

Ordinary Soldier's Stories

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Chapter One: The Revolutionary War



World War II Cartoon Courtesy of M. Sandy Blakeman

Susa White Gives Her Pet Lamb Nebby to Boston: A Connecticut Girl's Sacrifice for the American Revolution

Girls too, have courage and determination and they grow into women who make history. Even at her age, Susa White knew the price of her patriotism and she paid it. Early in the spring of 1774, a man by the name of Carey and his wife farmed land in the eastern section of the town of [Windham, Connecticut](#). One cold, stormy morning he carried a young lamb into his house. The lamb was chilled and almost dead. Carey laid it on the kitchen hearth and his wife wrapped it carefully in a warm flannel blanket. When it showed signs of life, she poured some warm milk into the lamb's mouth and rubbed it tenderly until it licked her hand and bleated in response to her caresses.

Mrs. Carey didn't have much time to care for the lamb because she had to help the other women of the town bake bread for the Sons of Liberty. Mr. Carey suggested that they give the lamb to Parson Stephen White's ten year old daughter, [Susannah, Susa](#) for short.

Susa White Names Her Pet Lamb Nebby

Susa White's eyes sparkled when she saw the lamb. She declared that she would take the very best care of it and keep it until it was an old sheep. She consulted her father about a name. He suggested that she call the lamb Nebuchadnezzar because some day it would have to eat grass like the Old King of Babylon. Susa thought Nebuchadnezzar a rather large name, but she shortened it to Nebby or Neb. Neb grew by spring leaps and bounds. He followed her around, nibbling either grass or flowers, as suited his taste.

King George Closes the Port of Boston

In the spring of 1774, news of the act for closing the port of Boston reached Windham. King George III had declared his determination to starve his subjects into unreserved submission. Boston officials received the Port Act on May 10, 1774, and news of it was sent speedily as possible from town to town and from colony to colony. By the time the stage coach swung onto the road to Hartford, the Port Closing bill edged in black was posted all over the Windham and so was an appeal from the citizens of Boston asking counsel and aid from her sister colonies in their time of trial.

The next day was the Sabbath. Parson Stephen White preached enthusiastically about the Bostonian resistance to the Stamp Act and how Boston had handled the tea question. Parson White exhorted his congregation to do what was in their power for the besieged people of Boston.

Windham Sends Aid to Besieged Boston

People didn't fall asleep in church that day. They hung on Parson White's every word. Susa White turned her eyes for a moment for her father's high pulpit toward the door. She caught sight of Neb standing with his front feet on the window sill and chewing his cud. He looked so sleek and handsome. How could she even think of giving him up? She had promised Deacon Carey to keep him until he had grown to a great sheep.

A few days after the church service people flocked to a town meeting to deliberate about what the citizens of Windham would do and when they would do it. The Port Bill would be effective on June 1, 1774, and after that many hundreds of people would need food. A large, enthusiastic crowd filled the meeting house to capacity and many young men offered their services to Boston and prepared to depart for that city.

Women and children crowded around, clamoring to help. Some had a few cents to add to the offerings for Boston. Susa's brother Dyer volunteered to go even though he was only 12 years old. Finally Solomon Huntington, who moderated the meeting, announced that 258 sheep and lambs were listed and ready for delivery. The young men who had volunteered to drive them would be ready to start the next day at noon.

Susa Makes Her Decision

Susa stationed herself a little way from the front door to wait for her father. At last he came out, talking with one of their neighbors. Susa told her father that she would send Nebby to hungry children of Boston, but she had to talk to Deacon Carey about her promise before she could let Nebby go. Colonel Dyer, who was standing nearby patted Susa's head and said that she was a brave, generous girl.

Susa could only shake her head in reply. She did not speak all of the way home. When they reached their lane, she saw some children who had come to play with Nebby. Running along to the outer gate, she slipped through it and disappeared into the trees.

Susa Says Goodbye to Nebby

The next day before noon, the farmers came driving in their flocks and the volunteers were ready for the long march. Susa White's lamb Nebby stood out from the flock of 258 sheep. She had carefully washed his white coat for the last time that morning, at the wooden trough beside the well. She had fastened a garland of green leaves around his neck.

The village children followed the flock up the eastern hill. Susa White walked with them, crying silently for Nebby. Then she saw her schoolmate, Sallie Lincoln, biting her lip and saying a cheerful goodbye to her brother.

Susa squared her shoulders and gave Nebby one last hug around the neck. She watched him frisk away with the other lambs, his green leaf garland waving gaily in the spring breeze.

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Michael Hare Survived Two Wars and Several Massacres

Michael Hare fought in the French and Indian War, and the American Revolution and he survived scalping and the hardships of soldiering. Born in Armaugh County, Ireland, on June 10, 1727, Michael Hare attended St. Patrick's Seminary near his birthplace and planned to be a priest. Eventually, he changed career directions and learned to be a skilled weaver.

Michael Hare Served with General George Washington and General Edward Braddock

When he immigrated to America, Michael Hare stopped first near Philadelphia and then moved northwest with the tide of migration to Northumberland County, Pennsylvania. He served in the French and Indian War under George Washington and in 1755, and although wounded, he was one of the soldiers who helped hold back the Indians who were bent on exterminating General Edward Braddock's English regulars to the last man.

In 1763, when Indian troubles broke out under Pontiac, Michael Hare fought in the Battle of Bushy Run on August 5-6, 1763, serving under Colonel Henry Bouquet who was pressing forward to relieve Captain Simeon Ecuyer, besieged at Fort Pitt. Bouquet and Ecuyer were Swiss soldiers of fortune serving the English crown in America. At Bushy Run eight years after the humiliation of Braddock, the Indians tried to trick Bouquet's forces into a similar ambush, but Bouquet tricked them instead and disastrously defeated them.

Michael Hare Fights in the Revolutionary War

During the Revolutionary War, Michael Hare enlisted in Northumberland County when enlistments were for just a few months, but Michael kept reenlisting and served almost

continuously through the war. He was in the battle of Long Island in August 1776, and was detached to serve under Anthony Wayne in the attack on Stony Point on July 15-16, 1779. He also served under [Colonel Daniel Brodhead](#) who directed several raids against the Seneca tribe of the Iroquois Confederacy and raids into northwestern Pennsylvania.

The archives of Pennsylvania reveal that Michael Hare was a Ranger from Westmoreland County in 1777, a private in 1780, and later a sergeant in the Pennsylvania volunteers. He was an Indian captive in 1782. Taken to Detroit as a prisoner and then to Quebec, he was exchanged in November 1782, and sent by sea to Philadelphia.

Michael Hare Is an Indian Interpreter

Michael Hare served as an Indian interpreter and acquired a vast knowledge of their habits and customs. In 1781, he found himself in the hands of the Indians when Colonel William Crawford led an ill fated expedition against them. On June 11, 1782, the Indians burned Colonel Crawford at the stake near Sandusky, Ohio, but Simon Girty, the “renegade white,” may have liked Michael Hare and influenced the Indians to spare him.

In 1782, Michael Hare served in Colonel Archibald Lochrey's Company of 100 men that was trying to make its way west to join the forces of George Rogers Clark. Indian leader Brant and renegade Simon Girty ambushed Colonel Lochrey and his company at the mouth of the Great Miami River. Michael survived, but 42 of the soldiers were killed.

Michael Hare is Scalped During the St. Clair Expedition

In 1791 when he was 64 years old, Michael Hare joined General Arthur St. Clair's expedition against the Miami Indians and their allies, using his interpreting as well as soldiering skills. After scalping Michael on the field of battle in Parke County, Ohio, the Indians left him for dead. Instead of leaving him to die, an Indian woman rescued Michael. She guided him all the way across present day Ohio into Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania where he lived at the time. She hid him by day piling branches and leaves over him, while she kept a look out from a tree nearby. He was once hidden underneath a log, which Indians in their search, had mounted for a better vantage point.

The Hares Settle in Erie County, Pennsylvania

[Michael Hare and his family](#) came to Erie County, Pennsylvania, about 1796 or 1797, and settled near a clump of apple trees a little stream known as Hare's Creek, north of Corry. David Wilson in his *History of Union Township*, says that Michael Hare “was a weaver by trade, and if any of the neighbors had a piece of fancy work that ordinary weaves could not do, they sent for Michael Hare. Michael Hare could weave complicated patterns such as double coverlets or bagging of double thicknesses twilled on one side and plain on the other. He would go, be it far or near, and rig up the loom of his customers, and show them how to weave their pattern, charging the moderate sum of two dollars.

After moving from Hare Creek, the Hare family settled at Oak Hill between Waterford and Union City, Pennsylvania. When he was 100 years old, Michael Hare taught school, first in his cabin, and afterward in a school house in the vicinity. Mrs. Cynthia Ensworth, historian of Waterford said, “Because of this frightful scalp wound, he wore a cap not only during school hours but at all times. He sat close to the fireplace because of poor circulation, keeping one side of his face turned toward the fire.”

Michael Hare Marries Elizabeth and They Have Thirteen Children

Mrs. Velma Alexander Mando, one of Michael Hare's descendants who researched his life, said that he was short, solidly built and may have weighed about 170 pounds in the prime of his life. She said he favored his scalp wound by leaning his head toward the fire for comfort.

Michael Hare married Elizabeth, twenty two years younger than he was, and they had thirteen children. He died on March 3, 1842 at the age of 115 years and 8 months and 22 days. Elizabeth died on April 10, 1840, at age 90 years.

Michael and Elizabeth Hare Rest in Evergreen Cemetery

According to a story in the *Erie Times* of Sunday July 1, 1951, Michael and Elizabeth Hare and Captain Robert King and his family had earlier been buried in a cemetery located in the west section of Waterford Borough. "Then the remains of Michael Hare and his wife were moved to Evergreen cemetery, in Union City Pennsylvania, many years ago."

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Chapter Two: The War of 1812

James Bird - The Battle of Lake Erie, The Execution, The Ballad

The story of James Bird began before the Battle of Lake Erie ended in September 1813, and the “Ballad of James Bird” began to be sung shortly after his execution in 1814. For decades after the Battle of Lake Erie, people throughout the hills and dales of Pennsylvania and Ohio sang “The Ballad of James Bird”.

James Bird is a Prisoner on the Niagara

The brig *Niagara* and the rest of Admiral Perry’s fleet returned to Erie, Pennsylvania, after Perry defeated the British fleet. In the early spring of 1814, a sour note marred the victory songs echoing through the streets. James Bird, Edwin or John Rankin, and a sailor named John Davis were taken prisoner on the *Niagara*. The controversy about their fate is still a discordant note in Lake Erie history.

Lydia Ryall's Version of the James Bird Story

There are almost as many versions of the James Bird story as there are of the “Ballad of James Bird”. In her book, *Sketches and Stories of the Lake Erie Islands*, Lydia J. Ryall says that James was a marine from Kingston, Ohio, and he had fought valiantly on the *Niagara* with Perry in the Battle of Lake Erie.

All of the versions of the James Bird story seem to agree that he did, indeed, fight bravely on Perry's flagship the *Lawrence*. As the ballad describes the story, James Bird is wounded and although Perry implores him to leave the deck and save himself, Bird fights on.

The lyrics of the ballad, according to Laura Sanford, are fraught with emotion, but nineteenth century ballad singers enjoyed story songs with emotional touches. The emotional touches enhanced the story and the embellishments provided much of the singing fun.

Ay, behold! a ball has struck him,/See the crimson current flow/"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry/"No," cries Bird, "I will not go"/"Here on board I tuck my station,Ne'er will Bird his colors fly/I'll stand by you, gallant captain,Til we conquer, lest we die.

Standing by Oliver Hazard Perry proved to be a fatal mistake for James Bird. Although wounded, James didn't return with the fleet to Erie. Instead, he set out for his home at Kingston, anxious to see his family, friends, and sweetheart. He hired out to a man in his neighborhood and started to work clearing timber. He never thought that he would be considered a deserter. He talked at length to his employer about his experiences under Perry's command. During the conversation he revealed that he had not waited to obtain a formal discharge from Perry's fleet.

Ryall's version of the story has it that Bird's employer also had his eye on Bird's sweetheart and that she had turned aside his advances in favor of James Bird. The employer saw a way to get even with James. He reported him as a deserter.

Laura Sanford's Version of the James Bird Story

Laura G. Sanford in her *History of Erie County* tells another version of the story. She says that [James Bird](#) belonged to a volunteer company from Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, and that the company occupied a small blockhouse at the Cascade in Erie. According to Sanford, the men were not used to military discipline and they became impatient with orders. They mutinied by barricading themselves and refusing others admission to the fort. Lieutenant Brooks of the Marines desperately needed men before the battle, so he told them that he would pardon them if they would enlist with him. He made James Bird a sergeant and put him in charge of a storehouse at the mouth of Mill Creek. Sanford says that he deserted from there.

Captain Dobbins Tells the James Bird Story

Two other sources contradict Ryall and Sanford. The Muster Roll of Perry's fleet reveals that James Burd, marine, was wounded on the *Brig Lawrence* in Perry's fleet. Captain W.W. Dobbins in his *History of the Battle of Lake Erie and Reminiscences of the Flagships Lawrence and Niagara*, states that among the wounded was James Bird, sergeant marine.

W.W. Dobbins offers another version of the James Bird story. He wrote that he and his father, Daniel, heard frequent conversations between the officers about Bird. The Dobbins version of the Bird story said that Bird came to Erie with a brigade of volunteers from the Pennsylvania interior. He and a squad of men guarded stores in a small block house at the Cascade where the large vessels were built. Although Bird supervised the stores, he also helped steal them. When the military commander discovered the thefts, the squad mutinied, but the commander arrested and imprisoned the rebels.

Lieutenant Brooks of the marines next appeared on the scene. He perceived that James Bird was a brave man and told him and some others that their offense would be overlooked, "provided they would enlist as marines." They enlisted, and James Bird served bravely on the *Lawrence* was wounded. Then the squadron prepared for the Mackinac expedition and the marines placed Bird and other marines to guard the government stores at Erie. He deserted from there, taking John Rankin, one of the guards with him. This proved to be a fatal mistake for James Bird and paved the way for events that would produce a ballad that would carry his story into history.

One Shot Away from Rescue

James Bird and John Rankin were caught while deserting because an Erie boy had spent his vacation at home and rode back toward his school at Washington, Pennsylvania. He passed Bird and Rankin at a tavern near Butler. He had seen the men on duty at the store and he recognized them.

The boy continued on his journey and eventually met Sailing Master Colwell and a group of seamen in wagons. They were on their way to Erie to join the squadron. The boy told them about Rankin and Bird. Sailing Master Colwell disguised a party of men and sent them after Bird and Rankin. They captured Bird and Rankin and brought them to Erie.

President James Madison Refuses to Pardon James Bird

The military held a court martial on board the *Niagara*, which was on its way with the squadron to Detroit. John Davis, a sailor who had deserted and committed other offenses, and James Bird and John Rankin were found guilty and condemned to death.

Some officials tried to have Bird's sentence commuted to imprisonment because of his gallant actions on the *Lawrence* on September 10, 1813. President James Madison refused. He said that Bird "had deserted from off his post while in charge of a guard, in time of war, and therefore, must suffer as an example for others."

James Bird is Executed Before Word of Perry's Pardon Arrives

James Bird, John Davis, and John Rankin were executed on board the *Niagara* while it lay at anchor at Erie in October 1814. Legend says that a rider and his horse galloped to Presque Isle Bay where the *Niagara* rode at anchor. He waved a piece of white paper at the men aboard the *Niagara* and shouted for them not to shoot. The crackle of rifle fire answered him. He had arrived at the *Niagara* with Admiral Perry's pardon for James Bird a minute too late! This part of the story may be just legend, because it would be difficult for Perry to countermand a presidential order, but this version of the story and ballad says that Perry did pardon James Bird, but he was shot before word of the pardon reached the *Niagara*.

The Ballad of Bird's Farewell

A ballad called "[Bird's Farewell](#)" describes the fate of James Bird and his comrades. Lydia Ryall quotes the entire ballad in her *Sketches and Stories of the Lake Erie Islands*. The ballad describes the execution scene this way:

"Dark and gloomy was the morning/Bird was ordered out to die.."

The ballad vividly describes Bird kneeling by his coffin and the words overflow with sentiment. "Spare him, his death can do no good," the words cry. Then Bird is shot and his "bosom streams with blood." The language of the ballad may seem overblown and sentimental to modern ears, but the emotions and story telling of the ballad keep James Bird alive.

Laura Sanford Decries The "Gory" Style of The Ballad

Laura Sanford concludes her version of the James Bird story by saying, "A ballad on the theme of not less than twenty verses in the "gory" style, rehearsed or rather screeched by a servant girl with a doleful countenance, and made a decided impression on a group of children."

The Bones and Ballad of James Bird

Add another historical record to the popular history, the naval record, and the "gory" ballad of [James Bird](#). An item in the *Union City Times*, published in the small town of Union City about twenty miles from Erie, takes up the James Bird story 68 years later. The item, dated March 9, 1882, said that the gale of Wednesday of last week uprooted a tree on Presque Isle, Erie, and the roots dragged up two skeletons.

One of the skeletons was that of James Bird, who had been the subject of cheap, sensational poetry throughout Pennsylvania for the last 75 years. The story continued that during the War of 1812, James Bird and John Rankin were shot on board the *Niagara* for desertion and were buried on the spot over which the tree grew and flourished.

The newspaper story concluded by saying that "Bird's death was invested with heroic and martyr qualities as he is reported to have fallen with a dozen bullets through him a moment before his pardon arrived."

Servant girls no longer sing the “Ballad of James Bird”, but there are still versions of it in folk song books, including *Traditional American Folk Songs from the Anne & Frank Warner Collection, James Bird #17*.

On fog swept mornings on the beaches of Presque Isle, imaginative beach walkers and fishermen say that they can hear the faint strains of:

“Dark and gloomy was the morning/Bird was ordered out to die..”

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Captain Luther Harvey - Soldier, Mariner

Captain Luther Harvey created a laundry list of occupations. He was a mail carrier, soldier, tavern keeper, and most of all, a mariner and adventurer. After following an inherited wanderlust where it led him, Captain Harvey selected Monroe, Michigan, as his permanent harbor.

Luther Harvey Chooses Lake Erie and Soldiering

Like many other New Englanders, Luther Harvey's family frequently moved around between 1789, the year he was born, and 1810, when he went to Pennsylvania on his own. The family lived in Genesee and Buffalo, New York, where he first became acquainted with Lake Erie. From an early age, Harvey avidly followed the commissary windjammer that sailed up and down the lakes bringing Irish pork from Canada and salt from Onodaga. There were no improved harbors on Lake Erie in the early 1800s and sail boats had to be poled up the Niagara River. An early history notes that "the crew of eight polers refreshed themselves from the tin cup hung from the barrel of Pennsylvania rye in the stern."

In 1810, Luther Harvey moved to Pennsylvania and then to Conneaut, Ohio, with a company of eastern settlers. News that the United States had declared war on Great Britain in the summer of 1812 motivated Harvey to travel to Cleveland, Ohio. Now 23, Harvey enlisted in the state militia that Ohio governor Jonathan Meigs, Jr., had organized to defend frontier outposts. He served as a private in Captain Clark Parker's company from August 1812 until February 1813, and his company was sent to protect the settlements along the Huron River in Ohio.

Quickly Luther Harvey discovered that garrison duty in the blockhouse on the Huron River didn't provide much adventure, so he decided to change locations. He transferred to the service of Major Lupper, a commissary contractor. The major hired him to carry dispatches around Lake Erie from Cleveland to General Harrison at Fort Meigs, near Toledo, Ohio.

The River Raisin Militia Is Mustered For Service

While [Luther Harvey](#) served in Captain Parker's militia, the River Raisin militia mustered for service and in the summer of 1812, the militia began to build a military road, later named Jefferson Avenue, that would link Detroit with Ohio. As soon as the River Raisin Militia had

completed the road, General William Hull, who commanded the United States forces in the Old Northwest, marched several thousand Ohio volunteers over it to defend Detroit.

General Hull had planned to capture the British Fort Malden in Amherstburg, Ontario, but changed his plans when the Indian allies of the British cut off the flow of supplies.

General Hull tried three times to open the road, but he couldn't break the grip of the Indians and the British. Facing an army of British soldiers and Indians and convinced that he could not prevail, General Hull surrendered his entire army to the British at Detroit on August 16, 1812.

The River Raisin militia reeled from the shock when a British officer arrived in Frenchtown-later Monroe- on August 17, informing them of the surrender of Detroit and ordering them to surrender. The British briefly occupied the settlement, burned its blockhouse, and then departed.

After General Hull surrendered Detroit, President James Madison appointed William Henry Harrison to head the reorganized Army of the Northwest. In January 1813, General William Henry Harrison vowed to recapture Michigan. One of his first moves was to divide his army in half. He led one column to Upper Sandusky and Colonel James Winchester led the other further west to the settlement of Frenchtown on the River Raisin.

Captain Luther Harvey and "Remember the Raisin": Captain Harvey Is Involved in the War of 1812

Captain Luther Harvey enlisted in Captain Parker's militia and served for a year. He discovered that garrison duty in the blockhouse bored him, so he applied for a transfer and found himself rubbing shoulders and delivering supplies for General William Henry Harrison.

While Captain Luther Harvey hauled supplies between Cleveland and Monroe, the British and Americans fought a fierce battle. By November 1812, a detachment of Canadian militiamen armed with a small cannon were stationed at Frenchtown to monitor the advance of another American army. General James Winchester, an elderly Revolutionary War veteran, commanded this new army which had been recruited in Kentucky in August 1812.

General Winchester sent over 600 men to Frenchtown to fight the British. They arrived on the afternoon of January 18, 1813, and took positions south of the River Raisin. They were reinforced with 100 men from the River Raisin settlement. About 200 Potawatomi Indians and 63 Canadian militiamen faced the American forces.

"Remember the Raisin"

The Americans routed the Canadians and the Potawatomi Indians and drove them into the woods about a mile north of the settlement. The Americans set up camp among the homes on the north side of the River Raisin and the British and Indians retreated north of Brownstown, across the Detroit River from the British base at Fort Malden. Arriving with reinforcements and confident from the victory, General Winchester spread his men throughout Frenchtown. He chose an isolated house far from the settlement as his quarters.

Colonel Henry Procter, the commander of the British forces, called out all of his available troops-about 500 British soldiers and about 500 Indian warriors under Wyandot chief Roundhead. They hurried across the frozen River Raisin toward Frenchtown. The British and their Indian allies staged a surprise attack on the Americans at Frenchtown at dawn on January 22, 1813.

Chief Roundhead captured General Winchester who had attempted to join his command from

his distant quarters and the General surrendered his entire army. The Kentuckians under General Winchester surrendered only after insisting on a promise that the American wounded would be protected from the Indians.

Colonel Procter and his soldiers retreated to Brownstown to avoid what he thought would be a counterattack by General William Henry Harrison. On January 23, 1813, all of the British guards supposedly protecting the wounded Americans left and the Indians returned to the settlement. They plundered homes and the wounded for treasures and killed and scalped between 30 and 60 of the wounded American prisoners, many of them Kentucky volunteers. They set fire to houses and tossed bodies into them.

They claimed the wounded who could walk and marched them to Detroit to ransom them. American newspapers quickly called the battle and its aftermath "The Massacre of the River Raisin." Americans in the west rallied to the battle cry of "Remember the Raisin." Luther Harvey was one of the men who inspected the battlefield and tried to help the wounded and bury the dead.

General William Henry Harrison Changes His Plans

General William Henry Harrison had planned a winter campaign for his Army of the Northwest, but the defeat of Colonel Winchester at Frenchtown forced him to change his plans. Instead, he decided to build Fort Meigs at the Maumee Rapids. Luther Harvey and a few companions delivered messages from Cleveland to General Harrison at Fort Meigs.

In February 1813, Harvey took the job of driving six yoke of oxen hauling flour and other stores from Cleveland to Fort Meigs. Harvey was convinced that the massacre at the River Raisin had frightened General Harrison and he planned to abandon Fort Meigs. Resolutely, Harvey continued to deliver his supplies without spotting any British soldiers or Indians, and his supplies kept the garrison alive the rest of the winter.

Captain Luther Harvey and Commander Perry

Captain Harvey delivered supplies for General Harrison and witnessed the Battle of Lake Erie. He settled in Monroe, Michigan, and resumed his voyages on the Great Lakes.

Captain Luther Harvey served in the American militia, delivered supplies to General William Henry Harrison, and helped bury the victims of the River Raisin Massacre. By August 1813, Captain Harvey and his family had completed a circuit of the east and south shore of Lake Erie and were living in Huron, Ohio.

Commander Oliver Hazard Perry had finished building his fleet at Erie, Pennsylvania, and had dropped anchor at Sandusky, Ohio. Harvey decided to visit the fleet. He found a leaky batteau that some Americans had used to flee from Maumee, loaded it with supplies, including butter and roasting ears, and rowed out to the fleet with several farm boys. Perry's sailors eagerly welcomed this spontaneous supply ship.

Captain Harvey Watches the Battle of Lake Erie

After watching the sailors unload his groceries on Perry's flagship the *Lawrence*, Harvey demanded to be taken aboard to meet Perry himself. He chatted with Commander Perry on the deck of the *Lawrence*. The purser paid him well, encouraging him to return soon. Harvey did soon return, but this time to Put-in-Bay, where Perry's fleet waited in battle formation for the British.

Along with many other observers, Luther Harvey watched the Battle of Lake Erie from a nearby island, possibly Kelly's or Catawba Island. When the guns stopped, he hurried to the scene of the battle and observed the wreckage of British and American vessels. He saw broken spars, blood-stained mattresses, clothing, and tangled rigging cluttering the water.

Again, Luther Harvey meet Captain Perry and Perry insisted that Harvey pilot a boat load of Kentucky militia across Lake Erie to occupy Fort Malden which the British had abandoned as soon as Perry won the Battle of Lake Erie. When they reached Fort Malden, the Kentuckians burned the abandoned home of Colonel Elliott, because they blamed him for the murders of their fellow militiamen at Frenchtown.

After he left Fort Malden, Luther Harvey went to Detroit which the British had also abandoned. He said it was a dirty, disagreeable place, but did enjoy watching Jefferson Avenue being plowed the first time for grading.

The Harvey Family Moves to Frenchtown

In 1815, Luther Harvey moved his family from Detroit to Frenchtown, bringing him full circle around Lake Erie from Buffalo. One of the first people to come into the abandoned Frenchtown settlement after the battle of the River Raisin, Harvey made Frenchtown his home after that. He opened a tavern as his first business venture in his new home, and he immediately took the lead in community affairs.

The first Fourth of July he spent in Frenchtown, Harvey took part in a patriotic and gruesome exercise. Many of the men and boys of the reviving village spent the day wheeling carts along the banks of the River Raisin, gathering up the bleached bones of the victims of the massacre which had taken place two years before. They found bones as far south as Plum Creek, where the British and Indians had pursued the beaten Kentuckians. They also collected tomahawks, cannon balls, muskets, bayonets, parts of uniforms and other equipment that the Indians had overlooked.

Captain Luther Harvey Sails Again

His tavern keeper life soon bored Luther Harvey who was only 26 when he moved to Frenchtown. In 1817, he went back to being a lake captain, and owned and sailed several sailing sloops and schooners . The Detroit Gazette of April 17, 1818, records Captain Harvey as bound for Miami in the schooner *General Brown*.

In 1820, the *Fire Fly*, Capt. Luther Harvey, 2 tons. is listed in the roster of vessels plying the Maumee River. Captain Harvey sailed the *Fire Fly*, and often voyaged to the then almost unknown harbors of Lake Huron and Lake Michigan in safety. The Detroit Gazette of April 8, 1825 lists the *Fire Fly*, Captain Harvey, from Miami as arriving from Buffalo. In November 1828, the Detroit Gazette has Captain Harvey arriving from Miami in the *Regulator*. For nearly thirty years he sailed the lakes, and so skillfully managed his ships that he very seldom suffered an accident or a loss.

[The 1870 census](#) shows Luther Harvey, age 82, from Vermont living in Monroe and his wife, Mary, 73, born in Canada, and keeping house in Monroe. His son and wife and children also lived with him. He died in Monroe on Sunday September 14, 1878, Francis A. Dewey of Cambridge, Michigan, writes in an 1881 memoir that in "his quiet and memorable residence, at the age of eighty-six years, he laid down to sleep his last, long sleep, and then and there was entombed, a pioneer of the lakes and Monroe."

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Chapter Three : The Mexican War- 1846-1848

Henry Laurent Fought to Forget Vena Waldron

Henry Laurent fought in several wars to forget Vena Waldron, but after discovering a friend's lie, he finally returned home to find her waiting for him.

In 1846 when the war between the United States and Mexico began, a young man from Pike County, Arkansas, named Henry Laurent and a young neighboring lady, Miss Vena Waldron, became engaged. Gradually Henry heard the guns of war and he felt it his duty to his country to enlist in the Army. He kissed his fiancé goodbye and went off to war. When Henry left, Vena vowed that she would never marry if he didn't return.

Henry Fights in France and Russia

After Mexico City fell, Henry had a curious conversation with a fellow soldier and a neighbor. A neighbor named [Ralph Mitchell](#) came to Henry and told him that he had left Pike County after Henry did and that Vena had died a few days before he left.

Henry took the news of Vena's death to heart. When the troops returned from Mexico in 1848, Henry didn't come home with them. After he left the Army, he went to Cuba and from Cuba he went to Spain, England, Austria, Prussia, and France. When the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871 broke out, he joined the French Army and was seriously wounded at Metz.

After Henry recovered from his wound, the Franco-Prussian war was over and he stayed in France until the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-1878 broke out. Henry went to Russia and joined the Army. While trying to cross the Danube with a detachment of troops, he was shot through the lungs. He was in the hospital for a long time, but he finally recovered.

Ralph Mitchell Calls on Vena Waldron

Ralph Mitchell took a different path when the Mexican War ended. He returned to Pike County and called on Miss Vena Waldron. He told her that Henry, her fiancé, had strayed from the camp one night and a band of scouts killed him. Vena fell to the floor in a faint. When she regained consciousness, she developed a high fever. For months she tossed on her bed, dreading recovery worse than death. After a long illness, she finally regained her strength.

Ralph Mitchell called frequently on Vena during the time she was ill. One night while the bright moonlight shone on Vena's pale face, Ralph confessed his devotion. "We have known each other from children and we have lived as neighbors," Ralph told her. "You know me, my father and mother. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

Vena told Ralph that she respected and admired him, but she was engaged to Henry Laurent and always would be engaged to him.

"Then I will tantalize you no more. Laurent is not dead. My love for you caused me to deceive him. I told him that you were dead, and with a yell of despair, he left the army. I did this through love," Ralph Mitchell confessed.

Vena Continues to Wait for Henry

Vena fell ill for a second time and when she recovered she learned that Ralph Mitchell had married a neighboring girl. The American Civil War came and went. Years passed and Vena laid her parents to rest and went to live with her brother. Other brothers grew up and married.

Vena lived in a small house with vines growing in the yard. She sat among them and dreamed. Summer flowed into winter and winter flowed into spring. The birds sang and the rabbits bounded in the meadows. Old songs and old memories swept Vena's heart, still young and ardent despite her years.

One evening in October, 1879, Vena sat among the vines in her yard. Her brother had gone to the mill and she sat and dreamed. Then she started. An old man with a long beard and a tottering walk stood in front of the gate. He asked her if Mr. Waldron lived there. She invited him in. He came to the vine covered porch and sank down on a chair. He buried his face in his wrinkled hands.

"Old gentleman, can I do anything for you? You look so weary," Vena said.

"That voice! Vena, don't you know me? Henry has returned!" the old man exclaimed.

Vena fainted and the old man gently lifted the form of the old woman from the floor.

Vena's brother returned. The moon rose and the old lovers walked out into the beautiful, polished peace of the night. They walked along the road, clasping hands. Vena opened a gate and they walked into a fenced in [cemetery](#). They stopped at a grave.

"Bend over, Henry, and see if you can read the inscription," Vena said.

Henry leaned over. Slowly he straightened up. "It is the grave of Ralph Mitchell."

According to the newspaper account written in the sentimental nineteenth century style, Henry and Vena held hands across the grave and prayed, "Great God, we forgive the man who destroyed so many years of our happiness."

A few days later in a little log church not far away, a beaming minister pronounced Henry Laurent and Vena Waldron man and wife.

The nineteenth century newspaper story concludes with another touch of nineteenth century sentimentality, but also with a touch of twenty first century realism: "Their story ends with a timeless truth. 'Nature says their lives will not continue but a few years longer. True sentiment says the few years will be happy ones.'"

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Two Union City, Pennsylvania Soldiers Who Fought in the Mexican War

They were ordinary soldiers who heard the call of their country and answered. When the fighting was over, they returned home to their ordinary lives.

John Landsrath- A German Immigrant Fights in the Mexican War and the Civil War

John Landsrath was born in Wiesbaden, Germany, on December 3, 1822, a son of Anton and Eliza Landsrath. Anton had been a German soldier who fought at the Battle of Waterloo and afterwards he was given a position as a revenue officer for bravery as a soldier.

Second in a family of five children, John was brought up and educated in Germany. He ran a mercantile business there until 1847, when, along with his brother, he immigrated to America. He settled in Hartford, Connecticut, where he studied the English language for about a year.

In the last part of 1847, he went to Philadelphia and enlisted in Company H, 2nd Dragoons. He served in the Mexican War about a year under Captain Hunter, seeing active combat under General Zachery Taylor. He was discharged at Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Missouri, in 1848.

Returning to New York after the Mexican War, John Landsrath worked as a tinner in Buffalo and Dunkirk, New York, and then moved to Jamestown to work in the hardware business for two years. In 1853, he moved to Union City, Pennsylvania, and opened the first hardware store in town.

In 1861, John helped recruit and was made a captain in McLane's regiment of volunteer infantry which went to Pittsburgh and remained there until its three months term had expired.

In 1868, John Landsrath built a large hardware store in Union City, where with his son, John a. Landsrath, he worked as a partner. He carried on the business until 1888, when they sold out.

In addition to his hardware business, John had many other interests. He was a partner in a barrel factory for a number of years and also worked in the oil industry, buying and selling in large lots. He was one of Union City's most enterprising and foremost citizens and did much for the development of the town.

John was married twice. He married first in Germany and his wife died about a year after they married. He was married a second time on May 8, 1851, to Miss Lydia H. Barnham, a native of Chautauqua County, New York. They had four children: John Anton, Grace H., Clement L. and Eliphalet H.

John Landsrath died on February 15, 1899, after an illness of two weeks. He was an honored member of the Presbyterian congregation, who helped to build the church. He was also a member of the Masonic order.

Marshall W. Lyon, Blacksmith, Soldier

Marshall W. Lyon was a blacksmith in Union City, Pennsylvania, and one of the town's Mexican War veterans. He was born November 26, 1825, in Ashfield, Massachusetts, the oldest son in the family of twelve children of Marshall and Cloe Lyon. Two brothers, David of Girard, Pennsylvania, and Josiah of Butler, Pennsylvania, were Civil War veterans.

In the fall of 1835, the family came to Erie County, Pennsylvania, and settled in Girard. They

bought a farm where Marshall worked until he was 18 years old. Then he signed on as a blacksmith's apprentice to Jacob Van Lown of Girard. After completing his apprenticeship, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, with the intention of settling there and working at his trade.

The Mexican War changed Marshall's plans. In 1846, he enlisted as a soldier in Company G, Regular Infantry to serve in the Mexican War under Captain W. Scott Ketcham. He was sent from Cleveland to Cincinnati by stage and from there down the Mississippi to New Orleans. From New Orleans, the soldiers took a ship for the center of the war in Mexico.

Marshall Lyon was a faithful soldier and served his country well. He suffered the ups and downs of army life, fighting in the main battles, and he was with Winfield Scott when he marched his victorious army into Mexico City. His regiment was under the immediate command of Zachary Taylor. He was mustered out in June 1848.

After the war was over, Marshall returned to Girard and worked as a blacksmith until 1859, when he moved to Spartansburg and worked as a blacksmith there for 21 years. He was married on August 27, 1854, to Miss Cynthia C. Allen. They had four children: Sophia F., Clarence A., electrician, George, deceased, and Marshall A., a painter, decorator, and paper hanger.

In 1872, Marshall Lyon came to Union City and built a blacksmith shop, which he operated for many years. He was a veteran blacksmith as well as a soldier, and he was well and favorably known throughout Erie and Crawford Counties.

Chapter Four: The Civil War

Old Abe, Wisconsin's Civil War Eagle



Wisconsin Historical Photograph

Old Abe expressed his fighting spirit by biting the Indian Chief who carried him home for his aerie to a log cabin home. He continued to fight in the Civil War.

[Old Abe](#), the warrior eagle, started his life fighting. When Chief Sky from the Lac du Flambeau Indian tribe lifted him from his tree top aerie and carried him into the world of men, legend has it that Abe bit the Chief's hand.

Daniel McCann Sells Abe to Soldiers Bound for Camp Randall

In the spring of 1861, Abe rode in Chief Sky's arms to the cabin of Daniel McCann, located about ten miles up the Chippewa River from Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Mrs. Daniel McCann gave Chief Sky a bag of corn in exchange for Abe, but after a few weeks, Abe's quarrelsome and noisy personality grated on her nerves. She told Daniel to take him to Eau Claire and get rid of him.

Daniel obeyed his wife. He sold Abe to some soldiers bound for Camp Randall at Madison for \$2.50. The soldiers didn't mind Abe's squawking or fighting spirit. They liked him so well that they adopted him as their mascot and changed the name of their company from "Badgers" to "The Eagle Regiment." Captain Perkins who was later killed at the Battle of Farmington gave the name of "Old Abe" to the regiment's eagle to honor the services of Abraham Lincoln.

Old Abe Becomes Part of the Eagle Regiment

At Camp Randall, the Eau Claire Eagles combined with other soldiers to form the Eighth Wisconsin or the "Eagle Regiment" on September 4, 1861. Colonel Robert C. Murphy of St. Croix Falls commanded the 986 men and one eagle who made up the regiment. His fellow soldiers made a shield for Abe, painted the Stars and Stripes on it and inscribed it, "Eighth Regiment Wisconsin." They fastened the shield on top of a five foot pole and the soldiers fought over who would carry the pole when the regiment marched.

No matter who carried his pole, [Abe](#) always rode in the line of march beside the flag. Women at Madison presented the Wisconsin Eagle Regiment with a metal perch for Abe and he was formally sworn into the Union Army decked out in red, white, and blue ribbons. Abe and the rest of his regiment received their marching orders and on October 12, 1861, they left for St. Louis, Missouri.

Old Abe's First Battle

Arriving in St. Louis on the evening of October 13, the regiment attracted much attention and the march to Benton Barracks created a furor because Old Abe rode alongside the regimental flag. Abe's baptism of fire took place on May 9, 1862, in a hard fought encounter at Farmington, Mississippi.

On the morning of May 9, about 20,000 Rebels attacked General Pope's smaller force at Farmington, including a portion of the Eighth Wisconsin which was commanded by Major Jefferson. The Major deployed his men as skirmishers and held the Rebels in check for three hours.

Abe entered the battle enthusiastically. He jabbered loudly and soared in widening circles, as if he were scouting. If he spotted something suspicious, he would return to his perch and scream at the men until they investigated.

Abe was so active that his comrades had to fasten a thong to one of his talons and attach it to his shield to slow him down. Like a true eagle, Abe didn't appreciate being tied down and told the soldiers so at the top of his lungs.

During the battle, a shell exploded near Company G of the Eighth Wisconsin, killing Captain Perkins, who had christened Abe, and two other men. General Halleck didn't want to bring on a battle with the entire Rebel Army, so he ordered the Union troops to retire to their next line a mile in the rear. That ended the Battle of Farmington.

Old Abe Fights in the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi

The next battle that Abe fought took place at Corinth, Mississippi. Captain William J. Dawes of Company D, Eighth Regiment, was wounded on October 3rd in the Battle of Corinth and remembered it well. The Confederate generals, Price and Van Dorn, were driving the regiment toward Corinth, while its men, under Rosecrans, made a stubborn resistance and contested every inch of their retreat. General Rosecrans wanted to bring his men under the big siege guns of Forts

Robbinet and Williams.

A volley from the Confederate siege guns cut the cord of Old Abe who sat on his perch viewing the scene, and he slowly raised himself on his broad wings and floated off over the Rebel lines until Captain Dawes lost sight of him. The captain was gathered up in a blanket and carried off the field. He didn't know what to feel saddest about, the Union defeat, his own wound, or the loss of Old Abe.

Old Abe Returns to His Perch

The Eagle Regiment now fell back and passed Captain Dawes as he was carried slowly along. As the colors of the regiment swept by, the captain raised his head to salute the men, and there in his proper place, sat Old Abe. He had returned from his reconnaissance and taken his old stand.

Captain Dawes forgot his pain and his heart jumped with joy. This had to be a good omen. Old Abe had to have returned for a reason. The next day, the Union forces rallied and completely destroyed the Rebel army at Corinth. Captain Dawes said, "Our eagle usually accompanied us on the bloody field and I heard prisoners say they would have given more to capture the eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin than to take a whole brigade of men."

From 1861 to 1864, Old Abe served the Union Army well. He led his comrades into battle at least 16 times, according to one tally. If the government had awarded Purple Hearts, then Abe would have earned two of them since he was wounded at Vicksburg and Corinth. Although Abe was battle scarred, he lived to become a veteran, which made him more fortunate than many of the soldiers from his Eagle Regiment who died from wounds or disease.

Old Abe Raises Money for Soldiers and is Appointed State Mascot

When [Old Abe](#) and his regiment marched through Madison, Wisconsin, in September 1864, he was limber enough to pace his perch and inspect the cheering crowds. Abe got more attention than the soldiers did! In the winter of 1864 at the Chicago Sanitary Fair, Abe raised \$16,000 for the agency that did the work that the modern Red Cross now does.

After the Civil War ended, the soldiers from Abe's regiment presented him to the State of Wisconsin and state officials gave him the peacetime job of state mascot. One of the fringe benefits of his job included a roosting room in the basement of the state capitol and his own personal valet.

A soldier by the name of Johnny Hill was appointed to be Abe's valet, which suited Abe just fine. He and Johnny dated to the time when Johnny's cabin stood within sight of Abe's treetop aerie. They enlisted together in the summer of 1861, and became such close friends that when Abe went on the state circuit, Johnny Hill became his chaperon.

Old Abe Becomes a Celebrity

The state circuit made Abe more of a celebrity. People from all over the country came to visit Abe and grab souvenirs if they could. His molting feathers sold for \$5.00 each and when the demand exceeded the supply, rumor had it that carefully matched chicken feathers had been substituted for the real thing. Abe's popularity continued to grow and he became a national celebrity. At the convention where General U.S. Grant was first nominated for president, Abe stood on his shield screaming his victory scream for the General, of course.

Monetarily speaking, Abe and Johnny Hill could have been rich if they had chosen to hoard his earnings. The proceeds from his picture sales added up to thousands of dollars, but the money was used to aid disabled soldiers. A St. Louis businessman offered to buy Abe for \$500.00. P.T. Barnum dangled a \$20,000 inducement to use Abe as a circus attraction, but by this time, Abe was such a favorite son of Wisconsin that even big money couldn't tempt Wisconsinites to sell their eagle.

Abe Attracts Famous People

Abe was so popular in Wisconsin that it required a special legislative act and approval of the governor to permit him to leave the state to attend the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876. When Abe arrived, more people came to see him than Alexander Graham Bell's telephone, which was being demonstrated for the first time anywhere.

Jane Addams of Chicago was one of Abe's friends and admirers,. She made a special trip to Madison to see Abe and recalled, "We found Old Abe sitting sedately upon his high perch...I caught the notion of the martyred president as the standard bearer to the conscience of his countrymen, as the eagle had been the ensign of courage to the soldiers of the Wisconsin Regiment."

Abe Dies in Smoke and Flames, but His Memory Survives

Death came to Abe as he had lived during his Civil War years, in smoke and flames. The warrior eagle who survived two battles and countless skirmishes, suffocated in a small fire originating in a pile of waste paper.

The date was March 1886, and all of Wisconsin and American paused to mourn his passing, from governors to rough-hewn northwoods lumberjacks. Abe's remains were artistically stuffed and mounted and for many years occupied a place of honor in the capitol rotunda in Madison. Then on February 27, 1904, history repeated itself. Fire struck the state capitol and Abe's remains burned along with the capitol building.

Images of [Old Abe](#) still linger in the form of a granite statue guarding the entrance of the old Civil War training ground at Camp Randall in Madison, Wisconsin. And a mounted, feathered likeness of Old Abe has guarded the speaker's desk in the state capitol at Madison since 1915. In stories about Old Abe and books about the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment, Old Abe's voice can be heard over the boom of the guns.

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C.B. Lower Escapes En Route to Andersonville

C.B. Lower of the old Pennsylvania Bucktail Regiment escaped on his way to Andersonville and traveled through hostile Rebel country to reach Union lines.

C.B. Lower served in the 23rd Ohio Regiment until April 1862, when he was wounded at Antietam and sent to a New York hospital. He escaped from the hospital and went home to Pennsylvania. Again he enlisted, this time in the Bucktail Regiment. During this tour of duty he was wounded at Mine Run and the Battle of the Wilderness. He fought heroically Wilderness and was severely wounded. The Rebel Army captured him and took him and some of his companions to Libby Prison in Richmond, Virginia, and after a time they learned that they were to be sent to Andersonville.

C.B. Lower Escapes from the Rebel Train

Around June 9, 1864, C.B. Lower and 25 other members of the Bucktails schemed to escape from the cars while on the way to Andersonville. They decided to overcome the guards, bind and gag them, and leap from the cars. After leaving Burksville, Virginia, Lower took a spot near the door of the boxcar just beside one of the guards. Then just as C.B. Lowe was about to attack the guard, he got word that the escape attempt had been called off.

C.B. decided to escape anyway. The weather was warm and the guard allowed the box car door to stand open, resting his gun across the door. C.B. caught hold of the gun and thrust it to one side. He leaped into the darkness. Tumbling and rolling, he found himself hurtling down an embankment. He heard the guard yell and then with a rush and a roar the train swept out of sight. Getting slowly to his feet, C.B. felt himself all over. He was slightly bruised, somewhat scratched and significantly scared. He had broken open the wound he had received at Wilderness.

C.B. Decides to Travel North to the Union Lines

C.B. was alone and unarmed in the middle of Rebel Country. He looked up at the starry sky and found the North Star. He decided to travel until he had crossed the East Tennessee Railroad and then go west until he reached the New River and follow it down to the Kanawha.

During the next five days and nights, C.B. traveled north as fast as he could, narrowly missing capture many times. On the morning of the sixth day, a woman whose house he had stopped at to get something to eat told him that the Yankees were at Buckhannon, about 25 miles across the Blue Ridge. C.B. pushed ahead, keeping in the woods as much as possible. During the day he passed over the Great Otter Mountain or Big Peak, in the evening about an hour before sundown, he came into a valley. There was nothing between him and the Union General David Hunter's forces now but the Blue Ridge, which he determined to cross during the night.

Near Capture in the Valley of the Blue Ridge

In the valley, C.B. Lower saw a log cabin and he asked the woman in the cabin for something to eat. He told her that he was an escaping Union prisoner making his way north. While they were talking, he spotted a Confederate guerilla coming around the corner of the cabin with a musket in his hand. C.B. surrendered to the guerilla and the woman brought him a piece of corn bread to eat on his journey back to Andersonville.

The woman handed the other piece of corn bread to the Confederate guerilla who stood with his

gun lying across his left arm. Just as the guerilla turned his eyes from C.B. and reached out his right hand to take the corn bread, C.B. sprang on his back and with both hands caught hold of his gun.

Reinforcements for the guerrilla came from an unexpected source. As C.B. Lower put it, he found himself “clasped in an embrace which under other circumstances would not have been regarded as a hostile maneuver. The only thing left for me to do was to beat a retreat and take the chances of a shot.”

C.B. Escapes to General David Hunter's Union Lines

Next, C.B. skipped his hand down the gun barrel, cocked the piece, and pulled the trigger, thinking that perhaps he could fire it off and get out of sight before the Rebel guerilla could reload. The gun misfired. “So I bore myself away from those loving embraces and fled,” C.B. said.

The Rebel guerrilla followed at some distance calling upon C.B. to halt or he would shoot. C.B. heard the cap snap, but the gun again misfired and in another moment, C.B. was over the fence into the woods. C.B. traveled all night and in the morning about daylight came upon [General David Hunter's](#) pickets and was soon safely in the Union camp. He went with the army to Lynchburg, back to Charleston and then home to Pennsylvania.

After a short rest, he rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg, and participated in every battle until Lee surrendered. In the winter of 1865, he received a furlough for meritorious conduct in making his escape from the enemy and not adding another Union statistic to Andersonville.

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Tod Carter Escapes En Route to Johnson's Island

Captain Tod Carter, Confederate States Army, captured at Missionary Ridge, was one of the more than 6,100 Confederate prisoners that General Ulysses S. Grant sent north after the battles around Chattanooga, Tennessee. Captain Carter's trip toward Johnson's Island was just the beginning of a southward journey that led him home to Franklin, Tennessee.

Tod Carter Enlists in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment

Tod enlisted in the Twentieth Tennessee Regiment, in a company formed by his older brother Moscow. His brother, Colonel Moscow Branch Carter mailed a letter to Tod from Nashville, Tennessee, on March 4, 1864. The letter gives more details of Tod's capture. It is addressed to Capt. Tod Carter, Prisoner of War, Johnson's Island, Ohio, Block 8, Mess No. 1. After describing the Union occupation of Franklin, Tennessee, Moscow adds, "I have a little piece of news you

many never have heard before. After your capture, your horse swam the river, and returned to camp in full rig. The boys thought for a long time you were killed, seeing your horse without you."

But Tod wasn't at Johnson's Island to read his brother Moscow's letter postmarked May 4, 1864. Family tradition said that Tod made a daring escape "while crossing the State of Pennsylvania en route to a northern prison." Riding on a moving train in the darkness of a northern night, Tod pretended to be asleep, with his feet resting in the train window and his head in his seat companion's lap.

Tod Escapes from the Train on the Way to Johnson's Island

When the guard looked the other way, Tod's companion shoved him out the train window! The conductor stopped the train and a search party scattered through the countryside to look for him. A northern farm couple befriended Tod and in disguise, he traveled up the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to Memphis, Tennessee. From Memphis, he traveled to Dalton, Georgia, where his Twentieth Tennessee Regiment still lay encamped.

Seven months later on November 28, 1864, Tod clung to a scrap of tablet paper signed by his commanding officer giving him permission to advance ahead of his brigade to visit his home and family in Franklin, Tennessee, less than twenty five miles away.

At home waited his father, Fountain Branch Carter, 67. His older brother, Colonel Moscow Branch Carter, a prisoner of war at home on parole for about a year, waited. At home waited his four sisters and his beloved sister-in-law, nine nieces and nephews all under twelve years old. At home waited the hams and bacon in the smoke house and the good meals his servants prepared in the kitchen in the yard.

The Union Army Waits for Tod at His Home in Tennessee

At home also waited the Union Army. A Union Army of about 24,000 men under General John M. Schofield marched to join the forces of General George H. Thomas at Nashville. It encountered the Confederate Army under General John B. Hood and the battle of Franklin, Tennessee took place the next day, November 30, 1864.

General Cox of the Union army commandeered the Carter House to become the Federal Command post. His family managed to warn Captain Carter away just as he had stopped at the garden gate. Tod's duties as an Assistant Quartermaster were non-combatant, but no power on earth could keep him out of the battle. The Yankees had built breastworks across his father's farm and overrun his home. Worse yet, he feared for the safety of his family in the bombardment.

Tod and Rosencrantz Lead a Charge Against the Yankees

Astride his horse, Rosencrantz, Captain Tod Carter dashed through the Yankee works under the guns of the Twentieth Ohio Battery. About five o'clock in the evening, he was leading the charge in the center of Bate's Division when his horse Rosencrantz plunged, throwing Tod over his head. Tod hit the ground and lay very still. He had been mortally wounded about 525 feet southwest of his home. Shortly after midnight the soldiers from both sides left the battlefield, leaving their dead and wounded.

The Carter Family Finds Tod

The Carter family and their servants and their neighbors, the Albert Lotz family emerged from

the cellar, unharmed and thanking God for their deliverance. Before they could finish their prayers, a Confederate soldier brought the news that Captain Tod Carter lay wounded on the field. His family climbed over the breastworks and trenches carrying lanterns. Just before daybreak they found Tod, lying on the cold ground, deliriously calling his friend Sgt. Cooper's name. Nearby lay his horse, Rosencranz, gray and powerful even in death.

Nathan Morris, Captain of Litter bearers, a Mr. Lawrence and a Mr. L.M. Bailey of Alabama carried Tod into the debris filled family room wrecked by shot and shell and laid him upon the floor. The regimental surgeon Dr. Deering Roberts probed for the bullet in Tod's head while his young nieces Alice Adelaide McPhail and Lena Carter held a candle and small lamp. Despite the efforts of his family and Dr. Roberts, [Tod Carter](#) died on December 2, 1864, at the age of twenty four. He died in the front sitting room across the hall from the room where he was born.

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Captain Bill Driver and "Old Glory"

Captain Bill Driver handed "Old Glory" to his daughter Mary Jane and said, "Cherish it as I have cherished it for it has been my friend and protector around the world."

William Driver was born on March 17, 1803, in Salem, Massachusetts, and he died in Nashville, Tennessee in 1886. He lived a life filled with adventure and he deeply loved the Union, enough to defy the members of his family who equally loved the Confederacy. The flag that he called "Old Glory" has been the center of both controversy and unity.

William Driver Goes to Sea

One Sunday in 1817, fourteen-year-old William Driver was supposed to be on his way to Sunday School in his home town of Salem, Massachusetts. Instead, he went down to the harbor. By sheer determination and persuasion, he talked himself into the position of cabin boy and was on the high seas by nightfall. Eight years later, Bill sailed back into Salem harbor as captain of his own ship, *The Seawood*.

Captain Driver Acquires "Old Glory"

In 1827, Bill married Martha Silsbee Babbage and they eventually had three children. A version of the story of how Captain Driver acquired his flag goes that the women of Salem including his mother, sewed him a flag with 24 stars. As he was about to sail out of Salem, Massachusetts, harbor, the sailors aboard his ship, the whaler *Charles Doggett*, hoisted the flag to the mast head of his ship. "There goes Old Glory," Captain Driver exclaimed and from that moment on "Old Glory" accompanied him on all of his voyages.

Captain Driver made his longest voyage in 1831-1832, when he sailed the *Charles Doggett* to the South Pacific. During a port of call at Tahiti, he met some of the descendants of the *H.M.S.*

Bounty crew. They had moved to Tahiti from Pitcairn Island where the mutineers who had taken control of the *Bounty* had marooned them. They wanted to leave Tahiti, so they asked Captain Bill Driver to give them passage back to Pitcairn Island. During the return passage, Captain Driver slept on the deck of the *Charles Doggett* so the women and children could sleep in the bunks below. Altogether, "Old Glory" and Captain Driver sailed twice around the world and once around the continent of Australia.

Captain Driver, His Children, and "Old Glory" Move to Tennessee

In 1837, Captain Driver's wife Martha died and he quit the sea to take care of his children. He moved to Nashville, Tennessee, where several of his brothers lived, taking his belongings, his three children and "Old Glory" with him. In 1838, Captain Driver married Sarah Jane Parks in Nashville and eventually they had eight children.

On every patriotic occasion in town, Bill Driver proudly flew Old Glory from his front porch. By 1860, Captain Driver felt that "Old Glory" looked as frayed as he felt on some days. The versions of the story differ as to what he did to revitalize "Old Glory." One version of the story says that he replaced the original with another flag. Another version says that he had his wife Sarah Jane and his daughter Mary Jane take the flag apart, cut off the raveled and frayed seams, replace the old stars and add new ones to make a total of 34 – the correct number for 1860.

Captain Driver Remains a Loyal Union Man

When Tennessee seceded from the Union in 1861, Captain Driver remained a loyal Yankee, even though his sons joined the "Boys in Gray." When Union flags in town were mysteriously torn and burned, Captain Driver decided to protect "Old Glory" and the flag disappeared from his front porch. Confederate troops in Nashville searched the Captain's house for "Old Glory" several times, but never found it.

Finally, when Brigadier General Nelson's wing of the Union troops marched victoriously into Nashville on February 25, 1862, Captain Driver marched alongside them. He hurried into his house and emerged carrying an old quilt. There, between its folds, nestled "Old Glory". Escorted by Union soldiers Captain Driver marched to the Tennessee Capitol building with "Old Glory" in his arms. He climbed to the dome and triumphantly hoisted his flag to the top.

[*The New York Times*](#) story reports that same night a heavy wind came up and Captain Driver took down the original flag the next morning and sent up a new flag in its place. He gave this second flag to the Sixth Ohio Regiment when it left Nashville for home. The soldiers put the flag in the rear of a baggage wagon where a mule discovered it and ate it!

Despite Differences, "Old Glory" Is the Symbol of All Americans

Captain Bill Driver died in 1886, and he is buried in City Cemetery in Nashville under a marker that he designed himself- a ship's anchor leaning against a vine covered tree. Captain Driver's family disputed who owned the original "Old Glory". Family records indicate that Captain Driver's daughter, Mary Jane Roland and her cousin Harriet Ruth Waters Cooke bitterly disputed who possessed the original "Old Glory." *The New York Times* version of the story says that Harriet Ruth Waters Cooke, a cousin of the family, had the flag and she in turn presented it to the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts.

Other versions of the story say that Captain Bill Driver gave "Old Glory" to his daughter Mrs. Mary Jane Roland in 1873. In turn, Mary Jane gave "Old Glory" to President Warren G. Harding in 1922. President Harding presented it to the Smithsonian Institution and it remains there today.

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Violets for Valor - Two Fathers in the Civil War-Fate United Bereaved Fathers James Scott and Abraham Lincoln

Catharine Scott Cummings and her father, James Scott, never dreamed that President Abraham Lincoln would touch their lives and that they would be part of his legacy.

Catharine Scott, the daughter of staunch Yankees James and Sarah Scott, of Peterborough, New Hampshire, was born on December 3, 1842. On December 1, 1861, she married Major John A. Cummings of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment and by August 1862, Confederate sympathizers had buried her on the Potomac shores of Maryland.

Three Wives Journey to Newport News

In July 1862, the Sixth New Hampshire proceeded with other troops to the Peninsula of Virginia and joined General George McClellan in his retreat from the Army of General Robert E. Lee. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Scott was not related to Catharine or her family, but he too, was an officer of the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment and he fell sick with a combination of measles, fever, and black dysentery at Newport News, Virginia. Lieutenant Colonel Charles Scott's wife, Catharine Scott Cummings the wife of Major Cummings, and the wife of Major Dort, arrived safely at Newport News. His wife's cheerful presence and careful nursing restored Lt. Colonel Scott to good enough health to be transferred to Washington.

The Scotts, the Cummings, the Dorts and their child, 254 soldiers, and four officers and crew embarked on the steamer *West Point* on Tuesday, August 11, 1862, to make the voyage down the Potomac from Hampton Roads to Washington, D.C. At Fortress Monroe, the *West Point* took on 17 men, making a total of about 280 people aboard.

About 8 o'clock on the night of Wednesday, August 13, 1862, the steamer *Peabody* collided with

the *West Point* near Ragged Point on the Potomac River. Captain J.E.G. Doyle estimated that she would sink in less than ten minutes. The *Peabody* was partially disabled and could only help with the small boats. Altogether, about 73 people were killed and 203 people were rescued.

The West Point Sinks and the Wives Are Lost

During the confusion, Lt. Colonel Scott, Major Dort, and Major Cummings became separated from their wives. The steamer crew picked up Lt. Colonel Scott from the water, and he launched a desperate effort to find his wife. Soon, he knew that he had no hope of pulling her alive from the water. The *West Point* sank in four fathoms of water about one and one half miles from the Maryland shore. A few planks from her decks were all that floated on the surface of the Potomac.

Although the people along the shore sympathized with the Confederacy, they helped Colonel Scott search for his wife's body. The *LaBelle Mirror*, a small newspaper, later described the scene: "The grey, sullen river refused to give up its dead and the young officer, half frantic with grief, was compelled to go on to Washington."

Within a week, Lt. Colonel Scott received word from Hampton Roads that the body of his wife had been washed ashore and the Confederates who found her body had performed the necessary duties and buried her. Before he could leave to claim her body, the War Department issued orders prohibiting all communication with the Peninsula so that important Union military secrets would not be leaked to the Confederacy. Colonel Scott appealed to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton for leave to return to Virginia to claim his wife's body, and although Secretary Stanton sympathized with Lt. Colonel Scott's situation, he refused permission.

Soldier Scott Goes Home and Civilian James Scott Goes to Washington

According to the [*New York Times*](#) version of the story, Lt. Colonel Scott returned home to Peterborough, New Hampshire, and James Scott, the father of Catharine Cummings, decided to travel to Washington and get the necessary permission to bring back the bodies of his daughter and Mrs. Charles Scott. He arrived in Washington and sought permission from Secretary of War Stanton to ride down the Potomac on a federal transport so he could search for the bodies.

James Scott knew that President Lincoln was spending Sunday at Soldiers Rest, his retreat cottage a few miles outside of Washington D.C. Scott traveled there and approached the President and the President, weighted down with war worries, impatiently refused his request and told him to go to Secretary Stanton.

Dismayed and disheartened, James Scott returned to his hotel room and later a messenger knocked on the door and told him that the President of the United States was waiting below to see him. James Scott hurried downstairs and he and Lincoln talked like fathers about their wives and children. President Lincoln undoubtedly talked about his son Eddie who died in 1850, and Willie who had just died six months ago in February 1862. When the President got up to leave, he told James Scott to go to Secretary Stanton.

James Scott Brings His Daughter Home

James Scott went to Secretary Stanton again, and Stanton again refused, remarking that President Lincoln was always doing something to demoralize the service. Scott returned to the President and told him what his Secretary of War had said. "Demoralizing the service!" President Lincoln exclaimed. "We will see about it."

He wrote a mandatory order to Secretary Stanton, requiring him to furnish a pass, transportation to the scene of the disaster, and all necessary assistance to find the bodies. James Scott finally found himself aboard a federal ship cruising the Maryland shore in the vicinity of the wreck of the *West Point*. He questioned the citizens of the area about where the bodies were buried and finally located them and took them back home to New Hampshire.

The *La Belle Mirror* concludes its story with a touch of Nineteenth Century sentimentality. "Away up in a New Hampshire church yard there is a certain grave carefully watched and tended by faithful love. But every April time the violets on that mound speak not alone of the womanly sweetness and devotion of her who sleeps below - they are tender and tearful with the memory of the murdered President -- the year round."

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Sallie - The Civil War Warrior

..."She was buried where she fell, by some of the boys, she...who so long had shared with them the toilsome march and perils of battle..." Soldier, Eleventh Regiment

In May 1861, the Eleventh Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers enlisted for three months and occupied the fair grounds near West Chester, Pennsylvania. One sunny morning a civilian came to the quarters of First Lieutenant William R. Terry, Company I. The civilian said that he had brought the lieutenant the pup he had promised him. Out of the basket he pulled a little puffy, pug nosed black muzzled dog about four weeks old. She was a brindle bull terrier of a fine breed and could barely toddle on her short and clumsy legs.

Sallie Becomes a Soldier in the Eleventh Pennsylvania Regiment

Lieutenant Terry took the puppy into his quarters and made her a nest under his bunk. He fed her, cared for her, and named her Sallie. Sallie rapidly adapted to camp life and thrived. She enjoyed milk and soft bread which came in plentiful supply, and the only work she had to do was eat and sleep snugly rolled up in her bed or loll lazily on a blanket. Everyone in camp loved her and petted and played with her.

When the three month term of the Eleventh Regiment had expired, Sallie, as everyone called her, had grown to a respectable size and could well take care of herself. When the Eleventh Regiment reorganized for three years' service, Sallie reenlisted with Company I.

The Eleventh Pennsylvania spent the winter of 1862, doing provost-guard duty at Annapolis, Maryland, drilling, performing fatigue duty at the Naval Academy, and guarding the Annapolis Branch Railroad. Sallie took part in all of these duties, since she was a committed member of the regiment by now. She made new friends throughout the entire company.

Sallie Recruits the Colonel's Horse and Marches into Battle

Sallie also learned the soldier's life. She knew the roll of the drum at reveille, and was usually one of the first out of quarters to regularly attend the morning roll call. At the squad or company drills she patiently followed the particular soldier she had selected until the drill was over. When the regiment formed for battalion drill, she sought out the Colonel's horse, who soon began to recognize and watch for her. Sallie always led off with the Colonel's horse when the regiment moved and marched to the front line at the dress parade.

On April 10, 1862, the Eleventh left Annapolis for Washington. From Washington, the regiment marched to Manassas Junction, Falmouth, Aquia Creek, and back again by way of Alexandria to Manassas and Thoroughfare Gap, Front Royal and the Shenandoah. Leaving the Shenandoah, the Eleventh Regiment went to Warrentown and Waterloo and down to the Rapidan River. It fought the battle of Cedar Mountain and then participated in Pope's Retreat, Rappahannock and Bull Run.

Sallie joined all of this action, faithfully trotting along in the long and hurried marches by night and day. She came under fire for the first time at Cedar Mountain, stuck close by the colors at Bull Run, and fell back with the regiment to Centreville and Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam.

From Fredericksburg to Gettysburg

In all of the marches, movements and operations of the Eleventh Regiment – Mine Run, Burnside's advance in front of Fredericksburg again and at Chancellorsville – Sallie shared the fate of her regiment. She stayed with the regiment on the long and rapid march from the front of Fredericksburg to Gettysburg, and went into the first day's fight there.

During the repulse and falling back of the Eleventh's line through Gettysburg, she became separated from her regiment. Being unable or unwilling to pass the rebel lines, she returned to the crest of the hill where the Eleventh had fought. Seeking out the dead and wounded, she stayed with them, licking their wounds or patiently watching by their lifeless bodies.

On the morning of July 4, 1863, Captain Cook of the Twelfth Massachusetts and the Provost Guard came to the hill, searching for stragglers and prisoners. They found Sallie, and Captain Cook took her back with him to the brigade and her own regiment. The soldiers of the Eleventh speculated that she had not been captured or killed by the Rebels because she knew a Rebel uniform from the Yankee blue and would have given the Rebels a wide berth.

From Wilderness to Hatcher's Run

Through the Wilderness, during the operations at the Weldon Railroad in 1864, the Hickford raid, and the siege of Petersburg, in November 1864, Sallie stayed with the men of the Eleventh, always in her place at the head of the column. She would announce its departure by barking and jumping at the horse of the officer in command until the line fairly started. Then she quietly trotted along, sometimes at the horse's heels, sometimes in the rear, or winding through the legs of the men in the middle of the column.

By now Sallie had grown to a medium size, squarely but handsomely built. Her coat was soft and silky, her chest broad and deep. Her head and ears were small and her eyes a bright hazel, full of fire and intelligence. She was active, quick, and had remarkable powers of endurance.

The night before Hatcher's Run, February 5, 1865, Sallie slept under the tent occupied by four

men from Company D of her Eleventh Regiment. At intervals during the night she awoke them with a prolonged and mournful cry. The next day, February 6, 1865, two of the men were killed by Sallie's side on the field at Hatcher's Run and the other two were severely wounded. Sallie too, was killed.

In the close of his official report of the battle of Hatcher's run, the Adjutant General said, "Sallie was killed when the regiment was making its first advance upon the enemy. She was in line with the file closers when shot. We buried her under the enemy's fire."

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Chapter Five : The Spanish American War

John Kissinger Volunteers to Get Yellow Fever

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

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

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

John Kissinger Joins the Army and is Sent to Cuba

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

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

In Cuba, Yellow Fever is the Enemy

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

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

The Doctors Allow the Mosquitoes to Bite Them

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

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

Major Reed Praises Private John Kissinger

Seven days later, Private Kissinger lay in a hospital bed, racked with pain and burning with fever. The inoculation by the yellow fever mosquitoes had taken. In the eight days of his illness, the doctors learned more by studying Private Kissinger than they had discovered in eight years of experimentation. His commanding officer Major Walter Reed said of him, "In my opinion, his exhibition of moral courage has never been surpassed in the annals of the Army of the United States."

John's Health Suffers

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

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

John Kissinger Receives the Congressional Medal of Honor

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

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

Friends Help John and His Family Survive

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

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

John Lectures Across the Country

[John](#) Kissinger lectured all across the United States and appeared in several motion pictures. His finances improved enough for him to move to Tampa, Florida, where he died on July 13, 1946.

To the end of his life, he believed that the sacrifice of his health was worth preventing millions of people from contracting yellow fever.

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The Second Battle of Lake Erie, August 1903

“Reckless Canadian” and “lawless American fishermen” fought a new battle of Lake Erie and came to a peaceful treaty resolution.

On March 7, 1892, the Canadian Dominion government announced from Ottawa that it was placing three new cruisers on Lake Superior and Lake Huron to act as revenue cutters to protect Canadian fisheries from illegal and destructive gill and pound nets. The Government discretely didn't mention illegal American fishing in Canadian waters.

The boundary line on Lake Erie had long been a subject of dispute between American fishermen and Canadian authorities. Canadian maritime officials had seized and taken many American tugs to Canadian ports for alleged violations of the law that prohibited Americans from fishing in Canadian waters, prompting the *Toledo Blade* to write an editorial about "reckless Canadians."

The boundary between the two countries in mid Lake Erie passed through some of the richest fishing grounds in the Great Lakes. American fisherman had always claimed that the Canadians erroneously marked the boundary and Canadian authorities had always claimed that American fishermen poached on the Canadian side of Lake Erie.

The Petrel Casts Her Terrifying Shadow

In December 1901, the *Detroit Free Press* featured a story about the Canadian Revenue Cutter *Petrel*, with a headline reading: “The Canadian Revenue Cutter *Petrel*, a Terror to Lawless Fishermen.” The *Petrel* was the only Canadian revenue cutter in service on the lakes and she resembled a miniature war vessel equipped with cannon, rifles, cutlasses and revolvers. During the summer on her regular run, she cast her terrifying shadow over lawless fishermen on Lake Erie.

There wasn't much poaching on the upper lakes. According to Captain Dunn, the poaching mostly happened east of Pelee Island and off Long Point near Erie, Pennsylvania, and the *Petrel* had chased many a Yankee fishing tug out of Canadian waters. Her summer headquarters were at Port Stanley. Late in the fall she passed her unoccupied time at Amherstburg and she lay up for the winter at Walkerville, across from Detroit.

The First Second Battle of Lake Erie

In 1903, the first [Second Battle of Lake Erie](#) broke out. The *Petrel* patrolled and kept a constant lookout for poaching American vessels. About noon on August 12, 1903, she came upon the *Silver Spray* fishing on the Canadian side of the Lake Erie and ordered Captain Chris Chau to

stop. A strong steel boat, the *Petrel* attempted to ram the American boat. Captain Chau, perhaps remembering the fate of several other American boats including two from Erie, Pennsylvania, that the Canadians had captured and confiscated just the last season, decided to make a run for it. He started ahead at full speed.

Captain Dunn of the *Petrel* Fires Full Guns Ahead

When Captain Dunn of the *Petrel* saw the *Silver Spray* speeding off, he opened fire with all the guns he had on board, and about twenty shots struck the *Silver Spray*. One passed through the smokestack into the pilot house where Captain Chau stood at the wheel. Two more bullets struck the pilot house, one landing a few inches from the Captain. It scattered a shower of splinters around his head.

Two shots from the *Petrel's* small deck cannon landed in the water close to the *Silver Spray*. Two shots landed in the cabin, two in the roof, three in the after hurricane deck and the others in various parts of the vessel. Fred Culver, who was hit in the leg by shot, was the only man injured on the *Silver Spray*.

Although the boundary dispute had been going on for a number of years, the Canadian cutters had not resorted to warlike measures until the shelling of the *Silver Spray*. Captain Chau said that he would report the incident to the American State Department at Washington. He insisted that he had not been fishing, but simply looking for some of his nets that had drifted from the American side toward the Canadian shore.

An Armed Cruiser and Naval Station on the Great Lakes

Two days after the *Petrel and Silver Spray* skirmish, the American State Department reported that several officers had read the press dispatches and researched them for precedents. They didn't find any. They also reported that they had not yet received any telegrams from the Canadian government about the incident, leading them to believe that it wasn't important enough to become an international incident.

A story from Ottawa dated August 13, 1903, sounded more ominous. It said that the Marine Department of the Canadian government was determined to put down American poaching in Canadian Lakes, and the steamer *Petrel* not being fast, enough, "a speedier boat will be put in service at once." By December 1903, the Canadian government had sanctioned building an armed cruiser for the Great Lakes. In turn, the United States seriously considered building a Navy for the Lakes and establishing a Naval station on them.

Bound to the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909

After talk on both sides of sending armed vessels on the Great Lakes, American and Canadian passions cooled enough for the two nations to sign the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. The Treaty was designed to settle "in a friendly and informal manner differences and disagreements which were bound arise between the neighborhood nations." It created the International Joint Commission for this common purpose and there have been no more naval battles between "reckless Canadians" and "lawless American fishermen."

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Chapter Six: Word War I



Photograph Courtesy of M. Sandy Blakeman

Toledo Doughboys Fight World War I and Influenza

For many Doughboys, death came in the guise of a tiny microbe—an influenza virus—invading their bodies instead of on the bloody battlefields of Europe.

On September 19, 1918, [Roscoe Vaughan](#), a 21-year-old Army private reported to the base hospital at Camp Jackson, South Carolina complaining of chills, fever, headache, backache, and a cough. The camp doctor noted that he had influenza and a week later, on September 26, 1918, Roscoe Vaughan died.

Roscoe Vaughan and Berthold Goetz Develop Influenza

Roscoe Vaughan was one of the 21 million people around the world to die in the influenza pandemic of 1918. His name and story survived because a doctor autopsied his lungs and the tissue samples sat in an Armed Forces Institute of pathology warehouse in Washington D.C. for almost a century before modern scientists tested his tissue samples. In the lung tissue of Roscoe Vaughan doctors found the [RNA](#) bearing the genetic code for the worse influenza pandemic in history.

The experiences of a small group of Doughboys from Toledo, Ohio, provide a window toward understanding the impact of Spanish Influenza on the ordinary soldier. Berthold J. Goetz, a soldier from St. Mary's Catholic Church who lived at 1333 Goodale Avenue, in Toledo, Ohio, was also stationed at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, with Roscoe Vaughan.

There is no data to prove that they knew each other, but they had influenza in common. Berthold wrote to George Schramm, head of the Loyola Club at St. Mary's Catholic Church, thanking him for the reading material that he sent. Berthold said that he had been very fortunate so far because he had not been sick a day since he had been at Camp Jackson, although the flu was at Camp Jackson too, with about 2,000 deaths, including Roscoe Vaughan.

Toledo Doughboys Wait in Camp Sherman

Letters from Andrew Weber of 2025 Wakeman Street in Toledo and Nicolas Kiefer, 1133 Page Street Toledo, in May, 1918, and Clifton Manore of 944 Frederick Street, Toledo in October, 1918, illustrate what a difference five months can make. Andrew wrote to George Schramm that he was sick and tired of his nine-month stay in Camp Sherman in Chillicothe, Ohio, and looked forward to moving on with his unit.

The federal government built the camp, named after General William T. Sherman of Civil War fame, on 2,000 acres of land lying between Mount Logan and Adena. [Camp Sherman](#) cost 12.8 million dollars to build and when it was finished, it contained 1,370 buildings, including three theaters, a number of hospital buildings, a laundry, a library, a working farm, a prison for German POWS, and a waste disposal plant. Eventually the camp housed over 40,000 soldiers and four divisions, the 83rd, the 84th, 95th and 96th divisions, were trained at Camp Sherman.

In his letter to George Schramm, Andrew Weber, soldier-like, did not seem to appreciate the amenities that Camp Sherman had to offer. He wrote that "...it is our last day at Camp Sherman and he didn't know where they were going, "but by the time you get this letter I will be on my way. Can't wait till I get there for I am sure sick and tired of this place...!"

Nicholas Kiefer was a Private in Truck Company D, 308th M.S.T. He wrote to George Schramm about the 83rd Division leaving for overseas duty. "They have been going from Camp at a rate of 4 and 5 train loads a day and I expect to be out of here the first of next week some time. They won't tell us the date."

The Spanish Flu Visits Camp Sherman

In September, 1918, the Spanish Influenza pandemic infected Camp Sherman. In September, officials reported 1,400 cases and in October the number had quadrupled to over 5,600. Almost 1,200 people died. Officials quarantined the town of Chillicothe to prevent the influenza from spreading, but many people outside of Camp Sherman also contracted the flu and died. City officials used the local Majestic Theater as a morgue and bodies were "piled on the stage like cordwood."

Clifton wrote to George Schramm on October 5, 1918, to apologize for not writing sooner because he had been ill with Spanish Influenza which he noted menaced the entire camp and a good many camps and cities across America. He described the condition of the base hospital at Camp Sherman as "overcrowded" and a good many barracks have been used as emergency hospitals and it is only through the wonderful medical aid that we have here that prevented a calamity as we have the best of doctors and nurses and we are provided with the best of medicines."

Two other St. Mary's soldiers were also influenza victims. Carl Schuette of 720 Michigan Street died at Camp Sherman on October 6, 1918 and Andrew W. Beeley of 814 Noble Street, died at Camp Sherman on October 11, 1918. Private Schuette had been ill with the Spanish influenza for only a few days when he died and his body shipped home. He was the first St. Mary's soldier to die and the Loyola Club went in a group to his house to say the rosary for the repose of his soul. The War Relief Commission sent a delegation of six men to act as Honorary Pall bearers.

Clifton Manore Survives Until the Armistice

Clifton Manore also survived the Spanish influenza epidemic. On November 12th, 1918, Clifton wrote to George Schramm from Camp Sherman to let him know that he had received the papers from Toledo that George had sent him and telling George that a fellow just out of the hospital really enjoyed such reading. Clifton said that he thought that he would escape the flu but that he finally took his turn. "I'm pleased to say that it is all over with here with only a few cases at the hospital."

Continuing his letter, Clifton told George Schramm that a good pal of his died of flu at camp and that they had worked together just two days before he died. "I tell you when you see your fellows men die all around you, surely makes you think of the past and everything that has taken place which was not good."

In his next paragraph, Clifton refers to the November 11, 1918, Armistice that ended World War I, which had been agreed to by the Triple Alliance and Triple Entente countries just a day earlier. Clifton noted that "we had a very noisy camp here last night. Every soldier was out singing, yelling and beating on pans, all pleased over the much-looked for news."

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St. Mary's of the Assumption Catholic Church: The "Finger of God," St. Mary's Spires and Stories

Facing the Firing Squad to Save Humanity

American writer Richard Schayer heard this story from a schoolmaster in Montdidier, France, and he retold the story in American magazine. Paul's stand is still debated.

In 1913, a young man came to the old schoolmaster in Montdidier, France, fresh from three years of military service with his regiment. He had excellent letters of recommendation. The old schoolmaster quickly hired him as an assistant instructor.

Paul Savigny was the young man's name. He was pale from studying late into many nights, but

his body was strong from the rigors of soldiering. His black eyes flashed when he talked of thoughts and ideas, but he was quiet, studious and kind. Although he kept very much to himself, his pupils adored him and so did the rest of the villagers. He treated the students with gentleness and humor, but still remained firm enough to inspire their respect and obedience.

Then World War I, called the Great War, came to France. Paul held himself apart from the public meetings, the speeches, and the excitement. The morning of August 3, 1914, when Germany declared war on France, the old schoolmaster asked Paul how he felt about the declaration. Paul met the old schoolmaster's glance with honest eyes. "War is without reason or excuse, a hideous, a shameful thing, and I shall have nothing to do with it!" Paul said.

Paul's words hit the old schoolmaster with the force of a fist. "But you will have to go all the same, when the call for the reserves of your class comes," he said.

Paul smiled. "Nothing will ever force me to take up arms against my fellow men."

The old schoolmaster protested and protested again. He told Paul that the French army would force him to go. He warned Paul that the army would put him in prison or worse if he didn't.

The Army Promises Paul a Commissary Position

The old schoolmaster appeared to be correct, for when the call to arms came a few days later, Paul's friends convinced him to report to the recruiting office and receive his orders. Some influential friends in Paris had arranged for Paul to be detailed for clerical work in the commissary department where he wouldn't have to fight. Paul came to the old schoolmaster to say goodbye. He wore his uniform and told the old schoolmaster of his assignment.

Paul Returns to Montdidier

The following weeks were filled with terror for the old schoolmaster and his fellow Frenchmen. [The Germans](#) swept down in their march to Paris. Column after column of duty German troops in gray-green uniforms thundered through Montdidier. The residents of Montdidier kept to their homes and did not resist. Every moment they expected to hear of the fall of Paris and of France. But instead, from the south came the news of the Marne and the Aisne and the German retreat. Everywhere in Montdidier flags and ribbons and cheering and singing crowds celebrated. Troops were welcomed at every house in the city.

One morning the schoolhouse door opened and Paul walked in, dressed in his old black suit. His face looked haggard and drawn and his tan coat was shabby, but his eyes still blazed with spirit. The children shouted with joy and rushed to greet him. Finally, the old schoolmaster let them scamper off shouting the news of Paul's return to everyone they met on the street.

The Old Schoolmaster Pleads with Paul

Paul told the schoolmaster a grim story. The army had tricked him with the false promise of a clerical position. Instead, his regiment had been ordered to the front and Paul went with the regiment hoping that the army would keep its promise. That night the regiment camped within a mile of the trenches and prepared for battle the next day. Paul decided to come home.

Paul put on his school teaching suit and walked to the schoolhouse. "May I stay with you as of old until they come for me? It will not be long," he said to the old schoolmaster. The old schoolmaster pleaded with Paul. In tears, he warned Paul of the dangers of his position, the contempt and anger he would receive from his fellow citizens. He warned Paul that he would be

tried, convicted, and probably shot.

The Soldiers Come for Paul

Again Paul begged to stay and with tears running down his face, the old schoolmaster agreed. Paul finished the afternoon session and walked around town, greeting people. By night, everyone in town knew that Paul Savigny had left his regiment, put on his civilian clothes, and was again teaching school.

The next morning the soldiers came for him.

Before he left Paul reached up to the top of the blackboard and wrote in his firm, clear hand in French: "War is a wild beast that devours civilization." He shook the schoolmaster's hand and walked firmly through the door, the soldiers behind him.

Paul Faces the Firing Squad for "the future regeneration of mankind"

The trial was swift and brief. Paul made no excuses or evasions, merely explaining that he would not fight and that when the army did not keep its promise of a clerical position, he left the army and returned to teaching. The court martial found him guilty of cowardice and desertion in the face of the enemy and condemned him to be shot.

The soldiers marched Paul to a grave dug close to a wall of a hillside cemetery where it met a country road beyond Montdidier. The soldiers laid eight rifles out in the dusty road. Four were loaded with ball cartridges and four with blanks. Eight ashen reservists, none of whom had ever shot anything bigger than a hare, took up the rifles.

Paul embraced the old schoolmaster. His last words were, "Someday France will know that I died, not as a traitor or coward, but in protest against tyranny and evil and my faith in the future regeneration of mankind."

At Paul's request, the soldiers did not blindfold him or bind his hands. He faced them, with his head held high, his eyes shining.

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Nurse Edith Cavell Pays The Ultimate Price For Defying The Germans

Edith Louisa Cavell possessed honest eyes and a transparent soul. These qualities withstood German interrogation, but led to her execution by firing squad.

Anglican Vicar Frederick Cavell had strong feelings about many things. He insisted that his last name-Cavell- did not rhyme with hell but gravel, and he insisted on living according to his principles, including thoughts for others, self sacrifice and prayer. He taught all four of his children at the vicarage at Swardeston near Norwich, England, because he couldn't afford a

governess or a private tutor. His daughter Edith, the oldest of his children, eagerly absorbed his principles. As a teenager, Edith attended Miss Margaret Gibson's school called Laurel Court and became so fluent in French that Miss Gibson recommended her for a governess position to a family in Belgium.

Dr. Depage Recruits Edith Cavell

In 1895, when Edith turned thirty, her father became seriously ill and Edith went home to nurse him. He convinced her that a career in nursing would give her the profession she yearned for, and after he died in 1896, she entered the London Hospital Nurses Training School. Between 1900-1905, she trained as a nurse at the Royal London Hospital and later worked at two London infirmaries.

In October 1907, Dr. Antoine Depage recruited Edith Cavell to become matron of the Berkendael Institute, his new nursing school. It was located on the outskirts of Brussels, Belgium and formed out of four adjoining houses.

Apply to Kyunghiee & UPenn's Global Collaborative Summer Program now. By 1910, Edith had firmly established the Institute and nursing as a solid profession in Belgium. By 1911, she was training nurses for three hospitals, 24 schools, and 13 kindergartens in Belgium. At the beginning of World War I in 1914, the Berkendael Institute supplied many trained nurses for local hospitals and other nursing facilities.

Edith was visiting her mother in Norwich and weeding her mother's garden when she heard the news that [World War I](#) had broken out in Europe. Telling her mother that she would be "...needed more than ever," she immediately returned to Brussels.

A Messenger From Mons

During September 1914, Herman Capaiu, a young engineer from Mons, came to see Edith. He told her that after the Battle of Mons and the retreat to the Marne, several Allied soldiers had been trapped behind the advancing German front line. In an eerily prophetic statement, he said that the Germans were shooting Allied soldiers and local people who were helping them. Edith began to shelter Allied soldiers at her nursing school.

Word of her sympathy spread. Soon a group of Belgians including Philippe Baucq, an architect in his thirties, based in Brussels, Louise Theuliez of Lille, Louis Severin, apothecary, and Countess Jean de Belleville were working with Edith smuggling Allied soldiers to safety in neutral Holland.

Hiding Allied Soldiers and Violating German Law

The Germans entered Brussels on August 20, 1914, and although Edith Cavell was a citizen of England, an enemy nation, they allowed her to remain Matron of the Berkendael Institute. They also converted the teaching school into a Red Cross Hospital and supervised her work as she started treating injured German soldiers. Edith gave the best treatment she could to soldiers of any nationality.

Food was scarce, but Edith fed the hospital's expanding list of patients, staff, and escapees. She worked late into the night to avoid prying eyes and questions. By 1915, she sheltered over 200 English and French soldiers.

Prince and Princess De Croy, Belgian aristocrats, masterminded an underground railroad from a chateau in Mons, and with Edith's guidance, they helped most of the soldiers escape to neutral Holland. Edith's activities violated German military law, and by this time, German authorities had heard rumors about Edith and began to observe her more closely.

The Germans Arrest Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq

In early 1915, Gaston Quien arrived on Edith Cavell's doorstep, claiming to be a French soldier avoiding German authorities. Edith observed that he made a nuisance of himself and insisted that he leave. Quien escaped with a party of soldiers into neutral Holland, but he later returned to the school, claiming that French authorities had ordered him to gather information about German activities in Brussels.

The Germans grew increasingly suspicious about activities at Edith's hospital and they put it under surveillance. Edith's friends warned her about the danger surrounding her. She suffered another blow when a German submarine sank the *Luisitania* and her friend Madame Marie Depage, the wife of the doctor who had started her school, drowned. Still more troubles awaited Edith Cavell.

On Saturday, July 31, 1915, the Germans arrested Phillippe Baucq at his home in Brussels. Louise Thuliez happened to be staying with him and his wife that weekend to arrange safe transportation for some English soldiers and she, too, was arrested. On August 3, 1915, Otto Mayer of the German Secret Police arrested Edith Cavell. She was charged with harboring Allied soldiers and with treason.

Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq Are Sentenced to Death

German interrogators tried to penetrate Edith's calm and measured answers, but still had gotten nowhere after 72 hours of questioning. They decided to trick her. They told Edith that they already had the information they needed and that she could only save her friends from execution by making a full confession. She believed the Germans told them about her activities.

Edith Cavell languished in St. Gilles prison for ten weeks, spending the last two in solitary confinement. At her court martial trial she admitted that she had "successfully conducted allied soldiers to the enemy of the German people." Under German law, her actions were a capital offense and she and Philippe Baucq were sentenced to death in front of a firing squad. Other than her confession, the only incriminating evidence against Nurse Cavell was a tattered postcard that soldiers had sent from Britain, thanking her for rescuing them.

The German authorities arrested 35 people suspected of helping Allied soldiers, and sentenced Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq to death by firing squad. The American and Spanish ambassadors tried to intervene on Edith's behalf, citing the impartial and compassionate way that Edith had treated all wounded soldiers. The British government said it could do nothing to help her. Hugh S. Gibson, First Secretary of the American Legation at Brussels, told the German government that executing Edith Cavell would do more harm to Germany's already damaged reputation. The German military acted quickly to execute her to deny higher authorities the opportunity to consider clemency.

Baron von der Lancken, the German civil governor, said that Edith Cavell should be pardoned because she was completely honest and she had helped save German as well as Allied lives. American minister Brand Whitlock and the Marquis de Villalobar, the Spanish minister to

Belgium, spoke on Cavell's behalf, but Baron Von Der Lancken allowed the execution to proceed on October 12, 1915.

“I Must Have No Hatred Or Bitterness Towards Anyone” •

The Germans allowed Anglican Chaplain Reverend Stirling Gahan to come to Edith's prison cell the night before her execution to give her Holy Communion. According to Reverend Gahan, she said, "Patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness towards anyone." • These words would be inscribed on her statue in St. Martin's Place, near Trafalgar Square in London. Paul Le Seur, the German Lutheran prison chaplain recorded her final words as: "Ask Father Gahan to tell my loved ones later on that my soul, as I believe, is safe, and that I am glad to die for my country."

At 6 a.m. on October 12, 1915, Chaplain Le Seur walked the few steps to the pole on the Belgian National Rifle Course with Edith Cavell and the soldiers loosely tied her and put a bandage over her eyes. Sixteen soldiers shot her and Philippe Baucq at a distance of six paces. Later the soldier that covered Edith's eyes told Chaplain LeSuer that her eyes were full of tears.

After Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq were executed, soldiers buried them on the rifle range where they were shot and they placed a plain wooden cross over Edith's grave.

The execution of Edith Cavell turned out to be a major propaganda disaster for the Germans, even though they insisted that the laws of war validated it. The British used her death as an example to encourage men to enlist in the Army, because conscription did not exist in England at this time.

Louise Thuliez Is Condemned with Edith Cavell

On the morning of October 12, 1915, an official announcement from German Governor General von Bissing was posted on the streets of Brussels, Belgium. The announcement revealed the names of ten people who had been sentenced for helping Allied soldiers to escape from German occupied territory. The first five people on the list had been condemned to death. They were Edith Cavell, Philippe Baucq, architect of Brussels, Louise Thuliez, teacher of Lille, Louis Severin, apothecary, and Countess Jeanne de Belleville. The announcement concluded tersely: "The sentence against Cavill and Baucq has already been carried out."

Louise Thuliez began to help Allied soldiers escape from Belgium as soon as Germany occupied her country on August 4, 1914, and she herself had many narrow escapes from the pursuing Germans. Her luck ran out on August 1, 1915, at the home of Brussels architect Philippe Baucq. She had come to visit Philippe and his wife to finalize new plans to help soldiers escape. A contingent of German secret police arrested her and Philippe and they kept her in prison for several weeks.

On October 7, the Germans took Louise to court where she sat with Philippe Baucq, Edith Cavell, and the Countess de Belleville and heard the death sentence pronounced against all of them. Luckily for Louise Thuliez, the King of Spain intervened in her case. On November 12, exactly a month after the executions of Edith Cavell and Philippe Baucq, German Kaiser Wilhelm II commuted the sentences of Louise Thuliez, Louis Severin, and Countess Jeanne de Belleville to life imprisonment.

After another trial in Cambrai for helping Allied soldiers and another death sentence which again was commuted, Louise was taken to prison in Siegburg, Germany. In prison she was reunited

with her friends Countess de Belleville and Princess DeCroy. The German jailers at Siegburg treated the women brutally, and at one point ordered them to help make hand grenades for use against their fellow Belgians. The women successfully appealed to the German authorities. When the Germans surrendered on November 11, 1918, Louise Thuliez, Countess de Belleville and Princess DeCroy were released from prison and Louise returned to her native Lille. She wrote: "There the joy of meeting my loved ones again, together with the intoxication of victory soon consoled me for the sufferings of those four years."

Edith Cavell Returns to Norwich

At the end of World War I, the British had Edith's body exhumed and returned to England. On May 19, 1919, King George V led a crowded memorial service at Westminster Abbey and then a special train took Edith's body to Thorpe Station, Norwich. She was reburied on Life's Green, located at the east end of Norwich Cathedral. The shaft of the wooden cross that had covered Edith's Belgian grave can be seen preserved at the back of Swardeston Church where Frederick Cavell served as rector for 45 years, and taught his daughter Edith his principles.

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Chapter Seven: World War II



Photograph Courtesy of M. Sandy Blakeman

Chips, the Dog Who Bit Ike

Chips was one of the brave dogs who fought in World War II, but true to his training he attacked danger, even though it was friendly danger.

After World War II broke out, the United States Army listed thirty two breeds and crossbreeds of dogs as suitable for military service. Chips, of Pleasantville, New York, was one of the Army's draft choices. He was a mixed breed. His father was a Husky and his mother a cross of collie and German shepherd. He had belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Wren and their children before duty to his country took him from a comfortable home in New York to the beaches of Sicily.

Private John Rowell and Chips Serve Under Patton

On July 10, 1943, Chips, now of the [K-9 Corps](#), stood beside his handler, Private John Rowell of Arkansas, in a landing boat. They watched the shore of Sicily take shape in the dawn light, just east of Licata on the southern coast of Sicily. Private Rowell heard the fire of machine guns,

rifles answering and the explosive bursts of hand grenades. He saw the crimson machine gun tracer bullets and the white gold of flares blazing across the sky.

Chips probably saw different lights than his master, because he was color blind. But he heard the high pitched shrieking of shells, guns and grenades at a frequency much higher than the human ear. He felt the landing boat shudder against the shore and he hit the beach with Private Rowell. He and his master were part of the American Seventh Army under the command of George S. Patton, Jr., and their regiment was the Third Infantry Division. The British Eighth Army lay off the right flank of the American Seventh and the Canadian troops were in the center.

Dawn broke as Chips and the other soldiers crept cautiously up the beach. A peasant's hut stood only a few yards away. Chips was exploring and sniffing the air, when a sudden burst of machine gun fire shattered the silence. Private John Rowell, along with his rifle, bayonet, helmet and hand grenade and fellow soldiers hit the ground. Chips raced for the machine gun nest, snarling. An Italian soldier staggered out of the hut, Chips at his throat. Three other soldiers came right behind him, their hands in the air. Rowell called Chips off before he killed the soldier he had by the neck.

Captain Edward G. Parr Recommends Chips for Citation

Chips himself was a casualty in the fight inside the hut. One of the Italian soldiers had shot at Chips with a revolver. He had powder burns and a crease across his head where a bullet had grazed him, but his wounds were not serious enough for him to be sent to the rear. He received first aid and stayed at the front lines. That same night, Chips warned Private Rowell that ten Italians were creeping along a path leading down to the beach. Chip's warning enabled his master to capture the Italians. [Captain Edward G. Parr](#) recommended Chips for a citation for "single-handedly eliminating a dangerous machine gun nest and causing the surrender of its crew."

Thomas Object to Chip's Purple Heart

War Department regulations forbade presenting a medal to an animal, but Major General Lucian K. Truscott Jr., Commander of the Third Division, waived them. Somewhere in Italy, where Chips had been transferred, he was decorated while soldiers stood at rigid attention. Newspaper men in Italy reported that Chips had also been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart.

William Thomas, who was then the national commander of the Military Order of the Purple Heart, wrote angry letters to the President, the Secretary of War, and the Adjutant General of the United States Army. The Purple Heart had been instituted by General George Washington for humans, not dogs, Thomas complained. Congress debated the subject for three months. Some said heroism was heroism, no matter who performed it. Others said a special model of the Purple Heart should be awarded to animals as the British did. Finally, Congress decided that no more decorations were to be given to non-humans, though, in the case of animal acts of bravery, "appropriate citations may be published in unit general orders."

No matter what Congress said, Chips was the first dog hero of World War II. He served in the French Moroccan and Sicilian campaigns, in Italy, France, Germany and Central Europe. He stood a twelve hour guard watch over President Roosevelt and Winston Churchill while they conferred at Casa Blanca.

In Italy, Chips bit General Dwight D. Eisenhower. The General had stooped to pet Chips. Chips had been trained to attack strangers, so he attacked. How was he supposed to know that Ike was an American general?

In 1945, Chips went home and didn't bite any more generals!

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Sigrid Schultz Outsmarts Hermann Goering

The Chicago Tribune's Ace Woman Reporter Beats Him at His Own Game

Sigrid Schultz worked in Berlin as the *Chicago Tribune's* first female Bureau Chief in Central Europe and reported the growth of the Nazi state with insider's knowledge.

Sigrid Schultz's china doll appearance hid the razor sharp mind that she needed to conceal her animosity for the new Nazi regime in Germany and present a friendly enough face and attitude to get accurate, inside information for her newspaper stories.

Sigrid had an insider's understanding of the workings of the Nazi machine. Although she had been born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893, Sigrid's father who was a well known portrait painter opened a studio in Paris. Sigrid graduated from the Sorbonne in 1914, and then she joined her parents in Berlin where they had settled. They remained in Berlin throughout World War I, protected by their American citizenship, and Sigrid studied history and international law at Berlin University

In 1919, the Berlin office of the *Chicago Tribune* hired Sigrid as an interpreter, a job that suited her well since she spoke English, French, Dutch, German, and Polish. Her command of the German language helped her report German politics from an insider's perspective. In 1926, the *Tribune* made her its Bureau Chief for Central Europe, the first time a media organization had ever promoted a woman to such a position.

Sigrid Interviews Hitler Several Times and Documents Nazi Germany

Although Nazism repelled Sigrid, she cultivated her connection with World War I ace pilot Captain Hermann Goering. She made such a good impression that Goering introduced her to Hitler. Sigrid joined the small group of correspondents who interviewed Hitler several times in the early 1930s. Her intimate knowledge of Germany's leaders helped her accurately report their goals as Nazi Germany became a looming threat to world peace.

Berlin had changed since Sigrid had first come to Germany. Now it was hard to stroll down the Unter den Linden without running into goose stepping, saluting soldiers. Neighbors who had been once been friendly would no longer speak to Sigrid because her anti-Nazi views were well known. Eventually Hermann Goering decided to eliminate Sigrid Schultz.

Goering Plots to Eliminate Sigrid

One day while Sigrid was at her office, a man arrived at the apartment that she and her mother shared with a large sealed envelope. He handed it to her mother with the instructions that Fraulein Schultz was to open it when she returned that evening. Frau Schultz phoned Sigrid and Sigrid rushed home. She took one look at the design for an airplane engine inside the envelope and burned it to ashes in the fireplace.

On her way back to her office she passed a man she knew heading toward her apartment with two criminal types behind him. She planted herself squarely in their path and told them that it would be a waste of time to continue because she had already burned the envelope. Then she flagged down a taxi and loudly ordered the driver to take her to the American embassy.

Sigrid Confronts Goering

Sigrid decided that the time had come to protest directly to Goering. In April 1935, she approached him at a luncheon that the Foreign Press Association gave to honor him and his new bride, Emmy Sonnemann.. Goering scowled down the long banquet table and said that it was time that reporters began respecting the new Germany instead of constantly writing about concentration camps, which were needed to teach discipline to people who had forgotten about it during the days of the weak Weimar Republic.

Ignoring his belligerent speech, Sigrid spoke quietly about the agents that he had sent to trap her and told him that she had informed the American embassy. Goering lost his temper. He called Sigrid Schultz the “Dragon Lady from Chicago,” and he said that she didn’t have enough respect for the authority of the state since she was from “the crime ridden city of Chicago.”

Mutual Broadcaster and "John Dickson"

In 1938, Sigrid began to report for the [Mutual Broadcasting System](#) as well as the *Chicago Tribune*. During 1938 and 1939, Sigrid filed some of her dispatches under an assumed name so she could continue to work in Germany without being jailed or expelled. Many of her stories were published in the *Tribune's* weekly magazine under the fictitious name of “John Dickson.”

She also filed her dispatches outside of Germany, usually from Oslo or Copenhagen with false datelines. Her articles reported the German government attacks on churches, and exposed the concentration camps and the persecution of the Jews. Under her Dickson byline, Sigrid forecast the Munich Agreement, and the 1939 non-aggression pact between German and the Soviet Union. Sigrid’s colleague William L. Shirer wrote that “No other American correspondent in Berlin knew so much of what was going on behind the scenes as did Sigrid Schultz.”

Normany, Buchenwald, and Beyond

During the first year of World War II, Sigrid reported the progress of the German Army, but she couldn’t travel to the front because she was a woman. After she was injured in an Allied air raid on Berlin, she went to Spain where she caught typhus. She returned to the United States in early 1941 and spent the next three years convalescing from the disease. During her convalescence, Sigrid wrote a book about Germany titled [Germany Will Try It Again](#) and lectured nationwide about her 25 years in Germany.

Finally returning to Europe in 1944, Sigrid landed in Normandy with the United States Army, and reported the liberation of France and the conquest of Germany. She was one of the first journalists to visit Buchenwald and covered the Nuremberg trials.

Back in the United States Sigrid continued reporting and wrote several books. She died in 1980 before she could complete her history of Anti-Semitism in Germany.

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Five French Boys Canoe the English Channel

Free French General Charles de Gaulle urged the French people to fight on, and five young French boys in an occupied coastal village in France took him at his word.

After France had signed the Armistice with Germany in 1940, French citizens of strategically important towns on the English Channel lived under German occupation. Free French General Charles de Gaulle urged the French people to fight on, and [five young French boys in an occupied coastal village](#) in France took him at his word.

The Boys Repair Two Canoes and Collect Provisions

Pierre, 19, Jean, 17, Reynolde, 16, Guy, 16, and Christian, 17, were afraid that the Nazis would conscript them for the German Army so they decided that they would escape to England to fight with the Free French. By September of 1941, the boys had made their plans. Christian collected maps, charts, navigation instruments and navigation data.

Jean and Pierre acquired one canoe. Reynolde and Guy managed to buy another canoe for only 300 francs because it had a huge hole in it. It took the boys six weeks to make the canoes seaworthy, but they managed to work on them right under the noses of their parents and the Nazis.

The boys collected food and water and waited for calm seas. On the night of September 16, 1941, their preparations and opportunity converged and the boys decided that this was the time to move. At 9 pm., an hour after curfew, they sneaked out of their bedroom windows. Each of them pinned the same message on his pillow, "Chers Parents, I have gone to join General de Gaulle."

Setting Sail on the English Channel

[Gathering on the beach](#), the five boys suddenly dropped to the ground and lay flat behind a sand dune. They listened to a Nazi patrol pass. Then they quickly dragged the two canoes to the water's edge and stowed everything away. Climbing into the canoes, three of them in Pierre's big Canadian canoe and two of them in the other, they pushed off into a small stream that led to the English Channel. They set their course by the compass that belonged to Pierre's grandfather.

Once the boys reached the channel, they tried their canoes together and raised the sails. For hours the boys rowed and bailed water from the canoes. At daybreak, they pulled down the sails for fear they might be spotted. Suddenly, they heard an airplane engine. A Spitfire circled around them within 50 feet of the water, but then it disappeared. Much later, Pierre spotted a motorboat on the horizon that he thought the Spitfire had sent to look for the canoes. By now the canoes sat right in the middle of the sunset rays and it would be difficult to spot from the air.

The Channel got rougher and the boys got colder. Since Raynald had been paddling steady for twenty hours he was exhausted, and he and Pierre changed places. In the dim light, Pierre saw Christian pick a soggy packet from the bottom of the canoe. Christian answered Pierre's unspoken question. "These are some of my books. I was going to take my baccalaureate (college) test next month, but I've just escaped in time!"

The Boys Beach the Canoes and Meet A Scotsman Wearing a Kilt

Pierre peered in front of him. Rocks rimmed the coast ahead. The canoes were fragile and the waves and rocks could easily break them to pieces. Pierre also felt certain that the beach was mined. The boys paddled until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and then pulled the canoes around on the side and clutched the slippery rocks with numbed fingers. One by one they heaved themselves out of the canoes. They all laughed weakly, because as soon as each of them had stepped on the rocks his legs gave away and he folded into a helpless heap. Cliff, sea, and rocks all whirled around in a wild jig.

Finally, the boys fell asleep. The sun beating down on their backs woke them up. They looked around and discovered that they were about half a mile offshore on a long tongue of rock. Clutching their French flag, the boys scrambled over the rocks. Suddenly, they heard a gruff voice shout, "Halt!"

They gaped at a woman with a very short skirt holding a rifle. Pierre knew that the British were expecting an invasion from Germany, but didn't think that tough women in short skirts would be guarding the coast. Pierre approached the woman. He shouted back to the others, "It's a Scotsman in a kilt!"

The French Boys Train for the Free French Army

They five French boys had arrived at Eastbourne in England, but the Scotsman spoke perfect French. He soon realized that the boys were not Nazis and he took them to a cottage where the occupants gave the refugee boys a spot of tea. Then two police cars came along and took them French boys to the police station. Pierre, the curly-haired 19 year old leader told their story, but no one revealed their last names or where they were from for the sake of relatives still living in France. Then the boys took hot baths, received dry clothes, and had a good rest before they went off to London.

After they arrived in London, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill toasted them. Later Prime Minister Churchill and General Charles de Gaulle assured Christian that he could take his "Bache" in London. He may have escape from the Nazis in France, but he had not escape from his exams!

The five French boys were enrolled in the Free French Cadet School in Malvern, England, to train with fifty other boys. After they completed their training, they joined the Free French Forces. About 150 French boys had already been trained at Malvern and served in General de Gaulle's Free French Army.

Someone asked Christian what the French people thought of the RAF bombings of occupied France and the French casualties from the bombings. Christian shrugged, "You can't make an omelet without breaking eggs," he said.

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Pistol Head – Cocker Spaniel Combat Veteran

Pistol Head, a red cocker spaniel, returned from 48 combat missions in the South Pacific. Mrs. Eileen Willis had sent for him, but could he readjust to civilian life?

Pistol Head, a 2 1/2 year old red cocker spaniel, had been best buddies with his master Lieutenant Colonel Solomon Theodore Willis, Jr. since he was a puppy. He didn't reckon time in human terms, but he recognized that time made many changes in his dog years. His master had married Eileen in October 1940. On July 27, 1943, Michael Lee Willis had joined the family in their Brooklyn apartment. By October 1943, Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head were on their way to the South Pacific to fight in the Seventh Bomber Command.

The Seventh Bomber Command

Pearl Harbor had decimated [the Seventh Bomber Command](#), formerly the Hawaiian Air Force, but it recovered enough to fight in the turning point battle of Midway in June 1942. After Midway, the Seventh spent exhausting months of patrol and search missions in the South Pacific. After bases were established on tiny Pacific Islands, the Seventh began a program of long range bombing of the Gilberts and Marshalls. After the Gilberts and Marshalls were taken, the Seventh targeted the Carolinas, the Marianas, Iwo Jima and the Bonins. Eventually, parts of the Seventh bombed Japan.

The perils of these missions included small targets, uncertain weather, and engine failure guaranteeing certain death. The Seventh used fighters, medium bombers, bombed day and night, sunk enemy shipping and mined enemy waters. The Seventh was the first air force to take on Japan and the first to suffer casualties from Japan. It fought Japan longer than any other air force.

Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head Fly B-25s

The B-25s first went into action over the Marshalls, flying almost entirely at lower level. They were dangerous missions with intense enemy opposition and many planes returned heavily damaged. To add to the problems, propeller control brackets on the B-25s had a bad habit of breaking. To fix this, the mechanics added stronger metal plates, and fastened the broken parts to them. Many of these makeshift parts held for the rest of their combat missions and were not replaced until the planes arrived in Oahu.

The plane called 891, "Lofty's Wolf Pack," or "Hello Moe," was a classic example of the tough B-25s. With 84 missions, it was the veteran of the group. Originally the plane belonged to Major William K. Pfingst, a squadron commander, who flew the first missions in the "Wolf Pack." Then Lt. Colonel Solomon Theodore (Ted) Willis took over the squadron and renamed 891 "Hello Mo."

Lt. Colonel Willis flew some of the most extraordinary B-25 missions a B-25 ever endured in “Hello Mo.” His maneuvers and tactics over Japanese harbors and air strips made Lt. Colonel Willis the most talked about pilot in the Bomber Command. After one busy afternoon over Ponape, Colonel Willis flew “Hello Mo” home and learned that Tokyo Rose had frantically called him “a suicidal maniac.”

Lt. Willis Doesn't Return From His 51st Mission

Lt. Colonel Willis and Pistol Head chalked up forty-eight combat missions against the Japanese before Pistol Head was grounded. On June 22, 1944, Colonel Solomon Theodore Willis failed to return from his 51st bombing mission.

Pistol Head mourned deeply. He refused to eat and he no longer wagged his tail. The members of the Seventh Bomber Command tried in vain to give him new reason for living, but they couldn't.

The best the Seventh could do for Pistol Head was give him an honorable discharge and send him home. The airmen of the Seventh put Pistol Head aboard a United Airlines plane.

"Any Consideration Shown to Pistol Head Will Be Greatly Appreciated"

Air Force Sgt. Arthur Braunston of Oyster Bay, New York, brought [Pistol Head](#) to San Francisco. He said Pistol Head had seen action on so many flights that he could recognize the difference between enemy and friendly planes and he could distinguished the difference in the sound of a Japanese or American plane.

“He had a different bark for the enemy planes and ours and he was so good that his spotting was a legend out there,” Sgt. Braunston said.

A small cardboard tag on Pistol Head's collar said: “This little fellow was a pal of the late Lieutenant Colonel Willis, killed in action. He has flown 48 combat missions and is being returned to Mrs. Willis. Any consideration shown to Pistol Head will be greatly appreciated by all of us.” The tag was signed, “The Seventh Bomber Command.”

There were six stops before he reached La Guardia Field. Stewardess Betty Bittner reported that Pistol Head became alert and lively while the plane was in flight. “He seemed to be happy at flying,” she said.

Pistol Head Comes Home

The airplane landed at La Guardia Field and [Miss Ann Schultz](#), a friend of Mrs. Eileen Willis, took the leash from the stewardess. Pistol Head pulled her toward the exit. He seemed to know that he was getting closer to home. Miss Schulz hailed a taxicab and gave the driver the Brooklyn address. Pistol Head sat on the edge of the taxi's backseat.

Pistol Head pulled Miss Schultz up the walk and Mrs. Eileen B. Willis, looking thin and pale, stood in the doorway to greet him.

Mrs. Eileen B. Willis hugged Pistol Head and he barked and wagged his tail. The barking woke up one year old Michael Lee Willis who just celebrated his birthday the day before. He looked at Pistol Head and laughed.

Mrs. Willis smiled. “I guess he is just an average cocker spaniel, but he always loved to fly, and since he was a puppy he always went up on flights with my husband.”

It was July 28, 1944, and Pistol Head had finally come home.

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Jim Burns and Yard Minesweeper #62

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, soldier Jim Burns joined the United States Navy in December 1942, and by Christmas of 1943, he found himself serving on a minesweeper.

In 1922, when he was just a young boy, Jim Burns almost drowned in Lake Michigan. He was nautically decked out in a crisp new sailor suit and his cousin had taken him for a walk along the Manitowoc, Wisconsin pier when suddenly he fell in. “They even rescued my sailor hat,” he recalls with a chuckle.

The day before he left for the Navy in December 1942, Jim went down to the Milwaukee lagoon to feed the ducks. Over the next three years, he continued to have mostly hazardous, but a few not so hazardous adventures on the ocean, including smuggling a dog named Belvidere aboard his minesweeper.

Jim Graduates from Great Lakes Naval Base and Sonar School

After his graduation from basic training at Great Lakes Naval Training Base in Grand Lakes, Illinois, the Navy sent Jim to Sonar School in Key West, Florida. For about eight weeks, he learned how to operate sonar and earned his first stripe. His next port was Norfolk, Virginia, where a new ship equipped with brand new sonar came to pick him up.

Yard Minesweeper #62 is Ready for Action

The ship, yard Minesweeper # 62, was fitted out to act as a destroyer because the [Navy](#) was still drastically short of ships and equipment. The mine sweeper had a small draft which allowed it to come close to shore to sweep out mines that the Germans had set to destroy landing troops. It had two racks in the rear which were loaded with depth charges and a “K” gun, located on each side of the ship, with a depth charge attached to each.

Jim’s job was to man the sonar and when he spotted what he thought might be an enemy submarine to call out its bearings. Then the attack team on the sweeper would trace the submarine’s path on a large map.

Sweeping mines was hazardous work and in Jim’s words “the minesweepers and their crews were considered expendable.”

Sweeping Mines is Complicated and Hazardous Work

The sweeper had what were called paraveins behind it which were placed on an angle from the stern of the ship. About six minesweepers worked together at one time, with each sweeper’s paraveins at an angle. The mines were anchored on cables extending below the water and a heavy metal plane determined their depth in the water.

The cables had cutters like big jaws attached to them. The explosive charge was located inside the cutters. The minesweeper's cable went against the mine chain and into the jaws, the jaws cut the chain, and the mine popped up and floated away. Or, the mine exploded on contact.

Capturing Submarines and Heading to the Mediterranean

Yard Minesweeper #62 headed for the Mediterranean Sea to rendezvous with a convoy, but it was forced to put in at Bermuda for sonar repairs. Here, the Navy tested the sonar by capturing its own submarines for practice runs. Eventually, the sonar was repaired and the minesweeper joined a convoy going to the Mediterranean. It traveled for 22 days on a zigzag course to avoid detection and attack by German submarines.

Jim explains, "I received my second stripe when our minesweeper was acting as an escort for a large convoy of ships and I detected an enemy submarine off the island of Pantelleria on the way to Gibraltar."

Sweeping Mines in Italy and France

The Navy put the [minesweepers](#) in the Mediterranean to help in the invasion of Sicily, Salerno Beachhead and sweeping mines for invasion forces at Anzio Beachhead. When Yard Minesweeper #62 wasn't on invasions it visited different ports to clear minefields that the Germans had planted. One of the places it cleared heavy minefields for the French was off Corsica so the French could get ready for the invasion of Elba.

Jim's minesweeper swept out harbors on the outside of Toulon, France, within the sight of the scuttled French fleet and he earned his third stripe for his minesweeping off the coast of France.

Then the Navy sent him to Key West, Florida to learn how to repair sonar in preparation for going to the Pacific. After sixteen weeks of maintenance training on sonar equipment, he earned the rank of an instructor in the Navy Sonar School until his discharge in 1945.

Returning Home and Flashbacks

After he came back home to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Jim remembers many nights when he woke up with jumping nerves and in a cold sweat because he thought he was still on the minesweeper and there had been a general quarters alert for combat.

"It's something you never really get over. You just learn to live with it. But I'd do it all over again for my country," he said.

Jim came home as a 1st class Petty officer and earned four Battle Stars and a Navy Commendation for his minesweeping work.

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Reverend Ernest Norquist Marches Up Bataan

In 1941, Reverend Ernest Norquist enlisted in the Army so he could choose where he could go. He chose the Philippines and ended up in a Japanese POW camp.

Reverend Ernest Norquist described his draft status in 1941 as “being under the threat of Selective Service” he decided to enlist in the Army so he could choose where he could go and his choice was the Philippines. After he became a medic, he served as a ward man at Fort William McKinley, about seven miles from Manila.

The Japanese Land in the Philippines

Within days after the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Japanese started landing in the Philippines and casualties began to pour in. Reverend Norquist recalls “toward Christmas we knew we were going to evacuate. Oh the way back from church I remember that we passed a convent run by some American sisters who gave us coca and compassion.”

The American Forces Move to Corregidor

On December 29, Reverend Norquist and his unit moved to the Middleside Hospital on Corregidor, which is a tiny island at the entrance to Manila Bay. There was a Middleside, Topside, and Bottomside hospital and a trolley car running between them. The entire fortress at Corregidor was designed to protect the Bataan Peninsula and was comprised of one main tunnel hewn out of solid rock and several laterals.

Reverend Norquist was one of the eight medics who worked on casualties while the bombing went on around them. He remembers one time when the hospital was being bombed. He had been about to eat a piece of butterscotch pie, went downstairs for shelter and eventually returned to the table. He couldn't eat the pie because it was full of plaster.

The American Garrison Surrenders

The American Army continued to fight on Corregidor, but it was decimated by malaria and ran out of water. The last American garrison surrendered on May 7, 1942, after surviving 53 air raids. General Jonathan Wainwright, the Army's commander at Corregidor, announced the surrender.

Reverend Norquist recalls, “I felt an infinite sadness when the General surrendered and all of us put up the American flag and saluted it. We cried at the white flag of surrender, because I think we all knew that we wouldn't see the American flag again until we were freed.”

Marching up the Bataan Peninsula

The next step for Reverend Norquist and many of the men were marching up the [Bataan Peninsula](#) as part of the infamous “Death March.” By now, Bataan was a swarming mass of bewildered Japanese, Filipino and American men. Japanese intelligence estimates of the number of prisoners were far too low. There were actually about 78,000 U.S. troops, 6,000 civilian employees who had been rushed to Bataan to build defenses, and 26,000 civilians.

The Japanese had been expecting only about 40,000 people. The captured men had to walk long distances on foot under a tropical sun. Sick and wounded men were killed by guards at the roadside, hundreds at a time. More than 7,000 of these prisoners died on the Bataan Death March. One third were American, and two-thirds Filipinos.

Reverend Norquist was nearly killed as well. He fell behind and sat down. As he put it, “I saw two Japanese soldiers coming toward me in a very business-like manner and I got up quickly.”

Billebub Prison and Cabana Taiwan

One of the initial stops for Reverend Norquist was Billebub Prison in Manila for a few weeks and then to Cabana Taiwan, where the prisoners were placed in barracks that had been occupied by the Filipino Army. Here, Reverend Norquist continued to put his medic training to work. He remembers what he calls, “death parades,” where men who had died were carried out on window slats or shutters torn off the building. The [death parades](#) diminished when the Swedish Red Cross ship Gripsholm brought supplies to the camp.

In the 26 months that he spent at Cabana Taiwan, Reverend Norquist helped build an airport that was never used, became acclimated to POW life, and became more and more certain that he would become a minister if he survived. He saw the examples of the Army chaplains and a Filipino priest who risked their lives to help the prisoners and felt that the church might be calling for him.

In 1944, the Japanese moved the prisoners from the Philippines to Japan on a ship called the *Noto Maru*. From Tokyo they were taken to Omari Prison Camp which was located on a tiny island. Reverend Norquist vividly recalls incidents of prison camp life. The men were amazingly resourceful. They improvised musical instruments and formed an orchestra. They put on plays including Shakespeare, and they even had a school.

Major Watanabe Was Not Widely Mourned

He especially remembers a Major Watanabe, who was a [sadist](#) and beat people at the slightest pretext. He hit Reverend Norquist and knocked him out. The Major was so hated that someone finally put some flux from a dysentery victim in his food and he contracted dysentery and he died. According to Reverend Norquist, the Major was not widely mourned.

The turning point in the war seemed to Reverend Norquist to come in 1944. There were bombing raids and fire storms, with huge areas of Tokyo being burned. “I felt a great sadness for the Japanese people,” he said.

Once again the prisoners were moved, this time north to Wakasennin, a place of temples, torii gates, and windows of mother of pearl. Here they worked in a pig iron factory and on farms.

Liberation Day Finally Comes

Finally, the day of liberation came. All of the prisoners were brought out to the parade ground. Reverend Norquist remembers exactly what the British soldier who made the announcement said, “Gentlemen the day for which we have long awaited has at last arrived. You are free men.” The [prisoners](#) cheered an immense hip hip hooray.

The Japanese commander made a speech next and said he hoped that everyone would get home safely. The men were warned not to go into the Japanese village and were dismissed. Immediately they went into the Japanese village. A little Japanese girl about six years old handed Reverend Norquist a doll. A Japanese man brought out a family album and insisted that he choose some pictures to keep.

Reverend Norquist Encounters General Wainwright on His Honeymoon

Because of the influence of the war time chaplains, Reverend Norquist decided to become a

minister. "Religion had a validity," he said. After the war, he studied for the ministry in Lund, Sweden and was ordained in the Presbyterian Church. He retired from Bethany Presbyterian Church after 17 years as pastor and served as interim pastor at the First Presbyterian Church of Horicon, Wisconsin.

Reverend Norquist had another encounter with General Wainwright, this time at the Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Michigan. He and his wife Jeanette were on their honeymoon at the hotel and he discovered that General Wainwright had quarters on the eighth floor. "I tried to get in to see him, but his orderly wouldn't admit me. Then I heard him ask, "Is that one of my boys?"

"I said, 'yes sir,' and he came out and spent half an hour with me. He really cared about the ordinary soldier."

The Norquists had five daughters, all talented artists, musicians and teachers, and a son, John, who served as the mayor of Milwaukee in the 1980s.

He Couldn't Hate the Japanese People

In Reverend Norquist's opinion, he learned two important principles from his POW experience. The first was that war transformed most people's lives. It was the biggest thing that ever happened to them and helped them transcend themselves.

The second principle was you can't put people of different cultures together and have them hate each other all of the time. He said, "When I wanted to get bitt'er and hate the Japanese, I would remember them sitting around a campfire singing a hauntingly beautiful song called "The Moon Over a Ruined Castle". I couldn't hate them," he said.

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Chapter Eight - Korea

Jerry Emer Remembers Smitty's Last Day in Korea

Korean War veteran Jerry Emer of Milwaukee recalled the day that his medic friend Doyle Smith, "Smitty" died in Korea while fighting for Hill 174.

War in [Korea](#) was a grueling, back breaking, feet tiring deadly business. Survival was measured in seconds and by chance instead of days and design.

Jerry Emer Fights with the 5th Cavalry on Hill 174

In a series of letters Jerry Emer wrote to author Don Knox, who used them in his oral history of the Korean War, he details the actions of I Company, 3rd Battalion, 5th Cavalry on Hill [174](#). The time span is from September 10 to 20, 1950. Rumor had it that the 3rd Battalion was going to move to a pretty hot spot and they climbed aboard trucks to move to the Hill 174 area. The convoy skirted part of Taegue and headed north a few miles. The men were got off the trucks. They headed up the hill in a long column, listening to the ka-rumph of artillery fire and the occasional rattle of small arms from the North Korean held hill.

The next day the company sent out some re-con patrols and the following day the company went into a typical Korean farm village close to the front lines. Jerry and the other men filled their canteens at a well and some of the male Korean villagers talked with the company's Katusas, which is what the South Koreans integrated into American units were called. They seemed to greatly fear and detest the In-Min-gun, or Communist Army of North Korea.

After some skirmishing with the enemy and I Company's withdrawal from [Hill 174](#), the orders came through for I Company to attack and re occupy it. On September 15, 1950, everyone in Jerry's company was supplied with extra bandoliers and grenades. Company I was supposed to assemble for the attack at the foot of [Hill 203](#). At the base of this hill was a small grove of trees and some weapon carriers, jeeps, and heavy mortars.

Jerry Emer Helps a Wounded Katusa

The platoons had to move along certain paths to get to this assembly area from Hill 232, Jerry was sent with Lt. Toomey and his runner to a long ditch running parallel to a small apple orchard. Lt. Toomey instructed Jerry to watch for his platoon and point out what path it was to follow. He had just finished speaking when a loud whoosh made everyone flatten out on the ground. A 120 mm shell exploded about five yards from the ditch. Pieces of trees, dirt and chunks of sod rained down on the backs of the soldiers. Within a few seconds, two more shells exploded.

A Katusa came running by and Jerry shouted and pointed. Then with a whoosh, bam, another shell exploded. The Katusa was thrown into the ditch a few yards from Jerry, terribly hurt. He whimpered and as Jerry crawled over to him, he saw that the Katusa had a large ugly tear near the elbow on his right arm.

The shrapnel had set off several clips in his cartridge belt. This had torn away much of his fatigue shirt and there was an irregular gaping red maw of a wound from the bottom of the rib

cage diagonally down to his hip. The web cartridge belt was smoking and the ragged torn fatigue shirt also. Jerry tore off the smoldering belt and threw it away. The Katusa's first aid pouch had been destroyed by shrapnel, so Jerry took his bandages out and tried to bandage the Katusa's profusely bleeding arm wound. The Katusa tried to tell him something, but Jerry couldn't understand him.

Medic Doyle Smith Comes to Help the Wounded Katusa

"Where's the medic, where's Smitty?" Jerry shouted to a Sergeant Woods.

"He's not far behind me, just a couple of guys behind me!" Woods shouted back.

Finally, with immense relief, Jerry saw the skinny figure of Medic Doyle Smith running down the slope. In just the few weeks they had known each other, Jerry and Doyle Smith had become close buddies. He thought that Smitty was as American as apple pie, down to his name – Smith. Smitty was from a typically American small town, Grayville, Illinois, in the Midwestern cornbelt. He even looked American. He was a wiry, 140 pound, 5'10", sandy haired 19 year old. He had told Jerry about his Japanese girl friend and her family and showed him photographs of her.

"Over here! Over here, Smitty!" Jerry yelled.

Smitty reached Jerry and took over. The Korean was still mumbling and whimpering.

"No use wasting a bandage on that side wound. He's dying," Smitty said. "I'll give him a shot of morphine."

In a few seconds the Katusa stopped whimpering. He mumbled a few more words and then his eyes became glassy.

Medic Doyle Smith is Killed

Smitty said, "Okay, let's go. I'm the last of the 2nd platoon."

They climbed out of the ditch and started moving. After an air strike on the hill and a short artillery preparation, the order came to move out. As they entered the rice paddies, the men were urged to keep in a skirmish line. The paddies were very soft because of the heavy rains that had fallen earlier in the month. The soldiers were loaded down with extra ammunition and grenades and they sank into the stinking mud with every step. By this time of the day the sun shone brightly and the temperature had climbed to 90 degrees with humidity. The men were all panting and gasping for air and drenched with sweat. Then they started getting hit with a barrage of 120 mm mortar fire. Soon cries of "I'm hit," and "medic, medic," came from every point of the compass.

After he had helped so many other men, medic Doyle Smith got hit. Lt. Brian acted as Smitty's medic, but Smitty died of his wounds.

Korean Veteran Doyle Smith Added to War Memorial

After 60 years, and through the efforts of many people, Medic Doyle Smith's name finally appears on the Korean War Memorial in White County, Illinois.

March 19, 2011 would have been Pvt. Doyle Edward Smith's 79th birthday. An important part of his story unfolded in September, 2010 when his name was finally added to the Korean War Veterans Monument in White County, Illinois.

On September 22, 2010, Pvt. Doyle E. Smith's name was inscribed on the monument at Veterans

Memorial Park in Carmi, Illinois, that lists the White County War dead for the past one hundred years.

Doyle Smith and His Friend Charlie Linder Join The Army from Grayville, Illinois

Doyle Smith was born in the small town of Grayville, located in southern Illinois on the Wabash River. At least one other soldier, James Meredith Helm who was an admiral in the Spanish American War, was born in Grayville and joined the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, just as Doyle Smith and his best friend Charlie Linder joined the Army together from Grayville.

In a September 2010 story from the Carmi Times, Charlie Linder told reporter Braden Willis that he left first and he never saw his friend Doyle again. "He wasn't even 18 years old," Charlie said. Doyle lied about his age to enlist so the service records say that he was born in 1931, although he really was born in 1932. Charlie enlisted in the Army for three years and was sent to Korea at the same time as Doyle, but he said, "I didn't find out he'd been killed until I got home."

Aaron D. Smith of rural Grayville was Doyle Smith's grandfather. Nedra Wolf, Doyle's cousin, also born and raised in Grayville, was just 9 years old when Doyle died in Korea. She has clear and fond memories of Doyle Smith. She said that his mother moved to Seattle, but Doyle stayed in Grayville with her father and she and Doyle managed to get into quite a bit of mischief. "I loved every minute of it," she said.

Doyle Smith is Killed In Action In Korea

The official Army account of Doyle Edward Smith's death states that he was a member of the Sixty-First Field Artillery Battalion, First Cavalry Division, and that he was killed in action in South Korea on September 22, 1950. Doyle Smith -the men called him Smitty-was a medic and the story has it that he was treating a wounded soldier when he was fatally wounded.

Jerry Emer of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, one of Smitty's close friends, belonged to I Company, Third Battalion, Fifth Cavalry which was involved in fighting on [Hill 174](#). In a series of letters Jerry wrote to author Don Knox, he tells the story of his encounters with Smitty. Jerry and a South Korean soldier had been wounded and lay bleeding in a ditch. Jerry watched several soldiers run by and then he shouted to a Sgt. Woods that he knew. "Where's the medic? Where's Smitty?"

Sgt. Woods assured Jerry that Smitty was just a few soldiers behind him and finally to his immense relief, Jerry spotted the skinny figure of Medic Doyle Smith running down the slope. According to Jerry, in the few short weeks they had known each other, he and Doyle Smith had become close friends. Jerry thought Smitty was one hundred percent American down to his last name – Smith.

To Jerry's way of thinking, Smitty even looked American. Jerry remembered him as a wiry, 140 pound, 5 foot 10 inch, sandy haired, 19 year old Midwesterner. Smitty told Jerry about his Japanese girlfriend and showed him pictures of the girl and her family.

Now Smitty reached Jerry and the wounded South Korean. He gave the South Korean a shot of morphine and in a few seconds the Korean's eyes became glassy and he died.

Smitty and Jerry both climbed out of the ditch and started moving. About 100 yards ahead, they reached a group of other soldiers. After an air strike on Hill 174, and a short artillery barrage, the order came to move out. The officers urged the soldiers to keep in a skirmish line. Loaded down

with extra ammunition and grenades and their heavy packs, the soldiers sank into the soft, stinking mud of the rice paddies. The temperature climbed to 90 degrees and the humidity climbed as well. Soon the soldiers panted and gasped for air.

Then the North Koreans hit them with a barrage of 120 mm mortar fire. Smitty answered endless cries of "Medic! "Medic!"

After he had treated so many soldiers, Smitty himself got hit. Lt. Brian acted as his medic, but Smitty died of his wounds.

The Army posthumously awarded Doyle Edward Smith the Purple Heart. He also was awarded the Korean Service Medal, the United Nations Service Medal, the National Defense Service Medal, and the Republic of Korea War Service Medal.

After 60 Years, Doyle Smith's Name is Added to Korean War Memorial

Doyle Smith was buried in Veteran's Memorial Cemetery in Seattle, Washington, near his mother, Mrs. W.E. Baun. For nearly sixty years his name wasn't on the Korean Veteran's Memorial in White County, Illinois, but then his sister Ruthie Sexton of Phoenix, Arizona researched Doyle's history.

She contacted Sue Cullison of Albion, Illinois, who is a family tree researcher. Sue documented that Doyle Smith was a native of White County, killed in action in Korea on September 22, 1950, but his name had been left off the monument at Veterans Park. Sue contacted White County VFW Post 3851 officials and they met with Carmi Mayor David Port about adding Doyle's name to the monument.

In September 2010, Doyle Smith's best friend Charlie Linder, and a group of his relatives and friends congregated at the Korean War Veterans Monument in [Carmi](#) along with Carmi American Legion members from American Legion Post 224 and Sue Cullison. They all honored Doyle Smith's name on the Korean War Memorial just as Doyle Smith had honored his county with his life.

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Douglas Johnson, Milwaukee Marine

Marine Douglas Johnson went from fighting on Saipan, translating Japanese on Nagasaki, and fighting in Korea to a productive civilian life in Milwaukee.

In his Marine Corps career, Milwaukee Marine Douglas Johnson went from fighting the Japanese to interpreting their language to Americans. He moved from machine gunning on Saipan to machine gunning in the mountain passes of Korea and finally to a more peaceful life in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Douglas Johnson Fights on Saipan

It was December 1943, when Doug enlisted in the Marines in Milwaukee and he was assigned to the 1st Battalion, 6th Marine Regiment, 2nd Marine Division. Seventeen year old Douglas went from boot camp directly to advance infantry training and machine gun school in Camp Pendleton, California. From Camp Pendleton, Doug was shipped across the Pacific to [Saipan](#). He described Saipan as a “combination of Guadalcanal, Iwo Jima, and a little bit of Sicily thrown in.”

The fighting on Saipan was different than Iwo Jima. Doug and his battalion arrived late in the campaign and were involved in the mopping up. There were still several thousand Japanese soldiers on the island, Japanese who were fanatical fighters. The Marines took very few prisoners because the Japanese soldiers fought to the bitter end. Some jumped off the steep cliffs on the island or blew themselves up with hand grenades rather than fall into the hands of American soldiers.

Diseases on Saipan were equally as lethal to American soldiers as Japanese bullets. Soldiers got dengue fever, jungle fever, malaria, parasites, funguses, insect bites. The average daily temperature on Saipan was 100 degrees, with extremely high humidity. Almost every walking surface on the island was made up of jagged coral that cut shoes and clothes like a razor. “It was hard on the body,” says Doug with considerable understatement.

Douglas Moves on to Okinawa and Nagasaki

While he was still on Saipan, Doug participated in a mission to Okinawa which was a rehearsal for the future attack by American forces. In 1945, after the Americans took Okinawa, Doug and his unit were retrained for projected landings on Japan proper. His unit was put aboard a ship which pulled into the docks of Nagasaki shortly after the atomic bomb had been dropped. “The port area was still intact, but the city was flattened. I walked over ground zero,” he says quietly.

The Marines were in Nagasaki for a couple of weeks doing clean ups, although Doug adds that the Japanese did most of the cleaning up. He had by this time, learned to speak Japanese and acted as an interpreter between the Americans and Japanese. Eventually he became attached to the Australian Air Force, helping with the Japanese situations and interpreting.

Early in 1947, Doug re-enlisted in the Marines and immediately was assigned to sea school in Norfolk, Virginia. After graduating from sea school, was assigned to Marine Detachment aboard the *U.S.S. Wisconsin*. The major part of Doug’s duties included training classes of midshipmen from the Naval Academy on guns. For the next three years, he continued to do gun training cruises and was involved in Navy personnel training and Navy landing parties.

Douglas and his Old Regiment Fight in Korea

When the North Korean Communists invaded South Korea on June 25, 1950, Doug rejoined the same regiment he had served in during World War II. As he traveled from Camp Le June, North Carolina across the country to California, he picked up Marine Corps reservists to build up his company to combat strength.

As their troop ship left California, Doug trained his recruits in rifle firing off the fantail of the ship. Their first stop was Inchon, and then on to capture Seoul. The next months were a maze of pulling back, advancing, reboarding ship and navigating the Korean Peninsula. The men landed again, relieved the South Koreans on the lines and pushed toward Chosin Reservoir. Now the situation became perilous for the Americans. Fighting what President Harry Truman called a “police action,” American and other United Nations troops had driven the North Koreans across the 38th Parallel, their southern border.

At this point, Communist China sent large masses of Chinese “volunteers” into the battle, supported by Russian advisers and equipment. There were between 500,000 and 600,000 Communist Chinese troops and 6,000 American Marines backed up by a few Australians and New Zealanders fighting. The Chinese Communist troops pushed the entire American 8th Army all of the way back to the 38th Parallel. The Marines were ordered to hold the mountain passes at the [Chosin Reservoir](#). The Chinese overran many American positions and some companies were wiped out.

Douglas Johnson is Wounded in Korea

At dawn on December 7, 1950, Doug was moving along a road near Koto’ri when he walked into a Chinese ambush set up at a river. He was hit in the face and head with a hand grenade and a piece of shrapnel went through his right eye. That night, Doug walked into Koto’ri and was treated at an aid station. He was flown out of the area on a Piper Cub and transferred to a hospital ship at Han Hung harbor. From Korea, Doug went to a naval hospital in Japan.

After he recuperated from his wound, Doug arrived back in Korea in time to take part in the spring offensive of 1951 and helped in the American effort to fight their way back up north. Then power and politicians in the outside world changed the direction of the fighting in Korea. During his term of office, President Truman limited the fighting to Korea proper. When General Dwight D. Eisenhower ran for president, he pledged to do something about the Korean stalemate and he kept his promise by ending the war with a truce a few months after his inauguration in 1953.

Douglas Johnson Becomes a Career Marine

After he returned home from [Korea](#), Doug decided he was a career marine. He served a two to three year tour of duty at the Marine Barracks in Philadelphia. Then he was assigned to the recruiting school at Paris Island, South Carolina where he graduated fourth in his class. The top ten people in the class had their choice of where they would be assigned to duty and Doug chose Milwaukee. Eventually he served as recruiter for Jefferson and Waukesha counties as well.

He joked about his “then “pictures from the Marines, “The Japanese seemed to respect moustaches and I thought it gave me some dignity, so I kept it during the time I was in Japan.”

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Chapter Nine: Vietnam

Remembered Despite the Blank Name Plates

These soldier's stories began over a half century ago in Ecorse, Michigan, and ended in Vietnam in the late 1960s, and early 1970s. Yet, they live on.

Lewis Roy Kirby, Joe D. Johnson, Jr., Martee Bradley, Jr., Jaime Villalobos, Philip Leonard Tank, Charles William Kinney, Thomas William Bickford, Charles Louis Tank and Floyd Richardson, Jr. are remembered on the Vietnam Memorial Wall in Washington D.C. and by their family, friends, and communities.

Until July 4 weekend 2009, their names were inscribed on a Vietnam War Memorial on a monument in Dingell Park overlooking the Detroit River in Ecorse, Michigan. Now the memorial is blank because vandals stripped the nameplates and ornaments to sell them.

The monuments of their lives aren't blank and their stories aren't blank. Ecorse is a small city about eight miles from Detroit, Michigan, one of the communities that line the Detroit River between Detroit and Monroe, Michigan. Ecorse contributed these soldiers to the Vietnam War vastly out of proportion to its small size. These soldiers contributed their lives.

Lewis Roy Kirby

1966

Ecorse soldier [Lewis Roy Kirby](#) of the 14th Infantry, 25 Division was killed in combat with small arms fire on November 19, 1966 in Vietnam. He was the first Vietnam War casualty from Ecorse.

Lewis, the son of James Kirby of Labadie Court, Ecorse, attended Ecorse High School for one year and Lincoln Park High School for two years. He enlisted in 1964 and received his boot training at Fort Knox and then more training in Georgia and Hawaii before he went to Vietnam. He was killed in Kontum Province in South Vietnam on November 19, 1966.

His father James Kirby was on a hunting trip in northern Michigan when the American Legion Post at Lake City, Michigan located him and informed him of the death of his son.

Funeral services and burial were held from the Leonard Funeral Home in Bellaire, Michigan, where his mother Wanda was buried in 1959. Besides his father, a brother Joseph of northern Michigan survived Lewis who was 19 years old when he was killed.

Joe D. Johnson, Jr.

1967

U.S. Army Private First Class [Joe D. Johnson, Jr.](#), 20, of Sixteenth Street in Ecorse was the second Ecorse soldier killed in Vietnam. He died on January 2, 1967, when he was hit by fragments from a Viet Cong mine in Tay Ninh Province, South Vietnam.

He was a member of Company A, 196th Infantry in the Second Battalion. Drafted into the Army in May 1966, he entered Fort Knox, Kentucky for his boot training. He obtained his advanced training at Camp Polk, Louisiana. He left for Vietnam December 3, 1966.

Joe Johnson Jr. graduated from Ecorse High School with the class of January 1966. He was a member of the baseball and basketball teams, varsity football, and also spent two years as a

member of the Ecorse High School Choir. He was employed at the Ford Motor Company and was a member of the Union Second Baptist Church in River Rouge.

His parents, three brothers, a sister, and a grandmother survived Joe. He was buried with military honors at Union, South Carolina.

Martee Bradley, Jr.

1968

[Martee Bradley, Jr.](#) was born on August 8, 1948, in Ecorse, Michigan. He played first trombone in the Ecorse High School Band during his high school years. He graduated in 1967 and was drafted into the Army in March of 1968. He took basic and advanced training and spent a summer home on leave before going to Vietnam.

Martee was a specialist fourth class in the 2nd Infantry, 1st Infantry Division and began his Vietnam tour of duty on August 8, 1968 in Binh Duong Province, South Vietnam. He was killed on December 8, 1968.

On December 11, 1968, Mr. and Mrs. Martee Bradley of 18th Street in Ecorse received word that their son Martee Bradley, Jr. had been killed in Vietnam. On December 9th, the Army had informed them that he was missing in action.

Jaime Villalobos

1968

[Jaime Villalobos](#) was born on October 30, 1940, and grew up in Ecorse. He began his tour of duty in Vietnam on February 14, 1968, and was killed in Thua Thien Province on May 25, 1968. He promoted to staff sergeant posthumously.

His wife and five children survived Sgt. Villalobos. His ten year old daughter Belinda Villalobos accepted the Bronze Star for her father from Major General Shelton E. Lollis, Commanding General U.S. Army Tank Automotive Command, (TACOM), Warren.

Philip Leonard Tank

1968

[Philip Tank](#), born on November 27, 1947, grew up in Ecorse and graduated from St. Francis Xavier High School in June 1965. He attended Northern Michigan University at Marquette before joining the Army in January 1968.

He began his Vietnam tour of duty as a private first class of the 1st Battalion, 2nd Infantry, 1st Infantry Division of the Army on July 4, 1968.

On September 12, 1968, Philip was killed in Binh Long Province South Vietnam, by gun or small arms fire. His body was shipped home and on September 26, 1968, a funeral Mass was sung at St. Francis Xavier Church. He was buried at Michigan Memorial Park, Flat Rock, with full military honors.

Charles William Kinney

1968

Private First Class [Charles William Kinney](#) was born October 25, 1948, in Ecorse. Charles was a soldier in the 101st Airborne Division, United States Army. He began his tour of duty in Vietnam

in December 1967, and was killed in Thua Thein Province in South Vietnam, on May 3, 1968. He was 19 and married when he died.

The names of these Vietnam War veterans and several others were inscribed on a monument located in Dingell Park on the Detroit Riverfront in Ecorse. These Vietnam soldiers are remembered despite the fact that vandalism left the name plates on their memorial in Dingell Park in Ecorse, Michigan, blank.

These are the stories of the Ecorse soldiers on the blank name plates in Dingell Park.

Philip Leonard and Charles Louis Tank were members of the Tank family of Ecorse, Michigan which featured several generations of championship rowers for the Ecorse Boat Club. According to his cousin, Rodney Tank, Charles didn't have time to establish any rowing records before he went to Vietnam, but he intended to continue the family tradition.

Charles Louis Tank

1969

[Charles Louis Tank](#), a cousin of Philip Leonard Tank, volunteered to fight in Vietnam with the 23 Artillery Group II Field Force, United States Army and arrived there in March of 1969. Born on September 14, 1943, he grew up in Ecorse, Michigan, and graduated from St. Francis High School.

In a 2009 interview, his cousin Rodney Tank, also a Vietnam veteran, said that Charles loved and believed in America and wanted to fight for his country. "Everybody loved him and it was a terrible loss when he died after only a month in Vietnam," Rodney said.

Charles Louis Tank arrived in Tay Ninh Province, South Vietnam in March, 1969 and he was killed on April 19, 1969. He received a posthumous promotion to corporal.

Thomas Wayne Bickford

1971

[Thomas Wayne Bickford](#) was born on November 2, 1950 in Lincoln Park, Michigan, but he and his wife Brenda lived in Ecorse. He was a Specialist 5 in C TRP, the 16th Cavalry, 1st Aviation BDE, USAV. He began his second tour of duty in Vietnam in June 1971 and was killed in Ba Xugen Province in South Vietnam on July 11, 1971.

Sp5 Bickford was in a helicopter which blew up in mid-air as the result of enemy gunfire. He began his second tour of duty in Vietnam on June 1. He was a 1969 graduate of Lincoln Park High School and entered the Army in February of that year. He was sent to Vietnam in January 1970 and was returned to the United States in December 1970.

A military funeral service was held July 20, 1971, at Ecorse Baptist Temple.

Floyd Richardson, Jr.

1971

[Floyd Richardson, Jr.](#), was born in Ecorse, Michigan on November 13, 1948.

He was a 1968 graduate of Ecorse High School and became a Specialist Fourth Class, 1st Signal, BDE, in the United States Army. He started his tour of duty in Vietnam in November 1970, and was killed in Quang Nam Province on February 2, 1971.

Twenty two year old Floyd Richardson was buried at Westlawn Cemetery following military funeral services on February 13, 1971 at Mt. Zion Baptist Church.

They Have Much in Common

These soldiers all had different lives, different birthdays, different races, different families. They had Ecorse, Michigan, their home town in common-memories like Frankie's Pizza, the best Pizza place in the world, the park by the Detroit River where they took their girls to watch the submarine races, and Ecorse and St. Francis High Schools.

They took home town memories with them to Vietnam - tree lined streets, the smell of burning leaves in the fall, ice fishing in the winter, the usual hometown things.

Hometown Heroes

A story in the Ecorse Advertiser of May 20, 1973, revealed how their home town responded to their sacrifice. The story says that following the traditional Memorial Day waterside services in Dingell Park at the foot of Southfield in Ecorse, representatives of veteran's organizations dedicated a memorial to six Ecorse men who were killed in Vietnam.

They are: Sp 4 Lewis Roy Kirby; Sgt. Jamie Villalobos; Sp 4 Martee Bradley, Jr.; Pfc. Philip Tank, Pfc. Charles Tank and Sp 4 Floyd Richardson.

Also honored was [Sgt. Gary LaBohn](#) of South Lyons who is missing in Action. LaBohn was adopted by members of Ecorse VFW Post 5709 who have long been active in the POW-MIA program.

Members of the VFW and American Legion Posts 272, 319 and Dumas and the Peter Reeves Women's Relief Corp attended the dedication that was made by Denise Rebhahn, president of the VFW Junior Girls Unit. Chaplain Terri Vasquez closed the ceremony with a prayer for the souls of the departed comrades and for the safe return of Sgt. LaBohn.

Fourth of July Weekend, 2009

A story dated [Ecorse, Michigan, July 8, 2009](#), continues the story of the monument. The story said that police were looking for vandals who stripped several Vietnam War memorial statues in Dingell Park overlooking the Detroit River over the Fourth of July weekend. The thieves stripped the names and letters off the memorial which stood beside the Detroit River since 1973. Police said that they believed the bronze nameplate and letters were stolen to be sold as scrap metal.

[Lester Pegouske](#), a Vietnam veteran from Ecorse said, "This is terrible. The monument has sat there for 40 years now some guys come and do this for a few bucks. It's disgraceful."

Fourth of July Celebrations in Ecorse, Michigan, 2010

Vietnam veterans and community residents will attend the Waterfront festivities in Dingell Park. There is a movement afoot in Ecorse to replace the bronze nameplates although it is uncertain if the replacement will be there by the Fourth of July celebrations. Rodney Tank said that "he was all choked up inside" about the vandalized memorial and the people whose names on the plate "deserve to be remembered."

Fourth of July Celebration in Ecorse, Michigan, 2011

A group of private citizens came together and replaced the stolen markers on the Vietnam War Memorial.

The soldiers with the blank nameplates are well remembered.

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Chapter Ten: Other Soldiers

Per Jacobsen, Norwegian Resistance Fighter

Jacobsen Fought for Life in a French Concentration Camp and Lost

When the Nazis invaded their country in 1940, Norwegians had to decide whether to resist the occupation or to collaborate with them. Per Jacobsen quickly made his choice. The Nazi Blitzkrieg machine invaded Norway on April 9, 1940, and Hitler planned to capture King Haakon VII and the Norwegian Government in order to force the country to surrender. The Royal Family, the Government, and most members of the Storting, the Norwegian Parliament, were able to escape the Germans and set up a government in exile in London.

Per Jacobsen Chooses Quickly as a Skating Spin

Per Jacobsen knew what he would do before he heard the sound of jack boots on the cobblestone streets of Oslo. Per was born in Kristiana, Norway, on March 23, 1911. He studied economics and auditing, and in 1931 and again in 1932, he was the Norwegian champion in figure skating. Some Norwegians like Vidkun Quisling collaborated with the Nazi occupiers. Others like Per and Max Manus joined the Norwegian Resistance.

At the beginning of the war, Per fought for Norway in the battles in the Oppland District of Norway and after the Nazis invaded Norway, he joined the Resistance movement. He played an important part in the escape of Max Manus, a Norwegian Resistance fighter who knew too many secrets to be tortured by the Nazis. Per helped Max escape from Nazi custody at Ullevål Hospital in Oslo in February 1941. He smuggled in a fish line which was used to pull up a rope for climbing out of the window. He also organized car transportation for Max.

Per Proves Himself an Idealist

For a time, Per belonged to an intelligence group called Skylark A, and after the Nazis infiltrated it, Per started working with the underground newspapers. The Nazis soon arrested him and imprisoned him from March 18 to April 1, 1941 “for having opposed a German decree.” He was arrested for the second time on June 18 and the Nazis locked him up in Møllergata 19, a notorious Nazi prison in Oslo.

In his memoir book *Det Demrer en Dag*, Knut Haukelid, a soldier of the Norwegian resistance, described Jacobsen as the most indefatigable idealist he met during the early war years.

Hitler's "Night and Fog Decree"

On December 7, 1941, the same day that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, and four days before Hitler declared war on the United States, Hitler signed the Nacht und Nebel, or "Night and Fog" decree. Hitler commanded Armed Forces High Command Chief Wilhelm Keitel to implement the decree. "Night and Fog" resulted in the kidnapping and forced disappearance of many of the resistance fighters and political activists throughout the Nazi occupied territories of Western Europe. Anyone that the Nazis deemed a danger to the state could be executed or vanish into the "Night and Fog" of Germany.

The decree was designed to punish Nazi opponents in occupied countries, intimidate local populations, and deny families and friends all knowledge of what happened to those unlucky

enough to be caught up in the Nazi "Night and Fog."

The Nazis Create Natzweiler-Struthof

The Nazis established a special concentration and extermination camp for "Night and Fog" prisoners called [Natzweiler-Struthof](#), which was located in the Vosges Mountains about 32 miles from Strasbourg. It was the only concentration camp that the Nazis operated on French soil, although there were temporary camps like the one at Drancy.

The camp held a crematorium and a gas chamber outside the main camp which was not used for mass exterminations. The Nazis murdered some Jews and Gypsies in the crematorium to provide 'anatomical specimens' for Dr. August Hirt at the Medical School of Strasbourg University in Strasbourg. Strenuous work, medical experiments, poor nutrition and mistreatment by the SS guards resulted in an estimated 25,000 deaths

There were about fifty subordinate sub camps in the [Natzweiler-Struthof system](#), located in Alsace and Lorraine as well as in the adjoining German provinces of Baden and Wurttemberg. By the fall of 1944, there were about 7,000 prisoners in the main camp and more than 20,000 in the sub camps.

Natzweiler-Struthof operated between May 21, 1941, and the beginning of September 1944, when the SS evacuated the camp to Dachau. Over the three years the camp existed, the total number of prisoners reached an estimated 52,000 people coming from countries like Poland, the Soviet Union, the Netherlands, France, Germany, and Norway. The camp was liberated on November 23, 1944.

Per Jacobsen Is a Silent Hero

Per Jacobsen was imprisoned at Grini Concentration Camp from August 7, 1942, to July 29, 1943. He was shipped to Germany on July 29, 1943, and sent directly to the Nacht und Nebel camp Natzweiler. He died there in June, 1944.

In his book published after World War II entitled, *Det Vil Heist Ga Godt*, Max Manus described Per Jacobsen as a "grand companion, and an ardent idealist, one of the silent heroes that undertook the biggest efforts."

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Love, War, and Fighting in the French Resistance

SOE Agent Andree Borrel Lived Several Lifetimes in 24 Years

On a September night in 1942, two female SOE agents parachuted into occupied France near the Loire River. Andree Borrel's mission led her to Paris and finally to prison.

Andree Borrel turned twenty-one in November of a disastrous year in French history. On June 22, 1940, following the decisive German victory in the Battle of France, France signed an Armistice with Nazi Germany. The Armistice established a German occupation zone in northern France and left the southern part of the country to the government of Marshal Henri Petain and the Vichy regime.

Andree Borrel Faces Difficult Choices

A month after France signed the Armistice with Germany, British Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Hugh Dalton, Minister of Economic Warfare, started the Special Operations Executive (SOE) agency with the goal of aiding partisans and resistance fighters in France and other occupied countries. Major Maurice Buckmaster led the F section of the SOE which operated in France, and the majority of women agents served in the French section.

These two events transformed the ordinary lives of Andree Raymonde Borrel and millions of other people into dramas of good and evil, life and death.

Born on November 18, 1919, on the outskirts of Paris, Andree left school at age fourteen to become a dressmaker. In 1933, Andree moved to Paris where she worked in several different shops. Although she worked in traditional female occupations, Andree's sister described her as a tomboy because she enjoyed cycling, hiking, and climbing. When World War II broke out in 1939, Andree and her mother moved to Toulon on the Mediterranean Coast, where she trained with the Red Cross and worked in Beaucaire Hospital, treating wounded French Army soldiers.

Andree and Maurice Operate the PAT Underground

Andree met Maurice Dufour, a resistance fighter, and in July 1941, she helped him organize and operate the first escape network from France. This underground railroad network called the Pat O'Leary or PAT escape line, ran from the Belgian border to the Spanish frontier. From August 1941 to December 1941, Andree Borrel and Maurice Dufour, now lovers, hid allied escapees in a villa at one of the last safe houses before the difficult Pyrenees Mountains crossing. In December 1941, English courier Harold 'Paul' Cole apparently betrayed many of the conductors on the northern PAT lines after he was arrested in Lille.

Ponzan Vidal, a Spanish anarchist, led an escape party over the Pyrenees and Andree and Maurice Dufour made their way to England. Andree arrived in London in April 1942, and on May 15 she joined the British SOE and the French sector recruited Lise de Baissac. M15 whisked Maurice Dufour away to a safe house and he and Andree never saw each other again.

Parachuting Into France

Just before 9 o'clock on the night of September 24, 1942, Pilot Officer R. P. Wilkin flew Whitley bomber Z9428 based near Cambridge on a mission called Operation ARTIST. His mission was to drop Andree Borrel, 23, and Lise de Baissac, 37, near the River Loire in Nazi occupied France. Since Andree jumped out of the bomber ahead of Lise, she was the first female agent of the SOE to be parachuted into Occupied France during World War II.

Andree and Lise safely landed in a meadow surrounded on three sides by oak trees, near the village of Boisrenard, close to the town of Mer. Lise de Baissac, code name Odile, was assigned to the Poitiers area where she accomplished her mission and returned safely to England in August 1943.

Andree, code name Denise, was assigned to be a courier for Francis Suttill's new PROSPER circuit in Paris.

Andree showed Francis Suttill around the city she knew and loved so well, and he soon realized that Andree was tough, self-reliant, and absolutely reliable. He told his Special Operations Executive in London that she "has a perfect understanding of security and an imperturbable calmness. Thank you very much for having sent her to me. She is the best of all of us."

Betrayal, Night and Fog, and Natzweiler-Struthof

Despite her youth, Andree became second in command of the network in 1943. On June 24, 1943, Andree Borrel and PROSPER radio operator Gilbert Norman were arrested in Paris and Francis Suttill in Normandy. Henri Dericourt, code name Gilbert, their French air movements officer, allegedly was a double agent and betrayed them.

In May 1944, the Nazis transferred Andree from the notorious Fresnes prison near Paris where she had spent a year to the civilian women's prison at Karlsruhe, Germany. On July 6, 1944, the Nazis transported SOE agents Vera Leigh, Sonya Olschanezky, Diana Rowden, and Andree Borrel to the concentration camp at Natzweiler-Struthof, the only extermination camp in France.

Like so many other captured agents, the four women were classified under the "Nacht and Nable", [night and fog](#), directive which meant that they were to disappear without a trace.

Pat O'Leary and SOE agent Brian Stonehouse who were inmates of Natzweiler-Struthof witnessed the arrival of the four women who were paraded through the camp. That night Dr. Heinrich Plaza and Dr. Werner Rohde administered supposedly lethal injections of phenol to the four SOE agents and their bodies were cremated in the camp oven.

Fighting Bravely to the Last

Witnesses later testified that Andrée was still conscious as she was dragged to the ovens to be cremated. Fighting to the last, she scratched her executioner's face. Andree Borrel was 24 years old.

The French government awarded Andree Borrel the Croix de Guerre to recognize her heroic sacrifice for her country. In 1975, a plaque was placed in the Natzweiler-Struthof crematorium to honor the memory of the four British SOE agents. In 1985, Brian Stonehouse painted a poignant picture of the four executed agents which hangs in the Special Forces Club in London, England.

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Photo courtesy of John Duguay

