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The Cochise Quarterly, a journal of history and archaeology of Cochise County and adjacent portions of Hidalgo County, N.M., and Sonora and Chihuahua states in Mexico, contains articles by qualified authors as well as reviews of books on history and archaeology in the area. It is a CCHAS publication. Contributions are welcome. Manuscripts should be submitted to the Editorial Committee, P.O. Box 818, Douglas, AZ 85608-0818.

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**About the Cover:** Kentucky-born Anna Mac Clarke was the first African-American person to command white troops during World War II. During her time at Douglas Army Air Field, she brought about the end of segregation on the post, thus contributing to the end of the practice in the entire U.S. armed forces. Her story begins on page 3. (Photo courtesy John Trowbridge)

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## ANNA MAC CLARKE: A PIONEER IN MILITARY LEADERSHIP

By John M. Trowbridge

It was raining that April morning in 1944 as the train rolled into the station at Lawrenceburg, Ky. It was one of those day-long rains that slows the world down and provides time to reflect. A crowd was waiting to meet the train that was bringing Anna Mac Clarke home.

The waiting people knew this young woman had in the short span of 24 years accomplished much, not only for herself but for her race and her gender.

She was the first African-American of either sex to command an all-white unit. She also helped end segregation in the U.S. military by actions she took at Douglas Army Air Field during World War II.

Sgt. Robert Franklin James, Anna Mac's brother, accompanied the body. The Army had assigned him to be the escort officer, to bring his sister's body back home.

It did not seem to him that long ago that he had been in the field with his unit at Fort Ord, Calif. There a message from the local Red Cross told him his sister Lt. Anna M. Clarke was in the hospital at Douglas Army Air Field. James immediately caught the train for Douglas.

Anna Mac had been admitted to the base hospital in March, 1944 and diagnosed as having a ruptured appendix. Gangrene had set in. When Robert arrived, Anna was starting to recover from an appendectomy.

A couple days later, Anna Mac took a turn for the worse. She died on April 19, and her train arrived home on Saturday, April 22.

The coffin was taken to Anna's childhood home, her grandmother's house on Lincoln Street. It lay in state until Monday when it was moved to Evergreen Baptist Church for memorial services. A military honor guard came from Fort Knox and a minister from Lexington preached the funeral.

From the church Anna's body was taken to Woodlawn Cemetery, the local blacks-only cemetery, located just outside of Lawrenceburg in the little community of Stringtown. A solemn graveside service was conducted. The honor guard fired a salute and the American flag was presented to Anna's grandmother.

Anna Mac Clarke would not be so fully remembered for another 52 years.

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She was born Anna Mack Mitchei on June 20, 1919, in Lawrenceburg. Her mother, Nora Mitchel, was a cook in Lawrenceburg. Her father, Tom Clark, was a laborer from Harrodsburg.

It is not certain how they met or how long they knew each other, but they were never to marry. Throughout her life Anna would use her father's name, however, adding an "e." Also she would drop the "k" from Mack.

Nora had three more children, two boys, Franklin and Lucien, and one girl, Evelyn. When Nora died of edema, the young children were raised in the home of their grandmother, Lucy Medley.

Anna Mac, friends and family remembered, had more of the tomboy in her than the young lady. She played football with the boys in the neighborhood and raced on her roller skates. She was lionhearted, afraid of little. She had a soft spot in her heart for animals, especially cats, and even had a pet chameleon.

She was courageous and adventurous. One day she and her brother Franklin decided to go for a ride on an old mule owned by a neighbor. They came upon



a creek they wanted the old mule to jump across. After getting a running start, the mule decided he did not want to jump the creek and stopped dead in his tracks. Both Anna Mac and Franklin crossed the creek the hard way.

Growing up in their grandmother's home, the children were taught the importance of high morals and values and the importance of a good education. Mrs. Lucy took the children to Evergreen Baptist Church and after 15 years of perfect Sunday School attendance, the children received a gold pin.



**Anna Clarke during elementary school years. (Photo courtesy John Trowbridge)**

Anna Mac enjoyed going to school and worked hard to learn all she could. Being an extremely intelligent child, she knew she wanted to "be somebody." On May 28, 1937, she was one of three black children to receive a diploma from Lawrenceburg Colored High School.

After completing high school, Anna set her sights on attending Kentucky State College (later Kentucky State University) in Frankfort.

Anna entered Kentucky State College in the latter part of 1937. She adjusted well to student life and spent the next four years living on campus at Chandler Hall.

Betty "Ma" White was the housemother of Chandler Hall, and Anna Mac soon became her assistant. She did administrative work in the office of the Dean of Women, Ann Heartwell Hunter.

Anna Mac became a staff member of the school's newspaper, *The Kentucky Thorobred*. In December, 1939, she joined the Alpha Pi Chapter of the Delta Sigma Theta sorority. Anna Mac still had her love of sports and was involved in intramural athletics.

During her four years at Kentucky State, Anna Mac developed strong friendships, and some of those people corresponded with her during her military career. Some of her closest friends and classmates at Kentucky State went on to achieve prominence in the fight for civil rights, including Whitney Young, Jr., social worker, educator and executive director of the National Urban League, and Ersa Hines Poston, president of the New York State Civil Service Commission.

But the class of 1941 had a greater task in front of them, for the winds of a world war loomed on the horizon and would eventually engulf many of Anna's classmates.

On June 10, 1941, Anna and 87 other seniors from Kentucky State College received their diplomas. Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune delivered the commencement address.

Bethune was a famous educator who through her endless endeavors in educating young African-Americans established Bethune-Cookman College at the time she was director of the Division of Negro Affairs, National Youth Administration in Washington, D.C. Bethune would later play a larger role in

Anna Mac's life.

With her newly earned bachelor's degree in sociology and economics along with a certificate of Sunday training school in hand, Anna returned to Lawrenceburg and disappointment. She was unable to find a good job.

In Kentucky, as in other parts of the country during the 1940s, racism — legal and de facto — was a way of life. Highly educated black men and women received few good paying jobs. Blacks were normally hired for low skill, low pay jobs.

Anna knew she had worked hard to get her education and wanted no part of the black female status quo. So in 1941 Anna took a summer job with the Girl Scouts of America at Bear Mountain. She worked as activities director and counselor.

Following the summertime job, Anna moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, in the hope of finding a better paying and more rewarding career. In the fall of 1941, she got a job at the Nash House Community Center as the recreation director. But Anna Mac was still not satisfied and wanted more out of life.

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War came to the United States on Dec. 7, 1941, when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. It would be another 10 months before Anna Mac would become a member of the newly organized Women's Army Auxiliary Corps or WAACs.

Early in 1942, Anna Mac received training from the U.S. Army Fifth Service Command's Signal Corps School located in Cincinnati. On Oct. 3, 1942, Anna answered the call of Mary McLeod Bethune for "one black WAAC" and enlisted in the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps in Cincinnati.

Bethune, founding member of the National Council of Negro Women, was considered the surrogate mother of the black WAACs. As a member of the National Civilian Advisory Committee, which met regularly to advise the director of the WAAC and her staff, Bethune was also instrumental in assisting with the selection of officer candidates for the WAAC.

Anna Mac went to training at the first Women's Army Auxiliary Corps training center at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Fort Des Moines would become the largest WAAC training center for blacks, with some 56,000 trained at the post during the war.

The WAAC basic and officer candidate course were identical and as demanding as corresponding courses for men, except for the omission of combat subjects. Women studied military sanitation and first aid, military customs and courtesy, map reading, defense against chemical attack, defense against air attack, interior guard, company administration, supply and mess management.

Anna loved this military life and felt she had found her career. She completed her four-week basic training course just prior to Christmas, 1942.

During this time, the newly organized WAAC was in desperate need of officers, black and white. With her educational and athletic background, Anna was ideally suited to enter the WAAC Officer Candidate School (OCS). In mid-December 1942, Anna Mac became a candidate in the 15th Class, WAAC OCS program. One of three blacks in her class, she was the only one to finish the course and her class was the second to be desegregated.

Toward the end of Anna's OSC training, Eleanor Roosevelt, the president's wife, made her first visit to the fort. During her inspection tour, Mrs. Roosevelt visited the main mess hall. Anna Mac and her OCS class were eating there and



Mrs. Roosevelt was introduced to and had her photograph taken with Anna Mac.

On Feb. 16, 1943, WAAC OSC class 15 graduated with Third Officer Ann M. Clark as its only black member. Clark's first assignment was to Co. 8 at Fort Des Moines under the command of Capt. Charity Adams.



Clarke met Eleanor Roosevelt during the First Lady's visit to Fort Des Moines in 1943. WAAC director Col. Oveta Culp Hobby is to Roosevelt's left and Clarke can be seen over Roosevelt's right shoulder. (Photo courtesy John Trowbridge)



One group of Company 8 officers posed with Capt. Charity Adams at Fort Des Moines. They are, left to right, Lts. Jones, Bright, Berry, Murphy, Clarke and Campbell. (Photo courtesy John Trowbridge)

Adams later recalled that although Anna's class was desegregated, the post itself remained segregated. Life at Fort Des Moines offered little or no social life for the black officers. Although they lived on Officers Row, they were socially apart from the rest of the community; they formed black enclaves which were geographically a part of the group yet socially isolated from it. The Officers Club was off-limits to black officers as was the swimming pool, except for one hour on Friday evenings. Immediately after the blacks used the pool, the water was cleansed and purified.

Due in part to the social isolation at Fort Des Moines, Anna threw herself into her duties as the regimental supply officer with her usual zeal. Family members say she enjoyed the military, the training opportunities and the chance to travel and see new places.

In the military, the concept nor the reality of fairness was operative but neither was American society's treatment of its blacks fair. Anna felt the military offered her a better deal than society offered in the civilian sector. She decided to make the military her career, say family members.

During the latter part of February, 1943, Anna was reassigned to the fourth company, third regiment, as a platoon leader. She thus became the first black WAAC to command an all-white unit.

On May 22, 1943, when First Officer Sara E. Murphy and Clarke were in command of 144 enlisted WAACs, it was the first black unit assigned to the Fifth Service Command at Camp Atterbury, Ind. The mission of the unit was support of Wakeman General Hospital located on the post.

Anna would only spend one month with the unit in Indiana. This particular unit would later be designated as the 21st WAC Hospital Company and continue work at Camp Atterbury. It would be commended for competence and enthusiasm and awarded the Commander's Plaque for outstanding service.

In June, 1943, Anna went to WAAC Headquarters in Washington, D.C., where she served in the classification and assignment department. On Aug. 1, she entered the Adjutant General's School at Camp Meade, Md.

Following completion of training, she was again on the move. This time it was a stopover in Chicago to assist in black WAAC recruiting efforts. On July 16, 1943, Clarke was promoted to second officer.

September, 1943, found Anna back at Fort Des Moines. On the first, the WAAC was converted to the Women's Army Corps (WAC) as part of the regular Army. Anna participated in ceremonies and was appointed a first lieutenant.

During this time, Anna joined other black WAC officers in the fight to stop the Army from establishing an all-black regiment at Fort Des Moines. The officers felt this plan ran counter to the very things the United States was fighting for in the war. The officers finally convinced headquarters to rescind the reorganization plan before it was implemented.

In January, 1944, Anna was at Chico, Calif., organizing and preparing an all-black WAC unit to be placed at an Army air field. During her short stay at the Army Air Corps Field in Chico, the WACs were separated from the male area by a highway which ran through the base.

Lawrenceburg native Chester Gill, Jr., was stationed at the base when he learned that Anna Mac was in command of the WACs. He made the trek to the WAC area and upon seeing Anna Mac marched up to her, saluted and asked if it was okay for enlisted men to date female officers. She told him no,



whereby he saluted, did an about face and left her standing there.

Anna was next posted to Douglas Army Air Field, an advanced flying training school where aviation cadets received their pilot's wings and commissions as second lieutenants or appointments as flight officers in the Army Air Force. The base came under the command of Army Air Forces Western Flying Training Command, headquartered at Santa Ana, Calif. Douglas was one of four Army air fields in the United States to have both African-American soldiers and WACs, and was the second air field to receive black WACs.

Anna led WAC Unit Section D, the first cadre of WACs onto the base on Feb. 7, 1944. The women were rapidly assigned jobs formerly handled by men, from aircraft maintenance on the flight line to clerical and stenographic work in the headquarters offices. A number were assigned to laboratory work in the post hospital; one was a photographer for the public relations office.

Col. Harvey F. Dyer, base commander, and his staff praised the work of these women and asked that additional black WACs be brought to the air field. The WAC company at Douglas Army Air Field, according to assessments of the Inspector General's observers, rendered commendable service and, in some cases, went beyond the call of duty.

Soon after the arrival of the WACs at Douglas, Clarke was approached by black servicemen from Mississippi, Louisiana and other southern states who advised the women not to attend the post theater because a corner of the building had been "reserved for Negroes." Anna, accompanied by several of her unit, attended the theater but refused to sit in the segregated section.

Making protests first to the theater management and then to her immediate supervisor, Anna Mac finally reached the commanding officer of the base. On Feb. 21, 1944, he issued this order:

TO: All Officers

Douglas Army Air Field, Douglas Arizona

1. As all of you know, a colored WAC Detachment has been assigned to this station. The officers in this detachment are commissioned officers in the Army of the United States, the same as most of the rest of us. All of the colored enlisted women are enlisted in the Army of the United States. The colored officers are entitled to all the courtesies and privileges extended to white officers and the colored enlisted women are entitled to all of the courtesies and privileges extended to white enlisted men and women.

2. The only duty which will be performed by the colored WAC officers will be directly in connection with administration of the colored WAC Detachment. The situation in connection with the colored enlisted WACs is entirely different. The enlisted members of the colored WAC Detachment will be employed in any department on this post for which they are properly qualified and classified. You officers in charge of departments are enjoined to educate properly all enlisted and civilian personnel in your respective departments to accept any colored WACs assigned as you would any white enlisted man or enlisted woman in the Army of the United States. Every

consideration, respect, courtesy and toleration will be afforded every colored WAC. No discrimination will be condoned.

3. It must be appreciated by all of us that these colored WACs are citizens of the United States, imbued with a spirit of patriotism which prompted them to enlist in the Women's Army Corps as their contribution toward the war effort. They are comparatively well educated, of good moral character and possess high ideals. They are proud to serve their country, these great United States of America, in the capacity of women soldiers. They deserve our greatest respect.

4. I know that all officers of the command will lend their hearty support to this matter, as they have on all other occasions. Your cooperation will be appreciated.

HARVEY E. DYER  
Colonel, AC  
Commanding

So ended segregation and discrimination at Douglas Army Air Field. The story of Anna's fight at Douglas would appear in papers around the country and would add fuel to the fire of desegregation and ending discrimination in the military.

The February, 1944, edition of the Kentucky State College newspaper, *The Thorobred*, stated Anne Clark "is really doing all right in the WAC. She moved up to 1st lieutenant fast and now we hear she's preparing for a captaincy."

But that was not to be for in mid-March, 1944, Anna was admitted to the post hospital complaining of pains in her side. She was diagnosed with a ruptured appendix and gangrene had set in. She underwent an appendectomy and initially it looked as though she would make a full recovery. But the poison of the gangrene had entered her body and Anna Mac died on April 19, 1944.

Her body was transported to Bisbee and then sent by rail back home to Lawrenceburg for burial.

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From its start as the WAAC in 1942 until the end of World War II in 1945, only two black women from Kentucky would join the Women's Army Corps and go on to become officers, Anna Clark and Mary A. Bordeaux, who was a member of the first Officer Candidate Class at Fort Des Moines.

On April 27, 1944, Anna's hometown newspaper, *The Anderson News*, remembered her with the following: "LT. ANNA MAE [sic] CLARK DEATH. Lt. Anna Mae Clark, colored, 24 years old of the Woman's Army Corps, died Wednesday, April 19, at an Army Hospital at Tucson, [sic] Ariz. Lieutenant Clark had been in the service two years. She was a graduate of Kentucky State College for Negroes, located at Frankfort. Her survivors are: a sister, Evelyn James of this city; two brothers, Lucien and Franklin James, both serving in the Army, the former overseas."

At the funeral, Anna Mac was remembered as a kind young woman who was devoted to her job in the military and who wanted to make the military her career. Her efficiency reports indicate she was a good officer and performed above the set standards.

On July 26, 1946, a little over two years after Clarke's death, President



Henry Truman issued executive order 9981, which called for equal treatment and opportunity for blacks in the military. On March 1, 1950, the President's Committee on Equality of Treatment and Opportunity reported that beginning in April, the Army's quota system for blacks was out and that segregation was over in the military.

As for the WAC, in 1947 members of the WAC were permitted to opt for service in either the Army or the newly separate Air Force. The Women's Armed Services Integration Act gave women permanent military status in the regular army or reserves. Finally, in 1978, the WAC itself was disbanded and its members were assigned or could enroll in all branches of the army and air force.

Kentucky's Memorial Coliseum, located in Lexington on the campus of the University of Kentucky, was built to honor Kentucky's dead from World War II. Panel number one lists Anna Mac Clarke.

At the entrance to the Memorial Coliseum etched in stone is:

"Here in stone and steel is raised  
a memorial to  
more than nine thousand sons and daughters  
of the  
State of Kentucky  
who gave their lives in battle  
that we might live in peace  
erect and strong and free"  
WORLD WAR II 1941-45

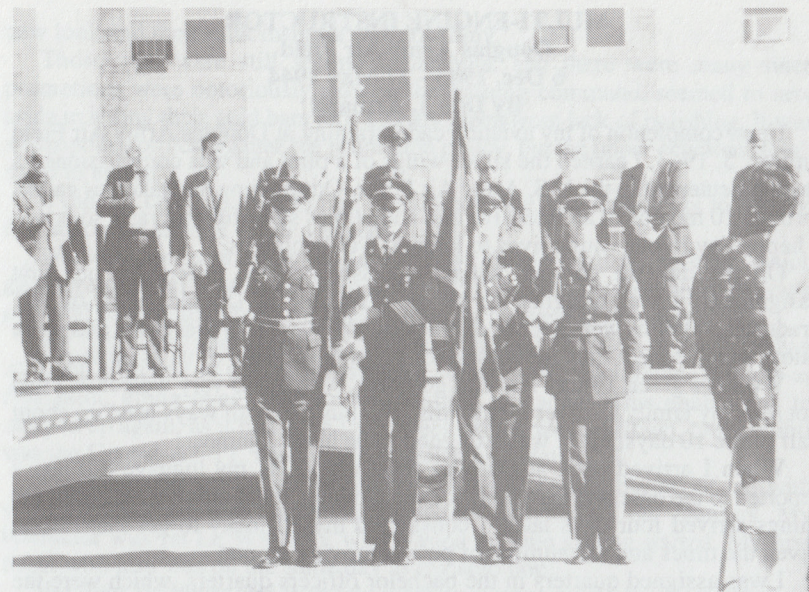
"They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old: Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them."

More than 50 years after her death, Anna Mac Clarke was remembered by friends, family and the Kentucky Historical Society when she was included in the "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition: Kentuckians and World War II" exhibit and catalog which told Kentucky's World War II story. In 1995, Etta Withrow submitted Clarke's name and story for inclusion in the "Women In Military Service For America Memorial Foundation, Inc."

On Feb. 24, 1996, ceremonies at the Anderson County Courthouse in Lawrenceburg honored Clark. An honor guard was present as relatives of Anna Clarke unveiled a historical marker in front of the courthouse.

In addition, the mayor of Lawrenceburg declared Feb. 19, 1996, as Anna Mac Clarke Day and the city's post office offered an Anna Mac Clarke Day cancellation. A booklet was published telling about Clarke and her accomplishments as well as those of blacks and women in the military.

**About the Author:** A self-described military history nut, Sgt. 1st class John M. Trowbridge of the Kentucky Army National Guard is a member of the Anna Mac Clarke Memorial Fund Committee. During his research on Clarke, he discovered five more African-American veterans from Anderson County who have yet to receive memorial markers. Now he's working on properly honoring them.



An honor guard, top photo, was part of the ceremony honoring Clarke on Feb. 24, 1996, in front of the Anderson County Courthouse in Lawrenceburg, Ky. Bottom photo, Keith and Toni James, relatives of Clarke, uncovered a historical marker honoring Clarke and her achievements. Dr. Mary Smith, current president of Clarke's alma mater, Kentucky State University, was the main speaker. (Photos courtesy John Trowbridge)





## MULTI-ENGINE INSTRUCTOR

Douglas Army Air Field  
6 Dec. 1943 - 27 May 1944

By Don J. Armand

Upon completion of my aviation cadet training at Douglas Army Air Field on Dec. 5, 1943, I earned the silver wings of a pilot and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army Air Force. Our training had taken us cadets through 10 months of an intensive and sometimes stressful program, so it was a happy day in our young lives to know it was behind us.

On the day we got our wings, we also received orders for our first assignment. I was assigned to be an instructor at Douglas. Out of 291 graduates, 40 of us were kept as instructors. We were told that more and more pilots were needed; thus the reason for keeping so many of us as instructors.

We were given 10-day leave to go home, which was very welcome. I had not seen my family for over 10 months. The bus trip both ways used up about half of the 10 days, but it was still good to be home again.

When I arrived back at Douglas from my leave, my luggage did not. I reported to the base and then bought extra clothing, toilet articles, etc., until my things arrived four days later. I considered myself lucky to get them back, given the times and the number of people moving around.

I was assigned quarters in the bachelor officers quarters, which were the same type tarpaper shacks we had lived in while we were cadets. There was one difference. We had individual rooms and although they were small, we did have some privacy.

At mealtimes, we could now eat at the Officers Club, which was nice. The food, which we now had to pay for, was good and priced very low.

My first officer's pay data card, which I still have, shows the following items:

Monthly base pay and longevity .....	\$150.00
Additional pay for flying .....	\$75.00
Subsistence - 30 day month .....	\$21.00
Total .....	\$246.00

To me, at the time, that was a lot of money.

When I reported back to Douglas, it was into an entirely new world for me. The previous 10 months had been pretty much controlled by those in charge of our training. We had had very little time each day that we could call our own.

Now, as a commissioned officer, I had considerable freedom, with only two scheduled duties each day. First was my flying duty; second was an hour of calisthenics each day. My flying schedule could vary from mornings to afternoons to half-nights.

For the first few weeks as an officer, I encountered several things in this new world which took some getting used to. The first was having the freedom to move around at will. Another was the simple act of encountering cadets or enlisted personnel and having them salute me. I have to admit that the first few salutes caught me by surprise.

A new second lieutenant could usually be spotted by the newness of his uniform and the shine of his gold bar. The older instructors were not hard to distinguish since they usually looked tired, their uniforms no longer had that

new look and their rank insignia was not shiny.

Those who were still second lieutenants, and there were many since promotions were notoriously slow in the training command, seemed to take pride in letting their gold bars turn a sickly green from lack of polishing. It was an unspoken protest against the promotion policy, but the upper echelons didn't seem to notice.

It did not take too long for the gold bars of the new instructors to take on that sickly green look of the veterans.

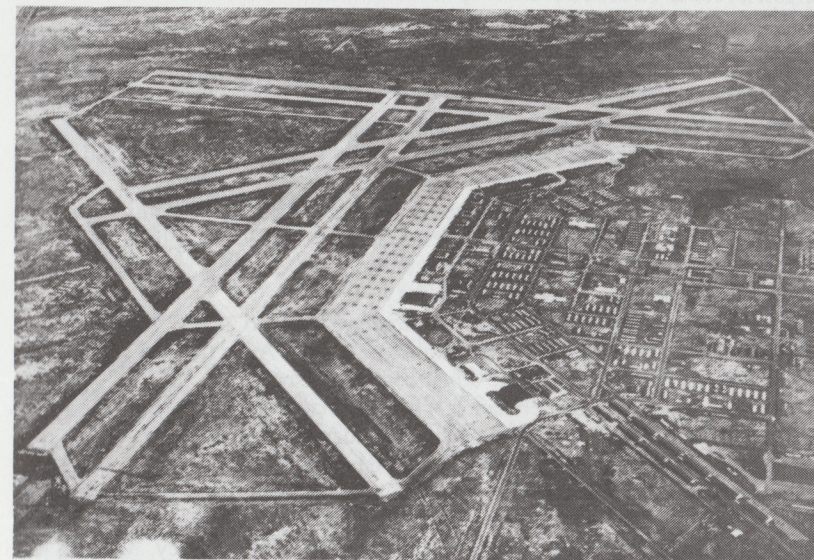
We were issued a complete set of heavy fleece-lined flying gear, which gave pretty good protection from the cold. We were also assigned our own personal parachute, which we kept as long as we were at Douglas.

My first flight after reporting back was on Dec. 22, 1943. It was simply a solo hop with one of the other instructor students. We each flew 1½ hours as first pilot, going over what we had learned as cadets. This enabled us to sharpen up again, as it had been three weeks since we had flown. Our aircraft was the Cessna AT-17, which we had flown as cadets.

The base had set up an instructors school to handle the 40 of us, with several of the more experienced instructors assigned as our mentors. My instructor was 1st Lt. Warfield, who wasted no time getting started. My first flight with him was on the same day as my solo hop.

We flew 1½ hours and Warfield went over what would be expected when I got students of my own. On this flight, I did the flying from the right seat since that was where I'd be as an instructor. While it was a little awkward at first, it didn't take too long getting used to it.

Warfield was an excellent pilot but he talked fast and there were times when



Douglas Army Air Field in about 1944. Notice planes lined up in rows of four on apron. (CCHAS photo)



he was short on tact. I couldn't blame him since he was stuck with the job of turning a bunch of "gold bar cadets" into instructors.

In addition to our time on the flight line, we also had a ground school. This covered methods of presenting the routine to students with reviews of all the phases in advanced flying.

While flying, we were learning to do something which we were not concerned with as cadets. That was talking while you were demonstrating a maneuver, explaining what, how and why you were doing it.

You were expected to talk in a calm, matter-of-fact way to the students so as not to excite them. This took some effort on our part since we were barely past being students ourselves. But as we gained experience, it became easier and the right seat grew more comfortable.

One thing we never considered as a cadet was to compare our skill as a pilot to that of our instructor. It was an accepted fact that he was going to be better than you because he'd already been there. Now that we were going to be the instructor, we knew we had to get good and stay good. It just would not do for the student to do it better than you.

Along about this time, the Christmas season, a banquet was given at the Officers Club to honor the new base commander and to welcome all new officers assigned to Douglas. The outgoing commander, Col. John F. Wadman, was going to a new assignment. The new commander was Col. Harvey F. Dyer, who had been C.O. at Merced Army Air Field while I was there in basic training.

As our flying moved along, we were required to give demonstrations and explanations of everything we did to whoever was with us at the time. Whether it was Warfield or a fellow instructor student, I had to treat them as an aviation cadet.

Somehow it all came together and my last flight as an instructor student was on Jan. 5, 1944. My total time in the instructor's school was about 20 hours, which brought me up to a total of around 260 hours. It wasn't much preparation to begin instructing students in their final phase of training as a military pilot, but at the time, the pilot training program was going strong and more instructors were needed.

My first flight as an instructor came on Jan. 9 with my students who were in Aviation Cadet Class 44-B. Our first session was a 50-50 split on who was the most nervous. They were all very young, but so was I. I was still 19, with my 20th birthday yet to come on Jan. 20.

The first day of flying with my students totaled three hours of area orientation and introduction to multi-engine flying. After this we settled into the prescribed curriculum of the advanced flying school.

My daily flights lasted between 1-4 hours. I had a rather heavy day on Jan. 16, flying seven hours. My total time for January was 52½ hours.

While I can't remember any specific instances of these first few weeks of flying as an instructor, I know there were times when a student got into trouble and had to be helped. You had to let them go as far as possible to see if they would react quickly and properly to the impending emergency. Most of the time, they handled the situation on their own, since they were not exactly beginners. But now and then the aircraft would get the best of them and you had to grab controls in a hurry and make things right.

The AT-17/UC-78 was not a hard plane to fly. But to a novice, it could be



**Don J. Armand, second from left, with his first class of students standing in front of a Cutiss AT-9. (Photo courtesy Don Armand)**

a handful during single-engine drill, bad bounces in landing, cross-wind landings and single-engine stalls.

As our students progressed, we also progressed in our learning as new instructors. It very soon became apparent to us exactly how little we knew about flying, even though we had completed the course and won our wings. Each of us, in our own way, was finding out that the best way to learn about flying was to instruct in flying.

When we were off duty, a few of us would gather for a bull session and compare events from our daily experiences. In this way, each of us gained from the others and it helped keep our methods standardized.

Due to our heavy flying schedule, our time in the air accumulated rapidly. On a monthly basis, my totals ran from around 35 hours to as high as 94 hours. With this much time in the aircraft, it was natural that there would be an increased proficiency in our handling of the plane.

It was a good feeling to grease in landing after landing, with hardly ever a bounce. I don't mean to imply we never made any more bad landings. When you flew as much as nine to 10 hours a day, you got pretty tired. If you bounced one in now and then, no one thought much of it. The most satisfying result of all this flying was the feeling of being comfortable in the plane with a confidence we never felt as a cadet.

Although the day-in-and-day-out routine could have become a boring grind, I never felt that way about it. Dealing with my students was a challenge. Each was different and needed different approaches in putting things over to them.



I remember the first few weeks as a new instructor. I was inclined to rather loud admonitions when a student made a mistake, instead of calm and constructive talk. Then I remembered how I felt as a cadet when an instructor yelled at me and I made a fast switch in my methods.

Along with this change was the gain in experience in the aircraft. Being more confident of my own abilities made the occasional emergencies seem less hair-raising. I knew the more I learned, the better my chances if I could eventually get an overseas assignment, which I hoped for.

There were several auxiliary fields which we used for landing practice with our students. The two I remember best were McNeal, about 15 miles north, and Hereford, about 35 miles west of the main field. Both had paved runways but no control tower. Traffic control was usually handled by one of us using a truck mounted radio or our own aircraft radio.

We also used two grass fields, one near Cochise, to the northwest, and the other near Rodeo, to the northeast.

I remember particularly the field at Cochise when we were shooting night landings there. Those long-eared Arizona jack-rabbits apparently liked the smooth open field and when we came into land with our lights on, we could see them standing tall on their haunches. They were quite large for a rabbit and most of the time would spring aside as the plane got near. Now and then though, one would stand transfixed, as though hypnotized by the bright landing lights, and we felt a thump as either a prop or a wheel connected.

One event concerning McNeal still stands out in my memory. We had our students out on a night cross-country flight when we were notified that a change in weather had come sooner than predicted and there were thundershowers over and all around the main field.

It was decided to try landing as many of the returning students as we could up at McNeal and hold them there until Douglas cleared. The flight commander asked for a volunteer to go up to McNeal to act as ground control. For reasons I can't figure out to this day, I said I'd go.

With one of my students riding as co-pilot, I took off in a UC-78 in a driving rain. Between the rain and the very black night, I was on instruments a good part of the time. Since the valley where we were was fairly level and with the high mountains some distance off the east and west, I didn't climb too high.

At this particular stage of our students' night flying, the runway marker lights were hooded to simulate combat theater operations. This hood covered the light in such a way that it could only be seen from the approach end.

As I neared where I figured the field would be, I started a zig-zag course looking for the approach end of the runway. On one of the zigs, I caught a fleeting glimpse of two rows of tiny spots of light off to my left and then they vanished.

I immediately started as 270-degree standard rate turn to the right on instruments. As I rolled out of my turn I saw, much to my relief, that I was lined up with the two rows of lights.

This time, since I was heading toward them, I didn't lose them and made a normal landing, still in a light rain. Shortly thereafter, the rain stopped and we were able to land most of the students at McNeal until the main field cleared.

Although we were not in a combat theater, we still had losses. Around Feb. 25, I lost a good friend from a training accident. His name was Richard

DeLarge and he'd graduated in Class 43-J, just ahead of me. I believe they were shooting landings at one of the auxiliary fields and whatever happened took the lives of both DeLarge and his student.

Sometime during February, we started getting in some Curtiss AT-9s, another twin-engine advanced trainer in use at the time. It was about the same size as the Cessna AT-17/UC-78, but was a whole lot more airplane to fly. It was all metal, heavier, with more powerful engines, and while it wasn't much faster in the air, it was a lot faster on landing.

My first flight in an AT-9 was on Feb. 12 and I immediately knew I wanted to get into an AT-9 squadron. I managed to sandwich flights in AT-9s in between my regular student flying. By the time I had built up around 20 hours in them, I was moved into the type for my next class, which started around March 19.

My first class in the AT-9 consisted of five students. Except for one of them, they were all a year or two older than me. They were a good group and had no more than the usual problems in dealing with advanced training.

As my time built up in the AT-9, I liked the plane more and more. It demanded your full attention but as long as you stayed ahead of it, it was a joy to fly.

Our students were taught stalls in all possible situations, with both engines and with only one engine running. When we were doing them on one engine with wheels and flaps down, the plane could roll over on its back at the time of the stall, unless the student reacted quickly enough and caught it.

When you suddenly found yourself upside down, recovery had to be started immediately. But at the same time, it had to be done carefully to prevent too much build-up in speed, which could tear off the flaps. Needless to say, we always did these maneuvers with plenty of altitude since you could lose quite a bit in the recovery.

These incidents usually occurred when the student was turning into the dead engine, as he might have to do in a traffic pattern while landing. After experiencing a couple of these and seeing the large loss in altitude, the students became very careful since they knew that at pattern altitude (usually 1,000 feet), there would not be much chance of recovering before hitting the ground.

## Instructor, Cadet, Die In Accident

2-25-1944

An aircraft accident, early yesterday morning resulted in the death of a flying instructor and an aviation cadet approximately eight miles southwest of the Douglas army air field.

The dead are: Second Lieutenant Richard DeLarge, 26, single, of Los Angeles, California, and Aviation Cadet Donald K. Moore, 23, single, of Redondo Beach, California.

Lt. DeLarge is survived by his mother, Mrs. Lulu DeLarge, in Los Angeles. Aviation Cadet Moore's nearest of kin is his mother, Mrs. Pearl R. Moore, residing at Redondo Beach, California. Both dependents were notified of the fatal accident by military authorities of the Douglas army air field.

The accident occurred while the flying instructor and cadet were on a routine training flight.

Officials said a competent board of officers had been appointed to investigate the accident.

**The Douglas Daily Dispatch  
article about DeLarge's  
death.**



About this time, we were notified of an opening for several Air Corps multi-engine pilots to be assigned at a naval base in Florida. Since most of us still adhered to the old formula of never volunteering for anything, especially something that seemed to be rather nebulous, I turned it down.

Air Corps pilots who did go were put in the Air-Sea Rescue Service flying patrol and rescue missions along the east coast. They were checked out in the Consolidated PBY Catalina, a big Navy patrol bomber. When they weren't flying missions, they had to lay around on the beaches, soaking up sun, along with other fringe benefits.

We heard later on that some of these units were moved to overseas theaters, which would have suited me fine. I've always regretted not volunteering for that assignment.

In addition to our regular aviation cadets, we had a couple of squadrons of Chinese students. Some were cadets, while others were Chinese Air Force pilots. All were going through our advanced course.

Their instructors were mostly Chinese, but there were a few Americans in the group. I don't remember any particular problems, except once or twice hearing someone talking rather excitedly in Chinese on the radio.

During a night session, we had some excitement when one of the planes had landing gear problems. The instructor was a classmate of mine, Harold Hardgrave, from Whittier, Calif. We'd gone through the entire training program together, from Santa Ana to Douglas, and had been kept at Douglas.

What happened was when Hardgrave's student lowered the landing gear, only one came down and the other stayed up. When they tried to retract the one down wheel, nothing happened. After several tries, Hardgrave and his student realized they would have to land that way, with one up and one down.

This type of landing in a plane like the AT-9 would have been no picnic in daylight; at night it was downright hair-raising.

Hardgrave made the landing himself. He did a magnificent job, with minimum damage to the plane and no injuries to himself or the student.

We had all gone out to the runway after he landed and saw how calm he was, talking about it. But later in our ready room when he tried to light a cigarette, the reaction set in and he couldn't hold his hand still. He got a lot of good-natured kidding about that.

Weather conditions at Douglas were mostly good, but during the warmer months, we saw many miniature tornadoes or "dust devils" as they were called. They were usually not very large and generally formed out in the open areas around and between the runways. After a few moments they would dissipate or move off the field.

One day I was in an AT-9 with one of my students. As we taxied out for take-off, I noticed one of these swirling dust devils a short distance from the take-off runway. By the time my student had completed his check-list and engine run-up, the thing had not moved but had developed into a size which bore watching. So I cautioned the student to keep an eye on it.

As it came nearer, we began to feel the effects of this swirling wind. In spite of his best efforts, the student was not able to keep us on the runway. We were pulled to the right until we were rolling in the grass.

I knew we were too committed to think about aborting the take-off because if we reduced power, the dust devil would have gained control as we lost speed. The AT-9 had a large vertical fin and rudder, and if the full effect of the

wind hit that, we'd whirled around in a violent ground loop.

Instinct took over and I grabbed the controls. My left hand went over the student's hand on the throttles, shoving them to full power. We shuddered through the end of the wind and dust on our roll, still in the grass, and continued on past it until we were airborne.

As I turned over the controls to my student, I glanced over at him. He seemed somewhat pale. I have to admit I probably stitched a new seam on the seat pack of my chute. It wasn't the first — nor would it be the last.

Sometime during the early part of May 1944, a notice was posted on our bulletin board advising of an opening in the Central Instructors School at Randolph Field, Texas. Any pilot instructor in multi-engine who met the qualifications called for could apply through the proper channels.

By this time, I was approaching 600 hours in the air. Although I had little hope of getting the job, I submitted my request. Shortly thereafter, I received quite a surprise when notified that my request had been accepted and I would be going to Randolph Field.

I had mixed feelings about leaving Douglas since it had been home to me for around eight months and I had made lots of friends there. But the chance to be a part of the Central Instructors School was just too good to pass up.



Don Armand stood his flight gear in front of a Curtiss AT-9 at Randolph Field in Texas. The plane is on a sod auxiliary field. (Photo courtesy Don J. Armand)



I spent the last week or so of May clearing the post and saying farewells to friends. I traveled by train to my destination and reported to Randolph on May 28, 1944.

This was the beginning of a different type of instructing for me. The Central Instructors School was divided into single engine and twin-engine sections. Here was where graduate pilots, fresh out of advanced training, or returning combat veterans, learned to be instructors.

The single engine section used North American AT-6s, while the twin-engine side used Cessna AT-17/UC-78s, Beech AT-10s and a few Curtiss AT-9s. Later on we switched to North American B-25s.

Not too long after I had completed the standardization course and started instructing, I found out there was a list you could put your name on for overseas assignment. I signed up.

In the meantime, CIS, as we were called, moved away from Randolph so that runways could be built. The single engine section moved to Waco Army Air Field. We moved to Brooks Field, near San Antonio. We stayed there a short while and then moved to Blackland Army Air Field, another field near Waco.

During April 1945, my name came up on the overseas list and I received orders to report to Laughlin Field, Del Rio, Texas, for transition into the Martin B-26, a medium bomber.

Germany surrendered on May 7 and as we completed our transition around the end of June, we knew we'd be going to the Pacific. But that was not to be either. Those of us who had left CIS were ordered back there to resume instructing.

When Japan surrendered on Aug. 14, 1945, our program had been modified considerably and concerned itself mainly with allowing pilots to fly enough to maintain proficiency since there was no longer a need for new instructors.

I had a strong desire to make a career in the Air Force and applied for a permanent commission. But I was turned down because I had no college. I had never had a chance to go to college since I had enlisted right out of high school. I was officially discharged on Jan. 27, 1946.

**About the Author:** After the war, Don Armand worked first for a railroad and then for city government. He is retired and living in Alexandria, La., where he enjoys his hobbies, including flying a 1946 Aeronca Champ which he restored.

## LETTERS TO ROSA LEE

Selected and annotated by Cindy Hayostek

**Editor's Note:** In April, 1942, former Douglas resident Rosa Lee Mosher began collecting clippings and other items about Douglas people serving in the military during World War II.

Rosa Lee and her widowed mother, Ruth, lived in Douglas until 1940. Rosa Lee graduated from Douglas High School in 1939. The next year, the family moved to Tucson, where Rosa Lee began her scrapbook in April, 1942.

She apparently got the idea from an early 1942 article in the Dispatch asking for names of high school graduates in the service so it could create an honor roll. By the time she stopped collecting in August of 1946, the estimated number of items in the scrapbook was approaching 10,000.

Rosa Lee was collecting on Dec. 7, 1942 when she was hired by the Goodyear Aircraft Corp. Its Arizona division was in Litchfield Park, near Phoenix. Rosa Lee worked in structural assembly and on Oct. 1, 1944 received an increase in pay from 93 cents an hour to \$1.01.

The May 28, 1943 edition of the The Wingfoot Clan, a corporate newsletter of the Goodyear Aircraft plant, congratulated employees for earning the Army-Navy "E" Award. Army and Navy officials came to the factory to present the award, which was given for outstanding production.

In addition to clippings, Rosa Lee and her mother carried on a voluminous correspondence from their home in Avondale and later Goodyear. Rosa Lee saved some of the replies to her letters in the scrapbook.

Rosa Lee gave the scrapbook to CCHAS in 1981. Some of its letters are reprinted here verbatim except for correction of minor typos and with the occasional addition of paragraphs for ease of reading.

One series of letters is from Dale Brittain. His brother, Dick, graduated from DHS in the same class as Rosa Lee. Before the war, his parents both worked for Phelps Dodge. His father, Leon, worked in the smelter's Cottrell plant, and his mother, Gladys, worked as a stenographer.

Once the war began, all that changed as this handwritten V-mail letter shows:

Sgt. Dale Brittain  
30 Ser. Sqdn. 22 Ser. Group  
APO 943 c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco  
Mar. 28, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee,

I have received several letters from you and your mother during the past six months, but I just don't seem to get enough time to answer your letters and



the others either.

*My sister has been working in San Diego for more than a year and Dick will graduate from the Y.; also he'll get his commission this year. — As for Dad, — he is running a tungsten mine at Randsburg, California.*

*Pretty soon it'll get cooler here and then the mosquitoes will go away, we hope — it's really pretty nice here compared to some places we could be!*

Dale

Rosa Lee's scrapbook contains two more V-mail letters from Brittain. V-mail was an all-in-one letter. One side of the sheet of paper included space to write a message on. On the other side, there were instructions on how to fold the thing into an envelope. Many V-mail letters were microfilmed to reduce the amount of mail handled.

These two V-mail letters were handwritten by Brittain later in 1943. Okayed by a censor, both bear the Pacific APO address, although Brittain had moved by the time he sent the second one.

May 7, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee —

*I have received two letters from you during the past two weeks — thus appears that maybe I ought to drop you a line. Glad to know you are doing so well in your work.*

*If you remember the boys who first left Douglas in a group, then you've got an idea about who was here — not here but some distance away, several months ago.*

*I was on detached service and got to see Phil Huish, the Durazo Brothers and many more, — but they have been gone a long time. I haven't seen Gordon Newman or Sid Wood for months, so haven't any idea how they are.*

*Guess this'll be all for now.*

Dale

Rosa Lee probably knew where the people Brittain mentions were. Her scrapbook contains clippings mentioning all of them.

What often happened was a family member or friend would receive a letter and then tell the Dispatch, which sometimes published portions of letters but usually included just a summation. Rosa Lee undoubtedly used the information in these short articles to let buddies stationed thousands of miles away know how each other was doing.

Dec. 8, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee —

*Received your most welcome letter of Nov. 17th the other day. — notice I have changed my address.*

*Here in our new "home" we have plenty of kangaroo, guanans, dingoes, etc. to hunt. Also, the fishing is good and plentiful.*

*Naturally there is plenty of swimming, but I still can't swim. It is really a pretty nice place, though Phoenix should be considered cool beside it. The mosquitoes aren't too bad either, so you see I'm still on the "gravy train."*

*Best wishes for a Merry Xmas & a Very Happy New Year to you all —*

Dale

Brittain's time in Australia included a furlough he describes to Rosa Lee in a handwritten letter on regular stationery.

This letter, as does a later one from another correspondent, reflects the food situation. Military men overseas were adequately fed but yearned for things such as an egg that had been cracked open instead of coming in a powder.

In the United States, it was the same for many civilians. Unless they had access to a farm or space to grow a garden, much of their food was rationed. Rosa Lee's scrapbook contains several ration books that are empty of all but two or three coupons.

Mar. 1, 1944

Dear Rosa Lee —

*I've received several letters from you during the past month or so, But, due to a furlough in Adelaide — 12 days time gone — and lots of work, I've neglected to write to anyone.*

*As for the "gravy train" — I'm definitely off and back to work!*

*My Mother says that she and Janice like San Diego OK. As far as I know, Dick is a Lieutenant and an instructor at Camp Hood, Texas. Dad is organizing a mine in the Mojave Desert and that takes care of all of that.*

*The only thing I did lately was to go on furlough in Adelaide. It was one of the cleanest, prettiest cities I've ever been in over here. It had a river dammed up and a lake in the center of town.*

*There were parks, ducks, geese, rowing clubs and flowers everywhere. We ate steak and eggs and drank all the milk we could hold. There were two nice beaches too, clean and not crowded! There were very few G.I.s down there, so all in all, it was a fine furlough.*

*I guess this'll do for now, so give my best to all.*

Dale

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The following letter marks the beginning of a correspondence between Rosa Lee and her former high school principal, George Bergfield.

An Illinois native, Bergfield served in the U.S. Army overseas during World War I. He arrived in Douglas in 1924 and worked at the Grammar School. In 1929 he became principal of the high school.

When World War II started, Bergfield re-enlisted and was posted to Puerto Rico. His wife and daughter, Anne, remained in Douglas.

1022 B Avenue  
Douglas, Arizona  
Wednesday morning,  
August 25, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee,

*I am sorry I have waited to so long to answer your post card in regard to Mr. Bergfield's address. It became mixed in with my huge stack of unanswered letters and I just simply forgot about it.*

*I too write to so many different people but lately, for the last three or four months, I have not written to anyone except Mr. Bergfield, and I have had about thirty letters stacked up to be answered, and unfortunately, your card*



was in with them, altho I intended answering it immediately.

There was some uncertainty about his address — it being changed several times within a month's time (altho he is still in the same place he had been since he left the States). His address now is as follows:

Lt. Col. George A. Bergfield  
Headquarters Antilles Department  
c/o Postmaster, N.Y.

I have found it advisable to write all the words out in full, rather than using abbreviations.

I am sure he will be very glad to hear from you, as he hears occasionally from a number of his former high school pupils and always seems to enjoy hearing from them. He is quite busy but he also gets very homesick and misses Arizona, and his peacetime work very much.

He has been down there now for eighteen months and hopes to get a thirty days leave of absence and come home, later on in the fall — possibly October or November. Needless to say, both Anne and I will be most happy to have him home again, even for a short time.

Since you write to so many, you undoubtedly enjoy writing letters and I think that is nice. As I know from experience, when people are away from their homes, and especially under the present conditions, they get very lonely and homesick for news from home.

My best wishes to you and your family — also the other Douglas people with whom you are working. And thank you for your interest.

Most sincerely,  
Bernice Bergfield

Rosa Lee wrote to Bergfield and received this reply on letterhead stationery:

OFFICE OF THE HEADQUARTERS COMMANDANT  
Headquarters Antilles Department  
c/o Postmaster New York, N.Y.  
October 6, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee:

Some days ago your pleasant letter came to me. Of course I was very glad to receive it for it did recall pleasant associations of several years ago.

I have received letters from the old gang from all over the world. The more I hear from them and of them, the happier does it make me that at one time we were all together. I am proud of the manner in which the boys and girls of yesterday are doing their tasks today. Yesterday I thought some of them were frivolous, lacking in purpose, and not to be depended upon, but today in all



George Bergfield in 1940  
Copper Kettle.

humility I salute them all as most worthy comrades.

Today I am on my 20th month here in the tropics — four months yet to do until I shall be eligible for return to the Continent. My life here has been very pleasant, interesting, and informative.

Life here, however, has been very monotonous when measured in the terms of the activities elsewhere. There was and is a task here to be done. Since competent authority saw fit to place me here, it is up to me to carry on. I suppose I am like an old retired fire horse, always excited by the sound of the sirens and prone to pull against the restraining halter rope.

I hope next week to leave for the Continent for a 30 day visit. Will probably be landing at the Phoenix airport, but just when, I don't know.

Give my sincere regards to all of our friends whom you may meet.

Sincerely yours,  
George A. Bergfield

Clippings in Rosa Lee's scrapbook taken from the Dispatch during October, 1943 relate Bergfield was in Douglas on furlough from San Juan, Puerto Rico. Another clipping notes Bergfield spoke at a Douglas Rotary Club meeting, where he talked about Puerto Rico and its crops, settlement and what he felt was the possibility that the U.S. would maintain control of the island for sometime.

Still later, the Dispatch printed an article Bergfield wrote about Puerto Rico. It describes in great detail the island's lottery system, which Bergfield said did almost \$6.5 million worth of business during 1942-43.

This was the first of several Bergfield letters published in the Dispatch. The letters show that Bergfield was very interested in Puerto Rico and enjoyed the place.

This typed letter to Rosa Lee also shows this fondness.

Hq. Commadt., Hq. Ant. D.  
APO 851, c/o PM Miami, Fla.

Miss Rosa Lee Mosher,  
Box 584, Avondale, Ariz.

Dear Rosa Lee,

Your letter of April 15 came to me some time ago, but so far I have been unable to answer it. Here goes for an answer if I am able to finish it before quitting time. Saturday afternoons are usually very quiet in my office, and this afternoon is no exception to it. At 4:30, however, I begin to work for I am on duty all night.

I hope you don't mind my writing on a typewriter. I write so poorly that I hesitate to torture any one with trying to decipher my handwriting. You will at least be able to read my letter if it is typed.

Your scrapbook will undoubtedly be most interesting when it is finally completed. I am saving clippings for the same purpose.

Mrs. Bergfield sends me clippings from the papers at home. I am saving them. She is saving all my letters and articles on this island out of which she hopes to make a scrapbook.

At one time I was able to write fairly good letters home about the island, but since I have been here so long, and since life here is becoming so



monotonous, my letters depict my frame of mind. Too long in the tropics, I suppose, and how much longer, I wish I knew.

Last night I attended the Senior Prom given by the *Academica Catolica*, a Catholic school here in this town. It was a very lovely affair and made me home sick for the high school dances at Douglas at Commencement time.

The girls were very beautiful, wore beautiful gowns, but the young men did not measure up with the girls. Most of the girls carried fans just as your mother may have done when she was a girl. I do remember my mother carrying a fan.

The floor was so crowded. I tried a bolero but my fear of getting my feet entangled in the trains of the beautiful gowns and the difficulty of finding floor space when once I lifted up a foot, made my effort at the bolero a humiliating failure.

Some of the girls attending the prom were just 12 years old. Girls grow up at an early age here.

I hear from Mrs. Bergfield and Anne quite often, but not any too often. Received a letter from Bill Hudzietz this week. He is still in the South Pacific — is a sergeant now. You may not remember Bill.

The hot weather is definitely on now. It is so different from the heat in Arizona. Perspiration is so much more noticeable here. It does not evaporate so rapidly as it does in the desert. As a result we go about most of the day and night with our clothing damp from perspiration. Great life, I'll say.

Must close for this time,  
Sincerely yours,  
George A. Bergfield

Rosa Lee certainly remembered Bill Hudzietz; she was writing to him also and obviously told Bergfield so because the former principal mentions it in his next letter. Some of Hudzietz's letters to Rosa Lee appear further below.

Despite Bergfield's disclaimer about poor handwriting, it didn't stop him from writing this letter:

January 21, 1945

Dear Rosa Lee,

Your card and note was waiting for me on my desk here on my return from the Continent. I appreciate your thoughts to me.

Say, your scrapbook must be getting into volumes by judging from the number of clippings you must have in it.

I am saving material, clippings, dealing with former high school pupils of mine in the war. I am also "building" a scrapbook on Puerto Rico.

I hear from Bill Hudzietz too, in fact, found a letter from him waiting for me when I returned.

Sure, I'll send you a copy of our camp paper, the "Mona" issue, if I can find one. Mona is an imaginary tropical girl created by one of our artists. She seems to be more civilized now in that she usually has on more clothing.

Give your mother and sister my best wishes.

I hope to return to the Continent early in the summer.

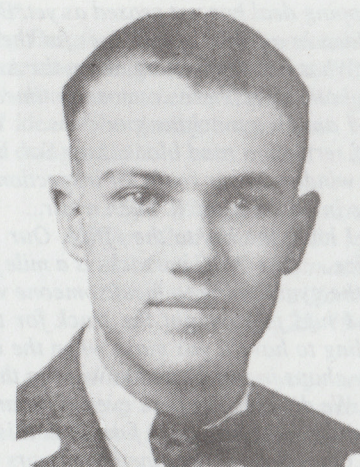
Sincerely yours,  
George A. Bergfield

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A letter written in April, 1945 from Bergfield to Rosa Lee describes in great detail a trip he'd made to Cuba. It's really a travelogue.

Another correspondent of Rosa Lee's also sent her long letters filled with descriptive passages of the places he'd seen. He was Oscar T. Granger, a 1927 graduate of DHS. He had attended a normal school and returned to Douglas to teach, which is how he must have known Rosa Lee.

He had left Douglas by 1938, but several of his letters are in Rosa Lee's scrapbook. The first letter is sent from Paine Field in Washington state. It's typed in red ink and all caps, a clue that Granger's unhappy with his situation.



Oscar T. Granger in 1927  
Copper Kettle.

Sept. 22nd .....  
Wednesday .....

To: My Dear Friends:

No, I fail to forget you..... but sometimes we go in circles here in this fine physical training dept. Our lt. left for special service school in Virginia..... He will pursue a 6 weeks course.... Will return about the tenth of October.

The lt. left the burden of the dept. on my shoulders. The two lads who finished the NCO school at Miami Beach obtained fifteen days delay enroute, therefore we have been short of help.

The damn softball league finally came to an end, so now have free evenings until the volleyball league finally comes to an end next week.

I now have a new class ..... the nurses & WAC officers... like them very much.... In fact they are my best group..... See, they want to lose weight & do all of the calisthenics without the gripes & groans.

The base officers (have a morning & afternoon class) surely groan & howl when we have 20 minutes of rugged calisthenics.... Even the two classes of flying officers I have dislike me..... The medical officers are good, like the nurses, and attend class six days a week instead of the required three hours a week.

When the two lads return this Friday, I will be relieved of all of my classes but my two favorites I will retain ..... the nurses & medical officers. The sgt. who has the WACs will leave for flying cadet Sat. so the lads can have some of the females to give calisthenics to & hear groan and gold brick.

I am scheduled to go to the special school..... It is at Wash. & Lee University, but I would rather rest from gov't schools for awhile.... Really, gov't schools are hellish grinds. Everything one can imagine is crowded into a short course.

If I remain in Washington, my family may move here.... I say if due to the fact 80 chaps in our sqdn. have been shipped this month to other bases.... Some were sent to hot sqdns. (those who will go across very soon.) This



shipping deal has not ceased as yet. But I may remain here at this lovely base hidden in a forest of tall trees for the duration.....

What is so interesting about the Army life... we never know what to expect. We have alerts here..... most an time.....

I am on a machine gun crew..... We go to the woods two miles from here and serve as a road block. Last Sat. morning I had on only a T shirt washing my window in our room for inspection when the alert sounded... My roommate was in bed asleep.... Such a stir...

I have the key to the office. Our WAC clerk had left her gas mask in the office..... The WAC barracks is a mile from the gym..... She had a staff car rush to the gym hoping to meet someone with a key.....

I had just caught the truck for the woods so she was reprimanded for failing to have a gas mask when the inspector came to the first aid station. A few chaps in our barracks were in the shower.....

We do have fun here even if we are away from home & miss our family & friends. Even can have fun when it is one of the damn alerts.

One alert we remained five hours in the woods due to fact that the 1st/Sgt. had forgotten where our post was..... We were so hidden by trees, they failed to find us.

Hope all are well & happy.....

Your olde Tonto friend,  
Rough Cut...

[P.S.] Our son is growing fast; may be in school before I see him though. Was made Sgt. Sept. first.

Granger's squadron eventually became a "hot" one. His 1944 holiday greetings to Rosa Lee was a photocard of a place in England. Later letters he wrote to her are long ones.

They are several onion skin sheets, typed single space about touristy places Granger saw in England and France. Another long letter is about a trip to Switzerland.

The final letter to Rosa Lee from Granger is a mimeographed note.

TUCUMCARI, NEW MEXICO

8 April 1947

This is merely a note to tell you our secret and damn big surprise. During the early morning hours of the fifth of April, my wife had me rush around and prepare her for going to the hospital. The ambulance spurted madly through the quiet streets to the city hospital.

There we waited patiently for a few hours and then finally the doctor arrived. The doctor had Lois carted to the delivery room and within fifteen minutes the nurses came forth to relate to me ..... TWINS ARRIVED.

According to the old tradition .... ladies always first .... our little daughter, weighing five pounds two ounces, greeted the world first. Our son, weighing four pounds nine ounces, was only a few minutes behind his little sister.

This Friday JACK and JILL will come home from the hospital with their mother. Our twins was a surprise even to the doctor. We assure you we are very happy and the mother and twins are doing very well.

We send you our most sincere greetings!

The Granger family

\* \* \* \* \*

The Bill Hudzietz mentioned above by Bergfield was a 1940 graduate of Douglas High School, where he was a member of the football team. After graduating he planned, along with several classmates, to enter Curtiss Wright Technical School in California with the idea of becoming a mechanic. He served in the military during World War II doing what he'd been trained to do.

Pfc. William K. Hudzietz  
Hq Det 82nd Ord MM Bn (Q)  
A.P.O. 913 c/o Postmaster  
San Francisco, California  
Sept. 25, 1943

Dear Rosa Lee:

Another chance at trying to type you a few lines in reply to your very welcome letter of Sept. 7th which I received a few days ago. I actually meant to write much sooner, but believe it or not, I have been immensely busy doing various odd jobs.

There really isn't much news to write, except I am still sweating it out over here in the tropics, in good health and of course, longing for the time when this will all be in my past and just a memory.

I did manage to have a fair time a few days ago while on pass visiting one of the nearby towns. I can't give you the wrong impression and say there was too much to do, but I did enjoy eating roast chicken and a few fresh eggs. Naturally it wasn't fixed the way it ordinarily would be prepared in the states, but I can say "It was not like eating in our Mess Hall here in camp."

Boy, our food has definitely reached a new low and if it were not for the PX and their plentiful supply of cookies and candy, well, I'm afraid some of us would go hungry. I can't say that we do not have enough to eat, but I can say it is not fixed the way the average person would like it.

I was indeed happy to hear that all of your plans are now completed and you will soon be moving into your new home. I just hope there will be enough room for an extra plate when I return. I am really planning on some of your Mother's grand cooking and a short visit which will be something like old times. How about it?

Well, my space seems to be about gone so I better get on the beam and cut this short. If this should happen to sound rather mixed up in places and not make much sense, please skip over those parts as I am in a terrible hurry. Oh, Oh, here they are now wanting me to do something else. Oh well, adios until next time, Thanks for your perfectly grand letter and write again when you find time. Give your Mother and all my regards.

As ever,  
Bill

Christmas 1943 brought holiday greetings in the form of drawings on V-mail letters. Hudzietz sent his greetings to Mrs. Ruth A. Mosher and family from the Fiji Islands. His Merry Christmas and Happy New Year wishes came without a censor's stamp.

Hudzietz was part of a group of young men the Mosher had first befriended in Tucson. The story of four of the group is included here before



continuing with Hudzietz's letters.

On one page of the scrap book, Rosa Lee put in a handwritten note, "Blackie," Jonesy, Sid and Virgil were guests at taco dinner July, 1940. A clipping, envelope and more handwritten notes tell a little about the four men.

Blackie must be Lance Wade. A clipping about him and the "Sid" at that taco dinner are included in the scrapbook.

The clipping says Wade was in a CCC camp near Patagonia when he acted upon his desire to learn how to fly. He went to Tucson, enrolled in Al Hudgins' classes and earned a pilot's license.

"Despite his apparent quiet manner," said the clipping, "Wade wanted action. He attempted to enlist in the U.S. air corps, but was rejected. Then he and Sid Mewhart, who later was killed while a pilot in the RAF, went to Canada in an effort to get in the air corps there. They found little to oppose them.

"Wade was sent to the Sparten air school at Oklahoma City, while Mewhart was retrained in Canada as an instructor, a position he held here. Wade was placed on patrol duty in Canada, then later was sent to England.

"After considerable difficulty, Mewhart was also transferred to England and the two men succeeded in persuading the RAF commander to transfer them to Africa where there was more action than in the American Eagle squadron of the RAF in England."

Notes written by Rosa Lee in the scrapbook margin tell the rest of Wade's story: "Lance Wade has shot down 15 planes in the African desert up to this date. 3/43." "20 planes 4/43." "Lance Wade killed in action in Italian theater 1/19/44. Plane crash not fighting."

Rosa Lee also noted, "Jonesy at U" presumably meaning unknown.

An envelope on the same page as this information contains what happened to Virgil L. Newcomer, the fourth member of the group who had that taco dinner with the Mosher months before the war started.

The envelope contains an invitation to the commissioning of officers at Camp Lee, Va., on April 25, 1942. Inside Virgil wrote, "Hello 'Mom' and Rosa Lee, I will be back in Cheyenne on the 27th of this month."

Enclosed are some snapshots and a clipping from an unknown newspaper. The clipping, dated June 6, Ft. Francis E. Warren, Wyo., noted Newcomer was the only man in his company at the quartermaster replacement center to qualify as an expert rifleman. He'd shot 182 out of 200. The clipping noted that when Newcomer's company moved on, he was going to remain in Wyoming, having been chosen to help train recruits.

A friend of this group of four was Hudzietz, as the following two V-mail letters show. The first has no censor's stamp and is handwritten; the second is typed and passed by a censor.



**Bill Hudzietz in 1940 Copper Kettle.**

Dear Rosa Lee and All,

I'm afraid I have been lax in answering your swell letters but truthfully I have been very much on the run since I last made an attempt; however, I have had the very best intentions and have thought of you often.

I seem to have a few more changes in my address this time. First of all, I was most surprised to read an order making me a sergeant. Secondly, we have moved again and find about the same amount of nothing to do here that I witnessed at Guadacanal.

Who knows, this could be much worse but maybe the trees are gradually closing in on me. I am certain you have read plenty about the canal, thus I shall not tire you with any more, however; it actually has all the inconveniences you have heard.

Jonsey finally kicked through with another short note and he claims he might be over here one of these days in the near future. I certainly hope he will be fortunate enough to sweat it out in the states, but with the amount that's arriving over here, I do have my doubts.

Thanks for your letter of May 11th and I am sorry I have neglected writing for such a long time. Hoping you all are fine.

As ever,  
Bill

13 June 1944

Dear Mrs. Mosher and All:

There seems to be very little going on around Camp tonite and I thought I might chance a speedy reply to the letter that came this morning. Your letters are always greatly appreciated and I am the one who should be ashamed for not writing sooner than I usually do; however, I just seem to be side-tracked when I do have a little spare time to write letters.

No doubt it could be due to my laziness that I have acquired since being in the tropics for the past fifteen months. Believe me, this climate will certainly made a person lazy, even though he might manage to stay rather busy all the time.

Occasionally I hear from Jonesy and judging from his letters he is itching to get over here in the thick of it. I can't see why a person can't be satisfied with a good thing such as he has; however I was quite guilty of the same thing as I couldn't wait to get here.

I am now more than anxious to get back and that's no joking. We have heard that we were to go home at the completion of two years of this over seas duty, but I am not looking forward to a furlough until this mess is over. At least things do look better and this war might roll along fairly swiftly.

You mentioned in your letter about the possibilities of me running into Harry A. Christenson. I'm afraid he's quite some distance from here, but if I ever have the chance of getting around there, I shall certainly look him up.

I believe I remember the introduction you made while you were at Five Points. The description is: Fairly tall, thin, dark complexion, dark wavy hair. Am I right? It so seems he was working for garage.

I'm afraid this just about does it and don't forget: I really do appreciate Rosa Lee's letters and yours, please keep them rolling in. Hoping you are all in the best of health and not working too hard.



*Always, a real friend,  
Bill*

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Not everything in Rosa Lee's scrapbook is letters or clippings. There are occasionally other items. In this category is an envelope postmarked March 29, 1945 in Douglas. The enclosed card reads:

*We are deeply grateful for your thoughtful  
expression of love and sympathy  
Mr. and Mrs. G.B. Hammer, Sr.  
Mrs. G.B. Hammer, Jr.  
W.T. Hammer*

The Moshers had obviously sent condolences to the Hammers on the loss of their son, George B. Hammer, Jr. The Hammers had responded with what was by then an all too common card.

According to Rosa Lee's clippings, Hammer was born in Douglas and graduated from high school in 1940. His photo appears on the same page of The Copper Kettle as does Hudzietz'.

According to The Copper Kettle, Hammer wanted to be a portrait artist but he began working as a draftsman after graduation. He enlisted in the Army in October, 1942 at Douglas Army Air Field, having married a Phoenix girl, Carol Biggs, a few months before.

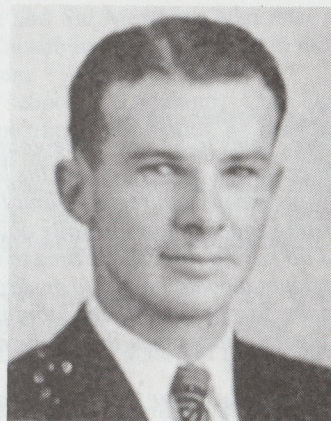
Hammer completed training, was commissioned an officer and went to England. He served as the American area engineer in the English midlands before postings in Wales, France and Holland. He was directing the construction of a bridge across the Roer River for the 347th combat engineers of the 102nd infantry division when he was killed on Feb. 23, 1945.

Rosa Lee tucked some additional items in the envelope with the condolence response card. There's a photo of Carol Hammer, who lived with her husband's family in Douglas while he was overseas.

There are also two Dispatch clippings. One notes that Mrs. Hammer was missing from El Monte, Calif., where her parents lived, after she left to mail a package at the post office. A second clipping notes she was found a few days later in Minneapolis, Minn., and her disappearance was attributed to grief and shock.

Fifteen years later on Sept. 26, 1959, the Army Reserve Center on Estrella Avenue in Douglas was named for Hammer during a dedication ceremony. Hammer's parents participated.

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**G.B. Hammer in 1940 Copper Kettle.**

Why young men such as Hammer made the ultimate sacrifice, as the term of the time had it, is explained by a letter that appeared in a July, 1943 newsletter called "Dry Dock."

The newsletter was sent to Rosa Lee by Harry A. Christenson, the sailor that Hudzietz said he probably wouldn't run into in the South Pacific. One article in the newsletter notes Christenson's promotion to pharmacist's mate second class.

Among the articles that gave "News of the Naval Hospital, San Diego, California," was one that noted that the hospital was one of the first places where penicillin was used. A Marine near death from infection of a unhealed chest wound responded immediately to the penicillin "with almost miraculous results," said the article.

The question of "What am I fighting for?" was the focus of another article. An editor's note said the question was answered in a letter written by Cpl. Arthur J. Dimick. Shortly after being awarded a Silver Star for heroism on Guadalcanal, he'd written his letter in response to a request made in The Chevron, the Marine weekly.

*The question, "What am I fighting for?" was the same I asked myself when enroute overseas last May. I again asked the same but more seriously when creeping into the waters off Guadalcanal on that bleak morning of August 7, 1942.*

*True, all of us wanted to avenge the attack on Pearl Harbor, to even up the score for the boys who fought so gallantly on Wake Island, Bataan and Corregidor, but that only partly answered the question.*

*We told ourselves we were fighting for DEMOCRACY — but did we know the real meaning of the ideal? I, for one, did not, but I am very much enlightened now.*

*Three months of Guadalcanal, away from things and people that I love, changed my trend of thought and I have a definite "down to earth" answer to the question "What are we fighting for?"*

*The answer is not in my own words, but believe me, it expressed what a lot of us know. I am going to quote a letter written to me upon my return to the States in February by a friend.*

*The writer, Mr. Donald Hosmer of Cleveland, O., is a veteran of many campaigns of World War I and so they, after all, are the words of one of us. I quote his letter:*

*There is no doubt that the fire and suffering of battle does something to a man's soul, which makes a different human out of him. He certainly finds out that in this life, there are much deeper and finer things than the sordid chasing of material gains.*

*The satisfaction in his heart and mind is that he marched, suffered and lived with MEN in the real sense of the word. That he has played his humble part in the great and important events of HIS day.*

*That those who proceeded him can look back proudly either from their posts in the neither world, and feel that he (the man now doing) has not failed them.*

*They, the men of Lexington and Concord, Valley Forge, New Orleans, San Jacinto, the Alamo, Gettysburg, Antietam, from Custer's last stand, El Caney, San Juan, Catigny, Belleau Woods, Soissons, St. Michiel, Baatan and Wake*



Island, carried the standards of our glorious country in a manner that makes the blood boil and the nerves tingle when the "Colors" pass and the "National Anthem" is played.

Those who have not heard the shriek of shells, the whine of machine gun bullets, the sight of the enemy coming with bayonets gleaming in the early morning light will never know or understand the emotions through which you and thousands of other swell American boys are going.

Many fine American boys are now members of a sacred and exclusive fraternity, the heritage to which you will pass on to your descendants, who in turn must, through fine ideals and a superb sense of duty, grasp the staff which others with failing hands and strength turn over to them, so that the colors will never wallow in the bloody dust and mud of battle.

The thing that you boys have so gloriously defended is indefinable — abstractly we call it "freedom" — free speech, the right to worship as we please, other fine-sounding phases.

Really it is a lot things we see every day in ordinary life:

— workmen gathered around a bar drinking their beer and arguing politics, union rules, etc.,

— the farmer out in the hay field wiping his hot forehead with an old bandanna handkerchief,

— old ladies gossiping at a church social,

— the traveling man with his brief case and grips hurrying in a taxi and rushing into a railroad terminal to catch or miss his train,

— the politician bellowing and screaming at a Fourth of July celebration,

— stenographers drinking malted milks for lunch in some corner drug store,

— the railroad engineer leaning out of his cab and watching the road ahead,

— the steel worker coming out of the dirty plant, covered with grease and grime,

— kids swimming where they shouldn't be with a fat, puffing cop chasing them,

— the big league baseball game, with peanuts, and the umpire ducking pop bottles,

— fat bankers driving up in their limousines to attend a board of directors meeting,

— brakemen swinging their lanterns in the night.

— a thousand and one sights, sounds, smells that we all call "our way of life."

That is the thing for which you fellows and those who preceded you were willing to suffer and give up your or their lives if necessary. "My country be she always right, but right or wrong, my country."

We don't all have to go into the hell of battle to learn that what we are fighting for is right around each of us every moment of the day and night.

Why wait until we are thousands of miles from "our way of life" before realizing that the things which we had been taking for granted for so long are the very same things which we miss and are fighting to preserve?

Let us all just sit down and take a look around us. Remember the aroma of Mom's cooking; remember the sandlot football games; the playful tugging of your dog, "Spots;" that beer with the boys?

That's what we're fighting for, Mate — they're mine, by God, and I'm going to keep them. I'M FIGHTING TO SEE THAT NO ONE DESTROYS THEM.



# Reviews

**"The Apache Cemetery, Cochise County, Arizona: Remembering the People"** edited by Ginger Carlton. Published in 1996 by Pat Bennett, 5307 N. 106th Ave., Glendale, AZ 85307-4717. Telephone: 602-872-9717. Pamphlet, 30 pages with photographs, price not available.

Every year on the Sunday before Memorial Day, some people arrive at the Apache Cemetery, which is situated in the middle of that long stretch of southeastern Arizona made up of the San Simon and San Bernardino valleys. People gather to tidy the cemetery and put new flowers on each grave.

In 1989 during the annual cleanup, an idea was born to write a book about the people buried there. Pat Bennett took on the task. Aided by descendants of the people buried in the cemetery, she's produced an account of the hardy folks who homesteaded in the area around the turn of the century.

The people are listed alphabetically. The person's parents, where he was born, how she died and where are listed for each grave. The majority of entries include stories about the person and their times as well as descendants. Also included in most cases is the name and address of the person who gave Bennett the information.

This nicely-produced booklet is a wonderful slice of Cochise County history and genealogy. Bennett deserves high praise for gathering all the stories and then publishing them. She promises that any profits from the book will go to the Apache Cemetery Fund for its upkeep.

As the forward by Peggy Boss says, the book was "put together with love" by descendants of those in the

cemetery. Anyone reading the book can see just how big that love is.

— Cindy Hayostek

**"Eyes of Fire: Encounter with a Borderlands Jaguar"** by Warner Glenn. Published in 1996 by Warner Glenn, PO Drawer 1039, Douglas, AZ 85608. Telephone: 520-558-2470. Pamphlet, 28 pages with photographs, \$16.

At first glance, this book may not seem to be history and thus not warrant mention in this publication. But the event described is certainly an historical moment and the text and photos engage just about anyone's attention.

On March 7, 1996, a group of people began a mountain lion hunt in the Peloncillo Mountains. Soon they were on to the trail of what they believed was a large lion. It turned out to be a jaguar.

Following a prolonged chase, only Warner Glenn ended up seeing the big cat. But fortunately he had a camera with him and took the series of photos that make up the heart of this book.

As distinguished ecologist Ray Turner points out in an essay that's part of the book, Glenn's photos are the only ones taken of a live jaguar in the wild in the United States.

Considering Glenn snapped some of the photos when the jaguar came after him, they are truly remarkable. The photos are clear and sharp-edged and show the grit of the dogs who literally saved Glenn's hide.

In addition to Glenn's account of the chase, the book includes an abbreviated history of the Glenn family and an afterword by author and photographer Jay Dusard.

Dusard notes the length and wildness of the Peloncillos forms a corridor which favors wildlife movement. Although much of the West has changed in the past 150

years, says Dusard, the Peloncillos haven't.

One reason is the efforts of ranchers such as the Glenns. They were instrumental in forming the Malpais Borderlands Group, a coalition of ranchers and interested individuals and groups dedicated to maintaining wide open spaces such as the Peloncillos and thus animals such as the jaguar. A portion of the proceeds from this book will go to the group.

— Cindy Hayostek

**"HENRY OSSIAN FLIPPER: West Point's First Black Graduate"** by Jane Eppinga. 1996, Republic of Texas Press, Plano, TX 75074, soft cover. 250 pages, photos, bibliography, index, \$12.95.

Standing over six feet tall, weighing 170 pounds and in excellent health, Henry Flipper, born a slave in 1856, would have been reckoned a prime hand but for the Civil War which made it possible for him to be the first black graduate of West Point in 1877.

His father, Festus, a skilled leather worker and shoemaker who'd been allowed to keep part of his earnings, had saved enough to actually purchase his family from his master in order to keep from being separated from them. Flipper's mother could read and Flipper and his brother were taught for several years by a slave wheelwright who later became U.S. consul to Malaga, Spain.

In smallpox-stricken, Union-occupied Atlanta, Festus opened a shoe shop and Isabella started a restaurant. This early part of the book is a fascinating look at how these determined people won a place in post-war chaos and educated their children. All five sons did well. Two became college professors, one a physician, and one carried on the bootmaking tradition in Savannah.

It's unclear why Flipper was set on attending the U.S. Military Academy. Radical Republican James Freeman nominated him only after a doctor declared him physically fit for the rigorous training since his teachers said he was academically qualified.

Two other black cadets who were at West Point during Flipper's time failed to make it through. Flipper refused to become embroiled in their problems, which may be why prominent blacks didn't come to his aid during his court-martial years later.

He had a lonely time of it at West Point. Some cadets told him they would like to be friends but feared ostracism.

As an upperclassman, he was more accepted. When he received his commission and was feted by friends and family, including Charles Douglass, son of Frederick Douglass and consul to San Domingo, he must have felt his trials were worth it.

He must have believed this even more when he was assigned to Fort Sill, Ok. His captain, an Irishman, became his friend. Flipper boarded with the Nolans and often went riding with them and Capt. Nolan's pretty sister-in-law, Mollie. Indeed, Flipper and Mollie rode alone together, which roused the ire of those less liberal than the Nolans.

Those may well have been the happiest days of Flipper's life. He admits that he wept when he left Fort Sill.

While stationed at Fort Concho, Tex., in the summer of 1880, Flipper was involved in his only battle, a five-hour fight with Victorio and his Apache band.

At Fort Davis, Flipper was appointed quartermaster and commissary officer though he had no training for these posts. Within a few months of Flipper's arrival, Col. William Shafter assumed command of



the "Buffalo Soldiers" at the fort, in spite of his prejudice against blacks. He replaced Flipper as quartermaster but the young man continued his commissary duties.

Military finances were lax in the West. With Shafter's knowledge, Flipper kept commissary funds in a trunk in his quarters. In May of 1881, Flipper discovered his cash on hand did not equal that for which he was responsible.

In trying to cover up the deficit until he could resolve it, Flipper sank into a quicksand of lies and desperate maneuvers that resulted in his arrest and confinement in the guardhouse, an almost unheard of way to treat an officer. Flipper and his civilian friends made up the loss but he was still charged with embezzlement and conduct unbecoming an officer.

Ten white officers (none of them West Pointers), who had all fought for the Union during the Civil War, acquitted Flipper of embezzlement but found him guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and sentenced him to be discharged. The verdict was duly reviewed, approved by Secretary of War Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the Emancipator, and signed by President Arthur in June, 1882.

Almost half the book deals with Flipper's remaining 60 years spent as a surveyor, engineer, author, Spanish translator, inventor and Justice Department special agent. His engineering ability and fluency in Spanish made him famous throughout northern Mexico and the Southwest. In Nogales, he served as a special agent to the Court of Private Land Claims and was involved in clearing confused Spanish titles, including that of John Slaughter's San Bernardino.

Attending to the interests of Judge Albert Fall gave him a special view of the Mexican Revolution. Upon Fall's disgrace, Flipper, at 64, became an oil

company consultant in Venezuela. After the financial crash of '29, a jobless 74-year-old Flipper returned to the States. He died quietly at his brother's Atlanta home in 1940.

Poignantly, Anna White Shaw, who had broken off their engagement because her family dreaded what her life as a black officer's wife would be, had come back into his world in 1918. They were engaged to the end of their lives.

Eppinga's Flipper emerges as a very human man who went through incredible struggles to attain his desire, and made the best of things when he lost it. This well-researched and readable book will intrigue all Arizonans with an interest in history. Highly recommended.

— Jeanne Williams

**"Islands in the Desert: A History of the Uplands of Southeast Arizona" by John P. Wilson. 1995, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. Hardcover, 362 pages, photos, maps, notes, references, index; price not available.**

The islands in the desert, those mountain ranges which rise precipitously from the surrounding southeastern Arizona desert valleys, receive fresh attention in this book that looks at portions of history just peripherally covered in similar volumes.

Wilson considers history in this part of the state, beginning, of course, with the Spanish explorers. Another "given" for inclusion is the conflict between the Apaches and the Hispanic and later Anglo settlers.

Then Wilson moves on to the men who really brought about settlement of the area — miners. Roughly a quarter of the narrative is devoted to their endeavors.

Wilson examines mining by

mountain range and district. Some of these are not in Cochise County; but the reader is at liberty to skip or read the portions he wishes.

Cattle ranching is assessed briefly, in part because it didn't play as large a role in the mountains as it did in the valleys. In addition, Wilson wanted to cover other not-so-well-known aspects of the livestock raising business — sheep, goats and dudes.

Wilson scrutinizes a topic that hasn't received much attention elsewhere — lumbering. Timber cutting of the desert islands was an early activity and although it never grew into a large industry, it left its mark on the mountains.

Another topic Wilson writes about that hasn't received any previous comprehensive attention is homesteads within Forest Service holdings. The 1906 Forest Homestead Act allowed 160-acre in-holdings and Wilson outlines their success or lack thereof.

There's a chapter in this book that really has very little to do with the desert islands. One wonders why the chapter on the Mexican Revolution was included; but don't worry why, just read it and enjoy. It's about the Revolution along the Arizona border, an aspect that's received short shrift in some other volumes.

The final chapter gets back up into the mountains. It's a look at the summer colonies. Although the area around Tucson receives almost all the attention, it's an enlightening look at low country residents' common attempt to escape the summer heat.

Wilson's emphasis on covering little known aspects extends to his sources. A book I thought might be included in the reference list was Weldon Heald's *Sky Island*, especially since Wilson's title echoes Heald's. But the informal story of the Chiricahuas is not listed.

None of Wilson's book is in-depth, which is annoying. In several chapters,

I found myself wishing for a bit more detail. But the author in the preface notes there's no unifying theme and he'll leave in-depth coverage to others. People who love the area won't care and will enjoy the book anyway.

— Cindy Hayostek