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Stories to Warm the Heart Part One

Kemp N. Mabry

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STORIES TO WARM THE HEART

Based on Articles by

Kemp Mabry

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Part One

Edited by Delma E. Presley

Auspices
Bulloch County Historical Society
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INTRODUCTION

Several years ago a friend told me about a “living treasure” contest. The idea was to find an individual about whom all could say: “This person truly reflects, interprets, and helps us cherish this region’s heritage.” After a brief discussion we agreed on the ideal candidate: Dr. Kemp Mabry. More than a living treasure, perhaps, he is a treasure chest of information and inspiration.

Most know him through his weekly columns which appear now in the Sunday edition of the Statesboro Herald. As the late Reppard DeLoach, longtime postmaster, used to say, “Kemp is the best reason I know of to read the Sunday paper.”

Over the years Dr. Mabry has paid attention to things that matter to both long time and short term residents. When I moved to Statesboro in the late 1960s, I shared the newcomer’s puzzlement over the names of streets and roads. Over the years my favorite columnist has solved the riddle of reading road signs — from Akins Mill Pond to Zetterower Avenue. It all has to do with families.

How does he know so much about so many families? For one thing, he religiously attends reunions — usually as featured speaker. In one year alone, Dr. Mabry was a guest at over three dozen reunions! One of his achievements as both President and Executive Vice President of the Bulloch County Historical Society is a series of twenty-one publications dedicated to local and family history. He personally edited each volume.
Readers of his columns are aware of his uncanny ability to relate world events to people who live nearby. What do Napoleon, Czechoslovakia, General William T. Sherman, and the Battle of the Bulge share in common? A local family, of course.

Anyone who has read the columns realizes that he has a pleasant habit of constantly relating virtually any topic to people he has known in and around Bulloch County. Now you know why the Historical Society decided to publish this book. It rescues from the newspaper heap a running narrative about our local, regional, and national history.

This particular collection focuses on regional, national and international topics. More than half reflect the lasting impact of World War II. He makes wartime history come to life as the best journalists do: First, he selects a specific event, say, the Battle of the Bulge. Second, he introduces an individual who fought and lived to tell the story. Third, he reveals our relationship to people or places he has discussed.

Like all good journalists, Dr. Mabry knows how to write a short sentence that carries a lot of weight. He can “spot the lead,” as journalists say, and he puts it where it belongs — at the beginning. Then he fills brief paragraphs with well-considered bits of fact that “pack a punch,” in the tradition of his early mentors in the newspapers of Atlanta.

His very first job out of high school was as a working newspaper reporter. Since that time, with the exception of his years in the U. S. Army Signal Corps during World War II, he has continued to write for newspapers throughout Georgia.

Even though he has always been a successful newspaper man, he has never made a living as one. All along his day job has been that of a teacher. For ten years he was an executive with the YMCA, a job which carried him throughout the state promoting and guiding high school Y clubs.

When I first met him in the mid-1950s, he was “Mr. Mabry, the Hi-Y man.” He came to Toccoa High School to encourage our struggling Hi-Y club to send representatives to the Georgia State Youth Assembly at the Capitol in Atlanta. He was a whirlwind of motivation and organization. The school principal described him, as I recall, “the closest thing you’ll ever see to a locomotive in pants.” Our club responded, and during my junior and senior years, five of us experienced state government first hand. The Youth Assembly was one of those watershed events of my early life.

When I joined the faculty of Georgia Southern in the late 1960s, I was astonished to discover, among my colleagues, the “Hi-Y man.” I remembered him quite well, as did Beverly, my wife, who recalled that a Mr. Norris Kemp Mabry had taught Sunday School at her church in Columbus. But we doubted he would remember us. Our doubts vanished within a few weeks as he produced a photograph he had taken of me at the Capitol fourteen years earlier!

I learned that during his successful tenure with the YMCA, he was among 40 of 1,600 executives nationwide to receive the prestigious National Jewel Pin Award. Although he left the YMCA, he continued to devote himself to working with young people.

He taught French and mathematics in high school and was a school counselor. He served as Director of Counseling and Guidance for Macon and Bibb County before coming to Georgia Southern.

The long chain of his academic career began with solid links of undergraduate and graduate degrees from Georgia Tech, Mercer University, Georgia Southern, and Florida State University where he received his doctorate.

The fact that he ended up in Statesboro has a lot to do with his fortunate marriage to Evelyn Darley who was teaching at Statesboro High School when they met. She has always contributed to the work of her husband, though quietly.
In fact her genealogical research often shows up in his columns. They also share an enthusiasm for bird watching and travel, especially in the State of Georgia.

His students at Georgia Southern found in him that rare professor of education who brought a depth of firsthand experience into the classroom. Though rigorous, he was a popular and highly effective Professor of Educational Psychology and Counseling until his retirement in 1988. He continues to correspond with many of his former students and occasionally assists them through difficult professional and personal circumstances. Even so, he always has found time to write that newspaper column, not to mention 19 college text books and over 50 journal articles.

While maintaining their church membership in town, Dr. and Mrs. Mabry have also supported the Bethel Baptist church near their home in the Westside area. They participate in events sponsored by the GSU Museum and the Center for Irish Studies, on whose board he serves as a director. He is a board member of the Bulloch Wildlife Club and is treasurer and former president of the Bulloch Retired Educators.

In recent years he has received numerous awards, including the Deen Day Smith Lifetime Achievement Award for Service to Mankind. For his work to interpret the history of southeastern Georgia, he was named Honorary Raft Pilot by an organization devoted to Restoring Altamaha Folklife Traditions (RAFT). And, yes, Kappa Delta Pi recognized him as a Living Treasure in a ceremony which also honored the legendary football coach Erk Russell and the “Lady of 6,000 Songs,” Emma Kelly.

As this book goes to press, I have learned that he will be honored at a luncheon in the Old Georgia Railroad Depot in Atlanta on March 6, 2001. Governor Roy Barnes will present him with a Governor's Award in the Humanities which recognizes “exemplary achievements which have fostered an understanding of the cultural traditions and values in Georgia and have thus strengthened community, character, and citizenship in our state.” This is a signal honor that properly recognizes his life’s work.

Perhaps the greatest award he has received is the kind that never gets written up in the newspaper. I am speaking of the genuine affection and appreciation people have for this man. Why? The answer is easy: he really cares about things that matter. His students and friends all know this, as surely do most of his readers. He wants to preserve the precious memories of the history we have been blessed to share. Because of his heartfelt commitment, he helps all of us take pleasure in the past, rejoice in the present, and be glad for the future. And long may he write it up for the Sunday paper!

Deima E. Presley, Editor
PREFACE

Readers of Dr. Mabry’s columns will understand how hard it has been to make selections for this volume. Last year he and I sat down for lunch in a local restaurant, and three hours later we made the decision to choose pieces simply on the basis of what they have in common. The general theme for this volume, therefore, is the hero. We use the term in the everyday sense: a hero is someone whose bravery or kind deeds fill us with a sense of gratitude and pride. Thus the title: Stories to Warm the Heart.

As I reviewed the author’s columns for this volume, I found three main subject areas: First: acceptance of our past as both Americans and Southerners. Second: appreciation of foreigners and immigrants who have enriched our region’s culture. Third: admiration of the men and women in uniform who defended our nation during World War II. Heroes walk through each chapter.

The first section begins by reminding us of the valor of Native Americans and ends with reflections on what Dr. Mabry and many others call the War Between the States. I have entitled this section, “Native Ground on Which We Stand,” because he explores the foundation of cherished American values.

Somewhat longer, the second section, “The European Connection” reflects our diverse population. These pieces pay particular attention to vital influences from abroad which touch the very heart of Bulloch County — Scotland, England, France, Czechoslovakia and more. We understand why Statesboro’s own Mrs. Esther Rosenberg greeted each new day with these words: “America, I love you.”

The final section, “Heroes You Might Remember,” contains 13 columns which collectively bring us face to face with ordinary people who performed extraordinary feats in the name of democracy. If you think you have read the last word about World War II, wait until you read Dr. Mabry’s thoughtful writings on the subject.
Longfellow’s Passion for the Past

“"My thoughts still cling to the moldering past.”
—Longfellow (1807-1882)

Somewhere in my assiduous past I encountered these lines and more:

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis,
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.

Now I remember They are also from the pen of the prolific 19th century poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who gave himself with abandon to the task of writing “The Song of Hiawatha,” a poem on American Indians, “to weave together their beautiful traditions into a whole.” There was Hiawatha and Nokomis and, of course, Minnehaha.

When I was a small child, my mother enjoyed reciting poetry, including Longfellow’s “Rainy Day” (above). I didn’t think much of poetry when I was four and five years old, but more than a half century of living has tempered my judgment.

Perhaps it was in grammar school that “I shot an arrow into the air/ It fell I know not where.” Longfellow wrote “The Arrow and the Song” before church on Oct. 16, 1845:

Listen my children
and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride
of Paul Revere.

Of the North Church Tower
as a signal light,
One, if by land,
two if by sea.

Through all our history,
to the last,
In the hour of darkness
and peril and need,
The people will waken
and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats
of that steed,
And the midnight message
of Paul Revere.

So may it always be. In May 1863, my great great uncle John Wisdom, rode 67 miles from Gadsden, Ala., to Rome, Ga., to warn of the approaching Union troops. He used six different mounts before he reached Rome, but defenses were secured and Rome was saved from destruction by the midnight ride of John Wisdom.

Uncle John rode 67 miles. Paul Revere rode 18 miles but he is the famous one—his notoriety augmented by Longfellow’s poem. Longfellow published over 700 poems, some of them in foreign languages. Those of us in Academe would accord him the esteemed title of “scholar.”

On his 40th birthday, he finished his great work which thrust him into the public spotlight: “Evangeline, a Tale of Acadia.” Two days before he finished “Evangeline,” he wrote “Epigramme” in his diary, two rhyming stanzas in French.

The only line I remember is the opening, “This is the forest primeval.” The poem is in hexameter, based on a tale first offered to Nathaniel Hawthorne for developing a novel. Hawthorne declined and Longfellow eagerly set about to write
the epic poem of the expulsion of the French Acadians by the British in 1755 from Grand Pre village and the Minas Basin in what is now Nova Scotia.

The tale came from the Rev. H. L. Conolly who heard it from a parishioner. Longfellow's long poem is the fictional account of the 1755 expulsion of 6,000 Acadians, 2,200 of whom were summarily assembled in Grand Pre and placed in British ships and dispersed.

Scattered over the Eastern Seaboard, some came to Savannah but were not accepted. Some escaped and returned to vacant lands and to what is now New Brunswick.

Many found their way to Louisiana where the word "Acadian" degenerated into "Cajun." The poem tells the story of the separation of Evangeline and her betrothed, Gabriel, and the sad search for each other.

In 1988, Alice Bishop, a world traveler, gazed long and hard on the larger-than-life statue of Evangeline on her high pedestal in the courtyard of the rebuilt Acadian St. Charles Church in Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, Evangeline Country made famous by Longfellow's epic poem.

Dr. Dan Good, another world traveler, spent this past summer closer home among the 22 parishes of Louisiana where descendants of Acadians, "Cajuns," express their joie de vivre in their exuberant culture. At my request, he focused his camera on these historic people and presented a wonderful program at the Historical Society.

In the poem Evangeline finds Gabriel dying of yellow fever in Philadelphia but one Cajun tradition contends that Emmeline LaBich and Louis Arcenaux were the prototypes for Evangeline and Gabriel and that Louis went west after sailing past Emmeline as she slept under an oak tree, the "Evangeline Oak," near Bayou Teche. They were unaware of each other's presence.

Julie Good said the Cajun Culture Center version had the girl searching far and wide for her betrothed after their deportation and separation. Some Acadians went to what is now the Dominican Republic and some went as far as the Falkland Island.

The Culture Center version had her coming ashore at Bayou Teche many years after their separation where Evangeline saw Gabriel with his wife, and Evangeline died of a broken heart. They are all good stories. The uprooting of the Acadians is true. The rest is, well ... you decide.

The Song and The Size of It

"Are you ready" the woman asked. "Yes, I'm ready," the man answered. I thought he looked a little different. "It's 15 'til four, and we have to be there at four." she said. The man seemed surprised to hear the time.

"Is everything all right?" I asked the man "I've fought a war since you left," he said. It was obvious to me that he was a bit shaken up. In an instant I tried to visualize what sort of conflict had arisen since I had left him a few hours earlier in the day.

Then he described what he fancied was his heart action at that time. It was really thumping, according to his arm waving demonstration.

I looked over on the table and realized what I had done to him. It was that book by the late William Key, The Battle of Atlanta, and the Georgia Campaign.

"Don't tell the doctor," his wife admonished. "C'mon, we'll be late."

Later I saw the man again. The color had returned to his face. But he had picked up that book again, and was reading aloud:
On May 20, with a hot sun high overhead, Johnston took his army of veteran fighters across the Etowah River into the rough hill country near Allatoona Pass. There was a trick up his Gray sleeve which, if Sherman fell for the bait, might give the South a major victory.

"Twenty years before, in 1844, Sherman, as a young first lieutenant, had served a tour of duty in Georgia, being stationed at Marietta. He had ridden far and wide over north Georgia terrain...."

The man had emphasized that he was a generation closer to the holocaust than I.

He admitted that he had already read too much of that superbly written *Battle of Atlanta, and the Georgia Campaign.*

Folks in his generation still maintain their private but articulate opinion of Sherman. However, one of the best friends of the man and his wife is the niece of General William Tecumseh Sherman!

When I get my book back from the man, I'm going to finish reading it myself.

I like what Eugene Patterson said of the author: "For 40 years Bill Key lived under the hammer of news events beating down on the anvil of time, but like all the great newspapermen he accepted the deadline as a challenge and not a despair, and the pounding never knocked the feeling out of him.

"It made him tough. But it made him sensitive to the needs of other human beings — the need of a cub reporter for a friendly word, the need of a newspaper reader to know the song of an event as well as the size of it, the need of a fellow professional for a strong hand under stress... ."


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The View Atop Kennesaw Mountain

We were atop Kennesaw Mountain on Christmas Day. I saw Atlanta's skyline, Decatur, I-20 East, and the Marietta Public Square. Around 1980, Evelyn and I counted thousands of birds during the National Audubon Christmas bird count on Kennesaw.

I could see Blackjack Mountain where we hiked on Sunday afternoons when I was a Boy Scout. It was the scene of an awful ax murder around the turn of the century. We had a wilderness camp on Blackjack. In the early 1940's, a deputy sheriff came looking for a moonshine still, having found a mound of sugar sacks. I went with him on the search. Upon reflection, I think that was a very foolish thing to do!

From atop Kennesaw we could see the generating plant at Euharlee and Pine Log Mountain in Bartow County. (Ask me about the earthquake prayer of Preacher Sullivan at Pine Log Church in August 1887.)

The north slope of Kennesaw was virtually inaccessible in my youth. When a mail plane crashed there in the 1920's, my father had to climb down from the top of the mountain to retrieve the mail scattered over the rough terrain.

The infamous William Tecumseh Sherman tested the Confederates on Kennesaw in 1864 and then flanked the mountain on his way to Atlanta. Sherman knew the Marietta area. He spared a few homes of his classmates in the area and he spared homes of some Masons. His scorched earth policy caused economic hardship for 100 years, well into my own lifetime.

From his preeminent perch in Hades, I wonder what that old firebrand would have said about the panorama I saw on Christmas Day. Some have tried to excuse his cruelty by psychoanalyzing him. My family is having none of that!
Brushy Mountain, to the east, is where most of my ancestors settled nearly 150 years ago. Great grandfather John Washington Kemp fought in the Battle of Atlanta, was captured and imprisoned at the notorious Camp Chase, Ohio, which was as horrible as Andersonville. Until he died in 1917, tears came into his eyes every time he talked about his imprisonment by the Yankees.

Beyond Brushy Mountain my feisty great grandmother Eliza Shaw Mabry was engaged in a struggle with a plundering Yankee soldier. She had hidden the meat under the floor and had put old dirty rags in the towel racks, but the Yankee was trying to steal her metal water bucket. (Most used wooden buckets, i.e. "The Old Oaken Bucket that Hung by the Well.") Another Union soldier threatened to report the would-be pillager, so Grandma kept her bucket! This proves that not all Yankees are Damn Yankees.

To the north I saw the Allatoona Mountains. The General was recaptured from the Andrews Raiders at Ringgold in "The Great Locomotive Chase." The General now resides in Big Shanty Museum in Kennesaw, Ga.

Vinings Mountain, to the south, is where Sherman is said to have sat as he watched through his telescope as his troops entered Atlanta. Sherman's seat was near an old cemetery subject of legal wrangling in Cobb County.

The old canoeing lake of Bert Adams Boy Scout Camp remains. Those living in the Cumberland Mall and Platinum Triangle area know nothing and care less that secret rites of our Boy Scout Order of the Arrow were conducted at their lake and that our initiation included a full day of absolute silence after a night in the woods with only one blanket.

Cobb County now has a million more people than it had when I was a Boy Scout. On our hikes from Scout Camp on Vinings Mountain we always managed to make it into Smyrna, Ga., for hot dogs at GB's Place. Now, worst of all, GB's place is gone!

POW Camp Andersonville

On August 8, 1864, 32,000 men were living in abysmal conditions near Americus in a prison built for 10,000. They were Union soldiers who had come South to ravage the Georgia countryside, kill our livestock, and burn our homes.

Now they were burning with thirst under the scorching August heat. There were no trees within the stockade. The creek which flowed through the prison camp was so polluted that to drink from it caused sickness and often death.

The prisoners began to dig wells and to pray. None of their wells produced water.

When I took my father to visit Andersonville in the 1950s, he was overcome with emotion when he read the story of the hardship of the Yankee soldiers, although he was an unreconstructed Confederate Rebel.

Recently among my father's papers I found these words he had copied in pencil on our visit to Andersonville:

John Washington Kemp (1838-1917) had moved with his parents, Moses Kemp and Mirindy Miller Kemp, from Greenville, S.C., to Cobb County in 1848. John W. Kemp was my redheaded great grandfather, a Confederate soldier who fought in the Battle of Atlanta. He was captured and imprisoned at Camp Chase, Ohio.

From 1865 until his death in 1917, tears came into his eyes when he spoke of the hardships endured by Confederate prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio. On a recent visit to my 90+ year old cousin, Mary Kemp Ellis in Albany who remembers her grandpa quite well, I had the foregoing story verified again.

Union troops executed Confederate Captain Henry Wirz, the commander of Andersonville POW camp. It should be noted that the Union prisoners had the same short rations that
their Confederate captors had. The South was impoverished by war, and Georgia had been brutalized and ravished by Union Gen. William T. Sherman, the Saddam Hussein of the 1860s.

When individuals cry out to God for relief, I don’t think it makes much difference to the Almighty whether you are a Yankee or Rebel. I should mention that one of my parents’ best friends was Muriel Phillips Stanford, great niece of — you guessed it — Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman!

Providence Springs

“The prisoners’ cry of thirst rang up to heaven. God heard, and with His thunder cleft the earth, and poured His sweetest waters gushing here.”

Dr. Bill Perry and a group from Statesboro visited Andersonville. Dr. Perry wrote, “On Aug. 8, 1884, a spring of water burst forth within the stockade, fresh, unpolluted, lifesaving water. The prisoners, believing God had answered their prayers, named it ‘Providence Spring.’ It is still flowing.” Some of the visitors from Statesboro drank from it.

Having read original letters of both Union and Confederate soldiers and having been a soldier, myself, I found that actually there was very little difference in attitudes and homesickness of foot soldiers from North or South.

What may not be generally known and certainly not acknowledged by the northern press is that there were vile POW camps which held Confederate soldiers in the North.
The Stone of Scone

With six generations of Presbyterians in my background, I, a Baptist, traveled vicariously on a heritage tour of Scotland with 22 Bulloch Countians. Not all were Presbyterians but they found 54 Presbyterian Churches in Aberdeenshire and only one Baptist church!

I asked Del and Beverly Presley to photograph the Stone of Scone exhibited with the Honours of Scotland—the Crown, Sword and Scepter—in Edinburgh Castle. No photos allowed. I think the canny Scots want to sell postcards. Mine came in the mail!

While locals were touring Glasgow, Aberdeen, Loch Ness and Edinburgh (bagpipes playing everywhere), I was reading Pat Gerber’s tightly written *Stone of Destiny*.

During WWII in Westminster Abbey, I was told that the stone under the coronation chair was the Stone of Stone on which Scottish kings had been crowned. I reached across the velvet rope and touched the Stone without notice of the guide.

Was it the Stone of Destiny? Legend has it that the Stone of Destiny was Jacob’s pillow at Bethel where he slept enroute from Beer-sheba to Haran. There he dreamed of angels going up and down a ladder to heaven (Genesis 28). He consecrated the stone with ceremonial oil.

Having slept on the best down pillow available since using my jacket for a pillow during WWII, I would have had a nightmare with a rock for a pillow!

Was the Stone of Destiny transported through Egypt, Sicily, Spain and Ireland to Scotland, finally to the seat of government at Scone? Scottish kings were invested at Scone from about 840 A.D. to 1292 A.D. when John Balliol was the last to be crowned there (*Collins’ Encyclopedia of Scotland*).

English King Edward I invaded Scotland in August 1296 A.D., slaughtered 17,000 inhabitants of Berwick, marched on to steal the Scots’ coronation seat which he obviously thought was the Stone of Scone. Was it the Stone of Destiny?

After WWII, one Scot who tried to remove the Stone from Westminster Abbey was apprehended but was released, because nobody knew for sure who owned the Stone of Scone. Four Scot nationalists surreptitiously removed the Stone on Christmas Day, 1950 and transported it to Scotland, later displaying it in Arbroath Abbey before it was retrieved and returned to Westminster Abbey.

On Saint Andrew’s Day, 1996, the English sent the Stone north under military guard, placing it on loan in Edinburgh Castle where it is now encased in glass. No touching it now!

The Honours of Scotland on display beside the Stone were hidden from Oliver Cromwell’s army in the 1650s, locked in a chest in the Crown Room and the door walled up.

Sir Walter Scott unblocked the room 111 years later, opened the chest and placed the Honours on permanent display in the Edinburgh Castle.

Saint Margaret’s Chapel is the oldest part of the Castle. Margaret (1048-1093 A.D.) was King Malcolm III’s wife and queen. She was beautiful, pious, erudite and was canonized in 1250 A.D.

Can sainthood be inherited? Saint Margaret has many descendants in Bulloch County. Smith Banks and all those with David Alderman as an ancestor are the Saint’s descendants. Smith is also descended from English King Edward I, the Butcher of Berwick!
A Word in the Night

This strange story began in the Highlands of Scotland in 1742. One night Duncan Campbell was confronted by a bloody stranger at his gate pleading for sanctuary in his Castle Inverawe. Perhaps his previous imbibing left Duncan full of hospitality. He agreed to hide the fugitive who demanded a solemn oath not to divulge his presence. This Duncan gave to his everlasting regret.

Later that night, the stranger’s pursuers awakened Campbell, saying that the fugitive had murdered Donald Campbell who had once saved Duncan Campbell’s life! Nevertheless, Duncan sent them away, claiming he knew nothing.

Still later that night, Duncan had another visitor. He awoke in a cold sweat, filled with terror. Beside his bed stood Donald Campbell’s ghost, telling him not to hide the murderer! The next morning, Duncan put the fugitive out of the castle but because of his oath, he hid him in a cave.

The ghost of Donald Campbell appeared again the next night. The following day, Duncan found the cave empty but the apparition appeared again the third night. He intoned the awesome, “Farewell, Inverawe, ‘til we meet at Ticonderoga!”

The name Ticonderoga was absolutely unknown in the Scottish Highlands. Few, if any, white men knew the Indian word, Ticonderoga (meaning place of thundering waters). The French Canadian Fort Corillon had only recently been renamed - Fort Ticonderoga.

Fourteen years later in 1756 when Major Duncan Campbell was 53 years old, he and his son sailed with the 42nd Highland Regiment (the Black Watch) for America. Two years later, under General Abercomby, the French Fort Carillon (Ticonderoga) was attacked. This was part of the French and Indian War or the Seven Years War.

The night before the Black Watch was to go into battle, Duncan Campbell was again visited by the specter. He told his commanding officer, “This is Ticonderoga! I shall die today.” The Black Watch suffered terrible losses. Duncan and his son Alexander were both wounded but not seriously.

Two Campbell women in the Scottish Highlands were walking outside the castle. It was night there during the battle at Ticonderoga when Duncan and Alexander were wounded. The women looked up into the sky and saw the battle in progress. They identified regiments by their banners and men they knew by name including Duncan and Alexander. They reported the vision or mirage to their friends, giving names and the number of those struck down. Much later their report was corroborated in detail! (A similar occurrence was recorded during WWI)

Major Duncan Campbell was removed to the south where his wound worsened and his arm was amputated. He died on July 17, 1758. Did the glass and pieces of metal the French Canadians used instead of shot cause wounds to become infected and the wounded to die? Or, did the Vision of Inverawe claim its revenge and Duncan died of fright? In the Highlands of Scotland they have no doubts.

Two hundred years after the battle, wife Evelyn and I visited Duncan Campbell’s grave in the Glen Falls/Hudson Falls area of New York. In 1959, we saw that a wreath lettered “42nd Regiment” had been placed in front of Duncan Campbell’s headstone. A battle reenactment was held at Fort Ticonderoga in June 1997.

In 1775, Ethan Allen and the Green Mountain Boys entered Fort Ticonderoga by the Wicket Gate past a lone sleeping sentry. They aroused the British commandant and demanded surrender “in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!”
Victories and Defeat of A Brilliant Loner

Final defeat, "to meet your Waterloo," harkens back to June 15, 1815, when Emperor Napoleon Bonaparte was defeated by the Duke of Wellington of England at the Battle of Waterloo in Belgium.

He was a military hero at age 26 and head of France at 30. He gave France a lasting sense of la gloire de la France, but he had been christened Napoleone Buonaparte.

His ancestors had come from Italy 200 years before he was born on the island of Corsica in the Mediterranean on Aug. 15, 1769. He had been sent to military school where he was something of a loner who read a lot but tried to make friends with those who might help him later.

The French Revolution had unsettled the social order of France and the Old Order almost disappeared during the Reign of Terror. Napoleon seized the moment. He had himself crowned (or did he crown himself?) Emperor at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris in 1804 with the Pope in attendance.

Napoleon defeated the Austrian army at Austerlitz in 1805, the Prussians at Jena in 1806, and the Russians at Friedland in 1807. He was a military genius, but he failed to reckon with the opposition of a people fighting an invader of their homeland.

Winter and fierce love of Mother Russia defeated him when he invaded Russia in 1812. The Spanish guerrillas decimated the army he sent (but did not lead) to subjugate the Spanish.

He had helped to unify Italy. He did unify France. He gave France the Code Napoleon, laws which only recently have been modified.

He worked long hours and dictated to four secretaries at once. One of these was Alexander Augustus Smets who came to Savannah after Waterloo and became a very successful businessman and a founder of the Georgia Historical Society. Among the Smets descendants in this area are the members of the Blitch family of Bulloch County.

After his defeat at Waterloo, Napoleon was effectively isolated 1,200 miles off the coast of Africa on the island of Saint Helena under nominal British guard where he lived (existed) for the rest of his life.

He was a military genius who did not understand naval warfare or the opposition of a people to a foreign invader. He was brilliant but his detractors called him "The Butcher of Europe" because so many hundreds of thousands had died in his 60 battles.

Miss Connie Byrd, my French professor at Mercer University, deplored the treatment he received on Saint Helena which she called a waste of his brilliant mind.

He died on May 5, 1821. In 1840, his remains were returned to Paris at the request of the French government. He rests in a giant tomb in Les Invalides where I pondered what little I knew of his victories and defeat when I was in Paris half a century ago.

In 1815, there were 150,000 combatants and 50,000 casualties, not to mention the humiliation of defeat at the hands of "a nation of shopkeepers," as Napoleon had categorized the British.

Reenactors from the world over staged the Battle of Waterloo again in June of 1995, the 180th anniversary of the defeat of Napoleon. At a reenactment five years ago, there were 200,000 spectators, and millions watched on television. Among the 5,000 reenactors participating, there was only one casualty — a rabbit!
The French Revolution Still Stirs Emotions

The late Scott Collins, our Bulloch County man at the French Embassy in Washington, sent me books on the Bicentennial of France, including a *Petite Guide d'une grande Révolution*. Brett Hulst, Elaine’s grandson, sent me books from Paris while on a school trip, including *Memoires de la Bastille*. I worked my French dictionary overtime for Bastille Day, July 14!

In 1788, Louis XVI convened the first Estates General (clergy, nobility, commoners) in 175 years. France was in crisis. The price of bread had doubled by 1789. Clergy and nobles gave up financial privileges. Too late. The Paris mob took 30,000 muskets from the Invalides depot and stormed the Bastille to get powder.

In August 1789, the commoners resolved themselves into a National Assembly and adopted the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen.

“Laws are expression of general will; all men, born equal in eyes of the law and opportunity, have rights to liberty, property, security, and resistance to oppression; they have freedom of opinion, religion, speech, writing; they are taxed according to capacity to pay; and presumed innocent until proven guilty.”

Radical changes followed. Guillotines were overworked during the Terror. Napoleon Bonaparte rose to power at end of the decade.

France, always a nation of extremes, has come through 15 constitutions or charters. Now in her Fifth Republic, she is celebrating her Bicentennial.

**French and American Democracy**

American democracy is unique. Each person gets his turn. To say that “All men are created equal” is contrary to human nature, although the God of the Bible is “no respecter of persons.”

Democracy is risky. Relying on the common sense of the common people is a calculated risk. Three essential principles of a democracy are in the motto of the French Revolution: *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*.

*Liberty:* Once I was thrilled to sit in Patrick Henry’s seat in the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg. But liberty is not license. It is not the privilege to do wrong or to waste.

*Equality:* We are not really equal. The weak must be helped to keep up or the common life will be slowed because of their weakness. This places a burden on the strong and wise but they can carry it.

*Fraternity:* General George Washington’s leadership, not for himself but for others, is our shining example. It is the opposite of dealing with human beings on the basis of power and advantage.

The difference in France and America is the depth of religious commitment of our peoples. Abraham Lincoln raised this religious consciousness to a new high, claiming the “Manifest Destiny” of America as the new “Chosen People.” Americans were chosen not to conquer but to lead and to give compassionate help to those in need.

The French sing “La Marseillaise,” their national anthem. “The day of glory has arrived.” We sing “God bless America ... the land of the free and the home of the brave ... beautiful for spacious skies.” That is the difference in the French and the Americans.

**Lest We Forget**

Others learn of American democracy and the French Rights of Man and yearn for the same. The Chinese students and workers asked for a voice and were riddled with bullets and flattened by tanks on orders of the Butcher of Beijing. They, too, yearn for liberté, égalité et fraternité. Lest we forget! Lest we forget!
Thank God for America

“America, I love you!” Thus, Esther Bergman Rosenberg greeted each new day in Statesboro.

And well she might. Esther was one of 14 Bergman children in Horodec, Poland. Nine perished in the Holocaust. Five escaped to America. Esther and her sister, Rebecca, came on the last boat out of the Horodec area in 1939.

The first to come was Bella Bergman, who married Jake Levine. They operated the Favorite Shoe Store here on East Main Street for many years.

Rhoda Bergman came to America and married Baris Goodrich, of Milledgeville, who later sponsored Esther and Rebecca. Upon their arrival in Milledgeville, the Times Recorder reported the sisters’ generous use of two of the few English words they knew: “Thank you!”

Freida was a “mail order bride.” According to Esther’s daughter, Sandra Rosenberg of Statesboro, Frieda participated in an arranged marriage to Ellis Goodrich, Baris’ brother. Rebecca married Aaron Haimovitz.

Esther and several friends were on the old pier at Tybee one day when a young soldier overhead her speaking Yiddish, a derived language spoken by many Central European Jews. The soldier was Reuben Rosenberg. Two weeks later, they were married!

When Reuben gave Esther a diamond ring, his future brother in law, Ellis Goodrich, said, “You are giving a diamond and you are getting a diamond.”

Denied an education beyond the sixth grade in Poland because of her religion, Esther, nevertheless, was able to converse in six languages: Polish, German, Russian, Hebrew, Yiddish and finally, English!

“Get an education,” Mrs. Rosenberg admonished her children. “Nobody can take that away from you,” she told her children who grew up in Statesboro where her husband, Reuben, operated one of the Rosenberg Department Stores.

I am privy to copies of correspondence in 1938 and 1939 between U.S. Secretary of State Cordell Hull and Congressman Carl Vinson, of Milledgeville, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, who served in the U.S. House of Representatives for 50 years.

Baris Goodrich was one of Mr. Carl’s constituents. “Congressman Vinson saved my mother’s life,” Sandra Rosenberg told me. He exerted his considerable influence to bring Esther and Rebecca Bergman to America.

There were many bureaucratic hurdles. The sisters were not American citizens at that time. The State Department was concerned that they might become wards of the state, because they had no money and no prospective jobs waiting for them in the United States.

Did they become wards of the state?

No, indeed. Sandra Rosenberg and her brothers and sisters followed Mrs. Rosenberg’s admonition to get an education. Barry is a biology teacher. Bernice teaches mathematics. Jack is a lawyer. Marilyn is a nurse (RN), and Sandra is a CPA. Mrs. Rosenberg instilled the work ethic in her children. Freida, the mail order bride, had three children who are medical doctors and one who had two PhDs. Rhoda has six grandchildren who are medical doctors!

Reuben Rosenberg now lives in Atlanta, but he has attended the annual dinner meeting of the Bulloch County Historical Society in Statesboro.

Mrs. Esther Bergman Rosenberg died in 1974, but her oft repeated exultation, “God bless America,” reverberates throughout her larger family and our community, affirming the essential goodness of our nation and our people.

The Czech Legacy

This is a test from Central Europe, Summer of 1995: 1. Jak se mas? 2. Co je hlavni mesto? 3. Co mluvni lidi v Praze?

The Statesboro Herald's equipment does not provide access to Slavic alphabets used in the Czech questions above. Maybe that's why you didn't get the right answers immediately.

Here are the answers: 1. Dobre. 2. Praha. 3. Cestina.

If you are still with me, the first question was, "How are you?" and the answer is "good." The second question was, "What is the capital" (of the Czech Republic) and the answer is "Prague." The third question was, "What do people in Prague speak?" and the answer is, "Czech."

Legend has it that King Cech rode up a hill and named the country for himself, "Ceck" or "Czech." Prague, itself, sits astride the Vlatava River. The city was founded circa 900 A.D. Today, there is an informal shrine to the enemies of communism there.

There is also the Jan Hus Bethlehem Chapel. Remember John Hus and Hussite Wars? He was an early religious reformer, burned at the stake in Constance.

And there was Tycho Brahe who is buried in Tyn's Church. Using instruments of his own construction, he conducted the longest continuous and consistent set of observations of the known planets and bright stars which had been made, up to his time (1546-1601).

How do I know all this?

Ramona Murphy, our bright young cousin from Guyton (with Bulloch Brannen connections) has just returned from a summer in Central Europe. She was headquartered in Prague, the capital of the Czech Republic where she taught a short course in English.

"Monie" is a whiz in linguistics. She is a Woodruff Scholar at Emory University. While she was in Central Europe, we had a nice visit in Guyton with her parents, Pat and Barbara Murphy and her bright younger brother, Mark, who was considering Georgia Tech.

A delightful surprise came when Dr. Willie Grier Todd, GSU professor emerita of history, appeared at the Murphy home. We learned that Beulah, her Victorian home, was to be on the Guyton Christmas Tour for 1995.

Back in Central Europe, "Monie" took a spin north from Prague into Germany. She also toured Austria, including Salzburg, ancestral home of hundreds of Bulloch Countians and thousands in southeast Georgia.

She saw the Archbishop's Castle atop the hill overlooking the old city from which Lutheran Salzburgers were expelled in the early 1700s. I was posted to Salzburg in 1945 and 1946 but I did not learn about the Salzburger expulsion of 15,000 Lutherans until I arrived in Statesboro five years later.

In 1948, Miss Lila Blitch, of Statesboro, who was then coordinator for the American Junior Red Cross for the Southeast working out of Atlanta, was given the assignment of introducing J. Suchanek, director of the Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross, to Junior Red Cross activities in this country.

While Mr. Suchanek was in Atlanta, the communists overran Czechoslovakia. Only five percent of the Czechs were communists, he told Lila Blitch, but the takeover was complete.

I remember it was around 1968 when some Czech leaders attempted to reform communist practices in Czechoslovakia. It was then that Russian tanks rolled into Prague and quelled the reform movement. Czechoslovakia became part of the Soviet Bloc.

"Monie" found the Red Cross Building in Prague but was unable to learn anything about Mr. Suchanek who was director 47 years ago.
I learned to spell Czechoslovakia in grammar school. I thought I was pretty good. Now the country is called the Czech Republic and Slovenia. Nobody gets to spell C-z-e-c-h-o-s-l-o-v-a-k-i-a anymore!

“Monie” traveled into Slovenia, Germany and Austria, also into Italy and to Pula, Croatia, site of the world’s second largest coliseum and a Roman port thousands of years old.

In case you think all of this is far fetched, I close with one more bit of information. The State of Texas has over one million citizens who have Czech ancestry, including my only first cousin’s wife, Dee Kemp. “Dobre!”

Coffee Perks the Day

Southampton, November 1944. We had trained at Camp Blanding, Florida—gnats, hot, humid, rain everyday for a month. It was the Battle of Blanding. I reached my physical limit on the obstacle course. We thought we were training for the South Pacific.

But we disembarked in the middle of the night at Southampton, England. We marched into a British village with full field packs, steel helmets, M-1 rifles, canteens, mess kits. Everything we had was on our backs and belts.

We were met by the Red Cross. There were huge cans of hot coffee. It was 4 a.m. I had not been permitted to drink coffee at home. Although I was 19, I did not drink coffee. Now we were in line. We lined up for everything in the army. When I finally moved up, the Red Cross lady dumped canned milk into my half pint canteen cup. I moved forward again and another Red Cross lady dumped sugar into my cup.

The weather was typical — foggy, damp, miserable, cold. That hot coffee from the Red Cross was the best welcome I received in all of England.

Coffee apparently came to Europe via Turkish soldiers who fled their positions outside Vienna so fast in 1683 that they left behind bags of coffee beans.

In the 1700s, luminaries such as Diderot and Montesquieu held forth in French cafes. Pepys, Dryden, Pope and Swift held forth in British coffeehouses.

In “Coffee Perks the Day” by Mary Whitfield in Southern Living, there is some discussion of conditions needed for successful coffee growing, i.e., rain and porous soil. She lists about a dozen favorite embellishments or a good pot of coffee such as Iced Expresso, Cafe Cappuccino, Cafe de Belgique and Cafe Alexander.

My grandfather used to buy coffee beans and grind his own coffee in a coffee mill. I really don’t have time for that.

During WWII, French people in the small town of Chateaubriant would come to our army kitchen and beg the coffee grounds from our mess hall. They, and the Germans as well, had ersatz (artificial) coffee. Perhaps the old saw about coffee tasting like old socks had it origin in the terrible tasting ersatz of WWII.

By 1964, I was working on my doctorate at the Florida State University. We drank coffee at times to keep the edge on our senses. There was a year of course work at advanced graduate level and a year of work on my dissertation. We called our daily (and nightly) coffee “dissertation stew.”

Coffee is a mild drug, of course, but nobody drinks 200 cups a day which might compare with intake from a shot of hard drugs. There is some thought that too much coffee over a prolonged period of time may cause sleeplessness and nervousness then sleepiness. Extreme situations might bring on muscle spasms. I have cut back on coffee. Two or three cups a day now seem sufficient.

At our house it is my job to measure the morning coffee on the night before. The aroma of a freshly opened container of coffee is one of the tiny things which make life worth living.
The Only Survivor

While administering a test to graduate students, I was watching intently my class seated down the long conference table. Slowly I became aware of a “presence.” Then I glanced to one side and there she was—a former student—on her knees! “Could you lend me fifty cents?” she asked. I could and I did. If she had asked for fifty dollars my answer would have been the same.

When she lived in Atlanta, I took my mother by her store in what has come to be known as “Midtown.” She also worked with behavior disordered children in the public school system. She tries to help kids that most people avoid. Her family has now generously dubbed her “unconventional.”

She does not have any contact now, but she is descended from one of America’s most prominent industrial families. She was born in the North but she loves the South, especially Statesboro and Georgia Southern. As a graduate student she demonstrated superior academic ability.

For several academic quarters she worked as my graduate assistant. She annotated all of the books on my shelf in Henderson Library, not a routine task.

One day she told me about an old photograph album her grandmother had given her. I asked her to bring it and show it to me. The album was very old but some of the pictures were older, nearly 150 years old, seven generations back.

On one page was a snapshot of a family in a small room. The man was seated at a Singer sewing machine. He and other men in that branch of her family were tailors.

The picture was taken in the Ghetto in Warsaw, Poland, just before the Nazis came and took them away. She told me that it was the “last picture of the tailor before Hitler got him.” It was also the last picture of the rest of the family.

Now, a new development. There was a baby in the picture. Although all of the adults were killed by the Nazis, the baby had been wrapped in blankets and thrown over the fence of the concentration camp. Polish peasants on the outside caught the child and raised her.

As her family’s only survivor of the Holocaust, the woman somehow encountered the survivors’ network in the United States. She traced my former student’s grandmother to Miami where she lived after moving several times over the years.

The survivor had heard that there was a picture of her parents somewhere. My former student had it! Her grandmother asked her to send it to the survivor, now located in Australia.

Perhaps you, too, will spend some time contemplating the emotion which flooded in when the survivor saw a picture of her parents for the first time.
Heroes You Might Remember

Remember Pearl Harbor on December 7
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To Spy or Not to Spy
~
Four Chaplains and Other Stamps
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Prisoners of War
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D-Day Prayer
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Statesboro Resident Recalls Battle of the Bulge
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Troopship Disaster
~
Christmas in Austria
~
Welcome to Free Czechoslovakia
~
Who Wants to be a Legionnaire?
~
WWII Generation Fading
~
The Last Hurrah
Remember Pearl Harbor on December 7

George Bush could not remember the date of Pearl Harbor, but I can. My boyhood friend hit our front porch in a powerful hurry on the morning of the Japanese sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. When I opened the front door, Gene Abercrombie said, “We’re at war.”

Officially, we were not at war until the next day when President Franklin D. Roosevelt made his famous speech on the “Day of Infamy” before the joint session of Congress calling for a declaration of war which was promptly given.

I never had heard of Pearl Harbor but soon the radio news came on and it was terrible. The next morning, Mr. Shuler Antley, our Marietta High School principal, called us into the auditorium to listen to President Franklin D. Roosevelt’s address to Congress. I can still hear the sonorous tones of his Groton accent. It was a “Day of Infamy,” he said.

The year before, into that same auditorium, I had brought my amateur radio station W4GLE and presented a program for the entire student body. As international tensions increased, our ham radio operations were curtailed—we had to use English and we could not make contact with foreign hams. With the declaration of war, all ham radio operations were halted.

I always had felt that FDR had some responsibility in maneuvering the nation into war but Mr. Antley brought in O. B. Keeler from the “Atlanta Journal” to talk to our student body at Marietta High.

O. B. Keeler was a famous journalist who told us that regardless of our feelings about how we got into the war, we must pursue it to successful completion, ridding the civilized world of the totalitarian dictatorships threatening us and our allies.

The oldest brother of two of my classmates was killed by the Japs in the attack on Pearl. (See also Quentin NeSmith’s personal account on page 259 of *Spirit of a People*.)

At Tallulah Gorge State Park in 1996 I met Andrea Davis, a winsome young graduate of Brenau University, who had recorded as oral history her grandfather Davis’ story of his arrival at Pearl Harbor while it was still smoking. Her grandfather died shortly after she recorded his story. Moral: record now on tape or on paper the experiences of the older generation which is fast fading from the scene.

Wife Evelyn’s family and other Statesboro citizens were featured in “State of War,” Georgia’s experience in WWII shown on Georgia Public Television several times. We attended a sneak preview of the production at the Atlanta History Center.

There I spoke with Dr. Richard Ottinger who had headed GPTV after leaving the faculty of Georgia Southern where he served on my master’s degree oral examination committee. He retired soon after I saw him in 1994. You may have seen his memorial picture on Channel 9, GPTV, for several days after his recent death.

My First Hand Experience

I was too young to enlist or be drafted. Later, as a student at Georgia Tech, I was invited to become a spy in France. It was heady stuff.

They were desperate for people with any expertise in the French language. We were to be trained to parachute into unoccupied “Vichy” France, work with the underground and prepare the populace for the invasion. I would have entered with a rank of army captain — at age 16!

I considered the possibilities. After all, in the first grade, the pretty little girl who wore a tam would always come whisper in my ear that she was really on my side, that she was a
spy and would steal the other gang’s map so we could find the treasure—all of this covert activity took place at recess, of course. I had experience in clandestine operations!

Upon further reflection, I realized that since we were not at war with Vichy France at that time, my own country would not recognize me, and spies were shot without trial. I did not go that route.

Later, my amateur radio background got me into the Signal Corps, better than mud slogging infantry. I did go to France. I was in Salzburg, Austria, for much of my service in the Army of Occupation.

This time in Salzburg enriched my experience and has been a gratifying point of contact with hundreds of Salzburgers in Effingham, Screven, Chatham and Bulloch Counties. I have boundless high regard for the original Salzburgers who first came to Ebenezer Creek in 1734, courtesy of General James Edward Oglethorpe.

I attended Rainbow University in Zell Am See, Austria, studying German, psychology and calculus. I made a solid 100 percent on my German, taught by a professor from the University of Vienna, Madame Gutmanstahl. My year in France enriched my understanding and appreciation for the French language and culture. I later taught French in high school and helped Bulloch Academy finish one year of French.

World War II changed my world. It changed THE world. In 1994, when the offer came to go on the advance party of 566th Signal Company attached to the 66th Black Panther Infantry Division, I declined the offer of ‘good billets.’ On December 25, 1944, the advance party and about 5,000 men from our division lost their lives in the English Channel, either from a torpedo or a mine. Many died from exposure in the frigid waters, the worst troop ship disaster of the war.

Was there a purpose in my being saved? Have I lived up to the promise of my early education and training?

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To Spy or Not to Spy

One morning in 1942 in French class at Georgia Tech, my professor, Dr. M. Gordon Brown, began to discuss with us a request for recruits to be parachuted into “unoccupied” Vichy France to work with the Underground in preparation for the Invasion of Europe which was sure to come.

“Can you send us ANYBODY who can speak French?” he quoted the recruiter for the OSS—the Office of Strategic Services—headed by General “Wild Bill” Donovan whose assistant was Allen Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles who became Secretary of State.

In those days very few Americans could speak a second language. Dr. Brown singled me out. “Monsieur Mabry, you would have the equivalent rank of army captain.” The question certainly caught the attention of this sixteen year old! I pondered the offer for several days. In the end, I declined.

My thinking was that as a spy, in the event of capture, my own country would not own me because technically we were not at war with Vichy France. The enemy (Germans and collaborationist Vichy French) would shoot me without a trial. At age eighteen I was drafted into the U. S. Army as a lowly private.

However, at the University of Georgia, as I recall, the OSS found Peter Tompkins. He spoke French better than I ever did; he had experience on the continent; and he could speak other Romance languages as well.
Some of his exploits were reported in a paperback entitled, "A Spy in Rome," which I placed in the Georgia Southern Library many years ago.

One of those who parachuted into unoccupied France was Peter Churchill, cousin of Prime Minister Winston Churchill. He had much experience on the continent and had a photographic memory.

When he first parachuted into Vichy France, he landed hard on a rock and broke his tailbone. Fortunately, there were enough underground French around to rescue him and care for him until he could function as spy for Great Britain. I would have been in tall cotton, working with Sir Winston's cousin.

A book by Allen Dulles has come to my attention. It is "The Craft of Intelligence," and bears the anti-communist stance the CIA held since it was established under President Harry S. Truman in 1947. The CIA is the approximate successor to the OSS of WWII.

Dulles traces the history of intelligence from earliest times in China and Europe as well as the evolution of the intelligence service in and by the United States.

In China in 400 B.C., Sun Tzu wrote of five kinds of secret agents: native, inside, double, expendable and living—still used in intelligence work today. In the 13th chapter of the Book of Numbers in the Old Testament, Moses sent out 12 Israelite men, representing the 12 tribes of Israel, "to spy out the land of Canaan." Sir Francis Walsingham, Queen Elizabeth the First's Secretary of State and Spymaster, created the first full fledged intelligence service and helped bring down Mary Queen of Scots. General George Washington was a master of deception. The consummate spymaster, Washington used intelligence very successfully during the Revolutionary War.

Another interesting book is "The Assessment of Men" written after WWII by the staff of the OSS. It describes numerous ingenuous tests devised to select men for both overt and covert assignments for the OSS during the WWII.

I referred my students in Tests and Measurements to this book because of the creative approaches to testing and also to point out that the authors admit their aptitude tests had no follow-up which could have been used to establish predictive validity.

One of my Boy Scouts worked for the CIA. We were all close-lipped about it. Now he has retired but still I have not talked with him about his activities.

With Soviet Communists out of power, some of the driving force may have abated for huge but hidden budgets for the CIA. The weekly news magazines writers wonder about the spy apparatus, and what will unemployed spies, East and West, do now?

Having lived this long, I think I made the right decision in 1942 not to join the OSS!
Four Chaplains and Other Stamps

During WWII in 1942-1944, George Wotherspoon was an army captain commanding a company guarding and maintaining an airfield in southern Greenland where U.S. Air Force planes refueled.

At first the GIs slept in tents but the wind soon blew the tents into the ocean. Wind velocity sometimes reached 90 m.p.h. Quonset huts arrived later. Winter temperature reached 50 below zero. They burned gasoline on the ground to soften it enough to dig pits for anti-aircraft artillery.

On Feb. 3, 1943, their relief was aboard the USAT Dorchester 100 miles from Greenland when a torpedo hit. Hundreds were killed. Bedlam ensued.

Directing men to life boats and distributing life jackets were four chaplains. When all life jackets were gone, without hesitation, the four chaplains removed their own and strapped them on four panic-stricken GIs.

Eyewitnesses saw the four chaplains link arms and pray as they sank into the frigid waters. Within 27 minutes the Dorchester capsized. Of the 902 GIs and sailors on the Dorchester, only 230 survived.

The four chaplains were: Father John Patrick Washington, a Roman Catholic priest, the Rev. George Fox, Methodist minister, Rabbi Alexander David Goode and Dutch Reformed minister Clark Poling.

Recently George Wotherspoon attended the Four Chaplains Memorial Banquet in Philadelphia as the only living officer from the army unit on Greenland.

American Legion Magazine carried an article on the Four Chaplains, entitled, “This Side of Heaven.” I am also privy to a signed account of the disaster by Sgt. Mike Warish, one of five known (possibly 11) Dorchester survivors still living.

The Chapel of the Four Chaplains was dedicated by President Truman in 1951. It will be moved soon to a seven acre plot donated in Valley Forge, Pa.

The Four Chaplains postage stamp was one of 33 commemoratives issued in 1948 honoring great Americans, events and places. Christian Herald editor Dr. Daniel A. Poling spoke of his chaplain son Clark Poling to a huge crowd of us at Wesley Memorial Church in Atlanta that year.

Other Commemoratives

In 1948, Girl Scout founder Juliette Gordon Low of Savannah was featured on a stamp as was George Washington Carver who spoke in “chapel” at South Georgia Teachers College (now GSU) circa 1939.

Joel Chandler Harris (Brer Rabbit) of Eatonton, Putnam County, was also featured. My third grade teacher Lucy Turner’s father was a model for Harris’ stories. Nora Stone of Statesboro has Putnam County stories almost as good as those of the great Joel Chandler Harris.

The “Poppy Lady,” Miss Moena Michael’s picture, was on a 1948 stamp honoring her strenuous efforts which netted $50 million from poppy sales in England for wounded W.W.I veterans and more in the U.S. from sales on November 11 each year. She was the sister of Miss Mae Michael, longtime secretary to Georgia Southern president and an “original” herself.

U.S. Postal Service recognition of greatness came on the heels of the Centenary International Philatelic Exhibition in 1947 celebrating the 100th anniversary of the first U.S. postage stamps, a five cent Franklin and a ten cent Washington.

Prisoners of War

After the end of WWII in Europe, I went to Switzerland on furlough and to Geneva to the International Red Cross headquarters where I found the name of Harry Livingston in the
Prisoner of War card file. Harry was and is from my hometown of Marietta.

I received a letter, POW photo and barbed wire lapel pin from Harry. Here is what he wrote on the back of the POW photo of a very unhappy young man:

“The photo on the opposite side is a copy of my original POW identification photo, taken at the Interrogation Center several days after my B-17 Flying Fortress was shot down over Berlin by FW190 German Fighter Planes

“Less than an hour after General George S. Patton liberated our POW Camp at Moosburg, Germany on April 29, 1945, I went into the German files and took the original I.D. card.

“I thought you might like to have a copy of my POW I.D. photo and a barbed wire pin. I would be proud for you to wear it. I wish you the best.”

Harry has just retired as chairman of Marietta Light and Waterworks, income from which helps keep city taxes low. Harry's father was a fine pianist. Now Harry is taking piano lessons! For many years he headed the Salvation Army. He was one of my Boy Scout leaders.

Several young men from Bulloch County were in Prisoner of War camps during WWII, among them: Max Lockwood, Dan Shuman, Marvin Pittman, Jr., and Leroy Cowart, Jr., who was starved to death by the Japanese. Although American Red Cross food packages had been received, they were not passed on to the American prisoners of war. There may be other Bulloch Countians who suffered imprisonment by the enemy in WWII.

Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

Correspondence from Wright Lee, a cousin of the late Dr. Georgia Watson, legendary Georgia Southern professor in whose honor GSU named a dormitory, revealed that he, too, was a prisoner of war. He flew for the Mighty Eighth Air Force over Germany in WWII. His book, Not as Briefed, is based on actual diaries of his 14 months POW experiences.

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Memories of the Longest Day

England, June 3, 1944.

We sail for the Coast of France at dawn. This is the moment that the whole world has waited for . . . now it is here.

“Everybody is doing a lot of thinking now especially about home. Mail came this P.M. and I guess that is the best thing that could have happened.

—John Darley, U. S. Navy Hospital Apprentice, age 19

But D-Day was delayed due to weather conditions. The Allied Invasion of Europe actually began on June 6 when the greatest armada in history sailed from several ports of embarkation in England across the English Channel to the beaches of Normandy on the coast of France.

In Statesboro, Dr. A. J. Mooney heard the news of the invasion on radio at 4:00 a.m. on June 6. He called Mayor Alfred Dorman who notified the fire department to sound the “wild-cat” siren, a prearranged signal to alert the people that D-Day had dawned.

A community prayer service, planned several weeks in advance, was held at the First Baptist Church at 8:00 a.m. on that Tuesday, June 6, 1944.

Fun loving John Darley faced dread reality when he saw the body bags on board his LST. He realized that some on board his vessel would not come back alive.

His ship ferried soldiers from England to France, then pulled back into the Channel to wait. Then they sailed back to the beach to pick up casualties.

“I feel we can’t be wrong in choosing the time and place for this major operation,” he wrote, after the crew attended church services before they shoved off from England. “I’m very proud that I’m taking part...” John wrote in 1944.
Now from England comes a poem by a British veteran of the Normandy Invasion:

Omaha, Utah, Sword, Juno and Gold,
Names that our memories always will hold.
These were the beaches—the birds stopped singing;
Lives were lost, no bells were ringing.
One of the thousands who played their part,
I knew not all the fallen, though they remain in my heart.
As each year passes, and this day does dawn,
It’s for those young men that we still mourn.
Time marches on, and I stand with head bowed
To have served with heroes, of that I am proud.
God rest their souls, O Lord we pray
This truly was—THEIR LONGEST DAY.

From France comes France Magazine with the cover story, “Normandy’s Conquering Spirit.” They expect thousands of veterans and their families to converge on the beaches of Normandy for the 50th anniversary of those fateful landings which began on June 6, 1944.

John Darley, of Statesboro, survived D-Day but lost his life later during the Marine assault on Iwo Jima in the South Pacific. The white cross on his medic’s helmet made him a target for the fanatical Japs.

He had been hit by Jap fire but refused to be evacuated. He was tending the wounded when the Japs killed him on Iwo Jima. Perhaps the most famous photograph of WWII was that of the flag raising on Iwo Jima. Recently, the last surviving flag raiser died.

There is an inscription on an Iwo Jima monument which reads:

When you go home
Tell them of us, and say:
For your tomorrow
We gave our today.

Lest we forget! On May 30, 1994, Georgia Public Television aired a 90 minute documentary on WWII which focused on interviews with Statesboro citizens including Dr. Parrish Blitch, the late Ray Darley, Mrs. Evelyn Mabry and Mrs. Mildred Dominy Parrish. Letters from Navy Hospital Apprentice First Class John Darley provide much of the story line.

The May 30th Memorial Day program in 1994 and subsequent airings were the outgrowth of the WWII exhibit in 1992 at the Georgia Southern Museum curated by Dr. Jim Bigley and Dr. Del Presley and co-sponsored by the Bulloch County Historical Society.

D Day Prayer

Those of my generation have been in a somber mood this week. We each remember where we were when news of the D-Day Invasion of Europe came. The landings on the beaches of the old Province of Normandy in France are forever etched on our memories.

The Great Depression and WWII defined my generation. Pearl Harbor and D-Day accented it.

In my nostalgia, I found a yellow newspaper clipping my mother had saved when I was overseas. It is one of Ralph T. Jones’ columns in the Atlanta Constitution. He identified the author of a poem called “Conversion.” Thousands of soldiers overseas had copied it and carried it with them. It was broadcast many times in the U. S. and printed in newspapers and books.
An army chaplain found copies on the bodies of 30 dead on the sands of Normandy on June 6, 1944. He said that “many, many copies were seen blowing around the Normandy beaches.”

Entire battalions carried copies of the poem in the Pacific Theatre of Operations. The poem was found, even, on the bodies of dead Nazi soldiers.

It was written, not by a soldier, but by Miss Frances Angermayer, of Kansas City, sister of Mrs. C. C. Johnson, of Decatur, Ga. Here it is:

CONVERSION

Look, God, I have never spoken to you,
But now I want to say, how do You do.
You see, God, they told me you didn’t exist,
And like a fool I believed all this.
I wonder, God, if You’d shake my hand,
Somehow I feel You would understand.
Funny I had to come to this hellish place,
Before I had time to see Your face.
Well, I guess there isn’t much to say,
But I’m sure glad, God, I met You today.
I guess the ‘zero hour’ will soon be here,
But I’m not afraid since I know You today.
The signal! Well, God, I’ll have to go,
I like You lots and I want You to know.
Look now, this will be a horrible fight,
Who knows? I may come to Your house tonight.
Though I wasn’t friendly to You before,
I wonder, God, if You’d wait at Your door.
Look, I’m crying! Me! Shedding tears!
I wish I had known You these many years.
Well, I have to go now, God, good-bye!
Strange, since I met You, I’m not afraid to die.
Germans across a pasture (similar to the Confederate tactic of attack and die). Ed was sent ahead. His unit behind him was cut to pieces. Ed jumped into a muddy ditch and crawled back to his command post.

In Holland, Ed's outfit was mixed with the British 2nd Army. Ed was a T/5 rifleman, later a company runner. He had five company commanders from October to Dec. 15, 1944. Each was killed, lost or transferred.

On Dec. 15, 1944, the Battle of the Bulge began. His outfit left Heerleen, Holland, with orders to take and hold St. Vith for 24 hours. They held for five days, delaying the German advance. But 20,000 soldiers had been captured by Germans. Ed's unit was overrun in the Belgian mountains. All was chaos. Men he thought were in his outfit held hands to keep together in single file through the woods in the night. St. Vith was in flames the next morning. In the light, Ed found he was next to a man he had never seen before. He was separated from his outfit.

Wandering into an old school house, he slept, later learning he was in general headquarters of an army division! On Christmas Day, he found his unit near Manhay. They were given the "honor" of recapturing St. Vith.

He was wounded on January 23, 1945, and relayed to hospital units, to Paris, then Southampton, finally to Birmingham, England. After VE Day in 1945, he remained in England in an I & E unit. In 1946, he was sent back to the U.S. via the South Atlantic Ocean, avoiding terrible North Atlantic storms.

Edgar Godfrey, now retired GSU professor, maintains 7th Armored Division Association membership. In 1966, he went back with them on a tour of battlefields of France, Holland and Belgium.

He was awarded the Bronze Star and, of course, the Purple Heart. He has unit citation medals from France, Belgium and Holland and the Belgian Croix de Guerre with Fourragere, also for Battle of Verdun and Veteran of the Battle of the Bulge.

I am going to visit Edgar Godfrey again — armed with a tape recorder so I can send his story to the D-Day Museum of Eisenhower Center, 923 Magazine Street, New Orleans, LA 70130. I urge you to get WWII stories from service men and women before it is too late and remember Veterans Day in November.

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Troopship Disaster


On Christmas Day 1944, the worst troopship disaster of the Europe Theatre occurred in the English Channel. In England, one of the noncoms had asked, "Mabry, do you want to go with the advance party? You'll get good billets."

"No, thanks, I'll just go with the others," I replied. My answer saved my life. Either a mine or a torpedo tore a big hole in the side of the Belgian troopship transporting men of the 66th Infantry (Black Panther) Division.

The Belgian sailors abandoned ship contrary to all maritime rules. They had dropped anchor and the soldiers did not know how to draw up the anchor so the crippled ship could be towed into port.

Men who jumped overboard could float about 10 minutes if their field packs were properly rolled but the icy waters of the Channel (Grande Manche in French) caused such exposure that few survived.

A day later we were on one of the LSTs which had pulled up alongside the Belgian troopship. The crewmen told us that they yelled for the GIs to jump but they did not. No order was
ever given to abandon ship. The boys on the LST said they had to pull away before the sinking ship sucked them down with it.

We landed at Cherbourg. There had been a last gasp of German airpower. We were the first truck out of the mouth of the LST. The MPs were waving frantically for us to clear the LST and get out of the dock area.

We drove furiously without knowing where we were going. We caught up with our artillery in the middle of the night and learned that our orders had been changed. I think we were headed for the Battle of the Bulge but were pulled back into the relatively inactive fronts holding 50,000 Germans in the St. Nazaire and Lorient Pockets on the Atlantic/Channel Coast.

Five months later we were pressing the Germans to surrender. As I recall, the detachment of Germans on Belle Isle in the Grande Manche outside Vannes surrendered first. About this time the French gendarmes began to check our papers, “Vos papiers, s’il vous plait.”

On May 10, 1945, at 1600 hours, our Major General H.F. Kramer accepted the pistol of German Lt. Gen. Fahrmbacker, commander of the Lorient pocket. General Kramer glanced at the pistol and rated its condition as Class B. French civilians, free of the Nazis for the first time in more than five years, gave way to revelry throughout the Brittany peninsula.

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On May 11, 1945, they, too, surrendered. At 1000 hours, German General Junck handed over his pistol to Major General Kramer. One German officer tried to maintain his arrogance throughout the surrender still wearing the despised monocle but another German officer had to blow his nose. Thereafter the Germans saluted all American soldiers and officers just to be sure they didn’t offend their captors.

Earlier in the winter I had guarded POWs. Ice and snow were everywhere. The clip fell out of my M1-3 submachine gun (we called it a “grease gun”) and the clip went clattering across the ice.

A German POW picked up my 15 round clip and handed it to me. “Danke,” I said. By then we could feed them better than the Germans. They were losing the war and the POWs sensed that they weren’t going anywhere.

With the surrender of the Germans at Lorient and St. Nazaire, the GIs proceeded to get drunk. Only a few of us didn’t drink. I was cold sober. Therefore, I was on duty at the BC 610 radio transmitter. We still had to maintain shortwave radio communications at each level of command.

The next morning one man (now deceased) in our outfit complained of a sore back. No small wonder. He had slept inebriated on top of a mauser rifle which he had “liberated” during the surrender!

Christmas in Austria

Christmas 1945. It was midterm at Rainbow University, Zell am See, Austria, where I was a student in the U.S. Armed Forces Institute for soldiers in the 42nd Rainbow Division, U.S. Army of Occupation.

Madame Gutmanstahl and her daughter invited me to dinner in their apartment on Christmas Eve. Frau Gutmanstahl was my instructor in German.

She had been a professor at the University of Vienna. I studied hard and did well in German, later using it (and French) to meet foreign language requirements on my doctorate.

The army had taken over the Grand Hotel am See (built 1894), a stopping place for the world’s elite before WWII. We called it Yankee Hall.
We ate at Café Tyrol where a big blonde girl was a waitress. It was rumored that she had been a captain in the German women's army. After seeing her heist a large tray of dishes, I tried to pick it up but was unable to budge it. We kept our distance from that fraulein!

Mountain folk may be superstitious. When the seasonal winds, the Mistral, blew in Zell am See, no important business was conducted and no exams were scheduled in schools.

Several days before Christmas each year an old man, dressed as the Devil, appeared with switches for bad girls. The waitresses, including the big blonde, were noticeably nervous.

Only once in several hundred years had the Zeller See not been frozen hard enough to walk on by Jan. 6. The lake freezes in one night. In 1946, a 74 year old man had been testing the ice for many years by pushing a sled across the lake on the morning after the freeze.

In addition to taking German, Calculus (taught by Professor Meier of M.I.T.) and psychology, we attended cultural events such as a concert by the Vienna Boys' Choir on January 14, 1946.

There were four choirs of 24 boys each in Vienna. The boys were at least 10 years of age. One of the choirs came to Zell am See. The Vienna Boys' Choir was organized by German Emperor Maximilian I in 1498 A.D.

Very few boys develop into famous singers as voice changes are unpredictable. However, many talented musicians came from the Choir including Joseph Haydn, Franz Schubert and Clemence Krauss, Vienna Opera conductor.

Capt. Ralph J. Diefenbach, Rainbow University chaplain, played a prominent role in the return of the Hand of St. Stephen to St. Stephen's Cathedral in Budapest, Hungary.

King Stephen, the kind and noble Hungarian leader had unified his country, built churches and schools, and dealt kindly with his subjects. He was sainted by Pope Innocent XI. King Stephen died in 1038 A.D.

It took 30 years for his people to build a magnificent monument to him. When the King's casket was removed to the monument, it was discovered the body was completely decayed except his right hand which was perfectly preserved. Legend grew that God preserved it because the King had done so many noble deeds with it.

The "Hand," along with the Hungarian Crown and Coronation robes were stolen and taken to Austria early in WWII. Catholic Chaplain Diefenbach was instrumental in returning the religious relic in time for the annual procession in Budapest on Aug. 20, 1945.

"Ours is to Lead," an editorial in the Pad and Pencil, Rainbow U's student newspaper, confidently stated, "Our is to lead in a nation we fought for. Ours is to guide a world of countries in the peace we have attained."

I took nine hours of final exams at Rainbow U that quarter. I did quite well, thank you, but I am not sure that we have led so well at home or abroad since 1945.

Welcome to Free Czechoslovakia
"... yearning to breathe free."

On Nov. 19, 1954, Zdenek Bartos was a Czech guard on the Czechoslovakia-West German border. That night he made the final decision to leave his communist dominated homeland and defect to the West.

In the dark of night, he ran to a farm house on the West German side and knocked at the door. Wearing his automatic weapons and carrying hand grenades and ammunition, he must surely have presented an awesome sight because the old lady answering the knock fainted dead away!
When she revived, he explained that he wanted to defect. The Germans wanted him to surrender his weapons to them but he insisted on waiting until American army officers arrived to surrender to them.

He said that the most beautiful sight in his life was the American flag flying on the U.S. Army jeep as it came over a hill into view. Bartos took out his two hand grenades to hand them over to the Americans. He said that the officers turned deathly white until they understood that he was surrendering his weapons to them, not preparing to blow them up!

He was taken to Nuremberg, West Germany. Experts were flown in from New York to debrief him on the automatic weapon he had which was the prototype for the AK47.

When the Czech army officials learned that Bartos had disappeared, he was declared an "Enemy of the People." He was falsely accused of killing two men during his escape and the communists made life hard for his parents.

He worked in a semi-official capacity for the U.S. Army in West Germany for three years. He came to the United States in 1957, and lived under an assumed name for 10 years in Chicago where there was a large Czech community. He put himself through college while there.

Then in the summer of 1968, he went to Vienna, Austria, to meet his family. As they were having a meal in a restaurant, he was smitten - love at first sight for a girl he saw there. She was a university student from Prague.

On Aug. 21, 1968, Russian tanks rolled into Prague, ending programs which had liberalized some of the communist restraints. (I remember vividly the report came while I was in a post doctoral seminar in Michigan that summer.)

Bartos proposed marriage to the girl by mail. She left Prague in the spring of 1969, one of 100,000 intelligentsia and professional people who left after the Russians came.) They were married Dec. 21, 1969.

Zdenek Bartos had been a non-commissioned officer (starsina) in the Czech army before he defected. In 1990, he traveled to Vienna, Austria, with an American passport. His brother met him and they drove to the border of Czechoslovakia. The border guard took his passport to check it before admitting him to the country.

Bartos, the former border guard and a starsina, non-commissioned officer, was understandably apprehensive. In fact, he was extremely nervous. Under the communists, he would have been shot on the spot.

The border guard was gone what seemed to be an interminably long time but actually it was about 10 minutes. Then the guard returned.

He saluted: "Welcome to Free Czechoslovakia, Starsina Zdenek Bartos," he said. The emotion of the moment was overwhelming.

How do I know all this?

His son, Omar Bartos, was our dinner guest recently, along with our cousin, Ramona Murphy, an Emory University Woodruff Scholar from Guyton. They had met at a Model U.N. session at the United Nations in New York.

Ramona had engaged Eva Bercikova-Hines in Atlanta to coach her in the Czech language when she learned that Omar's father and Eva were born the same year, grew up in the same Czech village, and had gone to school together. Small world! And Omar, "I am grateful to my parents to be born in America, in a free country!"

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free. . . . I lift my lamp beside the golden door!" (Invitation on the Statue of Liberty)

Omar and Ramona were married in a garden wedding at Beulah, the home of GSU professor emerita Dr. Willie Grier Todd in Guyton.

At the reception after the wedding, I met Omar's brother and his strikingly good looking mother to whom Omar's fa-
ther had lost his heart in Vienna, Austria. She immediately recognized me as the one who had written about Starsina Zdenek Bartos' story in the Statesboro Herald. She introduced me to Starsina Bartos. I saluted and said, "I salute you, sir!"

It was Dr. Willie Todd who had a continuous good time dancing every dance!

Aren't we glad our Statue of Liberty "lifts her lamp beside the golden door" for those "yearning to breathe free."

Who Wants to be a Legionnaire?

Who wants to be a Legionnaire? Earle Cocke did. He was achievement oriented. Early on he became an Eagle Scout. As a young pilot and UGA student, he flew couples around Athens to make extra money.

He was an army officer in WWII in Europe. The Germans shot him in his ribs, stomach, lung and kidney. When German civilians were ordered to bury him, they discovered he was alive and turned him over to U. S. Forces which just had arrived. His ambulance hit a land mine and was destroyed.

He was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star with Cluster, Purple Heart with Cluster and awards from many allied nations. General Anthony "Nuts" McAuliffe of Bastogne (Bulge) fame said that Cocke was "the best soldier I ever saw."

While recovering from his wounds, he completed a master's degree at Harvard University.

He was elected Georgia State Commander of the American Legion in 1948 and National Commander of the American Legion in 1950, the first WWII veteran and the youngest ever elected.

He received the Freedom Foundation Award three times and was chosen the U. S. Bicentennial Veteran. Later, he attained the rank of Brigadier General in the National Guard.

Earle Cocke was a Baptist deacon who supported the World Council of the Baptist World Alliance (BWA) but he was not president of the BWA as has been reported.

Dr. Quinn Pugh of Statesboro knew General Cocke when they were both working with the World Council of BWA. He said the General walked with a cane. No small wonder that he walked at all with his war wounds.

General Cocke was appointed to various diplomatic posts by Presidents Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson.

He died on an Easter Sunday and was buried with full military honors in Arlington National Cemetery. American Legion National Committeeman Ray Hendrix of Statesboro attended the funeral. Cocke was a native of Dawson, Ga. The list of survivors simply stated "Legionnaires" in addition to his family.

The current issue of The Georgia Legionnaire shows National Executive Committeeman Ray Hendrix of Statesboro in four pictures including those with the State Commander, the National Commander, and with local Legion Post 28 and Post 90 officials Willie Bryant, Walter Berry, Bob Skaggs, Tom Thornton and Damon Gause, son of WWII Major "Rocky" Gause who escaped the Bataan Death march and sailed 3,200 miles from the Philippines to Australia. Gause was speaker at Statesboro's Memorial Day program.

Dr. Quinn Pugh, retired Baptist minister in Statesboro, attended the meeting of the World Council of the Baptist World Alliance held in Havana, Cuba recently.

One news report stated that the two outstanding events of the year were the visit of the Pope and the BWA Council meeting. Fidel Castro welcomed the visitors who numbered between 350 and 400.
The BWA Council met in a downtown Baptist Church which had obtained permission to refurbish somewhat for the meeting. A public meeting was also held. Apparently Castro has realized that the people need opportunity for religious expression.

Much of the city appears dilapidated as has been reported by other visitors, but the people don't seem to complain, Dr. Pugh said.

A Righteous Gentile in Central Europe

You may have changed channels during the two hour program dedicating the bust of Raoul Wallenberg in the Rotunda of the Nation's Capitol.

Raoul Wallenberg was a Swedish diplomat serving in Hungary during World War II. He is only the second person accorded honorary citizenship in the United States. The first honorary citizen was Prime Minister Winston S. Churchill of Great Britain.

Wallenberg was assigned to Budapest during WWII. Sweden maintained its neutrality throughout the war, but high born Wallenberg was instrumental in saving tens of thousands, perhaps sixty thousand Jews during the Holocaust. One time he had climbed up on top of a railroad car and passed Swedish passports down into the car for Jews already bound for the gas chambers, thus saving their lives at the last minute.

When the Soviet army captured Budapest, Wallenberg went to their headquarters to report his actions in saving the Jews. He never came back.

Efforts to learn his whereabouts thus far have been unsuccessful. The Soviets were uncooperative. Even today, 50 years later, no one knows whether Raoul Wallenberg is dead or alive.

Some of Wallenberg's survivors were present at the recent dedication ceremony. Joining members of his family were Congressman Tom Lantos and his wife Annette who had persevered in the search for Wallenberg and to learn of his fate.

The climax of the ceremony was the prelude and the prayer of Rabbi Arthur Schneier from the Synagogue of Budapest, Hungary. He cited Raoul Wallenberg as one of 36 Righteous Gentiles.

Rabbi Schneier, himself a survivor of the Holocaust, said that he had stood face to face with the embodiment of Evil—Adolph Eichman—and that he had stood face to face with the epitome of Good—Raoul Wallenberg.

"God bless America, land of immigrants, freedom and democracy . . . and another chance," he prayed. Amen.

WWII Generation Fading

Gilbert Shahbaz was almost twice my age when we arrived in France in WWII. He had lived in Atlanta and belonged to Druid Hills Baptist Church where I was later a member when Dr. Louie D. Newton, of Newington, was its world famous pastor.

Gil's father, the Rev. Yonan Shahbaz, was a member of an ancient Christian community in Persia (Iran) before WWI. He came to New York and entered Colgate University where he was a classmate of the Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, later pastor of Riverside Church when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was an active member.

The Rev. Yonan Shahbaz, with his young wife and children, including my friend Gilbert, returned to Persia as a self
supporting missionary. At that time, the Kurds were fanatical Moslems. They cut their male babies’ faces with the sword for two reasons: (1) to teach them to endure pain, and (2) to make hideous scars to cause them to appear more fierce in battle.

In his book, *The Rage of Islam*, Yonan Shahbaz described how the “heartless Kurds” came on their horses to terrorize Christians. The Shahbaz family fled to a Presbyterian mission where the Kurds laid siege. Gilbert’s baby brother died of malnutrition and starvation before the Russian Cossacks rode in on their horses and liberated them.

You have read of present day Kurds’ tribulations under Saddam Hussein. Could it be that the sins of the fathers are being visited “upon the children unto the third and fourth generation...”? (Exodus 20:5)

In the 1920s, Yonan Shahbaz typed from memory about 50 Persian fables which I have placed in Special Collections at GSU Henderson’s Library at Gilbert’s request. Now Gil’s wife, Olympia, has written that Gil died Nov. 4, 1997, one of the last of my WWII buddies.

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**The Last Hurrah**  
**Sunday, November 12, 1995**

All week long I have relived the Sunday morning service at First Baptist Church when 49 of the 60 WWII veterans in the church were assembled for presentations of specially prepared replicas of the New Testaments originally received upon entering military service more than half a century ago. The covers were of metal. Reports abound of lives saved when a spent bullet or shrapnel was stopped by the Testament worn in the pocket over the heart.

And, O the music! An organ medley of service hymns set the mood. The great sanctuary choir special, “Eternal Father, Strong to Save,” I recognized as the sublime Navy Hymn: “O hear us when we cry to Thee for those in peril on the sea.”

Now, it was “America” and then “America the Beautiful.” I have stood atop Pike’s Peak where Katherine Lee Bates was inspired to write, “O Beautiful for Patriot Dream that sees beyond the Years. God shed His grace on thee...”

Thunderous applause broke out for the veterans. As it diminished, another wave arose and another. Then the congregation was on its feet and more waves of applause overwhelmed us. It is likely that never again will this happen. It was the last hurrah for some of us.

It could have been an exercise in civil religion but it was a call to remembrance. “Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee... to humble thee, and to prove thee...” (Deut. 8:2).

Dr. Bill Perry, in his own inimitable way, stated the disclaimer: we were not there to glorify war but to remember our roots—Roger Williams who founded Rhode Island for religious freedom with its capital, Providence, to remember and strengthen family
heritage, and to remember with gratitude and thanks to God. I glanced at the aging veterans around me. Many had been through the Valley of the Shadow. The old veterans were deep in thought. Some handkerchiefs were out and others should have been.

Remember the Cross of Christ and His sacrifice and commit to His service, Dr. Perry emphasized. We sang with gusto “Mine Eyes have seen the Glory.” It is the emotion-charged “Battle Hymn of the Republic,” originally sung by Union soldiers “in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps,” during the War Between the States. Some Confederates sang it, too.

First Baptist Church rafters rang with vibrance that morning. “As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free.” We are all Americans now. And proud of it!

POSTSCRIPT

The Author’s Life in His Own Words

Readers who follow his columns in the Sunday newspaper may recall this rare autobiographical piece of 1988. While Dr. Mabry often relates topics to his own life experiences, he seldom writes at length about himself. This wonderful exception explains, among other things, how he became the author of the longest running column in the Statesboro Herald. Having written hundreds of pieces about families in southeast Georgia, he now tells us about his own fascinating genealogy. He also reveals our own friendship that began during my youth and has continued, happily, throughout my lifetime.

The Editor
A MID-LIFE CRISIS

During the early 1950’s when the esteemed Leodel Coleman was editor and publisher of the Bulloch Herald, I wrote a column on the editorial page headed by my name only.

Those were the days of a weekly newspaper for a rural county and the smell of hot lead from the linotype machine which molded lines of type. Large type headlines were set by hand. M. L. Hall, the highly competent make-up man, read the type upside down and backwards—risky at best. One time he misspelled my name, but never again!

I miss the acrid smell of hot-lead and the thunderous roll of the flat bed press. Typos and agreement of subject and verb remain-problems even today in the sterile atmosphere of word processors where not a good old clanging typewriter can be heard.

In those days I tried to identify with the local citizens. After all, my sainted grandmother, a genteel, Southern aristocrat, was a Brannon. I thought perhaps an ancestor had misspelled the name— that it might have been the same as Brannen. There were, and are, more Brannens in Bulloch than in any other place on the earth. That didn’t work, however. Brannon is Irish. It means “little raven.” Brannen also is Irish but, traced back into antiquity in the old country, the two family names had separate origins.

Dr. Del Presley and I both joined the GSC faculty in the mid-1960’s. Del was in my youth program when he was a high school student at Toccoa. His wife, Beverly Bloodworth, was in my church youth group when I worked in Columbus, Georgia. In 1982 Del made his mark on Southeast Georgia as director of Project RAFT (Restoring Altamaha Folklife Traditions).

I was caught up in the promotion and interpretation of the project whose centerpiece was an 80 foot raft built to old raft hands’ specifications and launched into the Ocmulgee River from Lumber City on April 3, 1982. Folk festivals along the Altamaha attracted 20,000 people as the Last Raft floated down past Doctortown, down to Darien.

Although Del Presley grew up in the mountains of North Georgia, his grandfather had been a raft hand on the Altamaha. My wife Evelyn’s father and two grandfathers had ridden the rafts to Darien in the early 1900’s and her brother Hugh helped design and built the Last Raft. I rapidly identified myself with the culture and the people of the Altamaha basin. This was one of those “peak experiences” Abraham Maslow describes so well. Something happened to me during Project RAFT.

Is there such a thing as tribal memory? Evelyn was born near the confluence of the Oconee and Ocmulgee Rivers where the Altamaha is formed. Mary Musgrove, General James Edward Oglethorpe’s-friend and Indian interpreter, maintained “The Forks” there, one of several homes she owned as Colonial Georgia’s richest woman. But there are swamps in that area now, and I have gently chided Evelyn for being a “swamp rat.”

Now comes Methodist pastor Donald E. Collins, of Milwaukee, a distant cousin of mine with his 601 page book, The Mabry Family. It establishes the residence of my great great grandfather Robert Watson Mabry in 1795 in McIntosh County—Darien. Imagine that! Me, a Piedmont belter, mountain worshipper, but in fact a bigger swamp rat than wife Evelyn.

I retired from Georgia Southern on Aug. 21, 1988, and not a day too soon. Here I am “sitting on my Emeritus” as Dr. Georgia Watson said. I can handle that.

But to learn that my ancestor was born down the road, I mean, down the river “aways” provokes within me a mid-life crisis. After soft peddling my outsider status in Old Bulloch
for 37 years, I now find that many pioneer Southeast Georgia and Bulloch families are comparative newcomers!

Robert W. Mabry went from Darien to Richmond, Virginia, apparently to secure an education, then made his way back through South Carolina to Washington-Wilkes County, Georgia, where he was schoolmaster of the Elite School for Girls. He drew land in the Cherokee Lottery and moved by covered wagon to Cobb County in 1841. Robert Watson Mabry Middle School in Cobb County is named for him.

My first job out of high school was as a reporter in Cobb County for *The Marietta Daily Journal*. I was writing for various newspapers around the state long before my editor at the *Statesboro Herald* was born. Now, in retirement, I have come full circle, back to square one—home at last!
Kemp Mabry's reputation as a local historian is well known. His columns have given our readers warm recollection, insight and humor. I will always admire his knowledge, sharp wit and talent for holding the reader.

Randy Morton, Publisher
Statesboro Herald

A rare person who has insight into how people are linked together. He remembers families, places and events, and he invites all of us to share in his stories.

Betty Lane, Professor Emerita
Georgia Southern University

For many years I have been a great admirer of Dr. Kemp Mabry. He is without peer when writing stories that interest a large range of people. To have these columns preserved will be a great contribution to Bulloch County History and a well earned tribute to their author.

Isaac Bunce
Provenance
Statesboro