

W O R L D W A R I I M E M O I R S :

Personal Stories

of the

Greatest Generation

As told by parishioners of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church
Richmond, Virginia

Compiled by Lyn Presson
Edited by Nancy B. Emerson

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INTRODUCTION

Faith in God, love of country and personal sacrifice by the men and women in this book and their families are just a few of the virtues that define “The Greatest Generation.” Honor, courage, an indomitable spirit, and perhaps even a little mischief are part of their stories of World War II. The people included in this publication were at one time members of St. Stephen’s Episcopal Church in Richmond, Virginia. These heroes have given us a gift of freedom through their patriotism and bravery.

Some of the following accounts were written in the first person. Others were gleaned from various sources, including articles and interviews. Their stories will take you from the pilot’s seat of a P-38 over Europe onto ships in the Pacific fleet to ground battles in the Philippines.

Many thanks go to Lyn Presson, who began research for this book in 2003. At that time she was on the staff of St. Stephen’s Church and contacted the church’s list of World War II veterans for information on their war experiences, some of which they provided in riveting detail. We both were fortunate to know many of them and to hear about their exploits firsthand.

Nancy B. Emerson, Editor

Views expressed by contributors to this collection are those of the individual author.



(Above) Dedication of the Patriots Window; this plaque hangs in the narthex, the vestibule inside the west entrance of St. Stephen’s Church. Photo by Kim Lee Schmidt.

(Right) Photo of the Patriots Window by Doug Buerlein.





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B52s over the Pacific

Nathan Bushnell III | 1941–1946

From early April 1941 until early April 1946, I spent five frustrating years volunteering for combat duty. Of course, during that period I also spent most of my waking moments performing a huge number of routine and special duties, which were assigned to me and will be the focus of this treatise. I was highly successful in one particular respect: I came home unscathed! Had I been given just one of those volunteer assignments, I might have been shipped home in a box...thank you, God!

First, I “volunteered” to be drafted eight months prior to Pearl Harbor because, like so many others, I “saw it coming.” Originally assigned to the Field Artillery at Fort Meade, Maryland, I requested a transfer to the adjacent 176th Infantry, primarily Richmond residents. My starting pay was \$21 a month plus room and board. But, having the experience of four years in the John Marshall High School Cadet Corps, from which I graduated as first captain, I was soon promoted to corporal with the munificent pay of \$54 a month plus room and board.

During the summer of 1941 we, along with thousands of others, were sent to the Carolinas on extensive maneuvers. We were on our way back to Fort Meade on December 7 when we heard of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. Immediately, rumors were flying.

Apparently, because the 176th Infantry was considered one of the nation’s best, we were assigned to guard the U.S. Capitol. That was without question the most

terrible assignment I ever had: two hours on duty, four off; two on, four off – apparently forever. Needless to say, after four months of that wretched duty, I was thrilled to be selected to attend Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning, Georgia. So, three months later, along with about 60 others, we received the gold bars that made us 2nd lieutenants – “90-day wonders.” By coincidence, I was sent to Fort Meade and assigned to a 90-day training cadre. As the 90 days came to an end, I asked the commanding officer to allow me to “ship out” with the graduating class. “No way,” he boomed, and promoted me to 1st lieutenant. He already had assigned me to be a battalion platoon officer. Next class, same answer. “Lieutenant, you are worth a lot more to the war effort here in Maryland than you would be as a dead lieutenant on one of those beaches in Africa.” Good thinking!

About this time our top sergeant told me he had learned that one of our best recruits was underage. I called him in and asked his age. “Eighteen,” he said. “But I have reason to believe you are 16,” I said. He confessed but assured me his older brother already was enlisted and his parents agreed to lie about his age; and he was a crackerjack soldier. So! Who was I to pop his balloon? “OK Murphy,” I said. “Good luck!” and never gave it a second thought—until the war was over and I saw a vaguely familiar face on the cover of LIFE magazine. Audie L. Murphy, the most decorated soldier in World War II – probably my greatest contribution to the war effort. I never saw him again, but I read an interview some time later in which he

told essentially the same story you have just read.

My duties with the training cadre were interesting and challenging and I knew they were important, but no combat. It seemed to me that the branch doing most of the fighting was the Air Corps. So I slipped off to the nearest recruiting station to see if I could pass the tests. I did and immediately requested transfer to flight school. Pre-flight, primary, basic, senior, graduated in Class 43-K, December 1943. I requested assignment to Fighters, but was sent to Montgomery, Alabama to fly four-engine B-24 Liberators. Big problem: Along with several others in my class, including the flight surgeon, I got bends at 16,000 Feet. No problem: I was reassigned to Albany, Georgia to teach senior cadets to fly twin-engine B-25s. This was one of the toughest and most versatile planes in the Air Corps. The Japanese hated it; I loved it and enjoyed teaching it; but that wasn’t combat – remember me?!

After about six months and when our commanding officer was away on temporary duty, I asked the adjutant why my name was not on the list of graduates being sent off to combat duty. (My desire was well known.) “The C.O. didn’t tell me you were shipping out,” said the adjutant. “But he told me,” I lied. I think that was my only lie in five years in the army—maybe in my life! Anyway, that was the only way I finally got overseas, joining the 41st Bomb Group, which was then enjoying R&R at Hickham Field, Hawaii.

My new C.O. quickly learned of my desire for

action and gave me my first assignment: flying navigational escort to about 30 P-51s from Hickham to Johnson Island, Majura, Kwajalein, Eniwetok and final destination, Tinian, Saipan, (now part of the Commonwealth of Northern Mariana Islands). B-25s had a crew of six: pilot, co-pilot, navigator/bombardier, crew chief/mechanic, radioman and tail gunner. Fighter planes had pilots with minimum knowledge of navigation. Over thousands of miles of ocean, they would have been hopelessly lost.

On one of these trips, we were held for several days in the atoll Majura. I met a naval pilot who told me he was flying air-sea rescue the next day to Maloelap, a Japanese atoll about a hundred miles away, which had been bypassed by the U.S. Since it only could offer token resistance, the “powers” decided this would be a good opportunity for the fighters to get a “taste of combat.” I volunteered to fly co-pilot with my friend. When I saw Maloelap totally denuded of anything living, I said as much. “Let me show you,” he said and, totally disregarding his very specific orders to stay at least three miles away, he flew directly over the island. It erupted and, for the only time in my life, I saw tracer bullets streaming towards us. We were hit several times, but with little damage: my Navy pilot found himself in lots of trouble and, for once in my life, I knew what it was like to be shot at – not much fun!

Following several months of these navigational escort missions, another pilot, Captain J. C. Sledd, and I were selected to lead 13 B-25 crews to Tinian, where we were to “await further orders.” On arrival, we reported to the island commander, an infantry colonel who had never heard of us. “You don’t even have a name,” he said. “I’ll call you the Sledd/Bushnell Air Force,” which he and everyone else did until the end of the war, which wasn’t too far off.

Several months later, I was selected to lead a strike from Guam against the bypassed Truk atoll (now called Chuuk). I had learned my lesson at Maloelap,

but I opened the cockpit window and from three miles away, I opened fire with my pistol – in five years the only shots I actually fired at the enemy.

On August 6, 1945, President Truman ordered the first atomic bomb to be dropped on Hiroshima. Three days later a second was dropped on Nagasaki. Thank you, Mr. Truman! Without those devastating weapons, we would have been forced to invade the homeland. Every man, woman and child in Japan had been armed and instructed to fight to the bitter end. It would have been ghastly – forced to fight women and children and the elderly. And few people are aware that nearly coincidental with the invasion, we would have been confronted with the worst storm in the history of the U.S. Navy. I’m very familiar with that storm: I was in it! In the days following the storm, I flew air-sea rescue several times. There were no survivors in the ocean. I didn’t know at the time, but one of the victims for whom I was searching was my new brother-in-law, Henry Decker. This storm was similar to the one that struck Kubla Khan and his presumably invincible Chinese and Mongol army in 1281. That savage typhoon destroyed more than 4,000 ships and more than 100,000 of the 142,000-man invasion force. The Japanese named this Kamikaze: “The Divine Wind.”

All good things and bad things ultimately must end – including wars – and this brief narrative of my experience. A couple of weeks after the surrender, one of my classmates flew to Okinawa and invited me to spend a few days with him in Japan. Why not? Don’t ask – just go – the war was over. I went and I am very glad I did. (My C.O. was somewhere in China.) Surprisingly, although Tokyo was 90 percent destroyed, every street was open: bomb craters were filled in but navigable! The people were very friendly and, where appropriate, ready to do business. I had hated them, but rapidly came to admire them. They (and Germany) are now two of my favorite countries – the people are great; they were simply misled, as has been the case so frequently throughout history.

Again, by coincidence, I found myself in Fort Meade. Five years: Full circle. My mother’s hair was completely white, and my father’s completely gone. But thank God, despite all my volunteering, I had returned unscathed: no medals, no wounds, no regrets. I had carried out my orders as instructed – most of the time.

I volunteered to fly co-pilot with my friend. When I saw Maloelap totally denuded of anything living, I said as much. “Let me show you,” he said and, totally disregarding his very specific orders to stay at least three miles away, he flew directly over the island. It erupted and, for the only time in my life, I saw tracer bullets streaming towards us. We were hit several times, but with little damage: my Navy pilot found himself in lots of trouble and, for once in my life, I knew what it was like to be shot at.

Note: My Dad, God bless him, was a member of St. Stephen’s Church who served in the Intelligence Corps of the U.S. Navy during World War I and World War II.

Nate Bushnell died September 20, 2014.

From Buck Private to Corporal in Three Days

Edgar Hatcher Crenshaw, Jr.

On February 6, 1943, as a 19-year-old college student, I was drafted into the U.S. Army as a private at Fort Bragg, North Carolina. Three days later, I was ordered to report to the company commander's office, where I was told that I had been selected to accompany 11 new recruits to a basic training camp in St. Petersburg, Florida. Later, it was confirmed that I was chosen out of the group because I had just completed 2½ years of college and was considered more educationally qualified than other new soldiers.

To substantiate my assignment as the leader of the group, I was immediately promoted to corporal. Not bad, from buck private to corporal in three days.

The trip on a regular day coach civilian train went without any problems. When 12 of us arrived in Florida, we were joined by many others for our 12 weeks of intensive military basic training.

During this period, I was interviewed by one of the company officers. He explained that my records had revealed that I had satisfactorily completed two years of college Spanish and that the Army was interested in testing me as a possible Spanish translator/interpreter.

It was not until after I had completed my basic training that I was sent to a camp in Missouri for testing, both



written and oral. I was also thoroughly interrogated regarding my family connections as well as my personal viewpoints on many subjects. They wanted someone who had no connections in any way with the enemies of the United States.

Within a few weeks, I ended up at the University of Wisconsin in Madison and was enrolled in a specialized Italian language program for nine months. The U.S. military was not at war with Spain but with Italy, and there was a great need for Italian translators.

After finishing the course, I was assigned to an Italian prisoner-of-war camp in the United States, serving two years, mostly at Fort Ord, California.

The Italian soldiers and sailors had been captured earlier in the North African campaign and had been sent to the U.S. as our enemies. Since their arrival, Italy had renounced its association with the Axis Powers and had become a co-belligerent with the Allies.

There were four American servicemen assigned as interpreters for a company of 120 Italians. The POWs had their own officers and non-commissioned officers who supervised their activities and lived with them in an open barracks. There were three private rooms in the building; two were occupied by the Italian leaders and one by an American interpreter.

The POWs were organized into separate groups and were assigned to specific areas of work on the military base – supply and repair at the quartermaster department, service clubs, lawn service and landscaping

and other non-sensitive areas. According to the Geneva Conventions, they were paid \$26 per month.

As an Italian interpreter/translator, I was to assist both the American and Italian commanders, to teach an English class to the POWs, and to be in charge of the mess hall.

Thankfully, our Italian mess sergeant had owned a restaurant in Italy before joining the military. He was a professional chef in every way. Two things I learned my first day with him: 1. Italians do not eat corn (it's for the animals) and 2. pasta is a daily food.

Since certain items needed for Italian cooking were in short supply, I made some food exchanges with other American mess halls. The best exchanges were made when I brought in an extra, freshly baked Italian dish for them.

In the two years I lived and worked with the Italian POWs for two years, many incidents and events happened – some serious, some funny, and some just so-so. Most of the POWs were not proficient in English, so the four of us spoke Italian in our conversations with them.

A POW art student was assigned to the kitchen as a cook's helper. He painted a mural on our dining hall wall of the famous Roman monument Romulus and Remus and the wolf. Since he was unable to get any paint, the work of art was done with grape juice. It was a masterpiece to all of us.

There was an American interpreter on duty 24/7. One night during my watch, a POW had a ruptured appendix and was rushed to the hospital. The doctor had to operate immediately. I explained to the patient what was happening, and he was very frightened. I went with him into the operating room, talked and held his hand trying to comfort him. After he went under, I stayed and watched them cut into his stomach. The next thing I knew I was being revived on another table. I had

fainted at the sight of the blood rushing out. It cured me of ever wanting to be a doctor.

Another time, a POW knocked on my door and asked permission to enter. He told me that he wanted to kill himself. He sat down and said that it was his wife's birthday, and he was 6,000 miles from her. We talked for at least an hour. I finally convinced him that his wife was thinking of him on her birthday and that she would be devastated if he did not return home when the war ended. He cried a little, thanked me and left. A few days later he thanked me again and apologized for bothering me. Afterwards, he couldn't do enough for me.

Once a military base amateur talent show was to be held, open to everyone including the POWs. An Italian lieutenant was to play a concertina (small accordion) that he had brought from home. He suggested that there were four singers in our group that sang well and that they should perform. I talked to them about forming a quartet and singing some Italian songs. They agreed but wanted to end their part of the program with an American song. I coached them and they sang "Dixie" (in English), which brought down the house.

VE Day (Victory in Europe) on May 8, 1945, ended the war in Europe. The Italians were thrilled and so were the Americans. VJ Day (Victory over Japan) on August 14, 1945, ended World War II. Five months later the Italians returned to Italy. We left Oakland, California harbor, sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge down the Pacific Ocean to Panama, through the canal and on to Naples. It was a happy voyage for all since the Italians were going home at last. At our landing in Italy, it was an emotional sight, seeing families there to meet their loved ones.

Returning to New York City, then back to California, I was discharged from the military in April 1946.

POSTSCRIPT: I returned to college in June 1946 and graduated from Duke University in August 1947. A few years later, I joined the U.S. Army Reserves and was commissioned a 2nd lieutenant. Twenty-seven years later, I retired as a colonel with 30 years' service. Even later, I was appointed as a military Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Virginia with the rank of brigadier general.

Hatcher Crenshaw died October 14, 2017.

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‘It was just something we thought we ought to do’

Sam Derieux

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, many young men wanted to get into one of the armed services as soon as possible. That was not because we were brave or foolhardy. It was just something we thought we ought to do. Before I enlisted, it was not unusual for me to be walking down the street and meet a group of soldiers who would call out, “Boy, why aren’t you in the Army?” We were subject to the draft at 18 but could enlist at 17.

Before I turned 17, I thought I looked old enough to fool the recruiters and went to the U.S. Marines recruiting station. A crusty old Marine sergeant looked up at me and said, “What’s the matter with you, boy? You tired of living?” On my 17th birthday, I enlisted in the Navy.

Most of my time was spent in training facilities. Training dragged out longer than I had expected, so I went to the executive officer one day with a request that I be transferred to where the action was – the Pacific. His response was, “Derieux, if I knew how to get anyone out of here, it would be me!”

Unless you count flying out over the Atlantic, I was never out of this country. That was when I was stationed at the Naval Air Station at Opa-Locka, Florida. One of my friends charitably summed up my war experience by saying that the enemy did not attack South Florida the entire time I was there.

After the war ended, I was released at the Charleston, South Carolina Navy Yard. From there, I went to see my maternal grandparents near Greer, South Carolina. Living with them at that time was my grandmother’s oldest sister, whose age and condition were such that she could no longer live alone. She saw me in my uniform and repeatedly said to me, “I bet you didn’t come back loving those Yankees, did you?” I found it best not to try to explain which war had just ended, so I would just say, “No, Ma’am, I sure didn’t!”

Sam Derieux died March 8, 2020.



'I am going to war and fight for my country'

J. Douglas Freeman

By Nancy B. Emerson

Doug Freeman's service in the U.S. Navy began in boot camp outside Chicago where he took and passed a swimming test required of enlistees. The Navy also had a swim team they used as a recruiting tool. It competed against colleges and universities. After Mr. Freeman passed his test, the chief petty officer approached him and said, "Slim, I can tell that you swim competitively," to which he replied, "Yes, sir." The officer continued, "Jump in and show me a couple of laps." Once Mr. Freeman completed the order, the chief petty officer said, "You look pretty good." He told young Freeman that he did not have a place on the team but offered to hold him until one opened. To this Mr. Freeman replied, "No sir. I am going to war and fight for my country." To that the officer responded, "You are one dumb SOB because you are going to war and get killed."

Mr. Freeman subsequently served as coxswain (petty officer 3rd class) aboard the USS Audubon, APA (Auxiliary Personnel Assault ship) 149. He was awarded the Pacific Theater Ribbon with one campaign star for the invasion of Okinawa. The Audubon also delivered troops to various islands in the Philippines. "Although that was not characterized as an invasion, we did get shot at," he said. Despite the dangers they faced, Mr. Freeman chose to relay some of the lighter moments aboard the ship.

One involved a group of sailors who decided to go for a swim. The Navy required that the waters first

be inspected by the Health Department and that permission be granted before anyone was allowed to swim. Six sailors decided to ignore the rules and jumped in anyway. A new officer called them out of the water and said, "You people are on report." He asked, "You on the left, what is your name and rank?" and continued down the line. He took the list of names and violations to the captain who replied, "Lieutenant, you've been had." All of the sailors had given him false names.

Another episode involved a motor machinist. The captain discovered that the machinist had built a working still in one of the lockers below decks. Impressed with his engineering skill, the captain did not have the sailor court-martialed. According to Mr. Freeman, the "topsiders" did not think much of the engineers below and vice versa. Thus, Coxswain Freeman was never offered any of the hooch.

Near the end of the war, the USS Audubon received a "plain language message" to return to the U.S. "full speed ahead." It took about 10 days. When the ship arrived in San Francisco, there was no liberty for anyone. For the first time in her history, the crew did not operate their own cranes. The rumor was that the ship was selected for its anonymity and was carrying bomb components. The crew was very nervous being at sea with the suspected cargo. Although a coxswain, Mr. Freeman's job at that point was as a bosun's mate. The captain said, "Bosun, go to the alarm and summon all the officers and enlisted men," so he activated the public-address system. "On second thought, I'll make the announcement," said the captain. "All hands, this is

the captain speaking. I want every officer and enlisted man to know that I have complete confidence and faith in you. The cargo we are carrying is 5,000 cases of whiskey." The Philippines had been secured, and the liquor was bound for the All-Allies Officers' Club there. After two days at sea, a fellow sailor said to Mr. Freeman, "If I steal some, will you drink it?" When the shipment was unloaded, it was 215 cases short. They never found a single bottle of the missing liquor.

Doug Freeman died August 11, 2018.

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‘Sacrifice of a Patriot’

John Halsey

Excerpts from a homily by the Rev. Stephen Y. McGehee delivered at John Halsey’s memorial service

You know, as I’ve been thinking about John over the past few weeks, I keep coming back to something fundamental to who I think he really was, deep down. And in John I see a patriot whose adult formation began right there in the “rat” line of VMI in Lexington. I’ve known John my entire life, but unless I was told, I would never have known the extent to which he sacrificed himself in the service of his country.

Believe it or not, John entered the military by way of the last horse-cavalry class in the Army during World War II. After graduation from Officer Candidate School as a 2nd lieutenant, he was assigned to the “mechanized” cavalry, which, according to his brother Brent, generally replaced the horse units. The mechanized cavalry used fast, four-wheel, armored reconnaissance vehicles.

And it was out of his service in that unit that John spent nine months in the hospital after stepping on a landmine in Germany. The explosion blew out his eardrum and severely injured his head and leg. And while he was in the hospital recuperating from his injuries, John lost touch with his family, who understandably were worried to death about his whereabouts and his safety.

The more I live my own life, the more I understand how we all spend much of our lives trying to understand those things we encounter that have truly tested us along the way. For some, the challenges of life can be overwhelming. But ironically, for others, they can be the seeds of new life – a sure sign of God’s enduring presence even in the midst of adversity. And in John’s case, I think, in the end, his war injuries did not debilitate him but rather seemed to instill in him a deep humility as well as a desire for a new life altogether.

John Halsey died May 23, 2017.

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From Tanks to Typewriters

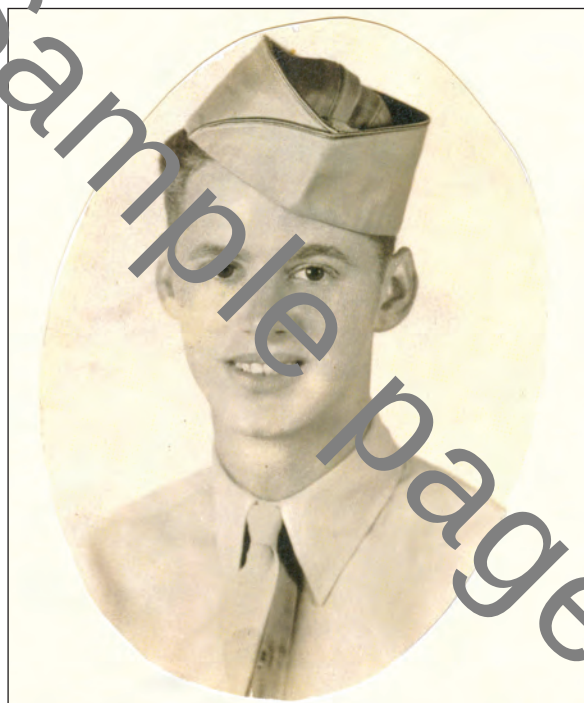
Earl Hamner, Jr.

I wish I could report that I spent my Army career performing one heroic deed after another. Not true. And it was the Army's fault. The first mistake the Army made was to assign me to the Tank Corps at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. In my first week of training, I succeeded in getting an M-4 tank so mired in that Missouri mud that it took TWO M-4 tanks to extract it.

There was little or no grief at Fort Leonard Wood when I was reassigned, this time to a program called the Army Specialized Training Program. I was sent to the University of Kentucky at Lexington, where I was told that I would study engineering. If the Army had looked into my academic records, they would have discovered that I had flunked freshman math at the University of Richmond at least three times.

Mercifully the ASTP was dissolved, and I was shipped overseas to a replacement depot in a village in England called Nantwich. To fill the time while we replacements were waiting to be sent into battle, they trained us in the art of defusing land mines, and it went into my records that I was an "expert"! This had not been an ambition of mine. Even for a less expert practitioner of the art, the life expectancy on the battlefield is about 20 minutes.

The Normandy invasion was long since over by the time I crossed the Channel and landed on Omaha Beach. One of my worst acrophobia attacks came when I looked over the side of the transport ship to a landing



craft, which appeared to be miles down below, and discovered that the only way to get there was on a rope ladder.

Somehow, I reached shore and followed (at a safe distance) the advancing front line. Sometimes a German plane would strafe the area, but that was nothing compared to the worry that at any moment I might be

called upon to replace some unfortunate land mine defuser.

Finally, we reached the village of Etampes, just south of Paris. We were bivouacked in pup tents on the grounds of an estate. One midnight I was awakened, along with several other soldiers, and told we finally were being assigned to a unit. We were loaded into one of those six-by-six trucks, the ones with the oval opening at the back. I looked out on the countryside, enjoying every precious moment of being alive, and then the countryside gave way to city streets. It dawned on me that we were driving through Paris and that I was going to have a glimpse of Paris before I died.

But then the truck came to a stop. A forbidding top sergeant appeared and announced, "Welcome to the Five Forty Second Quartermaster Corps. I'm in charge here and I'm one mean bastard. Now find some place to bed down for the night."

It turned out that when my records finally had been examined, the Army learned my true gifts, that I was not a warrior, not a tank driver, and not a defuser of land mines, but a clerk typist, and that is how they put me to work and that is how we won the war.

Virginian Earl Hamner is remembered as the writer of The Homecoming, The Waltons, Spencer's Mountain, and other novels, films, and television series. Before he died in 2016, he shared this memory for St. Stephen's collection.

‘Your patriotic cooperation in this matter will be greatly appreciated’

Jacque Herod

In my senior year at the College of William and Mary, I received a letter dated January 20, 1943, from the War Department Headquarters, Office of the Chief Signal Officer. The dean of the college had submitted my name, and the letter stated, “Your name has been referred to this office as one available for civilian employment upon graduation in June.” On March 3, another War Department letter advised that I was being enrolled in the correspondence course in Elementary Military Cryptography to be conducted by Army officers at the college in the evenings during the spring. The letter concluded with the statement, “You are advised that your enrollment in this course is a confidential matter and neither it nor the nature of the materials which are being sent to you under separate cover should be publicized.” That meant that not even my family should know what I was doing! A civil service form, medical form, family affidavit and personal security questionnaire followed. On May 29, a letter advised that I had been accepted for an SP4 position (assistant cryptographic specialist, Army Signal Corps) and should report for duty on July 9. All letters ended with “Your patriotic cooperation in this matter will be greatly appreciated.”

Our classes at the college were taught by an Army officer in a 3rd floor law school classroom with another officer guarding the door. Our materials were left with the instructor each evening, sealed with black tape in large



manila envelopes. Training continued after arriving at the Army post in Arlington, where I remained in the training school section until I had received background clearance by the FBI. I was assigned to a group of 12 working under an Army Captain Vogel. (Being a Virginian, I was fascinated to learn that he had played a major role in breaking the code used by William Byrd in writing his “Diary.”) Our unit was assigned a variety of tasks.

I worked for a while with a young man whose parents had been missionaries in Japan. He had grown up in Japan. He was crippled from polio so could not have been drafted into the Army, but he could speak Japanese. (The United States was extremely handicapped by the lack of Americans who knew the language.) I typed the transcripts as he, my co-worker, translated intercepted conversations between Japanese kamikaze pilots and their home base – mostly ranting and raving about the glory of dying for the Emperor. (My husband was a gunnery officer on an aircraft carrier in the Pacific when a kamikaze crashed on its flight deck.)

The postal service scanned mail closely during the war, especially mail in and out of coastal port cities. They had a technique using a liquid chemical that would disclose coded messages not visible to the naked eye. Too, the postal service would send us letters that had some indication of code usage, such as personal codes devised by Army

and Navy personnel to tell their families where they were fighting; i.e., in what country or on what body of water, etc. How different communication was in World War II!

One group of letters on which we worked involved correspondence between people in U.S. port cities using secret ink. After working for weeks as more and more letters between these people were intercepted by the post office, we determined that a page from a certain book was needed to decipher their coded messages. We believed that the word “ballet” was in the title of the book and the page needed was 109. (After all these years, I still remember that number!) I was dispatched to the Library of Congress to search for the book. On the second afternoon of working all day at the library and checking seemingly hundreds of books, I found the one we needed. My heart was in my throat. In the event that my search would be successful, the captain had instructed me to call him from the library so he could dispatch an Army car for me! We never were allowed to use page 109 to decode messages in the letters, so we never knew what they were about. The book and the letters went immediately to the Pentagon!

I was fascinated by code work, but it was very, very tedious. There was real satisfaction in helping with the war effort, but I would never choose it for my life's work!

Jacque Herod died May 30, 2013.



Jack Newton Herod, whom Jacque married after the war, was an officer in the U.S. Navy. During World War II, he served in the Pacific Theater as a Lieutenant aboard the aircraft carrier USS Randolph (CV-15) which participated in the raids on Tokyo, the invasion of Iwo Jima, the Battle of Okinawa, and strikes across the Japanese Islands. He was injured in March 1945 when the USS Randolph was struck by a kamikaze while the ship was anchored at Ulithi Atoll.

While serving aboard the USS Randolph, he compiled and edited the 1946 cruise book, *The Gangway: A Pictorial History of the U.S.S. Randolph's First Year at Sea*. (October 9, 1944, to October 9, 1945).

After the war, he joined the Naval Reserves and achieved the rank of Captain. He commanded the USS Loeser (DE-680), an escort training ship. When President Kennedy called up the reserves during the 1961 Berlin crisis, the USS Loeser was recommissioned October 2, 1961. She arrived at Guantanamo Bay on October 19 for patrol duty along the eastern coast of Cuba.

Jack Herod went on to serve as assistant city attorney for Richmond, died at age March 10, 1967, after a brief illness. He was 47.



a bugler playing Taps. I doubt if there was a dry eye among my group of old warriors and faithful wives.

From the cemetery, we drove down to Point du Hoc, a heavily fortified cliff-top point, which had a commanding view of the landing beaches and that had to be taken because of anticipated deadly fire on the landing troops. The task was given to the 2nd Ranger Battalion of 225 men. With anchor ropes and rope ladders fired up over the edge of the cliff, which ran from 100 to 130 or 140 feet in height, the cliff was scaled by those men under a withering fire from German defenders. They took Point du Hoc, and on the following day cleaned out the nests of defenders. There were 90 survivors of the 2nd Ranger Battalion.

An exhausted and drained group returned to our hotel in Caen St. Michel and on to Paris. We dropped out, waved them off, and picked up a car for more touring of Normandy and Brittany on our own.

We went back to the Memorial Museum to see the film portion, which we had not had time to view the day before. It, too, is a remarkable portrayal of the invasion, and the people of France and their reaction, their joy and liberation and the enormous task of rebuilding France.

Then it moves into other worldwide conflicts. Through it all runs a thread that provides a constant emphasis on peace and the morally and intellectually acceptable course for man to follow. It is done so well that there is no feeling of being propagandized or pushed in directions of presumed political correctness. The museum is crowded at all hours of the day. But it is well run, and it and the beaches of Normandy should be visited by every American, for the combination tells us what a wonderful people we can be when we really put our minds and hearts in the job.

Across the street from our hotel there's a small restaurant called Le Petite Cale. I called and made an 8:00 reservation. We showed up promptly as the only guests in the restaurant at that early hour. The food and the wine were superb. Both the proprietor and his son, the chef, each of whom had a small working knowledge of English, made it clear that Americans were welcomed at their establishment.

A fellow showed up at our table, a nice-looking man close to our age, and announced that he would like to thank us as Americans. He had been to the Memorial Museum and the American Cemetery. He introduced himself as a Dane from Copenhagen and wanted us to know how grateful he was for America's efforts in the liberation of Europe. We invited him to join us and had a delightful conversation. He obviously was sincere in his appreciation. A very courtly man, he was in Caen to visit the Memorial Museum and the Normandy beaches as a measure of his admiration. Again, it makes one

proud to have been a part of that liberation and to have the glowing appreciation that these people express to us after 50 years.

Overnight I thought a little bit more about why the invasion was successful and why the Germans failed. I think it boils down to something like this: The Atlantic Wall, which Hitler and his generals and planners designed and had built from The Netherlands in the north, all the way to St. Nazaire in the south, was designed, planned and built under the direction of older men who, on completion, looked with satisfaction on their work and the sure belief that it was impregnable.

On the other hand, it is not in the makeup of American, Canadian, or British youth to concede anything to the opposition. They learn this as kids on a playground, on a high school or college team. Many of us have seen it happen. A battlefield can be the same way. Those young men didn't know the other side was invincible, and so they put their heads down and simply took those beaches. It was that way at Omaha, at Point du Hoc and all across western Europe. It was that way on the shores and in the mountains of Italy and countless islands in the Pacific. It was that way in the skies. First over England, young men in Spitfires and Hurricanes put a price tag in front of the Luftwaffe that it was unable or unwilling to pay. And when Herman Goering said, "No Allied plane will ever penetrate the skies of Germany," only Germans were listening. No Allied mission was ever turned back by enemy opposition. Looking out on a wall of flak or a swarm of German fighters made pilots tighten formations and everybody hunched down and tried to make themselves smaller. But again, we simply plowed on through, paid the price, which often was high, but the missions went on and no one ever doubted what the end result would be.

Now, 50 years later, our gathering on the scene has revived and sharpened memories of those days:

The sights and sounds and smells, the sputter and roar of engines coming alive in the morning, their thundering roar during a takeoff run, then the long drone upward and the undulating stream of planes making their way into formation and into a stream of bombers, often over a hundred miles long, swinging out eastward to the continent. Memories of moments of elation, moments of fear – even terror, moments of relief, and letdown when the day is done, and moments of longing for it all to end and to go home.

All of these now run together in a treasured montage to be recalled sparingly with family, loved ones and friends, to be relived with old comrades who shared in their creation, and occasionally, renewed by returning to the scene and waiting quietly in a wheat field, where an old runway once existed, for the distant thunder of engines coming home.

**John Maurice Miller, Jr., Richmond, Virginia, 1994
Addendum, April 17, 1995**

This weekend a B-17 and a B-24, both beautifully restored, flew into Chesterfield County Airport and were available for viewing and climbing through. By making a donation to the Collins Foundation, which restored and maintains the plane, it was possible to have the exquisite pleasure of flying in that beautiful old B-17. Ada Mae and my daughter, Nancy, and I have just returned from a delightful hour cruising around Richmond in that B-17, often in close formation with the B-24.

I also was able to persuade my old friend, Bill Smithdeal, who flew B-17s for the 379th Bomb Group, to join us. His last landing was a wheels-up affair in a field in Belgium from which he and his crew traveled, in German custody, across northern Germany to a POW camp.

Our flight was beautiful. We took off about 7:45 on a clear morning in absolutely calm air. It was smooth as

silk all the way. The plane performed flawlessly. The crew was cordial and cooperative, and we climbed all through it during the flight, snapping pictures from every angle, especially the hatch in the radio room, which was removed so you could stick your head up and have almost an open cockpit sensation.

For the most part, we flew in formation with the B-24 at elevations ranging from about 1500 feet to 2500 feet, doing gentle turns. Occasionally the pilot would rack it over in a tight one with a steep bank with the planes sliding apart so that each could get a good look at the other.

Standing in the cockpit, looking out at the engines and back down through the bomb bay (which actually had dummy bombs hanging from the shackles on one side) through the radio room, over the ball turret and on down through the waist section, back to the cockpit, then down through the hatch and up into the nose, I could visualize each of my crew of 50 years ago – all good men, all good friends, all so very young except for our one old man, Pat O'Meara, who did carry his 26 years very well. I know each of them would have loved to share this experience. Perhaps I will have some good pictures to distribute. In any case, memories of 50 years past have come flooding back this morning.

I am especially glad Ada Mae could be with me today. We were the newest of newlyweds when I started flying B-17s, and although she had crawled through one during those days, she had never flown in it, so this morning was the culmination of 51 years of listening and watching, waiting and praying. Now she knows what a ride in that old swan is like. It is a far better picture than I could ever paint with words. Nancy was in heaven every moment of the ride. She grinned from ear to ear from before takeoff all the way to landing. It was a wonderful experience.

Mo Miller died February 4, 2016.



American Beauties—an Escort of P-38s
 (Author unknown, provided by Maurice Miller)

Oh, Hedy Lamarr is a beautiful gal, and Madeline Carroll is too,
 But you'll find, if you query, a different theory amongst any bomber crew.
 For the loveliest thing of which one can sing (this side of the heavenly gates)
 Is no blonde or brunette of the Hollywood set, but an escort of P-38s.

Yes, in the days that have passed, when the tables were massed with glasses of Scotch and Champagne
 It's quite true that the sight was a thing to delight us, intent of feeling no pain.
 But, no longer the same, nowadays in this game, when we head east from England's gates,
 Take the Scotch and the wine, every time just make mine an escort of P-38s.

Byron, Shelly and Keats ran a dozen dead heats, describing the view from the hills,
 Of the valleys in May when the winds gently sway an army of bright daffodils.
 Take the daffodils, Byron; the wildflowers, Shelly; yours is the myrtle, friend Keats,
 Just reserve me those cuties, American Beauties ...an escort of P-38s.

POWs in the Philippines

Clyde and Iris Bozorth

Iris Johnson met her future husband, Clyde Bozorth, at a dance in Richmond. In May 1940, after the couple were engaged to be married, Iris and her mother traveled to Manila, the Philippines, where Clyde was working for the Richmond-based Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company. The Bozorths were living in the port town of Legaspi, Southern Luzon, when the Japanese attacked the island one week after the attack on Pearl Harbor. They fled, but were captured in February 1942 and taken to a jail in Naga, where they remained until May 1942. Soon a band of Filipino guerillas attacked the prison, killing the guards and freeing the Bozorths. The couple hiked up a mountain to hide from the Japanese, but after a few weeks, Mr. Bozorth developed tropical ulcers, so the couple rode water buffaloes down the mountain, where they surrendered to a Japanese garrison in October 1942. They were then taken to the Santo Tomas internment camp in Manila where they remained until the camp was liberated in February 1945. The total number of internees liberated at Santo Tomas was 3,785, of which 2,870 were Americans and most others were British.

The American force that liberated the internees at Santo Tomas was small in numbers, and the Japanese still had soldiers near the compound, so fighting went on for several days. Internees received food and medical treatment but were not allowed to leave Santo Tomas, and many were killed during the fighting

The evacuation of internees began February 11. Sixty-four U.S. Army and Navy nurses interned in Santo Tomas were the first to leave that day and board airplanes for the United States. Flights and ships to the United States for most prisoners began February 22. Although food became adequate with the arrival of American soldiers, life continued to be difficult. The lingering effects of near starvation for so many months saw 48 people die in the camp in February, the highest death total for any month. Most internees could not leave the camp because of a lack of housing in Manila, but slowly, in March and April 1945 the camp emptied out. In September Santo Tomas finally closed and the last internees boarded a ship for the U.S. or sought out places to live in Manila which was almost completely destroyed in the Battle of Manila.

The following are excerpts from a 1945 edition of the Mount Holly Herald, which ceased publication in 1962.

April 27, 1945

"It's the 'first' for everything we've missed that seemed so wonderful to us in getting back to the States," said Clyde Bozorth. He added, "The first Coca-Cola, the first meal from a table set with linen, china and silverware, towels, sheets, pillowcases – all those things we took for granted before we learned to live without the niceties of civilization as virtual military prisoners of the Japanese

at Santo Tomas. They all seemed to have a special significance to us.

In spite of his ordeal, [Mr. Bozorth] regained between 50 and 60 pounds of [the weight he lost] while on the starvation diets imposed by Japanese captors. [This weight loss was typical for men interned at Santo Tomas.] Still under the care of physicians, he confesses to a gradually diminishing nervousness, which he said Army doctors had told him was a natural result of his experiences.

"One thing that I gained during the years of our internment was a new philosophy of life," he said. "I mean by that, a down-to-earth valuation, a conclusion that peace of mind and good health are the primary requisites of us all. When you see a woman strip a diamond ring from her finger in exchange for a cup of rice, material possessions seem starkly unimportant."

Mental anguish, humiliation and, at the end, increasing hunger and weakness as the Japanese cut off all sources of extra food supplies were the worst features of their 2½- year internment at Manilla, according to the Bozorths. By February [1945], an average of seven prisoners a day were dying, and doctors among the internees established that this figure would have risen to at least 20. Mr. Bozorth lost 65 pounds, while Mrs. Bozorth, who was in better health, lost 28. They said as they got hungrier, the thoughts of all turned to food, and men, women and children

spent a lot of time copying recipes, although they had virtually nothing to cook.

Although they said there was little mistreatment of the internees and none at all of women, the Japanese took great pleasure in humiliating them by forcing them to bow from the waist up to any passing Japanese, and when they were lined up for roll call, bowing in unison while the official gave a Nazi salute. Much of their time was spent standing in line for roll call, for their meager rations, to get a bath or brush their teeth, and for many other things.

Prisoners eventually were permitted to build Nepa shacks made of bamboo and swali, providing they had the money to pay for materials and prison labor. They were required to have two sides open so that Japanese could witness the prisoners' actions at all times. The 8x10' shacks afforded the only privacy available. The Bozorths acquired one, and Mrs. Bozorth planted banana trees to shade it from the tropical sun and cannas to beautify it. They ate the canna roots during the starvation period. As American forces neared the Philippines, Santo Thomas was turned into a military camp, with Japanese sentries and rule instead of the former government by a committee of prisoners. On Christmas Day 1944, the following leaflets were dropped by plane from nearby American forces. "The Commander-in Chief, officers and men of the American forces of liberation in the Pacific wish to their gallant allies and the people of the Philippines all the blessings of Christmas and the realization of the fervent hopes for the New Year."

"We read that message with mingled feelings of hope and relief, weeping on one another's shoulders," said Mr. Bozorth. "The Japanese guards rushed around indignantly gathering them up, warning us that to pick them up, or any future messages, would mean getting shot."

When the forces finally arrived, their only notice was the sound of rifle shots. The Bozorths heard a tank



rolling onto the grounds, and a voice with a definite Yankee accent called out, "Are you Americans?" Then the prisoners really went wild. They cheered as jeeps full of soldiers followed the tanks, catching the Japanese officials unaware. The prisoners were in their greatest danger when Japanese forces shelled the camp following its capture by the Americans. Mrs. Bozorth's room suffered two direct hits, but she was absent at the time. The Bozorths walked out of the camp, taking nothing with them, for there was nothing worth taking. Their clothes were in shreds. Mrs. Bozorth traveled to America in a WAC outfit, while her husband wore GI clothing.

Regarding the Japanese, Mr. Bozorth believes that there will never be a negotiated peace, that they will fight, in line with their fanatical creed and Emperor worship, until the last ditch.

"I feel no hatred towards them," he stated. "They are the products of a vicious system, and one could expect nothing else from them but the brutality and hatred of us they have been taught from infancy. I feel that we Americans are not a little bit to blame for not having known the true state of their feelings and war aims towards us, and should have been better prepared to deal with them. It's sort of like a vicious youngster, who kicks you in the shins. It hurts, and you don't like him, but you feel that he hasn't received the proper training or he wouldn't behave in that manner. Many people I know who have suffered at Japanese hands or have lost family members feel bitter and advocate decimation of the race, but I don't think this is any solution to the problem. Uprooting the system that fosters such behavior is a far better means of combating the evil."

Clyde Bozorth died in 2000, Iris in 2012.

‘The specter of nuclear war’

Marjorie Claybrook

Several years ago, I read Ellen Gilchrist’s moving collection of short stories, *Victory over Japan*. The stories recounted the lives of women and children and older adults who remained at home supporting our troops during the war. It brought back many painful memories of a world turned upside down, of sacrifice and sorrow, of loneliness and longing, and the fear that things would never be the same.

I grew up in Corpus Christi, which was the site of the world’s largest Naval Air base and the home of the Enola Gay. My family saw many friends and thousands of strangers pass through the base during the war years. The prayer list of names of congregants serving in the war grew longer by the week – as did the list of those lost. The war became a part of our everyday life.

My grandfather, who was in the cotton business, purchased a milk pasteurization machine, chickens, and cows and set aside two acres for a Victory Garden so that all of the family and his employees would have free milk, butter, eggs, and fresh produce.

I learned to read using the evening paper as my textbook. I learned geography from the maps accompanying the war news. The words “genocide” and “holocaust” became a part of my vocabulary

One afternoon in August, my mother called us into the house and announced that the war was over and that there would be no more wars. In the years that followed, we began to see the real cost. There were the men who returned home as heroes, but whose lives were forever altered. And there were the veterans shattered in mind and body. And there were those who did not return, whose loss would be remembered for years to come.

before I entered school. During a recent move, I came across two of the tokens and a block of small stamps we used for food and gas purchases. As I held the red and green tokens, I remembered the long lines and worried faces.

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The specter of nuclear war would haunt us for the next 50 years. While I still was in college, I was introduced to Edward Teller* at a physics conference. As I shook his hand, all I could think of was that this was one of the authors of the nightmare.

World War II was not to be the last war. Four years later we were in Korea.

Marjorie Claybrook died July 12, 2011.

**Known as the father of the hydrogen bomb.*

A triple dose of war

Mary Easterly

Little did I realize, at age 16, that I would get a triple dose of war – with my husband, Harry, in the Pacific in World War II; my son, Frank, in Vietnam in 1970; my grandson, Jason, in Afghanistan in 2008; and now I am told in October of 2010 that Jason's wife, a lieutenant colonel, has been asked by the general to report to Afghanistan. She will leave behind a son who will be six in September. This is her second mission. The first was to Iraq for a year.

Tasting in life some pretty difficult times, including losing a daughter at age five, my husband, my parents, and three brothers, and facing the world by myself in my 80s, being alone can be pretty terrifying, but I can't even begin to feel what it would be like to leave the safety of my home and find myself alone with only my strong religious belief that God will take care of me.

A sensitive person, I only can imagine how my heart would beat as I climbed aboard a ship with mostly strangers, determined to be a part of a bloody war and do my part. A visual person, I could picture the scene. It would be a pretty frightening experience. As a determined person, I could understand Harry's determination to be a part of this World War.

As I sat in 1945, comfortable in my little, safe world in

Tasting in life some pretty difficult times, including losing a daughter at age five, my husband, my parents, and three brothers, and facing the world by myself in my 80s, being alone can be pretty terrifying, but I can't even begin to feel what it would be like to leave the safety of my home and find myself alone with only my strong religious belief that God will take care of me.

Richmond, Virginia, I could only pray that war would end soon and our loved ones would return to us.

Harry Watkey Easterly, Jr. was born a leader. The only child of older parents, his mother was 40 years old when he was born on August 31, 1923. He was determined not to be thought of as "dear little Harry," or a sissy. He loved danger and did some daring things.

To write my story, I have to begin with our love story when I was just 16. I was at St. Catherine's School and Harry was at V.M.I. because he thought he needed the discipline. As I look back on more than 60 years of marriage, I think he was right.

In 1943, the United States was at war with Imperial Japan. Harry and his classmates had one more year to graduate. These restless, virile students were eager to get into the war. They were training to be soldiers. Harry signed up for duty in the Marine Corps. We were in love and wanted to be married. He knew if he became a marine, he would automatically become a lieutenant. He boarded a bus and came to Richmond to have an audience with my intelligent, but rather frightening, father. My father said, "Harry, how do you expect to live as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps and take care of Mary?" "Oh, we will make it," he said. "I will be making \$250 a month."

We were married on August 28, 1943, and he had to report to radar school at Harvard and M.I.T. I was 19 and Harry was 21. We lucked out, thanks to friends of the Easterlys, and found a wonderful apartment in Cambridge, Massachusetts. We were there until June of the following year. Harry was to report to Parris Island, South Carolina.

We had no car. Harry sent me out to buy a car, which was ridiculous. The only thing I knew about automobiles was the ones that were pretty. I was suckered into purchasing the best-looking car on the lot. It was a gorgeous, beautiful, bright blue convertible. The problem was that it didn't have any shock absorbers. We limped home to Highland Road in Richmond, where Harry sold the car and took a loss. I had failed my first assignment.

We borrowed his mother's car and drove south to New Bern, North Carolina, to Parris Island. On the way, Harry hit and killed a dog. He was really upset. He loved his dog Woozle. He got out of the car and went to find the owner. The dog belonged to an older woman. She was so impressed with this Marine taking the time to stop that she wrote to him during the war, letting him know she cared.

We found a room with a lovely woman and her young daughter. The woman's husband was away at war. In December, Harry received his orders to ship out. I was three months pregnant. He was going, I did not know where, and I was going back home to stay with my parents at 3015 Seminary Avenue, where I would have security.

I was not alone. Everyone was going through what I had to go through. I had plenty of company, and my parents were close by.

We already had felt the pain of losing friends: Clyde Locker, Meriwether Jones, Tom Thrasher, Fuller Patterson and Mason Williams to name just a few.

Harry's parents drove us to the airport and we said our solemn goodbyes. I did not see Harry again until December 1945.

Harry wrote out a code for me to be able to figure out just where he thought he would be. I misplaced it. Maybe I secretly didn't want to know where he was. It would make it more difficult. I had my health and sanity to think about with a child on the way.

Time went by and in February Harry was in the bloodiest battle of World War II on the sulphur stinking, barren, volcanic island of Iwo Jima. It was devoid of foliage, had no place for coverage and would have to be taken from the Japanese. It was a passage to Japan. It would save 2,000 airmen from ditching in the Pacific.

Harry talked little about the war, but I do have some interesting facts. When he was overseas, it was discovered that he was color blind. He had memorized the chart so he could get in the Marine Corps. When questioned by a superior officer, he said, "What do you want me to do? Go home?"

He wasn't sent home but remained on a ship as a communications officer. On February 26, 1945, he saw four marines raise the American flag at Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi, the southern side of "the rock." From what I have read, he must have been on the opposite side of where the savage fighting took place. This was an historic moment.

Iwo was a small island only eight miles square and the doorway to the Japanese mainland for American airmen. The choice of Iwo Jima made sense. From Iwo, heavy bombers could raid Japan readily, daily. The costly battle lasted from February 19 to March 16 – four weeks. The Marines and Seabees stormed the beaches in the fiercest fighting of the war; 6,821 American lives were lost. There were 18,500 Japanese defending the craggy island. Only 216 of the original 18,500 Japanese

were taken alive. It was a three-part plan the Americans had for winning the war in the Far East.

Harry later spoke of going on the island and into the caves, not knowing the danger. He said the stench of the bodies of dead [Japanese] was unbelievable. If forgiveness was what the Bible taught us as children, Harry never in his heart could love or forgive the Japanese. He hated them! He had lost too many close friends.

During those days that Harry was on Iwo Jima, I anxiously was waiting for some letter to say he was okay. I had no idea he was on Iwo. Letters, when they came, were tied in bundles and censored. I kept them all and read and re-read them. It kept my spirits up. These men, who were sacrificing their lives for the United States of America, were heroes and were idolized by millions.

When the island was secured, another came into the picture – Okinawa. This island was hilly and mountainous in the north and rolling farmland in the south. Most of the land was in rice fields, farms and orchards. The island was 60 miles long and between two and 18 miles wide.

I barely can imagine being in the first wave that went into the island on a rainy, dark day, hungry and scared stiff. It was 8:30 a.m. on April 1, Easter, when the 6th Marines went in to take Sugar Loaf Hill. Where Harry was, I don't recall that he ever said. I do know that he had some of his V.M.I. classmates with him. There were times when they could be together, share stories and drink beer.

I was at home going to the pool in the summer, playing bridge and watching children hold their noses and jump off diving boards into the pool, yelling "banzai," imitating the suicide attacks by the Kamikaze, oblivious to and innocent of to what was going on outside of their own little world.

I have been told by Harry's friend, Taz Ellet, that the announcement of our son's birthday on May 8, 1945, which was V.E. Day, went to Taz. He was the one who sought out Harry to tell him he had a nine-pound, two-ounce, healthy son. At that point, Harry, adventurous and curious, went to the top of a hill. He was shot at three times. Luck was with him. My son could have been fatherless on that very day. Harry did take chances, sometimes not wisely.

With letters from Harry, I also received some pictures. I think all the men he fraternized with from V.M.I. made it home after Okinawa was secured. I also have read that Okinawans do not call themselves Japanese but like to be referred to as Okinawans.

Harry talked about the time spent in Hawaii waiting to hear when the next move would be in the carefully planned chess board. He was in charge of loading the ship. He knew he was going to Japan. While carrying out his orders and loading the ship, he was told, "Unload the ship." The bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima.

Harry was eager to get home after almost a year of being away. He wanted to meet his then six-month-old son, Cap.

In December 1945, I got a phone call out of the blue. Harry was coming home. Happy beyond words, I danced with glee and then I wondered how I could go to Washington to meet him. My cousin, Natalie Whitney, was staying with me. I asked her to take the baby. Thankfully, Mother stepped in and took over.

Harry was always lucky. When he found out he was coming home, he searched for the quickest way possible. He boarded a ship, saluted and asked to speak to someone who might let him go on that ship to California. A man appeared who was the coach at Thomas Jefferson High School and knew Harry well for his athletic abilities. Harry pleaded with him. He

said he and his two companions would sleep in the turret if they could just be fed. The commanding officer agreed, and those three soldiers got the opportunity they wanted.

It was almost impossible to find a hotel room in Washington, but again, connections certainly helped. Encouraged by my mother to spend money after being so careful and saving every penny I could, I bought an outfit to greet Harry. When we went out to dinner that night, people smiled as we went to our table. They saw a radiant girl, decked in a pretty dress and a mink hat, with a handsome Marine. He was handsome as ever, rested and tan from the sun.

We drove home the next day. When we got to my house, Harry ran up the steps to the third floor and looked at his son, Harry Watkey Easterly III, for the first time. He picked him up from his crib, threw him up in the air, and said, "I am off to the golf course."

The Aftershock

Everyone wants to hear war stories, but no one writes about what it is like after the war for those who returned. When Harry came back, we had little money, only what I had been able to save while he was away. I could do that only because my family provided a home for me free of charge. I was lucky.

Harry Easterly's class at V.M.I., the class of '44, had another year to finish before they could graduate. They were pulled out of school and called to duty in 1943.

When Harry came home, after a year of absence, he made the decision to go back to V.M.I. to complete his last year. He had thought about the University of Virginia, but because of the loss of credits when you transfer, it would have been two years instead of one.

Because of the rule at V.M.I., he had to live in barracks. I lived uptown with my baby and another

one on the way. He had been president of his class and was told to return to V.M.I. and get things back on track. He was not allowed to have dinner with me. Thanks to his friend, Bill Emory, we found a way to be together. It wasn't an easy time for me and it certainly let him escape from the chores of being a father. I don't think Harry ever had to change a diaper.

He graduated in 1946. We had a second son, and fortunately, Harry had a job waiting for him.

Our parents advised us not to buy a house because the price of houses would go down. However, the price of houses went up. We, along with a very divergent group of couples, moved to the airbase in Sandston until we decided to "bite the bullet" and buy a house. From then on life, our life, was pretty normal.

Harry Easterly died June 16, 2005. Mary Easterly died March 20, 2018.

Special thanks to the Rev. Thom Blair, who as rector of St. Stephen's Episcopal Church sanctioned this project at its inception, and to the Rev. John Rohrs, who as rector supported its completion; to Lyn Presson, who reached out to the veterans and collected their memoirs; to the Women of St. Stephen's, who donated memorial contributions honoring Sara Frances Derieux to the publication of the book; to Sarah Bartenstein, St. Stephen's director of communications, for seeing it through the design and publication process along with graphic designer Steven Longstaff of Longstaff Creative; and parishioners Justin Frackelton and Fern Newsom for their dedicated support of this project. Thanks also to the veterans' family members who provided additional photos and memorabilia for the book.

Although this book has been years in development, it seems especially appropriate to give our thanks and gratitude to the brave men and women herein on its publication during the 250th anniversary of our country's freedom. We are forever in their debt.

Nancy B. Emerson
July 2026

SPATRIOTS WINDOW

THE WEST WINDOW IN THIS CHURCH IS DEDICATED TO THE GLORY OF GOD AND IN HONOR OF MEMBERS OF THIS PARISH ENJOINED IN THE ARMED FORCES WORLD WAR II 1941-1945

ANTON C ADAMS JR
KENNETH M ROSENSTEIN JR
CHRISTINE H ALLEN
HARRY ALLEN III
WILLIAM L ARMISTEAD JR
DYNOR W BARLOW JR
CHARLES A BRYLER
LOUISE M BEMISS
JAMES M BERT
W WELBY BEVERLEY JR
CHARLES M BIGGER
KENNETH M BLACK JR
ROBERT W BLACKBURN
LEONARD A BLACKBURN JR
WILLIAM M BLACKWELL
BENJAMIN A BOSHER
LEWIS A BOWEN JR
DAVID M BOWNE
WILLIAM B BOYNE
DOUGLAS W BRANDEGE JR
GEORGE CAMERON BUDD
SAMUEL W BUDD JR
JAMES C BUTLER
JOHN C BUTLER
LEWIS E BUTNETT JR
WILLIAM E BUTNETT JR
WILLIAM E BUTNETT III
JOHN S CALVERT
RICHARD E CALVERT JR

ROBERT W COLE JR
FR BERRYMAN COLLINS
WILLIAM F COLLINS III
FLORENCE D CRANE
JOSEPH L DENNISON
EUGENE S DESPORTES JR
H ESTES DUDLEY
HARRY W EASTERLY JR
MALCOLM L ENOSTROM
RUSSELL G FERGUSON JR
CARL M FOSGE
JACK FOSGE
H ALBERT FORD JR
J DOUGLAS FREEMAN
LINN D GARNER
JOHN CODE GATLE
R FINLEY GATLE III
JOHN A GILL
CHARLES H GOMFF
GEORGE E GOMFF
VIOLET M GOMFF
EDWARD LEB GOODWIN
FREDERICK D GOODWIN JR
CHARLES A GREGORY JR
EDMOND S GREGORY JR
EDWARD M GREGORY
KENNETH S GRIFFIN JR
WILSON G GUEST

EARL H HANMER JR
HERBERT W HARRIS
FRANK H HARRISON JR
JACQUES M HARRISON
ROBERT H HARRIS JR
ROBERT E HANLEY JR
GEORGE J HALL
JESULOV HANCOCK JR
JOSEPH A HANCOCK JR
HARRISON HUBERT
STEVENS HUGHES JR
WALTER F HYER JR
THOMAS H JOHNS
J PEGRAM JOHNSON
ARMISTEAD JONES
BASIL M JONES JR
MERIWETHER JONES
T DOUGLASS JONES JR
ROBERT S KENNEDY
ADLAN M KIMBROUGH JR
THOMAS B KNOX
CHARLES A LAMBDIN
G GRAHAM LANCASTER
CHARLES D LARUS III
FRANCIS H LEAKE
PHILIP RUSK LEAKE JR
JOHN P LEADY JR
THOMAS HAUGHTON LEARY

GILBERT RUMONET LEWIS JR
KENNETH D LITTLE
WILLIAM CLYDE LOCKER JR
STUART LOUGHBOROUGH
MICHAEL C MALMO
W BOBSON MAC GIBLIN
HAROLD F MCCOE
HENRY R MAC DOOL
J CLIFFORD MILLER JR
CHARLES E MOORE JR
FREDERICK F MOORE II
ROBERT D MOORE
W CARROLL MOORE
CHESTER A MORRELL
JOHN MOYLER JR
THOMAS W MURRELL JR
THOMAS D NASH
POPE NASH JR
NELSON NOLAND
ALBERT S NOLAND
ALBERT S PARKER
HAMMOND PARKER
HENRY C PARKER JR
JACK M PARKER
WILLIAM H PARKER III
JAMES T PARKER JR
JOHN L PARKER JR

FR FILLER PATTERSON
JOHN H PATERSON III
ARMSTRAD PEYTON
ROBERT F PEYTON IV
CHARLES H PHILLIPS JR
HENRY F PHILLIPS
JUDITH ELIZABETH PHILLIPS
JOHN F PURCELL
THOMAS W PURCELL JR
H GEORGE RANDOLPH
FRED C ROBERTSON JR
HILTON RUFFY
WILLIAM J RYAN
CONRAD F SAUER III
THOMAS E J SAUER
CHIMNEY SCOTT
J TAYLOR SEMDEN
JOHN E SIEGEL JR
THOMAS C SINGERSON
JAMES I SMITH III
PATRICK FLETCHER SMITH
RUSSELL G STERINGS
ABERT P STREET
G DEVICK STREET III
ROBERT H STURDY JR
WILLIAM G TANNY
HENRY M TAYLOR
HENRY M TAYLOR JR

DONALD I THOMAS
DORNING THOMAS JR
DON C THOMAS
RICHARD N THOMAS
CHARTER C THOMAS
JAMES W THOMAS III
NICHOLAS M THOMAS JR
EDWIN J THOMAS JR
WILLIAM M THOMAS JR
MATTHEW W THOMAS
WILLIAM R THOMAS III
H ST GEORGE TUCKER JR
J RANDOLPH TUCKER JR
R RANDOLPH TUCKER JR
D GARDNER TYLER
EUGENE T WILKINSON
FREDERICK WILKINSON JR
JOHN GORDON WILKINSON
RUSSELL WILKINSON
WILLIAM F WILKINSON
THOMAS J WILKINSON JR
FREDERICK D WILKINSON
MURIEL W WILKINSON
FREDERICK WILKINSON
HENRY WILKINSON
HOMER S WILSON JR
JOHN B WOODWARD JR

Honor Roll of St. Stephen's Church

MEMBERS IN SERVICE, NOVEMBER 1943

ARMY

Anton C. Adams, Jr.
Caroline H. Allen
Harry Allen
Nathaniel L. Armistead, Jr.
Lundie W. Barlow, Jr.
Charles A. Bayler
Louise M. Bemiss
Charles M. Bigger
Leonard A. Blackburn, Jr.
William M. Blackwell
Benjamin A. Boshier
Lewis H. Boshier, Jr.
George Cameron Budd
James O. Burke
Nathan Bushnell III
John B. Catlett
Richard H. Catlett, Jr.
F. R. Berryman Collins
Florence D. Crane
Joseph L. Dennison
Harry W. Easterly, Jr.
Linn D. Garibaldi
John A. Gill
George E. Gompf
Edward M. Gregory
Wilson G. Guest
Earl H. Hamner, Jr.
Jacquelin M. Harrison
George A. Hill
Zebulon V. Hooker II
Harrison Hubbard
Pegram Johnson, Jr.
Armistead Jones
** Basil M. Jones, Jr.
Meriwether Jones
T. Douglass Jones, Jr.
Robert S. Kennedy
Thomas B. Knox
John P. Leary, Jr.
Thomas Haughton Leary
G. Burnet Lewis, Jr.
Kenneth D. Little
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Richard C. Malmø
W. Dodson McClellan
J. Clifford Miller, Jr.
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Frederick P. Moore
Thomas W. Murrell, Jr.
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J. Pope Nash, Jr.
Charles B. Palmer
Jack M. Parrish, Jr.
Wade Allen Parrish
James T. Patterson
Armistead Peyton
Henry F. Phillips
H. George Randolph
Hilton Bufty
William J. Ryall
Conrad F. Sauer III
Thomas C. Singleton
Russell G. Stillings
Robert H. Talley, Jr.
William G. Talley
Henry M. Taylor
L. Irving Thomas, Jr.
Richard N. Thomas
James W. Tinsley III
Edwin J. Trausneck
William M. Trausneck
William R. Trigg III

H. St. George Tucker, Jr.
J. Randolph Tucker, Jr.
D. Gardiner Tyler
John Gordon Wallace
Stanford B. Wells
Fielding L. Williams
Richard B. Williams
Henry Lane Wilson
John E. Woodward, Jr.

NAVY

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Samuel W. Buck, Jr.
John K. Burke
Charles R. Burnett, Jr.
Nathan Bushnell, Jr.
Robert W. Cole
Eugene S. Deshayes, Jr.
H. Estes Dudley
J. Douglas Freeman
Carl M. Foer
Jack Foeger
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Fred D. Goodwin, Jr.
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Thomas N. P. Johns
G. Graham Lancaster
Philip Rusk Leake, Jr.
Henry R. McLeod
Roderick D. Moore
W. Cabell Moore
Chester R. Morrell
John Moyler, Jr.
Alexander W. Parker
William H. Parrish III
John H. Pearson III
Robert E. Peyton IV
Charles H. Phillips, Jr.
John B. Purcell
Thomas W. Purcell, Jr.
**** James A. Smith III
Abbot P. Street
G. Levick Street III
Donald I. Thomas
R. Randolph Turner, Jr.
Eugene T. Underwood
N. Lee Watkins
Armistead D. Williams
Murat W. Williams

MARINE CORPS

W. Welby Beverley, Jr.
William B. Bourne
Douglas W. Brashier, Jr.
Joseph A. Howell, Jr.
Stevens Hughes, Jr.
J. Taylor Selden
Thomas J. Whitaker, Jr.

RAF

Parke Farr Smith

RCAF

*** R. Fuller Patterson

RED CROSS

Childrey Scott
Lola Thomas

* Died in Service, June 1942.

** Wounded in Action, October 1943.

*** Killed in Action, December 1941.

**** Missing in Action, November 1943.

The 1928 Book of Common Prayer was in use in the Episcopal Church until 1979; these prayers from the 1928 book are among those that St. Stephen's parishioners would have prayed during World War II.

In Time of Calamity

O God, merciful and compassionate, who art ever ready to hear the prayers of those who put their trust in thee; Graciously hearken to us who call upon thee, and grant us thy help in this our need; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For the Army

O Lord God of Hosts, stretch forth, we pray thee, thine almighty arm to strengthen and protect the soldiers of our country. Support them in the day of battle, and in the time of peace keep them safe from all evil; endue them with courage and loyalty; and grant that in all things they may serve without reproach; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

For the Navy

O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; Vouchsafe to take into thy almighty and most gracious protection our country's Navy, and all who serve therein. Preserve them from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy; that they may be a safeguard unto the United States of America, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our land may in peace and quietness serve thee our God, to the glory of thy Name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Memorial Days

Almighty God, our heavenly Father, in whose hands are the living and the dead; We give thee thanks for all those thy servants who have laid down their lives in the service of our country. Grant to them thy mercy and the light of thy presence, that the good work which thou hast begun in them may be perfected; through Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord. Amen.