he got near the B-17, he could not believe his eyes. In his words, he “had never seen a plane in such a bad state.” The tail and rear section was severely damaged, and the tail gunner wounded. The top gunner was all over the top of the fuselage. The nose was smashed, a propeller feathered and there were holes everywhere.

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

Aware that they had no idea where they were going, Franz waved at Charlie to turn 180 degrees. Franz escorted and guided the strick-

en plane to and slightly over the North Sea towards England He then saluted Charlie Brown and turned away, back to Europe.



When Franz landed he told the commanding officer that the plane had been shot down over the sea. He never told the truth to anybody. Charlie Brown and the remains of his crew told all at their briefing but were ordered never to talk about it.

More than 40 years later, Charlie Brown wanted to find the Luftwaffe pilot who had spared the lives of the crew. After years of research, Franz was found at

last. He had never talked about the incident either, not even at post-war reunions.

Charlie Brown and Franz Steigler met in the United States at a 379th Bomb Group reunion, together with 10 people who are alive now—all because Franz never fired his guns that day.

Charlie Brown lived in Seattle, and Franz Steigler had moved from Germany to Vancouver, B.C., after the war. When they finally met, they discovered they had lived less than 200 miles apart for the past 50 years!

‘Scrappy’ Kessing and UNC’s WWII Pre-Flight Program

By Commander James T. Cheatham, USNR(Ret.)

Since the early 1940s, University of North Carolina students and alumni remember with pleasure the Kessing outdoor pool and other athletic facilities built by the Navy’s Pre-flight Program in World War II. Now, over 50 years later, the Kessing Pool has received major repairs and is still in use. Many alumni also remember with pleasure the affable Oliver “Scrappy” Kessing who came out of Navy retirement to start the Navy’s Pre-flight program at Chapel Hill in early 1941.

Other schools in the country that were selected were: The University of Georgia, The University of Iowa, and St. Mary’s College in California. These schools had good athletic facilities and the navy was willing, where needed, to supplement their facilities.

Each school had a capacity of 1800-2400 cadets. 200 came in every 2 weeks and graduated 14 weeks later. The schools emphasized physical training, drilling and elementary seamanship. From pre-flight, the students went to primary training bases, then intermediary schools, and finally advanced flight training before they received their wings.

Admiral Thomas Hamilton, in a 1983 interview at Annapolis, was highly complimentary of “Scrappy” Kessing saying the success of all of the Navy’s Pre-flight Programs was due to his energy, his resourcefulness, his determination, and his exacting standards.

When Admiral “Bull” Halsey took command of the South Pacific Fleet in 1943, he thought at once of Commander Oliver Owen (“Scrappy”) Kessing, able officer and old friend, and requested the Bureau of Personnel to order him to the South Pacific in the temporary rank of captain. The bureau replied,

“Regret his service unavailable,” to which Halsey, who knew better, replied hotly, “Make his services available.” After a further exchange of snappish radio messages, the bureau capitulated in part. It notified Halsey that Kessing was on his way, but said nothing about the promotion.

Halsey told Admiral Nimitz that he was fed up with the bureau’s obstructionism and swore that, if the requested promotion had not come through by the time he got back to Noumea, he would send a message to Kessing and an information copy to the bureau: “You will assume rank, uniform, and title of captain, U.S. Navy.” Nimitz threw up his hands. “No! For God’s sake, don’t do it!” he exclaimed. “You’ll foul up everything!”

“You wait and see,” replied Halsey.

If Nimitz took action, he left no record of it. The fact remains, however, that confirmation of Scrappy’s promotion arrived in time to prevent a showdown between Halsey and the bureau.

A 1914 graduate of the Naval Academy, Kessing served with distinction in the Pacific, commanding bases at Tulagi, Bougainville, Ulithia, and finally the base at Yokosuka, Japan. At War’s end he had earned: the Legion of Merit with two Gold Stars, Bronze Star, the Navy-Marine Corps Medal, the Secretary of Navy Commendation Ribbon with Star, and the Victory Medal with Star.

Later he served for one year as President of the All-American Football Conference which later became the American Football League. After this he retired back to Chapel Hill and later moved to Coronado, California. His three sons were commissioned as Naval officers and continued their contacts with Chapel Hill and UNC.

“Scrappy” retired as a Rear Admiral and was living in

Coronado when, as an active duty Naval officer, I had the pleasure of becoming his friend during the late 1950's.

Perhaps the late William D. Carmichael, Jr., best described "Scrappy:" "The Trustees of the University of North Carolina could not have chosen anything more appropriate to name in honor of Commodore Kessing than the outdoor swimming pool. All his life a man of God's great outdoors, he loved the water, the air, the sky, the sun, and the stars ... There is even appropriate

symbolism in the pool's chlorine salt, for 'Scrappy' Kessing was the saltiest of all salts—the salt of the earth."

NOTES

1. Oral interview with Rear Admiral Thomas J. Hamilton in 1983, pp. 63 & 99 available Naval Academy Library, Annapolis, Maryland

2. E. B. Potter - *Bull Halsey* - p. 196 (Annapolis: Naval Institute Press)

3. The author graduated from UNC in 1957 with a B.S. in Business Administration and received a commission in the Navy through the University's NROTC Program. After two years active duty, he returned

LTC (Ret) James A. Black, U-2 Pilot

Written and compiled by Wayne Campbell, COL (Ret)

Past President, North Carolina Military Historical Society, Past President, NCSA

"I just want to fly!"

Have you ever wanted to do something so badly that almost nothing could stop you? Well that would apply to Jimmy Black, life-long Presbyterian, fellow Sunday school member, fellow retired armed services member and exceptional friend.

Jimmy was born on April 30, 1927, in York, South Carolina, and at age 17 took a train to Clemson, SC, and began college studies as a student at Clemson University. This was a very short-lived education as it was interrupted for his going on active duty after having joined the Navy B-5 program four months earlier.

Even though the war was formally ended in Europe in May 1945, it did not end in the Pacific until August 14, 1945, when then President Truman announced the surrender of Japan. During this time of winding down operations, Jimmy spent four months in Minnesota where he learned to fly a Piper Cub aircraft, and he paid for the lessons out of his own pocket. You see, that airplane was being developed the same year Jimmy was born and he had grown up with an "itch" to fly.

After military reclassification at Great Lakes, MI, and then to the Navy Receiving Station at Shoemaker, CA, on to Treasure Island in San Francisco, it was back to Shoemaker where he was discharged. Between riding a bus part of the way and "thumbing" the rest of the way, he made it back to South Carolina! A very short-lived military career at that point, but now he was a pilot!

He, along with thousands of other veterans, was returning home and continuing his education. Back to Clemson in September 1946, and where the student population had been 800 the year before, it was now over 3,000. The G.I. Bill! Jimmy graduated from Clemson University with a Bachelor of Science in Textile Manufacturing in 1949, and with that degree he was successful in securing employment with a textile hardware company in Clinton, SC. The beginning of the American Dream! But the skies still beckoned! He still yearned for "up there" and not "down here."

But think about the year in history's line up. ... The problems in Korea were manifesting themselves—big time! And Jimmy, who continued to look up at the skies with that itch to get up there, drove to Columbia, SC, and walked into the Air Force Recruiting Station and proudly announced "I can fly!"

Well, guess what. The Air Force lost his paper work! Now I

know Jimmy Black to be a very patient man, so after hearing nothing for four months, he stopped back in, and it took him until 1952 to obtain enlistment as an Enlisted Cadet in the United States Air Force in Bainbridge, GA.

Again, it seems that he allowed very little to stand in his way of accomplishing that dream to fly!

He then went to and successfully completed all of the flight schools offered and began flying the RF-86 over China in 1955.

This aircraft had been converted from a fighter to allow the installation of camera equipment for taking pictures on reconnaissance or "over-flight" missions. It is described as a day fighter with accommodations for just one person, the pilot. It was designed to travel at speeds from 600 to 700 mph, depending on the altitude. It had some armament unless it had all been removed for the installation of cameras.

The U-2 aircraft came on the scene in July 1955. The U-2 was a high-altitude reconnaissance

plane. Jimmy says that before the program was finished there were about 60 U-2 aircraft that were owned not only by the US Air Force but also by the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA.) My friend Jimmy flew these flights for the Air Force. Jimmy met the famous U-2 pilot, Francis Gary Powers, at Turner Air Force Base in Georgia in 1955, and you recall that Powers was shot down over the Soviet Union in May 1960.

I once asked my friend if he had ever been shot at in either type plane, and he said, "No, but I knew the 23rd Psalm by heart and said it often." It was, indeed, very dangerous work. The U-2 was about four times as big as the RF-86 but still had only one crew, the pilot. The ceiling for this aircraft was about 85,000 feet, and a flight could last up to 12 hours. Jimmy logged 1,040 hours in the U-2 during his six years of flying it! It has been referred to by those who flew it as the "black lady of espionage," but to many the Lockheed U-2 was simply "The Dragon Lady." As a U-2 pilot, you did not just get out of bed one morning and decide to go on a recon mission. Every flight was approved by then President Eisenhower.

Jimmy was a member of the 4080th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing which had been activated May 1, 1956, at Turner Air Force Base (AFB) in Georgia. It moved to Laughlin AFB in Texas in April 1957. It was moved to Davis-Monthan AFB in Arizona in 1963. The unit was reassigned to the Fifteenth Air Force, 12th



The U-2 flies at 70,000 feet, gathering surveillance and signals intelligence data in real time from anywhere in the world.

Strategic Aerospace Division, July 12, 1963, but this was simply a name change.

Jimmy reflected that the mountains of North Carolina, Virginia, and Tennessee were looked at as close in topography to the mountains of Korea and as such were often used in training.

He has talked about flying over Communist China and especially Shanghai. Jimmy took pictures, thousands upon thousands of pictures. There were also thousands of air samples to be taken. It was not all “James Bond...ish.” If one could calculate the value of the information obtained by all of the trips that were made by this American patriot, it would be easy to see why he has a chest full of military awards and decorations. Try some of these on for size: Distinguished Flying Cross with 10 Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Medal with 10 Oak Leaf Clusters, Air Force Commendation Medal with 10 Oak Leaf Clusters, and many, many more.

He was assigned in many locations throughout the world, including Korea and Japan, and also served in Viet Nam for a year in 1971.

He retired from active duty with the United States Air Force on November 30, 1973, as a Lieutenant Colonel. His DD Form 214 reflects that he had a total of 28 years 7 months and 14 days

in very honorable service to our country. Almost five years of that were spent in overseas assignments. In those many years, he had flown all over the world, many times, and from a position of height that only a very few are or will ever be able to do.

Jimmy and his wife, Charlene, have two daughters, their spouses, and two teenage grandsons.

When Jimmy reflects on what he wants people to remember about him, it is apparent that he will always be a pilot, and then in talking with him in greater detail it is even more apparent that he wants to be remembered as someone who loved his church.

Jimmy expressed to me that one of the greatest disappointments he ever had, and still has, is the fact that he was never able to tell his mother what he did as a heavily decorated U.S. Air Force officer for his country. You see, the U-2 information was not declassified until 1996 and his mother was deceased by then.

Jimmy, I believe that your mother must often look down on you and your family and feel such great pride in what you have done with your family, your church and your country. I know that your actions reflect great credit upon yourself, your country, and your fellow man.

The Battle of St. Lo & the Breakout

The 30th Infantry Division in World War II

By Frank Towers

Reprinted by permission of Frank Towers, 30th Infantry Division Veterans of WWII

The 30th Infantry Division was not involved in the initial onslaught of D-Day as were the 1st, 29th, and 4th Infantry Divisions and the 2nd and 5th Ranger Battalions, but as time went on, the 30th received its full share of unexpected wartime disasters.

From all historical accounts and much other publicity, the Battle of St. Lo was won alone by the 29th Infantry Division, but it must not be overlooked that they had a lot of assistance from the 1st, 35th, and 30th Infantry Divisions. Without the assistance of these Divisions, it would have taken much longer and at a greater loss of lives to the men of the 29th Infantry Division.

This account will cover the major assistance given to the 29th Infantry Division by the 30th Infantry Division.

The 30th Division was committed to its baptism of fire on 15 June 1944 in a sector previously occupied by the 501st Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division, with its first headquarters being established at a point just one mile south of Isigny, after leaving Omaha Beach.

A few small communities were liberated, the Vire et Taute Canal crossed, and the first town, St. Jean-de-Daye, was liberated on 7 July. The Battle for St. Lo had begun seriously on 3 July, continuing on for the next few days with fierce hedgerow fighting. In preparation for this great decisive battle, the 30th Infantry Division was assigned the formidable task of taking the high ground, a ridge, just to the west of St. Lo.

This was accomplished by 20 July, and thus denied the Germans of their prime observation positions overlooking St. Lo, which had been the major deterrent for the 29th Division to enter and liberate the City of St. Lo.

With St. Lo liberated and in the hands of the 29th Infantry Division, the next major task for the 30th Infantry Division was to create a major breach in the German defensive line, running parallel to the St. Lo-Periers highway. This was called “Operation Cobra.”

Reorganization had taken place during the short lull in the battle while preparing for Operation Cobra which included filling the ranks with new replacements, caused by the many casualties endured in the past month. Each individual and unit was re-supplied with additional equipment and ammunition, in anticipation of the expansion after the planned breakthrough.

Plans and preparations were made and studied thoroughly, so that every man in each unit knew his job and how the overall plan was to work. All we had to wait for was notification of H-Hour on the designated date.

The general plan called for a tremendous air bombardment by the Air Corps, followed by a huge artillery saturation. Then at H-Hour, the 30th was to move forward swiftly through the hedgerows, overcome the Main Line of Resistance of the Germans, creating a wide breach in the MLR. This would allow Gen. George Patton, Jr., and his newly formed Third Army to pass through our lines and to exploit the breakthrough, then swiftly proceed southward towards the Brest Peninsula.

In the days immediately preceding the target date, then set for 24 July, Gen. Omar Bradley and others were in England coordinating the battle plan and attack with the Air Corps.

Considerable argument arose concerning the direction of the Air Corps attack and bombing. The Air Corps wanted to bomb head on, perpendicular to the German MLR—the St. Lo-Periers

highway, as this would allow the least amount of exposure time for the planes to be targeted by the German anti-aircraft artillery. Gen. Bradley disagreed with this approach, as it would be too risky for such close in bombing, in case of a few bombs being dropped short of their target.

He demanded that the Air Corps plan to bomb the MLR from an East to West direction, parallel to the St. Lo-Periers highway, thus lessening the possibility of any bombs dropping short and landing on our troops poised for the jump-off.

The target date of 24 July was set, and H-Hour was set for 11:30 a.m. All was well so far, with everything and everybody in readiness to jump off, including Gen. Patton and his Third Army. A few hours prior to H-Hour, all of the troops of the 30th were withdrawn 1,200 yards to the North, just in case, and to allow for any misdirected bombs or artillery shells dropping short.

About one hour before H-Hour, there were over 50 battalions of artillery of various caliber firing into the target area. It was the heaviest artillery barrage since the Omaha Beach landings.

At 15 minutes prior to the H-Hour, the 30th Division Artillery fired a preparation of red smoke shells, to be dropped on the southern side of the St. Lo-Periers highway. This was to more clearly define the Bomb-Line for the Air Corps.

Disaster was about to strike!

As soon as the red smoke shells were fired, landed, and exploded, and the red smoke began to disperse along the MLR and highway, just as it was planned, a slight breeze from the South came up, and the smoke began to slowly drift back towards the north. In just a matter of minutes, the red smoke was on top of our 30th Division men, waiting for H-Hour.

When the planes left England, they were operating under radio silence, and there was no means established at that time to reach the planes, to divert or call off the bombing. Ground to air liaison was later established, due to this incident, but even then, it was not totally perfected.

At this very same time, the high pitched drone of the engines of over 350 P-47's, followed by the deeper drone of 1,500 heavy bombers, could be heard coming from the north—not from the east as had been planned and expected.

Since there was no ground to air liaison or contact, and since the planes were required to maintain radio silence from the time they left England until their mission was accomplished, there was no way whatsoever to warn them about the northward drift of the red smoke and to request that they bomb the area south of the red smoke and the St. Lo-Periers highway.

As the armada of planes reached the designated target area, bombs began to be released, raining down directly on the "red smoke line" and our 30th Division troops!

Such a tragedy!! Could it have been avoided? Why did the Air Corps, after agreeing to bomb parallel to the MLR, bomb perpendicular to the MLR? Who was responsible for this decision change? Perhaps we will never know nor get any satisfactory answers.

On 24 July, the 120th Regiment sustained 24 men killed and 128 wounded; the 119th Regiment had 5 killed and 28 wounded, as a result of this tragedy, but the 117th Regiment escaped because they were in reserve at this particular time. Other Divisions to our right and left also sustained some losses, but the 30th being in the center of the line, the main point of the planned

breakthrough, took the heaviest losses.

It was a tremendously demoralizing blow to the men of the 30th! But, quite naturally, the planned attack at H-Hour on that day at 11:30 a.m. was cancelled. It was immediately decided to execute the same attack plan the following day, 25 July, with the infantry to jump off in the attack at 11 a.m. In such a short time, it was extremely difficult to reorganize, resupply and integrate a few available replacements and be ready for this second attempt at the same plan at H-Hour on the 25th.

The next morning arrived, bright and sunny, as on the day before. All was in readiness: Troops were withdrawn 1,200 yards, artillery poured its barrage on the designated target areas and marked the MLR with red smoke shells, and they awaited H-Hour.

Unknown to most, only one thing was different. In recent days, Lt. Gen. Leslie McNair, who had recently left his post in Washington as C.G. Army Ground Forces, was assigned to a newly created position and found himself at the headquarters of the 2nd Battalion of the 120th Infantry Regiment, where the most casualties had occurred the day before. His purpose was to observe the actions and readiness of the troops and the air drop, to see if it could be determined what went wrong on the previous day, and how it could possibly have been prevented.

The preparation time had arrived and the "red smoke shells" went out, falling directly on the predesignated targets, the MLR just south of the St. LO-Periers highway. Again, much to their dismay, the slight southerly breeze came up, drifting the red smoke back about 1,200 yards, right on top of our troops, just as it had the day before!

The sound of the droning planes were again heard to the North. With the clear sky, it was easy to see the relatively low flying bombers, as they opened their bomb bays, and the bombs began falling out. To their horror, they were being dropped right on our troops once again.

For a second day in a row, tragedy struck the 30th Infantry Division, with 64 more men killed and 374 wounded and 60 missing in action. Those missing in action, were presumably buried alive in this bombing, and were later uncovered and accounted for. Some received direct hits in their foxholes and were totally vaporized. To add to this tragedy, Lt. Gen. Leslie Mc Nair was killed in this action! Such a tragic loss to occur on the first day of his combat observation.

Now what to do? Cancel again? Go ahead with the attack? These were the questions facing not only the 30th Division, but questions facing the adjacent Divisions who had not been affected by the bombing but were in complete readiness to jump off at H-Hour, and the Corps and Army Headquarters.

Quickly the decision was made—to go ahead with the attack as planned. The Germans "had been warned" for two days in a row, and the element of surprise was entirely gone by now.

Hastily, the front line units were reorganized as best they could under the circumstances, but there were no replacements available nor was there time for re-supplying and re-equipping the troops. They would just have to do the best that they could with what they had.

Thus, a poorly led, equipped and demoralized army of men went forward to do the best that they could do.

They found that the Germans were not as badly hurt as they had anticipated, were well dug in, and held their defensive posi-

tions very well, but in short order, their MLR was breached. It was found that the Germans had been unable to move any armor up to the front, or additional replacements, so there was little depth to the MLR. Once it had been breached, the way was open for Patton and his Third Army to break through and head for Brest.

The 30th Infantry Division was soon pinched out of the front line and went into reserve for the first time since their combat action began on 15 June. After these past 49 days, the men had the opportunity to get a shower—a first for everyone—replace clothing and equipment, take in replacements for the casualties of

the bombing and breaching the MLR, and a short but well deserved rest. A U.S.O. show and movies were available for most and was a welcome change of activity.

The rest period was short lived, as the 30th was called upon to hurriedly entruck southward toward Mortain. Their mission was to relieve the 1st Infantry Division, which was in a quiet defensive position, but holding a critical pivot point on Hill #314. All was quiet here! The 1st Division was to be transferred and join Patton's Third Army to head for Malo and Brest. They bid us good bye and wished us well.

Little did they know what they had left behind.

A Fatal Volley and a Lost Flag

The 18th North Carolina at the Battle of Chancellorsville

By Tom Belton



The North Carolina Museum of History recently acquired a North Carolina Civil War battle flag with a unique history. In December 1862 the all-North Carolina Branch-Lane Brigade received new battle flags. These were different from other battle flags issued to Tar Heel regiments in that the battle honors were in white paint, instead of the usual black or blue, and, unlike other flags, the honors were painted on both the obverse and reverse sides. The Eighteenth North Carolina was one of the five North Carolina regiments in the Branch-Lane Brigade that received this pattern flag. Six months later, the 18th North Carolina would be responsible for the death of one of the South's greatest military leaders.

On the evening of May 2, 1863 at Chancellorsville, Virginia, the 18th North Carolina was in a line of battle ready to attack retreating Federal soldiers. At the same time Lieutenant General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson and his staff had ridden out in

front of Confederate lines on a reconnaissance mission. When Jackson and his staff returned unannounced, firing broke out along the Southern battle line. In the confusion soldiers from the 18th North Carolina fired into the dark woods at what they believed was Federal cavalry, mortally wounding Jackson. Severely wounded by the gunfire, Jackson died a week later of pneumonia.

The following day, the 18th North Carolina's battle flag was captured by New Jersey troops when the regiment's color bearer, Corporal Owen J. Eakins of New Hanover County, was killed during the Battle of Chancellorsville. Apparently the captured flag was never forwarded to the United States War Department as required by regulations and its existence was unknown to the North Carolina Museum of History until 1992 when the museum received a letter from its owner.

The postwar history of the flag is unclear, but it likely passed through several owners before being acquired by a New Jersey educator in the early 1970s. He agreed to loan the historic flag to the museum, where it was conserved and appeared in a major Civil War exhibit from 1999-2005. Recently, the owner agreed to sell the flag to the museum for a reduced price and take the remaining value of the flag as a tax credit. The flag is now a per-



manent part of the museum's Civil War collection which ensures future generations will continue to view this important artifact from North Carolina's military past.

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry

By James C. Macrae

Dean of Law School, University of North Carolina

The last decade of the Eighteenth Century was a time of trouble and perplexity to the young Republic which had so recently achieved its independence and taken place among the Nations.

Indeed, from the peace of 1783 to the defeat of Packenham, some thirty years later, the permanent existence of the United States was an unsolved problem. With no standing army, a long and unprotected coast line, and a small, tough, gallant, naval armament, its hope and reliance was upon its citizen soldiery.

North Carolina was, at the end of the century, one of the strongest States in the Union, with all the elements of future prosperity. It had no cities nor large towns in its borders, but it had a population filled with the spirit of liberty. It was in those early days when the life of the Republic seemed threatened with foreign wars that the town of Fayetteville on the thirty-third of August, 1793, called its young men together to organize a volunteer military company.

Robert Allen, a young Scotch merchant, was elected Captain, John Wilslow, Lieutenant, and Robert Cochran, Ensign. These were leading citizens of Fayetteville in their day, and up to the present time their successors have been the worthiest representatives of their community.

This sketch is largely made from an address delivered on the occasion of the Centennial of the Company, with such addenda as may embrace some reference to the very important public services rendered by the Company since the close of its first century. A history of the organization would require much larger space than has been allotted to this paper, but the archives of the command contain full records and rosters, and one may find in several instances five generations of Fayetteville men upon its rolls.

The characteristic of the organization from its inception may be summed up in the word, *duty*. Its leaders and promoters were men of intelligence and position.

It was not formed for the simple purpose of giving grace to holiday pageants, but for the defense of the people in the rights and liberties. It realized the true conception of a citizen soldiery, for its members were *citizens* as well as soldiers. The same spirit which induced them to submit to discipline, that they might become efficient soldiers, led them also to take up the responsibilities incident to citizenship, without the bearing of which there can be no real enjoyment, of the benefits of good government.

So, they were the upholders of law and order, and in time of agitation were ever ready to preserve the peace.

The strength and value of a military organization in community, under the direction of cool and intrepid men (for with any other leaders they become a firebrand and source of anxiety and of danger), can only be fully appreciated by those whose business it has been to execute the laws.

With the exception of those occasions when it was absent in active service, and when, in the overpowering calamity which fell upon us all, we were deprived of our arms, it has ever been the bulwark of these people's safety and the nucleus around which they might rally for defence.

It was organized in those unsettled times when the States of the American Union, having just emerged from the several years struggle for freedom, each found itself face to face with the great problems of government which, pending the conflict, had been held in abeyance; political feeling ran high, the spirit of peace had not yet calmed the passions of the recent combatants, and it seemed that the new and scarce formed nation was about to face as enemies those who had been its recent friends and allies. The first apparent necessity was the establishment of an armed militia for protection against all foes, both foreign and domestic.

It was then, before the laws, which were soon after passed for its organization, that this company was brought into existence. And on July 23, 1807, when a second war with England was imminent and the President had warned the militia to be in readiness for an

emergency, this company tendered him its services in the following resolution which was communicated to the President:

“He that hath no stomach for this fight let him depart.”

Resolved unanimously, That we very much admire, and highly approve of the dignified, manly and independent sentiments contained in the proclamation of the President of the United States; and having observed that he has ordered the raising of the militia, to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning, and it is his pleasure to accept Volunteers to compose a part thereof.

Resolved unanimously, That the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company, officers and soldiers voluntarily tender their services, with this declaration that although as citizens, they highly appreciate the blessings of peace, yet, as citizen soldiers, they are ever ready to avenge an insult offered to their country by any nation whatever, and pledge themselves to be ready, whenever called upon, for the defense of such measures as may be adopted by the Government.

In acknowledgment of this tender, President Jefferson, tender his own hand, wrote as follows:

To Captain John McMillan, and the Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry Company

The offer of your services in support of the rights of your country merits the highest praise. And whenever the moment arrives in which these rights must appeal to the public arm for support, the spirit from which your offer flows, that which animates our nation, will be their sufficient safeguard.

To the legislature will be rendered a faithful account of the events which have so justly excited the sensibilities of our country, of the measures taken to obtain reparation and of their result; and to their wisdom will belong the course to be ultimately pursued.

In the meantime it is our duty to pursue that prescribed by the existing laws, toward which should your services be requisite, this offer of them will be remembered.

I tender for your country the thanks you so justly deserve.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, WASHINGTON
July 31, 1807

In 1813, when the enemy threatened to make a landing on our coast, it promptly marched to Wilmington, and there was the special bodyguard of Governor Hawkins, the Commander-in-Chief of the North Carolina forces. Upon the conclusion of its tour of

service it was relieved from duty in the following communication:

To Lieutenant WM. BARRY GROVE.

SIR: I am commanded by his Excellency the Commander-in-Chief of the state of North Carolina, to express through you to the officers and privates of your company, the very high approbation which they merit, and which they have met with, for their prompt and soldier-like march to one of the vulnerable points of our state when it was invaded. And to his Excellency it is a high gratification that all composing your company have done all that could be expected from officers and soldiers. Stimulated by this laudable example, it is confidently hoped the militia of the state of North Carolina will derive much benefit.

On your arrival in the town of Fayetteville you will dismiss from duty the members composing your company. I am, with much regard,

Your obedient servant,

F. N. W. BURTON, *Aid.*

In 1825, it attended LaFayette upon his visit to Fayetteville, the name of this town having been changed in 1784 from Cross Creek to honor the distinguished soldier who had done so much to achieve for us our liberty.

In 1846, when North Carolina was called upon to send a regiment to Mexico, while it was, of course, impracticable that this company, composed as it was of the leading business and professional men of the town, should go on foreign service, it sent out a noncommissioned officer, Sergeant W. E. Kirkpatrick, to take command of the Cumberland Company F of the North Carolina Regiment as its Captain, advanced him to the same rank in its own company, and at the close of the Mexican war received him with distinguished honors.

In the peaceful days which followed, it continued to be the pride and glory of the town, ready in every emergency, foremost on every festive occasion—making casual visits to its brother commands in other towns, and keeping up its own *esprit de corps* by a generous rivalry with the other companies of the town.

On the 15th of April, 1861, after the Confederate States had been formed by the resumption of the sovereignty of the State of South Carolina and those to the south of her, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling upon the States for 75,000 troops “to put down these combinations,” and this was the declaration which brought about the war between the States.

Immediately upon the publication in Fayetteville of this proclamation on the 17th day of April, the Independent Company unanimously rendered itself to the Governor of North Carolina to serve in opposition to the coercion policy of the Federal Government of which North Carolina was still a part.

Its tender was accepted, and its first service, in conjunction with the other companies of the town and country, was the taking possession of the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville, where it remained as guard until May 7, when, being relieved, it went into camp on Harrington Hill, and on the morning of the 9th of May, 108 strong it went to Raleigh, whither it had been preceded by the LaFayette Light Infantry, a magnificent company, with which it was at once embodied into the First Regiment of North Carolina Volunteers, and on the 20th of May 1861, when the ordinance of succession was adopted by the people of North Carolina in convention at Raleigh, it was already tasting the never-to-be-forgotten hospitality of the people of Richmond in camp at Howard’s

Grove in that famous city.

Though it had offered itself for ten years or the war, it had been mustered in for six months. It served its term on the Peninsula; its regiment, having taken a leading part in the engagement at Big Bethel, received the name of the Bethel Regiment, which was retained by its successor, the 11th North Carolina Troops.

Upon the return of the company home at the end of six months, while its organization was retained, its members, many of them having been fitted for command by their service in the ranks, became officers in other companies and regiments and on the general staff.

Many entered the ranks of other commands and there illustrated the effect of the fine discipline to which they had been subjected under the tutelage of their old Regimental Commander, D. H. Hill.

A remnant remained at home and kept up the organization. Too few to form a separate company in the field, they performed a tour of duty at and near Fort Fisher, as part of the Clarendon Guards. For a few years after the close of the war, they were not permitted to bear arms, but they kept their organization, meeting each year upon their anniversary for that purpose. It was not long, however, before the federal troops were withdrawn, and the days of reconstruction were over, and at once they were reequipped and armed.

In 1876, this company with its distinguished guests today, the Washington Light Infantry of Charleston, S.C., was part of the Centennial Legion, and assisted in the opening of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and before its return visited Boston by special invitation, where its officers and men were treated with marked consideration.

For some years it constituted the first company of the Second Regiment of the State Guard and attended the annual encampments, but upon the adoption by the Guard of a distinctive uniform for all its members, this company, having been allowed by special legislation to select its own uniform and preferring to retain that which it wears today, became by order of the Commander-in-Chief, the late Governor Fowle, an unattached company of the North Carolina Troops.

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
GENERAL HEADQUARTERS
ADJUTANT GENERAL’S OFFICE, RALEIGH
May 8, 1890

GENERAL ORDERS No. 6

Company A, Second Regiment, North Carolina State Guard, is allowed to withdraw from the State Guard and is restored to its former status as an independent Company, to be designated as the Fayetteville Light Infantry Company, under the Act of the General Assembly of 1819. It will be subject only to orders from the Commander-in-Chief.

It will retain the arms and equipment now in its possession, but the overcoats heretofore issued to it whilst a member of the State Guard will be returned to Col. F. A. Olds, Quartermaster General, who, upon receipt of the same will deliver to said Company the bond executed by said Company for said overcoats.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

JAMES D. GLENN,
Adjutant General

Recently it became again a company of the State Guard, and the question has arisen as to its right to wear the Confederate

gray and is still unsettled.

No wonder, then, that with its record of long and faithful service, this ancient and honorable corps has become well known in North Carolina and beyond its borders. No wonder that it has been the recipient of marks of special regard from time to time at the hands of the Legislature.

In 1819 a joint resolution was passed by the General Assembly giving to its commanders the rank of Major and to its Lieutenants that of Captain "so long as the corps shall continue to hold itself armed and equipped agreeably to the tenor of its rules and regulations." As I had occasion to say in an address to this company on its 81st anniversary in the year 1850, an act was passed to encourage this company, by the terms of which its officers and men were exempted from the performance of jury duty; but this favor was unanimously declined upon the ground that its duty as soldiers did not and ought not to relieve its members from any of the duties incident to citizenship.

Thus was evinced the high spirit of the corps and the devotion of its members to the performance of duty.

Could I recount to you the pleasant traditions and some of the peculiar customs pertaining to this company, it might afford you some amusement, but they are already perpetuated in successive addresses which have been delivered on the former anniversaries.

Some day, and it is to be hoped at no great distance, your historian will gather them into a book and hand them down the line, that those who come after your may, like you, partake of the spirit of the fathers.

The last public act performed by this company was a few weeks ago in Raleigh when it followed the remains of the great man who had been the President of the Confederate States, as they passed to their place at Hollywood, testifying the respect of its members for his memory, and seeking participation in whatever may be awarded of praise or blame to him who was the embodiment of all that was left of their Common cause.

If by any strange mischance the career of this company was closed with its century of service, what an honorable end it would have reached before giving up its arms and passing into history, that its last act should have been to follow the bier of Jefferson Davis as it bore him to his eternal rest.

Organized, as this company was, a few years after the adoption of the Constitution of the United States by the State Convention assembled in this town, of the circumstances of which adoption, the fierce and bitter contest, the thorough discussion, and the guarantees of personal freedom and State autonomy required before final action, we have all been made quite familiar by the recent celebration in this place of its centennial, and the splendid oration there pronounced by Senator M. W. Ransom, and the impromptu speech of great merit by Senator Vance, the officers and men were thoroughly imbued with the first principles of loyalty to the State, which was its sovereign, except as to certain powers and jurisdictions for special purposes granted to the general government. They have ever been true to these traditions, and, recognizing certain changes tending to strengthen and perpetuate the union of sovereign States brought about by the submission of the question in dispute to the ultimate arbitrament of arms, they are, as ever, true and steadfast in their devotion to North Carolina and the Constitutional Union of which she now forms an independent and indestructible part.

No question has ever been made by the State authorities which this company has not obeyed with alacrity.

Distinguished among, and not above, its comrade companies by reason of its great age and repeated services; the last public relic of the hallowed past, except the venerable University which is its senior in years but is perennial in its strength and in the renewal of its youth; surviving the old Constitution, the best ever made for a free people; surviving the old judiciary system and the executive and legislative departments, for they all gave place in 1868, to the new ideas and forms of government begotten of the last revolution, it ought to have some mark by which it may be known among its fellows.

It might, under the special laws which govern it, have chosen to be recognized by the old uniform of blue and buff which it wore for many years. But when it came to take up its arms again after an enforced suspension, it was thought it might be well to cling to that garb which typified its greatest service to the commonwealth; it was thought that it might serve to teach the coming generations to revere the memory of the fathers who wore the gray; to know that there rests no stain of treason upon those who, clad in the Confederate colors, lost all but honor on the field of battle.

It was thought that it might further illustrate for those who shall see it march wherever duty calls in future years, that they who took the parole of honor to bear faithful allegiance to the United States were none the worse for the struggle they had made to compass the freedom of the State; that their patriotism was in no way weakened, and that the old company could be as instant in discharge of duty to constituted authority in this year of grace, 1893, as they were in the days of '61; that it might serve to bind to the grand future of a united and prosperous nation in the 20th Century the traditions of the no less glorious Confederacy, when the gray-clad soldier marched with Robert Lee and rode in the column where Wade Hampton led.

And so, at the sacrifice of much that was pleasant and companionable and profitable, this company, in no spirit of insubordination, but simply in the exercise of a discretion granted years ago by those who made the laws which govern us, has chosen to retain the gray uniform as an object lesson in the teaching of those things which will serve to lead enthusiastic youth to honor virtue and heroism, whether its reward is victory, or its issue death.

We are honored by the presence at our festival of comrades from Virginia and South Carolina whose splendid companies vie with ours in age and which, like ours, have renewed their youth and yet preserved the traditions of the early days of the Republic.

Each of them, like our own, has been the pride of its State and the honor of its community.

We have already welcomed them to the freedom of the city. We thank them for the soldierly distinction with which they have come to join us in the celebration of our natal day. The Richmond Light Infantry Blues celebrated its centennial in May; it shares with us the honor of having tendered its services to the President in 1807, and taken part in the war of 1812, and its record in the late war has covered it with Glory. And in this connection there is a tender episode in its history which binds it fast in our affections. It was in a gallant defense of the soil of our own State at Roanoke Island, on the 9th day of February, 1862, that its peerless young commander fell pierced with the messenger of death.

His last words made the battle cry of the command until the scene closed upon the remnant left at Appomattoch: "Fight on, fight on, keep cool."

Of all the lifeblood poured out for years on Southern soil, there was none that welled from knightlier heart than that of Jennings Wise.

Our kindred and friends, the Washington Light Infantry, from the sister Carolina, have come to us from the citadel of liberty, the city of Charleston.

They, too, have traced their lineage from those early days of our country's history, have added to the glory of South Carolina in all her struggles for constitutional freedom, and we are bound to them by all the ties of a common cause and a common fate. Their record in the war of 1812 and that between the States was worthy of the reputation of their State and city.

To add to the interest of the occasion, they bear with them the crimson flag of the Cowpens and of Eutaw, the banner under which Virginia and the twin Carolinas rushed to vietort! Long may this sacred standard remain in the keeping of the brave and gallant men who hold it now.

May the friendships formed between the two commands in 1876 ripen now into more intimate knowledge of each other as distance has been so shortened by the new lines of communication between Charleston and our town.

Nothing could have been more appropriate than the participation of these representaties of our neighbor States in the celebration of our centennial.

When each of these commands was formed there was a fresh memory of the heroic campaigns of 1780-81, when the patriot troops of Virginia and the Carolinas dealt the blow to Ferguson at Kings Mountain, which turned the tide that had overborne the state of South Carolina and was inteded to crush out liberty in North Carolina and Virginia. With the Maryland Line and Washington's Light Horse, they gained a victory at the Cowpens under Morgan.

And after Cornwallis had been forced at Guilford to turn his course to the sea and abandon his idea of conquest, again they struck at Eutaw such a blow as resulted in the retreat of the invader to the coast, and the virtual redemption of South Carolina.

In all these desperate encounters the men of the three States stood together and the Maryland Line, the Delaware Contingent (the blue hen's chickens) and the Georgia troops, Light Horse Harry Lee and Swamp Fox Marion and Sumter, and old Ben Cleveland and Shelby and Graham and Campbell and Washington raised such a storm as swept the land of the invader and drove Cornwallis to his fate at Yorktown.

How fitting it is that we should meet here on common ground and recount the exploits of the fathers, keep alive their grand traditions, and resolve that we shall ever stand together, in war and in peace, as soldiers and as citizens.

The founders of this company have long since gone to their rest.

Fifty years ago there was a day of brave rejoicing. An address was delivered by Ed. Lee Winslow, Esq., and old member of the company, which was in itself a complete history of its first half century.

In 1850 on this day, you were addressed by Hon. Robert Strange who had been the Major Commandant, a Senator and a

Judge. His eloquent oration has been printed with Mr. Winslow's and is preserved in the archives.

In 1873, a distinguished South Carolinian, though a native of Fayetteville, Hon. W. S. Mullins, came to join with us in the celebration of the eighteenth anniversary and address his former comrades.

Time fails me to call over the list of the honored officers and members of this corps who have passed away.

God rest them in the land of Peace.

It is easier to speak of the olden times, the first years of the organization, because we never knew the actors in those stirring scenes; they were already in the halls of history when we were born.

But when we come to read the names of those when, in the vigor of manhood, took part in the festivities of the semicentennial, or when we recall the names of those who have since been its members and have gone, they are brought into the visible presence of our fathers and our brethren and the ground is hallowed when we stand in the show of our own memories.

It was an established custom in the olden time that on the 1st of May the company should appear in garments of immaculate white and act as escort of the fair young Queen of the May to the scene of her coronation, and for that day of all the year its fealty belongs to her majesty alone.

In later times, for one day in the year, it is under the orders of the Ladies' Memorial Association in the celebration of the solemn rites which they have instituted over the graves of the Confederate dead.

And for the small service it has rendered her she returns a tenfold devotion. No sacrifice has been too great for her to make in the past for the benefit of this company. Its silken banners are always the workmanship of her fair hands. Its festive board is garnished with her exquisite taste.

But how can I recount the many tokens of her favor? She is here today in all her loveliness to grace the festival. If I could express a wish that would include all good to the members of this old company, it should be that each one shall be truly worthy of the tender love of one of these fair women.

For the members of the Veteran Corps and those of the dispersed abroad, who are here to join in this most interesting occasion, we have the heartiest welcome. They will rejoice to see that at the entrance of the old company upon its second century it has laid the foundations of an elegant armory, under whose temporary roof we assemble today, and which it expects from time to time to enlarge and beautify and embellish until it shall be in itself a history of the corps.

God speed the young men in this undertaking. May they realize that there is something of responsibility in taking up the escutcheon which bears the insignia of the F. I. L. I. upon it.

"He that hath no stomach to this fight, let him depart."

May they live and flourish and uphold the ancient reputation of the Corps and hand it down the New Century with undimmed lustre and renown.

So passed into history the first century of the existence of this command and the years rolled quickly on.

The controversy concerning the right of the Company to select and wear its own uniform under the resolution of 1819 was revived and became sharp and decisive.

An order from Governor Carr to the Company in 1893 had

required the return of the arms and other public property in its possession and had dropped the Company from the State Guard for failure to parade for inspection dressed in the regulation uniform, although it had been expressly invited by a former administration to resume its place in the State Guard as an unattached company subject to order direct from the Commander-in-Chief. The order was resented by the Company and itself set right in a long correspondence and after a long report by a committee of leading members of the Company to whom it was referred. This report is spread at length upon the records and reserves forever as a complete vindication of the action of the command under rather trying circumstances.

But the order of the Governor was promptly obeyed, the arms and other property of the State returned, and the Company as promptly armed and accounted itself and tendered its services to the Governor as an independent volunteer organization of the North Carolina Militia under the law of 1819.

Then came a time of great festivity. The Company was immensely popular, especially with the ladies, on account of its distinctive uniform.

In May 1894, it had a post of honor on the occasion of the unveiling of the Confederate Monument on Capitol Square in Raleigh, and was treated with distinguished consideration.

In the month of January 1898, there was a great mid-winter fair under its auspices in Fayetteville, which was attended by several of the visiting military companies, and there seemed to be for the community and for the country at large an era of lasting peace and prosperity.

The large and convenient armory was completed, the archives were kept therein, and the walls were adorned with the beautiful banners it had borne in its various service, and with the portraits of its worthy members and commanders.

To appropriate the words of one of its most devoted members and sons, the late Col. John D. Cameron, of Asheville:

The organization was formed of the best blood of Fayetteville; it was the pride of the sons to succeed the fathers, and such has been religiously observed. Service in such a company has always been esteemed an honor; and, for nearly a century, joining the Independent Company has been almost an essential to the young men of Fayetteville, as a formal declaration of manhood, as the assumption of the *toga virilis* by the youth of Rome.

Lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics, all have taken their turn in the ranks, and in their turn have succeeded to command; the course of promotion is uniform and inflexible; the lowest corporal, if he serves long enough, will in time rise to the rank of Major, but can only do so when those above him have passed through the same course by the rise and withdrawal of those who have attained the highest rank.

By this time the old town, itself scarred all over by fires of war, had begun to look up again; the old landmarks were being removed by the march of progress.

"Camp Adam" on Haymount, named for its first commander, where the beautiful Alay festivals used to be held, is now ceasing to be a memory. And the old shooting ground on Cross Creek where, after the target firing on the 23rd of August, the long tables groaned with the weight of the feast, and the shady grove resounded with eloquent periods, as the rippling waters made cool the summer air, and the "Foresters Spring" afforded purest beverage, either straight or mixed, according to the taste of the

drinker. And historical "Cool Spring" higher up the creek where on those banks for a century the company was accustomed to halt for refreshments and fire its memorial volley over the grave of old Isaac Hammond, the colored fifer, whose last wish it was to be laid where he might hear the music of the fife and the drum; are not all these things written in the rich chronicles of the old Independent Company?

Even now some of the quaint customs of the grandfathers are preserved. The young member of this company, be it officer of man, who takes unto himself a wife, must sure as fate meet the ordeal for every new-made benedict in the rank and file, a free ride around the company, thrice repeated, on the arms of his comrades at the next regular muster.

But the new century, so full of peaceful promise, had not gone far before in the clear sky rang out the call to arms, and of course the reveille sounded at the armory, and the citizen soldiers without a moment's hesitation took up their duty and responded to the summons, and young husbands and fathers and younger boys, whose furthest thoughts on yesterday had been of battles, were putting on their armor and off to the wars as their fathers had gone before them.

It was an easy matter now to settle the question of uniforms. This company was mustered into service of the United States as Company A, Second Regiment, N.C. Volunteers for the Spanish war.

Perhaps because of its being unattached to one of the regiments of the State Guard, or by some other strange mischance, its natural place at the head of the first regiment was filled by others, but it was supposed that North Carolina's two regiments, so promptly tendered and accepted, would have been among the first at the front.

The first regiment reached Havana, and the second, delayed by the work of preparation on the part of the government, was held in Raleigh for some weeks and then distributed along the coast awaiting transportation, when by reason of the total destruction of the Spanish Navy and the overpowering rush of the first American troops who reached the field, the war was brought to a sudden determination. And soon the men were at home again engaged in their ordinary avocations. The organization is kept up; the company is now a part of the State Guard of North Carolina and a beautiful arrangement has been made, well-pleasing to all concerned.

There is a battalion, the Gray and the Blue.

For all special occasions the company musters in the colors of the North Carolina State Guard, whatever it may be, blue now, but soon to be turned into some invisible khaki color, possibly gray.

The armory has been disposed of to the United States, its site is to be occupied by a public building; a newer and a finer armory will soon be provided and the progressive city of Fayetteville will take as much pride in the future of this ancient and honorable corps as the fathers and mothers did in the old company, whose history, like a golden thread, runs through the annals of the municipality and of the State.

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North Carolina Military Historical Society

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EDITOR'S COMMENT: *The following is a report, prepared by Tom Alexander, of the 2008 annual meeting of the Society:*

The Annual Meeting of the North Carolina Military Historical Society

By Tom Alexander

The Society's annual meeting was held on Saturday, May 10, 2008, at the North Carolina Museum of History. President Si Harrington presided, and a very impressive program followed a short business meeting. Many favorable comments were received from both members and guests.



Colonel Harrington welcomed our visitors and guests. He reminded everyone that we are always looking for new members, military or civilian, who have an interest in military history. Colonel Ripley is always looking for those willing to contribute articles to our publication, *Recall*,

and our fine military museum at Kure Beach near Fort Fisher welcomes donations of select military artifacts and cash.

General Charles Scott gave the Treasurer's report and Secretary Peggy Campbell gave the membership report.

The first of three speakers, Author and Historian Guntis Goncarovs of Clayton, N.C., was introduced by President Harrington. Mr. Goncarovs is the author of *Convergence of Valor, the Men of the H L Hunley*. Using the knowledge gained in researching and writing this book, he gave a brief biography of each of the *Hunley* crew members concentrating on their military careers.

The second speaker was Dr. Chris Fonvielle from the History Department of the University of North Carolina at Wilmington. He gave an excellent and learned presentation on the Wilmington campaign of 1865 based on his recently published book, *The Wilmington Campaign, the Last Rays of Departing Hope*.

The final speaker came dressed in period costume and gave her talk following lunch catered by CMSgt Fred Scott (USAF, Ret.). This speaker, Ms. Nora Brooks, favored us with a fascinating first person account of the life of Millie Lee, daughter of Confederate General Robert E. Lee.

Raffle items were offered throughout the day and a number

of attendees went home with some fine books they won.

There was a brief meeting of the Board of Directors following the close of the planned activities and a slate of proposed officers for the coming year was decided upon. It is as follows: President, Tom Belton; First Vice president, Tom Alexander; Secretary, Peggy Campbell; and Treasurer, Charles Scott. The next meeting of the Board of Directors is scheduled for August 4 at 4 p.m.

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.

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.

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The North Carolina Military Historical Society

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