SAN ANTONIO CONVENTION PROGRAM

AMERICAN DEFENDERS OF BATAAN & CORREGIDOR
WELCOME TO SAN ANTONIO, FOR
YOUR 29TH NATIONAL CONVENTION, APRIL 21-27, 1974

Program schedule by day. All functions not otherwise indicated will be at THE EL TROPICANO MOTOR HOTEL.

SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1974
Registration in the Lobby of the El Tropicano Motor Hotel
FROM 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.
Visit with your Buddies who met and welcomed you to Texas
FREE EVENING .................. DINNER ON YOUR OWN

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1974
10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.
Registration in the Lobby of the El Tropicano Motor Hotel
4:45 P.M. + Pilgrimage to The Alamo
7:30 P.M. Night River Parade, featuring the arrival of The Fiesta King of San Antonio and his Court. The lobby bulletin board will instruct you where to go to see the parade. If you don't want to go to the River Parade, get a group together and go out to dinner as a unit. See Jerry McDavitt and he will arrange for a suitable place for you to have dinner. Otherwise on your own . . . .

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1974
Free day and continued registration in the Lobby from 10:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M.
5:00 P.M. Paseo Del Rio Fiesta River Art Show
5:30 P.M. to ?? A.M. A night in Old San Antonio at La Villita, 4 blocks south of the Alamo on Villita St. Dress comfortably, you will be milling around in an old Mexican atmosphere . . . .
7:00 P.M. Free Concert by The Chordsmen in front of the Alamo.
This group is a great singing group.
10:00 P.M. The Mariachi Festival on the San Antonio River . . . .
The place to watch and hear. This will be posted on the Bulletin Board in the Lobby.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1974
Registration continued in El Tropicano Motor Hotel FROM 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M.
9:00 A.M. Meeting of the Convention Committee in The Lanai Room
11:30 A.M. Nurses luncheon at the Bright Shawl Tea Room. Three blocks from El Tropicano. Others lunch on your own. You can get a fast delicious lunch, buffet style in the lobby of El Tropicano and priced reasonable . . . . Try it some day . . . . Also breakfast served in the same place, buffet style, every morning.
Free day to 6:00 P.M. Get one of our welcoming group to show you around. That's what we want to do for you.

1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Executive Board Meeting in Lanai Room
4:00 P.M. German Garden Festival Beethoven Home
6:30 P.M. to 11:00 P.M. First 450 ADB & C members and wives to register from out-of-state will be guests of The Pearl Brewery in their "Jersey Lily" for a free western style barbecue dinner and all the Pearl beer you can drink. (No hard liquor allowed in The Jersey Lily.) (No minors allowed. In Texas they must be 18 years of age.) Music entertainment will be furnished. You will be transported from the El Tropicano by bus as a group. Be sure to have your Jersey Lily tickets with you. That is your admission and dinner ticket. You will be returned to the Motel at 11:00 P.M. by bus . . . . informal dress, western style if you wish.

The remainder of the conventioners will have the same free western barbecue dinner at the El Tropicano in the Terrace Ball Room. Free drinks and beer and Western Style Band and entertainment. Dress as you wish but be comfortable, Western clothes are OK . . . . This party will continue to midnight . . . at El Tropicano.

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1974
9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. Registration in Lobby
9:00 A.M. to NOON General business meeting in the Hemisfair Room
12:00 NOON to 1:30 P.M. Lunch for Zentsujians (Place to be announced)
2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. General business meeting in Hemisfair Room, if needed, otherwise free time.
7:00 P.M. to MIDNIGHT Past Commanders' Night in the Terrace and adjoining Continental Ball Rooms. Cocktails & beer and at 9:30 P.M. catered Mexican dinner for all. Mexican Mariachi music during the evening. This is a hospitality night for all.
7:00 P.M. to MIDNIGHT 4th Marine, 2nd Reunion banquet in the River Room. Cocktails beginning at 7:00 P.M. followed by the banquet. The Marines will join us after their banquet.

For those who might want to go to something else, the annual Fiesta High School Band festival will be held at the Alamo Stadium beginning at 7:00 P.M. Check at the registration desk for details . . . & transportation, if desired.

(Continued on Page 2)

PROGRAM BOOK

The Program Book for the 1974 San Antonio Convention is being prepared. Jerry McDavitt is reserving some space for those who wish to have their names included. Just send a donation of any amount to Jerry McDavitt, 11619 Intrigue, San Antonio, Texas 78216 or call 512-344-5515. If you have any questions about the convention or program, please contact Jerry direct.
SAN ANTONIO
CONVENTION PROGRAM

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1974

9:00 A.M. to NOON Veteran's Seminar, led by JOHN EMERICK in the Hemisfair Room.
CLIFF OMVEDT will explain procedures for filing and appealing all claims.
DR. MARK HERBST, M.D. will explain nutritional deficiencies such as Antivitaminosis, Beri Beri, Pellagra, and all diseases which could qualify our comrades for compensation.
CHARLES ZEGLIN will explain death and indemnity, the rights of widows and children, etc.
DR. CHARLES BROWN, M.D. will give the members the impetus need to open compensation claims for increased payments.
ART BRESSI is to remark on legislative matters. Commander Sachwald will give the closing comments. This will be of very vital information to those drawing or eligible to draw V.A. compensation.

1:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M. Battle of Flowers Parade. Get your tickets for seats in the ADB&C bleachers at the registration desk. 400 seats available.

6:30 P.M. to MIDNIGHT Banquet in the Terrace and Continental Ball Rooms. (Get tickets at registration desk.) Check with Ken Curley & Chuck Blaksis to get your seating arrangement with your group.) Dress Informal: Ladies pants suit is OK, men coat & tie is desired. Please be seated by 6:30 P.M. Drawings for raffle ticket winners and other prizes will be done about 10:30 P.M. then dance to 1:00 A.M. and do have a good time . . . !!!

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1974

10:00 A.M. to 11:30 A.M. Memorial services in front of the Alamo. Wreath will be placed in front of the Alamo, honoring the heroes of both the Alamo and the Defenders of Bataan & Corregidor . . . Lunch on your own.

2:00 P.M. to 5:00 P.M. Executive board meeting in the Lanai room.

7:00 P.M. to about 10:00 P.M. Fiesta Flambeau Parade. Our special reserved section on Broadway. Get your tickets from reservation desk and directions to our bleachers on Broadway for the Flambeau Parade . . . There are only 400 seats . . . But you must have a ticket to get into the stands . . .

10:00 P.M. to MIDNIGHT A farewell hospitality night in The Terrace and adjoining Continental Ball Rooms at the El Tropicano Motor Hotel

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1974

Free transportation to bus terminal, AMTRACK, or the airport. Let us know at the registration desk in advance of when your transportation leaves San Antonio and we will be more than happy to see you ‘OFF’. We love you and want you to come back . . .

Submitted by
Jerry McDavitt, Convention Chairman

PLEASE NOTE

As you can see from reading the Convention Program the Convention Committee headed by Jerry McDavitt has prepared a fun-filled week at no cost to any of our members. So that we can control the various activities it will be necessary for each member to carry his 1974 or Life Member card. You will be asked to show your card for admission to many of the activities. If you haven’t paid your 1974 dues, please mail $4.00 to Alex Benishake, 34 Mountain View Ave., Hurley, N.Y. 12443.
The General E.P. King Chapter met at the lovely home of Eunice and Warren Baggett. Even though Eunice had worked all day, she still wore her usual smile and received us with open arms.

After a covered dish dinner, the meeting was called to order and the following officers for 1974 were installed:

**Commander**
William W. Wynn, Jr.

**Sr. Vice Commander**
Carl Allen

**Jr. Vice Commander**
Carl McWilliams

**Secretary**
John Scott

**Treasurer**
Dan Conrad

**Chaplain**
Col. Arnold Amoroso

**Judge Advocate**
Cliff Coppenger

**Adjutant**
Paul Gilliland

**Sgt. at Arms**
Charles Cook

**Executive Board of Directors:**

- James Cox
- Felix Powell
- ALEX BENISHAKE
- Austin M. Patrizio

In spite of the fact that only eleven members were present, everyone seemed to have a good time. Eunice and Warren showed movies made on their recent trip to Japan and the Philippines. Later, Christmas carols were sung, led by Felix Powell, and most of us managed to stay on key even though there was no accompaniment.

Several members and wives expressed tentative plans to attend the National Convention in San Antonio in April.

However, underneath the holiday mood, there was a great note of sadness as this was the first meeting held since the passing of our beloved Yvonne (Vonnie), wife of Felix Powell, Macon, Ga. Her funeral was held at the Cherokee Heights Baptist Church on November 20, 1973. Interment was in Riverside Cemetery, Macon, Ga. Vonnie had fought a brave fight with leukemia for several years. She will never be forgotten.

We continue to miss Dan Conrad. He has been transferred to VA Hospital at Dublin, Georgia. He would appreciate a card or note from fellow POW’s.

James Cox decided to conserve some of his energy as well as gas, so he moved closer to his work. His new address is: 120 Pharr Ave., Apt. D, Jonesboro, Georgia 30236.

Meeting adjourned at the late hour of midnight.

CARL H. McWILLIAMS, Secretary

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**WRITING**

From time to time some of the mail is directed to the wrong person. This either delays the answer or else delay’s it too long to be of value to the writer. May we suggest you write to the following.

Any items regarding the administration of the ADBC and for direction

LOUIS SACHWALD
National Commander
1304 Sudvale Rd.
Baltimore, Md. 21208
301 — HU 6 - 7195

For information on the 1974 Convention
COL. JEROME A. MCDAVITT
Sr. Vice-Commander
11619 Intrigue
San Antonio, Texas 78215
512 — 344 - 5515

For help with V.A., and other service duties.

JOHN M. EMERICK
Jr. Vice-Commander &
Service Officer
6074 Pleasant St.
6074 Finleyville, Pa. 15332

All correspondence regarding secretary duties.

ALEX BENISHAKE
Secretary
34 Mountain View Ave.
Hurley, New York 12443
914 — 388 - 5268

Send all dues and other monies due the ADBC.

AUSTIN M. PATRIZIO
Treasurer
414 Richmond Place
Leonia, New Jersey 07605
201 — 947 - 9627

Send items and pictures for use in Quan’s. Comments requested.

JOSEPH A. VATER
Editor, The Quan
18 Warbler Drive
McKees Rocks, Pa. 15136

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San Antonio
For 1974

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**Search for Japanese**

A Japanese team seeking the remains of World War II dead on the Clark reservation concluded the major portion of their activities during a brief ceremony in which most of the remains they found were cremated.

“Team Six is very satisfied with what we found here,” said Miss Nobuko Horie, spokeswoman for the team. The team was composed of 17 searchers headed by A. Mitami, and included five veterans of the Japanese Kembu Group that defended the Clark AB area.

One man, T. Yanigimoto, who was part of the Kembu Group, guided the team recently to the places where he had buried six of this compatriots. Those remains were exhumed and will be shipped to relatives in Japan. The team also found some metal artifacts such as helmets, binoculars and weapons.

Miss Horie said the team had some difficulties; mostly produced by two days of rain which compounded the problems of searching through the heavy forests and steep ravines. However, none of the members became ill, and only one man was injured, a searcher who encountered a swarm of bees.

One of the team members who had lost his father here had spent the past three years accumulating data and information so that he was able to assist the effort.

Former Japanese Army Captain Kiyotaka Kato provided a special element of nostalgia when he put a small wooden plaque on the cremation altar. He had carved it in 1945 from a hard wood tree in the Bataan forest in memory of his decimated company.

Miss Horie said that the most emotional moments during the search occurred during ceremonies conducted November 23 when more than 20 relatives of deceased Japanese soldiers and sailors joined the team for a memorial service. “It was very touching,” she said, “when people spoke spontaneously to their ancestors. For example, a son spoke to his father about progress in Japan and his current status there, or when another son on the team said, ‘father, I have come to bring you home.’”

According to official U.S. Army histories of World War II, the Kembu Group commanded by General Tsukada comprised over 30,000 when General MacArthur’s forces started fighting for Clark AB in January, 1945. By the end of the war, the Kembu Group suffering a terrible toll from disease and starvation as well as combat, was reduced to only 1,500 survivors.

Most of the team at Clark is being moved to the Olongapo area for further searches as part of an effort that involves over 120 Japanese scattered in teams throughout the Philippines.
29TH NAT'L. CONVENTION

The 29th National Convention of the A.D.B. & C. will be held in San Antonio, Texas next April 21-27, 1974, at the El Tropicano Motor Hotel . . . over 100 reservations are already in and confirmed and more coming in daily . . . There is plenty of lovely motel space for all who come and one of the greatest weeks of entertainment surrounding the normal ADB&C convention activities . . . Neither will interfere with the other . . . San Antonio is going to furnish you with the friendliest surrounding that you have ever been subjected to at a convention . . . As for transportation . . . gas shortage don’t let that bother you . . . remember from most any commercial air terminal in the U.S.A. there is reasonable air fare to San Antonio . . . And if you fly please take advantage of the offer to be “met at the airport by our Greeting Committee and be taken by private vehicle to the motel” . . . To get this service we request that you call Jerry McDavitt at least two nights before you are scheduled to fly here, telling him the date or reasonable subject to at a convention . . . 00 VA will’s the motel “. . . Never west coast nights before you are scheduled to fly here, telling him the date or reasonable subject to at a convention . . .

QUESTIONNAIRES

The Veterans Administration urges veterans, widows and parents to promptly return income questionnaires received last November, even though the January 15 deadline has passed.

“Each year, thousands miss the deadline because questionnaires are misplaced, forgotten or lost, causing interruptions or delays of monthly benefits checks,” officials explained.

It was noted that 907,000 of the 1.2 million questionnaires mailed were turned to VA before the deadline. Information from the questionnaires is used to adjust pension benefits.

Questionnaires were mailed to veterans on VA pension rolls, widows of veterans drawing pension based on nonservice connected deaths, and parents receiving dependency and indemnity compensation for service connected deaths of sons and daughters.

Pensioners 72 years old or older who have been on pensionrolls during the last two consecutive years generally are exempt. “But they still must report changes in income, and those who were mailed questionnaires must return them,” officials pointed out.

Information on pension and other benefits is available at VA offices and from representatives of local veterans service organizations, they added.

DIVIDENDS

A record $308.8 million in Veterans Administration insurance dividends will be paid to nearly 3.9 million veterans insured under World Wars I and II government life insurance policies, starting Jan. 2.

Administrator of Veterans Affairs Donald E. Johnson said increased dividends result chiefly from higher interest earnings in the National Service Life Insurance (World War II NSLI) and United States Government Life Insurance (World War I USGLI) funds.

“Veterans expecting checks need not contact VA concerning dividends since they will be paid automatically on anniversary dates of policies,” he stressed.

Dividends payments will continue throughout 1974 (on policy anniversary dates) on “participating” NSLI policies with “V”-prefixed policy numbers, and USGLI policies with “K” in front of numbers.

During the coming year, 3.75 million veterans with NSLI policies will receive a total of $282.3 million, averaging $75 per policy. Some 138,000 USGLI policyholders will get $21.5 million in dividends, averaging $156 per policy.

Johnson pointed out also that dividends for 915,000 veterans holding NSLI will be applied to purchase of additional coverage. These veterans previously elected to buy up insurance with their dividends as authorized by Public Law 92-188 in December 1971.

"CONVENTIONS: TO ATTEND MEETINGS OR HAVE A GOOD TIME?"

It is the considered opinion of a Past National Commander that National Conventions for former prisoners of war most often, if not in all cases, should be utilized for the sole purpose of saying "hello" to dear friends and spending every possible moment in having a good time.

The shortest business meeting we ever had was in Miami Beach in the early 60’s when we conducted every bit of business and even elected a slate of officers in less than one morning! That gave us more than five days to visit with each other and to bask in the sun of sunny Florida.

The ADB&C is blessed in that it has consistently elected a fine slate of Executive Board Members who not only have demonstrated their devotion to attending Quarterly Meetings at great personal expense and personal sacrifice without any cost to the ADB&C. For the majority of who will attend the National Convention in San Antonio, we hope to spend an entire week in that beautiful city and what a pity that a goodly portion of time will be spent in tedious and sometimes very demanding meetings. Why not consider a resolution (in the form of a motion) that Members of the Board be empowered to conduct the business affairs of our group and that the only really important issue of electing officials be the only good reason for a General Business meeting?

We’ve weathered some twenty-nine conventions and we still have a real fine organization going for us. Why not handle the majority of matters in Committee and spend the rest of the time with meaningful friends? Let your Executive Board know how and what you think about this matter.

ART BRESSI
Past National Commander

JAMES A. COX

Sadness has come our way again, James C. Cox passed away on Saturday, January 26, 1974. He had been ill two or three weeks at home, then he and his mother went to visit his brother in St. Petersburg, Fla. On January 26, they went for a ride, after which James lay down to rest, went to sleep and never woke up. There was no evidence of any suffering. How great that he was allowed to go this way, among family, instead of in a Jap prison camp.

James is survived by his mother, eight brothers and two sisters. Six military men from Warner Robbins Air Force Base served as honorary pall bearers.

Any messages of condolence, etc. may be sent to the family in care of his brother Ray Cox, Union Church Rd., Stockbridge, Ga. 30281.
SAN ANTONIO

The location of San Antonio on the edge of the Gulf Coastal Plains results in a modified sub-tropical climate, predominantly continental during the winter months and marine during the summer months. Normal mean temperatures range from 52.0 degrees in January to a high of 84.0 degrees in July. While the summer is hot with daily maximum temperatures over 90 degrees over 80 per cent of the time, extremely high temperatures are rare, the highest on record being 107 degrees. Precipitation is fairly well distributed throughout the year with heaviest amounts during May, in the Spring, and September, in the fall. Precipitation from April through September usually occurs with thunderstorms, and fairly large amounts falling in short periods of time while most of the winter precipitation occurs as light rain or drizzle. Hail of damaging intensity seldom occurs, but light hail is frequent in connection with the springtime thunderstorms. Measurable snow occurs only once in 3 or 4 years with the greatest annual amount 7.4 inches in 1926.

Northerly winds prevail most of the winter, while southeasterly winds from the Gulf of Mexico prevail during the summertime and may be experienced for long periods during the winter. Rather strong northerly winds occasionally occur during the winter months in connection with "northerns." No tornados have been experienced in the immediate area.

Located only 140 miles from the Gulf of Mexico, tropical storms occasionally affect the city with strong winds and heavy rains. The fastest mile of wind recorded, 74 m.p.h. occurred as a tropical storm moved inland east of the city in August, 1942.

Relative humidity averages about 80 per cent during the early morning hours throughout the year, dropping to near 50 per cent in the late afternoon.

San Antonio, popularly known as the place where "The Sunshine Spends the Winter", has about 50 per cent of the possible amount of sunshine during the winter months and more than 70 per cent during the summer months. Skies are clear more than 85 per cent of the time and cloudy about 30 per cent.

San Jose San Miguel de Aguayo Mission, founded in 1720, is an outstanding example of one in the chain of missions established in the New World by the Catholic Church during the period of Spain's greatest colonial power. These missions exerted a profound cultural influence on the land and its peoples, establishing a foundation for the growth of civilization. Mission San Jose, a symbol in stone and mortar of the faith, courage and vigor of the Franciscan Fathers, stands preserved for future generations.

Establishment
Mission San Jose, today regarded as one of the finest missions in North America, was founded in 1720 by Franciscan Fray Antonio Margil de Jesus. Because the French were pillaging the six missions in East Texas, the Marquis de Aguayo, authorized Father Margil to establish Mission San Jose on the San Antonio River.

On February 23, 1720, Indians belonging to several Coahuiltecan bands were formally accepted into the new mission. A site was selected for the Indian quarters and church, with ample room for a cemetery, convento, or missionaries' residence, and barracks for two Spanish soldiers.

Early Development
The development of San Jose progressed gradually. By 1740 it had become one of the leading missions on the northern frontier of New Spain. Father Ciprian in 1749, Governor Barrios in 1758, and Father Solis in 1768 described the mission's flourishing condition and the Excellent work of its governor and priests. The mission's flourishing condition and the excellent work of its governor and priests.

In the 18th and 19th centuries, San Jose, the finest missions in North America, was preserved and restored by father. The mission's flourishing condition and the excellent work of its governor and priests.

Currently, the mission's church is again an active parish church in the community. Paseo del Rio, the downtown River Walk, earns for San Antonio the title - "One of America's Four Unique Cities." Twenty of thirty steps below busy streets, it is the outgrowth of years of conservation, restoration, beautification and commercial development.

There is only one such river anywhere, and because it reflects a unique history, there can never be another exactly like it. Discovered and named by Spanish padres in 1691, it was saved by a determined group of conversationists from becoming merely a flood channel in the 1920's.

Beautification was begun in the WPA era and is a continuing process. Large scale commercial development started in the mid-1960's and that too, continues.

Today, Paseo del Rio is the happy union of city parkland and private industry. While the banks and walkways are under the direct care and supervision of the city Parks and Recreation Department, the dozens of businesses that line those banks are privately owned.

Ordinances govern the aesthetics of buildings being redeveloped including such items as size and placement of signs and outside lighting. And the River Walk Commission acts as an advisory board to the City Council on all matters pertaining to development of the ordinances.

Park rangers keep the River Walk area safe and secure. Landscaping and maintenance are other functions of the Parks Department.

It is the imagination and ingenuity of businessmen that created Paseo del Rio's shops, galleries, restaurants, night spots and hotels. These business operators, property owners and supporting firms have banded together as the Paseo del Rio Association for the purpose of promoting and further developing the River Walk.

Building on existing activities such as the River Art Show, Starving Artists' Show, Fiesta River Parade and Fiesta Noche del Rio, the Association has brought into being an expanded calendar of action events.

Rio Roundup, a three-day, western-theme festival is staged in February. In March, the river is dyed green in honor of St. Patrick's Day. Two Fiesta San Antonio events, an Art Fair and Mariachi Festival, have been added to the April events. Boy Scout Canoe Races and Mexican American Friendship Week activities take place in September. There is a German-style festival in October and Fiesta de las Luminarias in December.

The calendar of events taking place on Paseo del Rio grows each year, and more and more residents and visitors find Paseo del Rio San Antonio's action center.

FEBRUARY, 1974-5
Yamashita's Long Riddle Solved

By BEN LARA

A secret that has remained sealed for almost three decades is now on the brink of disclosure.

The secret revolves around the location of the burial ground of the late Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita of Japan, the famous "Tiger of Malaya."

The secret has been known to the unidentified American Army officers who carried out orders to hang the Japanese general in Los Banos, Laguna, in 1946 for atrocities committed by his troops in the Philippines.

It has remained a secret with them for 17 years, and it seemed it would endure despite offers by Japanese philanthropists who seek to build a shrine on the burial ground of their war hero.

Now, a retired Philippine army officer — Col. Rafael G. Arce — has stumbled upon clues that may lead to the discovery of the long-sought site.

Arrangements are being made for the disclosure of these clues to President Marcos who himself had fought against Yamashita's jungle troops in the Battle of Bataan.

Arce is not talking through his hat. He was the first Filipino hangman of the U.S. War Crimes Commission.

The retired colonel presided over the execution of 10 Japanese military officers, condemned to death by hanging for war crimes.

One of the Japanese officers was Capt. Chusiro Kudo, commanding officer of a unit held responsible for the massacre of 148 civilians in a Laguna town.

These 10 officers were hung at Muntinlupa, Rizal.

However, Yamashita was an exceptional case. The execution was held at Los Banos, Laguna.

Arce witnessed the execution of Yamashita. The colonel represented the Philippine government. It was believed that Arce was the only Filipino to see the hanging of Yamashita.

Yamashita was hung sometime between 5 to 5:30 a.m. on Feb. 23, 1946 underneath three mango trees on a hill overlooking the UP college of agriculture.

An American military police unit commanded by a certain Col. Charles Haldermann implemented the order of execution. Yamashita was buried by a special detail.

The Japanese general, who was considered to be one of the most brilliant military tacticians to emerge during World War II, was laid to rest at an unmarked site.

The site was not at Los Banos, Laguna.

6—THE QUAN

VA HOSPITAL

Transfer of the St. Albans Naval Hospital in Queens, N.Y., to the Veterans Administration has been approved by President Nixon, VA Administrator Donald E. Johnson revealed recently in New York City.

"Although no firm timetable has been established for formal transfer of the facility, I anticipate that VA will acquire the hospital and begin operations well before the September 1974 date when the hospital had been targeted for closing by the Department of Defense," Johnson said.

He told a group of New York Congressmen and members of veterans' service organizations that VA will make every effort to retain as many as possible of the civilian employees of the Naval hospital.

Depending upon the availability of operational and construction funds and medical staffing personnel, VA's tentative plans call for the activation of 151 nursing home care beds at St. Albans by June 30, with a medical staff of about 327 employees.

By fiscal 1976, tentative plans call for operation of 420 beds and a medical staff of about 550 employees. The bed total would consist of 300 nursing home care beds and 120 intermediate care hospital beds. VA annual expenditures for salaries and other administrative costs are estimated at $8 million when all 420 beds are activated.

In addition to providing hospital and nursing home care, VA expects to activate an ambulatory (non-bed) care program at St. Albans to accommodate an estimated 60,000 veterans-visits per year when fully operational.

An additional estimated sum of nearly $5 million will be required in construction funds to modernize and adapt to VA use the seven permanent buildings at St. Albans.

About $1 million of the construction funds would be used to construct and equip a consolidated laundry at St. Albans which would process the work now done in laundries at VA hospitals in the Bronx, Brooklyn, Manhattan and Northport, N.Y.

This consolidation would free vitally needed space in the four hospitals and save the government considerable money that otherwise would be required for replacement equipment in the separate units.

Q—What proportion of the adult male population of this country has had military service?

A—There are 55.1 million men aged 20 to 64 in the United States and 26.4 million, or 48 per cent, are veterans of the Armed Forces.
VIRGINIA CHAPTER

"Energy Crisis? What energy crisis?" would be an appropriate comment from the way the Virginia Chapter of the A.D.B.C. handled their fourth annual convention. Practically all who said they were coming were there. Taking care of first things first, most of the delegates went to the nearest gas stations to fill up after registration. With that chore behind them, the Defenders had one heck of a good time!

Ida Feiner was again behind the registration desk taking care of incoming delegates. Commander Feiner and Past Commander Paul Harmon greeted the Defenders while Public Relations expert George Gardner appeared distraught about the loss of the local TV filming crew (they showed up the next day and George looked relieved...). Friday evening found the Defenders in the Colonial Room of the historical Hotel Chamberlain for the Quan Party. Ida and Do had a table full of food, and refreshments were plentiful. Treasurer Howard Morgan had music playing through his tape recorder while Vice Commander Dewey Smithwick and Harold Feiner were advising a young photographer from the local newspaper office how to run his business. (It was significant to note the youngster was following orders.) Mostly though, it was talk; good honest conversation between friends who hadn't seen each other for months or years. For instance, Director Bob Murdoch found a pupil friend, Ernie Stotler of Winchester, Virginia, whom he fought in the ring back in Corregidor...

About midnight, Cinderella, in the form of the hotel hostess, invited the Defenders to the Flagship Room for a community sing. Backed by two blonde entertainers, "The Gold Dust Twins" the delegates rocked the roof with their renditions of old songs. (Several wanted to sing "The Monkeys Have No Tails In Xamboanga," but the twins thought we were putting them on!) The party broke up about 1 a.m. Saturday and the delegates rested for the next event...

After a few winks, they were on their way again, this time for a tour of NASA, the space museum. Dr. Holder was the host and he gave the Defenders special attention. By the time the delegates returned, it was time for the business meeting.

New officers for 1974 are:
Commander, Dewey Smithwick
Vice Commander, George T. Gardner
Secretary, Leonard Hudson
Treasurer, Howard Morgan
Surgeon, Edward Wernitzig, M.D.
Judge Advocate, Bertram Freedman
Public Relations, James Downey, Jr.
Directors for the coming year are:
Frank W. Buckles
Hayne W. Dominick, Jr.
Harold Feiner

Paul C. Harmon
Edward L. Hill
Robert M. Murdoch

The Banquet started promptly at S p.m. as MC George Gardner (Art Bressi couldn't make it due to a minor operation on his hand... nothing serious...) called the delegates to their seats. Wood Buckles gave a prayer and dinner was served. The rest of the program included a short talk by Mr. Andrew Greenwell, Director of Commerce for the City of Hampton; greetings from Commander Feiner and incoming Commander Dewey Smithwick. The highlight of the evening was the recreation of "A Night at Cabanatuan," directed by Ben Guyton. (In all fairness, it should be remembered that this presentation was a "road company" premiere and was not meant to compete with the one given at Fontana!) We all wish to thank Ben for his splendid efforts in presenting "A Night at Cabanatuan...

A dance followed, then a raffle. Ida gave out more gifts and dancing again. In fact, there was an awful lot of dancing going on, due to the outstanding combo of Sammy Cahn who played OUR music. The banquet broke up at 2 a.m. Sunday as the delegates headed for home, convinced that this was the best state convention yet.

Approximately 67 members and guests attended the banquet.

BUNK

Anthony J. Bunk, 56, of 315 Murray St., Rahway, N.J. died Friday, Jan. 18, 1974 in Rahway Hospital. Anthony was Corpman at Sternbert General Hospital, Manila, P.I. During war was stationed at No. 2 Hospital on Bataan was survivor of Death March, and 5½ years Jap. P.O.W. Camps. He is survived by wife Mary and four daughters. Arthur Ross was one of his pallbearers.

HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU

It had been 29 years but Robert Mackie thought the man approaching him on Main Street here looked familiar.

The man was Roy Forsberg, of Spokane, Wash., who last saw Mackie when they were in a World War II POW camp in Osaka, Japan. Mackie was a Navy man and Forsberg a civilian carpenter when they were captured on Wake Island.

VA INCREASE

Increased benefits will be reflected in February Veterans Administration pension checks for nearly 2.7 million disabled veterans and survivors of deceased veterans, Administrator of Veterans Affairs Donald E. Johnson said.

A cost-of-living increase in these VA benefits is authorized by a law signed by the President (Dec. 6). The law is effective Jan. 1.

Johnson said the increase will average 10 percent for 915,000 wartime veterans and 689,000 widows on VA pension rolls and 69,000 parents drawing disability and indemnity compensation. Increased pension payments also will go to 842,000 children of veterans.

Pensions are paid by the VA on the basis of need to veterans permanently and totally disabled from nonservice causes and to widows and children of veterans who died of nonservice-connected disabilities.

DIC payments are made to widows, unmarried children under 18, and certain parents of veterans and servicemen who died of service-connected disabilities. The new law increased DIC rates only for parents, Johnson noted.

Among other highlights of the new law:
Maximum pension payable to veterans without dependents increased from $30 to $50 monthly, if hospitalized more than two months.

Pension for veterans with no dependents and incomes of not more than $300 annually increased from $130 to $143 monthly.

Pension for veterans with one dependent and incomes of not more than $500 annually increased from $140 to $154 monthly.

Widows with no dependents and incomes of not more than $300 annually increased from $87 to $96 monthly.

Death pension rates for children increased from $42 monthly plus $17 monthly for each additional child, to $44 monthly plus $18 monthly for each additional child.

WESTERN STATES CHAPTER

The Western States Chapter will hold their annual meeting at the Circus Circus Hotel, Las Vegas, Nev. April 4-7, 1974. Business meeting and election of officers will be held April 6th. Sorry the timing of this issue is too late to benefit other information but Chapter Commander Kermit LayRet. has contracted their members. Sounds like a good time.

The Nov. 3rd meeting at the Naval Officers open mess, Long Beach had a great response with some 82 people attending.
A DREAM? I WISH IT WAS

I dreamt last night of a prison camp
Which I had reached after a tedious tramp
And had been told by good sound advice
To take life easy, this was "Paradise."
I dreamt last night of a large dry farm
With Donald Duck and Air Raid to give it some charm
And the big detail to gather hay
To feed our Carabao every day.
I dreamt last night I was eating rice
And soup that had a greasy spice
And corn starch pudding to sweeten our taste
And watery Lugao, good substitute for paste.
I dreamt last night of a bamboo bed
Upon which I laid my weary head
And that thousands of bedbugs lived in all the cracks.
And that my clothes were full of little grey-backs.
I dreamt last night I had beri-beri
And to me my chew they had to carry
And chill and fever would take me down
And make me shake like an ole coon hound.
I dreamt last night I had dysentery
And to the latrine I could not tarry
And paralyzed joints from dreadful Dip
And vitamin deficiencies that I could not whip.
Dreams like that would make any man quake.
But, HELL! Who was asleep? I was awake.

Written in 1943 by
Michael Pinkovsky, 24163 Center Ave., Orlando, Fla. 32806

TAX TIPS

The Veterans Administration is offering tips for recipients of veterans benefits in preparing their Federal income tax returns.

Officials noted that, in general, veterans benefits are exempt from taxation, and need not be reported as income.

Interest on government life-insurance dividends left on deposit or credit with VA is an exception. Since this interest is considered income, it must be reported, officials explained.

Dividends and proceeds from government life-insurance policies are exempt from Federal income tax, but proceeds are subject to Federal estate tax.

Compensation, pension, GI Bill and other educational assistance, including subsistence payments to vocational rehabilitation trainees, are among other tax-exempt VA benefits.

Also exempt are grants to service disabled veterans eligible for specially adapted homes and cars, and clothing allowances for those whose prosthetic devices tend to wear out or tear their clothing, VA officials advised.

QUANS RETURNED BAD ADDRESSES:

T/SGT Sidney A. Farmer, Jr., 753 Bradley, Elcajon, CA. 92021.

Tom Jones Cords III CTZ, APO San Francisco, CA.

Mrs. Ethel Blaine McGrath, R.N., 1445 Harbor View Dr. Apt. 128, Santa Barbara, Ca. 93103.

Ralph Knox, 3952 Bel Per Rd. Apts. Silver Springs, Md. 20906.

A. Botto, 3455 Larimer St., Denver, Colo. 80205.

Gordon C. Cox, Rt. 1 Box 324 Beaver-creek, Oregon 97004.

Lawrence Rothamel, 202 W. Acacia St., Salinas, Ca. 93901.

Wm. H. Brooks, 5253 Ironwood, Palos Verdes, Ca. 90274.

Joan Y. Begay Box 101, Blanding, Utah 84511.

Ralph W. Hubbard, 3926 N.W. Terrace Oklahoma City, Okla. 73112.

Earl Phillips, R No. 1, Oologna, Okla. 74063.

A. S. Bajorek, 700 W. 18th St., P.O. Box 5493, N. Little Rock, Ark. 72110.

Charles Claybourn, Terre Haute, Ind. 47808.
KENTUCKIANA CHAPTER

This meeting was held after the chapter's annual covered-dish picnic at the farm and home of Vice Commander and Mrs. Regis Theriac.

The place was Wheatland, Indiana and the date was Saturday, July 28.

The day was sunny and the Theriacs were the usual fine hosts. They even supplied entertainment by a local singing group, The Westernaires.

The covered-dish food again was delicious, the drinks adequate and the place (and meats) as always with Fern & Regis Theriac officiating, was in tip-top shape.

A brief meeting followed with Commander John Crago presiding.

The first order of business was a round of thanks to the Theriacs for their efforts in setting up the picnic.

Next, Mrs. Evelyn Barnes, an ex-intern from P.I., was voted into the chapter. She has been attending some of the previous Indiana functions.

Third, a motion by Regis Theriac was made to consider setting up the annual covered-dish picnic as a permanent affair at the Theriacs. They would thus have an earlier start and a more elaborate Luau-type (piglet roast, etc.) could be planned. This was then tabled as per chapter rules for further discussion at our next meeting.

Fourth, Clara and Frank Byvai of Aurora, Ill. were officially welcomed as guests. Frank made a short statement and invited all to attend the annual Bataan Day in Maywood, Ill.

Fifth, a tentative date was set for the final meeting of 1973, November 10, 1973. The place would be the Sheraton Motor Inn in Northeast Indianapolis.

A brief discussion followed by Berries Fields and Frank Byvai on the need to try to get the ex-POW's of WWII included on bills in Congress to benefit families of former Viet Cong-held POW's.

The meeting adjourned to continue the remaining and good fellowship the meetings generate.

Approximately 26 members and guests attended the meeting.

J.A. Mihok, Secretary

RAMOS

GET G. RAMOS, 61, a native of the Philippines, resided in Hampton, Va. died Jan. 10, 1974 in McDonald Army Hospital, Ft. Eustis, Va. He was a member of the Virginia Chapter ADBC.

An army veteran of WWII and Korea he retired after serving 21 years. He was captured by the Japanese in Bataan. He was employed at Ft. Monroe as a computer Systems analyst.

Surviving are his wife, six sons and two daughters and twelve grandchildren.

He was buried with military honors at Veterans Memorial Garden / Hampton Va.

Virginia Chapter members attending his funeral were:

Vincente Labrador, John Lawrence, James Downey and Harold Feiner. Mr. Ramos was a member of Immaculate Conception Catholic Church, Knights of Columbus, St. Mary's Star of the Sea Council, John F. Kennedy General Assembly of Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus and Holy Family Retreat League.

ALBERT FIELDS

Albert Fields, 85, of 5716 AshDrive, Roeland Park, a retired Army colonel and dentist, died Nov. 22, 1973 at Munson Army Hospital, Ft. Leavenworth. He was born in Coffeyville, Kan., and had lived in the Kansas City area 26 years.

Colonel Fields was graduated in 1915 from the University of Louisville (Ky.) School of Dentistry, and practiced in Pittsburg, Kan., before entering the Army near the end of World War I. He served at the Brooklyn, N.Y., receiving hospital, attending wounded servicemen of World War I.

He was commissioned in 1920 and served through World War II. Colonel Fields was a prisoner of war 31/2-years in the Cabanatuan Prison in the Philippines after the fall of Bataan. After retiring in 1947 as senior dental officer at the Brooke Medical Center at Ft. Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex., he became an instructor for the University of Missouri-Kansas City Dental College.

The Veterans Administration acts as guardian for 750,000 mentally incompetent veterans, dependents, and minor children of veterans.

BEN GUYTON

Saturday, January 19, I accompanied Art and Jerry to Lancaster, Pa. and attended the ADBC Board meeting in non-voting status. As a LifeMember I much enjoyed the meeting and am happy to report that, in my opinion, ADBC affairs are in good hands. Final arrangements for the National Convention in San Antonio, April 21-27, 1974, were completed, and Jerry McDavid, Convention Chairman, displayed a list of 122 members already registered, most with wives. Then Jerry proceeded to register all the board members. Make your reservation with Jerry and arrange your transportation soon!

Sunday, Joe Vater, SwedeEmerick and their wives stopped by Art's, paid their respects to Kimberly Michelle, drank lots of coffee, swapped a few stories and continued on their way to western Penna. Later Art took Jerry and me to Valley Forge, where we hurried thru the Freedom Foundation but stopped long enough to notice that our ADBC banner has the choice position of honor among all the flags displayed there. This is due, no doubt, to General Harold K. Johnson who is Chairman of the Foundation. At the Memorial Chapel Carillon we observed an inscription cut into a stone arch: "Lieut. Thomas W. Frutiger Imprisoned After Fall of Bataan, Killed Aboard Enemy Ship, Jan. 9, 1945".

Roy Stensland

Capt. Roy E. Stensland (USA, ret.), age 66, of 18711 Scenic Loop Dr. died January 5, 1974. He was a member of Unity Lodge No. 130 AP&AM, and past president of The Lost Battalion Association. Survivors: Wife, Mrs. Irene B. Stensland; daughters, Mrs. John R. Saunders, Mrs. G. E. Glenn Jr., both of Houston; son, Maj. William C. Stensland, Annandale, Va.

Deceased


Raymond J. Jakubielski, RR1 Box 270E, Tarpon Springs, Fl. 33789 — Quan returned deceased.


Joe E. Rodgers, Rt. 2 Box 151, Grape-lain, Tx. 75644.

Mrs. A. G. Micks, Cattaragus, N.Y. 14719.
1 Metta 69 CAVENAUGH
2 McBride 70 FILIPPEN
3 WM. MILLER 71 Montoya
4 ED STEWART 72 L.A. Anderson
5 Draper 73 Berger
6 VLASAK 74 Ball
7 Lundgren 75 Pickard
8 BUNCH 76 Shuffett
9 Hirschfield 77 HYER
10 Feldstein 78 Deal
11 Underwood 79 T.E. Smith
12 CHIPS 80 CARTER
13 Owen 81 Hamlin
14 Beinis 82 Van Camp
15 Malouf 83 Mitchell
16 BAYARD 84 Tierney
17 Chavez 85 Leach
18 FERRARO 86 SERVOLATZ
19 James 87 BYRD
20 Hawkins 88 Nuckles
21 Harrell 89 BLACK
22 Bulit 90 Jeffries
23 Phillips 91 Daniel
24 Stackhouse 92 REEVES
25 Griffin 93 MOULTON
26 Kidd 94 Cooper
27 O'Rourke 95 CHAMBERS
28 Blackman 96 ANGUS
29 Wm. T. Penrod 97 Brownlee
30 Wm. K. Roberts 98 Edmundson
31 Gabour 99 Hart
32 Travis 100 Mint
33 Naymik 101 GIBSON
34 FISH 102 DALE
35 Ziarko 103 W.W. Smith
36 Remy 104 Purlee
37 WOISHNIS 105 Bostic
38 Forinash 106 H.H. Smith
39 FRAZIER 107 Vaitkus
40 Campbell 108 POLLOCK
41 Chas. L. Wilson 109 W.W. JACKSON
42 DELANY 110 MERRELL
43 Kuretich 111 B.V. KING
44 Denelegi 112 Hamilton
45 CARLTON 113 GARLINGHOUSE
46 Bob F. Miller 114 Davies
47 Duckworth 115 M.O. Johnson
48 Don L. Baker 116 Curby
49 Lay 117 Buhler
50 A. JOHNSON 118 McAuliffe
51 Lewis 119 Knox
52 Sherman 120 Tyson
53 HUDDLESTON 121 Egner
54 LANE 122 J. Smith
55 SHELDON 123 T.L. PENROD
56 Torres 124 J.B. Miller
57 MAYNARD 125 Paulhus
58 MM GILLETTE 126 Mayberry
59 Peralta 127 J.M. Davis
60 EMLAY 128 Ragan
61 Blackater 129 Erwin
62 Barnes 130 DALY
63 Williams 131 McKinney
64 Hays 132 McCresnor
65 Mullinix 133 Heiman
66 HOLLINGSWORTH 134 MASCOLO
67 G. KING 135 DiPasquale
68 KEPLER 136 Ahart
69 COLLINS 137 Mullen
70 Lee 138 ACKERMAN
71 Sparks 139 Cavallerio
72 Girard 140 Spizzirro
73 Chesselet 141 Schwabe
74 Jurkovic 142 Vanderwort
75 Wilkinson 143 NAULT
76 CORRIGAN 144 HARMON
77 Coker 145 STERNBERGH
78 CORRILLO 146 WEBER
79 HUNT 147 OZANICH
80 KUECE 148 Finseth
81 eofier 149 HOOPER
82 McDonald 150 VASAL
83 PFIEFER 151 Bollin
84 Lorraine 152 OTWELL
85 Turner 153 Delbaugh
86 CLARK 154 FIDONSMITH
87 WHEELER 155 MANN
88 CRAWFORD 156 ANDRUS
89 Gibb 157 MELVIN
90 Ringer 158 Wright
91 Revark 159 Ringo
92 McElhinney 160 COLLERT
93 Wojas 161 CLENDENON
94 Sliveneck 162 HENSON
95 Dreasher 163 DABROWSKI
96 W.K. Smith 164 Harrington
97 Smith 165 HANSON
98 MANCEAUX 166 BYALL
99 Gillihan 167 Sharp
100 KARLSON 168 Frye
101 Munsell 169 POST
102 Bussell 170 DOW
103 Millburn 171 D. KING
104 WESTERN 172 ELY
105 Littleton 173 SWEDEN
106 Sherlock 174 PRICE
107 GILLET 175 D KING
108 Stepper 176 D KING
109 W.M. Martin 177 R. ROBERTS
110 Merianos 178 LEWIS
111 Karpus 179 LINDSAY
112 Pomimetzky 180 GILLESPIE
113 Lucia 181 HAYES
114 Lower 182 LOW
115 Massey 183 HOUGHTON
116 SANDS 184 LYNCHBURY
117 Landon 185 BEHR
118 Eldal 186 BROWN
119 Sigueros 187 BROWSE
120 Zahler 188 CONLEY
121 Browse 189 FOLIDORE
122 Ferrel 190 STEPPENWALD
123 Carr 191 PHILIPSON
124 W. J. Davis 192 DE LA CARR
125 Love 193 CARROLL
126 Gaineys 194 MCCARTER
127 Drennen 195 ROMANO
128 Tackett 196 GANNON
129 McNeill 197 DUNN
130 Ramsey 198 GATTS
131 Crane 199 BAKER
132 Messler 200 MILLER, D
133 Clark 201 MICKUCKI
134 Heard 202 KUHN
135 Naylor 203 KLUSENDORF
136 McDade 204 BRAINTLEY
137 Torti 205 MORRVD

This list was furnished by Ben Vaitkus.

(Continued on Page 15)
WHERE ARE THE ENLISTED MEN?

Wesley Jordan. A short, cut-off, sloppy, baggy, clown of a boy. Barely out of his teens. It didn’t make much difference what he wore. It was always too big. His belt too long. Boots unshined, loose laced and half-tied.

Wesley Jordan. Warty faced, homely, long-jawed and greasy skinned. Looking unwashed even when coming from the showers. Wesley Jordan was from “Arkansas” and he spoke with an “Arkansas” accent. He was my friend. He was the most everyone's friend. He was a man you could count on. He was an American!

Wesley Jordan moaning in the darkness with a pole behind his knees to spread the aching joints. Wesley Jordan blistering in the tropic sun. Wired to a post. Hands purple and swollen. Shifting his weight to ease his throbbing legs.

He hung there on a post three days and three nights.

The last time I saw Wesley it was a bright June day. He was standing alone in the dusty grass at the edge of the compound in Cabanatawan. Tall and straight with his belly in and his shoulders back. The early morning sun was shining in his eyes. He didn’t look short and baggy anymore as he stood there alone. Knees locked, calm, chin up, head back. He was looking straight ahead.

Proud! Brave! A Soldier!

The faded blue denim jacket gave three puffs, over the breast, on the left side, an inch or two below the collar bone. Puffs, as when a sudden fall breeze russels a dead leaf, or dust is gently patted from a pillow.

A volley of small caliber rifle shots cracked sharp and dry. The sound of dead branches breaking in a forest. The noise of shelling walnuts. The young soldier rose to full height on tip toe. Then melted toward the earth, Not all at once, but slowly. A little at a time.

A Jap officer goose-stepped over and shot him through the head. With a hob-nailed boot he pushed the body into an already prepared grave.

An American POW had died in a strange land, ten thousand miles from home, for a purpose his government had told him was right and honorable. He died knowing his country would not forsake him. It was the moral code of his land! The people at home would not forget him!

It was this faith in country that saw the remaining prisoners through thirty or more months of starvation, brutality and hardship. Without this faith it would have been impossible.

The old truths seem to be no more. The moral code is forgotten and is old fashion. Regardless of the circumstances it is business as usual.

Five hundred and eleven Officer POWs were returned from Viet Nam, but only forty-four Enlisted men. Where are the Enlisted men? The foot slogging' infantry! The men who met the enemy eye-ball to eye-ball on the battle field? The men who held the line for months during the bomb-hauling. They were the men most likely to be captured! The ratio of enlisted men to officers on the battle field is at least forty to one. Most planes have enlisted men crew members. Where are the Enlisted Men!

Fifty Army and fifteen Marine Corps Officers were released from Viet Nam, but only twenty six Army and eleven Marine Corps Enlisted men were returned.

Who is kidding who? Where are the GIs? Where are the 1300 men which have not been accounted for in Viet Nam?

For a stinkin’ dollar, worth only what it is decreed by the money changers, we rush headlong to embrace the very nations who have butchered millions. They have openly sworn to also do so in! In our rush to national suicide we do not even have the modesty to walk. Rather, we skip giddily over anything which might deter our course. Snickering half-wits in a make-believe friendship with the greatest killers the world has ever known. Where are our Enlisted Men! In our greed for international trade and basketball games are we going to forget them?

The American Government wrote off a number of military personnel at the termination of hostilities in Korea. The North Koreans and the Red Chinese refused to make an accounting. As a nation we did not have the guts or moral courage to make it an issue. There is reliable sources even today who allege they have evidence that men captured in Korea are still alive and prisoners in either Red China or North Korea.

The Wesley Jordons of Korea died in vain.

God will surely forsake us if we forget our missing enlisted men in Viet Nam. We should demand a congressional investigation.

Warren M. Smith
FEBRUARY, 1974—11
**WE PRAYED TO DIE**

By M / Sgt. Calvin Robert Graef  
With Harry T. Brundidge

Since the burnished dawn we have wallowed knee-deep in the muck of the rice paddy. Barefoot, naked save for G-strings, our half-starved and emaciated bodies exposed to the blazing Philippine sun, we bent low, sticking the rice shoots into the ooze until it seemed our spines would disintegrate into splinters. The rainy season was over and we were planting. Our feet had been cut by stones at the bottom of the slime, our legs slashed by the hellish cogon grass which cuts like a knife. Resultant infection covered our feet and legs with angry tropical ulcers.

Insolent Jap guards, their bayonets glinting, squatted or straddled in the paths separating the paddies. They smoked cigarettes, gloated, prodded us and unwittingly illustrated the inferiority complex of all Japs in the presence of white men by swaggering and heaping insults upon us American soldiers doing the dirty work of rice-paddy coolies.

Pointing to us they would shout: "Hitoitsu ikura desu ka?" ("How much for one?")

"Issen," a Jap soldier would answer, and issen means one sen — the very smallest of Japanese copper coins.

Then, all laughing, the guards would yell in unison: "Mo-sukoshi yasui no wa arimasen ka?" which means, "Haven't you one a little cheaper?"

This particular day was September 21, 1944 — a day never to be forgotten. I was now well into my third year of what the Japs called "not honorable prisoner of war but enemy of Japan." I was doing my second stretch as a slave in the filth of the notorious prison camp of Cabanatuan, some seventy miles north of Manila. I was back after the "Death March" from Bataan which had taken me to Camp O'Donnell, to Cabanatuan, Davao, Bilibid Prison and back to Cabanatuan.

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**NELSON ARMY DENTAL CLINIC**

Mrs. Blanche Magdalene Nelson  
3852 Twelfth Ave., S  
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55407

Dear Mrs. Nelson:

For many years it has been the policy of this headquarters to honor military officers and men whose careers and lives have contributed significantly to the United States Army and our country.

At a recent meeting of the Installation Memorialization Board, a recommendation was made to the Commanding General that a new dental clinic currently under construction at Fort Knox be named Nelson Army Dental Clinic in honor of your late husband, Major Robert Virgil Nelson, US Army Dental Corps.

My purpose in writing to you at this time is to obtain your approval for this proposed action. The facility is several months away from completion; however an appropriate dedication ceremony is being planned for the future.

I would appreciate it greatly if you will inform me if these plans meet with your approval.

Enclosed is a curriculum vitae compiled from available records. If you know of any additions, deletions, or corrections please let me know and I will contact the Historical Unit in Washington.

I would also appreciate several photos for portrait purposes as was discussed on the phone the other day.

An approximate time for the dedication ceremony will probably be late July of this year. I will keep in touch as progress is made.

Sincerely,

JOHN PLEGGE

COL, DC

Project Officer


Major Nelson served as a dental surgeon at Sternberg General Hospital, Manila, P.I. and was taken prisoner of war on Minanao where he was sent just before the war started as a dental surgeon in charge of the Visayan-Minanao Force under the command of Major General W.F. Sharp.

12--THE QUAN
It seemed I had lived a lifetime of unspokeable atrocities, tortures, thirst and near-starvation. Yet I knew I was better off than thousands of my comrades who had been shot, beheaded, tortured or starved to death. As we sat in the sun now, sleeping in shallow graves, I knew I was alive. Hope was not quite dead.

It was near this particular day's end when out of the north came the sound of distant planes, roaring nearer. The motors of Jap planes were nothing new to our ears, but somehow, perhaps because we had hoped, feared, and watched for the coming of our own planes, this noise seemed different. We gazed skyward, then at one another, as a formation of some eighty planes roared over Cabatan. They were too high; we could see no insignia. But the Japs, visibly agitated, ordered us back to camp. As we limped back, we whispered:

"Have THEY come at last?"
"We can hope."
"And pray, too."

A few minutes after we entered our compound we KNEW! There was a dog-fight directly overhead. Some ships zoomed low and we recognized the insignia of the United States Navy. They had come!

A wild cheer burst from the throats of several thousand Americans in the two camps. A moment later our buddies upstairs presented us with a two-motorized Son of Heaven plane which crashed in flames near the camp. Another wild cheer. As far as the eye could reach, wave after wave of American planes swarmed the skies. This was IT! Naked and near-naked men yelled, hugged, beat one another. Hospital patients crawled out of bed for a last dying look. A big skeleton of a guy, naked and covered with paddy muck, leaped to some steps and began singing in a deep voice:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory —"
He was drowned out by the shouting.

Stunned guard did nothing.

Then within minutes we began to hear the BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! from the south and the southwest. We knew that at long last bombs were falling on Manila and old Clark Field. Again we cheered.

As the last detonation echoed through the palms and bamboo thickets, reaction set in. It was bound to. When you've been waiting for something for nearly three years — and it comes — well, there are lumps in your throat you just can't swallow. Hundreds of men sobbed like children. It was good for all of us.

There was gaiety that night. We improvised a variation of that malicious old song about Bataan and we sang:

"WE WERE the orphans of Bataan BUT now we got a mama, NOW we got a papa AND Uncle Sam."

That night we agreed this first big raid on Luzon* would put an end to our daily dread — the further movements of American prisoners of Japan. Transfer of prisoners to the Japanese home islands had been going on for many months. We were all satisfied that with American planes swarming the Philippines, further transport would be impossible.

But we were soon to learn how wrong we were. Coming in from the rice paddies on the evening of October seventh, we learned that a draft of 250 of us was being organized for transfer to Japan. It was heartbreaking. We figured the Army would get to the Philippines first and that transfer to Japan meant much longer confinement. The detail was formed that same night. I missed it. The 250 men left early the next morning.

The next day there was another order for an additional draft of 250. The lists were posted in the barracks. I looked down the A, B, C, D, E, F, and G's headed as I had G. I said, "I've seen it."
I wasn't going to Japan! I was damn happy. I went about telling my friends from New Mexico I had missed. All my friends from my home state — who were still alive — were still in Cabatan. I went back to my own barracks and learned that because of illnesses my name had been added to the list of drafted.

I was stunned. Off for Japan! Closer to home by hundreds of miles, yes, but farther away by months, perhaps years. The news spread. Boys from Silver City, my home town, came in to joke, speak of a happy reunion in New Mexico, shake hands and wish me luck. Tears welled in many an eye. One by one they drifted to their bunks until I was alone with my best Silver City buddy, Captain Clyde E. Ely. In husky voices we spoke of our wives, Bobbie and Ruthie. I spoke of my little son, Calvin Junior, born three years after the fall of Bataan, about whom I had first heard in March, 1944, in my first letter from home.

At last we stood up and gripped hands, and Clyde said, "Cal, maybe you'll get home sometime. I don't know. If you do, and I don't make it, tell Ruthie it wasn't too bad — that I thought of her a lot."

"Maybe you'll get there and I won't. If you do — tell Bobbie the same thing."

God, how I hope he makes it!

The truck convey, with 250 of us, pulled out at dawn. We were not tied or blindfolded as was customary, but a Jap guard was posted in each truck. We drove into Manila, a city of the dead. Shops were closed but a few old men peddled mangos, papayas, and other fruits in the filthy streets. Our friends the Filipinos, who had seen their fellows murdered by the Japs for a mere sign of friendliness to American soldiers, remained indoors. But we saw many a surreptitious V sign made by hands slipped out of curtained windows and quickly withdrawn.

We were unloaded at Bilibid, the old Spanish prison, where armless, legless, blind, hopelessly sick and dying soldiers — heroes of Bataan and Corregidor — were "hospitalized." We were given watery rice and jammed into quarters. The next morning our long-missing shoes were returned and we were issued heavy Army clothing. You can imagine what big husky Americans looked like in those Jap monkey suits. Thank God, we could laugh at ourselves. In the afternoon our group, with other drafts, were marched through the city to Legaspi Landing, the port area. We totaled 1,805 men.

As the Japs gibed, we were herded into a pier shed from which we could see the dirty little Jap freighter which was to transport us to Japan. Twelve-five of us were detailed to remove the tarpaulins and hatch cover from the No. 2 hold. As we cleared the covers a horrible stench came from the hold. Recovering from my nausea, I gazed down into it and realized with satisfaction it would accommodate about 200, which to me meant that a lot of us would have to sleep topside.

But I was wrong again. At four p.m., the air-raid warning sirens boomed and as our Jap guards screamed and cursed we were herded down the makeshift wooden steps which led to the bottom of Hold No. 2. That's where 1,805 men went. The ship shoved off. There was nothing to identify it as a Japanese prisoner-of-war vessel.

You've read of hellships. Well, this little tramp was the No. 1 hellship of all time. The No. 2 hold into which 1,805 Americans had been crammed wasn't big enough for 200 men. Bunks, in tiers of three, had been hammered together against the walls. These were mere shelves, pieces of short, narrow, uncovered planks. Spaces between the shelves were so narrow a man could not raise his knees, and so short he could not stretch out. Nor was there room to sit on the floor, much less lie down.

The Japs gave us eight five-gallon cans for latrines. These could be emptied only in the daytime. We were packed so tight most men couldn't get near the cans. And, of course, it was a physical impossibility for the sick in the back of the hold, the men suffering the tortures of diarrhea and dysentery. We waded in fecal matter. Most of the men went naked. The place was alive with lice, bedbugs and roaches; the filth and stench were beyond description.

As we moved through tropical waters, the heat down in that steel-encased hell hole was maddening. We were allowed three ounces of water per man every twenty-four hours. Quarts were needed under these conditions, to keep a man from

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* Editorial Note: The September 21st raid, P.T. Time, was the first raid "in force" on Luzon by the carrier-based planes of Admiral William Halsey's Third Fleet. Manila docks, Clark Field and other Luzon installations were badly damaged and 255 Jap planes were destroyed.
dehydrating. While men were dying of thirst, Jap guards— having insults upon us— would empty five gallon tins of fresh water into the hold. Men caught the water in pieces of clothing and sucked the cloth dry. Men licked their wet skins. It was hell, all right. Men went mad.

Five died in the first forty-eight hours. We had difficulty in obtaining permission to take the first three bodies topside for burial. The Japs forced us to keep the two other bodies in the hold for a full day. Burial, in the civilized sense, was not permitted. There were no slabs, no weights, no prayers, no flags, no rifle fire, no sounding of taps. The only ceremony was our last sad, silent salutes as the burial detail committed the bodies to the sea. I never learned the total number of those who died of thirst, hunger and disease, but it was high.

After a time the Japs realized they were operating a funeral ship. Six hundred men were transferred from the No. 2 hold to the coalhole. They had to climb down rope ladders to get into it. There was almost no air space. The six hundred crawled around on top of the coal and slept on it. Every time the ship rolled in a rough sea, men were buried under the coal.

What did we eat? Rice— and not enough of it to keep a man alive. Twice each twenty-four hours we were fed half a mess kit of dry rice. However, several of us were fortunate. During our tours of the Jap prison camp, we had learned to steam rice. We were given rice cooks for both holds. We were given two eighty-five-gallon steam vats, topside. This enabled us to drink a little more water, breathe fresh air, and pick off the lice.

Disease was rampant in the No. 2 hold. Men, holding their bellies in interlocked arms, stood up screamed and died. Medical personnel tried to set up a hospital in the far end of the hold, but even with six hundred fewer prisoners, it was impossible. Most of the men were covered with heat blisters. The bodies of some of them looked like raw hamburger.

The Japs covered the hold with tarps and at night we were in complete darkness. The hold was wired but the lamps had been removed. Some smart boys discovered two big electric circulating blowers in the hold, and tracing the electric light lines, hooked the power to the blowers and put them in operation. After a few days of fresh air, the Japs discovered what had been done and shut off the power.

On the eleventh day men began to fear the ship would be attacked.

They really prayed.

"Listen, you electrically minded bastards," one chap howled. "If you're so good at hooking up blowers, why don't you make a short-wave set and tell the U.S. Navy where this goddamned hell ship can be located and sunk?"

Chatter echoed throughout the hold.

"If the Navy would sink us we'd—"

"Who the hell wants to go to Japan?"

"Come on, Navy!"

We didn't have to wait long for action!

At 4:30 p.m., the next day, October twenty-fourth, sirens sounded battle stations. The alert continued for an hour, but nothing happened.

It was different the next day. We rice cooks were topside. It was five p.m. and half the men were fed. The China Sea was rough. Suddenly Jap sailors and soldier guards began running forward like spriters in the 100-yard dash. I took a look-see and discovered a big torpedo casing toward our stern. The fish missed. It just missed. Within seconds, the Jap track steam started an obstacle race for the stern. Another big torpedo missed the bow by inches.

By this time the sirens were screaming like frightened crows. Hysterical Jap guards began to beat me and the rest of the cooks with rifles, forcing us into the No. 2 hold.

"What gives?" the gang bellowed.

"Submarines. School of fish."

The hold echoed the wild cheer. "C'mon, NAVY!" they screamed.

The five-inch gun on deck began sounding off. BANG! BANG! BANG!

"Duck, Navy— for God's sake, duck!"

"Sink us, Navy!"

"Please God, don't let 'em miss!"

Men cheered until they were hoarse.

Then— KOWOW-EEE! The torpedo caught us amidships. Men died in that moment as other men cheered wildly.

The Japs hastily slammed the hatch cover on the No. 2 hold so we would drown like rats. They cut the rope ladders leading into the coalhole. But thank God, they did not have time to batte down the covers. And (as we later learned) kids in the coalhole shinned up the stanchions and repaired the rope ladders. Down in No. 2 hold, a thousand men who had prayed we would be blasted were now solemn-faced. The cheering was over; we were shaking hands with the old guy with the harvester.

A red-haired major, who had been desperately ill for three-fourths of the journey, mounted the steps and said:

"Boys, we're in a helluva jam— but we've been in jams before. Remember just one thing: We're American soldiers. Let's play it that way to the very end of the script."

The major was cheered.

An Army chaplain took the major's spot on the stairs. "O Lord, if it be Thy will to take us now, give us the strength to be men . . . ."

Then someone yelled, "Let's get the hell outta this stink hole!"

With what little of our strength was left, we forced the hatch covers. The sick, and the dying were carried on deck. The fantail of the dirty little tramp was already under water. The bow was upped. She'd sink any minute and nobody gave a damn.

The Japs were gone. They had taken to the lifeboats and were headed for a Jap destroyer now visible on the skyline. Their frantic S.O.S. had brought it to the scene. It was tossing depth charges every few feet. Someone shouted, "Come look what I found!" It was "Snookie!" Snookie was one of the Jap guards who had emptied water upon us while we were dying of thirst in the hold. He had been too late for a lifeboat; he crouched on the platform of the sea gangway.


Snookie sat. We took excellent care of him. Our courtesy consisted of dropping a hatch cover on him. Squash! No more Snookie.

The Japs had given us 1,000 kapok life preservers, good for about two hours in the water. A lot of kids who couldn't swim in a bathtub— knowing old Davey was waiting for them— jumped overboard and began looting the wreckage. Never in all my life have I heard such kidding.

"Want a bite of this papaya? They got vitamins 'nd everything."

"Come on over."

"I can't swim."

"What the hell— neither can I."

"We'll water-wing it out together. Just a few hundred miles to China."

"How long do these kapoks last?"

"Months and months, I've been told. But the lowdown is two hours."

"It was good seeing you."

"Swell. See you later downstairs."

Five— six— eight— ten minutes passed. One kid dressed in the tropical whites of the skipper. The pants hit him just below the knees and he couldn't button the coat. I started for the kitchen to get my canteen. The boilers exploded and the stern sank a little deeper. I decided this was a good time to take off and went over the side. A bunch of us started swimming toward the Jap destroyer.

As we reached the port side of the destroyer twenty-five or thirty GI's were trying to board her. Jap sailors and soldiers, armed with long poles, lined the rail of the destroyer. Laughing and chattering hysterically, they were using the poles to force the Yanks under water. They'd get the end of the pole between a guy's shoulder, force him under and hold him down until he drowned. They didn't have to waste ammunition on us. One Nip, aiming his pole at my shoulders, tore off a
piece of my left ear. I dived keep and swim away from the destroyer. I joined a group of twenty-five who were hanging on to wreckage.

"Hi, kid," they yelled, "did you bring your rice pots?"

The kids were hanging onto boxes, spars, crates, opile cans, boards — a conglomeration of just about everything. We started making a raft of the wreckage, tying the stuff together with belts, pieces of clothing and wire ripped from the crates. Bit by bit we put together the doggondest ramshackled raft ever assembled in an ocean.

Just at sundown I saw two big bamboo poles. I retrieved them and started swimming back to the wreckage. But night fell rapidly, as it does out there, and I was lost and alone in the darkness. I never saw those kids again.

The water was rough and a bitter wind was blowing as I hung onto the two poles. An hour or two after dark three boys floated by, hanging on to a pole. As they added the pole to mine one kid raised his hand in a last salute. "Sorry, there ain't much room and I'm tired." He slipped out of sight.

We grabbed wreckage as it floated by and started assembling another polgolot raft. We fished out a big straw mat and put it over us for warmth. Then a big wave turned us over and I lost the mat, half of the wreckage, and my new companions. It was a bitter night. In the hours before dawn I lived an eternity.

Clinging to my precious bamboo poles, I thought of my boyhood, my school days, my marriage to lovely Bobbie, my enlistment, Bataan, the son I had never seen. Everything came back, to pass in review on the gray waves...

I could see us — the 515th and the 200th Coast Artillery — as we formed the last line of defense from Cabacaban to the Mariveles Mountains. Men fought like demons because behind us were between 50,000 and 100,000 women and children. Then came April 9, 1942. Men and material were exhausted. Most of our gun barrels were blown out. We destroyed all guns in firing order and surrendered. The Japs used 2,000 of us in front of their guns as a shield while firing on Corregidor. The fort returned the fire and a number of our men were killed.

Then the infamous "Death March" from Bataan to San Fernando. Much of it was just a blur — I couldn't remember the number of days we were on the road — but I could remember thirst, starvation, malaria, dysentery. We drank now and then out of stagnant streams full of swollen bodies.

Can a man remember? Can a woman describe her labor pains? There was a bowl of rice for each survivor at San Fernando. There we were loaded into iron boxcars — 125 men to a car. Doors were closed and death stalked. It was torture. After eight hours a door was opened and we learned what the Filipinos thought of us. At the risk of their lives — with which many paid — they tossed food to us. We were taken to Camp O'Connell.

As wind and waves tossed me about the ocean, I closed my eyes and once more reviewed the Filipino "funeral parade" at Camp O'Connell. For an hour and a half the Filipinos, walking zombies, passed by with their dead slung to poles — two men and a body to a pole. There were hundreds of bodies, brave men who had died of thirst, starvation, malaria, dysentery. Thousands of Americans died too.

After a month we were transferred to Cabanatuan, where the barracks were ramshackle but reasonably ample. I worked in the fields, from dawn to sundown, living on rice, an occasional cassava root, soup made of manioc (yam) tops and, on rare occasions, an eggplant. Because of a diet deficiency, I was losing vision control and feared I was going blind. Then I was included in a detail of 500 to open a new camp in Davao. On the freighter I met an American doctor who gave me cod liver oil — God knows where he got it — and this, plus the better diet on the voyage, cured me.

It was at Davao that ten officers and men escaped. The Japs had issued an order warning that for every man who escaped ten of his fellows would be executed. But the ten took a chance — and made it. Following this, 600 men, not 100, were isolated in a small compound. They expected every day to be their last on earth. They were given ninety days of this mental torture and finally returned to their barracks.

Out there in the cold water, I took heart, as I recalled that night at Davao when three hundred boys, hungry, wet and cold, with cut feet and swollen legs, were brought back from fourteen hours in the rice paddies. As they neared the house of the Jap major in command of the prison they broke into song:

"God bless America! Land that I love Stand beside her, and guide her —"

Jap guards dashed among them, enforcing orders for silence with gun butts. Now the song came louder and louder:

"From the mountains to the valleys, To the ocean white with foam —"

Then they thundered, and it echoed:

"GOD BLESS AMERICA, MY HOME, SWEET HOME!!"

In June, 1944, 1,289 of us were picked for transfer to Japan. We were loaded forty to a truck, forced to kneel, and then were blindfolded, roped together, and tied to the truck. We were so crowded we could scarcely breathe. The great toe of my left foot caught in something, and slowly, tortuously, the nail was pulled from the flesh. We were loaded into the hot, stinking hold of a small hell ship. I won't go into details of the suffering. At Cebu, we were transferred to a bigger ship and continued on to Manila.

Now, out there alone in the China Sea, I knew the only reason I wasn't a slave laborer in a Jap factory was that between Cebu and Manila I had passed out. For seven days I had been kept alive on narcotics and when the ship arrived in Manila I had been transferred to old Bilibid Prison and later to Cabanatuan, from which I started the second journey for Japan. Now too, as dawn was breaking, I realized another day in the water would finish me. But I didn't want to quit. "Good God," I
told myself, “you’re only twenty-eight! You gotta get out of this mess, Bobbie, Cal, your mother, your father and your friends are waiting for you.”

I stuck my legs around the bamboo poles, pulled myself up, yelled, “WHOO-pee!” and looked around I saw a lifeboat!

With the last of my strength I hand-paddled my poles toward it. As I neared it I shouted, “Hey, boat! Anybody there?”

Four heads popped up. “You’re damned right!” one head shouted. They pulled me into the boat.

“I’m Cal,” I said.

“I’m Tony”... “I’m Bob”... “I’m Abe”... “I’m Don.”

The boys who introduced themselves were Corporal Anton E. Cich, of New York Mills, Minnesota; Robert S. Overbeck, of Baltimore, Maryland, connected with the United States Engineering Department; Sergeant Avery E. Wilber, of Navarino, Wisconsin, and Corporal Don E. Meyer, of Wilmington, California. So far as we know, we five are the sole survivors out of 1,965 Americans who took off from Manila.

There was some fresh water and some Jap hard tack in the lifeboat, which had been stripped of sails and oars. Bob Overbeck had found it adrift after he had been pulled away from the destroyer. The other kids had floated by on wreckage during the night and were pulled in. A box had bumped into the boat. Bob had grabbed it. The water was too rough to get the box aboard, but Bob had retrieved a sail. It was not only a sail, but a sail made for the lifeboat. We got the sail up after five hours of hard labor.

“Where’s China?” one kid asked.

“West,” another answered, and we set sail for the China coast.

We sailed for two days and nights with the wolf’s head of a wind behind us.

On the third morning we came upon two Chinese fishing junks.

They gave us fish, rice, tobacco, buckets of warm water, towels. They wrecked our Jap boat, using it for firewood. We put into a tiny village in Free China and were royally entertained. We attended one banquet in our underwear and the Chinese, apologizing for a small eightcourse dinner, fitted us out with Chinese clothing. We traveled through town after town, banquet after banquet, in sedan chairs, afoot, on bicycles and in trucks. We “dom-bayed” (drank) many a grand host under the table.

Then at last we saw an American flag flying from a mast. We cried like babies. The CO broke out a bottle of whisky he was saving for Christmas. We reached an American airport, got GI clothing and good coffee and were flown over the “Hump,” and HOME in four days. The lights of New York! God!

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**The Meaning of a Convention**

By Art Bressi

A Convention for the American Defenders of Bataan and Corregidor, Inc., is the culmination of a series of responsibilities which has its start at the end of the convention preceding the present affair. That is to say that we have a group of dedicated people who are greatly concerned not only with the conduct of business that keeps us going but also with the myriad details which go into originating, planning and executing those factors which generally mean a successful convention.

We have a permanent Convention Site Committee (to avoid breaking in a new group each year) who know more about what is available, how you dicker with those who provide the items we require, and how we work like beavers to insure nothing is overlooked. They plan for accommodations in rooms, dining facilities and meeting and banquet rooms. We have an On The Site Chairman who, if he is lucky, has a willing group of workers who help with another ten thousand details. This group usually gets a head start and they have their hands full.

We have a Seating Committee who immediately gets the layout of both the meeting rooms and the banquet rooms. They would like to know how many we shall expect. They then lay out the banquet room on a working chart and they will strive to seat you with your friends. All you need do is let them know at what table and with whom you would like to sit and if all works out, you shall get your wish. This “ahead-of-time” seating arrangement is like reserving a table for yourself.

The On-The-Site-Chairman and his Committee put in an awful lot of time making arrangements for one attraction or another and everything is planned with you in mind. As a group, we sort of owe them a lot for the work, time and effort they put in and it seems only fair we attend as many of their offerings as possible.

Still another Committee worries about refreshments provided by the Organization for those Special Nights we always have. We have a group who spends a lot of time providing escorts for our Gold Star Parents and, especially during the night of the Banquet, provide individual escorts for both the Gold Star Parents and our Nurses. One area which has filled a gap in our proceedings is now capably filled in that the ADB&C provides guidance and keeps you up to date in Veterans Affairs and in Prisoner-of-War Legislation.

Your Commander holds the reins of responsibility if anything goes wrong. It is on his shoulders most of the gripes rest. No matter how hard Committees work and no matter how much time and effort is expended, we always face the possibility of something going wrong. No one worries about this as does the Commander. The other guy who does a lot of worrying is the Master of Ceremonies. He is the one who puts it all together the night of the Banquet. He is the man who has to hold everything in perspective.

Of course, the ADB&C does not overlook anything and if anything goes awry, we have an ace in the hole which is placed in most capable hands... our Chaplain, Father Baumann who holds a Mass before we depart for home. Somehow, he always manages to bring everything into a good relationship with everything else.

So, all in all, we got a lot going. Like EXXON, we’d like you to know.