

GRAY MATTERS

A SPECIAL EDITION CELEBRATING THE OLLI @ FURMAN VETERANS OF

WORLD WAR II

SPRING, 2012

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OLLI @ Furman University
3300 Poinsett Hwy
Greenville, SC 29613

Seventy years ago, the bombing of Pearl Harbor affected America and the world. The whole country changed seemingly overnight, changing the most for the men and women who served in the armed forces. In this edition, we will explore a little of what it meant to some of those veterans. Space does not allow a full exploration of each person's experience, but we hope it gives you a sense of their contribution and how their lives were altered.

A few stories from the home front are included to recognize that the entire country was involved. These are by necessity very limited, and there are surely many interesting experiences among our members. As you visit with people in your classes, perhaps this edition will be a catalyst in your conversation, and many of these tales can emerge. These times were not necessarily "the good old days," but the collective war experience led America where it is today and bears remembering.

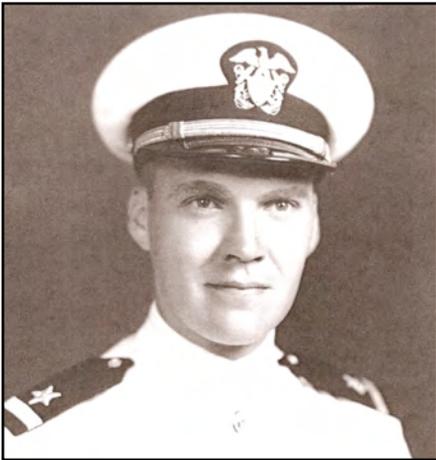
We have endeavored to get as many OLLI World War II vets to come forward with their stories as possible. Undoubtedly we have missed some. This issue is in honor of everyone who served. To all of them we say:

Thank you for your service. Your efforts during the war are appreciated and not forgotten.



DEDICATION: JACK HARTUNG

Gary Aten



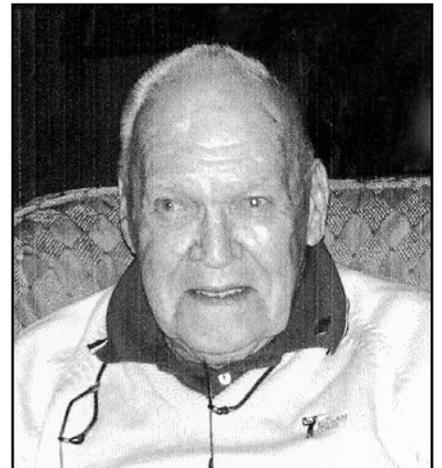
Ensign Hartung - 1943

Jack was the inspiration for this edition. As I talked to him during breaks in the *Victory in the Pacific* class in spring 2011 he told me some tales of his service as an officer on the USS Montpelier in the Pacific. This reminded me how indebted we are to the World War II vets, and how interesting their stories are. Sadly, Jack passed away June 21 before I had the opportunity to interview him in depth. I would like to share just one of his stories:

At one time in the South Pacific, he was on the bridge of the Montpelier and, as he told it, "I was just standing there when the admiral on board asked me, 'Hartung, are you busy?' Here I was, a junior officer. What was I supposed to say, that I was too busy for an admiral? So, of course, I said 'No.' He had a dispatch case he wanted taken to the ground commander on the island nearby, so he ordered

his launch to take me over. When I delivered the case the commander said he needed to review it for a while before he returned it and asked me if I wanted to look around. Not having many chances to see the ground war, I said 'Yes.' He had one of his aides take me on a jeep tour of the island, which was very interesting. On our way back to headquarters we came under mortar attack. Fortunately, the Japs were poor shots."

I am grateful to Jack for sharing his stories with me and getting me started on this special edition. I hope he would have approved.



ABOUT THIS EDITION

Gary Aten

It quickly became apparent when doing this project that I was out of my element. I have relied on my wife Judy, an English major and teacher, to help write and edit the articles. She also participated in the interviews, so when you see *we* written in the stories it means Judy and I. My thanks to her for all her time and input. Thanks to Carole Eisen for editing this edition. I rely on her on short notice a lot, and she has never failed to give her expertise to me. Thanks also to many OLLI members for suggestions, inputs, and contacts that lead us to other vets. You are too numerous to name, but you know who you are, and you have made this a better issue.

The veterans' articles are included in the order in which the interviews were completed. We hope you enjoy this special edition.

HARRY HOLLAND - THE ON-AGAIN, OFF-AGAIN ENGINEER



The only child of his widowed mother in Danville, VA, high school senior Harry Holland, like many young men throughout the nation, wanted to serve his country after learning of the attack on Pearl Harbor. Enrolling in an accelerated three-year program at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, a military college where he was in the cadet corps, he expected to graduate with a BS and an officer's rating at its completion. Near the end of his freshman year, his plans were altered when he was drafted and entered the army in June 1943. His ROTC artillery training came to naught, for he was assigned where the greatest need was: the infantry. Harry reported to Camp Wolters, TX, for his twelve weeks of basic training. There he enjoyed learning about various types of weapons. He was especially interested in the M-1 rifle, for he had done some hunting as a boy. After earning an expert rating in weapons, he helped train less-experienced soldiers. He especially remembers the final 25-mile hike as one aspect of training.

Harry was pleased when he was assigned to the Army Specialized Training Program, as he found himself back in college at Texas A&M, studying engineering again. Six months later it was, as he says, "...back in the infantry for Harry." After a one-week leave, he joined the Anti-Tank Company of the 395th Infantry Regiment of the 99th Division, known as the Checkerboard Division, due to its distinctive patch. He then underwent six more months of training in anti-tank guns, mines, explosives, and bazookas. He still remembers the number (102885) of his highly prized rifle, and thinking West Texas in the summer was similar to a desert. Then he sailed from Boston to Plymouth, England, in September 1944. He wound up in Europe and up to his neck in Germans.

During his six weeks in England, while the division of 15,000 men was reassembled from several different convoys, Harry was deeply impressed with the stoic resolve of the English people. He said, "They had suffered enormously ... I went to London on a three-day pass where most of the unmanned V1 buzz bombs were falling. The Brits seemed unconcerned; they had seen much worse." His memories of that big city are still vivid; he recalled one block that was completely destroyed except for one building: a brewery.



A night crossing of the English Channel from Southampton and a drive in trucks across France, brought them to a region of the Ardennes Forest; a “quiet sector suitable for a rookie division to learn the craft of actual fighting.” They were joined by the 106th, another rookie division. The learning experience was much more than the army expected, for it became the site of the largest battle ever fought by the US Army: the Battle of the Bulge. The German counterattack started on December 16 and ended January 25. The cold was legendary and the shelling intense on this northern shoulder of the bulge. Harry’s antitank company had access to explosives and used the explosive Prima-cord to cut down trees to cover their foxholes. The Checkerboard Division members were proud of their performance. Although they had been pushed around some, with some spasmodic retreats, once they reached the Elsenhorn Ridge they held their area and never surrendered.

Harry pitied replacements. They were sent where needed with minimal training and usually had no experience. One replacement he remembers was 45 years old, married, and had 3 children. They all called him “Pop” and figured the local draft board must have hated him for some reason. Fortunately, Pop made it through the war and returned home.

One night while “relaxing” in his foxhole, Harry was summoned to company headquarters. There had been a drawing allowing one person per regiment (about 3000 men) to receive a pass. The fortunate winner, Harry was given a ticket to Nice and a jeep ride to a landing strip where a C-47, that Harry and his companions suspected was overloaded with baggage, waited. Knowing the overweight plane might not get off the ground, the men still stayed on board because, “They were shooting at us back there.” His one-week stay in Nice was a welcome respite from the rigors of war. Harry had thoughtfully loaded up on cigarettes to use as trade goods and tips. He describes the hotel as a former luxury hotel, where the chef was reduced to serving well-presented Spam. This was a pleasant change from his foxhole.

News from home was a welcome distraction. His mother wrote often using V-mail. V-mail used microfilm to cut down bulk. Once overseas, the letters were printed and distributed.



When an armored division captured the Ludendorf Railroad Bridge, Harry’s unit drove all night to cross it, becoming the first infantry division to cross the Rhine River using a pontoon bridge next to the RR bridge. Their rapid advances were not without perils. On April 1, 1945 while acting as a radioman, Harry was wounded in the neck by machine gun fire. He downplays this incident, calling it “insignificant.” However, had this “insignificant” wound been an inch or two higher, he wouldn’t be sharing his story today.

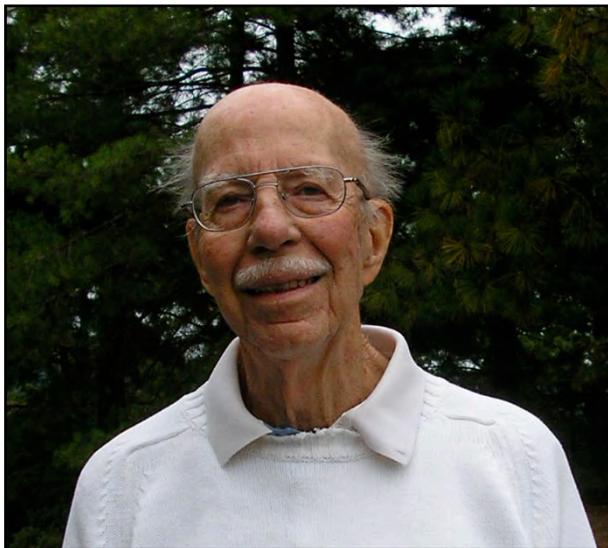
Another incident that Harry usually doesn’t usually mention is how he received a bronze star. At one point, his unit was laying and taking up mines. A road had been mined by the

Germans using a sensitive Italian mine, and several tanks were waiting to advance. Harry and a companion walked onto the road, gingerly lifted the mines, and threw them off the road. After this daring act, they discovered the mines had not been armed.

Harry's unit participated in the "liberation of Europe" in an unusual way. They formed a safecracking team and "liberated" the contents of wall safes. Their first experience was a failure; they used so much TNT they blew up part of the building. With more experience and plastic explosives, they succeeded in freeing "the spoils of war" from a few containers. They thought inflation had made the paper money they recovered worth little. After the war they discovered it was post-Hitler money that could be used to buy bottles of beer.

Harry spent seven months in combat and another seven in occupation service. He ended, not as the officer he set out to be, but as a PFC. He admits he didn't have much ambition for promotion, for those promotions that intrigued him had been filled. In December 1945, his troop ship disembarked from Antwerp for Norfolk, VA. The 15-day trip was a memorable one because they navigated through a particularly rough North Atlantic storm. He was discharged at Fort Meade, MD. A civilian again, Harry headed back to Danville in January 1946.

Like many other returning vets, Harry took up his life where he left off, returning to VPI in the spring. He graduated in 1948 with a degree in chemical engineering. After graduation, he accepted a position with Union Carbide in Cleveland, beginning a 37-year career. He worked on battery technology for 12 years and on other electronic devices for 25 years until his retirement. He came to Greenville in 1969 after helping build a plant here in 1966. He and his wife, Irene, whom he met in Cleveland, have two children: a son who lives in Austin, TX, and a married daughter who lives in Charleston with her two children. His main pastimes have been photography, golf, and bridge.



His love of learning led him to begin taking Furman University's Lifelong Learning evening classes. After retiring in 1985, he began taking daytime university classes. A charter member of the newly formed FULIR, Harry served as its second president. According to Harry, Sarah Fletcher called him one day and asked him to take the position of vice president/president-elect. FULIR was so new then, there were no elections. Harry has been an active member of FULIR/OLLI ever since.

THE LINE

Sally Adkins

They lined up,
boys stretched to men
by the crisis of war.
They lined up
unaware of destiny,
borne by their
love of country,
hate of oppression.
Stripped of their clothing
and shorn of their hair,
they were garbed
and barbered
so they "matched."
Unseen were the things
each one also bore:
the mother's tear

that dried on his cheek
and never left,
the warmth
of a sweetheart's hand
that remained clasping his,
the family's love
that circled his head
like a protective halo.
Finally prepared for battle
and whatever would come,
they lined up again.

For all those who served or will serve ...
from a grateful
Sally Adkins

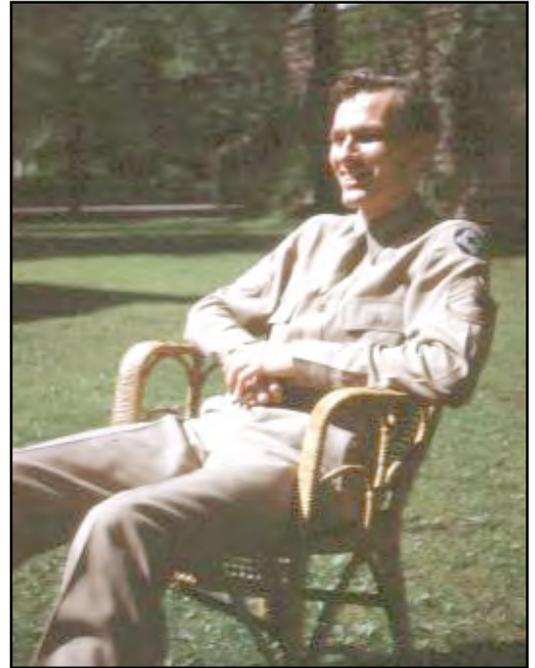


Sally on World War II: I consider it my war because I grew into my teenage years before it was over, listened to the radio, read the newspapers, grew knowledgeable about foreign cities, islands, rivers, could name every army plane that flew over my house in Philadelphia, and rode trolley cars full of service men who were far away from their homes. I collected metal and rubber during scrap drives and bought ten cent war stamps, pasting them into a book that would someday, perhaps, add up to an \$18.75 war bond. In assembly at school we sang all the service songs with such pride and vigor, with adolescent hope that in this small way, we did our part in this huge conflict. It was an unbelievably momentous time, an unforgettable time. I've written this poem about those who did so much more than I ever did, the Americans who went across seas and across skies to battles we can't imagine.

LOUIS BUZEK - STATESIDE SOLDIER

Not every soldier who served in the war did so on the front lines. Others played an equally important role elsewhere, individuals like Louis Buzek from Philadelphia, PA. A junior at the University of Pennsylvania, Louis was living at home with his parents when Pearl Harbor was attacked. The day after the attack, classes were cancelled at 11 a.m. to allow the students to hear President Roosevelt's live "day that will live in infamy" speech to Congress.

Louis was originally rejected due to heart problems when he received his draft notice in 1942. The war was not going well that year, and there was a need for more men to fill the dangerously low numbers in some combat forces. When Congress lowered the requirements for draftees in October 1942, Louis was reclassified and sent off to Camp Indiantown Gap, PA, where he was inducted into the army.



The Army had done away with the thirteen weeks of basic training to speed up the process of sending replacements to the front lines. Louis, and numerous others who were now reclassified, wound up at Camp Forrest, TN, where they were assigned to a combat unit under the assumption that their basic training would be given "on the fly." Six weeks later Louis fell seriously ill with "something close to pneumonia." Once he had recuperated, Louis went before a medical board. He was reclassified as Limited Service, meaning he would be assigned to non-combatant jobs that could include cleaning latrines and policing the area. As Christmas neared, his sergeant informed him that he would be filling in for the Headquarters' Company Clerk and others who were going on lengthy Christmas furloughs. An experienced typist, Louis was more than able to compile and type the Morning Report and all parts of "the army labyrinth of red tape." By the time the Company Clerk returned, Louis was familiar with Service Records, Special Orders, Ration Slips, Tables of Organization, and Army Regulations. He became a sort of mascot, serving as the all-purpose gopher for the office. When the Company Commander learned of Louis' typing skills, he was sent to Regimental Headquarters, where Louis learned about personnel work and records.

All of these assignments were temporary, for Louis was now assigned to the "Casual Detachment," a dumping ground for those soldiers who had no unit. Hoping to find a permanent assignment, Louis let his new sergeant know that he had been a typist at Regimental Headquarters and was familiar with clerical work. The next day, Private Buzek was sent to the Personnel Office, where he was set to work filing personnel records. Louis remained at Post Headquarters for the next four years, acquiring the rank of Technical Sergeant, one step below a Master Sergeant, the highest rank of Sergeant.



Louis, left, with friends at Camp Forrest.

After special training in Atlanta, Louis became a Classification Clerk. Each soldier had a three-number code: a Military Occupational Specialty (MOS). Soldiers were classified according to what they did in civilian and military life. Requests for First Sergeants, or any other position lower than that, by a unit were forwarded to Headquarters and given to the Classification Clerks, who sifted through records to find those individuals meeting the requested qualifications. What could have been a lengthy process was aided greatly by a process created by a new company, IBM. This process provided a new way to sort through records using a Form 20 card. Using a special sorting tool for the Form 20 cards,

Louis could identify soldiers who met the qualifications in less time than before, even though the process was still labor intensive. The number of these requests was massive since Camp Forrest was the location of the Second Army Maneuvers, preparing troops for the D-Day Invasion. The extensive training took place from Nashville to Tullahoma. There were numerous injuries in the two divisions undergoing training, and all requests for replacements were processed by Camp Forrest's Classification Clerks.

Besides typing, Louis possessed another desirable skill. During his induction interview, Louis was asked whether he had any musical ability. Even though he considered himself a mediocre musician, Louis stated that he had learned to play the trumpet in high school. He had not played a trumpet since his high school graduation and dismissed the matter until a new commanding officer insisted that the lowering of the flag ceremony each day at five o'clock be accompanied by the traditional playing of "Retreat" by a bugler. When Louis' Sergeant discovered this new talent, Pvt. Buzek was assigned as "camp bugler." He was given a plastic trumpet and told to play "Retreat" every Friday evening when the flag was lowered. He felt that his musical skills made him one of the most unpopular soldiers on the base. After his discharge, he never touched the instrument again.

Camp Forrest was scheduled to close once the troops were transferred to Europe. A powerful Tennessee Senator kept it open as a POW camp until the end of the war. The POWs were well treated, some being sent out to work on farms in the countryside. Being at HQ he could use the POWs to clean rooms and make beds. They were paid in cigarettes or chocolate. Some of them returned to the US after the war. By the time Louis left in February of 1946, there were very few POWs remaining at the base.

Louis provided some insight into a Supply Sergeant's power. You wanted to get on the good side of that man, for he could get you just about anything you wanted (legal or not). Not only could he provide the chocolate and cigarettes used to pay the POWs, but he could also issue an extra standard jacket. Why an extra standard jacket?

Local tailors could modify it to look very much like the highly coveted Eisenhower Jackets that were issued only to those men serving overseas.

Post Headquarters provided many services. When a veteran of the First World War was to be buried in nearby Lynchburg, Louis was asked to serve as bugler for the funeral. On another occasion, Louis was asked to accompany the body of a soldier to Bluefield, WV, for burial. He was more than willing to do so, as it meant he would have a three-day pass and the chance to see his parents for the first time since his induction.

Louis worked six-and-a-half days a week when he started in the Personnel Office. As the war wound down, he worked five-and-a-half days. After VE Day, he had his weekends off and his duties changed once more. Soldiers were now being discharged based on a points system; points were based on length of time in the service and service overseas. The more points, the sooner the discharge. Men were still entering the army and being sent to various units, causing a constant, heavy turnover. Louis did the paperwork that brought men home and sent others to their new duties. When it was his time to be discharged, and sent to a Separation Center, Louis intended to make that experience a memorable one.

Louis was discharged from the Separation Center at Fort McPherson, GA. Before returning home to Philadelphia, he took extra time and visited former Army friends in Memphis and the Chicago area.

Louis returned to college and completed his study about a year after he was discharged. He eventually went to work for the Philadelphia Gas Works, where in time he became a computer programmer. When he retired, Louis chose to move to the mid-South, where he had numerous friends. After traveling through the region, he settled on Tryon, NC, residing there until 2009. While attending a concert in Greenville he found a brochure about the proposed Woodlands and its desirable location close to a university. Louis became the fourth resident in the Woodlands. In the fall of 2009, he began taking classes at OLLI. In 2010 he taught a class on the novels and life of Charles Dickens during the winter term and again in the fall of 2011.

When asked whether his parents had objected to his being drafted even though he had heart problems, Louis thought for a moment before saying if they did, they said nothing. It was a different time back then, and people made sacrifices that might not be made today. Indeed, he considered himself very lucky, as a number of individuals who were classified as Limited Service and noncombatants were shipped overseas and put in potentially life-threatening circumstances.



HOME FRONT - FURMAN AND THE WAR

Almost every facet of American life was affected by the war, and Furman was no different.



Waco Glider

The need of all the services for training was tremendous with the run-up and subsequent entry into the war. In September 1942, Furman started helping meet the demands for glider pilots. Under then-president Plyler, Furman instituted an Army Air Force Glider Pilot training program on the campus. Pilot training centered on the Waco glider, which was used in a variety of airborne operations. The Glider Air Force detachment expanded until it required all of McGee Hall for the trainees. The flying was done at the Greenville Municipal Airport, but the soldiers used the gymnasium and the infirmary, and the mathematics department developed courses designed for the pilots. This program was dissolved in March 1943, but it was replaced by two units.

The first was an Army Air Corps Pre-Flight School, including a medical detachment. These cadets underwent intense academic training. The second unit was a "Link Instrumentation" training unit made up of experienced enlisted men. This training was to support the new highly technical aircraft instrumentation. These programs required Geer Hall in addition to McGee Hall. The impact was great. Of the 978 students enrolled in Furman in 1942, 307 were pre-flight cadets, 85 were in the instrumentation program, and 5 were officers. In 1944, the Air Force training programs ended.

As men volunteered and were drafted, the number of male graduates declined. In 1941, 100 men graduated from Furman. This decreased to 38 in 1945. Women began to be admitted in 1940, although Greenville Women's College did not merge with Furman until the early 1960s. As male students decreased, more women were enrolled, outnumbering male graduates in 1944 and 1945. This required some of the men's dorms to be converted to women's use. Some faculty were also called to duty.

Athletics were altered, as might be imagined. In the 1930s, Furman was a football powerhouse in South Carolina, having 20 consecutive winning seasons by 1940. Since students over the age of 18 could be drafted, and many volunteered as well, many students were impacted. In 1943, spring practice was cancelled, followed by the 1943 football season itself. Not until 1946 did Furman return to varsity competition. The basketball team didn't fair any better, losing 5 players to the draft in 1942 and being unable to complete that season, or the 1943 and 1944 seasons. In 1945, they only had 7 players and won 2 of 19 games. Track, tennis, and baseball were also cancelled during the war. Intramural sports did exist, and a mandatory physical education program was instituted in 1943, lasting until 1945.

Most fraternities were cut and social clubs stopped. Women stepped in to partially fill the gap, moving into social clubs and organizing groups to support the war effort. Socks were knitted, bandages folded, war bonds sold, and USO nights sponsored. The increased participation in campus life by women accelerated the idea of a new coeducational campus.

JOHN GARST - JOIN THE ARMY AND SEE THE WORLD

John's early years were hard. He and his half-brother lost their mother during the depression, and their fathers were never in their lives. Sent to live with a grandfather who was busy with work, he and his brother Jack, who John called Bro, were frequently on their own. When a couple who knew his grandfather adopted John, he lost track of Bro. Depression times were hard, but John fondly remembers living in Chattanooga, riding his bike up Lookout Mountain, and exploring caves before coasting down at breakneck speeds. He also recalled doing farm work in Missouri with his dad and trapping rabbits for extra money.

He tried to join the army at 15 but was turned down as he was too young. A year later, he figured out how to beat the age limit. Since men had to register for the draft at 18, it was highly unlikely anyone under 18 would do that. John went in and registered for the draft, checking the box marked *Immediate Induction*. As he expected, there was no request for proof of age, and he was inducted in a couple of weeks. When John started his basic training at Fort A. P. Hill in Virginia, he weighed only 115 pounds. With Army food and muscle building training, he quickly gained 20 pounds.



When he finished with basic, John boarded a troop ship. After a rough crossing, he ended up in Livorno, Italy, where he was assigned to the Mediterranean Theater Command Headquarters. During his weeks at sea, he heard that driving a truck was good duty. Even though he had never driven anything, he volunteered as a driver. When quizzed about his driving, John declared he drove about 40,000 miles a year - a tremendous number for the pre-interstate highway era. After experimenting with the gears, and grinding them a lot at first, he taught himself to double clutch and started out driving a 2-1/2 ton troop carrier. He progressed the opposite of most drivers, moving down in vehicle size until he was finally driving cars. In four months, he was driving officers in his first car, a 1938 V-12 convertible Horst, an ex-German staff car. He said, "I was hauling generals and colonels all over Italy and they had no idea that I was 16 and never had a driver's license or driven anything prior to my assignment."



John's MP Badge

One incident among many in Livorno stands out. His tent camp was located next to an apartment building. On certain days, the men had to fall out for a medical inspection, wearing only a raincoat and boots. When the men opened their raincoats for inspection, the women hung out the windows and laughed at them.

As troops were being drawn down after the war, men were reassigned to support the withdrawal. After about 6 months of driving, John was made an MP, going on patrols and pulling guard duty over the numerous German and Italian POWs. John says that during some of his "patrols," he toured some of the nearby

castles. He also visited Pisa and Florence. During this time, he bought a surplus army motorcycle and drove it around Italy for about a year until he learned he was being transferred to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. Being an MP put him "in the know" about regulations, and he had the motorcycle shipped back to the states. It was winter when he was notified the motorcycle was waiting for him at the Brooklyn Navy Yard dock. Riding the cycle back to Camp Kilmer in the heavy snow convinced him to sell it.

John and a few friends figured out that if you signed over to the regular army, as opposed to remaining a draftee, you knew how long you had to serve and could also choose your assignment. Liking the sound of this, John and his pals joined the regular army and picked airborne. After passing the stringent physical, John was accepted into the 11th Airborne Division (the Angels). Thirty days later, he sailed to Japan on a 30-day journey that stopped at Honolulu, Guam, the Philippines, Okinawa, and Yokohama, ending up in Sendai, where he received his airborne training.

The training was tough, with 10-mile runs every morning, calisthenics, and parachute training. Almost as rough was living in mosquito-infested Quonset huts. When John was ready to make the first of the required five jumps from a C-47, he was the lead jumper. After all that time at the door looking into empty space, John managed to place himself farther back in line for the subsequent jumps. He recalled that you didn't want to be too far back, because "...you would end up running out the door without good position, and you could get hit on your head with a riser buckle."

His unit also qualified on gliders as riders and loaders, which required three glider rides. On the third and final ride, the pilot stalled the glider after disconnecting from the tow plane, sending the glider into a spin. John tells of looking over his shoulder out a window and seeing "rice paddies spinning toward me." The pilot pulled out of the spin at the last second, but he was so low he hit a telephone pole and sheared off a wing. That sent the glider spinning down the runway, grinding off the other wing. Miraculously, no one was hurt. John had completed his required three rides, even though the last glider was demolished. Years later, at an 11th Airborne reunion, John and another soldier were telling stories about their glider experiences. It turned out they had both been on that same glider! Afterwards, he was sent to Camp Crawford in Hokkaido, Japan. Later he served in the 187th Parachute Infantry Regiment and received training as a mechanic in Yokohama.

During his stay in Japan, he learned through a cousin that his half-brother, Jack, was in Yokuska, Japan in the Navy. He visited his brother's ship and they went on leave in Tokyo. They visited again when Jack's ship came into a port where John was stationed.



Bro (Jack) and John in Japan.

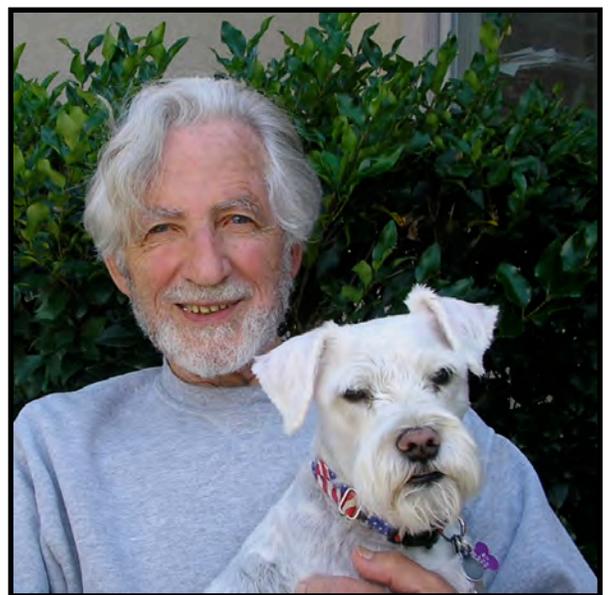
When John sampled the culture of Japan by visiting the house of a Japanese interpreter, he discovered how powerful the local saki was. The interpreter's wife kept filling their glasses up to the brim, putting John out of commission for the night. This misadventure cost him a stripe, reducing him to a PFC. We got the impression that he lost and gained this stripe more than once. On another occasion, he went into town without a pass. While trying to sneak back on base undetected, he noticed an unusual number of military vehicles. It turned out the MPs were looking for a soldier suspected of rape. John was glad he made it back without being picked up and having much explaining to do.

John had been in Japan about a year when the occupation forces began decreasing. The 7th Infantry was phased in to replace the 11th Airborne. Just before being transferred out, John's group needed to make a jump to remain on active jump status. Time was short, and the jump was made in relatively high winds, which caused his parachute to swing him backward just before hitting the ground and injuring a ligament in his shoulder. Just before John left Japan, he went skiing (resulting in re-injury to the shoulder) and did some hunting. He describes the hunt thusly, "A duck flew up and all of us started shooting at the same time. We had different guns and it sounded like a battle going on. The duck survived."

Thirty days later, John's ship docked in New Orleans. Docking in New Orleans during Mardi Gras sounds good. However, all the soldiers were confined to the ship until they had a direct connection home. Local authorities feared what turning loose thousands of returning soldiers might result in during the celebration. Returning to Camp Campbell for the rest of his enlistment, John finished his high school education and started taking college courses until his discharge in 1950.

He attended Murray State in Kentucky on the G.I. Bill and served as cadet captain in ROTC. He earned a degree in business. He wound up handling electronics, controls, and technical work for aircraft manufacturers, the armed forces, and Owens Corning. Work travel took a toll on John's personal life, and he is single now. He has four children: Vikki, who lives in Chattanooga with two children; Linda, who has three children and lives in Columbus, OH; Kevin, who lives in the L.A. area and has one child; and Joe, who also lives in Columbus has no children.

After Fluor transferred him to Greenville, John saw an ad for a new subdivision north of Travelers Rest. Being the first person to sign up for La Bastide, John had first pick of the lots. Since 1997, he has had a spectacular view of mountains and vineyards. He started taking classes in the FULIR program and especially enjoyed the pen and ink class. You can also usually find John in the SNAFU class. He still draws today, with his "studio" set up in a Florida room overlooking the wonderful view. His schnauzer, Buddy, is usually not far away. Brother Jack is well, living in Bend, Oregon. They keep in contact, and see each other at family reunions.



John and Buddy

WORLD WAR II COMMEMORATION SITES

The Second World War was such a national event that many memorials and monuments have been built over the years. Many of these are well known. Foremost among these is the National World War II Memorial on the mall in Washington, DC. The National D-Day Museum in New Orleans is a huge museum that tells the story of not only June 6, 1944, but also explains the numerous D-Days in the Pacific. Many other armed forces museums, such as the Naval Aviation Museum in Pensacola and the National Museum of the Marine Corps at Quantico, have World War II sections. Additionally, many smaller museums and memorials are located all over the country. For instance, there are such examples at Clemson, in the old Union Bleachery mill village off Old Buncombe Road, in Greenville at the War Museum, and even on the Furman campus near the doughboy statue. You might find it interesting to look up some of these. Below are a couple more you may not know about. They are a distance away but are worth the visit.

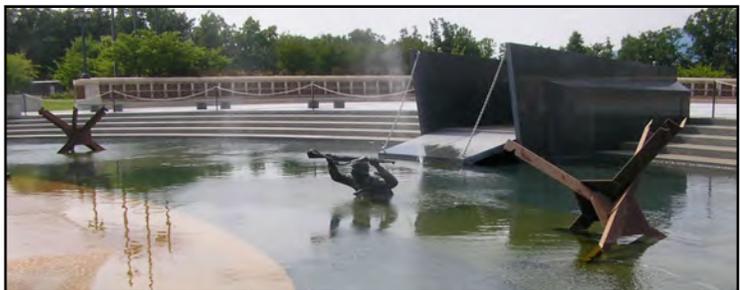
CURRAHEE MILITARY MUSEUM, TOCCOA, GEORGIA

An interesting day trip from Greenville, this museum tells the story of Camp Toccoa and the 101st Airborne troops that trained here. This camp was highlighted in the HBO series, *Band of Brothers*. The museum is very well done and even contains an actual stable from Aldbourne, England, which housed units during their training and staging for the D-Day invasion. It is located in an expanded railroad station. A short drive out of town takes you to the site of Camp Toccoa. The road still goes through the cemetery that the soldiers marched through on their way to the camp, which gave more than one of them pause to think. Toccoa College and Tallulah Gorge are also in this area, making a pleasant day.



NATIONAL D-DAY MEMORIAL, BEDFORD, VIRGINIA

A farther distance, but well worth a trip or a detour if you are anywhere near, is this memorial. It is located in the town suffering the highest per capita D-Day losses in the nation. It is a very large outside memorial that tells the story of the day from planning to all aspects of the invasion. There is also a small museum and gift shop.



ROY JARECKY - GROWTH OF PERCEPTION



Roy Jarecky's life was on a positive track. He had attended a special three-year high school and skipped a grade, so at 16 years of age, he was well into his first year at City College in New York. He was living with his parents and his brother Lee in their 110th Street home in Manhattan and listening to their radio on December 7, 1941, when they heard about Pearl Harbor. The Jareckys knew that war had arrived. Life as Roy knew it began and ended in Manhattan. In a few years, his perception of the world had been changed forever.

A year and a half later, after completing two years at City College, Roy enlisted and was called to active duty in November 1943. By then, war was the norm. Roy recalled that his mother accompanied him to his troop train while his father went to work. Hours later, Roy was no longer in New York's chilly climes but was

in balmy Miami Beach, where he took his basic training. Visions of flying an airplane prompted Roy to sign up for the Army Air Corps. However, it turned out that his vision was not good enough to permit that. Having learned Morse code as a Boy Scout and joined ROTC in college, he was assigned as a radio operator in the Army Airways Communications System (AACS).

In December, he was transferred to the less balmy climate at Truax Field in Madison, WI, the Army Air Force Eastern Technical Training Center. Soon after, he was sent to Scott Field near St. Louis, Illinois, another communications training center. Roy remembers the training as intensive but not difficult. His most memorable experience at Scott Field was seeing one of the first B-29s as it landed on their airstrip. He and numerous other men rushed out to see it, waving and cheering for the huge bomber. "We couldn't believe anything so big could fly," he said. When he finished his training at Scott Field, Roy was sent to Selfridge Field near Detroit. He later went on a furlough to New York City, then on to Greensboro, NC, and finally to Norfolk, VA for transportation overseas. By now, Roy's world had expanded far past his parents' apartment as he became acquainted with numerous individuals from all over the U.S. His world would next expand to include Italy.

In November 1944, his troop ship landed in Naples, where he climbed into a transport truck and bounced to the other side of Italy to Bari, 15th Army Air Force Headquarters. There Roy became a member of the 116th Army Squadron Airways Communications Service, a unit responsible for communications with other bases. Roy remembers the work as routine. Operators received messages that were sent elsewhere for decoding. He never knew what the messages were about, but they had to be important because they were all in code. From time to time, an airplane in trouble would contact the station, seeking information about weather or headings. Roy always wondered what happened to those pilots and their crews.



During his stay in Bari, Roy became acquainted with a few local people. He was impressed by their acceptance of the invading Allied forces. Although there were some true fascists, most of the people had been lukewarm about Mussolini's government and Italy's entry into the war. As fighting raged further north, their lives had returned to a semblance of normalcy. One family invited him and another soldier to supper, insisting on sharing what little they had with the two Americans to show their appreciation.

The Battle of the Bulge began soon after he arrived. The news about Bastogne was bad, and Roy wondered, as did many others in his unit, how long it would be before they would be sent to Belgium to join the fight. Things turned around, however, and Roy continued at Bari until August of 1945.

Staying calm in the worst of situations was key to survival, and Roy recalls one incident at Bari that says it all. There were some South African pilots at Bari whose duty was to fly supplies to the partisans in Vis and Zara, islands across the Adriatic Sea, and in Yugoslavia. Sometimes the partisans helped unload the supplies and others they didn't, making things difficult for the aircraft pilots and crews. On one memorable morning, the South Africans took off in a C-47 that was loaded with munitions. They experienced an engine failure shortly after takeoff. As they struggled to remain airborne, it seemed certain they would either crash into a quarry at the end of the runway or into the Adriatic Sea just beyond. Miraculously, the pilot managed to keep the spluttering aircraft up long enough to circle around and land. The C-47 had barely touched down when one of the landing gears collapsed. The plane skidded down the runway with one wing dragging and sparks began flying. It was still moving when a thick plume of smoke began billowing out of the rear. The instant the plane stopped moving, the three crewmen dropped out of the escape hatch and began calmly walking away. As fire trucks and ambulances raced toward the plane, the munitions and rockets inside began exploding. Never once looking back or breaking their steady, calm strides, the crew continued on a straight line right to the base's bar! You can tell Roy was impressed by their behavior for after relating the story, he shakes his head, throws out his hands, and declares, "And that was that."



Roy (front and center) and friends visit Budapest in a Weapons Carrier. December 1945

Roy had just returned from a furlough to Rome, where he visited the Vatican and saw the sights, when he was told to return to Rome for new orders. There he learned he was to report to the 117th Squadron (AACs) in Budapest. He asked where that was. Since neither he nor the officer giving him the assignment knew, they had to locate it on a large wall map. Then he was told he was on his own for transportation to Budapest. Roy says Budapest was "...probably a 2-hour flight from Rome." However, he decided he could only get there by going first to Paris, then to Frankfurt, and on to Vienna to get to Budapest. About a week later he had reached Vienna but was not allowed to continue on to Budapest. To do that he had to get clearance from the Russians. They weren't too keen on having an American military mission in Budapest and held up his progress for a while.

Roy reached his new assignment in November 1945. There he helped establish a radio station as part of the Eastern European Network to provide communications with other US bases or with aircraft as needed. It was the first time that Roy realized that the Russians, although an ally, were not too keen about working with the Allies now that the war was over.

In Hungary, he had a chance to perceive the world from yet another cultural setting. There he discovered how much many of the Hungarians hated the Hungarian National Socialists, who had supported the Germans. A lengthy exposure to other cultures and their different lifestyles was, for Roy, "a growth in perception." He viewed the world much differently than he had the day he boarded the train for Miami Beach. In June 1946, he was ordered home and went on "another free boat ride." Roy was a Staff Sergeant when he was officially discharged at Fort Dix, NJ, in July of 1946, a few days before his 21st birthday. He served in the reserves until 1956, attaining the rank of First Lieutenant.

The G.I. Bill was good to Roy, as it was to thousands of returning vets. He attended Springfield College in Massachusetts, graduating in 1949. In 1952, Roy completed coursework for a doctorate in education at Teachers College, Columbia University. He returned to Springfield College and taught courses in psychology for five years before moving to Syracuse and working with students at the Upstate Medical Center. The new University of Kentucky Medical school lured him to Lexington, where he established the Office of Student Services and eventually becoming Dean for Academic Affairs. He retired in 1992. He loved working with students and still keeps track of some of them to this day.

Roy still enjoys learning from other cultures. In 1988-1989, he and Barbara spent 8 months in Palembang, Indonesia developing a medical curriculum for a school there. In 1993-1994, they served in the Peace Corps in Romania. He still hears from friends he made in both Hungary and Romania



Married in 1956, Roy and Barbara have three children and five grandchildren. To keep in touch with their family and their many friends in Kentucky, Roy and Barbara decided that each year they would spend time in South Carolina, California, and Lexington.

Soon after his retirement, he and Barbara became involved in the OLLI program at UC, Irvine. About four years ago, they started coordinating stays in Greenville to align with OLLI @ Furman sessions.

HOME FRONT - MARTHA MORAN



Martha Starck was a high school student in Milford, CT on that terrible Sunday and, like many American families in those days, hers had gone out on its usual Sunday afternoon drive that gloomy December day. As she and her mother began fixing supper, her father turned on the radio. Instead of the usual programming, they heard the announcement of the “infamous attack” on Pearl Harbor and that they were now at war.

Martha’s parents were appalled, as any adult would have been, but to Martha it was exciting, for it set Milford, a small resort town, “a-buzz.” Very soon the Red Cross called on teens and anyone not involved with war work to take first aid classes. Soon she found herself rolling bandages and making small “comfort bags” for the G.I.s to contain personal toiletries, warm socks, and wool scarves that older volunteers knitted. Her Girl Scout troop became “Mosquito Brigades.” They were given a section of town to cover and set out going from house to house asking people to donate blood and leaving flyers with information about the blood drive. During the first year of the war rationing began. Her job was to stand in line for her mother. Meat, butter, sugar, coffee, cheese, and gasoline all required ration stamps.

The horrors of that distant war suddenly hit home the awful day that Martha discovered that one of her classmates had lost her brother during the Battle of the Bulge. Located on Long Island Sound, Milford was built along the rocky shore. It didn’t take long before rumors began circulating that German U-boats were surfacing nearby and ferrying spies to the shore. The worst of all the fears was that enemy planes would attack the U.S. coastline. Visions of Pearl Harbor and the devastation wreaked by the Japanese still haunted Americans, and communities across the nation were already following orders issued by their local Civil Defense units. Blackouts and testing of air raid sirens became parts of their lives.

Shortly after those were introduced, meetings were held to teach citizens how to recognize enemy planes. Since all able-bodied citizens were involved in some aspect of the war effort, the Civil Defense turned to high school students to fill the gaps. Martha recalls several assemblies where they were shown the silhouettes of the planes they were to look for. Then, in two-hour shifts with a partner, they stood on the high school roof, scanning the heavens for enemy planes that never materialized.

Martha has a postscript that she added to her reminiscences, “When the war ended in 1945, life was changed for women forever as they showed they were capable of more than being homemakers.”



PAUL SCHAAF - A MAN IN CONTROL



Marilynn and Paul

Paul remembers hearing about Pearl Harbor. He was the oldest of three children living in Arlington, OH, and his father worked on the railroad. He had finished high school and was working at a filling station for the grand sum of \$.25 per hour to earn money to go to Ohio State. Throughout his Navy career, he saw lifestyles much different and more affluent than the situation in Arlington, a rural town with population of about 1000. He documented his experiences in a journal he received when he went in the service.

In October 1942, he and a friend went to Detroit to enlist in the Navy. After an examination, the recruiting office told him he would have to have his tonsils out before he could be formally accepted. His friend was accepted, and Paul returned to Arlington without him. His friend's mother blamed Paul and never spoke to him again for "taking away her boy." After his tonsillectomy, he reported for active duty in March 1943. He wanted to go to the East Coast, but the Navy sent him to Walla Walla, WA. Influenced by the brother of his girlfriend, who was a flier, he entered the Navy V-5 program at Whitman College. (Sixty-two years later he went back to the school and walked in to visit. The proctor he saw asked him what he thought he was doing and quickly showed him the way out of the all girls' school.) This was a Naval Aviation Cadet training program for fliers. The clothing items the cadets were issued were heavy wool uniforms left over from the CCC days. As a Naval Aviation Cadet he and approximately 70 other men in his class underwent 60 days of Civilian Primary Training. Training was varied, even including manners exercises for the future officers. He remembers flying over the Columbia River during training in the single-engine planes.

After that he was sent to Seattle, a transfer point. Contrary to expectations, Seattle was sunny while he was there. Then it was on to California for Pre-Flight Training at St. Mary's College. Training there consisted mostly of physical conditioning and classroom training. They did have six hours off every Saturday, enough time to visit the town or UC Berkley. During his time there, he injured his knee playing ball and ended up in the hospital for a time. One of the nurses, whom Paul remembers as very good looking, would come by the ward.

He recalls her doing a shimmy while saying, "It must be jelly, 'cause jam doesn't shake like this!" Everyone on the ward got a kick out of this, and the nurse had little to fear from the advances of the sick and injured sailors, especially Paul, who had his leg in a cast and a five-pound weight keeping tension on it. Red Cross "Gray Ladies" would bring donuts for the sick and injured to the ward, and Paul remembers a Navy corpsman getting in the bed next to him and pulling the sheet over his uniform to get a share of the sweets.



Paul's Service Journal

After completion of Pre-Flight School, he was transferred to the Naval Air Station (NAS) at Norman, OK. There he had flight training in a biplane until February 1944. When that was finished he went to Corpus Christi, TX, where there was a large Navy base during the war. More flight training followed, including flights out over the Gulf of Mexico. These could be tricky when changes to pilots were made. While throttling back to make the change, the engine frequently would quit at only 400 feet. Paul said, "You would put the nose down, hit the fuel pump, restart the engine, pull it back up, and never think a thing about it." There were rumors that German U-boats were patrolling the Gulf and would pick up fliers that had to ditch and take them back to Germany. Paul says he never knew if this was true, but it made them think, especially if the engine died. The biplane they flew had fuel in the upper wing and gravity fed the engine. If they flew upside

down, the fuel flow would stop until they got back right-side up and restarted the engine. This was a favorite tactic of Paul's instructor, who would do this to watch the students squirm. This instructor would also chase King Ranch cattle, a definite no-no, but fun nevertheless.

Toward the end of this time, they were making final assignment selections. Paul had a problem with his last training flight and was given a "down." A "down" on either a class or a flight meant you could not continue in the flight training unless you were allowed to make up the flight or class, which would take an extra hour. So he went before a review board to plead his case. When one of the officers asked him why he just couldn't be satisfied with being a gunner or another assignment on a plane, he answered, "Sir, I joined up to fly, not be flown!" There were a couple of snickers among the officers. Later during a meeting with the admiral in charge of all cadet training regarding his assignment, he was told that losses in the Pacific were not as great as they had feared; thus, they didn't need as many pilots, and he didn't get a chance to make up the flight.

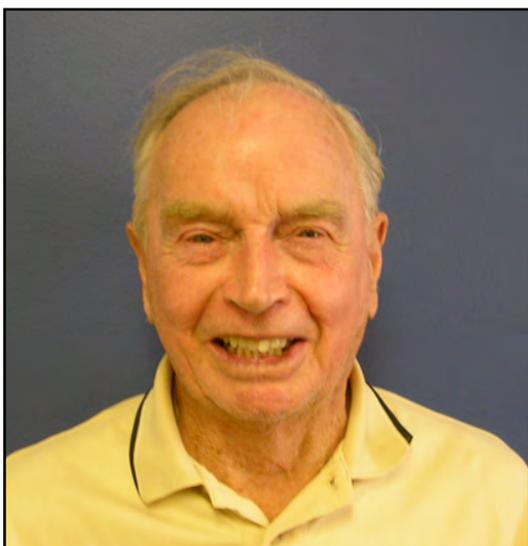
This was a disappointment to Paul, but he recovered, marrying his wife Marilyn on November 5, 1944. Then it was on to Great Lakes Naval Station at Chicago. At Great Lakes, because of his reassignment and the wisdom of the Navy, he had to start over and repeat basic training. After that, he transferred to NAS, Atlanta, where he received Aircraft Tower Duty Operator training. This was a good situation for Paul as he could have his wife with him. However, they stayed in hotels and, with the crowded conditions caused by the war, they could stay only three days at a time and then had to change hotels.

Tower Duty Operator training continued at NAS, Vernalis, CA. There they had simulated carrier decks with arresting gear and all other deck systems. Most of the training was done using F-6 Hellcats. Paul says this was “the best damn duty in the Navy” for the tower personnel, as they had air conditioning in the tower. He was also able to have Marilyn with him there. He remembers being paid about \$105 per month as an Aviation’s Mate, Second Class. His schedule there was 24 hours on, 24 hours standby, 24 hours on, and 24 hours off. Louis Armstrong came to entertain on Thanksgiving 1944, and Paul was very impressed with him. At one time a pilot made a tight turn too low, clipped a high-tension line, and crashed. The next day, the lost wing tip was replaced and the plane was placed back in service, showing how tough the Grumman plane was.

With the end of the war, reductions in force started and Paul was discharged at Camp Shoemaker, CA in December 1945. He went to Detroit by train. During an interview at the University of Detroit, he was advised to relax and not hurry to make any decisions. He did not attend U of Detroit but considered it good advice.

The G.I. Bill was useful to Paul. He attended Bowling Green State College in Ohio and remembers living in a Quonset hut while in school, where the snow would blow in through cracks in the windows. There was not much money and he remembers Marilyn splitting a pound of hamburger into three parts to extend it. Later, Marilyn was in Detroit to give birth to their first son, Dallas. Paul was sent for and made it just in time for the birth.

He received a degree in business in 1950. He had two brothers-in-law who worked for the FBI, and he joined the Bureau in 1951, staying with it until he retired in 1977. He moved around with the Bureau, working in Washington, San Antonio, Quantico, Charlotte, Spartanburg, and Greenville. Paul found the work interesting. Even after retirement, he kept his hand in, working as an investigative subcontractor. After the attacks on 9/11, Paul heard that they were taking ex-agents to help with the workload. He volunteered but was told that the technology had changed so much he would require too much training.



Paul stayed in Greenville after his retirement. Dallas and his daughter Jennifer live in Greenville, and his second son Danny lives in Simpsonville. He started taking FULIR/OLLI courses about 2002 and has remained active since that time. Paul also worked on the Building Committee. Paul says OLLI is a program that, “If you immerse yourself in it, down the road you will get rewarded because of the people you meet.” Paul considers himself the patriarch of a family of 35, including seven grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. His main rule is to remain quiet, but if he sees a family situation that requires guidance, he tries to gently make a course correction, not unlike a tower operator directing an incoming aircraft.

A HEARTFELT THANKS

Gray Matters wants to recognize a special group of instructors who may not have served in WWII, but have made it come alive for OLLI (and FULIR) members over the years. A small cadre of instructors has dedicated all or part of their courses to that worldwide conflict, giving veterans an opportunity to share some of their experiences. It is a privilege for those of us who were not part of that war to learn about their sacrifices. We feel it is proper to take a moment to thank those facilitators for offering these courses and hope they will continue to do so in the future.

THE G.I. BILL

“The willingness with which our young people are likely to serve in any war, no matter how justified, shall be directly proportional as to how they perceive the veterans of earlier wars were treated and appreciated by their nation.”

George Washington

Almost all of our veterans pursued more education when they finished their service. The G.I. Bill was undoubtedly one of the best things our country did to honor those who served, and it led to changes big and small in America that could not be foreseen.

On June 22, 1944, the Servicemen's Readjustment Act of 1944 became law; it was commonly known as the G.I. Bill of Rights. The most well-known portion of the act was education benefits that allowed millions to further their educations. In 1947, vets made up about half of the nation's college students. They were mature and

disciplined, leading to success in the classroom and even on the sports fields. For example, the caliber of football play increased dramatically, and attendance rose. People became used to the better competition and, as the vets graduated, the schools increased recruiting to maintain the level of play fans expected.

The G.I. Bill also offered low-interest, no-down-payment mortgages backed by the government. This allowed many families to move to what previously had been upper-class suburbs. Having a home and a job meant security to families that had been raised during the Depression and helped spark the postwar baby boom.

Another part of the G.I. Bill was the 52-20 provision that offered \$20 per week for 52 weeks for vets looking for work. Only about 20% of the funds set aside for that benefit was used. Most vets furthered their education in some way or found work quickly.

By the time the original G.I. Bill ended in July 1956, 7.8 million World War II veterans had participated in education or training programs, and 2.4 million veterans had home loans backed by the Veterans' Administration (VA). This government program had transformed America.

JOHNNIE "MAC" WALTERS - A FURMAN ROUND TRIP



Johnnie McKeiver (Mac) Walters remembers where he was when he heard about Pearl Harbor. He was in a dorm room at Furman studying for an exam in one of his senior classes. After the news, students gathered in campus groups trying to figure out what this meant to them and the country.

Ever since he was a young boy and heard and read about Charles Lindbergh, he wanted to fly. He took a program at Furman and learned to fly a Piper Cub. Thus, it was not surprising that he joined the Army Air Corps in April 1942. While waiting for room in a training program, he graduated from Furman and left for training in August. He was first sent to San Antonio Aviation Cadet Center for basic training and classification. Air Cadet Walters did very well on the mathematics tests, but his eyes were not perfect, and he was classified as a navigator instead of a pilot. Mac was disappointed, but history would tell he was assigned correctly.

He enjoyed gunnery school at an air base in Harlingen, TX, where he learned to fire many different weapons. He remained there while waiting for an opening in navigation school. Then it was on to Hondo, TX for navigation school. He emerged from that a Second Lieutenant Aerial Navigator.

In Clovis, NM crews were organized and he was assigned to the 450th Heavy Bomb Group, which became part of the 15th Air Force. After picking up a B-24 in Kansas his crew flew to Manduria, Italy. This trip was not so straightforward as it sounds. The route was from Kansas to Florida, to Trinidad, and then to Brazil. There was no skylarking on the trip as the commander (Colonel Mills) of the 450th decided to fly in Mac's plane. As they went into the flight operations shack in Natal, Brazil, Colonel Mills told the lieutenant behind the counter he was going to stay in Brazil a couple of days. Johnnie says he was flabbergasted when the lieutenant said, "Colonel, you're taking off at 10:38 tonight," not something a lieutenant usually says to a colonel. The colonel tried to pull rank, but the result was that they left at 10:38 that night in a terrible storm. There were so many groups flying overseas that there was no room for lingerers.

From Brazil they went to Dakar, Africa. This was an eventful flight for it was overcast and no star reading could be taken until the next morning. Then it was on to Marrakech, before finally arriving in Manduria in December 1943. Missions started in January. Mac describes his first mission as mostly straightforward and tame, the type that would be called a "milk run." He remembers there were few of these in the weeks to come. At that time, crews had to be credited with 50 missions before they were returned to the states. If a mission was particularly long, the 15th Air Force credited the flier with two. Mac ended up with 38 missions but was credited for 53. He is still not sure why he has credit for three more than the required total.

He flew about half of his missions in a plane called "Wolfpack." He thought the name reflected the crew's popularity with the ladies until he realized the pilot of the crew went to NC State. Even though his group hit targets all over southeastern Europe, they flew more missions to the Ploesti oil fields than any other place. The Ploesti runs were certainly not milk runs. The group lost many planes to enemy fighters and flak you "could walk on." Wolfpack got shot up some, but always made it back to base. Mac was awarded a Purple Heart after being wounded by a piece of flak during one mission.

Life in Manduria was busy and they flew often, rousing out between 4:00 and 6:00 to attend briefings about their targets and their mission details. The air base was an abandoned Luftwaffe base located in the heel of Italy. The officers lived in the barracks, and enlisted men were housed in tents. Days when they weren't flying were taken up by reading, writing letters, resting, and then watching the planes return. Some nights they were subjected to air raids. Thoughts of other crews weren't far from their minds as 80% of the crews didn't complete their number of missions. During one flight, one of Mac's roommates was on the plane in front of his. It crashed just past the end of the runway. The following planes flew through the smoke of the burning aircraft as they continued on to complete the mission. When they returned, Mac and another roommate went to the crash site, well aware that there were no survivors. He said the scene was terrible to behold with body parts still scattered around the wreckage.

After Mac had completed about half his missions he was made squadron navigator and promoted to First Lieutenant. This meant increased responsibility. It also meant he no longer had a set crew, for he would fly on any plane needing a navigator. This led to uncertainty, as set crews get used to each other's reactions in different situations. On the next mission the Wolfpack was shot down. The navigator and four others were killed; the remaining five became POWs.



Wolfpack Crew

During one of his missions he was in a new B-24 with new navigation equipment. A lieutenant who had been trained in its use was on board. They were headed to Budapest under cloudy conditions. Things didn't look right, but Mac couldn't figure out what was wrong. He told the pilot his concerns and gave him two options: return to base or keep on until they reached the Danube River where they could determine their position and go on, meaning they would be quite late over the target. The pilot, called Ruthless Red, was known for his risk taking and, of course, opted to go on, saying, "Let's find the SOB." By the time they completed their bomb run, they were 52 minutes late, and with radio silence, there was no way to let the Air Force know. When they landed, Mac was given a going over by the wing commander for leading the group astray. Mac wasn't sure if he would be court marshaled, discharged, or what the result would be. Then it was discovered the lieutenant that came with the new navigation equipment had scratched in the equipment adjustment factors backwards, and the group had been flying 10° off course!

During one especially difficult mission to Ploesti they endured heavy enemy resistance and bad weather. Even though the conditions were bad, and their plane was damaged, their bomb run was right on target. The same conditions prevailed on their return trip, but they landed safely back at base. For this work as the lead navigator, First Lieutenant Walters was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross. Mac never mentioned this during his interview. That information came from a book he has written for his family. The 450th also received two Presidential Unit Citations for outstanding performance, and Mac was on both those missions.

Although flying was dangerous, Mac said, “Nevertheless, I am convinced that we had it much easier than the doughboys on the ground, who were in foxholes...” On July 10, 1944, he was notified that he had completed his required number of missions and was sent to Naples for shipment home. Upon reaching Gibraltar, they relaxed because the Allies were said to have control of the sea and air. About an hour later, the naval escorts began “running around dropping depth charges just a short way from us; they had detected a German submarine ... [which] made the trip across the Atlantic a little more uneasy.” He recalls the great sight of the Statue of Liberty as they steamed into New York harbor. They stayed a couple of days before being sent to an airbase in North Carolina. Afterwards he went on to San Francisco to be readied for the Pacific. The war ended before he reached the Pacific. Discharged in October of 1945, Mac returned to his home in Hartsville, SC.

In March of 1946, he entered the University of Michigan Law School. His studies went well, and so did his personal life. He married the law school dietician, Donna Hall, on September 1, 1947. After passing the bar exam in December 1948, he took his first job with the IRS Chief Counsel in Washington, DC. Johnnie had a distinguished career in law, practicing in Washington, New York, and Greenville before returning to Washington as an

Assistant Attorney General and then Commissioner of the IRS. After retirement from government service, Mac and Donna stayed in Washington until 1978, when they returned to Greenville. Donna was active in the community, and Johnnie practiced law. He was Executive Vice President for Colonial Trust Company until he retired December 31, 2008.



Mac has returned to the Furman campus as he and Donna live at the Woodlands. Both took classes with FULIR, and continue classes with OLLI. They have two daughters living in Reno and Raleigh, and two sons living in Oklahoma City and Columbia. They also have seven grandchildren. Mac says in his book, “Our journey has been great!”

Mac’s book “Our Journey” is for sale at the OLLI Office.

HOME FRONT - KATIE ROARK



Katie on the roof of her apartment house in Washington

Katie Ederington was visiting her sister in Washington, DC on December 7, 1941. Her sister was at a baseball game, and Katie had the radio on as she prepared for a concert that afternoon. When her sibling returned home and announced how odd it was that so many senior armed forces officers' names were called out over the loud speaker, Katie told her why. She attended that concert, for it seemed not much was happening in Washington - but things changed quickly.

Almost immediately businesses and the government began hiring massive numbers of people. Katie decided not to return to her home in Banks, AR, or to her classes at Arkansas A&M. She remained with her sister and accepted a position with the Homeowners Loan Corp. When the company moved to New York City, Katie went along, settling in at the Barbizon, a hotel for single young women. Life in New York was exciting and affordable. A balcony seat at a Broadway play was only \$1.65. Katie's boss was a woman who lived in Greenwich Village. Often she would walk to the Village and join her at clubs for the dancing and music. All of NYC was blacked out, and Katie frequently spent the night at her friend's to avoid the foreboding, dark streets. Months later, the small town girl missed her sister and friends so much that she went back to Washington.

She went to work at the Maritime Commission branch of the Commerce Department in the Allocating and Expediting Division. Katie described her job as largely paper shuffling, and not very efficient work. At night, Katie attended George Washington University, majoring in drama. During that time, she was in a one-act play about the dangers of loose talk that could be used by the enemy. The play went on "tour" to many of the government buildings, including her Commerce Department building.

Life was never dull in DC. Katie volunteered to show visiting soldiers the sights of the nation's capital and attended local dances. She met people from all over the U.S., and became very close to a Native American woman from Oklahoma. With rationing, there were shortages of sugar, coffee, and silk stockings. But, it was the rationing of metal that hurt the most, for there were no electric fans to be had. Summers in DC could be brutal and, to avoid the oppressive heat, Katie and others in her building took to the roof at night, using damp cloths to help alleviate their discomfort.

All this time, she'd kept in touch with Walter "Dub" Roark, a man she'd met in college. Dub finished his education, earned his wings, and married Katie at his family's Arkansas home on April 9, 1944, starting their 66-year marriage. The couple moved to Greenville in 1964. Now widowed, Katie has three daughters and a son. She thought Dub's story was the one we wanted to hear, but Katie's home-front experiences provide insight into a difficult time for all Americans.



MURRAY GARRETT - THERE AT THE END IN EUROPE



On December 7, 1941, high school student Murray Garrett was hanging out in the Travelers Rest drugstore when he heard about the attack on Pearl Harbor. Murray headed home and told his parents and brothers the news. They spent the rest of Sunday listening to the radio. Sixteen-year-old Murray was too young to enlist, so after graduation he attended the local military college, Clemson. Murray attended Clemson through the end of 1943. Turning 18 in 1944 and old enough to enlist in the Navy, where one brother was serving, like many of his fellow classmates, Murray ignored the pleas of Clemson's President to remain in college.

Qualifying for Navy electronics school required Murray to take the Eddy Test. Although he passed it, he failed the color blindness test. Determined to enter the Navy, he memorized the color blindness test to no avail. He could only wait to be called up, which he was in March 1944. Classified 1-A, he was drafted and sent to Fort Bragg, NC for induction into the Army. A few days later, he boarded a train for the first time in his life. As he passed through Clinton, SC, Murray wished he could get off there and get a ride home.

Florida was one of many firsts for the South Carolina recruit. His basic training was carried out there at Camp Blanding. Murray's year and a half at Clemson earned him an assignment to battalion intelligence. Earlier recruits underwent six weeks of basic that left them ill prepared for combat. Now Murray and other recruits underwent a grueling seventeen weeks of training. Murray's time at Clemson gave him an edge, and he thrived, gaining 20 pounds. He underwent training in weapons, maps, tactics, use of gas masks, and how to drive various vehicles. He also recalls crawling under live machine gun fire.

Murray was almost ready to leave basic training when one of the men killed a 6-foot-long rattlesnake, hanging it up where the new recruits coming in could see it. Even though Murray said they enjoyed seeing the new boys' faces when they saw the snake, he added, "I'm glad I didn't see it before we started going out through the woods around there!"

After basic training ended in September, soldiers aged 19 and older were sent directly overseas where most of them became replacements and served in the Battle of the Bulge. Younger soldiers, like Murray, were sent to the 97th Infantry Division at Camp San Luis Obispo for amphibious training. The five-day train ride to California went through Greenville, Atlanta, and Chicago. He still remembers the kindness of the people of North Platte, NE, where the soldiers were fed huge home-cooked meals.

Upon reaching California, Murray was assigned to the 303rd Regiment for training using landing craft. It was a daunting experience for Murray, dressed in full gear while navigating a cargo net to reach the tiny craft bobbing up and down far below.

Even though he used his two weekend passes to visit Los Angeles and Hollywood, Christmas was "...a very lonesome time for an 18-year-old boy to be away from everybody he knew." He learned first hand how dangerous his training could be. While practicing how to use bangalore torpedos to blow holes in barbed wire defenses, he was struck by a piece of shrapnel. He says the three weeks he spent in the hospital were "...the best I had the whole time that I was in the Army. All the ice cream, milk, and food you could want." However, when he discovered that his unit was being shipped out, he asked to be released from the hospital, for he was certain they would be going to the Pacific. He was wrong.

Murray's eight-day train ride east was so bumpy he was certain a wheel on his car had to have a flat spot. Now at Camp Kilmer, NJ, he was positive his next trip would take him to France and Germany. During his 10-day stay in Camp Kilmer, he used his pass to see New York City and visit Times Square. As expected, he was soon on a twelve-day cruise across the Atlantic as part of a troop ship convoy. Now Murray realized it was fortunate he had not been able to follow his brothers into the Navy, for he was prone to sea sickness. Due to the serious crowding on the ship, when he wasn't sick, Murray spent most of his time standing in line, waiting to eat.

Docking in Le Havre, France, he was assigned to Camp Lucky Strike. The other two camps were Camel and Chesterfield. His tent's dirt floor and canvas cots offered little warmth. Chilled to the bone, Murray used everything he could for covers to no avail; he still woke up freezing. After a week, they prepared to depart from Lucky Strike. That was when he learned that British and American forces had captured the Remagen bridge and had advanced enough to create the Ruhr Pocket. Murray's unit passed through the low country, ending up in a little town near the Rhine where, for the first time, artillery flashes and explosions were visible. Reports of looting Russian troops who had been released from POW camps began circulating, putting everyone on edge. Murray recalls, "I think the most I was scared during the whole time I was in Germany was one night when I was on guard duty while we were in this little town." A Lieutenant Byrd came out to check on the guards and walked with him for some time, for he could tell the young soldier was nervous.

Two days later they moved across the Rhine and came under fire for the first time. Although resistance was said to be light, it felt heavy to these first-timers. Murray said one of his vivid memories was diving into a water-filled ditch as they came under an artillery attack. They continued advancing and entered Czechoslovakia. At this point, the Germans began surrendering in large numbers to the Americans to avoid being captured by the Russians.



One day, while advancing toward a German roadblock, a sergeant in Murray's company was killed. Murray recalls that the sergeant was the best; a fine man. The very next day the war ended. The 97th camped in a large field for a few days before returning to Le Havre. A monument to the 97th Division recognizes it as the one that fired the last shot in the European theater.

Murray's division was one of the first to return stateside and was "double loaded" on an ocean liner for the trip home. Once again, Murray's week at sea was spent

mostly standing in line for chow. "It sure was good and thrilling to see the Statue of Liberty come into sight!" he declared. His meal in New Jersey that evening was the first good meal he'd had in 6 months.

He used the 30-day furlough he received after he arrived at Fort Bragg to go home. It was during this trip that he met his first wife. On his return to Fort Bragg after another short leave, he learned that a tremendous bomb had been dropped on Japan. As his division left Fort Bragg they heard about the second bomb and the surrender of Japan.

Another bumpy ride on another troop train deposited Murray in Tacoma, WA, where he boarded yet another ship. Conditions on that troop ship were even more crowded, and the cold weather confined the men below decks most of the time. However, conditions deteriorated even more when the ship crossed the equator, for the intense cold was replaced by a nearly unbearable heat. Eventually the ship reached the Leyte Gulf in the Philippines. It remained there for one day before proceeding on, its passengers never once allowed to set foot on shore. Landing in Yokohama, Japan, they underwent a week of constant rain in a large tent camp located between Yokohama and Tokyo. Murray was impressed with the apparent lack of animosity toward the Americans by the Japanese, even after all the devastation.

Reassignment to the Quartermaster Corps gave Murray and some friends an opportunity to volunteer for gate guardhouse duty: a prime detail, for the gate was located next the guardhouse - an actual house with cots. They worked 4 hours on with 12 hours off. Murray says, "We never had it so good." The guardhouse was near the bakery, and whenever they were off duty, they would get a loaf of warm bread, mush it down, slather it with butter, and eat the whole thing. "I gained about 15 pounds in just a few weeks," he admits. These living conditions encouraged less discipline, and when one of his pals appeared at the gate unshaven and with a cigarette, they all were placed on company punishment. That led to a transfer request that resulted in his being assigned to the Ordinance Company's motor pool. Murray knew nothing about being a mechanic, and he dreaded his interview with the company commander. As luck would have it, Murray learned that the commander was a Clemson man. After identifying himself as a fellow Tiger, Murray was honest about his abilities, whereupon he was assigned to the parts area; a good assignment for it was indoor work during the winter.



In May 1946, the army started evacuations stateside and, after a few delays, T-5 Garrett was again on a troop ship for the 2-day cruise to Seattle. A few days later, he was back in Greenville. He took the summer off before returning to Clemson in the fall of 1946. After earning a mechanical engineering degree, he worked with Greenville Steel, Bond Textile, and Menzel for 51 years, retiring at age 75. He was married just out of Clemson. Four of Murray's five children are still living. One of his sons lives in California, while his two daughters and other son reside in Greenville.

After his first wife passed away, Murray became reacquainted with a high school friend, Betty. They have been married almost 10 years. Betty was one of the first FULIR members. She and Murray have been active in the FULIR/OLLI program ever since.

HOME FRONT - ELIZABETH GOWER



Elizabeth and Tom

After completing the required 11 years of schooling and graduating from Greenville High in 1941, teenager Elizabeth “Ducky” Grier attended Converse College. Dorm residents entertained their visitors in the dormitory’s parlor. While visiting with her parents on a December Sunday afternoon in that parlor, Ducky learned about Pearl Harbor. The ensuing war brought major changes to her life.

Tom Gower, a Furman student Elizabeth had been dating since high school, joined the growing numbers of male college students enlisting in the armed forces. Converse became co-educational for the first time when the few remaining Wofford College men enrolled in classes to supplement their reduced war curriculum. The new Converse males were very popular, as were soldiers from nearby Camp Croft. Although dances were no longer a part of the social scene, movies remained a popular past time.

Elizabeth graduated from Converse in 3 years by attending the summer sessions. Marching with the Civilian Auxiliary Corps and providing badly needed help at local farms by digging vegetables made her and the others feel that they were part of the local war

effort. Elizabeth was not that keen on the war, and her sentiments lead to some intense debates during the ever-present college discussions.

The day after graduation, Elizabeth boarded a train for Smith College in Massachusetts for her graduate studies in social work. It was a whole new world. Southerners were a rarity at Smith, and she recalls being invited to join several girls in a room and asked to talk so they could hear her accent. She adapted quickly, boldly joining some friends to hitchhike first to Boston to see *Othello* and later to the Tanglewood Music Festival. For the big V-E Day celebration she joined other Smith women in the back of a truck and rode around the streets cheering and waving. A bottle was passed around, and Ducky tasted her first alcohol. She had no more until she was married with a family. With no segregation in Massachusetts, it was not difficult for Elizabeth and an African American student from Alabama to become best friends. She went to Baltimore for her practical social work experience. There she walked to work and rode the bus whenever possible for her Family and Children’s Services appointments. When she had to drive, every mile had to be accounted for due to gas rationing. She never felt deprived by rationing. Instead, she wondered about the quality of the counseling offered by a young, sheltered female to older, more experienced families.

Shortly before her graduation in August 1945, she celebrated V-J Day. Elizabeth and Tom kept in touch during the war, and she welcomed him home in December. They were married the following January. When one of her sons relocates from Asheville, Ducky will have her two sons, two daughters, all their children, and most grandchildren here in Greenville.



PEGGY SAUVAIN - HEADQUARTERS MARINE



Anne Montgomery was always a bit different from her contemporaries. When she was young she decided she didn't like the name Anne. With no middle name to fall back on, she picked one and insisted on being called Peggy. After graduating from Vassar in 1941, she went on to graduate school at Ohio State University and studied economics, including statistics, not a common field for women in the early '40s.

She had the radio playing on a December Sunday afternoon while studying in her rented room at Ohio State. That was how she learned about Pearl Harbor and the start of the war. Her mother in Newark, Ohio was already displaying a service flag with one star, honoring her brother. He was in the Army serving with the horse cavalry in Texas, guarding the Mexican border. He later went to the China-Burma-India theatre (without horses) to fight the

Japanese. When Peggy's sister came home to live during the war, a second star was added to honor Peggy's brother-in-law, who was fighting in Europe.

She had finished her master's degree in the summer of 1943 and was working for the Ohio State Tax Commission in Columbus. By now, several other relatives had also entered the service. So, on an April day in 1945, when Peggy went to the post office, she noticed a Marine recruiter and stopped to visit. When Peggy walked away, she had become a Marine Corps recruit, because, as she says, "It just seemed like a good thing to do." Her mother proudly added a third star to the service flag in the window.

While waiting to be formally inducted, Peggy had a concern. She was near-sighted and feared she couldn't pass the eye test. Hearing that carrots were good for the eyes, she began eating bunches of them. Her sister thoughtfully prepared more for her to eat on the bus ride to Cincinnati, where she was to be inducted. The carrots must have worked, for Peggy was inducted, classified for non-hazardous duty only, and sent to Camp Lejeune for boot camp and training in the Marine Corps Women's Reserve.

Her boot camp training included Marine Corps history and regulations, as well as a lot of marching. Unlike her male counterparts, Peggy did not undergo the rigorous combat training. She was still at Camp Lejeune on May 8, 1945, when V-E day was announced. Peggy remembers that, even though everyone was happy that the war had ended in Europe, it was still raging in the Pacific, so there was no big celebration.

Peggy laughs when she remembers filling out the numerous forms requiring her full name. The lack of a middle name resulted in her being officially known as “Anne (none) Montgomery.”

Peggy was assigned to work at the Marine headquarters in Arlington, VA, becoming one of over 2600 female Marines assigned to the Washington, DC area. Her duties included various types of clerical work and analyzing statistics. One facet of her work disturbed her: sending out Purple Heart letters. These letters informed families that a wounded relative was receiving a Purple Heart. In some cases, the Marine had been killed, and the Purple Heart was being awarded posthumously. It was not just the letters themselves that were sobering, but the massive number of them.

Peggy was housed in Henderson Hall, a facility still used today by Marine headquarters, although it has since been rebuilt. The accommodations consisted of rows of bunk beds, with the ever-present foot lockers. Their workplace, the headquarters building, was across the road from Henderson Hall, making for a convenient march to work. Her typical day began with breakfast in the mess hall followed by inspection. Peggy says her shoes did not always pass inspection; she could not understand why they needed dusting in the morning after she had carefully shined them the night before. “Some others thought it was necessary,” she remarked.

Evenings and weekends included time off. The base amenities included a swimming pool and an outside beer garden where Peggy and friends could get together over food and drink. Buses were available to take them into Washington to attend many of the concerts presented by the Army, Navy, and Marine bands. Movies were a favorite past-time, as well as an occasional art gallery. Peggy was pleased to be assigned to the Washington area because she had two cousins in the service there also. They got together whenever it was possible. Jeanne was in the WAVES and Ben was a Marine, back from the Pacific. It was only during longer leaves that she could make the 11-hour train ride home to see her parents. It was fortunate that they were able to travel to Washington, DC to visit her as well.



Peggy with cousins Jeanne and Ben Montgomery

In those days, Washington was full of service women, including Army WACs, Navy WAVES, and Coast Guard SPARs. The Marine commandant felt no nicknames were necessary and preferred the women under his command be simply called Marines. This didn't stop people from using other designations, and they were commonly known as Women Marines or WRs (Women's Reserve).

Although the Marines took care of cleaning Peggy's bedding, she was responsible for her clothing. Washing machines were available as well as gas driers. Peggy cannot recall if the washing machines had wringers to squeeze out excess water, but she certainly remembers the gas driers. They contained racks that slid out, allowing clothing to be hung over the racks before sliding them back in for drying. Summer uniforms were green and white seersucker, and her hat was light green with a white cord. Her regular uniform and hat were standard Marine green, using a red cord.

Another duty many of those in service around the capital performed was to participate in parades marking some special occasion. Peggy remembers marching in parades to honor war heroes, including Pappy Boyington, who returned to Washington to receive the Medal of Honor after being released as a POW. These activities relieved the repetition.

Victory over Japan was not passed over as was V-E day. Peggy said, "That was really a big celebration." Normally the women had to be back at Henderson Hall by 10:00 or 11:00 p.m. On August 14, 1945, the day the surrender was announced, curfew was extended to 6:00 a.m. the next morning. The streets were full of happy service members and civilians. It is doubtful much work was done the following day.

Peggy remained in the Marines for nine months until June 1946, when she was discharged as a corporal. She didn't take advantage of the G.I. Bill, as she had completed her education and finding work was not a problem. After a trip back to Newark, she found the Tax Commission anxious to have her back. She began life again where she had left off, working at her former job in Columbus.

Peggy married Ed Sauvain in January 1947. He was a Navy veteran who served in the Atlantic and the South Pacific, and they lived in Newark for two more years. Ed's work took them to Atlanta for a couple of years before they moved to Greenville in 1952. He passed away in 1990. Her children are not too far away. She has a son in Greenville, a son in Alpharetta, GA, and a third son in Charlotte. Her family includes four grandchildren. "All of them are now over 21," she told us. Peggy lived in Swansgate for ten years before moving to Rolling Green Village a year ago.



One day she noticed a picture in the paper showing some people in one of John Crabtree's Shakespeare classes. She called Furman and registered for the next session. This happened to be the very first year of FULIR. Thus, a founding member, Peggy has been active with FULIR/OLLI ever since.

Peggy was modest about her service, saying, "I didn't do much." When you consider that nationally only about 20,000 women joined the Marines during the war, that was more than enough.

V-J DAY



A FEW LAST WORDS

In this edition, several OLLI members who served in the armed forces during World War II shared their experiences with us. We are grateful for their efforts whether in combat, behind the lines, here in the states, or overseas. It is only through their eyes that many aspects of the worldwide conflict truly comes to life. A book written by a stranger has less meaning than a remembrance shared by an OLLI classmate.

Tom Brokaw was right when he described Americans of the 1940s as “The Greatest Generation.” The sacrifices and efforts made by millions of Americans during that war are too numerous to count. In 1940, the population of the United States was about 132 million. Nearly all of our citizens were affected by the war and the changes that it brought. People endured shortages, rationing, separation, and uncertainty. Women left their homes to work in factories, businesses, and government in greater numbers than ever before. Many of them never looked back and changed the work environment forever. Civil rights took a step forward for African Americans, as their abilities and contributions were recognized, and a step backward for Japanese Americans as they endured internment camps, while still volunteering for service.

The men and women serving in the various armed forces totaled about 16.6 million. Of those, nearly 420 thousand died, never to return home. More than 680 thousand were wounded. Over 130 thousand were taken prisoner. Like every warrior since time began, there was plenty of grumbling in barracks, tents, and foxholes, but the majority of those veterans did what was asked of them, even in the worst of situations. Without exception our OLLI @ Furman vets were modest about their service. Some were reluctant to share their stories, for they felt what they did was not exceptional; they were only doing their duty, but that is the point.

We hope you have found it interesting reading the stories and are as grateful as we are for the people who shared them with us.



Honorable Service Lapel Button

Awarded to United States military service members who were discharged under honorable conditions during World War II.

Also called a Discharge Pin, and commonly known as a Ruptured Duck.