

The



Star

Issue 68

"We Speak Their Names"

March 2013

Credits Values to Family, Events After Father's Crash

Lessons Learned from a Life Cut Short



by Richard Adams

It is July 28th. Every day I sit at my computer to write; about science, about history, about whatever crosses my mind. I love to write. But today I write to honor my father, and I am having trouble.

My father was Lt. Claude W. Adams Jr., USN, a man I never knew. From what I have been able to learn, he died on this day, 66 years ago, trying to save lives.

He had grown up in a poor family but was bright and wanted an education, an education there was no way to afford in the Depression years of the 1930s. His father served in the navy during World War I, so my father enlisted at the age of 17 in 1938, having graduated from high school early in Spokane, Washington.

He was able to transfer to a ship with a library where he could study for the competitive examination for the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. He was successful, with a high enough score to get an appointment. He was in the Class of 1943 that had to graduate in 1942 by compressing the summers, to fill the needs of World War II.

My mother and father were high school sweethearts and they maintained their love through letters over the three years of his studies. Besides the letters, he was also

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Left: High school sweethearts and, later, husband and wife, Jeanne Cassels and Claude Adams, in 1937. Right: Their children, Richard, age 2, and Carolee, age 4, in 1947.

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8th Annual York Meeting in April

For the past several years AWON members in the Pennsylvania region have met in York for fellowship and to talk about their fathers. This year's gathering is set for Saturday, April 27, 2013, at the usual place - Hoss's Steak and Sea House. The time is 11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Last year 23 members, including ten newcomers, from four states were in attendance.

Lynne Lecrone organizes the annual event. If you are interested in attending let her know and she will give you directions, hotel suggestions if needed, and any other details. She will start sending out information to those interested in March.

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PLEASE HELP OUR DATABASE MANAGER! Her eyes are getting old (like yours)!

I am having trouble reading email addresses printed on renewal forms. PLEASE write clearly. If I can't read your handwriting you will not receive the latest AWON news, including notification of the latest e-STAR. If you normally send a check without a renewal form, please print your email on the check, or attach a note with the email address.

And, please print it clearly.

Also, please include your email address every time you renew; you may have forgotten if you changed your email address months ago.



Thank You,
Gerry Conway Morenski
AWON Database Manager
dutiem@comcast.net

Son Finds Dad's Foxhole in Italy

by Norm Burkey

Like several of my fellow AWONers, I became acquainted with AWON through an article in a periodical, in my case, *Newsweek*. As I have shared many times, prior to that I would have argued that my father's death had no real effect on my life. That article changed everything. I remember being home alone and as I read it hit me like a ton of bricks. I immediately knew I had to do something. I should also tell you that about the same time, my librarian daughter sent me *Lost in the Victory*.

I followed the advice in either the book or the article and immediately contacted the 10th Mountain Division Association. Almost immediately I was the recipient of several notes and phone calls from the men who remembered my father. I was blessed in another way, too. Two of my dad's comrades from his unit had just finished a book and my dad's death is described in detail in the book.

I also learned that the 10th Mountain Division Association had been going back to Italy every three years since the 1960s. The trips always start in the Florence American Cemetery on Memorial Day and then proceed to the little hilltowns north of Flor-



Norm, in what remains of his father's foxhole, in Italy.

ence where the 10th fought from January to May 1945. There are tours of the battle sites and parties in several of the little towns. The 10th fought alongside the Italian resistance, and the survi-

vors also participate in the festivities. The Italians in that area are doubly grateful for the help in getting rid of Mussolini and Hitler.

Two of my dad's comrades who were there the day my dad was killed arranged for a side trip to Mt. della Spe, where my dad was killed on March 12, 1945.

That was an exciting day for two reasons. At lunch we were in a plaza in one of the small towns and began a conversation with an Italian-American from Long Island. The 10th resided with Italian families after they arrived but before the fighting began. We have pictures of the family that my father lived with and they had a little

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Unmistakeable Beams of Light

**Cosmic Stories from Members of
the American WWII Orphans Network**

Collected and edited by orphan author Rondy Elliott
Introduced at the 2012 AWON National Conference

As children of fallen World War II soldiers, we were "lost in the victory" that followed the war, and our fathers were lost to us. This book is a collection of the serendipitous experiences some of us had while we were searching for them. - Rondy Elliott

The book is \$12. To order, contact Rondy Elliott at
Rondy369@yahoo.com or call 919-641-0876

AWON Connections

Pictures and Stories of Members
Gathering Around the Country



Williamsburg, Virginia. Attending, from left, were Mary Ann Smith of Mechanicsville, Virginia; Mary and Ken Slowey of Suffolk, Virginia; Betty Nester of Williamsburg; and Jerry and Judy Pinkerton of Dallas, Texas. *Jerry*



In November AWONers gathered at the Manhattan restaurant *Nice Matin* to celebrate Joan Marlowe's birthday. Everyone was thrilled that Joan could make it considering how deeply she was affected by Hurricane Sandy. Her Long Island home will have to be completely gutted and redone. However, she is coping well and was happy to be with her AWON friends for a long-planned celebratory event. Attending, from left, were Renée Cooley (sister of AWONer Sharon Connor) from Brooklyn, Maggie Malone and Betsy Harris of Manhattan, Joan of Long Island, and Monica Maron and Karen Hammerlof both of Manhattan. Millie McConnell Cavanaugh couldn't make it from the Jersey Shore: a boat was still stranded on some railroad tracks. *Maggie*



In January, several AWONers met for lunch at *Seasons* restaurant and tavern in historic

Billy and Donnette Winters of Ormond Beach, Florida, hosted Jamie and Jimmie McCollum and Paul and Barbara Bremer in February. Paul met Billy and Donnette last June. Billy's and Paul's fathers are buried in the Lorraine American Cemetery in St. Avold, France. Jamie and Jimmie, both World War II orphans, are from Fernandina Beach, Florida. Billy's father was killed near Hirschland, France, when his P-47 was shot down on November 25, 1944. Jamie and Jimmie's fathers were killed on November 20, 1944, in Aachen and Prummern, Germany, respectively, and Paul lost his father on November 29, 1944, near Mondorf, Germany. It was ironic, yet rewarding, that all of us lost our fathers within such a short time frame, in the same general war zone, and that 58 years later we came together to share our stories. We all bonded, sharing our albums and personal stories which brought emotional moments, sadness and interesting in-

formation about the histories of our parents, families and the amount of information we had or didn't have about our fathers. Most importantly, it was easy to be with each other, and there was plenty of time for everyone to share stories. Finally, we needed a break and adjourned to a delightful restaurant for a wonderful lunch. We took the picture of the group at the front of the restaurant. We decided that it would be nice to meet other AWON Florida members in a central location, possibly Orlando. *Paul*



The So-Cal AWON group met for their semi-annual lunch in San Diego in November. They

had a gift exchange (not to exceed \$5). The gifts ranged from the ridiculous (wet wipes) to the utilitarian (key chain with light). During our discussion we learned that some did not know about the *Our Fathers* section of the AWON website. All were encouraged to write a tribute. Further, all were encouraged to use the listserv to share information about their AWON activities and to seek help in their research. Barbara Swenson showed everyone a charming photo of the Belgian fourth grade class which has adopted her father's grave. They were gathered around his cross in Henri Chapelle Cemetery. The next So-Cal AWON group meeting will be at *Lone Star Steak House* in Lake Elsinore. They hope AWONers from Riverside, Orange and Los Angeles counties, especially, will join them. Pictured are, from left, Bob Porter, Linda Porter, Roger Connor, Eleanor Simmonds, Ann Pogue, Dale Roybal, Barbara Torrey Smith, Rita Niro Blair, Sharon Crowley Connor, Vic Muller, Barbara Swenson, and Dick Swenson. *Roger (Editor's note: see ad at the bottom of this page for information about posting a tribute to your father on the AWON website.)*

Call for Tributes!

Add a Tribute to the AWON Website! This could be one of the most long-lasting and satisfying ways to remember your Father, Grandfather, Brother, or Uncle. Just be a current AWON Member!

Here's How: 1. Have a look at our website's **TRIBUTE** section at www.awon.org (click "Our Fathers") to see what others have done; 2. Check the web page on "How to prepare a Father Tribute" – (at www.awon.org/check5.html); then 3. Scan (or have a Kinko's scan) your best picture of your loved one in uniform; 4. Collect your thoughts, memories, and service record of your loved one; 5. Send your JPG-formatted image and between 500 and 1,100 words to our Tribute Stager, Nancy Sue Johnson. Her E-Mail address is . . . janceysue@gmail.com. If you need her snailmail address, just call Nancy Sue at 406/721-6775.

Don't let another day go by. AWON is honored to help you honor your Father or loved one! . . . a Tribute page is yours for the asking.



... Burkey, from page 3

girl. I was hoping to locate the family on my trip.

After I related my story, the lady from Long Island told us to stay put until she could find her brother, who just happened to be a World War II buff. As soon as he heard my story, he wanted to take off to try to find the family. I told him I couldn't because of the side trip. It's just as well that I didn't go with him. He took a copy of the picture, but I have never heard from him.

We did take the side trip and my dad's comrades were able to locate the foxhole where my dad was killed. I have a picture of me kneeling in my dad's foxhole. The trip was in 2003 and I'm glad we went then. The area is now a resort area and I'm fairly confident that someone has built a chalet on the site.

Before I left, I gathered up a few stones and some shrapnel. I think Dr. Vamik Volkan would call those "linking objects." That trip and, especially, the side trip, was really closure for me.

I owe it all to AWON. Thanks to all of you I have been able to mourn for my dad and as much as possible, make him into a real person for my family. Dad was not in the vocabulary for me and my siblings. Now it is.



AWON Marches in NYC Vet Day Parade

Several tri-state area AWONers and close family participated in the 2012 New York City Veterans Day parade last November. Pictured at the parade with the AWON banner are, from left, Renée Cooley, Carol Alegi, Penny Bernstein, Augie Alegi, Maggie Malone, Betsy Harris, and Karen Hammerlof. New York has held a Veterans Day parade since 1929, with more than 25,000 people participating each year.

Stars of The Star



Rik Peirson
AWON Webmaster

**Thanks for ALL
that you do
with the AWON website!**

... Adams, from front page

editor-in-chief of *The Log*, the Academy's magazine. I learned to type on his old typewriter that we still had at home. He was a good writer.

It had been a regulation that a graduate of an academy could not get married until four years, I believe, after graduation. But a special allowance was made for wartime exigencies, and my parents' picture appeared on the front page of *The Washington Post* as the first couple to marry at the Naval Academy chapel in 1942. My sister and I are the beneficiaries of that dispensation, since she was born in 1943 and I in 1945. By this day in 1946 - the earliest date they could have married before the allowances were granted - he was dead at the age of 26.

I don't know very many of the details. My father joined naval aviation after some time in surface ships, since he felt the way of the future in the modern Navy was either above or below the water. He did not become a fighter pilot or a bomber flier. Instead, he flew the large four-engine PBM Martin Mariner amphibious planes, used for reconnaissance and rescue. Some called the PBM - larger than the PBY Catalinas you still see from time to time in movies and out-of-the-way remote locations "The Flying Gas Tank," since it could carry a huge load of fuel to allow for extended searches far from airfields or resupply.

When you needed to search a large area of land or sea, you called for the PBMs. When "Flight 19," the torpedo bombers of The Bermuda Triangle that disappeared on December 5, 1945, needed to be found, a PBM Mariner from NAS Banana River went out to search and found an oil slick before it, too, disappeared. I was born at NAS Banana

River seven months before that, on May 4, 1945.

In July 1946, some Army fliers disappeared someplace on Mindoro Island, the Philippines. My father, with his 13-man crew, went to look, ending up near Mt. Halcon, a treacherous mountain with fierce trails. Mt. Halcon is the site of many modern climbing accidents, and currently is closed to hiking and climbing because of its lethality.

From what I can gather, the Army flight was reported missing on July 26 and my father's

plane crashed sometime on July 28, 1946. A flash from the base of the mountain was seen from far away on that date, and a search party on foot finally came across the wreckage. The plane was in small pieces but had not burned. There were no identifiable remains, so all 13 men were buried in a common grave at Jefferson Barracks National Cemetery in Missouri, a location equally far away from all the families and close to none.

I was 15 months old at the time, having "seen" my father last in August of 1945 (babies' eyes

don't focus until about six months old, not three). My mother, sister and I were at an airport, getting ready to fly to join my father in the Philippines when we got the telegram saying that there was no need to come, since he was dead. I remember fragments of that, with everyone around me crying and being very upset, and I remember seeing the tail of the plane we were supposed to be on, taking off without us. In my memory, it looks like the tail of what I can now identify as a DC-3.

We moved in with my father's parents, in their back bedroom, for six years, while my widowed mother tried to find work to sup-



Lt. Claude W. Adams Jr.,
USN, circa 1945

...continued on page 8

port our now reduced family of three. She did it, becoming a dental assistant, thanks to the on-the-job instruction of a kindly local dentist, and we survived. Later, when I went to college on a VA scholarship that paid tuition at a state college while I worked to cover fees, books, rent and food, I found out we had been living below the poverty level. I hadn't known until then. Most of the people around us were about as poor. My sister and I both find it easier to sleep in our respective homes if we have plenty of canned goods in storage in the house to assure us food will be available the next day, no matter what.

You know the rest, growing up without a father, most other kids in school seeming to have them, not knowing what a father was like. My mother and father had a married life of being together mostly while on liberty -- shore leave. They were really still on their honeymoon for those years. We never got to see the day-to-day living a married couple had.

In December 2011, I chanced upon a *Hallmark Channel* movie called *The Note*. It was about a commercial airliner going down off the coast of Maine and among the debris washing up on shore was a sandwich baggie with a note in it, addressed to "T." and signed "Dad." A reporter searches for the identity of "T." and tries to deliver the note to the proper person. The pilot knew the plane was going down and had told the passengers. This was a note written in the last minutes of life for "Dad."

As a father myself now of two 30-something children, I wonder what I would write on such a note. What would I say? Indeed, what would my own father have said to me and my sister if he'd had enough warning to give time for a note? And that's a question we've lived with all of our lives: what would our fathers have thought of us? Would he have approved of our choices in life? What advice could he have given us along the way?

But then I think about how it's not required that one wait until the absolute last minute to tell our children and other family that we love them. We can tell them how

much they mean to us and how much we love them at any time. Telling them of our love every day is not too often. Any e-mails I send or phone calls I engage in with them or leaving the house always end with a heartfelt, "I love you."

My father died at 26. His mother died at 26. I felt very relieved to get to 27. My grandfather remarried, to a wonder-

ful woman who was the only grandmother I knew. But, as she was getting close to dying at 94, she revealed that my father's father had never told her he loved her. Why? We knew he did and he showed it, but the two people he had said "I love you" to - his first wife and his son - had been taken from him. He didn't want to tempt fate.

Every one of you reading this in AWON lost a father who wasn't there for your growing up. And if you had been able to find a note with his deepest thoughts about you and your possible futures, it would have made things much more complete. They were in the military, in situations of easy death, and



PBM Martin Mariner amphibian

never got the chance to say those words, to give you those hugs, to let you know you had a place in his heart forever.

I've taught high school in a small rural Oregon school district for the last 44 years - chemistry, physics, history, foreign languages, computers, photography, calligraphy - and I try to let my students know that when you get a job that pays enough for food, shelter, and clothing, money comes in about #6 on your list of life's values. Liking what you're doing, liking where you live, with whom you live, and feeling that you are doing something worthwhile, come much higher in your ultimate values.

Teachers may not get as much money as others with their years of schooling and 14-hour days. But we get the "doing something worthwhile" part in large amounts. We are helping in the building of a future to be lived by educated, moral, adults. Many of you are parents, as I am, and the most worthwhile thing I can do is to give values, honor, and an ethical future to my children.

And I tell them that I love them. I don't want my children to ever be in the position of wondering if my heart encompassed them.

My father made it through World War II alive although there were close calls at times. After the war, he was a rescuer, something definitely worthwhile. He gave his life for others and I wish I had known the man. My mother died at almost 57. I've lived ten years beyond her lifespan and am 41 years older than my father ever got to be.

All of us in AWON have a gift that our fathers never got to have - the luxury of time. We've had time to make mistakes that were not fatal, the time to do better on something the second or third time, and the time to know our children. There's always time enough for love, if we can seize every opportunity to let it shine and warm our lives and those of our family.

AWON Mourns Passing of Mother, Brother

Ceil Sypher Jonas, mother of AWONer Patty Nash Wheeler, passed away unexpectedly December 12, 2012, in Davidson, North Carolina. She was 90.

Ceil was preceded in death by three husbands: Lt. JG Benjamin M. Nash, John M. Murphy, and Dr. Joseph Smith. She is survived by her husband, Ralph Jonas; daughter, Patty, and four additional children; and four grandchildren.

Ceil was supportive of Patty and AWON.

"She was so glad I found AWON and always encouraged my involvement," Patty says. "She met a few other members through the years, especially when we had a memorial service at Arlington some years ago."

Ceil was looking forward to Patty's son's wedding in San Diego in May.

"My parents lived in Coronado during the war, and that's the last place they were together," Patty explains. "My mother really wanted to attend the wedding."

Ceil held a special place in her heart for her first husband until the day she died.

"When we looked at her wallet, we saw photos of me, my half-brother, my son - and my dad. She had carried it all these years - and my son look so much like him."

AWON also wishes to acknowledge the passing of Thomas Bennett of Walled Lake, Michigan. He was the son of Pvt. Sydney W. Bennett, and brother of AWON Founder Ann Bennett Mix. He was 68. He was the father of three and grandfather of two.



Ceil Sypher Jonas, above, and below, with first husband, LTJG Benjamin N. Nash.



USS Lagarto No Longer 'Lost at Sea'

Sometimes dreams come true.

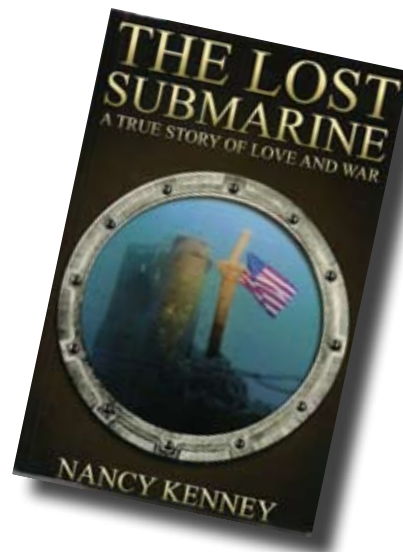
On Memorial Day weekend 2005, AWONer Mary Mabin Kenney's son told her about a dream he had in which he was visited by his grandfather, SM1 William T. Mabin. A week later, the significance of the dream became clear. That's when Kenney learned that her father's sunken submarine, the *USS Lagarto* (SS-371), had been found in the Gulf of Thailand. It was the first missing World War II submarine ever found; almost 60 years to the day when it was lost, and the same week as Kenney's son's dream.

Kenney was two years old when her father's sub went missing in early May 1945. In the 60 years since there was little information available about what happened to the submarine and its 86 crewmembers, leaving the families confused as well as distressed.

Then, in 2005, a British diver found a submarine in 225 feet of water about 90 miles off the coast of Thailand. It was in the same general area the Japanese reported sinking an American sub around the time the *Lagarto* was last heard from. Identifying it wasn't going to be as easy as looking for its hull number on the side, but the ship-

wreck's armament and other distinguishing features coincided with what was known about the *Lagarto*. The U.S. Navy confirmed the wreck was the *Lagarto* in 2006 following a six-day underwater survey.

Kenney explains these events and more in *The Lost Submarine, A True Story of Love and War*. Through official documents, personal diaries, photographs, and



newspaper articles, she gives us the history of the *Lagarto*, from its construction in Manitowoc, Wisconsin, to its last orders in the Pacific and final battle with a Japanese minesweeper. Readers learn what likely happened on its last day, as reported in Japanese records released after the war.

But Kenney also tells an emotional story, drawing from letters between her

mother and father and those of other crewmembers, about what life was like aboard the *Lagarto*, and the plans they had after the war. Kenney shares the thrill of learning about the *Lagarto's* discovery, and then her single-minded efforts to contact the other families, to encourage the Navy to verify the ship's location, and, finally, to hold a memorial service for the *Lagarto's* crew - all while managing a worldwide support network and intense media interest. But most of all, throughout the book's 540 pages we feel Kenney's love for the father she lost at the age of two and found at the age of 62, and her intense desire to honor him and all submariners who have given their lives to the silent service.

The story of the *Lagarto's* discovery appeared in major newspapers such as *The Chicago Tribune* and *USA Today*, and was the subject of a documentary on *The History Channel*. Kenney also recently appeared on WGN Radio in Chicago.

The Lost Submarine, published in November 2012, is available at a discounted price in the AWON Bookstore. It also is available through amazon.com, the Wisconsin Maritime Museum, and other booksellers.



AWON BOOKSTORE

Price List / Order Form



BOOKS

(Authors in **bold** are orphan or family members)

____ **NEW!** *The Lost Submarine: A True Story of Love and War*
by **Nancy Kenney** \$16.00

____ **NEW!** *"Daddy's Gone to War": The Second World War in the Lives of America's Children*
by William M. Tuttle Jr., PhD \$30.00

____ *In My Father's Words: Letters From A World War II Soldier*
by **Bill McElvain** \$16.00

____ *If These Stones Could Talk* **REDUCED!**
by Col. Calvin G. "Jerry" Lyons, USA (Ret) \$20.00

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by **Bruce Brodowski** **REDUCED!** \$7.95

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by **Imogene Woods** and Twelve WWII Infantrymen \$15.00

____ *Full Fathom Five: A Daughter's Search*
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by Raymond S. Ross, PhD. \$10.00

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____ *World War II: A Legacy of Letters - One Soldier's Journey*
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____ *An 8th Air Force Combat Diary*
by John A. Clark \$49.95

____ *When I See a "Forty and Eight" ... I Remember World War Two*
by Jacques Adnet, Lt. Col. USAF (ret.) \$12.00

____ *In Their Memory: American WWII Orphans Network*
by Turner Publishing Company
Standard Book was \$49.95 **REDUCED!** \$10.00
Leatherbound Book was \$79.95 **REDUCED!** \$25.00

____ *The Fighting Tigers: The Untold Story Behind the Names on the Quachita Baptist University WWII Memorial*
by William Downes \$24.95

____ *The War Journey of Major Damon "Rocky" Gause*
by Maj. Damon "Rocky" Gause, foreward by **Damon L. Gause** \$21.95

____ *Soldier's Son*
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____ *No Greater Sacrifice, No Greater Love: A Son's Journey to Normandy*
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____ *D-Day + 60 Years: A Small Piece of Airborne History*
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____ *They Also Served: Women's Stories from the World War II Era*
by Jeanie Sutton Lambright
hardcover \$35.00 softcover \$24.00

____ *Finding Billy*
by **Diana Thompson Dale**, niece \$16.95

____ *Father Found: Life and Death as a Prisoner of the Japanese in World War II*
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by John A. Clark \$49.95

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____ *For Those Who Love, Time Is Not*
by **Kay Brigham** **REDUCED!** \$16.00

____ *Lost in the Victory: Reflections of America's Orphans of WWII*
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by **William C. McGuire II** \$16.95

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by **Michael J. Goodwin** \$19.95



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NEW! Leather and Strings
by Mark LaPointe, grandson of Sgt William G. Aubut
featuring *Somewhere in Germany*, written and sung by Mark
at AWON's 10th conference memorial service \$6.00

___ *Letters of Love and War* (CD for Mac or PC)
by 1LT John and Betty Peirson \$19.44

___ *AWON 2004 Conference & WWII Memorial Dedication*
\$ 5.00*

___ *We Speak Their Names: A Tribute to Our Fathers*
produced by Patrick Tierney and **Terry Boettcher**
was \$15.00 \$ 5.00*

___ *AWON 2000 Conference: Journeys - Finding Our Fathers*
by Justin Taylan was \$15.00 \$ 5.00*

___ *Sleep My Sons: The Story of the Arisan Maru*
by **Shawnee Brittan** \$30.00

AWON Logo Products

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(circle size: S M L XL 2X 3X)

___ Windbreaker (blue) \$40.00
(circle size: S M L XL 2X 3X)

___ Denim shirt ___ short sleeve ___ long sleeve \$40.00
(circle size: S M L XL 2X)

___ Golf shirt ___ white ___ blue \$35.00
(circle size: S M L XL 2X)

___ **NEW! 20th Anniversary Logo T-shirt (navy)** \$20.00
(circle size: S M L XL 2X 3X)

___ Hat \$15.00
___ Scarf (royal blue fleece) \$15.00

___ **NEW! AWON 20th Anniversary Totebag** *\$10.00
* small, P&H included

___ Tote bag (large) \$20.00

___ **NEW! 20th Anniversary Garden Flags** \$15.00
without holder

AWON Gold Star crystal pendant (no chain included):

___ Gold Star crystal pendant 1 1/8" (28mm) \$10.00

___ Gold Star crystal pendant 1 1/2" (40mm) \$20.00

___ *AWON lapel pin \$10.00

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___ *AWON button (2 1/4 inch) \$3.00

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ListServ Lights Up Over Burials

Editor's note: This is a compilation of a discussion on the AWON ListServ in January and February about fathers' burials. More than 30 members shared their memories or knowledge of where their fathers are buried, the details that went into the decision, and their father's final burial service. The stories of those who gave permission for publication are here. Because there were so many contributions, this feature will continue in the June issue.

Just wondering how many of us have had the opportunity to visit our dad's gravesites who are buried here in the United States. In 1947 my dad was repatriated from Henri Chapelle American Cemetery in Belgium to Birmingham, Alabama. The last time I visited his grave was in 1995.

Jamie Duke McCollum
Daughter of Pvt. James D. Duke
KIA 20 Nov 1944
Huertgen Forest, Germany



My father was buried in a temporary cemetery, Manila #2, in the Philippines. He was brought home in 1948 and it was at that time that the military from three different cemeteries were either sent home or reburied in the National Cemetery in Manila. These three cemeteries no longer exist.

My father was brought home after three years. I have the insurance form that he had filled out either when entering the service or going overseas. On this form he had stated that if anything happened he would want to be brought back home and buried at New Salem Cemetery.

I was 18 months at the time of his death and five years old at the time he was brought home. He was brought to the town on a train along with an army escort. I remember so

well the casket at my grandmother's house. I remember the military funeral, especially the sound of the guns. I also remember asking someone at the church why was everyone crying. I don't remember the answer given me. So from all this I would say I didn't really know what was going on.

My father is buried in our hometown cemetery which is right across from the church I attend, so I can look over and see his grave, and now my mother's and sister's, every week. I am fortunate that I can place flowers there for each season and, of course, Memorial Day. From being able to experience this, I had not thought of so many others that even though their fathers may have been brought back the orphans may not live close to their grave and have the opportunity to visit or place flowers.

Bonnie Oates
Daughter of Pfc. Jewell F. Crick
43rd Div., 103rd Inf. Regt., Co. G.
KIA 16 May 1945
Luzon Island, Philippines



My father is buried about 30 miles from where I live. I make a couple specific trips a year, and stop by there several more. I go in the spring and plant new flowers. I did plant tulips, but the caretaker often mows them down. I also plant flowers around a memorial to all the hometown boys who were killed in World War II. There I have also planted tulips, and if I get there soon enough I can prevent those from being mowed down. When the tulips are done, I plant other flowers that will last the summer and then I plant some mums for fall. When I am gone, I know the World War II memorial

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will be neglected. I think I'll plant some daffodils, as they last down through the ages, or so it seems.

Sometimes I think I should have had him buried at Margraten, where the care is excellent. But, the letter he wrote his mother - "Don't worry, Mom, nothing can keep me from coming home." It only took about 28 years, and his mother had died, but he is home.

In Their Memory,
Brenda Kightlinger
Daughter of Pfc. Morris L. Thomas
506th Parachute Inf. Regt., 101st Airborne
Div., *The Screaming Eagles*
MIA Oct 1944 - Dec 1971
KIA 6 Oct 1944 at Opheusden, The Netherlands



My father is buried in the Punch Bowl in Hawaii. I have never been, my son has, but I do have dirt from his grave in a little bottle. I would like to go, but traveling is very difficult for me and I doubt if I will ever have the opportunity to go.

Tatum H. P. Young
Daughter of 1stLt. Lee M. Happ Jr., USMC
KIA 28 June 1944 on Saipan



My father is buried in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. He is in the family plot and was brought back from Italy at my grandparents' request. They tended the grave. Now there are no relatives who live nearby. My last remaining aunt lives in Montana. They still go on Memorial Day, but no one else. I live about a two-day drive away and don't go very often. One reason I don't go is that my father is buried at the far corner of the plot and all the rest are buried close together near my grandparents. There were two brothers who predeceased my father and they were bur-

ied near the center of the plot. Why my dad is relegated to a space so far from the others is a mystery. No one remembered why he wasn't buried by the others. It makes me a little sad and a little mad every time I go.

Before he was brought home my father was buried near Gela, Sicily, then moved when they consolidated cemeteries, then moved to a cemetery in southern Italy. When they did the permanent cemeteries - there are two in Italy - his remains were brought back to the United States. There are no U.S. military cemeteries left in Sicily.

Rosalie Miles Francisco
Daughter of Pvt. Howard C. Miles
KIA 10 July 1943 in Sicily



My father and his brother (KIA a week apart) were brought home to Red Oak, Iowa, in 1947. My father had been buried in Henri Chapelle in 1947 and his brother in the cemetery at Foy, both in Belgium. My grandparents wanted both of them brought home. My mother would have preferred that my father be left in Henri Chapelle, but she acquiesced without comment to my grandparents who were in such terrible emotional pain at that time.

I was only six months old when I last saw my father and just 15 months old when he was killed. However, I do have a memory of the memorial service when both my father and my uncle were brought back for burial. I was only four years old, but the 21-gun salutes at the cemetery, performed once for each of them, frightened me and embedded the memory. I also remember the anguish of my mother and grandparents on that day, but I was too young to figure out what it was all about.

It was a blessing for my grandparents and my aunt that "the boys" were brought home so they were able to visit and decorate their graves. My grandparents and their children had lived in Red Oak til their sons graduated from High School, but moved to Nebras-

ka during the war where Grandpa had work as a general contractor building munitions plants. Their two sons enlisted while they lived in Nebraska. In 1947, when repatriation became possible, I imagine my grandparents had already made plans to move back to Red Oak - an assumption I make because they bought two additional plots for themselves beside their sons. Somewhere around 1953, they moved back to Red Oak, faithfully tended the graves and kept the memory of their sons alive. Now my grandparents and their two sons are buried side by side in the Red Oak cemetery. I now live about 60 miles away and am able to visit his grave at least once a year, usually on Memorial Day.

Red Oak, Iowa, is in Montgomery County - a county that suffered more World War II casualties than any other county in the country. Because of that, Memorial Day is really a sight to behold at the Evergreen Cemetery in Red Oak.

Barbara Braden

Daughter of S/Sgt. William C. Braden
104th Infantry Div., *The Timberwolves*
KIA 23 Feb 1945 at Birkesdorf, Germany
during the crossing of the Roer River

Niece of Pfc. Clyde E. Braden

Silver Star recipient

97th Acorn Div., *Patton's Third Army*
KIA 2 Mar 1945 near Trier, Germany



Solers was a temporary cemetery in north central France near Paris. All the men buried there were disinterred and moved to other permanent burial locations. I imagine that in addition to my father, others from the crew also were buried in Solers before being moved to Epinal. In my father's case, my grandfather had my father's remains returned to the United States and he is buried in the New Albany National Cemetery in New Albany, Indiana, on the Ohio River not far from Louisville, Kentucky.

Growing up in Indianapolis, about a 2-1/2 hour drive north of New Albany, I never knew and no one ever told me that my father was buried so close by. The first time I visited his grave was in the mid-1990s, accompanied by the sole survivor of my father's crew, T/Sgt. Harold Owens. Since I lived in Washington then and New Mexico now I have been able to visit his grave just a few times, perhaps five times in the past 20 years.

If anyone has a father buried in the National Cemetery in Santa Fe and you do not live near New Mexico, I would be happy to visit his grave periodically and leave flowers or whatever you would like on your behalf. Just let me know.

Lorin McCleary III

Son of 2nd Lt. Lorin D. McCleary Jr.

838th BS/487th BG, 8th AF, B-24 Liberator
KIA 11 May 1944, Chateaudun, France



My dad also was repatriated from the Henri Chapelle Cemetery in Belgium in 1947. My grandparents chose to bury him in Greenville, about 40 miles from their home in little Six Mile, South Carolina. In 1980, they decided to move his remains from Greenville to a new perpetual care cemetery in Pickens - about ten miles from their home. I accompanied my then 85-year-old grandfather to observe the disinterment and experienced seeing and touching my father's casket. We declined the offer to open it. As the years went by, I buried my grandmother (1995) and grandfather (1998) beside him. I visit their graves with silk flower arrangements in hand at least twice a year. My most recent visit was December 13th with two of my grandchildren. I told them about my grandparents and my dad, and they helped me say a little prayer in memory of my much loved grandparents and my young father that I never knew. Hearing some of your sto-

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ries, I realize how fortunate I am to be close enough to make those frequent visits.

William C. Dillard

Son of 1stLt. William C. Dillard

B Co., 36th Armored Inf. Regt., 3rd Arm. Div.

DOW 13 Dec 1944 after 12 Dec 1944

assault on Hoven, Germany



My Dad was buried three times. The first time was in Breuna, Germany, but when Eisenhower saw the concentration camps he ordered all servicemen removed from German soil. Then he was buried in Margraten, Holland, and finally he came home to Alton, Illinois, in 1948. I have visited several times and our cousin helps us keep it updated as she lives across the street from the cemetery. When I was researching his burial at Margraten, I was able to make contact with relatives of the two servicemen buried next to him as they listed their serial numbers. One couple had no idea their uncle had been buried there.

Patricia "Pat" Fabri/Phoenix

Daughter of Pvt. Edgar B. Tiemann "Boots"

Co. L, 16th Infantry, 2nd Platoon, 3rd Battalion, 1st Army, *The Big Red One*

KIA 17 April 1945, Tanne, Germany



My father was killed in an air-rescue mission on Mt. Halcon in the Philippines. The rugged trail that might go near the crash site is now closed because of all the deaths of hikers who took the trail. There were 12 other men in the PBM plane with my father, and what was left of the wreckage did not leave individually identifiable remains. I assume dogtags were collected. The remains of all 13 were buried in a common grave at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, quite a ways away from my home in Oregon or his

parents' home in California. But that cemetery was chosen as "central" to the families, but, of course, near to none. I have never been there and nobody else in my family ever has. I've seen a picture of the headstone online with the names of the men interred in that one spot and was able to supply a birthdate for my father, which was missing.

When my mother died in 1977, she had decided to be cremated with ashes scattered at sea. My mother felt that she was not an ancient Egyptian but a Christian, and she did not plan on using her physical body again. But having it turn back into life immediately appealed to her. She said that graves do the same thing, but it takes far too long, especially with embalming. She wanted to "return the debt" of life that had been given to her. And besides, she said, any time we visited the beach, we were visiting her grave and part of her would wash around us in an embrace.

And, in our time, we too will "return the gift" of our bodies to the whole be used again to make more life. "Life" endures, even if our particular bit does not. Ah, but memories of loved ones last as long as someone takes the time to remember. And that's what we, as a group, do at AWON. And I'm sure our dead would give thanks for that as we speak their names.

Richard Adams

Son of Lt. Claude W. Adams Jr., USN

Killed on an air rescue mission, 28 July 1946



My Father was buried in La Combe Cemetery in France. My Grandmother Ott had him brought home in 1948. La Combe is now a German cemetery where German soldiers are buried in mass graves. My heart hurts for them even though my father was killed by Germans. They were soldiers doing what they had to, as our dads were, and deserve better - my opinion only. My dad is buried in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, next to

his parents. I am grateful to be able to visit his grave, too. The cemetery is old and on a big hill. There are a lot of big trees with lots of roots and rather than grass, there are weeds. They have a caretaker and they do the best they can, but as I said, it is very old and very big. I do have to say, the best time is in the fall when the trees are so beautiful.

Janice Ott Buterbaugh
Daughter of Pfc. Maurice J. Ott



Editor's Note: This feature will continue in the June issue of The Star.

If you would like to participate or read discussions like this, remember that the AWON ListServ is a benefit of membership. Contact ListServ Moderators Judy Hoffman at jghoffman@satx.rr.com, or Judy Hathaway at judy0305@yahoo.com, and they will get you registered.

Once registered you will be able to write to and receive messages from the ListServ, just like you do regular email. If you prefer, you can receive messages in digest mode in which several messages are "bundled" into one email. A digest is emailed once a day or less, depending on the amount of traffic. If there is a popular topic being discussed you might receive more than one digest per day for a couple days.

If you are relatively new to AWON, the AWON ListServ is a great way to introduce yourself and your story to the group, and learn about other members. If you have been a member for a while it is a great way to stay connected with AWON friends or reintroduce yourself and your story. Either way, the AWON ListServ is a way for members to share stories and questions with one another in "real time."

DPMO 2013 Family Update Meeting Schedule Set

Several times a year, in various cities around the country, the Defense POW/Missing Personnel Office (DPMO) holds meetings for families of American servicemembers from World War II, the Korean War, South East Asia, and the Cold War, who are missing in action. These briefings are designed to keep family members informed of the U.S. government's worldwide mission to account for those still missing, and to discuss in detail the latest information available about specific cases.

At the Family Update meetings there are formal presentations, question-and-answer sessions, and one-on-one discussions between government officials and family members. Speakers include senior officials, experts, and scientists who work in the wide range of tasks associated with the POW/MIA mission.

DPMO has conducted these update programs since 1995. In 2012, 190 World War II families attended a meeting. About 150-200 family members and 30 government officials attend each meeting. More than half the attendees at each meeting are first timers.

For more information about DPMO's Family Update meetings, visit http://www.dtic.mil/dpmo/family_events/. There is a link on the right side of the page to register.

2013 Family Update Schedule

January 12	San Diego, CA
February 23	Albuquerque, NM
March 16	Birmingham, AL
April 20	Spokane, WA
June 13-14	Washington, D.C.
July 13	Salt Lake City, UT
September 7	Denver, CO

Guidelines for Submitting Material for Publication

- Topics considered for publication in *The Star* include, but are not limited to, unit reunions, visiting battle or crash sites, cemeteries, ceremonies, seeking or finding families and veterans, poetry, etc.

- Email copy-ready articles and photos to the editor in Word, WordPerfect, RTE, formats, or in the body of an email. High resolution jpeg, bitmap, gif or tiff images are preferred. Text and photos also can be mailed. Photos returned upon request.

- Please keep text to one page (500 to 1,000 words),

- Preference is given to material written by and about AWON members.

- Authors retain copyright to published original writing. Permission to reprint should be obtained from the author by contacting the editor.

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**Deadline for the
June Issue
is May 1**

AWON Board Business 21 October 2012 National Conference

Financial Report: **Jerry Pinkerton** gave a financial report. Dues revenue has increased due to the new discounted multi-year membership option. Expenses year-to-date are under budget. There is an approximate \$5,400 surplus year-to-date, with a balance in the operating fund of about \$43,000 and a CD of about \$40,000.

Directors' Reports: Directors' reports were distributed to the membership. Each director discussed their responsibilities: **Norma Nicol Hamilton** on the future placement of the AWON Archives, **Judy Hathaway** on the new AWON color brochure, **Bonnie Oates** on the AWON election nominating committee, **Gerry Morenski** on the AWON database, **Norm Burkey** on the Reading Air Show, **Kathy Le Comte** on *The Star*, and **Judy Geis Hoffman** on the AWON Listserv.

Membership: AWON Database Manager Gerry Morenski discussed how the membership process has been organized and simplified. Currently there are 629 members, 507 of whom are orphan members, and 33 members who are new for 2012 to date. There are records for more than 4,000 individuals in the database.

2014 Conference: **Ed Peters** announced that the next conference will be in Seattle in 2014, chaired by **Judi Hollis Kramer** and **Barry Barr-Finch**. **Sam Tannenbaum** announced that he and **Paul Bremer** would host the 2016 conference in Florida.

AWON Officers: The board re-elected the current officers: Ed Peters as president, Gerry Morenski as vice president, Judy Geis Hoffman as secretary and Jerry Pinkerton as treasurer.

Regional Coordinators: Barry Barr-Finch announced that he needs more Regional Coordinators and a backup since he will be busy with conference work for the next two years.

Financial Assistance: **Millie McConnell Cavanaugh** suggested that AWON help people financially who can't afford to attend conferences. Ed appointed Millie chair of an ad hoc committee to look into this suggestion and report back to the board.

Bill Chiodo will assist with tax consequences.

Next Board Meeting: The next regularly scheduled meeting of the AWON Board of Directors is January 20, 2013.

Judith Hoffman, Secretary

This is a condensed version of the minutes. For the complete minutes, visit awon.org.

American WWII Orphans Network

Application, Registration & Renewal Form

- ☐ I would like to become a member
☐ Register my father/family member and me only
☐ Renew my membership

Information about You

(please print clearly)

Name _____

Spouse's Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Phone _____ (home, work, cell, other)

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Relationship to Serviceman _____

Your Date of Birth _____

Do you prefer to receive *The Star* electronically? Y N

(Checking Y means you will not receive a copy in the mail. You will receive an email notification to read your copy online.)

Where did you hear about AWON? _____

Information about WWII Serviceman Who Died

Be as complete as possible. If you do not have some of the information, leave it blank and we may be able to provide it to you. Do not delay mailing the application for lack of information.

Name _____

Last First M.I.

Birth Date _____ Date of Death _____

Place of Death _____

Where Buried _____

Military Unit _____

Service Number _____

Additional details about serviceman's death and/or service: (rank, medals, etc.)

Home Town and State _____

Wife's Maiden Name _____

Did widow remarry? Y N

Names and addresses of your siblings with same father, and/or additional family members:

(Please include information on another sheet, if necessary.)

Membership Levels

Any child of a member of the U.S. Armed Forces, Coast Guard or Merchant Marine, who was killed, remains missing in action, or who died in the line of duty or later died of wounds or injuries sustained during World War II, is eligible to join as an **Orphan Member**. Any direct relative is eligible to join as a **Family Member**. Any individual, including friends of those killed in World War II, those who wish to participate in AWON activities, or organizations with an interest in and compatible with AWON's purposes and goals, are eligible to join as an **Associate Member**.

Check Your Membership Category:

☐ Orphan ☐ Family ☐ Associate

Dues Options

Basic annual membership dues are \$25. Sponsor, Gold Star and Multi-year memberships also are available:

	1 Year	3 Year	5 Year
Basic	\$25	\$70	\$110
Sponsor	\$50	\$140	\$220
Gold Star	\$100	\$280	\$440

AWON greatly appreciates gifts beyond these levels.

Amount Enclosed: \$ _____

I give permission to AWON to release my name, address, email address, phone number and relationship to and pertinent information about the serviceman to other members. I understand the list of members is confidential and will *never* be sold or given to any other organization or business. I hereby release AWON from any liability that may arise from the release of information.

Signature (optional) _____

AWON is a humanitarian, nonprofit, nonpolitical, public service organization under Section 501(c)3 of the U.S. Federal Tax code (EINB #91-1538912). Membership is not required to register in our database.

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AWON Mission

To locate and bring together sons and daughters of those who died or are missing as a result of American involvement in World War II, honor the service and sacrifice of our fathers and provide information and support to these people who were orphaned by the war.

AWON Directory

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