

My interest in World War II, the background story (and a few others).

For my family and interested friends, October 2023.

World War II events were a part of my life for about five years, beginning even before war began for America on December 7, 1941, after the surprise Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I was 10 years old when that attack occurred. During the war, I saw battle maps in the paper, heard the news, saw reports of men and women dying, and knew well a war was on. I also went to school, played with my friends and was aware that my dad seemed to be always working overtime, often 6 or 7 days a week. Farmall tractors were needed for food production. Military men and women burned calories fast every day.

My mother was the Civil Defense block captain and she checked to be sure all home lights in our block were off at night or could not be seen from the street. She collected and donated fats, cooking grease, miscellaneous metal and old pots and pans, all used in ammunition production. We had a car and received a ration of 4 gallons of gas a week. We generally walked or rode the bus. A regular destination for me was the corner grocery store -a half block away. It was almost like our pantry because what we needed was so convenient. Tires, sugar, meat, shortening, and other items, even bicycles were rationed. Government ration coupons had to be surrendered or specific ration board approval obtained before purchase of rationed goods.

Sadly, many corner grocery stores closed, including ours, after the war when gasoline became available. They could not compete with the large corporate stores that were built.

The most impactful death from WWII was personal; my 18-year-old neighbor, Ray House, was killed during the Battle of the Bulge, which took place Dec 1944/Jan 1945 in densely wooded Ardennes Forest in Belgium. I knew of his death when a gold star replaced the blue star in the front window of their house across the street. Ray was older than me but a friend to all the boys in the neighborhood. I was very saddened and missed Ray. My next-door neighbor, Dick Anderson came home in 1943 at age 19 with a leg full of shrapnel from combat at Guadalcanal. The shrapnel was so profuse and tiny, he had it in his leg until he died.

My uncle, Manly Graflund, was in the Army and being trained for infantry attacks using gliders. A fellow soldier being trained was Jackie Coogan, the former child movie star. Coogan was divorced from Betty Grable who had become the number one pinup girl of WW II. Manly said Coogan was upset and embarrassed because most of his barracks bunk mates had his ex-wife's pinup picture in their lockers.

WWII officially came to an end on September 2, 1945, when I was in 9th grade - 14 years old. The war was finally won but at a huge cost of lives around the world. Our country was overjoyed. The music on the radio (no TV then), was happy and sometimes even silly after the war, instead of about missing your loved ones in war time. It was national relief from the war expressed in different music from war years.

My first quasi military experience was in the summer of 1947, just turned 16. I am surprised it did not result in jailtime for me for impersonating a soldier. Our mother insisted I should visit brother Fred who had joined the Army for 18 months and was at Fort Lee, Va. Fred arranged for a uniform, a bunk, and 10 days in the barracks, approved by Fred's friend, the barracks sergeant. I ate in the base "mess" with Fred, attended training classes, enjoyed time in the "Day Room" and generally hung out with the other soldiers. Fred's admonition to me was "salute everyone. I don't want you on report for not saluting a superior non-commissioned soldier or an officer."

I even had a blind date with the Fort Lee Commanding Officer's daughter. On that date, we went out to eat and then to a dance at a local recreation building. I had little money to afford any of that, so Fred treated me and my date from his meager earnings as a private.

The first weekend on Saturday, there was a full Fort Lee personnel inspection. I could not fake that because I did not have any Army dress shoes and the Lieutenant in charge of Fred's group was not in on my charade and would wonder who I was. So, I stayed in the barracks lounging around. BUT, unbeknown to me and Fred, there was also a barracks inspection that day. I heard voices and wondered if they were coming to the second floor where I was. My heart was in my throat. The inspecting officers finally made it to the second floor and came upon me in a T shirt and shorts. Their first question was "what in the dickens are you doing here? Why aren't you on the parade ground?" I said "Sir, I am not in the Army." He said, "then why do you have a bunk, footlocker and a uniform?" I talked loud and fast and said our mother wanted me to visit my brother, and my brother arranged it with the barracks sergeant, etc. etc. He finally believed me, but he added, the barracks sergeant is going to hear about this. Nothing ever came of it. I finished my 10-day quasi-Army charade with one blemish; I was caught.

I graduated from Moline High School in January 1949, the last mid-year graduating class from MHS. I left early the next morning by train for DC after about 4 hours sleep. I had played center on our championship football team and received a football scholarship from George Washington University after a recommendation from brother Fred who had been recruited a year earlier, and from coaches at MHS. I began classes at GWU in January 1949 at age 17. Our GWU freshman team had an undefeated season that fall with me at center. Our most notable victory was against a 1949 Maryland freshman team that had two future All Americans on their team and were part of the Maryland team that won the national championship in 1951.

My first date while at GWU was with a student nurse I had met a few weeks earlier at a meet and greet party for student nurses with incoming GWU freshmen athletes. Ironically, her name was Mickey Whitt. I had not yet met my future wife of 65 years, Mickey Whitsitt.

There was an interesting event that occurred in spring 1950. I made a new friend from New Jersey, Frank Rizzuto, who was a recruit to the GWU football team. In spring 1950, another war was on, albeit the "Cold War," and it was a war rife with much intrigue. One afternoon the two of us were walking north on Connecticut Avenue from Pennsylvania Avenue. As we passed

the Russian Embassy, we thought it odd there were no guards in sight. On a dare to each other we walked up to the imposing door and knocked; waited, then knocked again. A well-dressed man came to the door and asked what we wanted. We told him we were GWU students on a school assignment to compare embassies and had been assigned the Russian Embassy. He closed the door and we waited for about five minutes, getting a little nervous about our charade. Amazingly, he came back with a smile and said we would be permitted to tour the Embassy. We were taken through the Embassy and the most memorable sight was a huge portrait of Josef Stalin in the main conference room. After the tour, we went to a sitting room where two men gave us some propaganda about how the Soviet Union wanted the United States as a friend and we as students could help make that happen. They gave us news magazines in English, published in Russia, and a hard bound book in English, "Across the Map of the USSR" recently published in Moscow, telling of the 5-year plan of Stalin to improve Russia economically after the ravages of WWII. After an hour in the Embassy, we were escorted to the door, and they bid goodbye with a friendly wave. Then, what ifs, crossed our minds; like, "what if we had been kidnapped?" We were both relieved when we left the Russian Embassy.

I was surrounded by WWII veterans attending GWU on the GI Bill, some were juniors and seniors playing on the football team and were as old as 26 or 27. Some were drafted into service, or joined, as early as 1940 at age 18. Of the older players, many were married and had children, but we were all good friends. I learned much about the war from the older players as well as older fraternity brothers when I joined Pi Kappa Alpha fraternity. One of my older brothers in PiKA was a fighter pilot in WWII. It was at PiKA I met Mickey Whitsitt and promptly told friends I planned to marry her.

Movie star Randolph Scott was the relative of one of my brothers at PiKA and sometimes when visiting, acted as bartender at PiKA on a Saturday evening.

After a secret marriage during my senior year to wonderful Mickey Whitsitt in 1951, I continued to be a serious reader and had a good grasp of WWII. The letter to my parents telling of our marriage is in the archives.

Because of the draft for the Korean war, Mickey and I decided that I should volunteer for Navy Officer Candidate School after graduation rather than the potential of being drafted into the Army. After graduating from two months Officer Candidate School at Newport, RI in July 1953, I spent 6 months at Navy Supply Corps School in Bayonne, NJ followed by 2 years and 6 months of active duty at Naval Air Station, Norfolk, Va. The last two months of that time involved healing of a bad ear infection. I spent 8 enjoyable years in the Naval Reserve after being released from active duty in July 1956.

My time in Bayonne while at Supply Corps school included an interesting event, that of appearing on a popular evening TV quiz program called "It's News to Me" hosted by John Charles Daly. Daly was the newscaster who said the iconic words "we interrupt this broadcast to report the Japanese have attacked our Navy base at Pearl Harbor by air;" the first radio announcement

of the attack on December 7, 1941. In early August 1953, a group from Supply Corps school, wearing our uniforms, went to New York City to see Times Square and hopefully be part of the audience at a TV production. As we stood waiting to see the TV show, a congenial USO (United Services Org) volunteer lady joined our group and started asking us about ourselves. She invited us to some special seats for servicemen and asked if she could sit next to me, on my right. When the warmup person came out, he chose some people in the audience to be contestants. Then he turned to the servicemen group and asked if any of us wanted to be on the show. Of course, we all raised our hands and the lady on my right raised her left hand. That was the signal for the warmup person to choose me.

As a service man, I would be the last contestant because time usually ran out and, as happened to me, the balance of money I could have earned by giving correct answers to quiz questions, was given to me. I waited behind a curtain on a hard folding chair as the program progressed. With about 6 minutes to go, on a half hour program, I was called out and introduced to the audience. Daly was very congenial and asked me a few questions, including the name of my hometown.

My quiz question related to a "tank used to go through a wall" the prior week. I had to say what news that could be. I knew the answer, gave it; the panel agreed it was correct. Time was running out, so Daly gave me the whole prize of \$50; about \$600 in 2023 money. He thanked me for my service, and it was over. In 1953, TV shows were "kinescoped" and shown later. When I called Mickey and then my parents, about my experience, my mother wrote or called every person she knew, as well as my friends, to tell them I was going to be on TV. When the program aired about two weeks later, it was seen by family and friends around the country. You can look up my question regarding the homemade tank used on July 25, 1953, by a Czech family to crash through the wall built by Russia to separate East and West Germany. Meeting John Daly is part of my WWII lore as his December 7th broadcast interruption will forever be part of WWII history.

NAS, Norfolk was a dream duty station for me. For six months, I was Assistant Disbursing officer of the Air Station, reporting through chain of command to a hero of WWII, Captain, later Admiral, James H. Flatley Jr., a fighter pilot "Ace" and wartime Carrier Air Group Commander on the aircraft carrier USS Yorktown, CV-10 – The Fighting Lady. You can see a bronze bust of Flatley on the hanger deck of USS Yorktown, in Mt Pleasant, SC, along with an aircraft of the type he flew. He was the coinventor of WWII "Thach Weave", a fighter tactic named after Naval aviator John Thach. It was very successful in the early days of the war, flying obsolescent F4F Wildcat fighters, against very fast, maneuverable Japanese Zero fighters. I occasionally saw him in the building but my closest time with Captain Flatley was when I was assigned as defending officer in front of him at a Captain's Mast for one of my men who had fallen asleep on guard duty. That is serious, and in wartime combat, you could get shot for dereliction of duty. I suppose I did ok as his punishment was "restricted to barracks" for 3 weeks. It was mercy on the part of Captain Flatley.

Captain Flatley's executive officer, who set the long-distance flying record for piston engine powered aircraft, was Commander Walter Reid. He was pilot aboard Truculent Turtle, a P2V patrol bomber that flew nonstop from Perth, Australia to Columbus, Ohio in 1946. I had occasion to see him often in our building as well as paying some travel reimbursements to him. The "Turtle" was on display at a high traffic corner of the Air Station.

I was sent aboard several Atlantic Fleet aircraft carriers with an audit team on periodic Supply Dept audits, so was pleased to be aboard some historic vessels of WWII. It was rather daunting at age 23 and an Ensign, to be talking, usually on aircraft carriers, to Supply Officer Lt. Commanders or Commanders and their staff about the results of an audit with constructive comments on ways to improve that area of their operation. I got used to it. My part of the audit was usually in payroll disbursement. Later, I was aboard the newly commissioned super carrier, USS Forrestal CVA-59 for 3 days on a "shakedown" cruise as well as a Supply Department audit. High speed turns and backdowns were part of the cruise. Some typewriters were broken when they fell off the office tables on high-speed turns.

I experienced one unusual incident while Assistant Disbursing officer after a day of cash payroll payments to Naval Air Station personnel. Cash versus check paydays were common in the Navy, and normal aboard ship. My four-man payroll team wound up exactly \$10,000 short in cash after balancing out all the cash payroll documents. It took about an hour to find the missing cash. As you might imagine, I was sweating blood. We finally found a block of 100-hundred-dollar bills standing upright in the safe, in a corner nearest the safe door. Very hard to see and since upright, taking up a minimum of space. I was responsible for all cash and would be responsible for replacing any cash unaccounted for. Whew!

Later, as Supply Officer of Fleet Aircraft Service Squadron 102 for about two years of my duty, I reported to my Commanding Officer, WWII aviator Commander Edward Harschutz, a veteran of the South Pacific war who had been pilot of a PBY Catalina patrol bomber. His squadron, The Black Cats, was responsible for searching for Japanese naval forces in the Pacific. He was an extremely charismatic leader. I met his son Tim, in Virginia Beach, Va and had lunch with him a few years ago. We talked a lot about his deceased dad as Tim was young when his dad died and did not remember him well.

I was around aircraft daily and had significant responsibility to keep them flying, as officer in charge of our Service Squadron's aircraft parts warehouse. If a plane in our squadron, or one of our supported Patrol Squadron's aircraft, could not fly due to needed parts, it was my responsibility to obtain the part, period! This was ACOG (aircraft on ground), the highest priority and listed on a prominent headquarters' chart. I sometimes flew as a passenger on a FASRON 102 plane to obtain a critical part from a distant point, or from the aircraft manufacturer. An officer had more clout to get a part, if in short supply. My Supply Department worked hard to keep my CO happy as well as the Admiral, whose Atlantic Fleet Patrol Squadrons HQ was across the hanger we jointly occupied. A plane that could not fly was unacceptable.

This was a serious time during the Cold War, and we were playing “for keeps” as part of our national defense. It was a rewarding job for me, a 24-year-old Navy Supply Officer helping keep Navy patrol planes in the air defending our country.

There was a - could have been - serious, but humorous event I’ll call the “Forklift Incident” while I was managing the warehouse. An inexperienced person in my Supply Department wanted to help a friend unload his half ton truck at our dock during lunch hour. Because he was inexperienced, my sailor wound up with the front wheels of a several thousand-pound forklift in the bed of a half-ton truck. The rear wheels were on the loading dock. Picture that! I came back from lunch greeted by this sight and of course the event caused many cars to stop with a gawking crowd building up. I was worried because the officer in charge of an activity is always responsible. I contacted base security to get the right help. In the meantime, the administrative officer who was responsible for having ME sign for responsibility of the forklift early on, had failed to do so. HIS signature was last on the form. He had been watching from across the street and checked the records. In the middle of this mayhem, he ran across the street and insisted I “sign” for responsibility for the forklift. About this time, a sailor on a “cherry picker,” a powered portable unit that is normally used for holding huge engines when being installed on aircraft wings, was coming by. He saw the problem, picked up the forklift with the pickup hook on his unit and put it on the ground. Problem solved. I signed for the forklift! The admin officer was ecstatic! My CO and I had words with the offending sailor! The pickup truck was never the same! Back to work.

After the Navy, I enjoyed married life, raising children, and earning a living, all the while reading a lot, including WWII lore. My first work after the Navy was with Procter and Gamble and while working at the General Office in Cincinnati, I met a hero of WWII, George Edward Brown who was a P&G Sales executive. On his desk was a decorative block of wood identifying him as a plank owner (original crewmember) of the submarine USS Sculpin SS-191. He was the only officer surviving the scuttling of that submarine during WWII after it was badly damaged by a Japanese torpedo near Truk island in the Pacific. Lt. Brown, and the surviving enlisted crew were prisoners of the Japanese for almost 2 years. Captain John Cromwell, who was privy to Pacific war plans and a passenger aboard Sculpin, elected to go down with the ship to avoid being captured and tortured, possibly revealing top secret information. Cromwell was the highest-ranking submariner to earn the Medal of Honor for valor, although posthumously. See TV documentary “Silent Service” Season 1 Episode 4 The story of the Sculpin and an interview with George Brown.

My exposure to heroes of WWII and acts of valor performed by ordinary men and women prompted more reading as well as gradual building of my WWII artifacts collection. My first artifact was a U S Navy fighting knife by Ka-Bar, used by UDT teams (Underwater demolition teams – Seals today). It cost a dollar or two at an Army/Navy Surplus store in 1946. Three original Ka-Bars, which I was able to obtain later, were given to Don, Allen, and Ken Jr long ago. They are few and valuable.

After retirement in 1996, I read a newspaper notice that the state of North Carolina intended to focus on obtaining WWII veteran's interviews since veteran's mortality rate was high and stories needed to be captured for history. I volunteered and formed a friendship with Sion Harrington, the person responsible for organizing the North Carolina interview effort. About 100 of NC interviews are ones I provided. This was a rewarding effort as I helped veterans tell their story. Most veterans said, "maybe I can talk for 15 minutes." Usually, two hours later, they said, "my memories came back to me the more questions you asked." Sometimes, tears were shed.

Battleship North Carolina, BB 55, was a focus of mine in 1998 when Operation Shipshape was formed with Kelly King, then Chairman of BB&T Bank, now Truist Bank, as Chair of the Committee to help rescue and refurbish the vessel. Being a Navy veteran and with my history interest, I volunteered to lead fundraising in Rockingham County. That was a fun, challenging job, working with enthusiastic volunteers across the state. We generated more than our state goal of \$5,000,000 and later celebrated with a wonderful evening party on the deck of the USS North Carolina, with Kelly King as MC. Both Mickey and I were made honorary Admirals in the NC Navy, along with other county chairs. I am pleased to have a pen and pencil set attached to a piece of engraved USS North Carolina original decking.

In my retirement years, most interviews were done with Rockingham County veterans with some notable exceptions.

After moving to Fearington Village, I worked with friends, and we established the Veterans of Fearington Club. Over 10 years we did 38 programs on military history which are on the thumb drive. One was given by Allen concerning the Civil War. Then Covid interrupted.

My program on John McGlohon, the Accidental Witness, was given at the 8th Air Force Museum in February 2023 and some of my family members attended. We were pleased to meet Paul Tibbets' great granddaughter, Avery Tibbets and great grandson, Paul VI at the museum.

The VETERANS HISTORY PROJECT in the archives, primarily on WWII but including WWI and other wars, will be of interest to military history buffs. It is included for you on a thumb drive. Each veteran's file is complete, with an interview, usually with pictures and a brief biography. About half the interviews include a corresponding newspaper article which is in this binder. There is also much interesting miscellaneous information.

The most historical veteran's story is that of John McGlohon, a WWII photographer on an F-13, a B-29 bomber configured as a Photo Reconnaissance aircraft. John McGlohon, along with the crew of their plane Shutterbug, were accidental witnesses to the Hiroshima atomic explosion August 6, 1945 and not part of Colonel Paul Tibbets' historic mission flying the Enola Gay bomber. I have recorded interviews with his crew and other witnesses etc. that were there, and other information used to prove that John told the truth when he said his crew was also over Hiroshima that day, about 20 minutes after the bomb exploded. If John's plane had been 10 to 15 minutes earlier over Hiroshima, there probably would have been a news story published about

collateral damage from Tibbet's mission, reporting that 10 men, who were there by accident, had been killed by radiation or their aircraft destroyed by the shock wave. Thankfully, that report did not need to be published because of those 15 minutes. The miscommunication was caused by a group of airmen including John, being transferred to the 8th AF on 8/4. Field Order 13, the order for the dropping of the bomb was issued 8/2 and there is no copy shown for any 8th AF unit. From information I have seen, The Accidental Witness mission was the only combat mission made by 8th AF personnel in the Pacific in WWII. You will not find information on this event in a history book.

Every expert on August 6th, 1945, I have spoken with, knew nothing about the accidental witnesses. In fact, they are astonished by the miscommunication. You will find a newspaper article on this event from August 2010, if you search the internet under "Hiroshima+Samuelson+McClatchy". This 2010 article elicited several telephone calls from around the country, to John and me, including one I received from a reporter in Japan.

I enjoyed capturing oral history and all veterans told interesting stories. It was most gratifying when the veteran's family said the interview was the only record from their dad or mom of their military service. Those interviews shown below are the most unusual. An asterisk indicates articles are included in this book *.

- Conrad Alberty. Bataan Death March survivor and Japanese POW. Powerful. See University of Florida documentary "I Just Wanted to Live," with voiceovers of Alberty and Bumgarner (below) from their interviews. There are several movies and documentaries about Bataan. "Bataan" and "So Proudly We Hail" are two. *
- Harvey Alexander. Tuskegee Airman. His story of WWII is the challenges of being black, as well as an aviator. He was a speaker at a Veterans of Fearington program which is in the archives. The movie, "Tuskegee Airmen" relates to his story.
- Robert Brown. Tail gunner on a 100th Bomb Group B-17 bomber. Ironically, he was almost court martialed because he was not killed during a mission. Spielberg/Hanks "Masters of the Air" series to be released in 2024, focuses on the Bloody 100th Bomb Group. *
- John Bumgarner. Last survivor of the Bataan physicians. He was a Japanese POW who healed without medicine. He wrote 'Parade of the Dead,' about his time in captivity. See Alberty *
- Jack deVries. A youth prisoner of the Japanese on Java in the East Indies. His mother died in prison. He wrote his engrossing story, "Sunset over Java" on his experience.
- Duncan Dixon. Destroyer captain who saw action across the Pacific. I spoke a eulogy in the chapel at Arlington Natl Cemetery at the request of his daughters as they appreciated so much the interview of their dad. The ceremony at Arlington is archived. His interview is remarkable in its clarity of thought and detail. His

nephew, Bailey Dixon, wrote "Our Warrior in the Pacific" about Duncan, based on the complete information he recalled and related in the interview. I delivered his Colt 45 pistol which was presented when he graduated from the Naval Academy, to the NC museum of history, as requested by his wife. The situation with destroyer Blue DD 387 on December 7, 1941, is depicted early in the movie "In Harm's Way." Dixon was the Engineering officer on the Blue.

- Joseph Foss. No article but his last interview before his death is included in the archives. Foss was a Marine Corps "Ace of Aces," (26 aircraft destroyed during the Guadalcanal campaign) and recipient of the Medal of Honor. See his interview and video by my friend Paul Erickson. Foss was also Governor of South Dakota, first Commissioner of American Football League and host on American Sportsman TV program 1965-1967. He is portrayed in the movie "The Gallant Hours" and in many documentaries. His autobiography title is "A Proud American." His autographed Life magazine cover is on my memorabilia wall.
- Thomas Karnes. Adjutant and right-hand man to Paul Tibbets, pilot of Enola Gay, who flew the most secret aircraft mission of WWII – to Hiroshima. Much could have gone wrong.
- John McGlohon. Accidental witness to the atomic bomb explosion over Hiroshima. There are several intriguing movies about the early atomic bombs including the latest one – "Oppenheimer." *
- Robert Morgan. Pilot of Memphis Belle, first bomber credited with completing 25 bombing missions in WWII and subject of a WWII documentary, "Memphis Belle, a Story of a Flying Fortress," and a movie, "Memphis Belle." My son Allen was with me during this interview. *
- Edward Rector. Panda Squadron commander of the Flying Tigers, who were US mercenaries hired by China to fly and fight for China. Historical. He is depicted in the movie "God is My Co-pilot" by actor Craig Stevens.
- Steve Ritchie, Vietnam. The Last Fighter Ace and A TOP GUN pilot and instructor. There are several documentaries about Steve's exploits and a Wall Street Journal tribute to him in the archives. *
- Conrad "Gus" Shinn from Eden NC. The first pilot to land, and takeoff from Antarctica. The third highest mountain in Antarctica is named for him. He was the pilot on Operation Deep Freeze in 1950's. He just turned 100 in 2023. *
- Thomas Pinckney Shinn, WWI. Father of Conrad Shinn, above. No interview but much information. His diary entry on the last day of WWI, and info on the 81st Infantry Division is a program I have given several times. I delivered his uniform on request of his family to the North Carolina History Museum and it was used in the remarkable 2018 Museum display for the 100th anniversary of WWI. *

- Jule Spach. A Godly man who was a 19-year-old WWII pilot of a B-24 bomber and later German prisoner of war. He had a powerful faith testimony. Later, he was lay leader of Presbyterian Church in US. He founded Brazil's literacy program while a missionary to Brazil. His autobiography is "Every Road Leads Home." His POW camp was Stalag Luft III, site of "The Great Escape" movie.
- Walter Stumpf. A "Hitler Youth" member as a boy and later German Air Force member. Dr. Stumpf, a retired UNC Professor, is well known for his research on Vitamin D.
- Earl Tyndall. Don Tyndall's dad. 101st Airborne on D Day and beyond. His WWII exploits are like those of Steven Ambrose's book and movie series, "Band of Brothers."
- Jack Woodlieff. Had a terrible job - graves registration, cleaning up a battlefield. A military undertaker. He interacted with General Patton after preparing for the viewing of Patton's deceased aide, Capt. Richard Jensen, as depicted in "Patton" movie. *

Time is about exhausted for more WW II veteran interviews. The youngest veteran alive from WWII is about 95 in 2023.

My experience in knowing many veterans as well as my reading, gave me an advantage in my interviews. It made for an open, informed conversation between us, as well as an interesting and educational experience for the listener.

Special thanks and tribute to:

God, for giving me a long life to serve and trust in Him.

My dear deceased wife, Mildred "Mickey" Whitsitt Samuelson (dec. 2017) who was a fine proofreader for all articles on veterans included in this book.

My dear wife, Ann McSwain Samuelson who encouraged me to publish a book on veterans' articles, the back story on my WWII interest, and other relevant information for family and friends.

My children, Kathy, Ken Jr and Allen and their families as well as my sister Alice and family, who have already heard several of the veteran's stories and lore, included in this book.

- For information, I have 30 interviews in the University of Florida Archives digital collection, including Earl Tyndall, Don Tyndall's father. Call up University of Florida digital collection, enter Ken Samuelson in search box and they will be displayed (use laptop or pc; may not work well with iPhone) All interviews are in the NC Military archives library in Raleigh but not as simple to access. A few are in the WWII Museum archives in New Orleans.
- I suggest you look up on the internet the above historical events, and veterans involved, so you can learn more.

Enjoy, Big Ken