

The Emeritimes

Publication of The Emeriti Association California State University, Los Angeles

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In the winter issue of *The Emeritimes*, we published a five-page insert of stories about Cal State L.A. emeriti who served in the military services during World War II. Those were only the first installment of the many responses to our invitation to emeriti to submit information about their experiences. As promised, a second round of stories are presented in this issue of *The Emeritimes*, beginning on page 5. The final installment will appear in the fall issue. Still to come: John Austin, Evelyn Malkin Barclay, John Cox, George Gustafson, John Jones, William Leary, Bill Lloyd, William Simpson, Virgil Stevens, and Wanna Zinsmaster. ENJOY!

CSU-ERFA President Long to Speak at Spring Meeting

Dr. Emmett T. Long, President of the CSU Emeriti and Retired Faculty Association (CSU-ERFA), will be the featured speaker at the Emeriti Association Annual Spring Meeting and Luncheon on Friday, May 10 in the University Club from 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m.

President of CSU-ERFA since 1993, Long will speak on ERFA's relationship with the campus emeriti associations, California Faculty Association, and other organizations. He will discuss CSU-ERFA's accomplishments and future goals and the association's importance to all emeriti and retired faculty.

Long, emeritus professor of speech communication from CSU Fullerton, received his B.A. from Pepperdine University, M.A. from UC Berkeley, and Ed.D. from USC. He was Assistant Professor of Speech, Director of Forensics, and Director of Admissions at Pepperdine from 1948 to 1957; Registrar and Admissions Officer at Cal Poly, Pomona from 1957 to 1959; Director of Relations with Schools and Colleges and Director of Admissions at CSU Fullerton, 1959 to 1972; Coordinator of Relations with Schools and Colleges, CSU Office of the Chancellor, 1972 to 1975; and Professor of Speech Communication at CSU Fullerton from 1975 until his retirement in 1986. As a FERP participant, he continued teaching for eight years from 1986 to 1994.

From 1993 to 1994, Long served as president of the University Club of Claremont. He has been awarded Distinguished Service Awards by Pi Kappa Delta and by the Articulation Conference of California, and the Distinguished Faculty Award by CSU Fullerton in 1991.

He has written textbooks such as *Communication in Business and Industry*, *Interviewing Principles and Practices*, and *Liberal Studies in Communication Processes*, as well as numerous articles and reports.

After Dr. Long's talk there will be a business meeting, at which time the Nominating Committee will present a slate of officers for 1996-97. The election will follow. In addition, the Emeriti Association's revised Constitution will be presented for approval. All emeriti are urged to attend this very important meeting.

ANNUAL SPRING MEETING

FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1996 11:30 A.M. TO 2:00 P.M. UNIVERSITY CLUB
Lunch will be served at noon

COST: $11 per person
PAYMENT METHOD: Check made payable to *Emeriti Association*
SEND TO: **Mary Gormly**
1024 Royal Oaks Drive, Apt. 820
Monrovia, CA 91016-5404

Payment must be received **no later than May 7**
For more information, call Mary at (818) 358-7325

Emeriti Association Nomination Committee Report

1996-97 NOMINATIONS FOR OFFICERS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Nominees Who Have Consented to Run for 1996-97 Offices:

Frieda Stahl	President
Mary Gormly	Vice President, Programs
Leon Schwartz	Vice President, Administration
Marie-Antoinette Zrimc	Secretary

Note: Nominations from the floor for these offices will be possible at the Annual Spring Meeting, May 10. When the nominations close, a vote will be taken.

Carryover Positions and Executive Committee Members:

Laird Allison	Treasurer
Eloise King	Corresponding Secretary
C. Lamar Mayer	Membership Secretary
Warren Reeves	Chair, Fiscal Affairs Committee
Carol Smallenburg	Chair, Fellowship Fund Committee
Mildred Massey	Chair, *Emeritimes* Editorial Board
Frieda Stahl	Representative to CSLA Academic Senate
John Houk	Representative to CSU Emeriti and Retired Faculty Association
Laird Allison	Representative to CSLA Retired Public Employees Association
Bill Lloyd	*Emeritimes* Consultant
Donald Moore	Representative to CSU Academic Senate
Kenneth Phillips	Immediate Past President
Winona Brooks	Executive Committee Member-at-Large
Louis Eggers	Executive Committee Member-at-Large
Jackie Hoyt	Executive Committee Member-at-Large
Joan Johnson	Executive Committee Member-at-Large
Leonard Mathy	Executive Committee Member-at-Large
Victor Payse	Executive Committee Member-at-Large

New Emeriti Faculty Named

The following recently retired faculty members have been awarded emeritus status.

DARRELL R. CLEMMENSEN
(Office Systems and Business Education, 1976-1995)

ROBERT D. REESER
(Associate Dean, Arts and Letters and Art, 1971-1994)

We welcome them as fellow emeriti and encourage them to play an active role in the Emeriti Association.

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EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE
KENNETH PHILLIPS, *President*
JAMES DUNKELBERG, *Immediate Past President*
FRIEDA A. STAHL, *Vice President, Administration, President-Elect, and Academic Senate Representative*
MARY GORMLY, *Vice President, Programs*
LAIRD ALLISON, *Treasurer and CSLA RPEA Representative*
MARIE-ANTOINETTE ZRIMC, *Secretary*
WINONA BROOKS, *Corresponding Secretary*
C. LAMAR MAYER, *Membership Secretary*
VICTOR PAYSE, *Data Base Coordinator*
WARREN E. REEVES, *Fiscal Affairs Chair*
CAROL SMALLENBURG, *Fellowship Fund Chair*
DONALD A. MOORE, *CSU Academic Senate Representative*
JOHN L. HOUK, *CSU-ERFA Representative*
Jackie Lou Hoyt, Eloise King, Mildred G. Massey, Leonard G. Mathy, Leon Schwartz, *Members-at-Large, Executive Committee*

The Emeritimes

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DENNIS KIMURA, *Graphic Designer*
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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

by KEN PHILLIPS



As the Emeriti Association 1995-96 year of activities draws to a close, it is important to take note of some of the events of the past year. The Annual Fall Meeting and Luncheon was well attended. Donald O. Dewey, Dean of the School of Natural and Social Sciences, was the featured speaker. He reviewed the changes on campus from the days of the Diablos to the Golden Eagles. His speech was both humorous and informative. Dean Dewey announced that he is retiring soon. As one of his retirement projects, he plans to collect anecdotes of interesting events and humorous stories about Cal State L.A. and publish an historical account of the University. Faculty are encouraged to send their interesting memories to Dewey for inclusion in his book.

The Annual Spring Meeting and Luncheon is scheduled for Friday, May 10 from 11:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. in the University Club. The deadline for reservations is May 7 and the cost is $11.00. The speaker will be Dr. Emmett T. Long, President of the CSU Emeriti and Retired Faculty Association (CSU-ERFA). A short business meeting will be held to elect officers for 1996-97 and to review and vote on our updated constitution. Everyone should participate. (See page 1 for details.)

Another significant event this year was the observance of Emeriti Week at the University. Major events were the activities scheduled for Tuesday, February 6 when the Emeriti Association met in a special session, adjourned for lunch in the University Club, and then moved to the Academic Senate meeting to be individually introduced and recognized by the senators. Of special note were the introductions of Emmett Long, CSU-ERFA president; Robert Kully, CSU-ERFA Executive Director; and Sidney Albert, founder of the Emeriti Association. Following the Senate meeting, a great deal of reminiscing and visiting took place at a reception in the University Club. You should have been there!

The emeriti responded with great enthusiasm to the survey of WWII experiences. And the *Professional and Personal* summaries have been of great interest to members. This issue includes more anecdotes and will again summon everyone's attention. The Executive Committee is working on another survey to gather information on emeriti activities since retirement. We hope to hear from all of you.

Special thanks are due President James Rosser and his office staff for the excellent support they have given the Emeriti Association. Whenever we need assistance, they are most willing and helpful. Also, the emeriti officers and Executive Committee have always produced when called upon and often have volunteered and completed tasks ahead of schedule.

Finally, a big thank you to the emeriti who have participated in our activities, joined our association, submitted suggestions and articles for *The Emeritimes*, kept in touch, and contributed to our fellowship fund! It has been a good year and I have enjoyed being your president.

Kenneth Phillips

President, 1994-96

Campus News

Spring Faculty Colloquia Set

Following are the remaining faculty colloquia for the spring quarter:

April 30 Irving Kett (Civil Engineering), "The Alaska Pipeline and Environmental Concerns"

May 21 Qingyun Wu (Modern Languages and Literatures), "Images of Women in Zhang Yimou's Films"

The colloquia will be held in the University Club from 3:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.

Stern to Appear at Luckman

Milton Stern (Music) will appear as a piano soloist with the Redlands Symphony on Sunday, April 28 at 4:00 p.m. at the Luckman Theatre. Tickets are $20 general admission, $10 for seniors; call (213) 343-4990.

Dewey Retirement Dinner Planned

On Saturday evening, May 18, a retirement dinner is planned at Eagles' Landing for Donald Dewey, Dean of the School of Natural and Social Sciences. A no-host bar begins at 6:00 p.m., followed by dinner at 6:30. Attire is "dressy casual." The cost is $25 per person; tables for eight are available at $165. Checks are payable to "DODRF/UAS" and may be sent to Maureen Micklich in the Dean's Office, King Hall D1050. For further information, contact Maureen at (213) 343-2012.

In Memoriam

LESTER HIRSCH

Professor of Physics, 1960-1986

Lester Hirsch, professor emeritus of physics, died on February 27 as a result of the massive injuries he sustained in a felonious assault on November 29. He had stepped outside his home in West Hollywood to check on a loud disturbance and was struck by at least two assailants. He suffered a stroke from the injuries to his head, but rallied from a coma during his stay at Cedars-Sinai Hospital. However, he remained unable to speak and was completely paralyzed on his right side.



Colleagues who visited him later at a North Hollywood care facility believed that he recognized them and heard their words.

Lester joined the Cal State L.A. Physics Department in February 1960, following his service on the faculty of East L.A. College. He made his career teaching the multitude of nonscience majors who took beginning physics for general education. His ability to communicate the joys as well as the ideas of basic physics knowledge to students who knew little science, and initially cared less, was unsurpassed. His demonstration apparatus was a mainstay of his teaching, for which he characteristically put showing above telling. Many of his demonstrations are now housed in Physical Sciences 453, which was dedicated as the Lester Hirsch Exploratorium when he retired in 1986. He continued to teach part time at both CSLA and UCLA until his tragic injuries.

For the University community, Lester's most extensive service was as a member of the University-Student Union Board. That service was recognized after his retirement by the dedication of the second-floor open space as the Lester Hirsch Program Area. It was the site of a campuswide party hosted by the Union in April 1995 to celebrate his 80th birthday.

Lester was active regionally and nationally in the American Association of Physics Teachers. He was instrumental in organizing and maintaining the Southern California section of AAPT, and served as the section's representative in the national council for many years. The national Association honored him with its Distinguished Service Award in the early eighties.

In the West Hollywood community Lester was a long-time civic leader, active in the successful campaign for its incorporation as a city, and he served on the City Council for several years. He worked continually to preserve neighborhood values in an area that became all too attractive to disruptive forces. His assailants remain at large, unidentified.

He is survived by his son Timothy, his brother Robert, and two stepsons. His funeral was held on March 3 at Mount Sinai Memorial Park. The Department of Physics and Astronomy has created a memorial scholarship in his memory, for which donations may be made to Friends of Physics-Hirsch Memorial Scholarship and sent to the department.

JANE MATSON

Professor of Counselor Education, 1958-1980

Jane Matson, a member of the Department of Counselor Education faculty at Cal State L.A. for 22 years, passed away in Pasadena on February 2 after having suffered from leukemia for two years. Matson was born in Kirkwood, Illinois. After completing her early studies there, she attended the University of Chicago, obtaining her B.A. in 1935. She then attended Stanford University, completing an M.A. in 1952 and an Ed.D. in 1955. Prior to coming to CSLA, she served as a counselor with three federal agencies and taught at Orange Coast College in Costa Mesa and Diablo Valley College in Concord. In 1958 she was appointed to the CSLA faculty and in the following year she became a licensed psychologist in the State of California.

Matson's primary area of academic endeavor was the training of counselors for two-year community colleges. She was active in this work virtually until the time of her death. At CSLA she headed the program in this field. Among her other accomplishments was her development of the first federally funded institute to prepare community college student personnel workers. Matson carried out and



published many studies on community college personnel work and was honored by the American Association of Community Colleges. Through her affiliation with this group, she served for two years as a student personnel specialist in Washington, D.C. She also spent a year at the Educational Testing Service in Princeton, New Jersey where she developed community college curriculum.

During World War II, Jane spent two years as a WAVE in the U.S. Navy and, for the succeeding 18 years, served in the Naval Reserve, retiring as Captain. She was also a deaconness of the La Cañada Presbyterian Church where a worship celebrating her life was held on February 15.

DAN R. RANKIN

Professor of Mechanical Engineering, 1960-1977

Dan Rankin passed away on December 21. He joined the Department of Mechanical Engineering faculty in September 1960 after a long and distinguished career in industry. In 1977 he retired from Cal State L.A. after 17 years of outstanding service. He continued to teach part time through 1980. Rankin served two terms as chair of his department, from 1965 to 1970. He is survived by his wife, Lola.

Spotlight on Past Fellowship Recipients: Where Are They Now?

In the past five years, the Emeriti Fellowship has been presented to 10 Cal State L.A. students. Carol Smallenburg, Emeriti Fellowship Fund Committee chair, has contacted past fellows to find out about their recent activities. Following are excerpts from four letters she received. Additional fellowship recipients will be featured in future issues of *The Emeritimes*.

LINDA LEA LARSON:

"Since I met with you, many new things have happened in my professional life. I am still teaching full time during the day but next year I will be involved in a new program called *World Condor Net*. I coauthored a grant with KCET which involves internet publishing. We will be joined by 14 other schools across the nation. Our students will have internet access and will be publishing their own Web page documents.

"In June I graduated with my M.A. in instructional technology and I received three special honors: 1) Alumni Certificate of Honor which is selected by Educational Foundations and Interdivisional Studies for outstanding and distinguished achievement in instructional technology, 2) Special Recognition in Graduate Studies for maintaining a 4.0 gpa, and, of course, 3) the Emeriti Scholarship.

"During the academic school year I worked on a Delta grant which offered computer literacy through instructional television. My main claim to fame was that I actually appeared on the televised show and spoke about computers and gaming.

"I am still continuing my relationship with KCET. I have taught several multimedia classes and coauthored an internet grant that was funded.

"I also taught two extension classes at CSLA in multimedia and digital imaging."

SCOTT LAMP:

"Since being awarded the Emeriti Fellowship, many things have happened to me. I worked for one year at a multinational software development firm, Health Care Microsystems, as a systems specialist. I was on a team that developed a financial and patient information system that is being used throughout the country—most prominently at the largest and second largest hospital chains in America—as well as internationally.

"From there I decided to go back to UCLA where I had done heart research before coming to CSLA. I have been working at UCLA's American Heart Association Laboratory as a programmer/analyst for two years now. I have developed cardiac modeling software as well as video imaging analysis software to help investigate causes of cardiac arrhythmias, with special emphasis on chaos control theory.

"I have also been busy with my company, Objectware, Inc., which focuses on solutions for problems with microcomputer hardware and software."

RUSSELL GRIFFITHS:

"Presently I am working as a school psychologist at the Orange Unified School District in Orange County. I completed my internship requirements at this location last year and was fortunate enough to be hired on. I am assigned to four different schools that are vastly different in student population, providing a wide range of experiences and learning opportunities. I work at the elementary and high school levels and at a special school for children with exceptional disabilities. I really enjoy the diversity and independence the job offers and also, of course, working with and helping the children and families.

"After completing my internship I decided to take advantage of my summer break and visited Russia and Eastern Europe for seven weeks. I participated in a city exchange program for Russia where I was hosted by families in both Moscow and St. Petersburg. I met the mayor and learned firsthand about Russian life and culture including visits to schools, hospitals, and government offices. It was really a fascinating learning experience and I am looking forward to possibly hosting some Russian friends in southern California sometime this year."

NINA BRAUENSTEIN SOKOL:

"This past year has been a virtual whirlwind! During my last full-time quarter at CSLA, I began the usually lengthy process of interviewing for a career position. Lucky for me, I was made an offer by Herbalife International that I simply couldn't refuse! I began with Herbalife in September 1994 working directly for the chairman of the Medical Advisory Board, David B. Katzin.

"As the senior nutritionist of the Medical Advisory Board, I develop and deliver training in product information to Herbalife employees, both domestically and internationally. I interface with various scientific, regulatory, and medical personnel and provide technical support in nutritional and dietary standards via the Medical Advisory Board.

"Currently I am working on several projects. I am writing a basic nutrition book which will be available for sale to the independent distributors. I am also revamping the nutritional labeling on all of our products in order to keep up with current standards."

CSLA FERP Committee Donates to CSU-ERFA

The Cal State L.A. Committee of Concerned FERP Scholars has donated to the CSU-ERFA educational endowment fund the largest single contribution the fund has received to date. The $1,600 gift, honoring ERFA's efforts in support of Cal State L.A. emeriti, represents the committee's balance from funds originally collected for the legal defense efforts on behalf of CSLA FERP participants laid off in 1992. The committee, led by Ivan Colburn and Clifford Craft, was supported by more than 50 campus scholars. The donation is earmarked for scholarship and research related to the concerns of faculty and staff retirees.

Professional and Personal

Charles E. Borman (Art) opened Village Square Gallery at 2418 Honolulu Avenue, Montrose, in December. The first exhibition was his work, the main body of which was completed after his retirement. During the month of February, Albert Porter's watercolor paintings were exhibited. Porter is an emeritus professor from CSU Fullerton. He was a professor there for 18 years, and he has been a professional painter since 1960. A new exhibition is planned each month. The gallery is open Thursday, Friday, and Saturday from 1:00-5:00 p.m. and on Sundays by appointment. Borman extends an invitation to all emeriti to visit the gallery.

Robert Fowells (Music) continues to be active in early music by sponsoring workshops in Gregorian chant. Last summer the 17th chant institute was held at the abbey of St. Pierre de Solesmes in France and was attended by 20 students from around the U.S. The summer workshops alternate between Los Angeles and France and this summer's course will take place on the campus of the School of Theology at Claremont. Since retiring, Fowells has taught chant in Vermont and Cape Cod as well as Trondheim, Norway; Sydney, Australia; and Hobart, Tasmania.

Eloise M. King (Nursing) has made a generous donation to the Department of Nursing. In appreciation, the department has named its conference room in her honor.

Leonard G. Mathy (Economics) was nominated as CSU-ERFA Liaison to the CSU Academic Senate on February 17. This will be confirmed at the State Council meeting in May. When the CSU Academic Senate was first established, Mathy was elected as chair because of his strong leadership and mediation skills. He served in the Senate for 16 years, during which time he served on many committees and was chair of the Faculty Affairs Committee. After retirement, he was the liaison to the Senate for CSU-ERFA for four years.

SPECIAL SECTION:

EMERITI IN WORLD WAR II

EMIL WROBLICKY

Marine Corps, Corporal

Served 3 years with 4th and 6th Marine Divisions in South Pacific; participated in retaking the Marshall Islands (January 1944) and the invasion of Okinawa (April 1945) in the last major battle of World War II.

Emil was drafted at 17 out of a Chicago high school. "They gave me a choice, so I chose the Marines, although I don't have any idea why. I was a venturesome young kid. I didn't know what I was getting into."

These words were contained in an interview in the *Palisadian-Post* weekly newspaper in which Emil told about his revisiting Okinawa last June with his wife for the 50th anniversary of the battle fought there. He also recounted some of his wartime experiences, as follows:

"On January 29, 1944 Wroblicky and his 4th Marine division landed on Roi Namur, a small atoll in the Marshall Islands.

"'Our job for the most part was to secure and defend the island after the battle was over. Part of my job was the burial detail. We were supposed to rake up the dead Japanese soldiers, throw them in a big pit, cover it up and stick a number count on top. I remember walking on the beach and stepping on bodies hidden by the coral sand. The horror and stench of those swollen corpses that were already a week old I'll never forget.

"'We secured the perimeter of our camp with cans filled with rocks, tied together with string, that would rattle if a sniper approached. We used passwords like "linoleum" and "aluminum," words we knew the Japanese could not pronounce.'

"Weeks later, Wroblicky shipped back to Hawaii, where he waited for further deployment, including time in the hospital receiving treatment for fungal disease on his hands and feet. Finally in February 1945 orders sent him to 'someplace,' meaning they steamed the Pacific not knowing their ultimate destination. 'The worst part is that we never knew where we were going or what we were supposed to be doing, until the last minute,' Wroblicky recalled, adding that the scuttlebutt was that they would be steaming for Iwo Jima. Ultimately his ship headed for the Carolinas where the 6th division rendezvoused with army and navy units in preparation for the invasion of Okinawa, which would soon prove to be one of the bloodiest battles of the war, claiming 13,000 American lives and producing four Congressional Medals of Honor.

"By the time of the invasion, the Americans had learned a thing about charging a beach. At Iwo Jima, the Japanese were waiting for the Allies and slaughtered them as they landed on the beaches. At Okinawa, a fake attack on southern beaches distracted the Japanese for two to three days, giving Wroblicky's division the luxury to land without being detected.

"'We climbed down from the ship into a landing barge that held about 70 guys with their backpacks and M-1 carbines,' said Wroblicky, who prepared for the jump by stashing his valuables inside his helmet. 'All we had to contend with was the coral reef that stretched about a mile from the beach.'

"Wroblicky continued, 'The battle lasted three months; we finally secured the island on June 22. Most of that time it drizzled constantly, the ground was muddy, we couldn't move anything.

"'The battle of battles was Sugar Loaf Mountain, known as the Gettysburg of the war because it was so grueling. It took four days to capture the mountain. I was a forward observer. A buddy and I went to the front line where I laid a communication line to relay information back to the command post to let them know where our shells were landing.'



"Wroblicky praised the memorial that has been erected to honor the men who died on Sugar Loaf. 'It is similar to the Vietnam Wall in Washington, D.C.,' he said. 'A lot of us took rubbings of the names of men we knew. I took three rubbings.'"

GEORGE BURSTEIN

Army, Corporal

Served with tank destroyer units in the European Theater, seeing action in the Battle of the Bulge, Ardennes, Central Europe, Northern France, Rhineland. On active duty 3 1/2 years (June 1942 to December 1945). Following V-E Day, he was assigned to military government as interpreter for the Military Governor of Heidelberg.

Decorations: European, North African, and Middle Eastern Service medals; World War II Victory Medal; and American Service Medal

EARL W. DENNY

Navy, Carpenter's Mate 1st Cl and Ensign

Served a total of 4 years in the Pacific Theater with the Sea Bees, followed by service with a Fleet Sweep Unit.

WILLIAM R. HANSON

Army Air Corps, Corporal

Served with the 24th Weather Squadron and the 102nd Army Air Corps Communications Squadron during 2 years and 10 months on active duty.

The most memorable event that he recalls was meeting a WAC named Helen who was stationed at his base and who later became his wife.

VINCENT A. GIROUX

Navy, Chief Radio Technician

Served 3 years (September 1942 to September 1945).

"Trained in radio and radar at Texas A&M and Treasure Island, California, I was assigned to the Marines. With a shipboard type radar and a motor-generator set mounted in two trailers, and crew of five radar operators, we went ashore with the Marines to provide ground-to-air radar coverage. I participated in the occupation of Emirau Island in the Bismarck Archipelago on March 19, 1944.

"After two years in the Western Pacific, much of the time working at ship repair bases, I was returned to California for retraining. I was home on leave on V-J Day with sufficient points to be discharged."

ALVIN E. TUOHINO

Navy, Lieutenant Commander

Served from September 1942 to February 1942 (3 1/2 years), principally on the attack transport *USS Pierce* in a variety of assignments, including Senior Watch Deck Officer, Intelligence Officer, Communications Officer, Assistant Beach Master, Ship Service Officer, and Ship Secretary. Had duty in the Asiatic-Pacific and American theaters.

Al describes some of his combat experiences:

"In the early action I participated in the landings in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands, including Tarawa with many dead Marines floating in the water; at Kwajalein with my small communication team landing on the beach at the same time as the Army Regimental Commander, with enemy rifle bullets whizzing over our heads as we hurriedly hit the beach on our stomachs; and in the recapturing of Guam, Saipan, Palau, and Eniwetok Islands. The later 'island hopping' included Leyte Gulf, Lingayen Gulf north of Manila, New Guinea, New Zealand, and lastly, Okinawa, where a Japanese *kamikaze* plane just missed our ship.

"While transporting Marine and Army troops, we crossed the Equator and were initiated as 'Shellbacks' in the Neptune Society.

"While in combat with enemy submarines lurking in the waters, the enemy rifle and mortar fire as well as land mines, I cannot recall that I was personally concerned about my life.

"War is hell! My prayer is that peace may prevail on this Earth!"

ROBERT C. VERKLER

Army National Guard, Captain

As a member of the National Guard (Field Artillery) beginning in 1927, Verkler was called to active duty in 1940, serving with the 32nd Division, 121st FA, 6732nd Tank Battalion/HQ Company. He was at Pearl Harbor at the time of the bombing by the Japanese, but his units spent the war years battling the Japanese in the South Pacific, in Java, Papua, and New Guinea. Among his recalled special events were six months spent in 1945 with General MacArthur's Headquarters Command in Sydney, serving on General Courts Martial and as Base Chemical Warfare Officer. He returned from a 6-year hitch of active duty in 1946.

EUGENE (DUTCH) BENEDETTI

Army Air Force, Major

Dutch spent five years of the war as a B-17 pilot with the 43rd Bomb Group, based in Australia. In those early years of the war in the far South Pacific, when the Japanese

LAST DAYS AT

BY NORMAN FRUMAN

2nd Lieutenant, Army Infantry Division 42

We stood there at the edge of a rural airfield, about a dozen of us, our filthy, lice-infested clothes hanging from our emaciated bodies, anxiously scanning the skies for the aeroplanes we'd been told would fly us back to France or England, to medical attention, nourishing food and, at last, safety. Nine days before, on April 29, we'd awakened to find that during the night our guards had abandoned Stalag 7A, the huge prisoner-of-war camp near Moosburg in southeastern Germany, which, it was said, housed as many as 100,000 Allied prisoners from all over Europe and the Soviet Union. Although the Nazi armies were in retreat on all fronts, unconditional surrender would not necessarily come soon. The Germans had been declared beaten in December of 1944, and then came the Battle of the Bulge. The German attack was no sooner contained in the north than a three-division offensive in the Strasbourg area shredded the thinly drawn American lines. As far as I was concerned, the war was very much on.

Until American tank troops arrived later in the day on April 29, conditions in Stalag 7A were chaotic. With no system of discipline in place, famished prisoners pillaged whatever stores of food could be found in the kitchens. Others, especially the Russians, according to the rumors which flew about wildly, broke out of the camp and smashed down doors in the nearby village, raping and looting. I was skeptical about the raping. Experience had demonstrated alarmingly that after just two weeks on starvation rations, sexual desire vanished.

Our liberators, fortuitously, proved to be from my own 42nd Infantry Division, widely known as the "Rainbow." The intelligence officer of my regiment, having heard that a dozen or so officers from the Rainbow were in the camp, hastened over with two satchels of Scotch and bourbon, the last things in the world we hungry POWs needed or wanted.

Naturally, now that we were liberated, we wanted to get back home as soon as possible. Above all, we wanted to get the hell out of Germany and flee the possibility of being killed at any moment. I had been freed once already, just one month before, when a powerful tank force sent by General Patton in a now hotly controversial action plunged 50 miles behind German lines to liberate Oflag 13B, a POW camp for American and Serbian officers near Hammelburg, in the Rhone Valley leading to Bavaria. The tank force, expecting to rescue 200 American officers, in fact found almost 1,500. During the nighttime dash back to American lines, we were attacked several times at German roadblocks and suffered heavy casualties, mainly to the prisoners clinging precariously to the vehicles.

As dawn approached, our erstwhile liberators had doubled back to a hill a few miles from the Oflag, which was burning furiously in the distance. The tankers advised us to march back to the camp under a white flag and wait there in safety for the arrival of the main American forces which, they assured us, could only be a few days away. They, conversely, would have to fight their way back, and couldn't do so effectively while encumbered with us. Even after 50 years, the memory of that moment remains intense. Twelve hours before, we "kriegies" (from *Kriegsgefangener*, prisoner of war), as we called ourselves, had been in a state of euphoria. "Eggs for breakfast!" we shouted as we clambered aboard the tanks and troop-carriers—a phrase that had come to stand for everything normal and good in life.

Most of the POWs trooped wearily off towards the camp. A few of us decided to risk making it back to the American lines 50 miles away on our own. As it happened, hardly was the column of prisoners out of sight when the American force was attacked by a cluster of German Tiger tanks. In the brief but fierce battle that followed, the American unit was destroyed. Understandably, many military historians have condemned Patton for sending this force on so problematic a mission and accused him of doing so only because his son-in-law was a prisoner in the camp.

I and four fellow kriegies reached the nearby woods moments after the battle began and staggered as far as possible from the gunfire before dropping exhausted. For the next five nights we plodded westward, sleeping during the day, and coping as best we could with dysentery, exhaustion, bleeding gums, and the edema that resulted from months on a diet mainly of two watery soups a day. The Geneva Convention stipulated that as captured officers we were not required to work, and this the Junker command at Offizierslager 13B observed scrupulously. The result was that 13B was on the lowest food ration in Germany outside the death camps. Almost all of us there lost one-quarter of our body weight during the first month.

STALAG 7A

After five days behind German lines, we were recaptured and sent by boxcar to camps deeper into Germany. Almost every day, Allied fighter planes strafed us. Once, moments after we reached Ingolstadt, the city was attacked by a vast fleet of Flying Fortresses. The ground heaved, shuddered and rocked under the bombardment, as we crawled frantically into whatever hollow in the earth might give protection. After watching the Fortresses fly in tight formation through a flak-pocked sky, some to explode in spectacular balls of flame, none of us was ever afterwards inclined to complain about how much better the guys in the Air Corps had it, what with their hot showers at night and dancing with the local girls in USO clubs after the day's mission, while we were lucky to have a dry foxhole.

I thought about all this a month later, while waiting with increasing impatience on that makeshift airfield near Stalag 7A for the planes to arrive. The previous nine days had been a succession of mounting frustrations. We began every day feeling confident that transport would arrive to take us away. And every day ended in gloom. What was taking so long? Rumors flew about wildly. Hitler was dead, not dead. The German High Command was negotiating surrender. Not true. Vague rumors about a nearby camp named Dachau where the liberators had seen terrible, unspeakable horrors. And some strange things were happening at 7A. When trains arrived from the east to take the many thousands of Russian prisoners back to the Soviet Union, there had been some rioting. Unaccountably to us, many of the Russians did not want to go back home! Years passed before I understood the meaning of this.



Suddenly a plane appeared in the distance, its shape unfamiliar. Someone groaned, "Jesus, it doesn't look like one of ours...It could be a Kraut!" We froze, but only for an instant. It was German, all right, but not a fighter plane, and within a moment we made out that it was trailing a long white sheet, doubtless signifying surrender. It quickly landed and taxied to a bumpy halt near us. Out stepped the pilot, throwing up his arms, smiling, to be immediately followed by a young woman clutching a small pig. "*Alles kaputt*! It's over! The war's over!" he shouted in German. "The high command has surrendered!" "Thank God," said the woman.

I felt a deeper sense of weary relief than joy. The war might be over for them but not for me. Though we knew nothing of the savage carnage at the recent battle of Iwo Jima, we were certain that the Japanese, like the Germans, would fight fanatically long after any rational hope of victory was gone, and would not surrender until their home islands lay in smoldering ruins. I fully expected to participate in the invasion. None of us, of course, had an inkling that in three months the atomic age would begin with the instantaneous obliteration of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

An hour or so later, transport planes arrived to fly us to Le Havre, where we were deloused, showered, issued with new uniforms, underwear, socks and boots—our first change of clothes since becoming prisoners. Within days, I was on a luxury liner converted to a hospital ship and among the very first troops to return from Europe after V-E Day. Thus our arrival in New York harbor was greeted by scores of ship whistles and foghorns, huge arcs of water thrown up by fireship hoses, and wild cheering from the milling crowds on the docks.

I was a few months past 21 years old on V-E Day. To reflect on that day is to realize how pitifully limited is our capacity to predict the future. Experience thus warns us against both optimism and pessimism. The past 50 years of astonishing progress and appalling retrogression confirm yet again that Pope was right to describe our species as "in endless error hurled:/The glory, jest, and riddle of the world".

often outnumbered Allied aircraft, there were frequent air battles. Dutch recalls having his B-17 bomber attacked by Japanese Zeros. He never was shot down, but he lost an eye.

For his valorous service, Dutch received a Purple Heart, Silver Star Medal, and other decorations that he does not now remember.

FRED SHANLEY

USNR, Lieutenant

Served approximately 4 years in the Pacific Theater. Fred's first duty was as an officer with the 13th Construction Battalion in 1942 and part of 1943 on Guadalcanal, working on one part of the island while the Japanese held the other, and also in New Zealand and Hawaii. His second round of duty was as Supply Officer aboard the *USS Appling*, a combat transport that took part in the invasions of the Philippines (Subic Bay and Leyte Gulf) and Okinawa, where they joined the action the day following the initial landing and fierce fighting was continuing. The *Appling* also participated in the retaking of Guam and the occupation of Japan.

Fred says he received the usual area ribbons "but no decorations for valor."

PAUL ZALL

Army Air Force, Private

Paul was quite specific in reporting his time: "4 years, 8 months, 28 days, 4 hours." He mentioned being at the Battle of the Bulge and that he received the "Good Conduct Medal" upon discharge.

The special event that he recalls was that their jeep, "Jeanie With the Light Brown Nose," was hijacked by the Germans.

GRAY PHILLIPS

Navy, Lieutenant (jg)

Served a month short of 3 years (July 1943 through May 1946) in the Pacific Theater as a Communications Officer on radar picket duty aboard a landing craft, the LCS (L) 40. Gray took part in the Battle of Leyte Gulf and the invasion of Okinawa.

RALPH MORITZ

Army Signal Corps, Sergeant

Served 2 years in North Africa and Europe as a member of the 849th Signal Intelligence Corps.

GERALD RASMUSSEN

Navy, Quartermaster 2nd Cl

Served with amphibian forces in the Pacific Theater in the last 2 1/2 years of the war. Areas of engagement were Leyte Gulf in the Philippines, Okinawa, and Ishima. Gerry's unit was a part of the first wave to carry out the occupation of Japan.

HAROLD D. HALL

Army Air Corps, Tech Sergeant

Served 26 months on active duty with the 15th Air Force Bomber Command, 455th Bomb Group, 743rd Bomb Squadron in the European Theater.

Hal flew 35 combat missions over Germany, Austria, and Italy. As a radio specialist, his assignment on missions was to jam the circuitry of the radar used by the Germans to aim and fire their antiaircraft guns.

One of the assignments of Hal's command was to fly from an airfield in Italy to knock out oil fields in Central Europe that were supplying the German armed forces and industry. Hal recalls somewhat vividly to this day the tragedy that befell two B-24s in his group while returning from a night mission. The planes slammed into a 7,000-foot mountain peak and the 11-member crews were killed. The plane on which Hal was flying had run low on fuel and made an emergency landing at a small, unmanned air strip along the Adriatic Sea. The crew was listed as missing in action for some hours, until it was able to establish radio contact with its base. Fortunately, Hal says, contact was made before word could be sent to his family that he was an MIA.

Decorations: ETO Ribbon with 3 Battle Stars, Air Medal, and 3 Oak Leaf Clusters

KENNETH SWEETNAM

Navy, E-8 Petty Officer 1st Cl

Ken spent a total of 5 years in the service, 3 during World War II (1943-46) and 2 additional one-year tours of duty between 1949 and 1952. All of his naval career was spent with training commands engaged in instructing air support units.

HAZEL JEAN WALDROP

USNR (WAVES), Commander

Served 3 years active duty stateside from spring 1943 to spring 1946. Hazel was a Link Trainer Operator, teaching instrument navigation and celestial navigation in ground schools at Pasco, Washington; Olathe, Kansas; and Alameda, California U,S. Naval Air Stations. In addition to operating the Link Trainer for classes of officers attending ground school, she was involved in interservice training demonstrations, development of navigation training manuals, and drafting equipment improvements.

Hazel was commissioned and remained in the Naval Reserve where she was attached to Military Sea and Transportation Units. She had only one tour of sea duty.

Hazel returned to active duty to teach economics during two summer school sessions at the Naval Post Graduate School in Monterey during the 1960s. She retired as Commander after completing over 20 years of military service.

JESSE L. OTT

Army, Lieutenant Colonel

Entering the Army in 1942, Jesse went through officer training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and was assigned to the 863rd Field Artillery Battalion, 63rd Infantry Division, the unit he served in Europe. He served 33 years in the Army, 5 1/2 on active duty and 27 1/2 in the Reserves.

Decorations: Silver Star for Valor; Bronze Star with V for Valor; Army Commendation Medal; European Campaign Medal with 3 Stars; American Defense, Victory in Europe, and German Occupation Medals

"The following events and experiences were ones I will never forget:

"I was Battery Executive at the gun position for 'A' Battery, 863rd Field Artillery Battalion in direct support of 1st Battalion, 255th Infantry Regiment until that battalion was attached to another regiment for the purpose of eliminating a German salient into our front lines. We were told this was an easy job which would likely take only a couple of hours to accomplish. When the Battalion attacked, supported by a medium tank unit, the tanks were destroyed and the Battalion decimated by fierce German resistance. The only unit to reach and hold its objective, a wooded hilltop, was 'A' Company Commander Captain Bob Young with 25 'A' company men and five men of the attached weapons platoon. 'B' and 'C' Companies and all of 'A' Battery and three artillery forward observer crews were put out of action.

"At that point I became 'A' Battery's sole artillery forward observer in support of the remnants of 1st Infantry Battalion. I joined the 55 soldiers and two lieutenants who were the survivors of 'B' and 'C' Companies. We joined 'A' Company survivors on their objective by a night infiltration through enemy territory surrounding 'A' Company. The first priority was to expand the tiny perimeter defense. 'A' Company was able to man and to dig in before the daylight counterattack by the enemy. We had one ax which was kept busy cutting logs to cover foxholes because we were receiving German artillery and tank fire in the treetops which exploded the shells and caused a rain of shrapnel downward into our foxholes. We held the objective against counterattacks and artillery shelling for three days until relieved by a fresh unit.

"It's a lonely, desperate situation to be so far in front of your own lines and completely surrounded by the enemy. It gives the feeling that your unit is fighting the war all by itself, with no one else to help. I will never forget the bravery and tenacity of Captain Young and his infantry soldiers in holding our position against overwhelming odds.

* * * * *

"A special experience in our battle to break through the fortified German Siegfried Line stands out in my memory. My unit had fought its way to positions before the Siegfried Line (the German equivalent of the French Maginot Line). We were dug in at the edge of a small village and had a towed antitank gun at the corner of a house about 25 yards in front of my foxhole. It was sited to cover the street running through the village. It was hilly terrain which gave cover to a German tank that pulled into position at the other side of the village and began shelling our position. Our antitank gun was unable to see the tank to engage, therefore I called for artillery fire which tanks don't particularly like if they're on the receiving end.

"I couldn't get my own battery because they were firing another mission, but I did get another artillery unit to fire my mission. I gave firing coordinates which should have put the shells about 400 yards ahead of us so I could walk the bursts back toward us until they reached the tank. When the guns fired I waited for the shells to go over, but I could tell by their sound they were going on, or very near, our position. I yelled for our men to 'hit the dirt' just before the two rounds landed—one between the trails of the antitank gun and the other about 10 yards away from the gun. I ended the mission and thought, 'Oh, my God, I have killed my own men.' Miraculously none was even wounded. They had dropped into their slit trenches in time; however, they were covered with dirt and were temporarily deafened by the blasts. The tank heard the artillery shells land and retreated to safer ground.

* * * * *

"I was very fortunate not to be taken prisoner and not to be wounded in all my combat time; however, I had a guardian angel on my shoulder to avert death many times. Our unit had advanced to within 300-400 yards of the Siegfried Line fortifications and 'Dragon's Teeth' (the massive concrete antitank obstacles) and dug in in a small depression in the field next to the road running through the fortifications. It was a sunny day and we were soaking up some of the warmth. I was standing in my foxhole dug into the forward edge of the depression, just leaning against the forward edge with my back toward the enemy. I was talking to some of the men when a German '88' shell exploded on the bank just behind me, throwing dirt in my ears and down the neck of my shirt. I dropped to the bottom of the foxhole and checked for shrapnel wounds but found none. When I looked to see if anyone else had been killed or wounded by the blast, everyone was still in their relaxed positions sunning themselves and talking, which doesn't usually happen when a high-velocity 88mm artillery shell lands. The sergeant told me it wasn't an 88 shell but a German sniper who had aimed at my helmet, but the bullet had hit the ground behind me and ricocheted over me.

That was why no one had dived for cover. The crack from the bullet was loud enough to deafen me for a couple of minutes. I fired a few rounds of 105mm Howitzer shells at the German position and wasn't bothered any more by snipers.

* * * * *

"After we had captured our section of the Siegfried Line, I had two very unnerving experiences. I had established my artillery observation post on the highest ground in 'A' Company's sector in a very shallow trench pointing toward the enemy. The Germans still held the fortifications on both sides of our section and could direct German artillery fire on us whenever we put up our radio antenna to call for artillery fire. I had just called my battalion and started down the trench toward the concrete bunker which was Company Headquarters to prearrange defensive artillery fire for the coming night, when I heard an enemy artillery shell coming in. The shallow trench I was in met the deep main trench at a sharp angle, making a slender 'V'. I dropped to the bottom of the shallow trench which was just deep enough to let me lie with my back just below ground level. The shell landed on the ground forming a 'V' between the trenches. I was deafened and covered with dirt from head to toe. Dirt in my 45 pistol, its holster, in my hair, eyes, ears, boots, pants, and jacket. When artillery lands, one gets under cover before the next shells land. When I dashed into the deep trench just on the other side of the 'V', an infantry soldier was sitting in the bottom of the trench. Stepping up against him I shook him and told him to get up and get into the bunker before the next shells came in on us. He slumped back against my legs and bled all over my combat pants legs. He had been perforated by shrapnel from the shell which had landed on the lip of the trench and killed him instantly. He wasn't three feet from me when he died. I had to wear those pants with his blood stains until the end of the war. Had that shell traveled three feet less, it would have been my death instead of his.

* * * * *

"Each evening or late afternoon the Company Commander organized his defense, placed his troops, and decided with me where to place artillery concentrations for defense of our position. I gave these concentrations numbers from one to whatever number we prearranged so that if attacked, I could call for supporting fire rapidly with just a number. It was just getting to dusk when I finished the concentrations and went out of the command bunker to get some fresh air. I walked along the trench until I came upon an infantry soldier on guard near our perimeter, stopping to chat with him. Our shoulders were touching as we leaned against each other and talked in a low voice, because sounds travel at night greater distances than during the day when there is more ambient noise. We were supporting each other because we had slept no more than three hours in the past 48 hours and were both dog tired. Suddenly there was a crack and the soldier was dead. The sniper's bullet had flattened as it went through the back of his helmet and skull and blew half his face away as it exited the front. My field jacket had stains from his blood and brains until combat ended and I could get clean clothes. At the time of that soldier's death, his head and mine weren't 12 inches apart. My thought was, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." These kind of experiences are unnerving and the kind one never forgets.

* * * * *

"The most terrible example of man's inhumanity to man were the Nazi extermination camps. We were moving rapidly in pursuit of the retreating German Army and had advanced as far as Landsberg, the site of Hitler's imprisonment before he gained power. Outside Landsberg, in a heavily wooded area, was one of the extermination camps populated by walking skeletons, the dying, and the dead in great heaps. Many of the living were too near death to be saved as they couldn't assimilate nourishment of any kind. The stench of death was overpowering and seemed to permeate every bit of clothing and every pore in one's body. At our advance, the SS prison staff had fled, leaving the prisoners without food or water. Our revulsion of the Nazi regime was complete at the sights, sounds, and smells of this hellhole.

"It is my fervent hope that those who claim these atrocities never existed and the revisionists are never allowed to rewrite history which would sweep this sad chapter of history under the rug. In a few short years there will be no more of us who witnessed these things for ourselves.

* * * * *

"After the cessation of hostilities, I transferred to U.S. Army Military Government and served in several *Landkreises* (counties), supervising operations of local county and city governments as well as a displaced persons camp of several thousand Eastern Europeans brought to Germany as slave laborers.

"As we began to repatriate the displaced persons to their homelands, they were wildly happy, especially the Russians who left camp singing Russian songs and toasting their country with home-made vodka. We were happy for them to get to go home. However, a short while after the first convoy left, a few came back to camp looking very sober and depressed. Their news was very disturbing and, to the Russian displaced persons waiting for repatriation, frightening. Their news was that they had not gone to the happy welcome home they had expected, but to something just the opposite. They had been received by a Soviet Army unit and either lined up and shot as traitors, or

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BERNARD J. (BERT) SOMERS

Navy, Lieutenant (jg)

Served 3 years in the Atlantic and Pacific theaters aboard LST 269 and LST 677 (landing ship—tanker). Bert was a graduate of the Navy V-12 program with commission as an officer upon completion.

HERBERT GOLDENBERG

Navy, Electronic Technician's Mate 3rd Cl

Served 2 years in the Asiatic Pacific Theater. Saw action in Guam and Eniwetok.

GERALD F. SORENSEN

Army Air Corps, Captain

"When the draft began in 1940, our trainees were drilling with wooden guns, or so I recall, which did not appeal to me. So I called attention to a back condition which, due to an attack, had been identified previously. The Army found the same conditions and I was classified 4-F. This lasted one year and then, as was the custom, I was called up again to determine whether my back had somehow corrected itself. But we were in the war by then and I felt I was not doing my duty and I told the two doctors that I would like to try. I don't know whether I influenced them or not, but they changed my classification to General Service, which had no limitations on my fitness to become cannon fodder. I served in both World War II and the Korean War, though neither war put my back to a challenge.

"My Army experience in World War II was a bit odd. It began with a commission in antiaircraft artillery, a branch of the coast artillery, and eventually led to a transfer to the Signal Corps. Why this transfer? We got command of the air in Europe and there arose a huge surplus of antiaircraft officers. As I recall, 10,000 officers were transferred from antiaircraft to the tanks, infantry, and generally one step from combat. Two hundred of us were transferred to the Signal Corps to study a new science called radar at Camp Murphy, Florida, where the only threat was alligators. The minimum requirement was a bachelor's degree in electrical engineering—I had a bachelor's degree in philosophy!"

ROBERT T. LEWIS

Navy, Lieutenant (jg)

Served 4 years in the South Pacific aboard the *USS Signal*.

ARTHUR J. (JACK) MISNER

USNR, Ensign and Lieutenant Commander

Jack spent 41 years in naval service (4 active, 37 reserve). He joined the Navy in 1942, upon graduation from UC Berkeley. He spent his four years of active duty during the war in amphibious operations, beginning as a training officer at bases in Virginia and

See MISNER, Page 12

FRENCH SCHOOLGIRL EXPERIENCED TRAUMA OF NAZI OCCUPATION

by Marie-Antoinette Zrimc

I was a mere French schoolgirl during the war years 1939 to 1945. Yet, November 21, 1944 was the happiest day of my life, a blissful day; it felt as if I were floating in air in a realm akin to heaven. When I tried to describe it to a cousin who was a down-to-earth type not much given to sentimentality, she surprised me by telling me she experienced the very same thing. It turned out to be a feeling shared by everyone around, almost overwhelming in its intensity. And the cause of this elation? The arrival of advanced troops of General Patton's army in the hamlet of my forebears, where I had been, for five months already, a traumatized refugee from bombing.

For more than four years, as a school girl between the ages of 13 and 17, I had endured the Nazi occupation of my native Alsace-Lorraine, witnessing the roundup of Jews in June 1940 and public bonfires consuming French books and berets, followed by the banishment of French as a language of instruction or even conversation between friends, the imposition of an all-German curriculum with the Hitler salute before and after classes and heavy doses of propaganda. Worse yet, because Alsatians were ethnic Germans in the Nazis' eyes, they drafted our young men for the Russian front, knowing full well they would defect to Allied territory if sent anywhere else, despite threats of retaliation against their families.

Rumors of resistance spread. A cousin was apprehended and spent 16 months in the Buchenwald concentration camp, to be freed near death after a forced march to Bergen-Belsen in a last-ditch effort by the Nazis to hide these victims of their atrocities from the Allies. Meanwhile, we listened to the badly scrambled broadcasts from Switzerland and Great Britain to keep track of Allied advances and keep our spirits up. What relief and joy when the first American soldiers were sighted, barely a day after the last German unit had quietly retreated! There ensued months of friendly conversation with countless Americans eager for contact with civilians and an occasional homecooked meal, rendered sometimes more romantic by power blackouts.

The war was not quite over for us on November 21, 1944. We were to remain dangerously close to the embattled front all through the winter of '44-45, and I would have to hitchhike the hundred-odd miles home on military vehicles, with a special pass, for the reopening of school in March. But for me and those around me, for all practical purposes, the long nightmare had ended on that fateful, grey, and deliriously happy morning in November '44, when I had set eyes on my first GI.



by Mary Gormly

The Navy had women (besides nurses) serving in World War I as Yeoman (F), better known as "Yeomanettes." When World War II began, the Navy had a plan for using women, but the admirals were hesitant. But with a little push from the Roosevelts, the Navy accepted women in July 1942, not as an auxiliary, but as members of the Naval Reserve—WAVES (Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service)—with the same privileges as the men. An advisory board composed of presidents of women's colleges helped set up the women's training; the president of Wellesley College became the director of the WAVES. All basic training took place on college campuses: officers were at Smith College and enlisted women, at Hunter College. Important was the WAVES' secret weapon—the uniform designed by Mainboucher of New York. It was such a classic style that it was adopted by all other services and used for over 35 years.



It was natural that I would join the Navy because my family was all Navy: three uncles, one of whom was a Naval Academy graduate with service in World War I, and a brother who began his 25-year naval career in 1943 after graduating from the Academy.

In July 1943, after my second year at the University of Washington, I enlisted and attended boot school at Hunter College and advanced yeoman training at Oklahoma A&M. Out of 400, only four of us were sent to San Francisco (my first choice) and the rest, to Washington, D.C. (my second choice). After visiting the Washington area the previous June, I wanted to see more. So I got my wish!

I reported for duty in early December as a senior yeoman in the Judge Advocate General's Office of the Navy Department. The section I was in was responsible for the bonding of supply officers and pay clerks who were handling large amounts of money and equipment. My contacts were with insurance companies in the area. (After V-J Day I had three good job offers.)

Our living quarters were in a new apartment building taken over by the Navy and considered the best WAVES quarters in town. It was less than two blocks from the White House and four from the Navy Department.

The following are some of my most memorable moments in my Navy "career."

When I was new in the JAG's office, I was rushing down the hallway delivering some papers and not looking where I was going. Turning a corner, I bumped into a man who turned out to be the Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox. A most embarrassing moment!

* * * * *

One experience I will never forget is the time my CO sent me to the Capitol to attend the Congressional hearings on the unification of the Armed Forces. The Navy was presenting its plan, with Secretary James Forrestal in attendance. The sharpest questions were posed by Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire. The main concern seemed to be what would happen to the positions of secretaries of the Army and Navy. As it finally turned out, what we have now is closer to what the Navy wanted.

* * * * *

The saddest moment was viewing Franklin D. Roosevelt's funeral cortege when it came from Union Station to the White House. We were standing across from the White House and there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd. The mood was very somber for over a week.

* * * * *

The parades were memorable, especially after V-E Day. We were standing across from the Capitol to see General Eisenhower arrive to speak to Congress. The general stopped his jeep to talk to some wounded soldiers from Walter Reed Hospital. In getting back into the jeep, the driver did not realize Eisenhower was not seated and he started moving. Eisenhower nearly fell out of the jeep and all he did was laugh. And that was the first time I saw his famous smile.

See "BATTLE OF WASHINGTON," Page 12

STAHL SHOWS EARLY MOXIE

by Frieda Stahl

In addition to military forces during World War II, there was an "army" of civilians employed in defense installations and industries supporting the military. Immediately after Pearl Harbor, college seniors scheduled for graduation in June 1942 were recruited *en masse* as entry-level "junior scientists" for U.S. Army Laboratories. I was a senior physics major at Hunter College, then the New York City system's women's college. Civilian federal recruiters visited the campus, seeking every student with any study in the physical sciences, even home ec majors! They promised us additional training as needed for "war work."



Those recruiters represented U.S. Army Signal Corps laboratories in New Jersey, of which there were two separate (and competing) divisions, communications at Fort Monmouth and radar at Belmar. Although I would have been happier and learned more useful (to me) techniques at the Fort Monmouth lab, I was "claimed" by radar on the basis of my physics degree and radar's higher military priority. Most of the "girls" went to Monmouth and had the advantage of numbers.

In contrast, I reported to the radar labs in July 1942 along with hordes of male science grads from many other campuses. We were given an exam and I scored 100, which got me assigned to the faculty of an *ad hoc* training program. But before I could settle in to teach elementary electricity and electronics, I was reassigned to a circuit development group. As the only female scientist in that lab, I was subjected to a wave of hostility because the men feared an "invasion" of women would follow me, displacing them from their jobs and releasing them to be drafted. That of course never materialized. For one and one-half years, after the guys cooled it, I enjoyed developing signal processing circuits needed for the radar of that era.

Late in 1943 my husband, a Signal Corps noncom, was transferred to a base in Mobile, Alabama, and I needed an official release from my position before I could join him. After a grilling by a military officer, I was released "without prejudice," meaning that I was entitled to reinstatement in grade at any other Army base that had an electronics facility. When I presented my "entitlement" at the Mobile base, there was a shock wave through both military and civilian administrators. This was the old Deep South—they had never heard of a woman with a scientist's rating. The debate was waged between those who said I could not possibly be qualified for that rating and others who said that I might have the qualifications but had no right to have them! They were united around the fear that hiring me at that "Washin'ton" salary ($2,000 per year!) would cause a riot among all the other "girls" earning far less as entry-level technician trainees. Under wartime pressure I was hired; the "girls" were delighted at the precedent and became my good friends.

A short time after I started there, the military director tried to tempt me with an offer of reclassification to a top technician's rating at $2,600 per year, which I refused. I knew that I was not skilled as a technician in repair and maintenance, and would have been demoted at my first review. He did not offer me promotion to the second rank of scientist, also at $2,600, so I knew that my junior scientist's position was a shield for my career.

Early in 1944 a newly arrived lieutenant found out about my rating and invited me to work as his technical assistant. This was a big improvement in my situation; I did calculations and analyses instead of routine testing. One day I made a bad political mistake—I absentmindedly walked out of the lieutenant's office carrying my sliderule, and fractured Old South egos all over again.



Later that year my husband was transferred to a base in San Antonio, Texas, and I went through the military release procedure again. But in San Antonio I got a purely civilian job at a geophysical company engaged in oil exploration. Though not tied to the military, that work served a critical need. The circuits I worked on in that lab were different but just as interesting as the ones I had worked on previously.

There was another period of adjustment to the idea of a female in a laboratory, at a company that did not even have women in its offices until its "nonessential" men were drafted. Both my motives and my morals were on the line! But by early 1946, when we were restored to civilian life and free to go home, I had succeeded in "making friends and influencing people" to accept the idea that women could be technically competent and effective employees.

SHE ESCAPED FROM CAPTURE BY THE NAZIS

by Leon Schwartz

Jeanne Schwartz (my wife) celebrated the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II by recalling her experiences in Occupied France after the Nazi invasion.

In June 1940, as the invading army swept through northeastern France towards her hometown of Besançon, 15-year-old Jeanne (nee Gurtat) and her father fled south by train, were bombed at Saint-Amour, where their train was put out of commission, and continued on foot till they were able to catch another train to Grenoble, which was located in the so-called "Free Zone" governed by the collaborationist Vichy government. Joined there several weeks later by her mother and sister, who had been unable to leave Besançon earlier because of her sister's illness but who had nevertheless managed to get through the Nazi lines, Jeanne resumed the "normal" life of a schoolgirl in Grenoble until the late summer of 1942, when the Vichy government began to round up Jews for deportation to concentration camps.

Jeanne had meanwhile become active in the Jewish Scout movement, which was participating in a rescue operation of Jewish refugee children held in internment camps in southern France. Some of these children were smuggled or ransomed out of the camps and taken in small groups to Switzerland by older Jewish Boy and Girl Scouts with the aid of members of the French Resistance movement, which was particularly active in the mountains near Grenoble. When Jeanne's participation in this dangerous activity was leaked to the French *milice* in late December 1942, they came to the Gurtat apartment to arrest her. Fortunately she was not home at the time.

When her parents informed her of the threat to her safety, she was immediately dispatched by the scout organization with the next group of children to be escorted clandestinely to the Swiss border. With 14 children in tow, including her 13-year-old sister, all disguised as French Scouts on an outing, Jeanne bluffed the Nazi guards on the train and evaded the German patrols at the Franco-Swiss border in the snow-covered Alps near Geneva.

After an anguished wait at the Swiss customs station for permission to remain in Switzerland as internees, all 15 of them were finally admitted and sent to various internment camps. Jeanne and her sister remained in Switzerland until V-E Day, when they were able to rejoin their parents in their apartment in Grenoble. Their parents had survived by disguising themselves as peasants in the mountain village of Montchafferet.

Jeanne and I, along with our two children and Jeanne's parents, visited Montchafferet in the summer of 1957 and met the courageous peasants who had harbored the Gurtat couple.

MISNER *(Continued from Page 9)*

Florida. He ended his stateside duty by joining the crew of the personnel transport *Anne Arundel* as she headed for Europe to prepare for landing troops on the continent during the Normandy invasion.

After Normandy the *Anne Arundel* moved to the Mediterranean to help land troops on shore in the landings in southern France. When this assignment was completed, the *Anne Arundel* returned to the U.S. in preparation for taking off for the Pacific, where added naval forces were needed as the war with Japan spread to the Western Pacific.

Jack spent all of 1945 and part of 1946 on the *Anne Arundel* as she transported personnel from place to place, including landing troops at the invasions in the Philippines and Okinawa.

Jack tells a raft of bits of information about his experiences while transporting personnel about the Pacific, one of which took place after the war with Japan was over. As a part of the U.S. effort to assist the Chinese Nationalists in their war against the Communists, Jack's ship was part of a 32-ship flotilla that picked up a whole army in Indochina and moved to northern China. The effort went awry a month later when the whole army surrendered to the Communists. As its last assignment, the *Anne Arundel* joined the "Magic Carpet" operation and brought home a load of military personnel, most of them heading home to be demobilized. Jack's last active duty assignment was to sail the *Anne Arundel* back to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, decommission her, and return her to the merchant shipping line from which the Navy had commandeered her.

As a footnote to his report on his wartime experiences, Jack told about attending a reunion of the ship's crew of the *Anne Arundel* in Virginia Beach, Virginia last October.

"It was a great experience seeing both officers and enlisted personnel I hadn't seen in 50 years. Surprisingly, there are still seven of the 10 officers in my boat division alive. As I was senior officer, we had a great time reliving experiences, particularly the Normandy invasion, which all agreed we were very lucky to have survived."

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put on prison trains headed to the Siberian prison labor camps. After this, when a convoy was scheduled to repatriate the Russians, they all disappeared—just vanished into hiding in the countryside until the convoy was disbanded. Their change from happiness and wild jubilation at the thought of going home to the absolute dread and terror at the prospect was a very depressing thing to witness."

FINNS DRIVE GERMANS FROM THEIR LAND

by Ake Sandler

SPECIAL TO *THE EMERITIMES*

(Ed. Note: During World War II Ake Sandler served as a war correspondent for The New York Times. *He has written this special account of events in Finland for this special issue of* The Emeritimes.*)*

In September 1944, while on duty in Finland as a correspondent for *The New York Times*, I witnessed and wrote about, with unlimited admiration, the unbelievable feat of the Finns in driving from their soil their comrades-in-arms since 1941, the Germans, an effort demanded by Stalin as a condition for obtaining peace with the Soviet Union.

This was indeed a mission impossible; and few in the West, who watched this heroic attempt, thought the Finns capable of it. But they did it. By October they secured an armistice agreement from the Russians, and soon thereafter a treaty of peace, which still is in force, and has produced stable, if not cordial, relations between Finland and its mighty neighbor.

Porkkala, a peninsula in the Gulf of Finland, was the last Finnish territory to be cleared of Germans, after bloody fighting. A Finnish soldier, Viljo, whose family had a large estate on Porkkala, invited some of us war correspondents to visit his family home and to bring away with us anything we wanted from the home "otherwise the Russians will take it," he said. True enough. Porkkala was to be occupied by the Russians "for 99 years" as part of the agreement. They called it "leased."

The correspondent from *LIFE*, Elishofen, dislodged a crystal chandelier from the ceiling in one of the rooms as his "booty." I settled for a *pouka*—a Finnish army knife that now resides in our son's home.

Viljo, incidentally, was on "furlough" permanently, as a reward for his exploits as a sniper in the Karelian woods, where he had "bagged" several hundred Soviet guerrillas, for which he had received the Mannerheim Medal, Finland's highest war decoration and the equivalent of the Congressional Medal of Honor. And he was only 21.

The war within the war between the Finns and the Germans has become known as "the unknown war".

Incidentally, when the Finns abandoned Porkkala, they left behind in every church—and there were several—a tiny Bible in Russian. It was prepared by the Biblical Society of Helsinki, and in each little Bible there was an inscription in Russian: THIS WILL DO YOU SOME GOOD, YOU DEVILS!

I still have a copy of the miniature Bible.


The New York Times

Germans Driven Out of Finland

"BATTLE OF WASHINGTON" *(Continued from Page 10)*

Because Washington was a Navy town, we all got off work to see the parade honoring Admiral Nimitz. The parade was huge—sailors, Marines, midshipmen, WAVES, SPARS, Coast Guard and their dogs, released POWs such as Major Devereaux of Wake Island and Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, and captured Japanese airplanes and other hardware. And, of course, Admiral Nimitz who was, in my opinion, the best looking person in Navy blue. As a climax, B-17s spelled out NIMITZ in the sky overhead—a very thrilling sight!

* * * * *

I remember seeing VIPs such as Charles de Gaulle, a most impressive and handsome figure, and Margaret Truman, a very pretty college student. Among the service people I met were British RAF pilots and ATS women. We were all in Washington at a very exciting time.

And, with all this "hard" duty, I was able to enjoy memorable theater events such as Henry Fonda in *Mister Roberts*, Helen Hayes in *Harriet*, and Spencer Tracy in *The Rugged Path*. Most hilarious was Mae West in *Catherine Was Great*, which was panned by the critics yet played to standing room only audiences. At the end she made a classic and often quoted curtain speech: "Catherine in her lifetime had 200 lovers, but I did the best I could in two hours."

All the WAVES who served during the war received the American Campaign and Victory medals. My only disappointment was that Congress would not let us go overseas (there were heated discussions on the floor about that). We were eventually allowed to go to Hawaii and the Canal Zone, but that was not our idea of "overseas." In looking back, my only regret is that I did not remain in the Reserves long enough for that to happen.