

JOURNEYS RECALLED



**REMEMBRANCE OF
WORLDWIDE VISITS**

BY DEAN LADD, 2017

INTRODUCTION

When I approached the advanced age of 96, I started reviewing the thousands of photos in my computer that brought back vivid memories. They begin with about a thousand negatives of photos that my mother took, starting at my birth using her Brownie box camera. I took the ones included in this manuscript that begins in 1939 with my military service and extends with my photos to the present. Most cover my world-wide travels since retirement.

This review prompted me to record details of those travels that I decided to call journeys, which is defined in the dictionary as a “voyage, expedition, odyssey, trek, tour, mission or just making one’s way”. Benjamin Franklin said “...make that recollection as durable as possible by putting it down in writing”.

The cover page shows a highlight event of me standing with Japanese veteran, Major Akio Tani, by his artillery on Guadalcanal in 1982. We became close friends and corresponded about fifteen years before he died. I visited him in Tokyo in 1985 and interviewed other Japanese veterans there as well for my book *Faithful Warriors*, published through The Naval Institute Press in 2009. My book was among their first titles to go live on E-books.

SUMMARY

Mexico City, 1954
UK, 4 times, 1975, 1976, 1978 and 2007
Greece, twice in 1975 and 1992
Israel twice, 1975, 1981
Rhodes one week in 1975
Japan twice, 1976 (incl. Taiwan) and 1985
South Africa--drove three weeks, 1978
Egypt, 1978
WW II Pacific Islands visited twice, 1982, 1983
Tarawa, 4 times, 1982, 1983, 2010, 2014
New Zealand 3 times. 1982, 2001, 2014
Hawaii, six times
Wash, DC, about ten times
Virgin Islands, twice
New Hampshire, 4 times
Crete three weeks in 1992
Canadian Maritime Provinces, 1993
Backpack throughout UK for 5 weeks in 2007
Rhine/Danube river cruise, 14 days in 2009
Trip with Marines to Tarawa in 2010
Trip to New Zealand and Tarawa with Mark Noah's group and CBS in 2014

2ND MARINE DIVISION REUNIONS ATTENDED:

1975 San Jose, CA
1984 Cherry Hill, NJ
1986 Orlando, FL
1987 Minneapolis, MN
1988 Long Beach, CA
1992 Milwaukee, WI
1994 Valley Forge, PA
1997 Danvers, MA
1998 Dallas, TX
1999 Kansas, City, KA
2002 Camp Lejeune, NC
2007 Washington, DC
2008 Quincy, MA
2009 Nashville, TN
2010 Reno, CA
2013 Chicago, IL

1953 - NORTH ISLAND SAN DIEGO, CA.

Marine active duty for training. I attended a 2-week school on Amphibious Staff Planning with about 40 other reserve officers. Brig. Gen. Chesty Puller spoke to our class after he had recently returned from command in Korea and was still smarting from criticism about his remarks regarding “sick gold brickers” and that “he was being crucified like someone two thousand years ago”!

1954 - MEXICO CITY TO ASME (ENGINEERS) CONVENTION.

We nearly missed the Mexican flight from Tijuana to Mexico City on our way to an International conference of mechanical engineers (ASME) that began March 8. We were met at the airport and taken to The Hotel Prince, which was near the convention location held at the impressive Del Prado Hotel.

We went on a city tour that included the City Hall, the President's Palace, and The Metropolitan Cathedral, (the largest and oldest in all of Latin America). Our guide pointed out many buildings that had settled considerably due to being built on an unstable old lake bed. I also noted that buildings often had great architectural styles but revealed poor workmanship. 18,000 ft snow-capped Mt. Popocatepetl, meaning Smoking Mountain, towers over Mexico City. It erupted the last time in 2011. We visited our missionary friends in Mexico City, Dan and Bev Obrien, with Wycliffe Translators who drove us to many other places.

Most memorable of all was visiting Chapultepec Castle with a great view of the city. This is where many presidents of the country had resided--where Emperor Maximilian was executed in 1867 and where their cadet heroes had jumped to their deaths when our Marines attacked as in The Marines' Hymn.

We toured several factories such as a manufacturer of home appliances and a Reynolds Aluminum plant, similar to the Kaiser plants in Spokane and Ohio where I had worked from 1948-51. Women were washing their clothes in a creek near the entrance gate!

I climbed the massive Pyramid of the Sun, about thirty miles northeast of Mexico City, for an overall view of the complete ancient Teotihuacan complex. We visited the city of Puebla, with its nearby battle site where the Franco-Mexican War was won by Mexico in 1862 and is celebrated yearly as Cinco de Mayo.

We toured the University of Mexico City, with its new ultra-modern buildings, a very large Impressive stadium and an Olympic-size swimming pool. A world trade exhibit was in preparation.

We flew to Acapulco, for two days with its modern hillside hotels that view a large bay with many yachts, and is flanked by a mountain range. I made a mistake of eating the enticing salad and suffered from Montezuma's Revenge!

We toured many other places such as Taxco, with its silversmith shops on a hilly location and Cuenavaca, with its many mansions called the City of Eternal Spring, about 1 ½ hours' drive south of Mexico City.

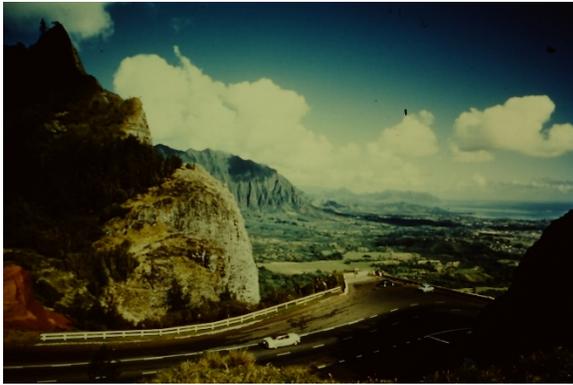


Top L Vera buying artifacts from around the pyramids Top R Climbing the Pyramid
Middle L Overlooking Mexico City from Chapultepec Castle Middle R Catch at Cabo San Lucas
Lower L Vera at Hacienda Cortez. Lower R Acapulco Harbor from our hotel.

1958 - HAWAII, TOURING SITES WITH OTHER MARINE RESERVE OFFICERS.

Our group of about 80 officers went over on an empty troop transport convoy of about four ships that was going to bring back troops from the Far East. We were flown low along the coastline of all the islands and were briefed about the Pearl Harbor attack while we stood on the Pali lookout.

Vera joined me in Honolulu, with her plane landing surprisingly as our ships entered Honolulu. Vera and I then stayed an additional week to further tour Oahu, Kauai and Hawaii on our own, driving around all three islands.



Top L View from the Pali toward Kaneohe. Top R Looking down into the caldera of Kilauea.
Bottom L Troop transports maneuvering. Bottom R Vera at an abandoned village site on Kauai.

1964 - MARINE ACTIVE DUTY.

I attended an officer's refresher course at Camp Pendleton for two weeks. I acted as a regimental commander during a training exercise, using the actual commander's helicopter. I had served with him in 1943.

1966 - LAST MARINE ACTIVE DUTY.

I served as an umpire for a field exercise at Camp Pendleton. Some of the other umpires were very unhappy reserve officers, who had been delayed, while returning home from combat in Korea.

1975 - July 29--Aug. 3 2ND MAR. DIV. REUNION AT SAN JOSE.

This was my first reunion where I met some who had served under me 30 years prior. I took them to a tea room at the city park, along with the commanding general of the reserves who had asked to join us, before they realized who he was!

1975 - Dec.15--Jan. 15 FIRST OVERSEAS TRIP.

Shortly after my father's death, we flew for a tour of the capital cities of London, Paris, Madrid, Athens and Rome, followed by about a week each in Israel and on the Greek Island of Rhodes.

We were very fortunate to have a family free stand-by flight benefit from Janet's employment with TWA, beginning then and continuing over the next nine years.

In Paris we took the Metro, a city tour visiting the main tourist sites such as the Eiffel Tower, the Louvre Museum, the Arc de Triomphe the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Paris Opera House, Palaces of Versailles and Napoleon's Tomb. A local woman showed how she could get on and off faster, but we weren't impressed because she violated the Metro instructions. Another local woman pushed past Vera, calling her a goat.

In Madrid, we watched an impressive ceremony, involving the new King Juan Carlos. It followed his coronation after the recent death of Dictator General Franco, with black mourning banners still being displayed throughout the city. We took a taxi to the Prado Museum with its 9,000 paintings and many sculptures, but the traffic was so bad that walking would have been faster.

In Rome, we took a city tour and returned on our own to the Vatican, with its Sistine Chapel and paintings. I climbed to the top dome of St. Peter's Basilica, and walked through the basilica's normally closed Jubilee door. We walked throughout the Roman Forum ruins with Hadrian's Arch, and on to the Roman Coliseum. The traffic circling it was heavy and seemingly non-stop, so we decided to follow behind a man crossing through the traffic. He had seemed familiar with it but, when I later asked him about it, he surprisingly remarked that he was visiting from South America!

Prior to leaving the Rome airport, we passed by rifle-armed guards through a very thorough private security screening by El Al Airline. All airline offices had recently been taken over by the government and we noticed a typical remark by the employees--that whenever something went wrong, they would give an excuse that it wasn't their fault and instead blamed others!

Vera had left her shawl behind, outside the security area, and the guard refused to let her go back for it. As Vera further tried to persuade him, he told her to speak Italian--so she did, using Italian cuss words that she had heard as a young child that her neighbor had used when calling her chickens! He was quite surprised and told her, "Oh alright go on!"

The high point of this trip was being in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve where we attended two services. One was at sunset in a large limestone cave, about a mile south of Bethlehem near the YMCA and the other was later that evening in front of The Church of the Nativity in Manger Square, where youth Choirs from around the world sang. Israeli soldiers manned gun positions on top of various buildings.

The cave was where cattle have been kept and had a manger which gave us the feeling of being most like where the birth had taken place. We stood there among over a hundred others from around the world as the birth of Jesus was recounted and we sang Silent Night in each of our languages--while we heard machine guns firing in the below valley toward "Shepherd's Field". Israeli soldiers explained that it was just a training exercise!

I gazed to my left five miles up toward Jerusalem, with its buildings arrayed like a picture on the skyline, reflecting the orange light from a setting sun. This was by far the most memorable place I have visited during all my world travels--a pilgrimage event that very few travelers have experienced.

That evening at Manger Square, next to where we were standing, we overheard an interesting dialogue about religion between a Jewish policeman and a Franciscan monk. It was being moderated by a well dressed middle aged man who seemed to be very

knowledgeable about the Bible. We later learned that he was an attorney, originally from Vienna.

Following the singing program, we missed the bus to our hotel in Jerusalem, so he drove us to his home in Jerusalem for several hours, extending into Christmas morning. We learned that he had been involved with many well known original leaders of Israel but most surprising of all, he revealed that he was an atheist!

We hired a guide to drive us north from Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee where we stayed overnight in Tiberius, and took a cruise to several Biblical sites such as the ruins of Capernaum and Chorazin.

We then took the public bus west--sitting among locals, including armed Israeli soldiers, as we passed close to the border with Lebanon, through the ancient area of many battles in the Jezreel Valley, to historic Acre and the port of Haifa. Haifa is a city on 3 levels, overlooking a busy harbor with oil tankers awaiting their time to dock.

We entered the impressive gold domed Bahai Temple, part of the world headquarters of the Bahai faith, and went to Mount Carmel, the site of Elijah's contest with the priests of Baal. We then took the train south and stayed overnight in Netanya, before continuing on to Tel Aviv.

There, we searched for a hotel with the help of two Israeli soldiers who turned out to be the mayor's son and his girlfriend. We later discovered though that the hotel was also catering to prostitutes, so we changed the following night.

We also visited many other biblical places such as: Lord's supper site, King David's near-by relocated tomb, the Via Delarosa, Church of the Nativity, Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Dome of the Rock, model of Jerusalem from the time of Jesus, Hebron with its tomb of the Patriarchs, and the Garden of Gethsemane.

We next flew to Athens, with its traffic and smog, where we visited the following main places of prime interest:

The Acropolis with the Parthenon, built starting in 447 BC, dedicated to the goddess Athena. Soldiers performed the regular sunset ceremony, firing an artillery gun salute.

Mars hill, located between the Acropolis and the old market place where Paul referred to the "Unknown God".

Tomb of the unknown soldier, guarded by two soldiers dressed in the Greek skirt type uniform.

The yacht harbor where we talked to a Jehovah's Witness young man about to be incarcerated for a year to care for pigs because he refused to serve in the military.

At the National Archeological Museum, I slipped on the slippery wet marble floor as I was about to descend a long flight of steps. Fortunately, I was grabbed by a nearby man.

Ruins of ancient Corinth where we looked down the deep cut of the Corinth Canal which was attempted in the first century by slave labor and was begun again in 1881 to cross the isthmus at sea level.

We walked up to the Berma, where Paul spoke, and gazed at the overlooking hilltop that had been an Acropolis with prostitutes used in the worship.

We took a tour north about 100 miles to Delphi with its majestic view far down over the sea. The main attraction there is the site where the princess oracle sat, making predictions for important people. That was also the location of the Pythian Games and had been referred to as the center of the earth.

Mycenae, one of the most important archaeological sites of Greece, where we walked through the Lion's Gate into ruins dating back to King Agamemnon who fought Troy.

The ancient theater of Epidaurus where one could hear a coin hit the stage floor from all seats.

We spent a week driving around the island of Rhodes, taking a boat from and to the port of Piraeus. Some of the places we visited were the fort of the Knights of St. John, near where the giant colossus of Rhodes had once straddled the harbor entrance before it was toppled by an earthquake and then we looked down from an Acropolis on the other side of the island where Paul had landed during his missionary travels.



Site of the Oracle at Delphi.



Walking up to the Athens Acropolis

1976 July 15-Aug. 15 EUROPE AND SCANDINAVIA.

We traveled with my mother and daughter, Janet, for the first portion of the trip through Europe, after we took a delayed delivery of a new Volkswagen Camper. Therefore, I had a hectic time driving around London, using a loaner with right seat control and then driving my car from the left seat, at times going over a curb! When we returned to London for home, we nearly missed our return flight do to the extensive layout of Heathrow airport.

We toured the city about five days with the family of my cousin, Norma Vonckx and husband Skip. He was the manager of the London branch of the Bank of Boston.

We went to Gilwell Park, about 20 miles north of London, where adult Scout leaders attended the 50th anniversary of Wood Badge from all over the world, socializing and sitting around a camp fire event.

By coincidence, we walked through the gate at the same time as a scout master I knew from San Jose, CA. I also met the elderly widow of British Gen. Baden-Powell who had founded the Boy Scouts in 1908.



50th anniv. of Scouting Wood Badge
at Gilwell Park.



Mother and Janet at Stratford Upon Avon.

We then boarded an air-cushion type ferry to France and drove to Paris where we visited the main places such as the Eiffel Tower, Notre Dame Cathedral and the Louvre Museum, which is on the site of the previous Tuileries Palace. I scraped the top of my camper while entering a low-clearance parking entry. We camped several nights beside the Seine River.

We drove to the Normandy WW II landing site and I walked several hundred yards out from Omaha beach at low tide, retracing where my brother George had waded through heavy enemy fire on D-day as a combat engineer attached to the assault troops. I gazed at the large bunker overlooking the left side of that beach that had fired over his head at our landing boats and duelled with the nearest supporting destroyer escort. I determined where the towed Mulberry docks had been positioned to unload equipment and supplies. We then walked inland over the shore line cliff through the very impressive cemetery. We then drove easterly along the coast a few miles and had supper at a seaside restaurant where we sampled different kinds of French cheese.



Cemetery at Omaha beach.



Beach town east of Omaha where we ate.



Omaha beach where my brother, George landed.

We then drove through Lyon, France into Switzerland and spent the night at Lucerne, camping near a home where a very sociable man, wife and daughter invited us in to visit. We drove on to Salzburg, Austria and sensed the movie, *Sound of Music*. Then we continued north along the Romantic Road through the quaint medieval German walled villages of Dinkelsbuhl and Rothenberg, driving among many army tanks and other vehicles on NATO maneuvers and camping close outside of the city walls, hearing the night watchman call out that: "all's well." Afterward, we took my

mother and Janet back to Amsterdam to fly back home. Vera and I then continued touring the Scandinavian countries of Denmark, Norway and Sweden. We spent several days in Copenhagen, Denmark. As we visited the Queen's Palace, the popular Queen Margrethe waved at us from her black limousine as we stood there alone amazed and waved back. I later recalled that in about 1952 we had a similar great surprise when President Truman walked toward us alone as we were also alone, walking near the White House on a Sunday morning and told us hello!

In Copenhagen, we also visited such as the Tivoli Gardens Amusement Park, Hans Christian Andersen's home, and took photos of Vera on a bridge and another next to the famous Little Mermaid, which was surprisingly small.



Queen of Denmark waves to us alone as she drives into her



Vera by the Little



Swedish Palace guard.



Vera on Stockholm

Then we boarded a ferry to lower Sweden to continue up along the western shore to Oslo and crossed over the very impressive Svinesund arched bridge crossing the sound at the Norway/Sweden border. We visited such places as the Palace, Resistance Museum and the Viking ship museum.

We then drove east across Sweden to Stockholm, where we strolled through the modern shopping area and later approached the entrance to the King's Palace where our entry was blocked by a husky guard, bringing his bayoneted rifle to port arms. Then we continued south toward the city of Malmo which is noted for its ship building expertise and the University of Lund.



Campina in woods south of

We camped about 100 miles south of Stockholm along what we thought was a logging road, but it soon turned out to be on a military reservation with maneuvers in progress, firing blank ammunition during the early evening and early morning. We visited a Swedish university professor at Malmo, who had stayed at our home a year earlier. He informed us that the King of Sweden was there viewing the military maneuvers!

We took the ferry to northern Germany and toured the medieval city of Lubeck, with its old style buildings reflecting the setting sun. It was an important trade center of the Hanseatic League during the 13th to 17th centuries. It was the Sister City of Spokane. We then drove to Bremen to ship our car home and boarded a bus to Amsterdam for a flight home.



Driving east through

1976 - Nov. 15 to Nov. 30 JAPAN AND TAIWAN.

Vera, Janet and I took a 10-day round-trip package tour to Japan that cost only \$250.00, by using the TWA employee Interline rate! We flew on the Brazilian Airline, Varig, and the tour included the best of hotels, meals and all land transportation to such as Tokyo, Kyoto, Nara, and on our own to the famous shrine at Nikko.

Kyoto was the previous capital of Japan and is known as the City of Ten Thousand Shrines. Nikko, with its natural setting, has two sacred religious Shinto shrines and a Buddhist temple of the Edo Shogunate period.

In those days, smoking was permitted in flight, so we spent a miserable all-night return flight in dense smoke from Japanese passengers who were going to Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. Vera was allergic to smoke!

We also took a side flight to Taipei, Taiwan at our own expense on China Airlines where we visited the National Palace Museum and an aboriginal village in the mountains. While riding on the bus, we were shocked to see a dead motor cyclist lying by the road-side before anybody else had yet arrived.

1977 - Spring EGYPT FOR ABOUT A WEEK WITH LUCKY TOURS.

Vera, Janet and I visited Egypt with a tour group called *Lucky Tours*, also using the TWA Interline rate. It turned out to not be so lucky though because of hotel overbooking at Luxor! Our trip was shortly after Egyptian President Sadat and US President Carter had established friendly relations and peace had been signed between Egypt and Israel. Huge pictures were displayed of both presidents and the people went out of their way to tell us face to face how much they liked Americans! Sadat was assassinated the next year.

I reacted with cultural shock, while being driven from the airport through the cemetery in the eastern area of Cairo, known as the City of the Dead. It is the largest cemetery in the world, with many Sultans entombed there among the ordinary people. Maintenance workers reside there in small houses.

Cairo, meaning "victorious", is considered by the Muslims to be as holy as Mecca, Medina and Jerusalem. It is now the largest city in the Middle East, with a population of over 12 million in the metro area. About fifty percent are under age 19. It has about one thousand minarets and fourteen mosques. One of the mosques, built in the 14th century, is the largest in the world.

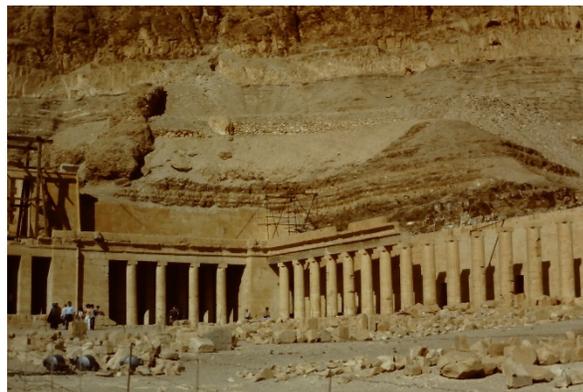
The 4,000-year-old Great Pyramid of Giza is six miles west of Cairo, across the Nile River. It is the only Wonder of the Ancient World still standing. It was the tallest structure in the world until well into the 1800s, covering 13.5 acres and containing 2.3 million limestone blocks--each weighing about 5,000 pounds. Janet and I entered the tomb room, deep inside the pyramid through a tunnel, cut through some time after the birth of Jesus. Tens of thousands of men labored to build it, but they were not slaves – they were farmers and artisans. It was built in 2,550 B.C., about 2,000 years before Rome was founded.

That trip also included flying on Egypt Airlines up the Nile River from Cairo about 400 miles south to Luxor-- the ancient city of Thebes with its temple of Karnak. Across the Nile River to the west, is the Valley of the Kings and Valley of the Queens. King Tut's tomb is the main attraction there. The restored ruins of Karnak, a major religious center, are colossal with the entry lined by a row of Sphinxes

The only female pharaoh, Queen Hatshepsut, had built a very large mortuary temple near the bottom of a high cliff near the Valley of the Kings among a complex of other temples that included one for her young nephew who became the great pharaoh, Thutmose III. That extensive structure was nearing restoration completion by the Polish Academy of Sciences. Many tourists were massacred by Islamist extremists there later in 1997.



Walking to the Step Pyramid



Temple of Queen Pharaoh Hatshepsut in the Valley of the Kings.

1978 Three weeks REPUBLIC of SOUTH AFRICA.

Vera and I flew to London and visited Windsor Castle before boarding a connecting flight the next day with South Africa Airways to Johannesburg (Joburg), South Africa. We were fortunate to use a free TWA flight pass through Janet's employment.

Janet flew direct from New York to join us the next day in Joburg. There we met our South African friends, Anne (who Janet had met traveling across Italy to Brindisi in 1972) and her husband, Pat Bristow. They later joined us near Durban for the rest of our trip and, drove with us in our small rented Japanese car.

Our itinerary began from Joburg to Cape Town--then we went along the Indian Ocean coast beautiful Garden Route through Durban to Kruger National Park for a safari located near the border with Mozambique, which at that time was not in friendly relations with South Africa. We returned through the capital of Pretoria and on back to Joburg for our return flight. We laid-over in Athens, Greece for a few days before continuing home.

In Joburg, we drove through Lion Park among male lions roaring at each other. and watched tribal warrior dancing by about 5 different tribes that worked in the deep Joburg gold mines.

The landscape, driving south from Joburg through the Great Karoo, looks similar to that in our mid-Washington scablands--shaped in a similar manner by massive lava flows and later by water erosion.

We saw many ostriches as they sped away from the road. We gazed down into the immense abandoned open-pit diamond mine at Kimberly and stayed overnight nearby. The next day, aggressive baboons perched on the car hood, looking at us through the windshield and reached through our car open window for food when we stopped to look at them.

At the southern end of the Great Karoo area, we passed by the scenic craggy Drakensberg mountain range as we approached Cape Town which envelopes the base of Table Mountain.

As we continued south of Cape Town through the Cape Vinelands area, we were surprised to see an oil tanker that had recently run aground. We then arrived at the Cape of Good Hope where the Atlantic Ocean becomes the Indian Ocean. We then headed north along the Indian Ocean coast-line through the cities of Port Elizabeth and East London to the port city of Durban, with its famous beaches and African, Indian and colonial influences. We strolled through the Indian market area in Durban and took photos of ourselves being pulled on a very decorated rickshaw.

I drove our car on a safari through Kruger National Park where we stayed overnight in a protected native rondavel-type structure, within a fenced area to keep out wild animals.

We saw many animals roaming in the wild as we passed nearby--such as lions, giraffes, wildebeests, rhinoceros, springboks, hippopotamus in the water, etc. Several groups of elephants crossed the road in front of us.

One group was blocked by the bus ahead of us and we became worried that the bull leader, who was trumpeting while swinging his trunk about and waving his ears, might attack! We had heard at the park entry about an elephant that sat on a Volkswagen bug the previous day! They finally passed in front of us as we looked up helplessly! We later walked with a rifle-carrying guide to the shore of a large river for a closer look at the hippopotamus.

We returned to Joburg by way of the capital city of Pretoria where we stood in front of the capital buildings and viewed the beautiful grounds overlooking the city.



An angry elephant approaching our car.



A male lion roaring at another



At the Indian market in Durban.



Tribal dancing near the Joburg gold mine.

1979 - VISITED RON AND MICHELE IN VIRGINIA BEACH.

We watched the 700 Club live broadcast and met Pat Robertson. We also visited the General McArthur Museum.

1981 - May, about ten days ISRAEL WITH RELIGIOUS TOURS.

The following events were the most memorable:

1. Landing in Israel:

As our El Al flight was landing, all Jews loudly sang their national anthem, *Haticavah*--(The Hope).

2. Masada and Qumran:

Vera and I flew separate from the tour, took a public bus through Beersheba and met them at Arad before continuing to Masada.



Overlooking Jerusalem as sheep pass by.

3. Megiddo:

What a vantage point of Biblical events! I stood at the summit of the Megiddo site and gazed north across Jezreel Valley, sensing the sweep of the past and its prophesized future destiny.

Megiddo is a major archaeological site on the northern side of the Carmel ridge that was a strategic control location for the Canaanites and later the Israelites. There are about 20 layers of cities in the span of years from 3,000 to 300 B.C.

While standing there, I pondered Biblical events that had happened within eye-sight. Looking southeast 15 miles, is Mt. Gilboa where Saul and Jonathan were slain in battle with the Philistines. Northeast 10 miles is the hill of Moreh where the Midianites camped, not far from Shunem where the Philistines encamped two centuries later before their defeat of Saul. Slightly west of Moreh is Nain where Jesus raised the widow's son to life.

The concentric-shaped Mt Tabor is located further beyond Nain another 5 miles. That was where Deborah and Barak defeated the Canaanites (Judg. 4:16, 5:21) and most likely where Jesus was transfigured. Further left stretches the long ridge of the Lower Galilee to Nazareth 10 more miles away, where Jesus grew up.

It is no wonder that, so many happenings have taken place near Megiddo, for it and the Jezreel Valley lie on one of history's most important highways—the Via Maris or coastal route. This road connected the two greatest rivals in the ancient world--Egypt and Mesopotamia who used this route for either military campaigns or peaceful commerce. Megiddo guarded a strategic pass along this route and blocked invading forces numerous times. N.T. Revelation tells about the final battle of Armageddon to be fought in that battle-stained valley.



Overlooking the port of Haifa.

4. Capernaum:

As we inspected stone carvings there of the Arc of the Covenant and the Star of David, we were suddenly shocked into the present to hear and then see two Israeli jets that caused a sonic boom. We later learned that they were flying at near water-level over the Sea of Galilee toward a Syrian anti-aircraft site, positioned east of the Golan Heights, to test their response.



Sea of Galilee from the site of the Beatitudes.

5. Mount of Olives:

We stood at the traditional site on the Mount of Olives where Jesus ascended into Heaven.

6. Road to Emmaus:

We sat by the side of a Roman road leading to Emmaus where Jesus had walked after His resurrection, while we listened to a recording by the Gaither trio singing *I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked*.



Janet at the Garden Tomb in 1981



Our group on the road to Emmaus.

1982 - About 3 weeks NEW ZEALAND.

We landed in Auckland and drove the length of both North and South Islands early in the year for about three weeks. My WW II NZ girlfriend, Nola, joined us at her brother's home in Auckland and accompanied us north for a cruise in the Bay of Islands and then back south to the hot spring area of Taupo then down the west coast to New Plymouth with its beautiful lighted park and then dropped her off at her home in Levin, a few hours' drive before we reached Wellington, the capital.

We then boarded the ferry to South Island and drove south along the west coast to the mid-1800s gold mining town of Hokitika, which we learned about at the mining museum. We tried to sleep through a noisy night, following a yearly coast to coast race, that involved running, bicycling, and kayaking from the east coast. We then drove east over spectacular scenery through beautiful mountain country for a cruise on Milford Sound and stayed overnight among runners who were participating in the long Milford trek. We then drove north to Queenstown for a cruise on Lake Wakatipu, a gondola lift for a spectacular view and stayed overnight. We then drove on for an overnight at Mt. Cook.

1982 - Aug.1-Sept.15 MY FIRST REVISIT TO WWII COMBAT SITES.

I roughed it unscheduled for six weeks, using my daughter's cabin attendant reduced fare privilege. The highlight was meeting WW II Japanese veteran, Maj. Akio Tani on Guadalcanal as I mentioned in the introduction. A local native took the photo of us, shown on the cover of this manuscript, standing in front of one of his three WW II 105 mm artillery guns. We had been on the receiving end of his three guns and others for several months, referring to them as *Pistol Pete*.

I wrote and self-published my first book, *Faithful Warriors*, and did a second printing in 1994 that goes into great detail about this trip. A used copy may still be purchased through my web site, *Dean Ladd Works*, that takes you online to Amazon.com or Barnes and Noble. A different version was later published with the same title by *The Naval Institute Press* which is also available through my web site.

Some major events of this very ambitious adventure were:

At Guadalcanal, I attended a wreath laying ceremony near Savo Island on the new Australian frigate, Canberra, in remembrance of the original Australian Canberra . The



Wreath laying ceremony on the Australia Canberra. That was sunk there.



On Guadalcanal where Tani's guns were positioned, firing at us from a range of 10 miles.

Quincy, Astoria and Vincennes were also sunk there on August 9, 1942, during the night after the Marines had landed.

I stood where a sniper in a tree had watched me while I lay prone with my binoculars searching for his location when he shot at me, knocking dirt into my face before I emptied my old Springfield '03 rifle magazine into him.

I also found where I was almost killed as we assaulted a Japanese position above us on a ridge. At my right, shortly after he said that he saw them, McCoy Reynolds was instantly killed by a shot through his neck.

I spoke at an Assembly of God church, thanking them for their support during WW II. I mentioned a Japanese diary that described Guadalcanal as "a beautiful island that speaks so loudly!" The taxi driver, who had invited me to attend his church, later invited me to his home where I learned about their marriage culture regarding the dowry.

A British engineer later told me about moving from their house there because his young son kept having nightmares about a Marine who had been killed near there during WWII.

I asked a native, selling carvings, if he believed in the historical Jesus. He replied that he did but that his father had been a pagan priest and that was good enough for him. He continued that the Christian denominations differed among themselves and that he still prays to the shark god for a safe trip between islands. Also, my guide, who was

helping me find my old fox hole on a ridge, had his grandfather's tooth dangling as a charm from his neck!

At Tarawa, I walked at low tide about 500 yards out from the shore where a machine gun bullet had pierced my abdomen as we waded ashore on November 21, 1943.

Philippa Jones, the British magistrate's daughter--with a tattoo on her left shoulder of a snake coiled around a skull, that was her recent eighteenth birthday present--drove me all around, including to a bunker near one of the naval guns. I later learned from a Marine that he had found the body of the Japanese commanding admiral inside this bunker entry where he had died from our shelling. We climbed on top of it for photos and then jumped off about 8 feet to the beach sand. I later returned to Tarawa 3 more times.

At Saipan, I retraced where I had waded ashore through enemy artillery fire on June 15, 1944 and then reached the site where I had later been slightly wounded by shrapnel from my own mortar section.

Then I searched where I was more severely wounded in my right elbow by a piece of shrapnel from one of our own 155 mm artillery rounds that had struck a tree above me. Luckily the tree prevented me from being pulverized like had happened to others that I had served with. Our battalion suffered about 50 casualties there from three short-falling artillery rounds.

I retraced where I had had another close call, as I had walked through many hiding enemy. I had been going alone back to the aid station to get my wounded right elbow redressed, when I was fortunate to see three enemy hiding under a nearby bush--one ready to throw a grenade before I shot them. That night, forty more were killed as they attacked our battalion headquarters from that area.

I then strolled further over the whole area, recalling where we had buried about 4,000 enemy bodies, who were killed as they made the largest banzai counter attack of the war.

At Suicide Cliff on Marpi Point, Japanese civilians jumped about 800 ft. from its top to their death, carrying their children. I read an account in the local library about one woman who had survived by landing on dense under-growth when a child.

At nearby Banzai Cliff, hundreds of Japanese soldiers had also jumped to their death. Two Japanese memorials there were funded by donations from school children. One is a kneeling mother, mourning the loss of her sons in the Pacific battles and the other is a child mourning the young children, carried to their death by the suicide leap. Some superstitious locals remarked that the white birds, flying around that site, are the spirits of those who died here.



Enemy dead on Saipan beach after Banzai.

I took a small plane, carrying groceries a few miles across the channel to the Island of Tinian, that had been used for truck gardening before WW II but is now a large cattle ranch. The island is overgrown with a high brush called Tangan-Tangan which was planted after the war to prevent erosion.

I visited our short beach landing site and located the nearby pit to the north where the atomic bomb had been loaded onto the Enola Gay. I located my old fox hole position on top of a cliff that we took about a week after our landing. That brought back memories of a very insecure night there, with the enemy counter-attacking through our precarious position. My radio man was killed after he left our fox hole to help lay communication wire. My high school classmate George Stein, who was company commander of the adjacent company, was in the fox hole nearest to me and also lost his radioman.

I walked through dense growth to Marpo Point where the enemy had jumped to their death like on Saipan. I stood where I had been concerned about my company holding out against an enemy counter attack, with us being so spread-out along the edge of that cliff which over-looked the ocean shore line. Fortunately, only a few enemy were killed though as they attempted to come through one of our strong-points.

I met local govt. leaders at a restaurant in the small town of San Jose, who seemed cool toward me, asking if I had visited a certain sealed cave. I later learned that they were concerned about releasing the spirits of the dead entombed there.

I also visited about seven other WW II islands where others had fought or had made air raids such as at Palau/Peleliu, Majuro, Nauru, Yap and Truk. I was invited to sit in the captain's cabin on my Air Naruu flight to Guadalcanal. To get there, I walked through the first class section, past the president of Nauru who was the only one sitting there. The Australian pilot was disgusted by the president requesting a special departing ramp to avoid exiting with the rest of the passengers.

While visiting Koror in the Palau islands, I was intrigued by the many strange shaped small islands. Some included small lakes with jelly fish. My hotel patio had a spectacular view of some surrounding small islands. I took a short grocery delivery flight on a small plane to the island of Peleliu about 30 miles south.

My local guide led me to all the important battle locations, but I was concerned about his weird remarks about ghosts and drug usage. I did some snorkeling among the wide array of beautiful fish and even stuck my foot flipper into the opening of a giant clam shell to confirm that it did not continue holding it.



Dean on the outer islands of Truk in

Truk had been a very important Japanese naval base, comparable to our Pearl Harbor. On February 16-17, 1944, during our Operation Hailstone--before our taking the Marshall Islands--our air attacks had put the base out of operation by sinking many ships and destroying land facilities.

A local took me on his motor boat to the Island of Dublon where I stayed overnight with his young family that sang for me. The next day, while we were returning to the main island, I was thrust overboard when we struck a large wave at the wrong angle and I lost my scuba flippers. I took photos of the many very rusted cars and the

large Japanese naval guns still protruding out of caves

On the island of Yap, I was taken by a young Yap-speaking Mormon missionary--in a pickup truck filled with locals to a remote village on the far side if the island.

That village was still living as in the past. As I walked around there, I narrowly missed serious injury as I stepped through an opening between large flat rocks in the path while crossing a small stream. I was surprised to see a WW II Japanese concrete mixer with a tree growing around it.



Yap village.



On way to remote Yap village with Mormons.

1983 - Nov.15-Jan.1 MY SECOND REVISIT TO WW II SITES.

As a “*Valor Tours*” group guide, I took five fellow Marine veterans that I had served with and one wife.

On Tarawa, we strolled along all the landing beaches, as each recalled wading through about three feet depth of water toward the shore-line into the face of intensive machine gun fire, while many of their buddies were killed or wounded.



I’m on a Japanese 8 inch gun.



With H/S students on Tarawa.

Upper Left: Our group with Red Beach 2 in the background. Pictured L-R: Joe Souza, Dick Stein, John Durst, author Bill Crumacker and Rov Thaxton

I stood about 500 yards out from the shore where I had been shot through the abdomen and remembered how fortunate I was to be dragged by one of my men about 100 yards to a landing boat at the reef where about 15 other wounded, were writhing in pain. We were rapidly taken to our troop transport several miles outside of the island lagoon for immediate surgery by an abdominal specialist, formerly with The Mayo Clinic!

We looked at the WW II debris and other items along the various beaches such as the following:

An amphibian tractor, recently unearthed containing remains of three Marines.

Many other amphibian tractors that had been moved to the ocean side reef.

A drowned-out American tank with its gun still facing an enemy position.

Four 8-inch Japanese naval guns, with one still facing our transports.

Remains of a British freighter that had been rammed onto the reef shortly after the Pearl Harbor attack.

Location of a former American memorial that had been located on the old pier.

The command bunker of Adm. Shibasaki.

Many native outrigger boats.

The FAA grounded our airline due to delinquent maintenance, so the rest of our group was forced to leave earlier than planned. They were fortunate to get a non-scheduled charter flight that was returning nearly empty to the Marshall Islands. So, I remained about two more weeks to represent our country during the 40th anniversary of the battle and met a Japanese group as well.

While awaiting the anniversary event, I accomplished the following things:

1. I walked along a communication cable that extended two miles between Betio and Bairiki Islets that was exposed during low tide. A causeway road now connects the two islets.
2. I spent several days doing research in the new National Archives building with the guidance of Richard Overy, who has since become a well know British author and consultant.
3. I stayed several days on the ocean beach side of Eita Islet with missionaries Flemming and Jerry Ard. I learned that their Church had split several years prior as a result of the other church's leader having committed adultery and refusing to repent. He instead formed another church that split resources. I suggested that the two groups get together while I was there. The teenagers from both groups then arranged for a potluck get-together. I was honored by their asking me to speak after the combined youth choirs sang.
4. I stayed a few days with our New Zealander contact, while he helped remove the large body of a dead Indian from Fiji who was then placed in a freezer storing commercial tuna. I met a local journalist who told me that he was writing about it and shortly I read about the strong resistance. I met another New Zealander, taking the census, who told me that about 10,000 then lived on the one square mile of Betio alone. Since then, that amount has doubled!
5. I read the inscription at the site where 22 NZ Coast watchers were beheaded, along with a missionary, to impress the locals that they had better obey their new masters. I talked to locals who had been forced to witness it.
6. I flew to the island of Abemama, several hundred miles south, for several days. I stayed at the Robert Louise Stevenson Hotel with old-style thatched dwellings. I met many locals, when I attended a village council meeting with a lot of singing that I was asked to join in.

I read about their murderous King Binoka, who had ruled when Robert Louise Stevenson's was there in 1892, writing his South Sea stories. I took a photo of that king's large tomb stone with a local father and son scantily clad as in that period.

1984 - Feb. for three weeks IN HAWAII, VISITING MICHELE.

We also flew to the Big Island of Hawaii and drove for several days along the same road we had taken 30 years before. We were surprised to see where a lava flow from the Kilauea crater in 1983 now covered the prior road.

1984 - Aug 5-8 MARINE REUNION at CHERRY HILL.

1985 - Jan.14-23. TO JAPAN TO INTERVIEW JAPANESE VETERANS.

I had been corresponding with Major Akio Tani, the Japanese WW II veteran I had met on Guadalcanal three years earlier and decided to more socially interact with the Japanese veterans, who had been my previous adversaries.

I flew by military Space A to Tokyo and spent 10 days visiting him and other Japanese veterans, including Capt. Oba, whose group I had walked through during the Saipan campaign to get my wounded elbow redressed.

Along with Yuki, my young engineer/interpreter who I had previously hosted as an exchange student, I met about eight veteran friends of Tani in his home. Yuki and I then took the bullet train to the coastal city of Gamagori, about 250 miles southwest of Tokyo to visit Capt. Oba, locally known as "The Last Samurai", in his home. He and his wife drove us back to the train station.

Tani drove me all over Tokyo pointing out all the rebuilding since the war bombing and to such places as the Emperor's Palace, several war museums, a TV studio and the Yasukuni Shrine where the departed spirits of war dead are commemorated.

This was the time of year that all young women were specially dressed and having group photos taken to celebrate their 21st birthday. I contacted Hidecke, our former Japanese exchange student, who took us to various cultural sites including a cemetery where many famous military leaders are buried and read their tomb stones. We noticed though that he didn't comply with some of the various direction signs and had to be prompted! We had recalled that he had been very independent compared to the rest of the group who had previously visited Spokane.

1986 - July 30--Aug.3 MARINE REUNION IN ORLANDO, FL

I met Don Maines, one of my mortar-men, who had shared a foxhole with me the first night on Saipan. We endured heavy enemy shelling and he volunteered to accompany me on a patrol, attempting to locate the flank of our adjacent unit. He had since grown from a still growing teenager to a tall husky man.

1986 - VISIT MICHELE IN WASH. DC.

After the above Marine reunion, we flew to DC to visit Michele and attend a national Christian activist conference--*Coalition on Revival (COR)*. It was organized by my old friend Jay Grimstead with signing ceremonies on the steps

of the Lincoln Memorial by many nationwide Christian leaders.

1987 - Aug. 27-30 MARINE REUNION IN MINNEAPOLIS, MI.

1988 - Sept. MARINE REUNION AT LONG BEACH, CA.

We met at the Ramada Renaissance Hotel, that had draped a very large flag from the front roof of the building. Famous movie actor, Eddy Albert joined us for the entire event and I shared breakfast with him, as we reminisced about his saving my life and many other wounded during the assault landing on Tarawa.

Long Beach is noted for honoring the military, so they lined the streets as we paraded through down town. Our main event was dedication of a new memorial that would later be installed at Tarawa.

1989 - TO MICHELE'S, PUERTO RICO AND THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

We stayed with Michele in Washington, DC for about a week and then flew to Puerto Rico. We stayed there several nights in the capital of San Juan with its colorful Spanish colonial buildings and 16th century land marks, including the El Morro and La Fortaleza massive fortress.

Then we took a short boat ride to St Thomas and stayed overnight in Charlotte Amalie, the territorial capital, founded by the Danish in the 1600s. We drove around the island, visiting several of the scenic beaches and Blackbeard's Castle!

1990 - TO MICHELE'S AND THEN TO ST. JOHN, VIRGIN ISLANDS.

We stayed with Michele about a week and then went to the island of St. John, where we stayed a week in our friend Sylvia's luxurious time share. It provided a beautiful view looking down over the rest of the complex toward the beach.

1991 - NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.

This was a fly/drive tour package, lasting 3 weeks in Feb. during Desert Storm. We flew with Air New Zealand to Auckland, drove to Christchurch. and then flew to Sidney, Australia.

After about three days touring Sidney, including a cruise in the harbor, looking at the famous Opera House and the nearby bridge, we took the train from Sidney to Perth.

After three days traveling across the Australian outback, we toured the modern city of Perth with its high-rise buildings, many owned by Chinese. We then drove a few miles south to the port of Fremantle with its older style buildings. We ate at a Chinese restaurant with a couple, working at the Universty of Western Australia. He was the son of one of my friends in the Retired Officers Assoc.

We flew back from Perth to Auckland for a day's visit with Daves Wakefield and his New Zealand wife while waiting for our connecting flight home. I had served with him in WW II and he had lived there ever since.

1992 - Feb. 20- March 13. ISLAND OF CRETE.

We visited Ron and Michele for three weeks near where Ron was stationed at the Souda Bay Naval Base as a Navy chaplain.

There is so much history there. The Minoan civilization on Crete was the beginning of the Greek civilization, with their first settlement being established there about 7,000 BC.

Their Bronze Age Palace at Knossos was discovered in 1878 and it has now been very accurately restored with art in its throne room, showing dolphins and an athlete being thrown over a bull by its horns.

Their civilization is noted for the legend of the Minotaur, a bull with a man's head. The term "labyrinth" originated from the description of the site's maze of rooms. That civilization eventually died out after being struck by the tsunami waves, caused by the eruption at the Greek island of Santorini in the 16th century B.C.

I toured both German and Allied cemeteries and various WW II battle sites, where the Germans had initially landed parachute troops and then eventually overwhelmed the Australian and New Zealander defenders with their Stuka dive bombers. We laid-over several days in Athens to further visit sites there before resuming our return flight.

1992 - Sept 1- 4 MILWAUKEE, WI MARINE REUNION.

After the reunion, we drove with a few others that I had served with, to Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin for two days at John Tong's home. He had retired as a dentist and fixed my dental problem.

It was a wonderful get together, playing golf and talking over old times for the last time. I am the only one still living

1993 - CANADIAN MARITIME PROVINCES.

We flew to Bangor, Maine and rented a car. Then we drove for about a week through New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Nova Scotia clear to the north end of Cape Breton Island. We visited Michele in Wash. DC before returning home.

St. John, New Brunswick is noted for the high tides at the Bay of Fundy and where the loyalists had moved to from the American colonies during the Revolutionary War.

We took a ferry to Prince Edward Island, which is known as the site of the classic, *Anne of Green Gables*. We attended an ice cream social at the church where the author, Maud Montgomery, had attended and where I talked to several who had known her.

The museum in Halifax records the devastating explosion of a WW I French cargo ship, loaded with a cargo of explosives after colliding with a Norwegian vessel. There was extensive damage in the harbor and many lives were lost. Peggy's Cove is nearby with its famous lighthouse.

1994 - Sept. 3-7 MARINE REUNION AT DANVERS, MA.

We stayed at the Tara Ferncroft Conf. Resort and toured the nearby Valley Forge site of the 1777-78 winter encampment of the Continental Army. While walking past the reconstructed log shelters, I thought about how Washington's troops had persevered during those very difficult days. My 3-greats grandfather, Joel Pratt, had been here until he became sick with pneumonia and recovered in a nearby home.

1995 - HAWAII FOR THREE WEEKS IN FEB. TO VISIT MICHELE.

1996 - Feb.--March HAWAII FOR THREE WEEKS.

1996 - Sept. NEW HAMPSHIRE

Spent about five days visiting my Ladd relatives after a Marine reunion near Boston.

1997 - March HAWAII THREE WEEKS IN MARCH TO VISIT MICHELE.

1998 - Feb 14-15 SAN FRANCISCO, CA “CELEBRATE HISTORY” CONVENTION

I was one of the paid presenters, invited to speak by my author friend, Eric Hammel at this very large national event, held in the Holiday Inn. My presentation was entitled “Tarawa--Near Disaster”.

1998 - Fall MARINE REUNION IN DALLAS, TEX.

Attended a rodeo.

1998 - March--April HAWAII, VISITING MICHELE FOR THREE WEEKS.

This Included my attendance at a Marine memorial dedication at our WW II Camp Tarawa site, located on the Big Island of Hawaii. This brought back sad memories of losing so many of our men during the savage battle for Tarawa. We had moved into this camp, while tents were still being erected.

The location was like paradise though, situated near the base of snow covered Mt. Mauna Kea and only about 20 miles to deep sea fishing for tuna. One time a whale had surfaced near our boat like a small island.

I had returned here, after about 5 weeks in the hospital at Pearl Harbor, for duty with my division--still in a weakened condition, recovering from my nearly fatal abdominal gunshot wound. After we left this camp for the Saipan campaign six months later, the 5th Marine Division used it while preparing for the Iwo Jima campaign.

**1999 - Sept 2-6 KANSAS CITY MARINE REUNION.
Hyatt Regency.**

**2002 - Jan 21 CAMP LEJUNE, N. CAROLINA.
2nd Marine Div. birthday**

2002 - Sept. 10-13 VISITED MICHELE

2007 - MUCH TRAVELING. SHORTLY AFTER VERA’S DEATH.

On Jan. 29, I was free to embark on a very active schedule of travel through October as follows:

March 10-28, I attended a board of directors meeting of the Ice Age Floods Institute at Tri Cities, WA and then drove down to visit Janet’s family in Nevada City, CA for about 10 days.

I then went on a 5-week trip, starting at Nashville, TN to attend Mary Alice’s piano recital at Vanderbilt University. Then I drove with Michele to Chattanooga, TN for Julia’s college graduation at Covenant College on May 5.

Then I flew to Miami where Mary Alice was attending the University of Miami, studying for her Music Doctorate.

I next spent 11 days, from May 11 to 21, attending a Marine reunion at Hood River, OR and visiting my brother and sister's families in the Seattle, WA area, this also included a week at Whistler, Canada with Helen and Hal at their condo. I then flew to Wash. DC about July 26 to attend a national Marine reunion and stayed with Michele before launching my following very ambitious research trip throughout the UK.

BACKPACK TRIP THROUGHOUT THE UK.

I back-packed throughout the UK for five weeks from Sept. 1 to Oct. 8, 2007 walking in the medieval footsteps of my royalty ancestors. This research trip was a tension-filled adventure and a great challenge for an 87 year-old, traveling alone using a Britrail Pass, visiting Friendship Force members and staying in B&Bs.

This adventure was similar to one twenty-five years earlier in 1982 when I had roughed it, re-tracing my own footsteps on many Pacific islands for six weeks, mostly where I had fought as a WW II Marine officer.

During preparation for this five-week research trip to sites in the UK in September and October 2007, I soon found myself getting immersed in a world of culture that is now dead but has shaped ours in subtle ways. After completing my genealogy manuscript, *Hello Ancestors*, I decided my next step should delve deeper into medieval history that involved genealogy research of my ancestors. This would involve physically traveling in their footsteps.

I had prepared myself for this ambitious trip by completing the following research:

KEY ANCESTOR DATA FOR THIS TRIP:

King Edward I (Long Shanks) b1239 m 2 Margaret Capet, daughter of King Philip III of France.

Edmund Plantagenet b 1304 m *Margaret Wake*. He was executed because of his loyalty to his half-brother, *King Edward II*. Edward had been murdered in a horrible manner at Berkeley castle by direction of his estranged wife and her lover.

Other later ancestor information is about this same southwestern part of England such as:

My ancestors, leading up to ***Elizabeth Berkeley***, b 1400, built and lived in this castle.

My Dean ancestors go back to Chard south of there with ***William Dean*** b 1580.

My ancestors, ***William White*** and his wife ***Susannah Fuller*** left from Plymouth on the Mayflower a few years after William Dean died.

Joan Plantagenet, b 1335

Granddaughter of *King Edward I*, m 1 my ancestor, ***Thomas***

Holland, Earl of Kent, m 2 annulled, m 3 the famous ***Black Prince***. ***King Richard II*** was their son.

Holland to 1320

Charlton to 1377

Tiptoft to 1400

Dudley to 1425 Their 900 year-old castle is located in Birmingham, Eng.

Mercy Dudley, b 1621 in Oakley, North Hampton, Eng., is my key link

Into royalty. She d 1691, age 70 in Newbury, Mass.

She was married to **John Woodbridge** & had 11 children of whom **Benjamin** was my ancestor. Her father was **Thomas Dudley**-- reelected three times as governor of the Mass. Colony.

Mercy's siblings were ancestors of many famous people in the US.

Lineage continuing to the present are:

Woodbridge -- Clarke -- Dean -- Moulton -- Eliza (Dean) Moulton (my first link into royalty)—**Ladd**

MY ROYALTY ANCESTORS FURTHER BACK TO THE FIRST KING OF ALL OF ENGLAND:

- 840 Alfred the Great** 871-899 59 First king of Wessex but called king of all England. Defeated the Danes near Wantage in 871 where he was possibly born. Knights trained there.
- 989 Edmund II** 1016-1016 26 Called Iron Sides. Son of King Ethelred, the Unready, and famous Queen Emma of Normandy. He was grandfather of saintly Queen St. Margaret of Scotland, my ancestral connection back to the Saxons.
- 1027 William the Conqueror.** 1066-1087 60 Ladds came from Normandy with him and settled in Deal area.
- 1045 St. Margaret** Edinburgh 48 m King Malcolm III of Scotland who reigned from 1058-1093 after killing King Mac Beth in battle. Malcolm was killed, age 62, at battle of Alnwick.
- 1068 Henry I** Son of William the Conq. 1100-1135 67 m Edith of Scotland, daughter of above St. Margaret. D 1074, age 39 in Eng.
- 1104 Matilda of Germany** d 1169 Normandy 65 Headstrong and unpopular Queen-ruler of England for one year, m **Geoffry V Plantagenet**. Parents of Henry II.
- 1132 Henry II** 1154-1189 France 57 m 2 **Eleanor of Aquitaine** who is buried, age 82, at Fontevrault, France. Previously married to **King Louis VII of France**. Was mother of **Richard the Lionheart**.
- 1166 King John** 1199-1216 Newark Castle Called Lackland. Poisoned at age 49.
- 1207 Henry III** 1216-1272 Westminster 65
1239 Edward I 1272-1307 70 Died near Carlisle preparing to again battle the Scotts.

<p>King Alfred the Great – 899</p> <p>King Edward I 875–924</p> <p>King Edgar I 943–975</p> <p>King Etheired (The Unready) 968-1016</p> <p>King William I (The Conqueror) 1027-1087. End of Anglo-Saxon reign and beginning of the Norman after battle of Hastings in 1066.</p> <p>King Henry I 1068-1135 m. Edith of Scotland 1079-1118, d. of Scottish King Malcolm III -1093 and Saint Margaret. Margaret 1045-1093 was paternal granddaughter of Saxon King Edmund II (Ironside) 989-1016 and maternal granddaughter of either King Stephen of Hungary or St. Cunigunde who married St, Henry II of Germany.</p> <p>English Queen Matilda (of Germany) 1104-1169m. 2 Geoffrey V. Plantagenet</p> <p>Henry II 1132-1189 m. 2 Eleanor of Aquitaine 1122-1203.</p> <p>King John (Lackland) 1166-1216</p> <p>King Henry III 1207-1272</p> <p>Edmund Plantagenet 1304-1334 (executed), son of English King Edward 1239-1307 and Margaret Capet 1278-1317 d. of French King Phillip III 1245-1285.</p> <p>Joan Plantagenet 1335-1385 m. Thomas Holland 1320-1360</p> <p>Eleanor Holland 1380-1405</p> <p>Joyce Tiptoft 1430-1470</p> <p>Edmond Dudley 1425-1448 (executed)</p> <p>Thomas Dudley 1576-1653, Served 4 terms as governor of the Mass. Colony. Mercy Dudley 1621-1691</p> <p>Benjamin Woodbridge 1650-1710</p> <p>Deborah Clark 1699-1742</p> <p>Eunice Dean 1790-1875</p> <p>Eliza Moulton 1822-1898 (My great grandmother)</p>	<p>→</p> <p>To Sweden→</p> <p>To Scotland →</p> <p>To Hungary→</p> <p>To France→</p> <p>Same period→</p> <p>→</p>	<p>On back to the earliest Saxon kings</p> <p>On back to the earliest Swedish royalty in Uppsala.</p> <p>On back to the earliest Scottish royalty.</p> <p>William White 1591-1619 m. Susannah Fuller 1594-1680. She m. 2 Edward Winslow, governor of the Plymouth Colony. They came on the Mayflower and it's claimed to be the first Caucasian marriage in the New World.</p> <p>(To the present)</p>
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While studying these historical records, that involved my ancestors who were key links to royalty, I found it difficult to determine their motivating factors, other than to simply gain power and possessions. Historical records seem to merely repeat opinions of the time and overlook the power of ideas that reformed the society of that period such as during the Reformation period that involved the disastrous Thirty-Year War between the Catholics and Protestants.

I was surprised to learn about the earliest writings of the period, such as *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, and *Plantagenet Chronicles* by Gervase, a monk in Canterbury Cathedral and Ralph, Abbot of Coggeshall. Although written shortly after the described events, these works, and others hadn't been fully translated and printed until the current generation.

So modern-day historians are still probing these scanty sources of early writings to better differentiate fact from propaganda, legend or myth. The early prime-source writings describe places and culture of my ancestor's time. They also emphasize God's purpose in events--pointing out moral and religious lessons from the Bible.

Upon returning from this medieval journey, I wondered how to best record my new insights. Then the answer crystallized. Why not use an interview approach similar to getting oral "his story" accounts from war veterans for my earlier book, *Faithful Warriors*? The challenging difference was that these ancestors lived long ago--then I realized that this is like asking questions of persons at historical sites who are dressed and talking "in the period."

I decided to express this deeper insight in the form of first-person dialogue that reflects more personal details about their involvement, emotions, family etc. and I selected only the most interesting of many ancestors. Each dialogue would follow a profile of basic historical information about the individual as a starting point for questions.

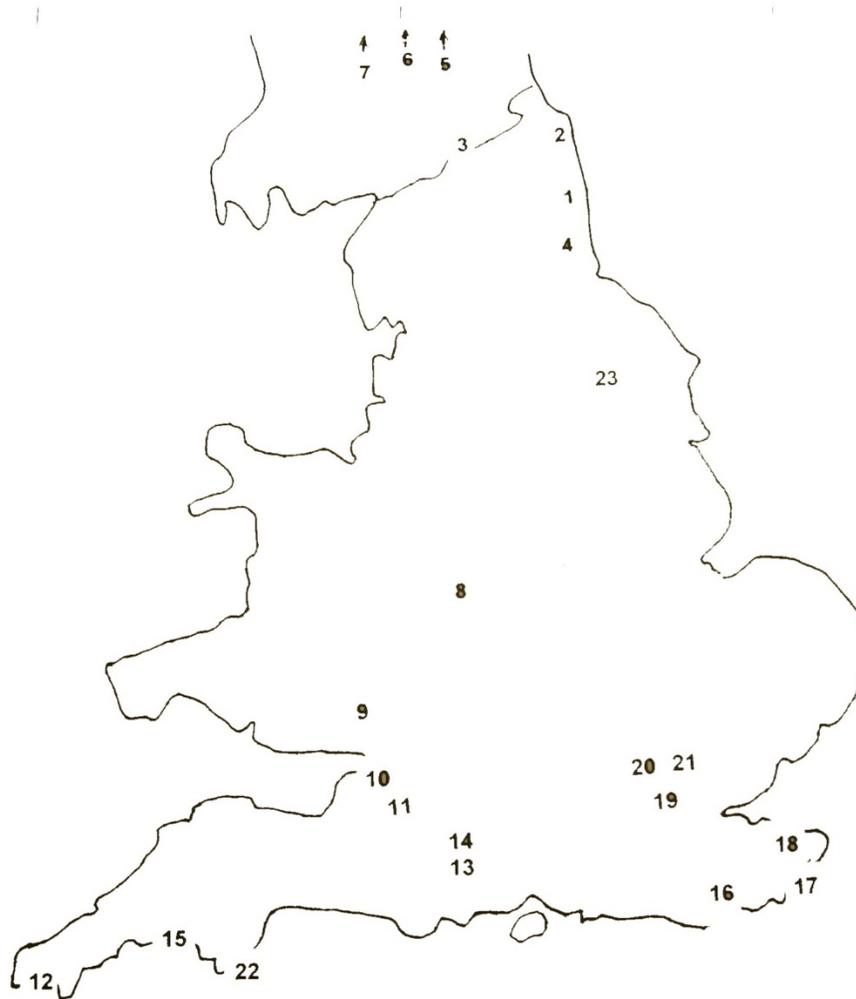
The answers would be crafted, using journalistic license but be soundly based on historical accounts and the latest available information I obtained from personally visiting many museums, castles, abbeys and cathedrals. They would also reflect my observations and discussions with knowledgeable persons during this trip. This became my manuscript, titled *Medieval Quest*.

Refer to the map with other illustrations showing the location and name of the visited UK sites, numbered in the sequence of travel.

On Sept. 1, 2007, after visiting Michele in Wash. DC, I flew on KLM from Wash. DC to Amsterdam, followed by a connecting flight to Newcastle upon Tyne, located in Northumbria on the northeast coast of England.

I was met there by my Friendship Force hosts, Stan and Mary Barnes, who live in a brick home with a beautifully landscaped back yard. Workmen were replacing water supply piping under their front street. I noticed, when asking them about it, that they spoke to each other in an unfamiliar language that I later learned was a local dialect, called Geordie, that still retains origins of the old Anglo-Saxon language.

The city is named for a castle started there in 1080 by my ancestor, King Henry I, son of William the Conqueror. Henry I married Edith, the daughter of my ancestor St. Margaret of Scotland. The site had been the old Roman settlement of Pons Aelius and it eventually became a major coal mining area as well as being among the largest ship building and trade centers in the world.



**LOCATIONS OF UK SITES
VISITED IN 2007 FOR THIS PROJECT**

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Newcastle | 13. Salisbury |
| 2. Alnwick Castle | 14. Old Sarum |
| 3. Hadrian's Wall | 15. Plymouth |
| 4. Durham | 16. Battle of Hastings |
| 5. Edinburgh | 17. Dover |
| 6. Inverness | 18. Canterbury |
| 7. Glasgow | 19. London |
| 8. Dudley Castle | 20. St. Albans |
| 9. Forest of Dean | 21. Waltham |
| 10. Bristol | 22. Dartmouth |
| 11. Bath | 23. York |
| 12. Penzance | |

Durham

I took a bus about 20 miles south of Newcastle for a day at that historic city and toured the cathedral and castle complex with its Castle Green and the nearby part of the University of Durham.

The tombs of the Venerable Bede (673-735), who is a prime source of early history, and St. Cuthbert, known for his miraculous healing powers, are located in the west end of Durham Castle in the Galilee Chapel. Cuthbert's body had been brought here in 995 by the monks at Lindisfarne.

The complex is located on a strategic defense location above the River Wear that was never breached by the Normans. I took several photos looking up to the Castle from the river bridge. The name is derived in some manner from the Celtic language for hill fort.

Ainwick Castle

The next day, we drove north to Ainwick Castle, built following the Norman Conquest--after my ancestor, Scottish King Malcolm III and his eldest son Edward were killed in an ambush as they were reconnoitering the best approach to again attack the Normans. His wife, St. Margaret, died of grief three days later. I looked down toward that area as I walked along the castle's parapet wall.

This is the second largest inhabited castle in the UK after Windsor Castle. It is made up of two main rings of buildings. The main rooms are in the inner ring which surrounds a small courtyard and the outer ring forms a bailey around the central block. There are towers at regular intervals along the walls of the outer bailey. It has been the home of the Percys, who were Earls and Dukes of Northumberland from 1309.

Hadrian's Wall

We then continued northwest about 30 miles to Hadrian's Wall with its fascinating restored auxiliary 800-man Roman fort ruins at a farm site now called Housesteads. The Roman site was formerly known as Vercovicium. This fort had been built a few years after construction of the Wall was begun in AD 122. It has one of the best preserved stone latrines in Roman Britain. The museum includes Roman alters, dedication stones, jewelry, tools and weapons.

We next drove to Vindolanda, an earlier Roman fort site near the village of Bardon Mill. The site has an excellent museum and extensive reconstruction continues. I watched volunteers, doing archaeological excavation, who have recovered such as important military and private correspondence written on wood tablets.

Edinburgh

I stayed two nights, Sept. 6-7, at The Piries Hotel, B & B, located conveniently in Haymarket, Edinburgh. I took a guided city bus tour and spent the remainder of the time at the dominating Edinburgh Castle, finding more about St Margaret and visiting such as the exquisite Scott Monument, Hollyrood (home of the Scottish Parliament), the National Museum of Scotland, St. Giles Cathedral, and the Royal Yacht Britannia at the Port of Leith.

Inverness

I took the train from Edinburgh to Inverness on the northeast coast, with its Inverness Castle overlooking the River Ness, and planned to find a B&B for several days. I was particularly interested to see the highlands and noticed the names of the small towns along the way that became name places in new countries such as Perth, Australia.

Upon arrival there, I was very disappointed when a cab driver informed me that there were no vacancies because of celebrating for the UK winning the Europe cup in soccer the prior day. I had also previously learned that their young people love to party on Saturday nights anyway and furthermore that the alcohol drinking age had been lowered from 21 to 18 several months earlier! My hosts in Newcastle later remarked that they had a problem with the lowered drinking age and didn't know what to do about it!

Glasgow

I decided to not fight the lodging problem in Inverness and instead took the return train back south to Glasgow. Unfortunately, I found the same no vacancy problem there in the packed train station so decided to re-board the train and continued on south to Carlisle.

Hallmark Hotel Carlisle was where I was finally fortunate to find a vacancy in the early morning hours after getting off the wild partying train-ride with empty wine bottles being thrown out of the train windows.

As I walked to a B&B, I passed two young drunk couples fighting each other on the sidewalk. One man was punching the other he had knocked down and the two girls were pulling hair. A pair of policemen stood watching across the street and finally came over to break it up and then went back.

The B&B directed me back to the hotel next to the railroad station where I was fortunate to find a place to sleep, even though the revelers were still shouting until about four in the morning

I slept about seven miles to the east of where my 68 year-old ancestor King Edward I had died of dysentery near Burgh by Sands, while preparing to battle Scotland's Robert Bruce in 1307.

Dudley Castle

I looked toward the castle site ruins about ten miles to the west from my train, as we left the Birmingham train station. My Dudley ancestors, (also named de Somerie) were born and many died in that castle over a period of 350 years. It had become a Royalist stronghold during the English Civil war with Cromwell's Parliamentarians. One can take a virtual tour through it on the internet.

Bristol and Bath

I stayed two nights with my Friendship Force hosts; Ron and Maria Henderson living at 72 Downend Rd, after they met me at the railroad parking lot.

I took a bus and spent an entire day in downtown Bristol, including a boat cruise in the harbor with much history. It included a tour of the first sailing ship that also had a steam engine. Part of the movie, *Amazing Grace*, about the slave trade was filmed here. I boarded the wrong bus, returning to my host's home.

Maria took me on a tour though the city of Bath, with its Roman bath complex. The next day we went to The Forest of Dean, with three of her friends. There, we walked through a fantasy-like woodland at a place called Puzzlewood, near the town of Coleford, followed by a picnic lunch. The site is noted for its fantasy-like tree and rock formations that remain from surface coal digging during the Industrial revolution. The forest inspired Tolkien in writing *The Lord of the Rings*.

Penzance

I was searching for a B&B when an off-duty policeman offered to take me to one he recommended, the Hotel Minalto B&B. It was great with its secluded restful outside seating

area. It was close to the beach and very reasonable. So, I stayed there 5 days. The city is a very pleasant seaside resort with sub-tropical growth due to the warm ocean current.

I walked several miles to the man-made small boat harbor of Mousehole where the boats were lying on their sides at low tide. I thought of my Mayflower ancestors who watched this last bit of England for the last time in their lives as they departed from Plymouth, about 40 miles to the east.

I bused to the picturesque port of St Ives, a popular holiday resort, incorporated in 1639. I thought of my brother, George, being encamped about 15 miles north of there at Newquay, prior to landing at Normandy in WW II.

Salsbury

I stayed three nights at The Old Rectory Bed & Breakfast, owned by an Irishman. I met several interesting guests during breakfast such as a couple from Canada near Niagara Falls, who told about St Anne de Baupre in Quebec that I have visited. They explained that the name refers to St. Anne, the legendary mother of the Virgin Mary. He was a retired mech. engineer, so we had a common background.

I visited the main tourist attraction, Salisbury Cathedral, that was built after Old Sarum had become too small for the growing population, so it was abandoned, and Salisbury was built about five miles south and a new cathedral was completed in record building time. I studied a model of how it was built.

I was surprised to see the effigy of Earl William Montecute displayed in the cathedral. He had married my ancestor Joan Plantagenet, thus making her the thirteen year-old Duchess of Salisbury. That was before the marriage became annulled, after she had revealed her previous secret marriage to my knight ancestor, Sir Thomas Holland.

I took a bus to Old Sarum for a day. It is located at a windy site on a mound about five miles north of Salisbury. I stood on the exact spot of the old castle that I had previously read about. It overlooks other old foundations on lower land to the north that Eleanor of Aquitaine would have gazed at during her twelve boring years of confinement here by her estranged husband, King Henry II. Her chapel is nearby. Looking south, I viewed nearby Salisbury.

On the fourth night, I moved to the Clovelly Hotel, owned by a Mr. Hayden. He advised me that the most direct train route to London was through Paddington Station. That route passed to the north of Plymouth, the Mayflower departure point of my ancestors, William and Susanna White.

Dover

I viewed the Dover shore-line looking south from Dover Castle and imagined my ancestor Eleanor of Aquitaine standing on the same spot doing likewise. I saw where her husband, King Henry II, had held his medieval court. William the Conqueror had built an earlier fort on this commanding location atop the White Cliffs.

A Roman light house stands next to a very early church to the east, overlooking the English Channel. I went through the tunnels under the White Cliffs that were used as command headquarters during WWII.

Battle of Hastings

I walked over the battle site where the Saxons held a defending position on the hill above the town of Senlac and I read all the signs explaining the action.

The English were exhausted after having defeated the Danes and King Harold's rebellious brother about a week earlier at the Battle of Stamford Bridge, a few miles east of York and having force-marched about 450 miles from there to next battle the Normans.

They took a defensive position on the top of the hill with their spears and mighty battle axes. The attacking Normans, wearing chain mail, advanced up the slope led by William with a banner blessed by the pope and bellowing out orders. Then half-way up, the Normans were repulsed, and William immediately seized that as an opportunity to counter-attack with cavalry to surround that group of Saxons.

That afternoon, a Norman cavalry attack was again repulsed by the English. But the English broke ranks, against Harold's orders, to strip the fallen Normans of their expensive chain mail and William again saw this as another opportunity to take the English command post where Harold was killed.

The battle could have ended either way until Harold was killed. English history could have been much different. William had an abbey built where Harold was killed. I later saw where Harold is probably reburied behind Waltham Abbey, north of London. I stayed that night in the Cleveland Guest House B&B

Canterbury Cathedral

The current structure, built in 1070 AD, is one of the oldest and most famous Christian churches in England. As I visited it, I recalled my previous visit with Vera, Janet and my mother in 1976. This time was much more meaningful however, do to my subsequent research about my royalty ancestors. For instance, Arch Bishop Thomas Becket had been assassinated here in 1170 AD by knights of my ancestor, King Henry II, who mistakenly thought they were carrying out his wishes because of poor relations between them. Becket then became a saint and was subsequently venerated by pilgrimages that are told about in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*.

The bronze effigy of Edward the Black Prince is located over his tomb in Trinity Chapel. Saint Becket and The Black Prince are the two prime tourist attractions. I also located the image of his wife—Joan, the Fair Maid of Kent, my ancestor-link into royalty--on one of the ceiling bosses in the basement below his tomb, where the Huguenots later worshiped.

London

I was very pleased, finding Belgravia Rooms, a B&B located on 104 Ebury Street in central London a few minutes' walk from Victoria Station, I stayed there four nights, visiting the major sites of London. I took a tour through Buckingham Palace and exited at the back side that faced a beautiful park area with a pond. The queen was apparently away at the time.

I walked throughout Westminster Abby, where I studied the coronation chair of King Edward I and the burial locations of many royalty, including some of my ancestors. This was indeed where I walked in their footsteps--where they were married, were coronated as king or queen and were finally buried.

I later found further details on the internet. For instance, as I read the tombstones of the many famous poets buried in Poet's Corner, I noticed one that said he died age 152! A docent told me it was well documented that he was the world's oldest man, named Thomas Parr. More questionable details are indeed on the internet.

At the Tower of London, I stood where teenager Lady Jane Grey, was beheaded by Bloody Mary after Jane had been queen for 9 days and wouldn't deny her protestant faith. I looked at the nearby building door where she had previously watched as the headless body of her husband was carted by.

Many other royalty, including Prince Edmund, the father of my ancestor Joan Plantagenet, had also been beheaded here.

I took a great foreboding-like photo of Traitor's Gate, while aboard a Thames River cruise that showed where the condemned royalty was taken through by boat under the Tower wall.

As I walked toward the London Museum, I tripped over an uneven spot in the sidewalk and found myself face-down before I realized what had happened. I got up with the help of a young man walking just behind me who asked if I was alright. I had struck my forehead, that would become a black eye, and had torn the skin on my left hand. I decided to walk several blocks further into the museum to get treated and then tour it with a walking-type chair.

I had toured the British Museum the previous day and was especially interested in the ancient exhibits of the Middle East that are solely in that museum. I took many photos there for further study on the internet.

At that time, I wondered if I should continue with this adventure! Back near the B&B I had talked to a crippled elderly lady with a cane, pushing a shopping cart with her only belongings. She told me this was all she had and slept wherever she could find shelter in doorways off the sidewalk. Her self-sufficient attitude strengthened my resolve to continue my adventure.

I visited the medieval town of St. Albans, a few miles north of London. It was originally the Roman city of Verulamim, which was burned down by the famous Boudica, Queen of a local Celtic tribe. A statue of her is located, facing the Parliament buildings

The St. Albans Abbey was built on the site where the first British Christian martyr was beheaded before 324 AD. The Clock Tower, was built where one of the Eleanor crosses, had been erected by my ancestor, King Edward I after his beloved wife had died on the way to join him in Scotland.

Rebels were hung here and left until they rotted during the Peasant's Revolt in 1381. This was during the time of my ancestor, Joan Plantagenet, when her son, Richard II was King. Two battles were fought here during the Wars of the Roses, which involved my ancestor King Edward IV.

My host Sylvia took me to Waltham Abbey, located in Epping north of London, where I saw the tomb stone of King Harold. He had been reburied there after the battle of Hastings. The Abbey has a 1,000 year history going back to the reign of King Canute and has been rebuilt several times.

The next day, we went to Gilwell Park, which is now a camp site and activity center for scouting groups as well as other youth organizations. The White-house located there had been the home of Gen. Baden Powell, founder of the scouting movement around the world.

I was in York for two days, where I fortunately found The Coach House Hotel B&B, with a restaurant and fireside atmosphere. It was located across the street from Roman structures and was within walking distance of all of the main places to visit, such as the Jorvik Viking Center the National Railway Museum, the Castle Museum, the Yorkshire Museum and Clifford's Tower.

October 7-8, I returned to my original hosts, the Barnes in Newcastle, who took me to the airport for my return flight home.



Above L Salisbury Cathedral.



First sailing ship with a steam engine.



**St. Margaret lowered here from
Edinburgh Castle.**



British Museum.

2008 - August EAST COAST.

This was a very extensive trip of over 3 weeks that began with attending Brien and Kelly's wedding in Ft Lauderdale, FL, followed by nearly a week on the Meyer farm in the St Louis area. Then I visited relatives in New Hampshire for nearly a week, followed by attending a Marine reunion in the Boston area.

During August 18-25 I visited cousins and grave sites of ancestors in New Hampshire.

I accomplished such as the following:

1. I took about, four photos of the Ladd home in Melvin Village, that I had visited as a child. The old shed is still there but my dad's drawing is gone from its door.
2. I visited Brewster Academy in Wolfsboro where aunts Maud and Eunice had attended.
3. I found a photo of dad's first wife, Mae Frost, at the home of Dean Clark (a self employed land surveyor) along with many of dad's letters to his sister, Agnes.
4. I took a Lake Winnepesaukee cruise on the Mt. Washington from Wolfsboro to Weirs and return. "Little Eddie's" (my 2nd cousin) grandfather Lavallee went bankrupt building that ship.

5. Grave sites visited in NH:

George and Juliette (Bickford) Ladd. Back of Melvin Village Church.

Gordon and Eliza (Moulton) Ladd at Hoyt-Ladd-Remick cemetery.

Samuel and Comfort (Dow) Ladd at same cemetery.

Jacob and Eunice (Dean) Moulton at another cemetery. I previously took a photo that is in *Hello Ancestors*. Many Moulton graves photographed to be sorted out.

Clarks--Waldo, Agnes, Raymond, Evelen etc. at Laconia Lakeside cemetery.

Jesse Tilton Sr. My 3-greats grandfather through Juliette at Weed's Mills Cemetery. He died June 22, 1845 @ 72. His wife, Polly, was possibly Indian per my cousin, Raymond.

because of there being no marker. That line could possibly extend back to a Winnepesaukee Indian village and go back even to Chief Wonalancet, who was friendly with the early settlers in about 1676.

Jesse Tilton Jr. and Mahala.

Maj. Aron Quinby (Revolutionary War) vet buried there also. d, 1819 @ 78, m. Molly d, Aug. 25, 1825 @ 83.

Juliett's grandmother, Mahala (maiden name?), 1811-1880, d. @ 69, m. Jesse Jr. d.1847 @79. Their home was at Wonalanset and graves abt. 2 miles south.

Juliett's mother, Sarah Jane Tilton 1831-1898 d. @ 79. Juliette (Bickford), 1856-1934 @78. m. George Ladd, 1855-1937 @ 82.

The Bickford home was abt, 1.7 miles east of Wonalanset and their graves are abt. 1.5 miles south east of their home.

I visited the following grave sites at Lakeside Cemetery in Laconia with

Wayne Hackett and took the following photos:

William Moulton, 1802-1896 & Susan Martin, 1861-1895.

Charles Piper, 1869-? & Belle, 1870-1912.

Hezekiah B. Piper, 1829-1893 & wife.

Abbie O Dow, 1852-1922

Nellie M. Hackett, 1862-1915

Andrew Hackett, 1893-1965 & wife Maud (Ladd) 1890-1951.

Evelyn (Clark) Pendleton, 1916-2005.

Wayne Hackett at Pendleton graves.

Dean at graves of Waldo Clark, 1877-1959, Agnes (Ladd), 1886-1975 and Raymond Clark, 1915-2002.

Brodhead graves; Andrew, 1886-1965, Eunice (Ladd), 1893-1955, Virginia Brodhead, 1920-1950.

John M. Dow, 1844-1918 & wife Alice, 1852-1937.

Hosiah R. Robie, 1821-1898 & wife Olive, 1827-1894.

H. Bickford, 1843-1918 & Wife Mary, 1838-1913 & son, Harry, 1870-1932.

Joseph S. Tilton, 1827-1892 (Masonic).

I visited the following cousins:

Jan (Niles) Beaudoin and her husband Richard--Ken Durgin and wife, Sherry Nancy Durgin and husband--Ernie Hackett and wife, Beverly (my last remaining 1st cousin from dad's family)--Wayne Hackett and wife, Betty--Kieth Hackett and wife, Etta. Tom Zajchowski and wife, Kathy--Dean Clark and wife Audris--Edward (Little Eddie) Lavallee and wife Sandra. Lavallee--David G. Clark and wife, Michelle--Gary Stone--David C. Ladd (grandson of dad's favorite cousin, Byron Ladd)--David Phelps, married to Wayne Hackett's sister, Rhonda.

Had breakfast with the Ladd/Hackett family at Gilford, NH August, 2008.



Clockwise from me (second from the right) are: Rhonda (Hackett) & David Phelps, Etta and Keith Ladd, Emile & wife Bev, Marie Lester (Betty Hackett's mother), Wayne Hackett & wife Betty, her friend Edith, and Gayle her son.

2009 - Sept.-Oct. DANUBE / RHINE RIVER CRUISE AFTER OTHER EVENTS ON THE EAST COAST.

I did extensive traveling this year. About Sept. 1, I went to Wash. DC to attend the wedding of Mary Alice and John Domenica in Wash. DC along with Kathie, Janet and her daughters, Katy and Jenny. We visited many historic sites together.

Following that, I attended a Marine reunion Sept. 15-19 in Nashville, TN. I returned home for about 2 weeks and then departed with a Spokane group on the following river cruise:

On Oct. 3-17, I went on a fantastic 14-day river cruise from Budapest, Hungary to Amsterdam on the MS Avalon Artistry with about 178 English-speaking passengers from the US, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and the UK. The cost, including flight but excluding about ten additional excursions, was \$5,879.00. It would be much more than that today.

Our group of 15 from Spokane included:

Ernie Becker (with whom I shared a cabin), Pat Bradley, Jackie Crane, Helen Dunn, Denise Fanazick, Jerrilyn Hawkes, Chuck Heitman, Tудie Hewson, Will Hewson, Lonna Lehman, Del and Jeannette Liljegren, Ann Lungo, Bev Mcnutt and Anita Morphy.

The itinerary was:

Budapest—Bratislava, Slovakia--Vienna—Durnstein—Melk—Linz—Cesky Krumlov—Passau—Regensburg---the Danube Gorge--Weltenburg-- Nuremberg—start of the new Main-Danube Canal—Bamberg—Wurzburg—Miltenberg—Rudesheim—Cologne—Amsterdam and Volendam Village. We went through 68 locks on the Danube, the Maine-Danube canal and the Rhine and past 29 castles along the Rhine.

The flight schedule outbound was from Spokane on USA 408 to Denver---on Lufthansa (LH 447) from Denver to Frankfort, Germany—on LH 3444 from Frankfort to Budapest, Hungary. Return was from Amsterdam to Denver and then to Spokane.

We were welcomed at the Budapest airport on Sunday morning, Oct. 4 and were at leisure, walking about the city before taking a coach to the ship.

Upon boarding the MS Avalon, we were served a welcome drink, had a briefing and a safety drill, followed by dinner--while being entertained with Gipsy and other music.

The next morning, after breakfast, we took a city tour of Budapest and later that afternoon drove to St. Andrew Village, a famous Baroque town that has retained its historical Bohemian culture.

Historic Budapest, spanning the Danube River with seven bridges, was two separate cities before 1873. Ancient Buda, on the hill to the west with an enormous palace and the magnificent Mathias Church, became capital of Hungary in 1867. Pest has the Parliament Building and St. Stephen's Basilica. St. Stephen, the first King of Hungary, was possibly the great uncle of my ancestor, St. Margaret of Scotland. Margaret and her mother were on there way to be with him for protection but instead were blown off course north to Scotland.

On Oct 6, we toured Bratislava, today's capital of Slovakia, situated in the Carpathian Mountains a few miles north from the Hungarian border. It is a beautiful old city with its Town Hall, Mirbach Palace and Gothic Cathedral of St. Martins, where Hungarian coronations were held in the era of Maria Theresa.

For many centuries, Slovakia was little more than a battlefield for the ambitions of Hungary, Austria and the Turkish Empire. Today, its textile, chemical, oil and metal industries are offset by pleasant forests, vineyards and farm land.

On Oct. 7, we toured Vienna, the capital of Austria, which was once the center of the mighty Hapsburg Empire. We visited the lavish Hofburg Palace with its royal apartments, library, chapel and stables for the renowned Spanish Riding School. There was also the Belvedere Palace with all its art and the Schonbrunn Summer Palace, with its beautiful extensive gardens. Then, we visited the Vienna Opera House, the majestic Ring Boulevard and the grandiose Gothic St. Stephen's Cathedral. That evening we listened to a Royal Waltz Concert in the Kursalon.

After that, we sailed overnight to Melk and nearby Durnstein, Austria where Richard the Lion Heart was held prisoner by Duke Leopold V of Austria in the hilltop castle here. After a falling-out during the 3rd Crusade in 1192, at the end of the siege of Acre, he was held prisoner for a huge ransom. He was the son of my ancestor, Eleanor of Aquitaine, who raised the massive English ransom for his release. I had seen where much of that money

was spent on grand structures in Vienna. His brother, King John, noted for reluctantly signing the Magna Carta, was her other son and my ancestor.

We then sailed through the Wachau Valley to Melk with its massive magnificent Benedictine Abbey. It is one of Europe's largest monasteries and dominates the town with a view from its terrace overlooking the Danube and surrounding countryside. It was reconstructed in 1702 on the site of an earlier fortress built in 976 and before that, a Roman fortress built in the 1st Century AD.

The next morning, Oct. 9, our ship docked, and we boarded a bus going through the Czech Republic countryside to the picturesque medieval town of Cesky Krumlov, stretching over the meandering Vitava River. It is a UNESCO World Heritage Site with the second largest castle complex in that country and the oldest Baroque theater in the world. We had dinner back aboard ship and were entertained by local Bavarian music.

The next morning, we docked at Passau, Germany near the northwestern Austrian border. It is situated at the confluence of the Danube, Inn and Llz Rivers where the Romans had built a fortress in 30 AD. Napoleon had remarked that in Germany he had never seen a more beautiful town. St. Stephen's Cathedral has about 1,000 sculpted figures and an organ, claimed to be the largest in the world with 17,774 pipes and 231 registers!

On Saturday, Oct. 10, we docked at Regensburg, Germany and did a walking tour during the morning. We had a mid-morning snack among a lively group of Bavarian young men, wearing lederhosen and drinking beer. It was at Germany's oldest sausage kitchen, overlooking the Old Stone Bridge. We watched as a wedding party was boarding for a river cruise to the send-off of four Bavarian dressed musicians playing "um pa pa" music.

That afternoon, we re-boarded and sailed through the Danube Gorge and then visited the Abbey of Weltenburg. We then re-boarded and sailed for Nuremberg Germany, while enjoying the evening with the "Chef's Gala Dinner" and musical entertainment.

On Sunday, we had a morning lecture about how the recently built Maine-Danube Canal operates its series of locks to connect to the Rhine River.

We then coached to Nuremberg, with its fabulous Gothic churches and excellent patrician houses. This was where the WWII trials of the main Nazi war criminals were held. I stood on the same platform where Hitler incited a large audience of many thousands in 1933. Also, I went through the National Museum that accurately displayed such events as Hitler Youth and the extermination of the Jews. It also has an unrivaled collection of German medieval and Renaissance art.

We then sailed overnight and early morning, through the very impressively engineered Maine-Danube Canal, to medieval Bamberg. There we had a walking tour until noon that took us along the south bank of the fast moving water in the narrow Werkkanal, that split around civic buildings on an island.

Down-stream we saw an old boat cargo handling device and an old slaughter building. The old city is a UNESCO World Heritage Site, dating back to 902. Pope Clement II was buried in the Bamberg Cathedral after his death in 1047. It burned down, and the present cathedral was consecrated in 1237.

We then re-boarded for medieval Wurzberg and made a walking tour on the morning of Tuesday, Oct. 13. It had been mostly destroyed during WWII, but has since been rebuilt much in the original style.

We took a guided tour of the fascinating Baroque Palace of the Prince Bishops with all its many rooms and paintings, especially on the ceilings. Then, we continued walking through the city center and across the bridge over the River Main.

I was particularly interested in the 8 foot statues of ancient leaders along the north side of the bridge. One statue was that of St. Cunigunde (979-1033), possible wife of St. Henry II (973-1024), Holy Roman Emperor of Germany. She could also possibly be the grandmother of my 32nd great grandmother, St. Margaret of Scotland (1045-1093). This relationship is according to the royalty database where I normally start in *Family Origins*, however that relationship still remains uncertain according to other sources. I had previously seen her other statue in the Bamberg Cathedral, next to that of St. Stephen. He was the first king of Hungary and is related to her in some close way. She is buried there.

There were too many other places of interest to visit such as The Main Fortress, that houses the Main-Franconian Museum. It was captured by Swedish troops during the horrible Thirty Years War 1618-1648.

That afternoon, we coached about 35 miles southeast along the Romantic Road, that I had driven in the opposite direction in 1976 with my mother and daughter Janet, to the quaint medieval city of Rothenberg. It is on the Tauber River, completely surrounded by its city walls. It had escaped destruction from the Thirty Years War and WW II bombing.

We went on an orientation tour and then explored on our own among the fascinating building structures and walked along the top of the city wall for a great view of the city with a thousand years of history.

Some of the historical sites are the Town Hall Tower, the Historical Vaults, St. Jacob's Church, Imperial Town Museum, Christmas Museum, Doll and Toy Museum, and the Medieval Crime Museum. We didn't have time to go through most of them though and merely viewed them as we walked by.

We sailed overnight to the Bavarian city of Miltenberg, located on the Main River between the Odenwald Forest and the scenic Spessart region. After an on-board buffet lunch, we went on a guided walking tour from the ship with headsets from 1:30 to 5:45, into the center of the town, that has thrived on income from river traffic. I was enthralled, taking photos of the picturesque buildings with their half-timbered facades.

Some places of historical interest are the site of a Roman fortress, built in 100 AD for defense against the barbarians across the Rhine, and Miltenburg Castle which was started in 1200 AD. The Market Square has several interesting half-timbered houses, grouped around a fountain dating from 1538. The City Museum, with a window from 1611, covers two thousand years of history.

We re-boarded and sailed overnight to Rudesheim that included a happy-hour and briefing about the next day's port of call. We arrived there shortly after noon and boarded a private small mini train to the downtown area.

There, we took a 45 minute tour through the famous Siegfried's Museum of 16th-century self-playing mechanical musical instruments. We saw a massive 32 ton bronze Niederwald Monument approached by a chair lift but didn't take it. Following the free time, we met for a taste of Rudesheimer coffee before walking back to our ship.

That afternoon, we sailed through the Rhine Gorge, passing the 430 foot high cliff location that caused ships to founder in the treacherous current where the river narrows drastically. Several poem Lorelei legends were written in the early 1800s about this gorge.

The most known one is about a beautiful maiden who sat on the rock, combing her long hair and singing to lure mariners to their death.

The approx. 40 miles, extending further down the river between Bingen and Koblenz, epitomizes the romantic notion of the river's natural beauty in most people's eyes. There are imposing fortress/castles, quaint villages, remote chapels and precipitous vineyards. I realized that our town of Bingen on the Columbia River is named after this one. It is noted for a famous abbey, built by Abbess Hildegard of Bingen who died in 1179.

The next morning, we arrived near the Cologne Bridge entry and took a 3-hour guided walking tour of the city with its famous Gothic Cathedral, begun in 1248. It was the only structure left standing after WWII bombing had destroyed 90 percent of the old city.

The city has a heritage second to none in Germany, going back to a Roman fortress in 50 BC. There is a museum at the site. After the departure of the Romans, Cologne became part of the kingdom of the Franks in the 5th century. Germany's oldest city hall tower was built here starting in 1414.

We then sailed all night, while having a gala farewell dinner with the captain--since this was the final segment of the cruise. After a briefing, we docked north of Amsterdam's town center and debarked at about 11:00 AM the next morning.

We walked among many bicycle riders, continuing through the Central Train station of 700 year-old Amsterdam, and on to where thousands of bicycles were parked near where we boarded a boat for a canal cruise, lasting nearly two hours.

We then re-boarded our ship for a buffet lunch before being bused that afternoon through the Holland countryside to a real working windmill near where we tasted some famous Dutch cheese and continued on to the quaint old fishing village of Volendam. It is located on land that was created by a levee. We returned home on Sunday, Oct. 18 from Amsterdam's Schiphol airport.



Starting river cruise from Budapest.



Danube River Gorge.

2010 - Aug. 24-27 MARINE REUNION AT RENO, NEV.

2010 - Sept. TARAWA TRIP.

A month after the above reunion, I returned to Tarawa with active-duty Marines to repatriate WW II remains. During the previous Second Marine Division Association (SMDA) reunion in Reno, I had volunteered to represent the SMDA and accompany a Second

Marine Division group, going to Tarawa to bring back recovered remains. I had already returned twice and written about it, so I could be a good history resource.

I had a perfect one-week adventure being treated like royalty with all expenses paid. I went with an outstanding group for the prime mission of performing a repatriation ceremony at Tarawa on 20 September.

The operation involved 21 active-duty Marines from the Second Marine Division in Camp Lejeune, Marine Corps Pacific (MARCORPAC) in Hawaii, the Joint POW/MIA accounting command (JAPAC) in Hawaii, and crews with two C-130 aircraft from Okinawa (one was a backup). The impetus for this kind of mission came as a result of a "Sense of Congress", about recovering US remains, drafted by U.S. Rep. Dan Lipinski.

I gave a briefing to the entire group about the Tarawa battle turning points as we gathered at Kwajalein, in the Marshall Islands before boarding a C-130 military flight to Tarawa. The pilot invited me to sit in the co-pilot's seat and I was particularly interested, looking down as we passed Makin Island of Carlson's Raiders fame.

Later, upon returning to Kwajalein, I stood where nine of the Carlson's Raiders, who had been left behind on Makin, were captured there and later beheaded here. Their remains are still not found.

We stayed on Tarawa for about five hours, touring Betio and finally performing a ramp ceremony at the airport. The tour involved a quick walk along the length of Green Beach 1 and 2 and Red Beach 1 and 2, careful to not step into human dung remaining since the previous tide. Yes, things haven't changed much! Most locals still live in thatched or corrugated sheet, open-sided houses, and sit on floor mats.

Our group stopped at the SMDA memorial installed in 1988 near the new pier approach for photos of our group standing in front of it. We learned that debris and weeds had to be removed before we arrived. Likewise, New Zealanders recently had a ceremony at their memorial on Betio for their beheaded coast watchers and found it desecrated with filth. Abandoned cars and other debris lie along the only road that links the string of small islets between Betio on the southwestern end of the atoll to the airport about 20 miles away near the eastern end.

While looking at the 8-inch naval gun on the southwest tip of Betio, I again pondered how it was still pointing toward our troop transports location. This had forced them to move further out of range, thus delaying our landing arrival in time to barely clear the reef as hoped.

We stayed two nights at Kwajalein, both going and returning, which has been a high-tech missile tracking site since WWII. The Lejeune group and I thanked Charles Harjo, Protocol Officer on Kwajalein, for his assistance and inviting us to his home to feast on a Wahoo fish he had caught.

Other JAPAC personnel had been on Tarawa from 4 August, searching at about six various sites and recovering two remains in the front yard of a home near the ocean-side across from the Red Beach 1 cove. Those were the ones we brought back for identification in Hawaii. There are still over four hundred more missing remains being searched for by using ground-penetrating radar, but most will likely be non-recoverable because of being under buildings and roads. One of the best known to find is Medal of Honor recipient, 1st Lt. Alexander (Sandy) Bonnyman, whose remains were finally recovered in July 2015 near where he died assaulting a bunker in from Red Beach 3.

The leadership of our group were: Col John Shafer, CO of the 6th Marine Regiment, LTCol Steve Nuggent with MARCORPAC and Col John Cunningham, Col Garry Shaw (Ret), Army Maj Ramon Osorio (publicist), and an archaeologist with JAPAC.

Col Shafer and I flew to Kwajalein Atoll's northern-most island of Roi-Namur our last day on Kwajalein. The Fourth Marine Division had landed there about two months after Tarawa and applied lessons learned from Tarawa, such as establishing artillery to provide supporting fire from nearby small islets, The Japanese had constructed many large bunkers and defense gun emplacements similar to on Tarawa which our naval gun fire readily destroyed.

Others, attending the airport ceremony, were the American Ambassador, Douglas Morris, from Fiji and Kurt Hiete (my age), from California near Eddie Albert's home. Kurt had been on Tarawa for a week before us and has been very active for a year and a half with various government and private groups. Some of these are Mark Noah's *History Flight*, and *Return to Tarawa* author, Leon Cooper, who are very actively pursuing and urging a more effective follow-up in the on-going search for remains, as well as promoting a cleaner environment. Local leaders are supportive but face the difficulty of being a poor and over populated area that is facing sea inundation.

Others, in attendance, were various local leaders such as my old friend, David Yeeting, who attended our 1986 SMDA California chapter reunion in Santa Cruz, California and stayed at my nearby home. He had represented his country's president. He has since served as secretary for many of his governmental ministries, before retiring, and currently as a government consultant. Meeting him again was a major outcome of this trip for me because he remains an excellent contact for us and wants to keep in touch.

I also briefly talked to the local Police Chief and gave him a photo I had taken of their police band who had participated in our 40th anniversary ceremony there in 1983. Two of his motorcycle police led our bus over a half hour's drive each way to and from Betio with sirens constantly blaring, clearing traffic on the narrow unpaved road and creating great attention from the locals.

Our mission was covered by CNN, The Associated Press, and various military PR. The AP portion was picked-up by news papers world-wide and on the Web. The American ambassador, who came from Fiji, had 26 photos of the ceremony placed on the Web which can be accessed by "US Embassy Suva's Photos-JPAC Repatriation Ceremony"

2013 - Sept. 10-14 Marine reunion in Chicago, IL

I stayed one night with Steve Weingartner, co-author of my book who lives near there in La Grange Park. The rest of the nights I stayed at the Hilton Hotel reunion location in nearby Lisle. Steve drove me through the Chicago downtown area, with its many skyscrapers and along the spectacular lake shoreline.

The major reunion events were: walking through the main tourist area on the Downtown Navy Pier, lunch and walking through Cantigny Park with its military museum. We finished at the Columbia Yacht Club, on a previous ocean liner, for the 2nd Division's 64th annual reunion banquet.

2014 - May 2-12 RETURN TO NEW ZEALAND AND TARAWA.

I again returned to NZ and Tarawa. This fourth time to Tarawa was with a group of five other combat veterans from across the nation, funded by *The Greatest Generation*

Foundation. We were treated like royalty for three days in Wellington, New Zealand and were joined on Fiji for TV coverage by CBS for four days on Tarawa.

The prime purpose was for the veterans, to witness missing in action (MIA) site recovery activity by volunteer workers with Mark Noah's *History Flight*. Then to participate in a repatriation ceremony for recovered remains from the WW II battle, as they were placed in a C-130 aircraft for delivery to Hawaii for identification.

This followed a three-day visit to Wellington, NZ, where we had participated in various wreath laying ceremonies and were honored like royalty by the New Zealanders with TV and newspaper coverage.

THE SEVEN IN OUR TOUR GROUP WERE: (All but Perkins and Noah have died)

Bowden, A J .

Daigle, C J

Ladd, Dean deanladd2@gmail.com

Morrow, James

Noah, Mark History Flight group guide. markelliotnoah@me.com

Perkins, Wendell

Woodward, Dean

Bowden, Daigle, Morrow and Woodward all died over the following two years.

THOSE MET IN NEW ZEALAND WERE:

Barrett, Ruth Parima Library, rbarrett@pcc.govt.nz

Benge, Richard Deputy Chair, Kapiti Marine Trust,

Dreaver, Anthony ajen@paradise.net.nz

Fordyce, Linda Pataka Museum, lfordyce@pcc.govt.nz

Hickling, Garth

Johnson, Stan, TAKA

Love Trudy, Chaman (Jean Andrew's daughter)

Mears, David daverobmears@xtra.co.nz

Mercer, Ray

Nyhan, Greg

Nyhan, Tracy Westpac,

Ramshaw, Jennifer, jramshaw@paradise.net.nz

Rowan, Jenny Chairperson, Kapiti Marine Trust, jenjods@xtra.co.nz

Walsh, Mike Ministry of Foreign Affairs & Trade,

Webber, Allie (Kusset)

Willets, Justin Ph. 64 4 232 2795, met on plane from Wellington to Auckland.

MISC. OTHERS:

Baker, Kristen N. History Flight archeologist, Pn. 706 769 0423, krisnbaker@gmail.com

Branbants, Pam

Esquivel, Sgt Monica R. , mrevusmc@yahoo.com

Folsom, Don Toledo, OH, Ph. 1 419 693 5772, Met at LAX USO on return from trip. Landed on Green Beach 1

Friberg, Erik efriberger@ohchr.org

Frye, John History Flight, 360-918-2922,

Haywood, Geoff geoff.haywood@gmail.com

Hefner, Joe T JPAC-CIL,

Holborow, Janet janetholborrow@gmail.com
Ingraham, Rob JPAC, robert.c.ingraham3.civ@mail.mil
Johnson, Patty Anderson
Keim, Maj Larry USMC (ret), 15 Matatva Rd. Raumatia Beach 5032, NZ
Neeley, Richard, SSgt,
Reid, Chip CBS News,
Schwimmer, Paul V. History Flight, A Scott Foundation,
paulcarborlandinc.com
Toplis, Caroline
Towey, Megan CBS News, toweym@cbsnews.com
Tucker, Lee JPAC, lee.o.tucker.civ@mail.mil

SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF THE TRIP WERE:

1. Missing passport panic before leaving NZ and then were joined for the rest of the trip at Nadi, Fiji by Chip Reid and Megan Towey with CBS.
2. We stayed at the luxurious Weston Hotel and had dinner served on the sandy beach.
3. We laid-over at LA airport in the USO facility going and coming. I talked to a retired fireman, Nate M. Berman, 1/6, who was on both Guadalcanal and Tarawa. He had met Barney Ross, who had matched him with another person who knocked him out. Said he was matched because Barney felt he was the only one who could stand up against the other boxer. He does the *Follow Me* cartoons. His address is 3932 Albright Ave. LA 90066, Phone 310 397 7002.
4. Kurt Hiete hosted us coming and going. I phoned Roy Roush who couldn't make it because of a doctor appointment and also couldn't when we returned because his wife had a Dr. appointment.
5. We had a reception at Betio with the mayor and city council in a maneaba (Meeting House) with dancing and singing. I spoke my *Curtains of Fire* poem as it was being translated into the local language.
6. There was great intermixing with other Marines and personnel from JPACI.
7. I searched for the location of the blockhouse where Adm. Shibasaki died.
8. Pigs and dogs roamed loose, rummaging through the garbage, and eating human feces.
9. I listened to a nearby church service with much singing at the shopping center near the dig sight.
10. Mark was an exceptional leader, handling our luggage and passports, and his volunteer members were highly motivated.
11. There was a beautiful sunset, with clouds and a rainbow, on Green Beach near the big gun. One of Mark's volunteers remarked to one of the native girls about how beautiful she was and there was later joking about finding her slippers in his car.
12. We stayed at a locally operated Tarawa hotel with self-help meals.
13. We walked to the island's northwest point through village life. There were human feces on the beach and near the dwellings where we walked. Children were dancing and singing as we passed by. The location of New Zealand coast watcher's remains is still unknown.
14. I sat next to a UN person on the flight to Tarawa to attend a workshop there regarding human rights.

15. I met my old Tarawa friend, David Yeeting, at our hotel and later talked to an Australian at the Tarawa flight check-out office. He mentioned that he had recently hired David, who is now working as a consultant for the Tarawa Ministry of Labor.
16. There is concern about human slavery trafficking off-shore, aboard ship. Yeeting's daughter was an attorney, attending the same workshop with others from around the world.
17. I talked to a Red Cross woman from Australia and to a Coast Guard commander, attending the same workshop.
18. We watched the excavation process--digging carefully around skeleton findings, brushing the soil off and then rocking a screen box to collect the smaller pieces.
19. The morning we left, we were shown remains of 4 more--2 wearing wedding rings and exposing such as a gas mask and a shin bone.
20. Dean Woodward, one of our group, demonstrated how his donated water filters operated. A bare-footed church singing group performed over the recovery site, followed by their pastor speaking in English.
21. I reminisced at the location where I had been wounded by a machine gun, located behind the sea wall. Then I walked to the end of the new pier about 50 yards to the east for another view perspective of where I nearly lost my life.
22. The space toward the beach from Shoup's CP location had been used as a garbage dump after WW II but is now filled over as a memorial site. The older memorial monuments have also been relocated inland.
23. Mark showed me where John Duffy's remains had been recovered. He had attempted to treat my wound with sulfa powder.
24. We discussed the declining trend of native culture. The Betio mayor saw us off at the return flight from Tarawa to Nadi. Then he boarded the same flight and sat back of me. I gave him my card.
25. There was an old native-style building near the flight check-in reception site that is approached by a rickety looking pier from the shore. It looked old but is actually fairly new. In the reception center I took pictures of books about Tarawa and native handmade articles on sale.
26. Volunteer Paul Schwimmer saw me off from LA to Spokane. He is a surveyor, returning to his business. While unearthing remains, he took it to heart, referring to them as "his boys"!
27. Chip Reid and Megan Towey of CBS joined us for 4 days on Tarawa for coverage on national TV. He had been an imbedded reporter in Afghanistan. She had been a ballerina performing in San Francisco and London.
28. Dean Woodward had been a radio man on the beach near Shoup's CP and sent the well known message "Issue is in doubt but we are winning". He stayed in the communication field for the rest of his life including serving in the White House during the period of Eisenhower and Truman. He traveled with Truman a lot, setting up communications. One time he dropped a dime and Truman picked it up.
29. A.J. Bowden was one of only three who survived when his LVT was struck by an anti-boat gun and burst into flames.
30. We were met at the Wellington airport by the Kapiti host group with about 6 early 30's classic cars.

31. Large colored photos of us were displayed in the main Wellington newspaper. We were also on the TV evening news and, while we walked down the Wellington streets, people welcomed us, saying that they had seen us in the news.

32. Nola, my NZ girl friend of seventy years prior, met us during the ceremony in Queen Elizabeth Park at Paekakariki. We were welcomed by a Jass band of about eight and were joined by eight active duty Marines who had joined us from Darwin, Australia. One of them, a captain, is the grand son of Gen. Lejeune, who led Marines in WW I and later became commandant of the Marine Corps. I laid a wreath during that ceremony.

33. We stayed three nights at the Wellesly Boutique Hotel, which was a VIP hotel during WW II that has been refurbished. I shared a room with C.J. Daigle in the Gen. Freiberg room, named after the NZ commanding general on Crete and North Africa. Daigle is a ret. Marine Corp major who served in 3 wars—WW II, Korea and Viet Nam and had been a recruit drill instructor.

34. I discussed training with Mark's volunteer, an Army Special Forces vet, who described the very intense training required to become a medic with them--only 10% make it out of only a select hand-picked original group.

35. I laid a wreath in a ceremony at the war memorial in Wellington which is undergoing a major expansion.

36. Travel time returning was 3 hrs to Fiji, 4 hrs layover in Fiji in a VIP lounge, 12 hrs to LA, 5 hours layover in LA and 3 hours to Spokane for a total of 25 hours.



With Nola, my WWII NZ girlfriend, at our camp



At the Tarawa recovery site.



**Those involved at the ramp ceremony at the
Tarawa airport**

Reception at the Betio Town Council