

Mac-Alasdair Clan



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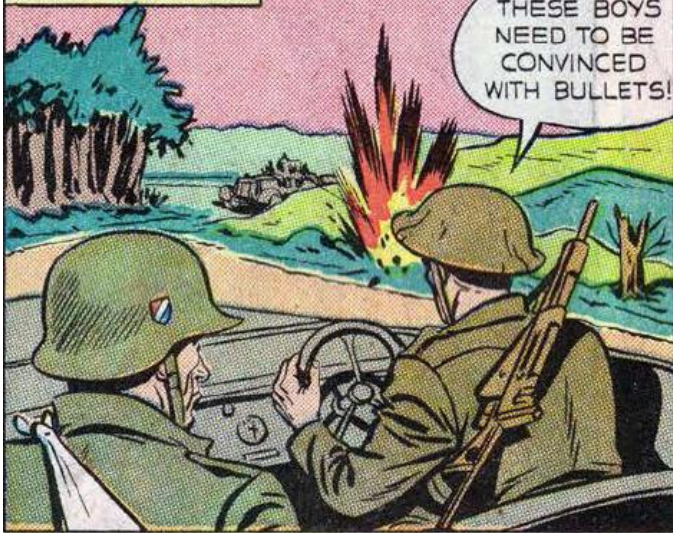


The Veterans Issue

Featuring stories
and pictures of
McAlisters who
served bravely in
defense of their
country.

(ALSO INSIDE: The true story of
Here Earl "Scotty" McAllister
continued on page 35.)

SUDDENLY A GERMAN SQUAD CAR
ATTACKED!



THESE BOYS
NEED TO BE
CONVINCED
WITH BULLETS!

WITH A FEW WELL PLACED SHOTS, SCOTTY
KNOCKED OUT THE GERMAN MACHINE.



WE
SURRENDER!

NOW YOU'RE
TALKING
SENSE.

HEADING BACK TO CAMP WITH HIS DOUBLE BAG OF PRISONERS, HE WAS STOPPED BY A
MEMBER OF THE FRENCH PATRIOT FORCES.

FRENCH FIGHTERS HAVE THIRTY GERMANS
SURROUNDED IN THE WOODS. BUT WE
HAVE NO ARMS. WE NEED A TANK.



TANK, NOTHING! I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THEM MYSELF! THESE JERRIES OF
MINE CAN WALK BACK TO CAMP.

SCOTTY DROVE HIS CAPTURED GERMAN
MACHINE DOWN A WOODLAND ROAD.



THE GERMANS
ARE SHELLING US!

THOSE ARE CANADIAN
GUNS! THEY THINK I'M
A GERMAN BECAUSE OF
THIS CAR. I'LL HAVE TO
ABANDON IT.

PROCEEDING ON FOOT, SCOTTY LOCATED THE
GERMANS AND SHOT OVER THEIR HEADS.



YOU'RE SURROUNDED!
LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS!

DON'T SHOOT!
WE GIVE UP!

Continued on the inside-back cover.

Mac-Alasdair Clan

*Quarterly Journal of
Clan McAlister of America*

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Volume 30, Number 4, Winter 2020

In this Issue

- 2 U.S. Declares War – WWII**
Profiles of many McAlister descendants that fought in WWII
- 8 In the China-Burma-India (CBI) Theater**
By Robert Marcus McAllister
- 12 More McAlisters That Served in WWII**
- 14 Gerald Vincent Sullivan and the Red Bull Division**
By Nancy Hudson
- 15 Decoration Day – A Poem of Remembrance**
By Donald McAllister Sanford
- 16 Howard McAlister and the USS Biloxi**
By Jeremy McAlister, his grandson
- 20 From Camp Lucky Strike to Steyr, Austria**
By James F. McAlister, 71st Infantry Division
- 24 Pershing Edward “P.E.” MacAllister**
By Sandy MacAllister, his daughter
- 26 Aubrey McAlister – A Navy Correspondent**
- 27 Profiles of A05 Veterans**
By William Donald “Ole Hickory Don” McAlister
- 32 James Alfred Self**
By Hunt Self, his son
- 33 Veterans of Other Wars**
- 34 McAllister Generations in Service**
By Patrick McAllister
- 35 Earl Henry “Scotty” McAllister**
By Joyce McAllister Morrison, his sister, and Joyce Morrison Mason, his niece
- 38 SS Clan Macalister at Dunkirk**
By Lynn McAlister, CMA Historian
- 41 Sybert Maurice “SM” McAllister**
- 43 Acknowledgment**

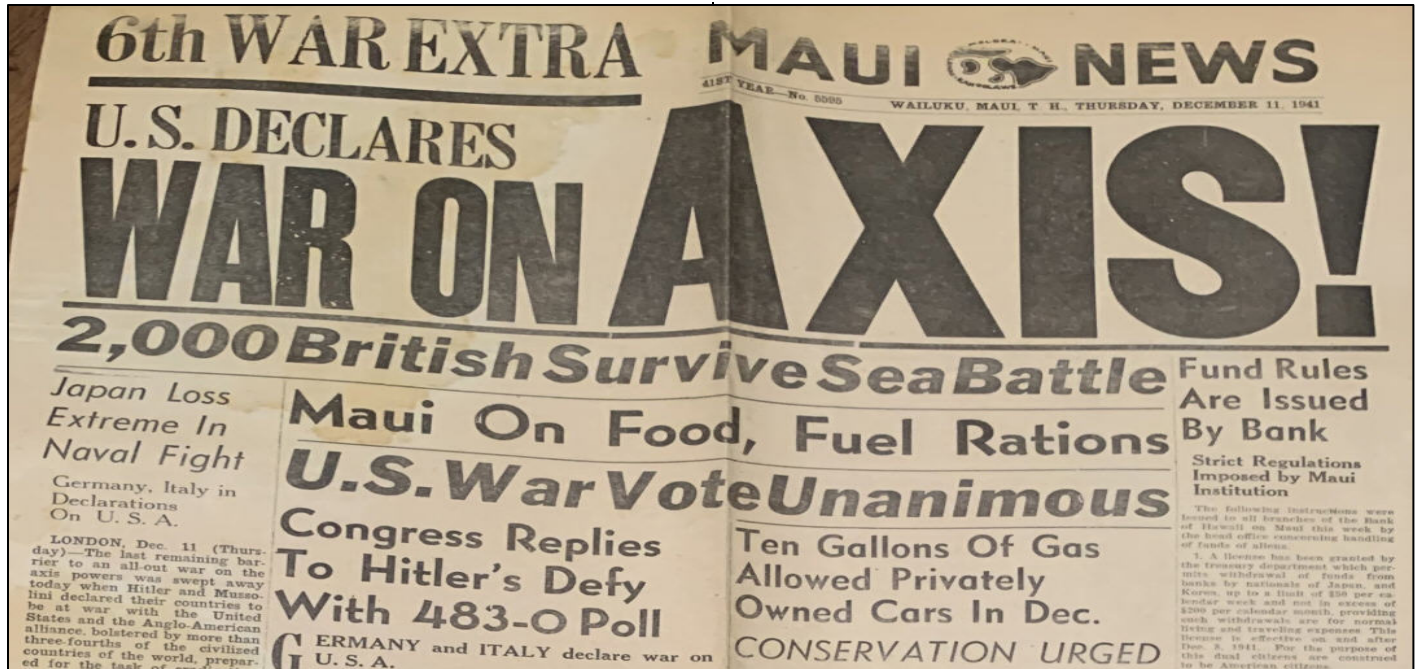


Photo credit John Von Holstein

"Yesterday, December 7, 1941, a date which will live in infamy, the United States of America was suddenly and deliberately attacked by naval and air forces of the Empire of Japan. The United States was at the moment at peace with that nation and was still in conversation with its Government and its Emperor looking toward the maintenance of peace in the Pacific".

Thus began President Franklin D. Roosevelt's speech to a Joint Session of Congress, calling for a formal declaration of war on the Empire of Japan. Less than an hour later, Congress had done so. On December 11, Germany and Italy declared war on the United States, and Congress issued declarations of war against Germany and Italy later that day.

Germany had been conquering countries since

1938, with the United Kingdom at war with Germany since September 1939, with Italy since June 1940, and with Japan nine hours before the U.S. declaration.

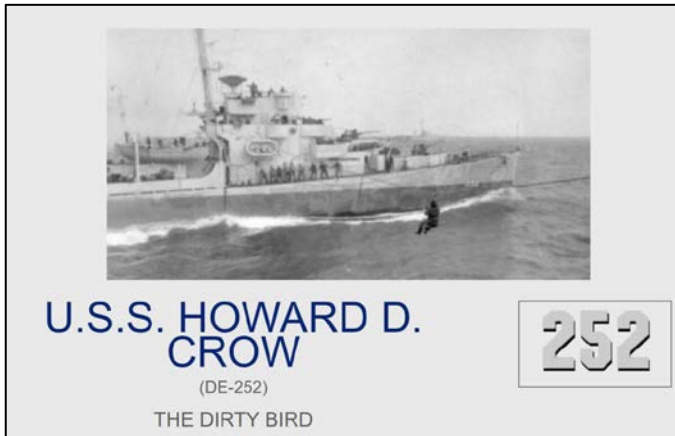


Maryland alongside the capsized Oklahoma, as West Virginia burns in the background. By U.S. Navy photo 80-G-19949, now in the collections of the U.S. National Archives). The original uploader was Ahseaton at English Wikipedia., 2005-11-16 (original upload date)

Killed on the Oklahoma was water tender First Class **Milo Elah Phillips**, son of Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Phillips of Pierce, Colorado and husband of Norma Lee McAllister (D08). He had joined the Navy right out of high school in 1934 and had served his entire

career on the Oklahoma. He was also survived by a three-year-old daughter.

Ensign Howard Daniel Crow (S09) was killed on the USS Maryland and was the first serviceman killed in WWII and buried at National Cemetery, Hawaii. A ship was later named in his honor – commissioned and christened at Brown Shipyard, Houston, TX in September 1943.



Information submitted by Howard's niece Gwen Rawlings.

Howard was the son of Hiram and Ethel McAlister Crow of Alvarado, Johnson Co., TX. Ethel was the daughter of John Wesley McAlister (b. TN) and grand daughter of James Newton McAlister (b. NC).

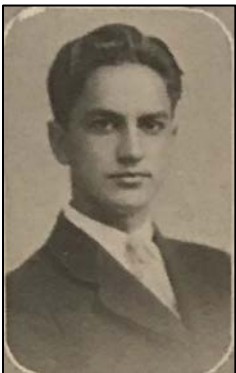
Howard's siblings also served:

1st Lieut. Nurse Jewel Ruth Crow, Army

S/Sgt. Herman Lee Crow, Army

1st Lieut. Nurse Katherine V. Crow, Army

MOM 3rd Class Willie Mae Crow, Navy



Information submitted by John Von Holstein

Victor McAllister (J51)

was the son of the late Senator William Light McAllister and Laura Kirley McAllister, a Mayflower Revolutionary war "Gateway Ancestor" and author of Gumbo Trails. In her words, "The year Pearl Harbor was

bombed, Vic McAllister was with the Army Engineers in Hawaii strengthening the Island's military defenses.

Six months prior to the bombing, his young son, Billy and I had gone to Honolulu to visit Vic. Billy returned to the mainland for school and I remained to see more of the Island's attractions. The never-to-be-forgotten morning of December 7th, 1941 left me and my son unharmed, but not our house at the Hickam Air Field Housing project. Holes from gunshot in my bedroom window and the splintered wall opposite bore evidence of enemy planes flying too near."

Lt. Eugene McAllister (J51)

Was the first-born son of William Light McAllister. According to Gumbo Trails, "Wishing to serve where best qualified, Gene McAllister was granted Leave of Absence from his teaching position at Monrovia, California and commissioned a Lieutenant in the Red Cross. His first year's work was in the Aleutian Islands and the second in Egypt with headquarters at Cairo. Differing from many connected with the Service, of the two locations Gene's preference was the Aleutian Base."



Information submitted by Nancy Hudson

Claude Peyton White (A09)

Major Claude Peyton White, Jr. served in the U. S. Army during WWII with the 100th Infantry Battalion 442nd Regiment

Combat Team. He was originally a member of the Alabama National Guard which was inducted into Federal service on November 25, 1940. He graduated from the Infantry School Officers' Motor Maintenance Course in 1942 and was assigned to Camp Shelby, Mississippi.

Soon after the December 7, 1941 attack on Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Roosevelt signed Executive Order 9066, effectively placing over 100,000 West Coast residents of Japanese descent, the majority of them American citizens, in internment camps. Then, on February 1, 1943, President Roosevelt activated the 442nd Regimental Combat Team which was composed of American-born

Japanese called "Nisei" (NEE-say), or second generation. Some volunteered from Hawaii, others from the ten relocation centers on the mainland. The commander and most company grade officers were Caucasian; the rest of its officers and enlisted men were Nisei. The motto of the unit was "Go For Broke," a phrase that meant putting everything on the line in an effort to win big. The 442nd Regiment is the most decorated unit for its size in U.S. military history.

On April 22, 1944, the unit left Camp Shelby in Mississippi on their journey to Europe for their first overseas assignment. They arrived in Italy in June 1944, where they began to fight alongside the 100th against Germans encamped across the country. In September 1944, the 442nd participated in the invasion of Southern France, successfully liberating French cities from Nazi occupation. The unit went on to fight with the 92nd Infantry Division, driving German forces out of northern Italy.



(See the 1951 movie *Go For Broke!* and the 2006 movie *Only the Brave*).
[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/442nd_Infantry_Regiment_\(United_States\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/442nd_Infantry_Regiment_(United_States))

Information submitted by Ann McAllister, April 1995

I have enclosed some military material about my husband, **Benton Alvie McAllister (J22)**, and his two brothers who all served in WWII. There is also a newspaper clipping about them that appeared in the

OKC newspaper during the war.

The brothers were grandsons of Alva Benton McAllister, an "89er" pioneer homesteader. The Oklahoma Historical Society describes these homesteaders: "Eighty-niners (89ers)' is a term applied specifically to persons who participated in the Land Run of April 22, 1889, into the Unassigned Lands. It is attached more generally to persons with authority to be inside the Unassigned Lands prior to that date and to anyone who came to the former Unassigned Lands before the end of the year. Being an Eighty-niner was a source of great pride for those who held the distinction."

The Daily Oklahoman (Oklahoma City, 25 May 1945)



Joseph Kirley Maurice Henkels Wilmer McAllister Jack McAlister James Self

Tech 5 Benton Alvie McAllister 689th Engineers Base Equipment Co. Served in New Guinea, Luzon, Southern Philippines.

Tech 5 Herman William McAllister 1832nd Service Command Unit, MP Detachment. Served in Italy and the European Theater.

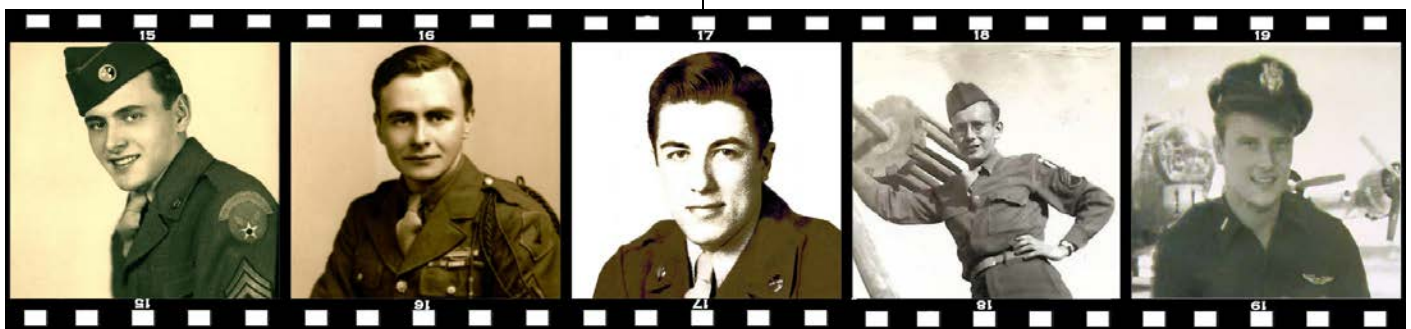
Private 1st Class George Edward McAllister Battery B, 167th Antiaircraft Artillery Gun Battalion, Europe

The following J27 profiles were submitted by Cindy Bresson

Carl L. McAlister from Alliance OH. Army 1st Infantry Division (Big Red One), 26th Infantry Regiment, Cannon Co, PFC, served in North Africa under Gen. Patton, Sicily, D-Day at Omaha Beach, Battle of the Bulge; 6 bronze stars. Carl grew up as a farm kid, the eldest son of a family from rural northeastern Ohio. He never planned to go to war and never planned to be a hero, but sometimes fate steps in and rearranges your plans. He never talked much about his military service and the experiences he had there, except for saying when the war was over, he never wanted to be cold again. Carl did basic training at Fort Devens in Massachusetts and traveled on the Queen Mary to Europe on his way to combat service. The only story his family knew about one of his bronze stars was that an unexploded grenade landed in a trench where he and several other soldiers sheltered. Carl calmly picked it up and threw it back toward the enemy lines. In a curious coincidence, Carl's unit was stationed at Inveraray, Scotland as they prepared for D-Day. He later said he wished he'd known more McAlister history then and he would have spent every weekend pass exploring Kintyre.

Corporal Don E. McAlister from Alliance OH. Army Air Corps, 104th Weather Group, company clerk. After receiving a draft notice, Don broke his finger in a farm accident. He was deferred twice while the finger healed, making him a late entry to the war effort. After receiving basic training at Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana, his unit was shipped around the country on troop trains for more training (California, Arkansas) before being assigned to Warner Robins Field in Macon, Georgia. Since the war was winding down, he served only one year and all of that time in the continental U.S. From his stories, his biggest challenge while serving was communicating with the southerners in Georgia. When the war ended, Don hoped to be discharged a few days early to be home for Thanksgiving. His CO refused, saying Don couldn't leave before he had served 365 days. That decision kept him out of the Korean War, where veterans with less than one year service were subject to recall.

Robert Shoemaker: wife was McAlister; from Huntington Indiana. Army, 410th Field Artillery, HQ unit, corporal, served in France, Luxembourg, Germany, Austria. Only seventeen years old and a skinny kid from a small mid-western city, Bob tried to enlist in Navy before he was drafted. When that didn't work out, he turned 18 in Nov 1943 and was drafted within a month. After basic training in Durham, NC, his unit of 20 officers and 80 enlisted men was sent to Europe where they worked in small squads running communication lines between artillery companies. The HQ unit was based in England until after D-Day when artillery units could gain access to western Europe. Usually, his unit worked behind the front



Don McAlister Carl McAlister Bob Shoemaker Wilbur McAlister Claget McAlister

lines, but on a couple of occasions the line shifted and squads were at risk of being captured by Germans. Bob mentioned that the type of artillery determined its placement: 105 mm cannon had a range of about half a mile, 155 mm cannon a range of 3-5 miles, and howitzers a range of about 15 miles. Following the war's end, Bob served in the occupation army for about 6 months, being discharged in Cham, Germany with a total of 19 months overseas service.

Tech 5 Claude McAllister from Greenwich NJ. Army, 14th Armored Division. Claude says he reported for the physical on May 6, 1943 and had to report to Fort Dix, New Jersey six days later. After three days he was loaded on a train that took many in the Armored Division to Fort Knox for 14 weeks of basic training. He was trained as a mechanic for tanks and wheeled vehicles. He then joined the 14th Armored Division in Camp Chafee outside of Fort Smith, Arkansas. He was in Headquarters Company Combat Command A. He was in Europe for a year and a half and returned October of 1945. Claude always served in the same unit, making lifelong friends who he visited at their homes and the yearly reunion that they eventually had all over the states and even overseas in Europe.

Staff Sergeant Wilbur McAlister from Louisville, Ohio. Army Signal Corp working in base censorship and assigned to Kunming China. His military service was in the China-India-Burma Theatre. Wilbur served from 1942-1945 and his probable unit was 559th Signal Battalion, Company C.

Claget Edward McAlister from FL, Army Air Corps, 8th AF, 100th Bomber Group, 418th Bomber

Squadron. Flew B-17s in European Theater.



Claget McAlister Squadron

Sergeant Grade 3 James Royer married to McAlister from Louisville Ohio. Army, 351st Infantry, Co. B. Jim served from 1946-1948 working on KSC repair and heavy artillery including eleven months as an instructor. Most of his overseas time was spent in or near Cortina and Trieste, Italy providing support for Army heavy artillery during the occupation. Trieste, in 1945 was a chaotic city filled with cornered German, Croatian and Italian soldiers who continued to fight despite Italy's surrender in 1943.

Colonel Wayland Whitney Williams; mother was McAlister/Collester from Madison, New York. Army Air Corps, 9th Bomber Group, 1st and 5th Squadron, served as 1st Lt. and navigator. A student at Colgate University when the war started, Whit hurried to complete college work in three years so he could enter basic training at Biloxi, MS. Trained as a navigator, during the war he flew 71 combat missions in B-17s (Flying Fortress) in the Pacific theater, mostly out of Hamilton Field in California



Lee McAllister Wilburn Dunning Sybert SM McAllister SM & James Murrell James F. McAlister

in the Mariana Islands. Most targets were Tokyo and Pacific Islands held by the Japanese. Whit was career Air Force officer, later SAC Colonel from 1959-1971. His service included time as a bomber pilot during the Cold War and instructor at the Air Force Academy.



Whit William's Military Collection and Squadron

Robert Sterling: grandmother was McAlister / Collester from Madison, New York. Army, 6th Armored Infantry Reg. HQ Ser Co. Known as the "Super Sixth", this unit was part of Patton's 3rd Army,

arriving in England in Feb. 1944. By July 1944 the 6th had landed on Utah Beach and over the coming months fought in five major campaigns: Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes-Alsace, Rhineland and Central Europe.

Staff Sergeant James D. Collester from Madison, New York. Army and Navy, Medical Administrative Corps, USS. Ancon. The USS. Ancon served first as an Army troop transport, then after reassignment to the Navy the ship was converted to a command headquarters and communications command ship. She served at Sicily and as flagship for the Atlantic Fleet Amphibious Forces in North Africa. On D-Day the Ancon served as flagship for Allied assault forces on Omaha Beach. Jim joined the military in May 1941.

Edward Vincent Shurr: grandmother was McAlister from McElhatton Pennsylvania. Army Engineers Co. Enlisted December 16, 1941, died in truck accident in France in August 1944.

Robert Don Gardner: grandmother was McAlister from Avis, PA. Navy ship USS Harry F. Bauer, a destroyer and minelayer. After training in Norfolk, she sailed from San Diego via the Panama Canal and departed Hawaii January 1945 for the invasion of Iwo Jima. Following a series of aerial attacks by Japanese kamikaze pilots the ship received enough damage to keep it out of the Battle of Okinawa. For 17 days the Bauer carried an unexploded bomb in its fuel tank, unknown to the sailors on board.



Robert Marcus McAllister (J26) in the CBI Theater

Robert Marcus McAllister (1923 – 2005), known as “Arlington Bob” in the CMA, was one of the most dedicated members of our organization and served as our Genealogist, Historian, Query Editor, Secretary, and President. Those of us who knew Bob found our lives enriched by his friendship. After retirement Bob hosted a popular weekly Fairfax County, VA television series called “Out of the Past,” a documentary program where he interviewed WWII veterans about their experiences during that historical time period in order that their accomplishments and sacrifices would be known to later generations. Bob served our country in many different roles in WWII and as an intelligence officer during the Cold War. His deep understanding of history as well as his keen powers of observation and recall are evident in the following excerpts from his personal remembrances.



High School – Before World War II

In January 1937 I enrolled at the Brooklyn Technical High School in the College Prep course. There was no money for any of us to go to college, but I felt that I would find a way, even if I had to go at night.

The time that I was in high school (1937-1941) was very significant for our country in foreign affairs. The sharp recession in 1937 meant that economic recovery would not come until our entry into World War II. Adolf Hitler was the Chancellor of Germany, Benito Mussolini was the Duce in Italy, Joseph Stalin was the Premier of Russia, and the European democracies, England and France, were in constant retreat before the demands of these dictators. The League of Nations in Geneva, which the United States never joined, was ineffective in halting the political and military expansion of Fascism in Europe and Japanese aggression in China. Most Americans detested both the Nazis and the Communists.

Dr. Colston, the Principal, had built Brooklyn Tech. He felt that there was a need for a technical high school where bright students could receive a superior education in preparation for engineering college. He said that the Communists represented the most dangerous threat to the safety of the United States and that we would have to beat them with our brains. After high school I enrolled North Carolina State in Raleigh until my studies were interrupted by a call to service in April 1943.

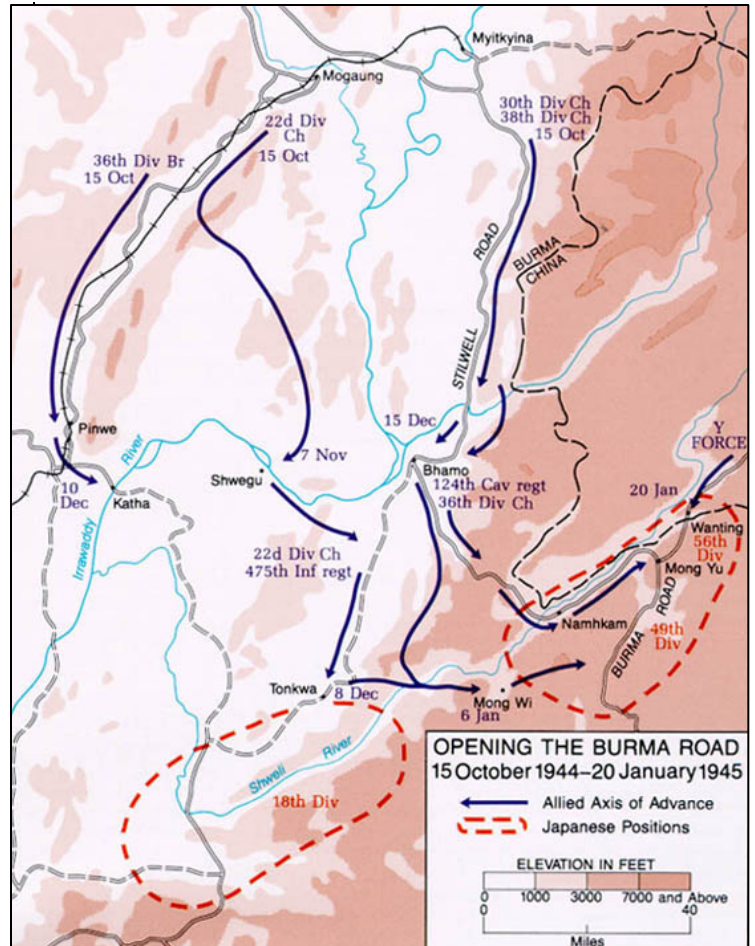
Service in Burma and China

As the jungles of Burma were cleared of Japanese by the Allied armies (including Merrill's Marauders, a US Army special operations jungle warfare unit), our forces moved in and built the Ledo Road. It ran from Ledo, India to Myitkyina, Burma then to Bhamo where it joined the Burma Road. I was in the Army Signal Corps (3101st Signal Corps Battalion) and in February 1945 I had gone by air to Myitkyina where I headed up a team to install the telephone and teletype equipment there. Flying between India and China over "the hump" of the Himalayas was scary. We flew at night in C-46 airplanes which had only two propellor engines. There were high winds, and we couldn't see anything. We called it the "aluminum trail" as we lost about 750 airplanes flying that route. Later when we drove the Burma Road we could see where the planes crashed trying to make it over the high passes.

In Myitkyina, we took over the local jail because it was one of the few stone buildings still standing. The Signal Corps had priority over all other troops. The Burma Road was now open to US troops, and our telephone line was under construction along its entire length from Muse on the China-Burma border to Kunming in China.

We needed all kinds of telephone and teletype equipment for this project. The Battalion headquarters in Ledo assured us that it had been sent to us, but we could not find it. Finally, I located all of our equipment, plainly marked for us with the distinctive Signal Corps orange stripes on the outside of each crate. However, the supply sergeant in charge of the depot would not release the material to us, no matter what I said or what documents I produced. I finally tried bribery, which worked. I put one can of beer on the counter and asked the sergeant again for our equipment. He said that if I gave him two cans of beer, he would give us our stuff and have it loaded on trucks as well. In short order, we had all of the electronic parts that were needed to set up the communication station.

In April 1945, President Roosevelt died. The war in Europe ended in May. I was in Kunming and our work



continued. There were plans for moving thirty-one American divisions into China by way of India and Burma. There was no indication that the Japanese armies in China would surrender. The way they fought in Okinawa convinced our planners that they would all have to be killed fighting, in Japan, China, and everywhere else. The Signal Corps planned to extend the telephone and teletype communications lines, and equipment was being ordered and stockpiled for operations into 1948.

Driving the Burma Road was an experience. It wasn't too bad in a jeep but driving the Army "6X6," standard truck over the narrow road, one way in some sections, was quite hazardous to say the least. There were few signs, and no guardrails. To cross one of the major rivers, like the Salween or the Mekong, you had to drive a switchback road from the plain down to the river, cross over on a suspension bridge, and then climb back up a switchback road to the top. When I drove from Paoshan to Lungling, I could see Lungling

from the top of the Salween River gorge, but it took about six hours to drive there, although it was less than ten miles as the crow flies. The scenery from the road was magnificent. The terrain was about one mile high, rather dry, and fairly flat along the trace of the road. The hills in the vicinity were covered with short grass and bushes like heather.

End of the War

The way the ending of the war came to us was interesting. One night in early August, I was working with a crew who were repairing a section of the line between Yangping and Kunming which had been brought down by a landslide. I was listening to a short-wave radio that I had gotten from the local OSS (Office of Strategic Services) detachment for a few cans of my beer. The music stopped, followed by an announcement that a bomb of immense size had been dropped on the Japanese city of Hiroshima, causing many casualties. Later, an announcement by President Truman confirmed that it was an atomic bomb. He also said that such bombs would continue to be dropped until the Japanese surrendered. I told one of the crew what I had heard. The telephone suddenly went dead. He came back after a few minutes and asked me that the next time the war was nearing an end, to wait until he was on the ground. He had been so surprised that he had fallen off the telephone pole. Fortunately, the ground was soft mud so he didn't get hurt.

Three days later, on August 9, another atomic bomb was dropped on Japan, this time on Nagasaki. The shooting stopped on August 14 and the final surrender would be signed on the deck of the USS Missouri, in Tokyo harbor on September 2. That day there was a great deal of celebration, to say the least. For some of us, however, the joy was short-lived. The procedure for going home was announced. A point system was set up. Those with 45 or more points would go home as soon as possible, by air. Those with less points would have to wait for surface transportation, the boat. I had 44 points, so it was seven months before I was on my way home.



Convoys ascending a famous 21-curve stretch along the Burma Road

After the War

In September I was on a truck trip through Burma. Although I drove hundreds of miles alone on the Burma Road no one ever bothered me. The route was occasionally subject to bandit raids.

Just south of Myitkyina, there was a pontoon bridge, built by the Army Engineers, across the Irrawaddy River. To get to it we drove about three miles through water then over the bridge to the riverbank on the other side. Interestingly, the British Army service personnel had told us that we could not build an all-weather road through Burma or build a bridge across the Irrawaddy River. We had done both.

As we were leaving Myitkyina, I monitored a telephone call between the British agent in charge and an American general. The agent wanted the general to sign an agreement which would require the American government to pay for all injuries suffered on the

bridge, in perpetuity. The general told the agent that there would be no agreement, and that if he insisted, our engineers would blow up the bridge. The bridge is probably still there.

Going Home

Our unit traveled to Calcutta, India, in mid-March 1946, where I boarded a troop ship, the USS General Hodges, a converted C-2 tanker, together with about 3200 other people, including some Army nurses who

were given the cabins on the top deck, plus an armed guard. We headed across the Pacific at about ten knots. We had an albatross as a passenger all the way to Midway Island. He was a very graceful flier. Every morning he would turn into the wind on his perch on the main mast, then dive

down with his wings spread. Just before he hit the water, he would flare out and begin to climb up to a position on either side of the ship. He would seldom flap his wings but held his position effortlessly. He would wheel down onto the water aft of the stern whenever the mess crew dumped the garbage overboard. The crew set up a lottery, in which the winner would have guessed the nearest time when the albatross left us to go on to Midway. On the forecast day, he was keeping station on the starboard side of the ship as he had done for the past week, when he gracefully turned and flew away directly south. We were about forty miles north of Midway Island at the time he left. It was a mystery to us how he knew that he was as close as he could be to Midway.

The weather as we crossed the Pacific Ocean was

beautiful and balmy. However, as we neared the mainland near Seattle, the weather changed, and the temperature dropped. On the last day before we landed at Seattle, we could smell the coniferous trees of the Pacific Northwest before we sighted land. When we docked at Seattle there was a band on the dock, outside a large shed through which we passed. We were given doughnuts and coffee by the Red Cross auxiliary.



**Don Sanford and Bob McAllister
1996 CMA Gathering in Tulsa**

I was put on a train headed for Fort Bragg. After we entered South Carolina, my parents met me on the train. My father was still with the Seaboard

Railroad, so he arranged to board the train as soon as he found out which one it was.

I was overjoyed to see them. This marked the

beginning of the end of my round the world trip, which had begun

eighteen months before.

Now I needed to decide what I would do with the GI Bill. I was sure that I wanted to go to college, but I didn't know what I should study. I did know that I wanted nothing more to do with technical and engineering work. After college at UNC Chapel Hill I accepted a regular commission in the US Air Force in July 1949. My Air Force assignments included three years in England and two years in Germany. My seventeen years in the Air Force included a position as an intelligence officer with the Strategic Air Command during the Cold War period. But that is another story!

Captain Harold Othel McCallister

From Guthrie, Oklahoma, US Army Air Force 484th Bomb Group, 15th Air Force. B-24 Bomber copilot/pilot with missions to Stuttgart and Schweinfurt in Germany and Ploesti Romania among others. Completed 50 missions and returned to US for B-29 training.

Sergeant Mack Jamison

From Jonesboro, Arkansas, US Army Air Force, N.G. Component. Served in Aleutians, Burma, India and China. Son of Emma McAlister Jamison.

Master Sergeant William P. Towry

From Natalia, Texas. US Air Force, 14th Air Force, 11th Combat Cargo. Served in India, Burma and China.

Storekeeper 3rd Class Robert M. McAllister

From Galax, Virginia. Served in the Pacific, Philippines, and Okinawa; at Nagasaki on day of surrender.

AMM 2nd Class Bob H. McAlister

US Navy Air Corps Aerial Gunner. Served in the South Pacific (Hawaii, Johnson Island, Enterprise Santiago, Notoma Bay) assigned to various air bases and aircraft carriers.

2nd Carpenter Mate James E. Isenhardt

From Sumas, Washington. Naval Seabees 113th Battalion. Served in South Pacific, Philippines and New Guinea.

DCW2 Ted K. McAlister Sr.

From Aurora, Colorado. US Navy 3rd and 7th fleet WWII and Korea, South Pacific and Florida

Captain H. James McAllister

From Belle Vista, Arkansas. US Air Force 463rd bombardment group, 775th bomb squadron. In WWII, flew 24 combat missions, B-17 flying fortress shot down on 6th mission, bailed out over Russian

lines (Hungary), mistaken for German, finally recognized and returned to Italy and flew 18 more missions. In Korean War, instructor Advanced Navigation School at Mather AF Base, California. Refresher training for WWII Navigators en route to Korea and low-level night navigations.

Private J. W. McAlister

From Jacksonville, Florida. Served as a Marine in Guam for the duration. Brother of Robert Perry McAlister and J.J. McAlister. J.J. was drafted while J.W. and Robert Perry were in Lovington, New Mexico working in the oil fields. (Willard) went home to take care of family business and told Robert "I'll be back in two weeks." Instead, he joined the Marines and requested to be sent to Guam with his brother Jeff. He joined his brother in Guam.

Private J. J. McAlister

From Houston, Texas. Served as a Marine in Guam for the duration.

Tech 4 Audless Abner McAlister (WC01)

From Atkins, Arkansas. US Army, 78th Infantry at Camp Roberts, California. Son of Eliphas A. McAlister.

William James Claude McAlister

From Bostic, North Carolina. US Army Infantry. Served in North Carolina, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Arkansas.

2nd Lt. Pilot Glenn E. McAlister

From San Antonio, Texas. US Army Air Force Training Command. Served in California, Colorado and Arizona.

Major George Allen McAlister

From Big Spring, Texas. Retired Marine Reserves, served in the Pacific.

Lt. JG William Virgil McAlister

From Madera, California. Navy, served as Assistant Boat Group Commander, APA 191 in Okinawa, Philippines, Port Jinson, Korea, Tsingtao, Guam and Hawaii. “Smoke Boats! Make Smoke!” This was our order while at Okinawa. While anchored offshore, our job was to make smoke (fog) to cover the ships at anchor when warned of approaching Kamikaze airplanes from Japan. Also, while in Naha Harbor, Okinawa, we were bothered by Kamikaze boats laden with depth charges. Most of them would be blown up by shore fire before reaching our APA, but one did get through and let off its charge on an AKA, 200 yards from our ship. We also experienced a Typhoon near Okinawa just after the war.

Platoon Sergeant Woodie A. Doggett

From Warren, Arkansas. Infantry, Company B, 104 Infantry. Inducted in Camp Robinson, Arkansas, wounded in Luxembourg, 30 December 1944. Husband of Florence McAllister of Cleveland County Arkansas.

MOMM First Class John Ottosen McAllister

Navy, from Rogers, Arkansas. Served Sampson New York, Richmond, Virginia, Norfolk, Virginia, Teignmouth England, Weymouth England, Portland, Maine. I was at Repair Base at Weymouth and did not go on Normandy Invasion June 1944.

First Sergeant Frank C. McAlister

Army Infantry, antiaircraft, MP and engineers, from Greenwood, Indiana. Served Fort McClelland, Alabama, Germany, Belgium, Fort Belvoir, Virginia.

Sergeant Second Class Fred R. McAlister Jr.
Navy, NAS Chamblee, Georgia from Charlotte, North Carolina.

Sergeant Amon D. Hartwick
Army 90th 338 Regiment from England, Arkansas. Served in Europe and Normandy France. Husband of Lois McAlister Hartwick.

Sergeant 3rd Class Roy T. McCallister
US Navy, WWI and WWII, from West Virginia. Buried in Alderson, West Virginia.

Charles Lloyd
US Army. Son of Beulah McCallister, died in 1988 and buried in Clover, West Virginia.

Private John McAllister Lane
From Rio Dell, California, US Army Engineers 1905th Aviation Engineer Division. Served in Lido Road Burma, Fort Belvoir, Jefferson Barracks, March AFB, Karanchaparo Base in Calcutta India and Bhamo Northern Burma.

T/Sergeant Robert M. McAllister
US Army 3101 Signal Service Battalion, Telephone and Teletype Installer at Repeater and Terminal Stations. Arrived in Karachi India by air in November 1944. Crossed India by train to Calcutta. Assigned to telephone repeater station Jackhalabandha India to February 1945, then to Kunming China where he was Wire Chief of China Theater until the end of the war. Reassigned to Calcutta, 508th Port Battalion, Transportation Corps, November 1945. Boarded troop transport in Calcutta for Seattle, March 1946 and discharged at Fort Bragg, North Carolina April 1946.



Clive A. Lynn Jack E. Ritzma Jon S. Rizma Kenneth Zeller Jr. Kenneth McCallister

Gerald Vincent ‘Jerry’ Sullivan (A09) and the Red Bull Division

Nancy Hudson

My father, **Gerald Vincent (G.V. or Jerry) Sullivan**, served in WWII with the 135th Battalion 34th Infantry Division (“Red Bull” Division) and participated in the PO Valley Italian Campaign. The PO Valley Campaign was the last campaign in Italy in WWII and resulted in the complete surrender of the German forces that were occupying the country. G.V. was wounded in his leg during the campaign and received a Purple Heart.

My father was born and raised in Fall River, Massachusetts. He enlisted in the Coast Artillery Corps (CAC) October 3, 1938 and was assigned to Fort Standish, Massachusetts. The CAC was responsible for coastal, harbor, and anti-aircraft defense of the United States and its possessions. With the outbreak of war in Europe in September 1939 and the Fall of France in June 1940, the CAC was inducted into Federal service on September 16, 1940. G.V. Sullivan served at Fort Standish, Massachusetts from 1940-1943.



FORT STANDISH CHAMPIONS: All excepting one member of the Fort Standish Softball championship team are Fall River boys. The club, managed by Sergeant Leo T. Clement, won 22 out of 24 games, and took the top spot in a 10-team league with ease. Members of the team are, first row, left to right, Corporal Jerry Sullivan; Sergeant Clement, Sergeant James Bower; second row, William Johnson, Sergeant Harold Moss, Corporal Irving Mills, Sergeant Maurice Ripley, Sergeant Richard Cranshaw; third row, Sergeant Armando Celleme; Sergeant Albert Bastille; Corporal Lowell Loftus; Corporal George Trainor; Corporal John DePoala; Sergeant George Malandra and Corporal Walter Tetlow. Sergeant Ripley is the lone player not a native of this city. Other members of the team are Sergeant Frank Loftus, Corporal Nathan Dashoff and Corporal Joseph Berek.

While at Fort Standish, Corporal Jerry Sullivan played softball; his team won the championship in 1942.



G.V. was then stationed at Camp Davis, Wilmington, NC for anti-aircraft training from 1943-1944 and was promoted to Staff Sgt on May 6, 1944. Staff Sgt. Sullivan attended Officer's Candidate School, Ft.

Benning, Georgia and was commissioned as an Infantry 2nd Lt on November 15, 1944. He left the US for Foreign Duty on December 10, 1944 and arrived in Naples, Italy on December 23, 1944, where he fought in the PO Valley Italian Campaign. Mussolini, the Italian Dictator, was captured by Italian partisans and executed by them on April 28, 1945.

The war in Europe ended on May 8, 1945 and is referred to as V-E Day (Victory in Europe).

On July 27, 1945, 2nd Lt. Sullivan was promoted to 1st Lt. and was placed on TDY (Temporary Duty) at the 34th Division Rest Center, Hotel Centrale, Trieste, Italy from August 9, 1945 to August 13, 1945. V-J Day (Victory over Japan) was August 15, 1945.

Lt. Sullivan remained in Italy and was assigned to Headquarters 135th Battalion, 34th Infantry Division as the Purchasing and Contract Officer until February 1946, when he was back in the US and assigned to the IRT (Infantry Replacement Training) Ft. McClellan, Anniston, Alabama.

The Red Bull division takes its name from the shoulder sleeve insignia designed for a 1917 training camp contest by Marvin Cone, who was assigned to the unit at the time. Cone's design depicted the desert training grounds of Camp Cody, New Mexico, by superimposing a red steer skull over a black Mexican water jug called an "olla." German soldiers in Italy referred to the American soldiers who wore the patch as "Red Devils" or "Red Bulls." The 34th division later officially adopted the divisional nickname, Red Bulls.



**“Decoration Day”
(27 May 2013)**

When I was about ten, and for years afterward Decoration Day was one of two high points of our year.

My father’s mother had been with us Since Thanksgiving, and would move To her other son’s family for six months. The two families met at the service Sponsored by the Grand Army of the Republic, The "American Legion" of the War Between the States.

My mother’s aunt lived with us year-round. Each of the women remembered older brothers Leaving to serve in Michigan regiments. Both men came home safely. Each was a kind of presence

When the surviving fragment of Fife and Drum Corps arrived.

The tune was the “Chopin Funeral March”. The service over, they marched off to a quick step The “Girl I left Behind Me”. The two families had a picnic.

On one occasion Grandmother said "When I was a girl, the old soldiers were from our Revolution."

Today I realize that I am one of the "old soldiers" What a young country ours is. Three lives its span.

Donald McAllaster Sanford (A01)

The following records were provided by S.M. McAlister (dec.) of Hartselle, Alabama.

Sergeant George McCallister

From Natchitoches, Louisiana, served as truck driver, Heavy Equipment 931 APO.

Sergeant Roy W. McCallister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served as Truckmaster 345 in Northern Solomons, Bismarck Archipelago, New Guinea, Southern Philippines and Guadalcanal.

Tech 5 Henry L. McAllister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served 658th QM Truck Co. in Northern France, Ardennes, and Rhineland.

Private Johnnie R. McCallister

From Geneva Co. Alabama, served as Light Truck Driver 345 Co. A, 341st Regiment in Central Europe.

Seaman 1st Class Lurie Talmadge McCallister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served at NTC Great Lakes, Illinois, Navy Barracks NAD Crane, Indiana and NAD Hastings, Nebraska.

Med Tech 3rd Grade Hugh R. McCallister

From Dothan, Alabama, served as Surgical Technician 861 in New Guinea and Western Pacific Theater.

2013 -- British artists Jamie Wardley and



Andy Moss organized an art installation at Normandy to represent 9,000 fallen.

Howard McAlister (J26) and the USS Biloxi

Jeremy McAlister

Howard McAlister was the son of Ezra Eugene McAlister (b. 1896 in Lincoln Co, NC) and Minnie Blanche Maness (b. 1898). Howard (b. 1924) had two brothers and five sisters, and they all helped on the family farm in Biscoe, Montgomery Co., NC. The three boys saw military service, the oldest being James (my father) whose WWII service in Europe was detailed in the Spring 1995 issue of "Mac-Alasdair Clan." Howard's grandson, Jeremy, prepared the following report for a high school class in his junior year. Jeremy is the son of my cousin Steve McAlister who provided this article and other materials. Howard's daughter, Sherry, provided the photograph of him in his Navy uniform. I added some relevant dates and other supporting information and made some minor edits.

– Frank McAlister

The USS Biloxi was a light cruiser that fought in the Pacific during World War II and made significant contributions to the war effort. The Biloxi fought in battles from the Marshall Islands to Okinawa. My grandfather – Howard McAlister – was an Electrician's Mate Third Class on the Biloxi and he would tell my dad about the Japanese attacks on the ship. He served from August 1944 to April 20, 1946. The Cleveland-class light cruiser served alongside famous ships like the aircraft carriers USS Enterprise



USS Biloxi

and USS Yorktown in the Marshall Islands. The Biloxi was decorated with nine battle stars for its service in the Pacific.

In January 1944, the Biloxi left for the Marshall Islands accompanied by the Enterprise where they assaulted a Japanese base on the Wotje Atoll. During battle, the Biloxi caught a shell above the signal bridge,

but it was a dud and didn't explode. About a week later the Biloxi sailed to Saipan for an assault on another Japanese-held island to suppress their grip on the Pacific. The next stop was in the Marianas where it supported a carrier task force in an attempt to disable airfields in Guam. The Biloxi assisted in shooting down three Japanese bombers in this battle and the fleet was successful in disabling the airfields. About a week after taking the island there were reports of a large Japanese fleet moving across the Philippine Sea towards Saipan. To prevent an attack on the islands, the Biloxi was to participate in the battle of the Philippine Sea. During the battle about 300 Japanese planes were shot down including those brought down by the Biloxi.

My grandfather entered active service on 24 Aug 1944 and served on it until the end of the war with Japan. As an Electrician's Mate on the Biloxi his job was to repair and monitor all the electrical equipment onboard the ship. Life on the Biloxi was a lot more content than some of the other ships in the fleet



Howard in his Navy Blue Uniform

because of the amount of joyful people on it. The Biloxi would give the people on other ships ice cream and fuel in exchange for mail from home.

The crew was regarded by Rear Admiral Morton L. Deyo as "The crew with the most ship spirit I've ever seen." Most ship captains in the fleet would allow the crew to go swimming in between missions but that stopped when sharks would begin to circle the ships. The captain of the Biloxi decided not to let that stop them from swimming, so he posted Marines along the ship armed with rifles just in case. The Biloxi often hosted crews of other cruisers in the fleet and they shared group meals. The Biloxi had a basketball court in the hangar so when they had visitors, there was an extremely competitive basketball game to be played.

In July to October 1944, the fight led the Biloxi to the

Volcano Islands where the group of cruisers sunk a Japanese transport ship. In August, the Biloxi was assigned to a fast carrier unit which consisted of at least four carriers and their escorts. When the group moved in on Chichi Jima, the Biloxi was to clear a space for the Marines by bombarding the shores and later that day, a damaged U.S. plane passed by and ten soldiers jumped out but only nine survived.

My dad recalls my grandfather talking about a violent typhoon (18 Dec 1944) that capsized three destroyers and flooded the Biloxi, causing some damage. My grandfather said that the reason he does not like rice is because during the flooding, all of the rice in the kitchen spilled on the floor and spread through the ship. The whole crew had to wade through it for a week until it was cleaned up; after a while it would probably smell pretty bad.

The Biloxi joined Task Group 58 for operations against Iwo Jima on 19 Feb 1945 where they supported the Marine landing with covering fire during the day and harassing fire in the evening. Unfortunately, on the third day of this engagement an unlucky sailor who was manning a cannon on the Biloxi accidentally shot the turret next him disabling that gun mount and causing minor injuries to a few sailors. Nevertheless, the Biloxi continued its mission and witnessed the Marines raising the American flag on Mount Suribachi.

After Iwo Jima, the Biloxi would make it into Okinawa where the battleship Nevada in the unit was hit by a Kamikaze, killing 11 people. The Biloxi witnessed the desperation of the Japanese empire when it saw the Kamikaze planes and boats come over the horizon. On the morning of 27 Mar 1945, the Biloxi was fighting in Okinawa when four suicide planes attacked. Three planes were shot down in flames but the fourth broke through the anti-aircraft fire to smash itself against the cruiser's side. The Kamikaze plane carried a 500 kg (1100 lb.) bomb but luckily it did not explode. The crew disarmed the bomb and kept it on the ship as a trophy. In the Volcano and Ryukyu islands, a Japanese dive bomber

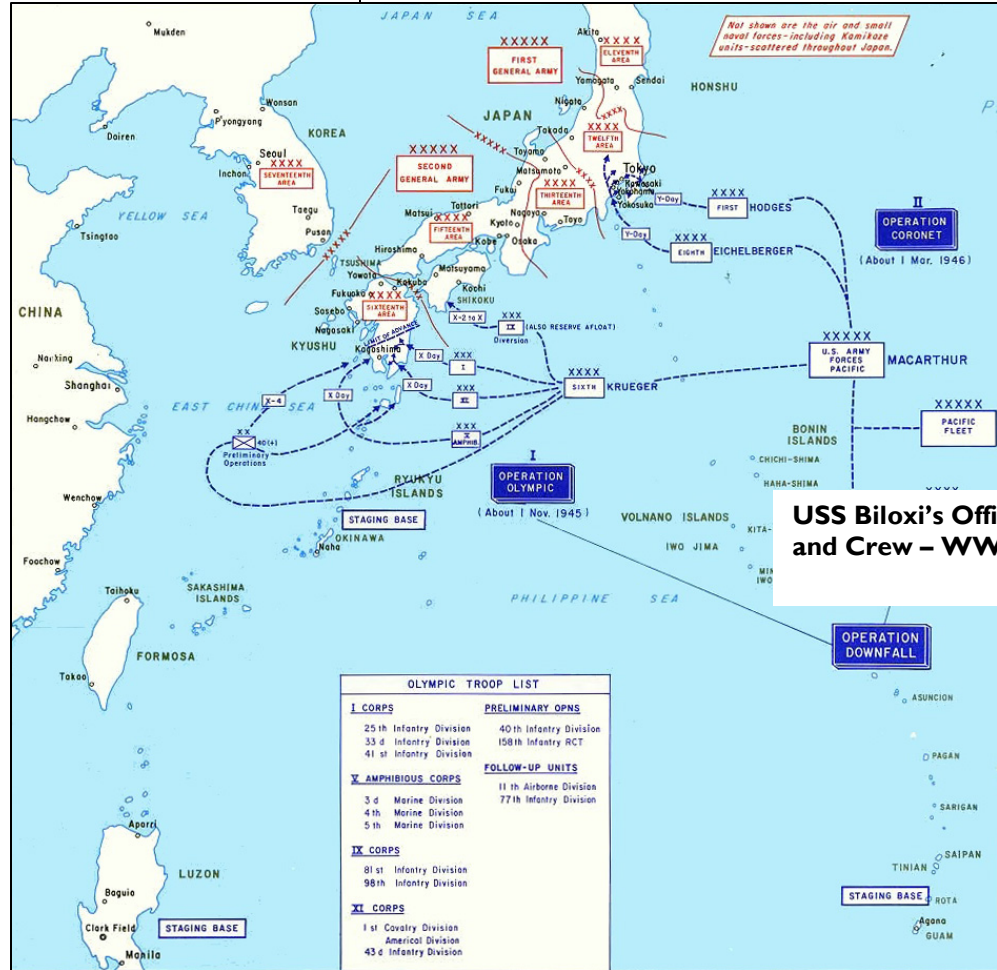
dropped a torpedo which went under the Biloxi and detonated. The Biloxi survived the attack with no losses or major damage done and after surviving these two attacks the crew nicknamed her "Double Lucky".

As the war was approaching Japan the Biloxi would have to sail home for repairs and as they were returning, Japan surrendered. Soon after the atomic bombs were dropped on Hiroshima (Aug 6) and Nagasaki (Aug 9), the Biloxi would sail for Nagasaki to evacuate Allied POWs. When they arrived on September 18, they saw the destruction of the Atomic bomb. I wonder

what the crew thought of the destruction and if they felt remorse. (See inset with Howard's letter after seeing Nagasaki.)

When sailing around Japan they would check the leftover Japanese cargo ships for weapons. At the end of the war, the Biloxi would bring 217 POWs back home from Japan and Okinawa. On the way home, the crew celebrated their victory with crates of drinks and tubs of ice cream. In total, the Biloxi sunk three ships and shot down four planes while assisting with bringing down many more.

After the war, the Biloxi was deemed unfit for battle, so it was decommissioned on October 29, 1946. It left the war with many medals and the mayor of Biloxi, MS had the mast taken down and made into a memorial. The list of memorials continues with the



August 1945 map of Japan and the Philippine Sea prepared for Operation Downfall, the Allied planned invasion of Japan that became unnecessary after the Japanese surrender. Many of the islands where the USS Biloxi engaged in battle are shown on this map; the Marshall Islands are further to the east.

Statue of the Lone Sailor in Washington D.C. which was mixed with the melted down parts of eight ships, the Biloxi being one of them. The Bell from the Biloxi was taken and made into a memorial at the Biloxi Maritime Museum. The Biloxi was scrapped for parts in 1962. I was surprised to learn that the Biloxi did not lose any men at all throughout the war despite the number of battles that it participated in. It is also amazing that during all those battles, nobody on the Biloxi lost morale. The Biloxi really did have an impact on the morale of the fleet, and I could see that when I read about the relationship between the crew of the Biloxi and the other ships. Even the commander of the Naval Task Group said that the Biloxi was the happiest ship in the group.



Unexploded bomb that hit the USS Biloxi in March 1945.



USS Biloxi's Officers and Crew – WWII

Howard McAlister's letter to his cousin Faye Maness

21 Sep 1945
JAPAN

Dear Faye,

I am pretty sure it is my time to write so here goes. How has the world been treating you lately? I received your letter written in July, last week. Sure was glad to hear from you again.

Well, as for myself been doing quite a bit of traveling lately in the wrong direction. Been getting farther from home. We are now in Nagasaki which is located at the southern end of the Japanese mainland. We are here to take American prisoners of war out of Japan. From here we go to Okinawa and start them on their way home. I think they are transported to the states by air. They sure are a happy bunch of boys when they come aboard our ship and get their first American dinner for such a long while. They say all the Japs gave them was rice and not much of it at that.

I met one boy from Durham, NC. He was captured at Baton. I enjoyed listening to some of his stories. They were mighty interesting. He was mighty happy to be on his way home.

I saw where the atomic bomb was dropped. I can't explain it in words but there wasn't a building left standing within a mile of where it hit. All the trees were burned. There wasn't anything green for miles around.

Well, Faye, this enough about the war. After all it is over. I sure hope it won't be so long before I will be back to the free life again where I will be able to stretch without bumping into someone.

Tell all the folks hello for me and write when you have a chance.

Your cuz,

Howard

From Camp Lucky Strike to Steyr The Story of one McAlister in World War II

James Franklin McAlister – reprinted from Mac-Alasdair Clan March 1995

I can remember where I was on Sunday, December 7, 1941 – the afternoon that Japan bombed Pearl Harbor. I was visiting a hometown friend at the University of North Carolina. We heard the news on the radio and knew that the U.S. would become involved in the war. Two years earlier when I enrolled at N.C. State University, I elected to take ROTC. We knew that we would become actively involved in the war effort at some date in the future – that day came in April 1943, when all the ROTC students were instructed to report to Fort Bragg, NC. Even Col. Harrellson was called into service, despite the fact that he was the N.C. State Chancellor. Over the next 21 months my military training included stops at numerous sites around the country, with a final stop at Ft. Benning, GA where I joined up with the Army's 71st Infantry Division.

I had achieved officer status, which gave me mixed emotions. Although I was happy to be a commissioned officer, it came with enormous responsibilities, as I would find out later when I led a company into battle. I was lucky to be assigned to Company H, Fifth Infantry Regiment which has quite a storied history. As a First Lieutenant I was in charge of an 81mm mortar platoon. There were two other platoons in Company H, both were 30 caliber machine gun units.

During Christmas of 1944 – the time of the Battle of the Bulge in France and the Benelux countries – we prepared to go to Europe. In January 1945 we boarded a “liberty ship” from Camp Kilmer, NJ and traveled in convoy to Southampton England. A couple of times the destroyers went into action with depth charges. John Eisenhower was on our boat, and as



soon as we anchored he was taken off the boat to see his dad. We anchored at Southampton and only stayed overnight. Quite early the next morning we sped into Le Havre, France and were taken to Camp Lucky Strike nearby. Each of the camps in the

area was named after American cigarette brands. We soon got all our equipment together and headed for the front lines, which in our case was the town of Bitche in the fabled Alsace region of France that has historically alternated between French and German control. The outfit we had replaced had been in a stationary position for about two months. We traded mortar base plates because theirs were frozen into the ground. We were there about a week, looking at Germans about two hundred feet away from our observation post. This was part of the Bulge, but when we broke out in February, we moved with great speed with small mop-up operations behind Fattens' tanks. The Bulge was straightened, and our units moved through the Siegfried line – the series of German fortifications along the German-French border.

We moved steadily north toward Frankfurt. Somewhere on this dash we were so stretched out that I was sent with six jeeps and about 30 men on patrol. This was my most traumatic experience during the War. Since our outfit was support artillery for the Battalion, we did not have personal weapons to take with us on patrol. We had only pistols and a few carbines. We were directed to continue to a town which was beyond radio contact, but before we reached there we were cut off and surrounded by the enemy. I sent my jeep driver back to inform Battalion, and just hoped he would get through. All the men took cover in a small stream. Those that ventured to look out were shot in the head. The Germans were dug in and using sniper rifles with scopes. I had a button shot off my uniform.

After about two hours I saw some soldiers coming down the Creek. I didn't know until the last second that they were our GIs. They had heard that I had been shot, but when they found that I was not injured they thought it would be great if I went about a half a mile back and directed some mortar fire since I knew the German positions. So I went back with them, and we put one gun on fragmentation and one on white phosphorus to chase the enemy out of their fox holes. In 15 minutes we had them on the run. Because of this ill-conceived patrol I complained about being deployed without proper equipment. We lost seven of our very best men who had been thoroughly trained on the mortars. I was assured that this absolutely would not happen again.

It was now late in March, and our Division was transferred to Patton's Third Army. Our unit continued to advance and crossed the Rhine River at midnight over a pontoon bridge built by the Corps of Engineers. We ended up in Falda that night. The Remagen bridge was still open but we were too far south to cross there. A day or so after crossing we started moving in a southeasterly direction. It was at this time that news reached us that FDR had died. We continued on, pushing southeast through Coburg, Bayreuth and Regensburg.

The retreating Germans had destroyed the bridges



over the Isar River, so we were forced to ferry men and equipment across in small boats while under enemy fire. We succeeded in establishing a foothold on the east bank of the river, and moved out with increasing speed.

We marched on into Austria, crossing the Inn River at Braunau. About a day later, in a pine forest north of the town of Lambach, our men uncovered a horrible human tragedy—Gunskirchen Lager. This was a satellite concentration camp that the Nazis had abandoned as they fled. There were about 15,000 men, women, and children inhabiting the camp, mostly Hungarian Jews. They had been without food or water for four days, and they were rapidly dying since they had endured for months on a slice of bread and a bowl of soup each day. Many of those not dead were too weak to move. Our troops provided food and water, and evacuated survivors to a hospital at Wels.

Our final objective was just ahead of us to the east. It was May 5, 1945 that we liberated the town of Steyr. We secured the bridges across the Enns and Steyr Rivers. Here we were ordered to stop and wait for the westward-advancing Russians to meet us. We were not to cross the Steyr river.

Several days passed, and there was a great buildup of German troops across the river from us. We soon determined that a German Division wanted to surrender to us. I was put in charge of their surrender. I set up an office on the German side of the river and, with my Company, established procedures for an

orderly surrender. Soldiers were to be disarmed before they were allowed to cross the river. All artillery was placed in a specified field; rifles were dropped into a two-ton truck; and pistols were placed in my jeep trailer. We allowed the German troops to keep their tents, food, and essential items needed for survival, including their vehicles. The plan worked beautifully, and everything went smoothly. One incident stands out in my mind while processing the German troops. About 3:00 a.m. one morning a German General came into my office and complained about being disarmed. He had a nice Walther pistol which he did not want to give up. I told him that was his choice, but he could not cross over to safety unless he put the pistol on my desk. He left in the darkness. About 6:00 a.m. he returned to my office, gave me the pistol, and asked me to take good care of it. This is one war souvenir I still have today.

The day the war ended in Europe—May 8, 1945—we were in Steyr. There was great celebrating. Two days later I took my jeep and driver to Berchtesgaden to Hitler's Eagle's Nest. The setting was quite impressive, high on a mountain overlooking Salzburg, Austria. When we arrived, Allied troops were ripping up the carpet and furnishings. Hitler's private underground quarters were heavily guarded and no one was allowed to enter.

Shortly thereafter we were transferred as a unit to Landsberg, Germany and I was placed in charge of a



displaced persons camp. One morning there was a big commotion in the camp and I discovered that David Ben-Gurion was visiting from Israel. He was a great Jewish hero, and later became the first prime minister of Israel.

In the fall we were faced with the problem of feeding, housing, and keeping everyone warm in the camp. The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) was in charge of providing food, but it was my responsibility to see that they were kept warm through the winter. I got some chain saws and used some SS troops to cut 5000 steys (cords) of wood for the wood heaters. The wood was stored under roof in the horse barns which was part of the complex where we were staying. In order to figure out where the people in the camp wanted to go to begin their new life, we surveyed all the occupants, and most wanted to go to Israel, with a few preferring South America.

There was a lot of general publicity about the Jewish displaced persons being treated about as poorly by the U.S. Army as by the Germans. One morning, without notice, I was informed that Judge Ritkind from New York and about 17 stars worth of U.S. Generals were at my front gate. I reported to them and they asked to inspect my camp. They inspected the premises and asked me hundreds of questions. They congratulated me on a great job and then left. Shortly after this visit I was informed that running this camp was too big a





job for a First Lieutenant, and that a Major was to replace me. I was tremendously relieved by this turn of events.

One event I clearly recall while in this part of Germany was a ceremony where General George Patton pinned a medal on French General Le Clerc. Patton was wearing his famed pearl-handled pistols. I was able to take a photo of the event.

Eventually my unit was chosen to be in the Army of Occupation in time we had some opportunities to enjoy ourselves. In spring of 1946 I had a very interesting hunting trip in Spital, Austria, where I talked to a game warden and arranged to hunt for auerhahn. This is a bird the size of a wild turkey. They are quite scarce. I was told it was the national bird of Austria.

The hunt began before daylight. We climbed a nearby mountain almost to the top, stopping at intervals to listen for a bird to give its call. It was about grey dawn we heard a bird not over 100 yards away. Our plan was to take two steps in the direction of the bird each time he sang out. This procedure was very nerve-racking, but eventually we were directly under the tree he was in. After some maneuvering, we spotted him and I took a shot—the bird flew away. I was disheartened, but blamed the miss on the warden's gun.

We agreed to try it again the next day, and I was to use my 12-gauge Browning shotgun this time. We hunted in a different area, but followed the same procedure as before to locate a bird. We were able to get under the tree before it was light enough to shoot. This time the bird was in a tree with no leaves, unlike



yesterday when the bird was in a spruce tree. I could make out his outline, but after waiting 15 minutes or so it became light enough to shoot. At the crack of the gun he came tumbling to earth.

The warden broke off a spruce twig and put it in my lapel and said "Wiedeman Heil", which means "hail to the hunter." He carried my gun because I had to carry the 12-pound bird back down the mountain to the village. The warden spread the word about the kill, and soon I was a celebrity as we drove through town with the bird displayed. The auerhahn was mounted and was displayed in a museum in Lintz, Austria when I left for the USA in July 1946.

In three months, the 71st Division fought and marched across 1000 miles of German occupied territory, capturing 80,000 prisoners of war. At Steyr, we attained the eastern most point reached by American ground forces in the European Theater. This spring, my wife, son, and I will join a reunion of the Division to retrace our route across these battlefields—50 years later. Several towns we liberated are hosting official receptions for us, and there are concentration camp survivors that will travel from Israel to thank us personally for saving them on May 1, 1945.



Pershing Edwin “P.E.” MacAllister (C16)

By his daughter Sandy MacAllister

Pershing Edwin MacAllister was born in Wisconsin, August 30th, 1918 and after graduating high school he attended Carroll College in Waukesha, WI earning a BA in history in 1940. With history teaching positions few and far between, P. E. joined the Army Air Corps in the fall of 1940. After training, he found himself assigned to the newly formed 71st Fighter Squadron of the First Fighter Group. He spoke several times at reunions of the 71st and was always welcomed by current service men as he was a “charter member” of the 71st. The following was taken directly from two of those speeches.

“We came from all walks of life; we ranged in age from the late teens to the late 30’s; we had accents from 48 states; appeared in different sizes and shapes, held divergent philosophies, habits, outlooks. But our objective was common: do the job at-hand in ending the war successfully.

Our assignments ranged from clerical to technical, from flying a plane to cooking the chow; from headquarters paperwork to fixing radios or gunsights or Allison engines or twenty-millimeter cannons, plus doing all the stuff in between. We did a lot of grumbling and complaining because we thought there was a lot to complain about. Living in tents was no longer a Boy Scout thrill; living in tents in the mud revived no pioneer instincts whatsoever, and living in tents baked by the hot sirocco winds, harboring scorpions under grass mats, dust clogging mosquito netting was never considered a weekend frolic. We bitched about the constant moving, about the mix-up in orders for missions, about the monotony of C-rations, the caliber of local wines, the character of the local inhabitants, the tenacity of the local insects, and the lineage of Hitler and Tojo who promoted the mandatory junket we were on.

We played poker, shot craps, played soft ball, read books, played radios, wrote letters, drank wine, re-



read letters, played volleyball, told stories, went into town. We were assailed by sundry maladies like dysentery, yellow jaundice, malaria, home-sickness, colds and flu, hangovers, and other esoteric afflictions. ... We got used to sundry climes and diverse, variegated landscapes. We have memories of the bronze fall color in South Carolina, the sticky heat of Louisiana, the lazy lolligagging at Alpena or Oscoda. We enjoyed the blue Pacific at North Island, didn’t think much of the crowd at Ft. Dix, or the raw rudeness of Greenland. England was verdant and damp, Africa was rough strewn and mostly messy, often from the helter-skelter departure of prior military units. Sardinia was depressing and destitute. Italy was very muddy, was laid back, isolated, hum-drum and protracted.

We also got used to moving; we were as mobile as Caesar. During my 39 months with the 71st Fighter Squadron, I had 24 separate mailing addresses. Overseas we moved 12 times in 18 months, before spending the last nine months in Foggia (Italy). We lived most of the time in pyramidal tents, pitched in remote fields, heated by home-made stoves. ... We were nomadic because the objective was to get the men and machines, plus supportive material to where the action would occur. We could pack up a squadron in a truck convoy, move a hundred miles and set up for business in 48 hours. ... We had done things with hand pumps, gerry-built hoists, maintaining a squadron of airplanes (P-38's) out of tool boxes, had kept the radios, lights, guns, and gunsights working with equipment guys could carry in their pockets. ... Yet we operated more effectively than was the case back at the base, because there was a different motivation. It was the life and death battle going on because air power was the key to keeping the Navy intact, the ground troops supported, the Germans shot up and uneasy, and the battle succeeding, we gave it a full court press. ... We simply did something no other random group of people could have done because we knew how to work together and understood the objective was the more machines in the air, functioning and firing for the longest period of time, was what we were all about. Anything less than maximum performance would be dangerous and would adversely impact those who were depending on us.

We know our journey together is long past ... But we are, likewise, aware that our contribution will not fade or diminish. It is burnished by Clio, the Muse of History, and evident in the post-war world which we commissioned once to set right and reshape.”

And from part of a speech for a memorial for the First Fighter Group: “(This monument) is to commemorate our relationship, but mostly to dedicate a monument which will remind the larger world of who we are and where we have fought. It speaks the message as well for those who never got

back and cannot share this experience with us or make their comment about what it all meant. We are particularly sensitive to comrades lost in far off places, and recall with sadness the desperate nature of the air war which shot them down on the threshold of life. Because of duty or because as Americans in a period of crisis, it was time to respond and it was the place to be. For them, the price of honor was total and ultimate. Hopefully, in this granite shaft, we have properly memorialized their gift of life and stretch out one last time beyond the pale our hand of comradeship and affection.”



P. E. MacAllister mustered out of the 71st Fighter Squadron in the summer of 1945 with the rank of Captain. He passed away October 23rd, 2019 at the age of 101. At his memorial service, a group of F-16's from the 71st flew over in his honor. His family had not requested this - the 71st contacted his family to ask if they could honor him this way.

Editor's note: P.E.'s family has chronicled his service to his country and his commitment to his community in a wonderful tribute at <https://www.macallister.com/about/pe-macallister/>

Navy Correspondent Aubrey McAlister (S09)

“On the high school record you’ve placed your name, your next step in life is to gain enduring fame.” HS yearbook.

There are journalists who also serve during war time. Aubrey started his career early, when still a teenager. He was born in Walters, Oklahoma and started out as a printer’s devil (or apprentice), at the local newspaper when he was a teenager, learning to operate the printing equipment and set type by hand.

He graduated from Cameron College, a junior college in Lawton, Oklahoma, and received his journalism degree from Oklahoma State University. He was hired by a newspaper in Stillwater, Oklahoma and was working for Oklahoma A&M as director of student publications when World War II broke out.

Although exempt from the draft, McAlister enlisted in the US Navy in 1944, going through boot camp in San Diego. He was the one of the first reporters sent out under the Enlisted Navy Correspondent Program during World War II.



After his Navy service, McAlister became co-owner and publisher of the Hominy News. He later sold the paper and purchased the Grove Sun. He and a partner purchased the Bonham Favorite in 1955 and he worked as publisher until 1976.

He was president of the Texas Press Association

in 1964 and chairman of its board the following year. He passed away on May 15, 2001, survived by his wife, Audrey, a son, granddaughter, two great-grandchildren and a brother.

Early press about Aubrey from his co-workers in Stillwater:

“Aubrey McAlister is taking over the reporter’s tasks that Lawrence Thompson left when he moved at the first of the year. “Mac” comes back to Stillwater with considerable experience in the Fourth Estate, as newsmen sometimes prefer to call the journalistic profession. The new hand also has had experience in radio work and may do such broadcasting from time to time as we may find necessary. McAlister desires that it be made clear at the outset, however, that his radio work was not in the crooning department. He wrote continuity, and, we suspect, answered the letters form the public to the stars of his station. Anyway, he’ll be able to live down such faults as radio men develop and make a good newsman again.”

“Aubrey McAlister, our associate at the cluttered desk, is fondling a \$50 bill he won Saturday in an editorial contest and Mart Fletcher, just across the street, was awarded \$100 for topping a sales contest in his field. It sure seems nice to have these fine, upstanding, progressive, handsome, gallant fellows as associates up here. We have never known two such fine chap, always quick to help a pal, etc. how about a coupla bucks until next Saturday night Aub, ole pal.”

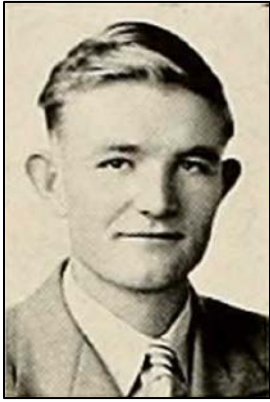


Reporters, Navy Style

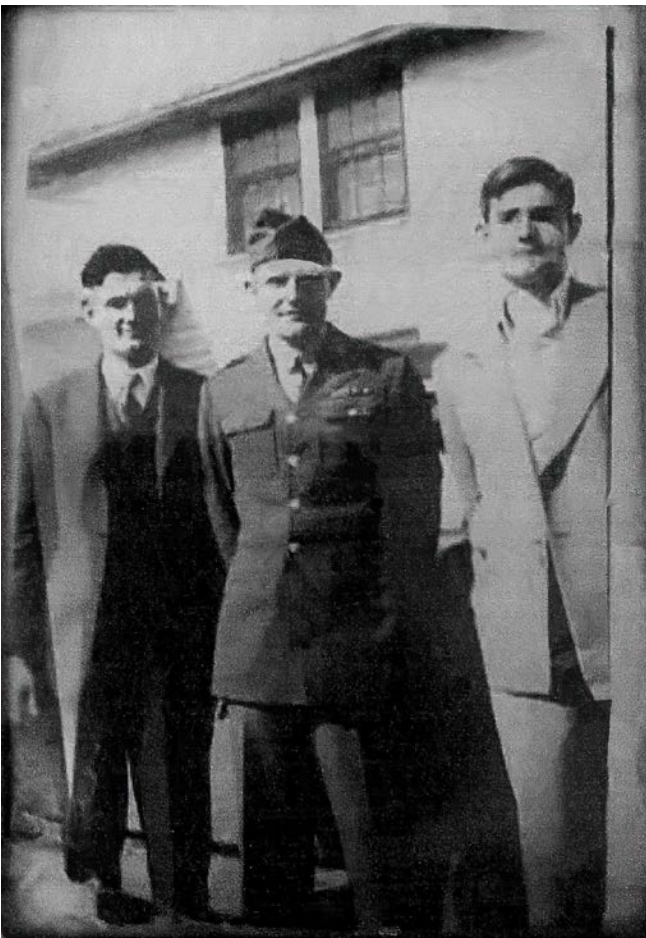
Two Stillwater newspapermen are included in the above picture of four enlisted naval correspondents. The picture was taken at the naval air station at Honolulu before they left for forward areas aboard a NATS (Naval Air Transport Service) four-engine Skymaster. They have, since this picture was taken, been flown to the fleet and assigned to fighting ships to cover battle action and write stories of navy life afloat. Left to right: Maury Godchaux, reporter-on-leave from the Los Angeles Times; AUBREY McALISTER, Oklahoma A&M publications; Leonard Gilbert, Bridgeport, Conn., Telegram, and LAWRENCE BELLATTI on leave from the Stillwater Daily News-Press.—(Official US navy photo).

The following A05 profiles were submitted by “Old Hickory Don” William Donald McAlister Staff Sergeant Rufe Eldridge Tipps

From Tennessee, served 359th Infantry, 90th Infantry Division.



The picture is from the 1941 yearbook from Middle Tennessee State University, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where Rufe was a student.



Rufe (center), with brothers Robert and TJ Tipps.

Rufe E. Tipps never had a chance to reach 100 years old today. Instead, he sacrificed his life for our freedom.

He was born on May 16, 1918 in Tennessee. His parents Rufus and Tabitha were also both born in Tennessee. His father worked as a farmer and later as a barber. Rufe had two younger sisters and two younger brothers. By 1940 Rufe had completed two years of college at Middle Tennessee State and was working on the family farm.

He became a staff sergeant in Company K, 3rd Battalion, 359th Infantry Regiment, 90th Infantry Division.

The 90th ID arrived in England in April 1944 and immediately began training for the invasion of France. It was in action in Normandy the day after D-Day. A week later, Sgt. Tipps was killed on June 14, 1944 when his regiment was attacking the village of Orglandes. The 90th ID would lose more than one third of its men during the fighting in Normandy.

His Obituary – Lincoln County News:

Body of Staff Sergeant Rufe Eldridge Tipps To Be Returned Here for Burial –

Funeral services for Staff Sgt. Rufe Eldridge, 26, who lost his life on June 14, 1944 in the Invasion of Cherbourg Beach Head in France, will be conducted Saturday afternoon at 2:30, at the Church of Christ in Fayetteville, by Wesley Flowers of Christiana, assisted by R.A. Largen.

Staff. Sgt. Tipps entered the armed forces on October 1941 and during training in the United States he was stationed at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, Fort Still, Oklahoma, and attended the Morgantown University in Morgantown, West Virginia prior to going overseas. In March 1944 he left for foreign service in the 90th Infantry Division.

Surviving are his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rufe A. Tipps of Maxwell, Tennessee; sisters Martha Ann, also of Maxwell, and Mrs. Lawson Jean of Taft; and two brothers, T.J. of Maxwell and Robert of Winchester.

Colonel Paul E. Towry (A05), (Ret)

My name is Paul Emmitt Towry, Colonel, United States Army Retired; the son of John Ewin and Mary Julia (McAlister) Towry. I was born July 14, 1919 in Lincoln County, Tennessee, the first of six children.

I attended a one-room school for two years, then went on to school in Fayetteville, Tennessee on old “Rocky Knob,” graduating from Rocky Knob with honors. I attended Central High in Fayetteville, and then Blanche High in Blanche, Tennessee.

After attending college in Missouri (1937-41), another relative came back to haunt me (me and 11 million other young men!). Yes, I received “greetings” from Uncle Sam and on June 11, 1941, I was sworn in at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia.

My future in the calvary looked very bleak until the morning my first sergeant asked for volunteers for a new type of training. I was well aware, from the stories told me by the old timers, that a soldier should never volunteer for anything. I don’t know why, but I raised my hand and was given a blitz course at Fort Riley in how to operative and maintain the new army tanks assigned to thaqt installation. I was awarded a promotion to corporal on October 11, 1941. Other promotions and training accrued during the following years.

By late 1956 it was again time to be transferred to Saigon. It was a hot January day when we arrived. I soon learned that we had arrived during TET, but Saigon was not to be peaceful for very long. I had been there only three days when Viet-Gong guerrillas blew up a military ammunition depot on the outskirts of the city. After this fiasco, I returned to my duties as chief of an organization that was sent to recover some 10,000 pieces of military equipment from Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

In 1962 someone with my experience was needed in Orleans, France. By July 1965, it was time for reassignment, this time to Red Stone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. The summer of 1967 saw things heating up between Israel and the Arab countries. The “six day war” was on. When the war broke out, Beirut

became a tinderbox overnight. Americans were in danger and our government decided to evacuate all Americans. I was reassigned to Vietnam and Okinawa and from there back to Red Stone Arsenal and to retirement on August 1, 1969.

From Paul’s obituary in March 2016:

Following his Army retirement, Paul's entrepreneurial spirit helped him succeed in two business ventures— an import/export business in Okinawa dealing in oriental fine art and jewelry, and after returning to the US, a flooring business in Eureka Springs, AR. He finally retired to Texas, where he continued his hobbies as a poet, songwriter, world traveler with his wife Nita, and genealogist of the Towry and McAlister names. He helped found the Towry/Towery Family of America, serving as President, Director, and Trustee. He was bestowed their highest honor of Chairman Emeritus several years ago. He also helped found the Clan McAlister of America, a genealogical organization to research his maternal family heritage.

Paul's interest in genealogy was of particular importance to him and it can be said, “he never met a stranger.” He would ask everyone he met ‘what’s your name and where are you from?’ Paul is preceded in death by his parents, John Ewin and Mary Julia McAlister Towry; and wives Ruth S. Towry-Mortar, Ethel “Kathi” Milsted Towry, and the strongest love of his life, Juanita Strock Towry.

He is survived by his children John F. (Gretchen) Towry, Paula Towry, Linda (Vahe) Najarian and Patricia (Laurent) Sibiril; six grandchildren Hollie Dean, Michelle Hetzel, Jennifer Fisher, Aida Kenyon, Oshine Najarian, Jessica Hozain and Quintin Sibiril; ten great-grandchildren; and two great-great grandchildren.

Joint services will be held for both Col. Towry and his wife, Juanita, who died on January 29, 2016. In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorial donations to the Fisher House Foundation at www.fisherhouse.org.

Electrician 2nd Class Bobby Mullins (A05)

I was born in Frogville, Lincoln Co. Tennessee in a farm house near the cotton gin and saw mill, December 24, 1931. A McAlister relative was born in this same house a few years earlier.

I joined the Aviation branch of the Navy March 15, 1951 and was discharged March 14, 1955. My first year was in Boot Camp, San Diego, California and schools at Jacksonville, Florida. I was trained to be an aviation electrician.

I was assigned to two squadrons during the last three years of my service. I flew test and training flights as a crew member. The first squadron had a fleet of R5D planes. This squadron had two responsibilities. We trained fighter pilots to fly multi-engine planes. An overhaul and repair facility that employed civilian workers was located on the base. The Navy fleet of R5D planes was sent to us for overhaul and repair as needed by flight hours. We inspected and flew these planes. The planes were then given to the overhaul and repair facility to do the needed work. When this work was completed the planes were given back to us for inspection and test flying. The second squadron was located at Sanford, Florida and was a photographic squadron. This squadron had a fleet of AJ planes. This plane had two radial engines and one jet engine. The AJ was very good at high altitude and was used to make aerial photos of many countries.

Charles Phillip McCown (A05)

I, Charles Phillip McCown, lifetime CMA and A05 member, was born in Skinem, Tennessee on January 16, 1934.

I am the son of O.N. and Verlina (Linnie) McAlister

McCown. I am the grandson of John Roy and Caledonia (Donie) Monks McAlister, the great grandson of W.J. and Tabitha (Crawford) McAlister, the great great grandson of William H. and Velencia (Deadman) McCorder, the great great great grandson of Andrew and Elizabeth (Hicklin) McAlister.

After leaving Lipscomb University in 1956 I was drafted into the Army for two years and inducted in Nashville, Tennessee. I was then sent to Fort Chaffee, Arkansas and then sent on to Fort Carson, Colorado for basic training. After the training, I went to Fort Gordon, Georgia to attend teletype school! After clearing the top secret, I was assigned to Signal Corp and on to Taipei Taiwan.

In Taipei, I worked on the Communication Center, operated 24 hours a day and made three shifts. Each shift is made up of personnel from each branch of the military.

We monitored the radio stations and sent from Red China classified information to Washington, D.C. After each shift we strapped a pistol to our waist! We made sure that all waste papers were dumped into a cylinder, set fire, and we stood guard to check the cylinder and make sure all ashes were gone.

While there in Taipei, Walter Bonner from Arkansas and raised as a Catholic later converted to Church of Christ. The Captain, his wife and I met in the living room on Sunday for worship. After several weeks, another couple (U.S.) a wife and two children joined. After outgrowing the living room, we got permission to meet in the English-Speaking School (with Natives) in downtown Taipei. The congregation has grown to a large number and is still in existence today. It was the



Earl McAllister Charles McAllister John McAlister Jr. Michael Zeller Robert McAllister Jr. & Sr.

beginning of The Church in Taipei, Taiwan.

After returning to the States, I worked for Fayetteville Public Utilities for 50 years. I was plant accountant, office manager, director of finance, administration and treasurer. I retired at age 77 in Fayetteville, Tennessee where I presently live.

Rogers Murray McAlister (A05)

I, Rogers Murray McAlister, was born in Skinem, Lincoln Co. Fayetteville, Tennessee on April 30, 1936.

My parents were Virgil and Bonnie Stephens McAlister. My siblings are my brother, Don, and my sister Rebecca (Becky). I attended both Camargo and 8th District Elementary schools. I graduated from Center, Lincoln Co. High School and while there I played football all four years. I was offered a college scholarship to play football but I chose not to accept the offer.

I was later drafted into the Army and served two years on two separate assignments at Ft. Campbell and Ft. Knox, Kentucky. My main job while there was to do mechanical work which involved repairing vehicles of all kinds. This was in the late 1950's.

William Donald McAlister (A05)

I was born September 16, 1933, and grew up in Skinem, a small community 5 miles south of Fayetteville, Lincoln Co. (on the Alabama line), Tennessee. The community was called McAlister for many years, but the name changed because of a funny story about one of my Scottish grandfathers. He ran the community dry goods and grocery store and gained the reputation of "skinning" his customers, therefore, the name change.

My parents were Virgil and Bonnie Stephens McAlister. My dad worked at the shirt plant and my mom worked at the dress plant, both in Fayetteville. Later Dad and his brother, Leamon operated a Chicken Coop Factory in Skinem for several years, selling them as far away as Georgia and Florida. I worked there during the summers and holidays until I went to college. I had one younger brother, Rogers Murray and one sister, Rebecca Ann.

In 1951 I graduated from Lincoln County Central High School. My Dad only finished the eighth grade, but he was able to take Latin and requested that I do the same. I complied but did not do as well as he. He was particularly good in math and when helping me, he could work a problem in his head quicker than I could on paper.

I attended David Lipscomb College in Nashville, Tennessee and graduated in 1955 with a B.S. in Physical Education and Science. After graduation I joined the Navy and the Officers Candidate School which was in Booth Bay Harbor, Maine. I made it through 16 of the 20 weeks. I was sent to a ship, a mine-sweeper named the USS ACME-508. Having a proclivity for dizziness, I was not much service on my mine-sweeper. After my time of service was completed, I was honorably discharged.

Upon leaving the military, I enrolled in Peabody College in Nashville and graduated with a Master's degree in Physical Education and Biology. My first teaching job was Social Studies and Science for the eighth grade at Robert E Lee Elementary School in Fayetteville, Tennessee. After teaching and coaching basketball and football for six years, I became principal there. Then, on to Fayetteville Jr. High School where I served as Principal for four years. The Fayetteville City Board of Education then hired me as the Superintendent of Schools where I served for seven years.

In 1979 I was hired by the Tennessee School Boards Association in Nashville as a Lobbyist for local school boards of Tennessee. During the years at TSBA, I attended Tennessee State University in Nashville and complete my studies for my Doctorate degree. I graduated with a Doctor of Education in School Administration. After 15 years at TSBA, I retired.

Joe McCown (A05)

I was born in Skinem, Tennessee. I was 38 years old when I was drafted into the Army. I served from 1964-1966. I did basic training in Louisiana. I left Washington State on a ship of 2,900 near Camron Bay. There was no landing air strip. My two years

were spent in Vietnam. I was one of four enlisted men out of the 6 troops to serve there.

A05 Civil War Veterans:

Nathaniel (Nathan McCallister) McAlister

Born December 10, 1831, first child of Andrew, born in Tennessee. Died December 12, 1907, buried at Sandlin Cemetery, Lincoln Co. Tennessee.

Owned grist mill on Elk River in Giles Co. Tennessee. Enlisted in the Army at Camp Trousdale, Tennessee on December 7, 1861 and served in B Company 4, Consolidated Infantry in the Civil War.

Samuel (McCallister) McAlister

Born in Tennessee December 11, 1834. Died of bronchitis at age 64 December 13, 1898. Buried in Sandlin Cemetery, Lincoln Co. Tennessee.

He enlisted twice in the Confederate Army: First as a member of the “Camargo Guards” and then as a private in Company H, 44 Infantry, Fayetteville, and fought in the Cheat Mountain battle. He may have worked on the building of the Stone Bridge in Fayetteville, Tennessee.

Lt. Gen. John McAllister Schofield

Born in Gerry, New York September 19, 1831, and at the age of 12 was taken by his father, a Baptist minister, to Freeport, Illinois. He graduated from West Point in 1853, ranking seventh in his class.

He served throughout the Civil War in command positions. He was the officer who recommended that Pearl Harbor, Hawaii be established as a military base by the United States.

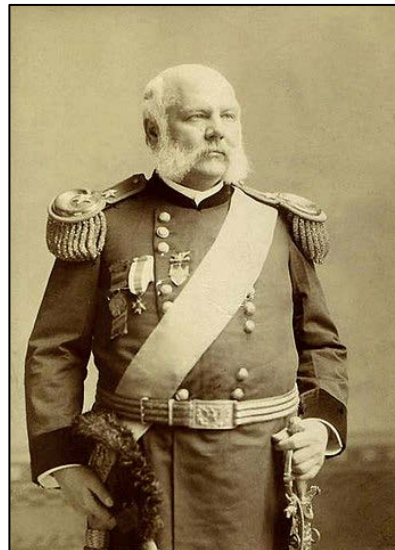
From 1876 to 1881 he was Superintendent at West Point and succeeded to command of the entire Army. He was retired for age on his 64th birthday and died in Saint Augustine, Florida on March 4, 1906. He was buried in Section 2 of Arlington Cemetery.

When the Civil War broke out Schofield became a Major in the Infantry. From 1888 until his retirement in 1895 Schofield was Commanding General of the United States Army. He had become a Major General,

then a Brigadier General and on February 5, 1895 he was commissioned Lieutenant General.

Today, Schofield is remembered for a lengthy quotation that all cadets at the United States Military Academy at West Point, Officer Candidate School at Fort Benning and the United States Air Force Academy are required to memorize. It is an excerpt from his graduation address to the class of 1879 at West Point:

“The discipline which makes the soldiers of a free country reliable in battle is not to be gained by harsh or tyrannical treatment. On the contrary, such treatment is far more likely to destroy than to make an army. It is possible to impart instruction and give commands in such a manner and such a tone of voice as to inspire in the soldier no feeling but an intense desire to obey, while the opposite manner and tone of voice cannot fail to excite strong resentment and a desire to disobey. The one mode or other of dealing with subordinates springs from a corresponding spirit in the breast of the commander. He who feels the respect which is due to others cannot fail to inspire in them respect for himself; while he who feels, and hence manifests, disrespect towards others, especially his subordinates, cannot fail to inspire hatred against himself.”



By Bell, Charles Milton 1848-1893 - Jamesloweautographs, Public Domain, <https://commons.wikimedia.org/w/index.php?curid=65986156>

James Alfred Self (J26)

By his son, Hunt Self

Staff Sergeant E6 James Alfred Self

19 August 1919 – 7 May 1978

Inducted 20 August 1941 and served in the 157th Infantry, 45th Division, 7th Army under Gen. George Patton. His division was moved a couple of times to XV Corps, but mostly in 7th Army.

He left the USA on 10 June 1943 to the EAMET (European Theatre). He arrived in Europe on 21 Jun 1943. He left Europe on 10 Sept 1945 and arrived in the USA on 19 Sept 1945. His service in the USA was 1 year, 9 months and 29 days. His foreign service was 2 years, 3 months and 10 days. His highest rank/grade was SSG/E6 (Staff Sergeant). He received an Honorable Discharge for his service from 20 Aug 1941 to 28 Sept 1945. Among other medals and campaign starts he earned a Purple Heart. Record showed he had 4 years of high school and 3 of college (he had to leave college in 1941 (UNC) and would have graduated in 1942. (As noted on his DD 214).

If you follow the movie “Patton” and note the progression of battles – Africa, Sicily, Italy, Bastogne, Paris ... you will get an idea of where he actually was during the war. Bill Gissendanner, a resident of Florence, South Carolina and person who worked for James’ brother-in-law Louis Hite, wrote a book for all the people in Florence Co. who served in WWII. Bill was in the same 7th Army and cataloged his time in service in detail. Following his timeline parrots the movie and gives good credence to where my dad served. Editor’s note: In less than nine months of continuous fighting, the Seventh Army had advanced over 1,000 miles and commanded 24 US and Allied divisions, including the 3rd, 36th, 42nd, 44th, 45th, 63rd, 70th, 100th, and 103rd Infantry Divisions.

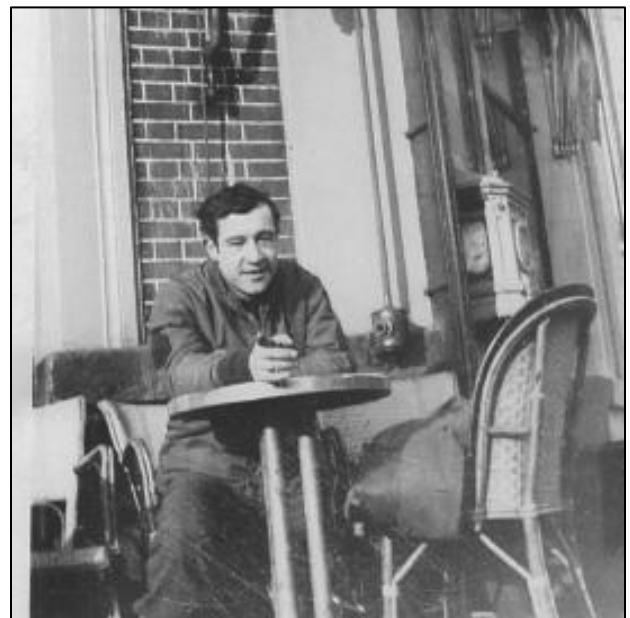
My dad did not discuss much of his time served during the War. I obtained more information from Uncle Louis and other family friends who noted that Dad



endured very difficult times while in the Army and suppressed what he experienced.

He was present at the liberation of Paris. His unit liberated the Dachau Concentration Camp. I visited there when I was in Europe and

did not know that his unit had liberated the camp. Even in the 1970’s the scene there was seriously morbid – and I can only imagine what it was like if he was actually there.



Veterans of other Wars

Staff Sergeant James Walter McCallister

From Huntingburg, Indiana, served in the Air Force 1951-1955 as Ground Radar Operator with 3384th Tech Training Squadron, ATC, Keesler AFB, Missouri. Attended NCO Leadership School.

William Allen McCallister

From Huntingburg, Indiana, served in the Air Force 1952-1956 as Communications Center Specialist with 820th Operations Squadron, Strategic Air Command in Korea.

Sergeant James Jerome McAllister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served in the Air Force 1950-1953 as Senior Flight Mechanic.

DT3 E-4 Stacey Allen McAllister

From Dothan, Alabama, served in the Navy 1989-1994 in Southeast Asia and the liberation of Kuwait.

Sergeant Russell Bernard McAllister

From Reidsville, Rockingham Co. North Carolina, served 1950-1953 with 55th MP Co. (EG) in Korea.

Airman 2nd Class (E-3) Harry Joe McAllister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served in the Air Force 1957-1960 with 4641st Support Squadron, Strategic Air Command.

E-5 Charles Marion McAllister

From Houston Co. Alabama, served as Construction Machine Operator 1953-1959 with Co. B, 1st BN at Ft. Leonard Wood.

Walter Franklin McCollister

From Montgomery, Alabama, served as Freight Traffic Specialist 1962-1964 with 363rd Transportation Squadron, Tactical Air Command.

Rifleman Howard Lawrence McAllister

From Montgomery, Alabama, served in Marine Corps 1969-1971 with Marine Corps Automated Service Center, Kansas City, Missouri.

E-4 Bobby Lee McCallister

Served from 1972-1975 with Battery A, 2nd Battalion, 57th ADA.

Sergeant Timothy Charles McCallister

From Montgomery, Alabama, served in Marine Corps 1981-1985 as Field Artillery Ops Man with 1st Battalion, 10th Marine Division, Camp Lejeune, North Carolina.

E-4 John Joseph McAlister

From Ontario, California, served in Army 1987-1992 as Carpentry and Masonry Specialist with 85th Maintenance Company, Ft. Lewis, Washington.

Captain Paul R. McAlister

From San Jose, California served in Army 1966-1968 as Air Defense Artillery with F Battery 4th Battalion, 44th Artillery at Fort Bliss Texas, Fort Knox Kentucky and Inchon Korea.

LCDR Robert George McAllister

Served in Navy 1961-1982 in the Medical Department at Guam, Marianna Islands, San Francisco, California, Marine Air Station Kaneohe, Hawaii and Naval Hospital San Diego, California.



Jeremy Shirey (S09)



Sean McAllister Terry McAllister Kenneth Zeller Sr. Thomas Zeller Robert McAllister

McAllister/MacAllister Generations in Service

By Patrick MacAllister

Yes, I am a veteran, and I have participated in campaigns overseas that supported the Global War on Terrorism. However, I am in a combat support role in the Army which has not required me to go on patrols. With that being said, I tip my hat to those brothers and sisters in arms who have paid the ultimate sacrifice and those that have fought alongside them. Less than .5% of U.S. citizens actually see service in the United States today, but descendants of John McAllister serve proud and strong. Although I am still discovering John's descendants, most of the families I've discovered have members that have served.

Although my grandfather did not serve in the military, his three sons did. The oldest joined the Navy and supported the war effort in World War II. The second joined the Air Force during the Cold War and served in Germany and perhaps other places that I don't know. The last wanted to serve so bad, he memorized the eye chart so that he could join the Marines during Vietnam. While in boot camp, he was not allowed to wear his glasses so he did not recognize and salute an officer while on guard duty. The Drill Instructors surrounded him and had a nice talk with him. Afterwards, one asked why he didn't salute the officer, and when he explained that he couldn't see, they kicked him out of the Marines.

Several of my first cousins and their children have joined the Army. One graduated West Point and his son later graduated there as well. Another is a Command Sergeant Major in the Army. One is a Chief Petty Officer in the Navy. Although I am still learning more about my extended cousins, I did find one that is a Special Forces Operator. Their stories are their own to tell, but I'm sure they are quite proud to have served.

During my childhood, I spent most of my time outside and would play war with my friends in open fields or in the woods. I always enjoyed watching war movies with my father. When I graduated high school, I considered joining the military but my parents talked

me out of it. Perhaps a little late, I looked into ROTC while attending graduate school but thought that it didn't make sense at that point. I worked with Air Force veterans and a retired Army wife at a community college for a couple of years. One day during exams, I bumped into an Army recruiter in the lounge and jokingly said that he must be looking for those that are failing out, but he said, "No, I'm here for you." Over 20 years later, I'm still serving. Needless to say, my parents were shocked, but surprisingly proud at the same time.

I cannot think of any exciting or interesting stories to tell that would be worth reading about my career, but I can say that I've traveled and seen many parts of the world to include Europe, Asia, Africa, Central America, and South America. Africa brought a greater appreciation for coffee which was exemplified while in Central and South America. Living in Europe allowed me to visit many interesting historical places to include a couple trips to Scotland. While in Scotland, I did visit Glen Barr Abbey and Tarbert and Torrisdale Castles, but the majority of the time was enjoying the sites with my family.

Perhaps one tale to tell would be the time in Africa while I was working as a liaison officer that my boss from my home unit wanted to come out and visit. Many thought that I had a cushy job and didn't deserve the extra pay I received while there. On the way to the airport, my driver and I came across a mob on the street that were throwing stones at passing cars. Some were quite large and busted the driver's window and cracked and damaged others. We were surrounded by about 20 angry men and somehow my driver found a way to speed by during the rush hour traffic. So, when I met my boss and his companion, I shrugged a bit of glass out of my hair and said don't mind the glass in the back seat, we ran into a bit of trouble on the way up -- welcome to Africa. Needless to say, I didn't hear any more about the job being cushy.

Earl Henry “Scotty” McAllister

“.. The Rest of the Story “

Submitted by his sister Joyce McAllister Morrison, and niece Joyce Morrison Mason

Earl Henry McAllister was born July 28, 1923 in Hamilton, Ontario to William Burton McAllister (1889-1958) and Ruby Dell Binkley. Earl’s paternal grandparents were John Henry McAllister (1867-1938) and Edith B. Smith. Earl’s paternal grandparents were Elisha Yale McAllister (1822-1887) and Emily Hose. Elisha Yale McAllister was born somewhere in the USA as per Canadian records and immigrated in 1855/6 to Mt. Hope, Glanford Twp., Wentworth County, Ontario where he owned and operated a stage coach stop and inn he purchased in 1856. Elisha and Emily are buried in Mt. Hope, Ontario.

Scotty was a graduate of Hamilton Technical Institute. He was also an avid hunter. According to his parents, hunting for food (prepared) was one favorite and hunting food (on the wing) was the other. He left his furniture factory job in Hamilton Ontario to join the Royal Air Force in 1942. He was first sidetracked because of his short stature, then by an ear defect and finally sought transfer to the army as a private. Earl fought with the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders of Canada, Princess Louise. When he joined, they had trouble fitting him with a uniform ... his belt came up almost to his arm pits.

An anecdote revealed by a sister gave credence to the suggestion that Earl mixed “courage and psychology in liberal quantities to employ against the enemy in battle.”

From one account: “When Earl was down there with the Argylls, his company was ordered to the gas hut for respirator drill. As the men lined up in a long queue to await their turn in the chamber, Earl told a few tales of friends he had lost in gas chambers. He had just concluded a colorful description of the funeral accorded one of them, when two of the men in his company fainted.”

He went overseas in February 1944 as the Allies prepared for the Normandy invasion. Held in reserve, his battalion arrived in France to reinforce the Canadian Division south of Caen on July 21. Their task was to pin down the German 7th Army at Falaise while General Patton’s American Army swept around behind the enemy, creating the Falaise Pocket, a brilliant strategic trap.



On August 21, 1944, during the WWII Battle of Falaise Trap around St. Lambert-sur-Dives, France, Earl Henry McAllister, also known as Mac or Scotty, captured 160 Germans single handedly in one day, a feat that has been described as a “combination of gall, psychology and courage.”

CODELE DISPATCH August 22, 1944, TRUN, FRANCE
(William Wilson wrote this main article which was repeated through Canada and in the US)

All along the bloody French battlefield they're talking today about a fearless Canadian private. Yes, just a common buck private, but he probably won't be a private long because he single-handedly captured 160 fully-armed Germans in the battle of Falaise trap. This breaks the record set by USA sergeant Alvin York from Kentucky, when he rounded up 132 Germans in the World War One battle of Argonne. Dispatches from the front say that the private, Earl McAllister of Hamilton, Ontario, became so busy taking prisoners that near the end of the roundup he was sending them back to the rear unescorted. And here, according to United War Correspondent William A. Wilson, is how McAllister bagged his record:

It started with McAllister driving back some wounded German prisoners in a captured amphibious car. He saw Nazis crossing the road. He fired at them. They surrendered. Later a French marquis stopped the private and told him 30 Germans were hiding in a nearby woods. He started after them afoot, armed only with a Sten gun and pistols. Inside the woods he shot away and 25 more Nazis promptly gave up. McAllister sent them to the rear with an unarmed Frenchman he met. He went farther in the woods to find 60 more Germans who also surrendered when he opened fire, all were fully armed and fully fed up with the war. A Frenchman told McAllister a Nazi Tiger tank was hiding farther on, so McAllister sent the 60 Germans to the rear without an escort and started out after the tank. It turned out to be an armored car surrounded by about 70 German infantrymen. All put down their arms and surrendered.

Said his mother “It was just as we had figured. We thought he had too much courage for his size. When he went away we said: ‘Either he comes back a hero or he doesn't come back at all.’”



MOTHER of the 21-year-old Hamilton private, Earl McAllister, who captured 160 Germans. Mrs. Burton McAllister holds his hunting rifle.

THE NEWS of Pte. McAllister's feat caused quite a stir at home. Here his two sisters, Mrs. George Morrison, left, and Mrs. Clare Davidson, right, and his mother read the news.

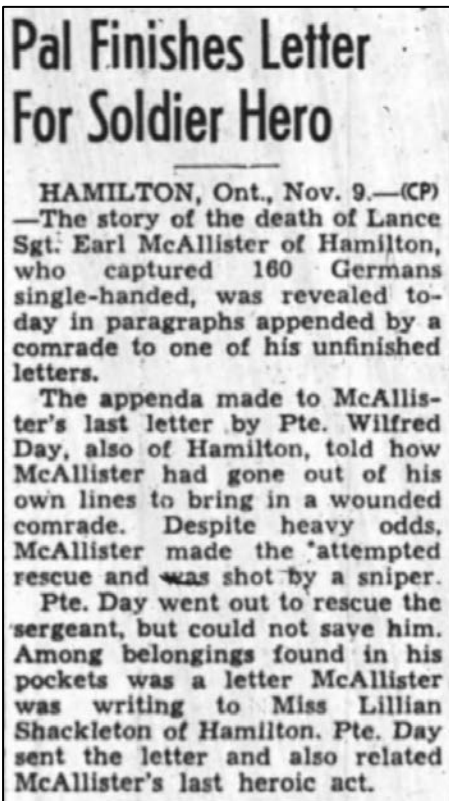
(NOTE: Joyce McAllister Morrison is to the right of her mother, not the left.)



Cpl. McAllister, "North Shore" Regiment, 8th Brigade, 3rd Canadian Infantry Division, posing with a captured "Luger P08" (Luger P08, Parabellum) near the French village of Saint-Lambert-sur-Dives.

The letter began with McAllister describing the conditions he was experiencing. “the worst thing we have to contend with is the infernal darkness when we’re on patrol and can’t see our hand in front of our face, let alone where we are walking ...” He never finished it, and was carrying the letter in his pocket when he died. Pvt. Day wrote: This is a letter that McAllister started but I am very sorry, I must end it for him. Mac, my best friend and yours, was killed yesterday, so I am writing this footnote to inform you Mac and I were always together and as he died in my arms he gave me all his belongings and told me to send this on. He did not suffer and let me assure (you) he died a hero. He was a friend of all and we miss him more than any one.”

“You may wonder how he died. Well, one of his boys got hit and as Mac went out to get him, he got it as he walked outside. Well, Lillian, I will close now, as I have to write to my Mom. Please pardon the blood – it could not have been helped.” (Per Joyce McAllister Morrison Mason, she thinks Lillian was Earl’s girlfriend and Earl called her Little Red.)

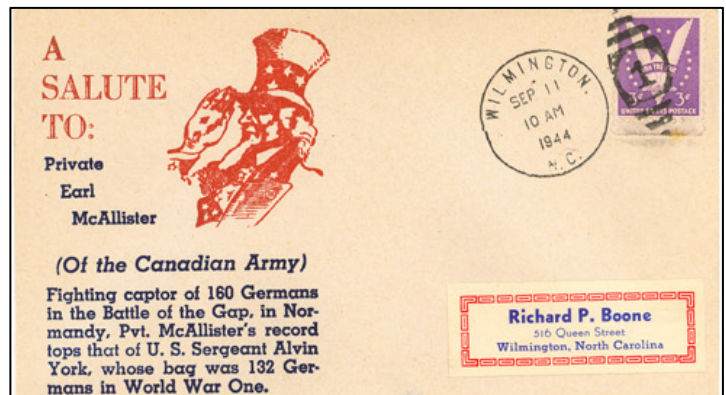


The Ottawa Journal 09 Nov 1944

Earl Henry McAllister was killed by a sniper on October 20, 1944 and is buried at Bergen-Op-Zoom Canadian War Cemetery, Netherlands.



Plaque dedicated to Earl by the North Wall Riders Association at the Peace Memorial Park, Hamilton Ontario October, 2017.



SS Clan Macalister at Dunkirk

by Lynn McAlister, MA, FSA Scot

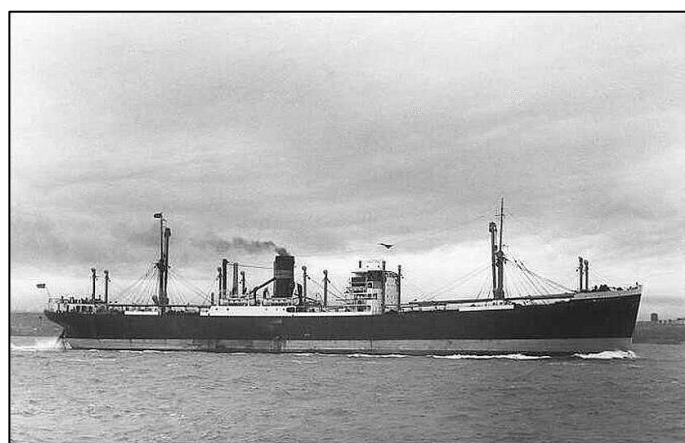
This article was prepared in 2016 by the CMA Historian, Lynn McAlister. You can find many of Lynn's fascinating articles regarding McAlisters at her Macalister history website <https://macalisterhistory.com/>. This is one such article. Lynn footnotes her research extensively, but space does not allow us to show those references here; please follow the link to her website.

On this day (29 May) in 1940, the steamer **SS Clan Macalister** was destroyed by the Luftwaffe while taking part in 'Operation Dynamo', the evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk in France. Eighteen people died in the attack and fourteen were wounded.

The evacuation of the B E F, which had been fighting with France and the Low Countries against the advancing German army, became necessary when the Germans broke through the Allied line and overran Belgium and France in a matter of days. Germany now held most of the coast. As unoccupied territory shrank by the day, nearly the entire British Expeditionary Force, as well as French troops and fleeing Belgian units, began to converge in desperation on the tiny strip of coast that remained free. Sir Winston Churchill recalled, "The whole root and core and brain of the British Army ... seemed about to perish upon the field or to be led into an ignominious and starving captivity" – and if the war against the Third Reich was to be won, there would have to be an army left to win it. On Sunday, 26th May, no other options remaining, an emergency evacuation got underway.

Unfortunately, the coast at that point is blocked by sandbars and shoals, so larger ships could not approach at all; even smaller craft were hindered by the wreckage of what had once been a port: "The docks were useless. Bombed incessantly over a period of weeks they were a mass of battered metal and broken

walls; the basins were open to the tide; the gates wrecked and jammed; the cranes stood weakly on three legs or lay like stricken birds along the quays. And over them, all through the evacuation, hung the pall that was lit on its underside by the red flame of the burning warehouses."



This meant that some method had to be found for picking up hundreds of thousands of men straight off the beaches. Part of the answer was the use of the now-famous "little ships" – more than 700 mostly private-owned yachts, lifeboats, fishing boats, etc., whose owners responded immediately to the government's request for small craft that could be used closer to the shore. But these boats could take only small numbers of passengers, and those they carried were vulnerable to attack from above.

What was really needed were small motor craft to ferry men out to the bigger ships that waited off shore – ideally something armoured, to offer some protection from the shells coming at them from enemy planes. As luck would have it, about a dozen such craft had been built recently, and crews were being trained to operate them. These assault landing craft [ALCs] "could carry 50 men per trip ... [they] had the shallow draught

needed for moving over the shallows between beach and ships. They had twin engines and steel armour which was to prove its worth” under nearly constant shelling and bombs. “The Admiralty ... said they wanted the lot,” Bernard Fergusson reports, “and were sending a ship to collect them”.



That ship was the *SS Clan Macalister*, a British cargo steamer built in 1930 for Clan Line Steamers, Ltd., of Glasgow. It was the third ship owned by the Clan Line to be so named. The first *Clan Macalister* had been sold in 1902; the second was a casualty of the first world war, torpedoed by a U-boat in 1915. At 6,787 tons, the third *Clan Macalister* was “nearly twice the size ... of any other ship that took part” in the evacuation, according to A. D. Devine, and it had been requisitioned by the military specifically for Operation Dynamo. Its size, and the fact that it carried cranes, made it better suited than most to transport and then unload the ALCs. The ship also carried 45 sailors and two officers to manage and operate the ALCs.[8] W J R Garner calls the landing craft that were brought by *Clan Macalister* “the most important arrivals” of 29 May.

The scene into which the *Clan Macalister* sailed with its valuable cargo was chaotic and hazardous. Thick smoke from weapon fire made it extremely difficult to see, adding to the challenge of navigating around the shoals and sandbars (which had always been there) and

the wreckage of the docks and of other ships that now littered the harbour.” The ship’s captain, Captain Mackie, felt uneasy about “proceeding in the dark through the Downs among those wrecks and so many ships at anchor without lights ...” Worst of all, the ships and the harbour were under nearly incessant attack. Churchill told Parliament, “Pressing in upon the narrow exit, both from the east and from the west, the enemy began to fire with cannon upon the beaches by which alone the shipping could approach or depart. They sowed magnetic mines in the channels and seas; they sent repeated waves of hostile aircraft, sometimes more than a hundred strong in one formation, to cast their bombs upon the single pier that remained, and upon the sand dunes upon which the troops had their eyes for shelter. Their U-boats ... and their motor launches took their toll.

But arriving in one piece was only half the battle. From the start, the *Clan Macalister’s* mission ran into trouble. Captain Mackie remembered that “We started to discharge the [ALCs] and had just lifted our first into the air when the destroyer Vanquisher dashed past at full speed and set up so much wash as to cause the ship to roll ...heavily”; the men moving ALC no. 4 lost control of it and it crashed down on ALC no. 18, leaving both unfit for service.

At 15.45, as the other ALCs were being unloaded, the *Clan Macalister* was hit three times in an air raid, setting boilers on fire and igniting part of the magazine. Most of the evacuees who had been transferred to *Clan Macalister* from smaller ships, and some of the military personnel who had arrived with the ALCs, were taken on board the destroyer *HMS Malcolm*. Though Capt. Mackie resisted giving up on his ship and valiant attempts were made to put out the fires, eventually he was convinced to abandon ship and was picked up with the rest of the survivors by the minesweeper *HMT Pangbourne*. *The Clan Macalister* did not sink straight away; still visible from the air, the ship was hit repeatedly by German aircraft and burned for days. When it finally went down, it took five of the badly needed ALCs with it.

Yet despite being sunk on its first run to Dunkirk, the *SS Clan Macalister* had made a significant contribution to the mission. Its cargo, the surviving ALCs, ferried thousands of troops from the beaches over the remaining days of the evacuation. It was partly because of these landing craft that nearly twice as many soldiers were rescued on the 29th (and again in the days that followed) than on the first days of the operation put together. Fergusson concludes, “the new landing-craft had proved their worth”.

Though necessitated by military disaster, Operation Dynamo itself was an unparalleled success. Instead of the 20,000 – 50,000 men that those in the know thought might, at best, be evacuated, nearly 350,000 British and French soldiers were taken from the beaches of Dunkirk over the course of nine days. Devine, who was there, called it “the greatest rescue expedition in the history of mankind”. Stephan Wilkinson suggests that were it not for the evacuation of “almost the entire British Expeditionary Force and tens of thousands of French poilus” from Dunkirk, Britain might well have fallen to the Nazis, leaving the US, when it finally entered the war, to fight alone, without allies and without a staging ground for its air war against the enemy. There would have been no D-Day invasion, and the world might look very different today.

As Churchill told the British people, “We must be very careful not to assign to this deliverance the attributes of a victory. Wars are not won by evacuations. But there was a victory inside this deliverance ...” The *SS Clan Macalister* played a part in that victory. Today the ship lies on the ocean floor, classified by the UK Hydrographic Office as a ‘dangerous wreck, depth unknown.’

Additional note: In the book, "The Evacuation from Dunkirk: 'Operation Dynamo', 26 May-June 1940", author W.J.R. Gardner writes, "*Clan Macalister* sunk ...In the attack which damaged the *Jaguar*, the *Lochgarry* was also damaged by a near miss; she was, however, able to proceed, and did so unescorted. Near 6 W buoy, she passed the *SS Clan Macalister* which, after having hoisted out 6 motor landing craft earlier in

the day and subsequently embarked troops, had just been bombed and was on fire and sinking. The destroyer *Malcolm* had already taken off the wounded members of the *Clan Macalister's* crew and some of her troops, and the minesweeper *Pangbourne* had embarked the remainder. The *Clan Macalister* settled on the seabed on an even keel with her upper works above water, and remained on fire for days. For days also, she acted as a target for enemy airmen, who thought she was still afloat."

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British troops lined up on the beach while awaiting evacuation.



Troops evacuated from Dunkirk arrive at Dover, 31 May 1940.

Sybert Maurice “SM” McAllister (AV01)

This account was written in 1995 by S. M. McAllister, the long-time Treasurer of CMA. We knew him as “SM.”

I spent 16 grueling weeks of training at the Infantry Replacement Training Center, Ft. McClellan, AL during winter of 1944. Embarked from NYC on a Liberty Ship, *USS Gen. Gordon* on 23 Mar 1945 and disembarked at LeHavre, France 3 Apr 1945. Spent three days and nights aboard a French 40 and 8 boxcar headed for the battle front. *[The 40 and 8 boxcar term referred to the French railroad boxcars that could carry 40 men or 8 horses.]*

We finally made it to Roermond, Holland. The Battle of the Bulge had ended, and the Rhine River Crossing at Remagen's Ludendorff Bridge was accomplished. Several times we packed and waited for trucks to take us to the war front. They were traveling so fast by this time across Germany that, very fortunately, we were not needed. We followed up with several moves behind the front to several large cities. We finally joined the 30th Division as they pulled back after linking up with the Russian Army at the Elbe River. We then became part of the Occupation Army in what became the Russian Zone in Thuringen Province at Tanna near Plauen, Germany, some 30 miles from the Czechoslovakian border.

We were then sent through the pipeline of Camp Oklahoma City and Camp Lucky Strike in France to be re-deployed through the United States to the Pacific Theater of Operations. When we were in mid-Atlantic, on the Liberty Ship *USS General Black*,

headed for Boston, we heard over the ship's speaker system that the top-secret "ultimate weapon" had been dropped on Japan and literally destroyed two whole cities, bringing Japan to an unconditional surrender. This was very frightening to comprehend; however, very welcome news.

The Division was sent to Ft. Jackson, SC for deactivation with those eligible for discharge sent home and others reassigned. I was assigned to 2nd Battalion, 119th Infantry Regiment, to assist in deactivation of the Regiment and Division. I was one of the last men to leave the 30th Infantry Division. I was assigned to Headquarters, First US Army under General Courtney Hodges. I was put in G-3 Operations Section at this time. I was privileged to be next door to General Hodges' office and saw this great man several times a day as he met many dignitaries and other high-ranking officers who came to his office. Later, First Army Headquarters was moved to Ft. Jay (Governor's Island) at the foot of Manhattan, NYC. This was a great assignment being able to be in the "Big Apple" every night for entertainment which was still free through the great USO program after the war.



SM and his Uncle James Murrell McAllister

Upon my discharge from active duty, I elected to remain in the Army Reserves until the Korean "Conflict" developed into a shooting war. I remained in the Reserves and was called up again 28 Sep 1950, being sent to "Tank Hill" at Ft. Jackson, SC. We were processed and I was put in charge of a detachment going to Ft. Rucker, AL (only 30 miles from my hometown of Dothan, AL). Needless to say, this was another great assignment.

I was assigned to the 301st Logistical Command, a New York City Reserve outfit. It was a General Headquarters, and again my previous experience in G-3 Operations was beneficial in picking my work in the same capacity as First Army G-3. This Logistical Command was a training conduit for providing trained personnel for the pipeline to Korea such as Ordnance, Signal, Transportation, Cooks and Bakers and other specialty services.

The 301st Log Command was destined to be the control unit for a large Army maneuver called "Southern Pine" out of Ft. Bragg, NC. There was an opening announced for ROTC duty with the Florida Military District in Jacksonville, FL. I applied for the position, and my orders came through the day the 301st Log Command was to go into the field for the maneuvers that was to last several weeks. I was sent to the Florida State University at Tallahassee where I joined a great PMS&T and Instructor Group in Army Ordnance. I was the unit administrative sergeant and wrote the first manual of instruction for the ROTC cadets.

I was released from active duty on 15 December 1951 after some 15 months of active duty. I reclaimed my job with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company as Credit Manager on 1 January 1952. I met my future bride at Gainesville, FL and we married on 14 February 1953. We lived in Savannah, GA; Decatur, Huntsville and Hartselle, AL where we have been since August 1970.

Attached you will find four copies of U. S. Army Honorable Discharges for myself, my brother Charles Marion McAllister, and two uncles who served in WWII and/or the Korean War.



Charles Marion McAllister

From Dothan, Alabama, served as Advanced Heavy Equipment expert and Construction Machine Operator 1953-1959 with 822nd Engr Aviation Bn; K-2 Airbase, Taegu, Korea; Guam (SCARWAF)



building airstrips for B36 & I B52's. Then Co. B, 1st BN, 4th Tng Regt Spec, Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri and Ft. Drum, NY (Reserve & National Guard Training).

Medals/Awards: National Defense Service Medal; UN Service Medal; Korean Service Medal w/Pres. Syngman Rhee's Unit Citation; Sharpshooter (M-1 Rifle).

David Gustavus McAllister

US Army Private First Class (Medical Technician) for the 101st Evacuation Hospital in the European Theater from Normandy, Northern France, Battle of Bulge, Ardennes, and Rhineland. 11 Nov 1942 - 28 Nov 1945.

Medals: World War II Victory Medal, Good Conduct Medal, ETO Service Medal with 1 Silver Star, American Service Medal.

James Murrel McAllister

From Dothan, Alabama, Corporal, 3rd TCG Hdqtrs – Served in the Panama Canal Zone Security Forces during WWII in the most vital shipping lanes of the area.

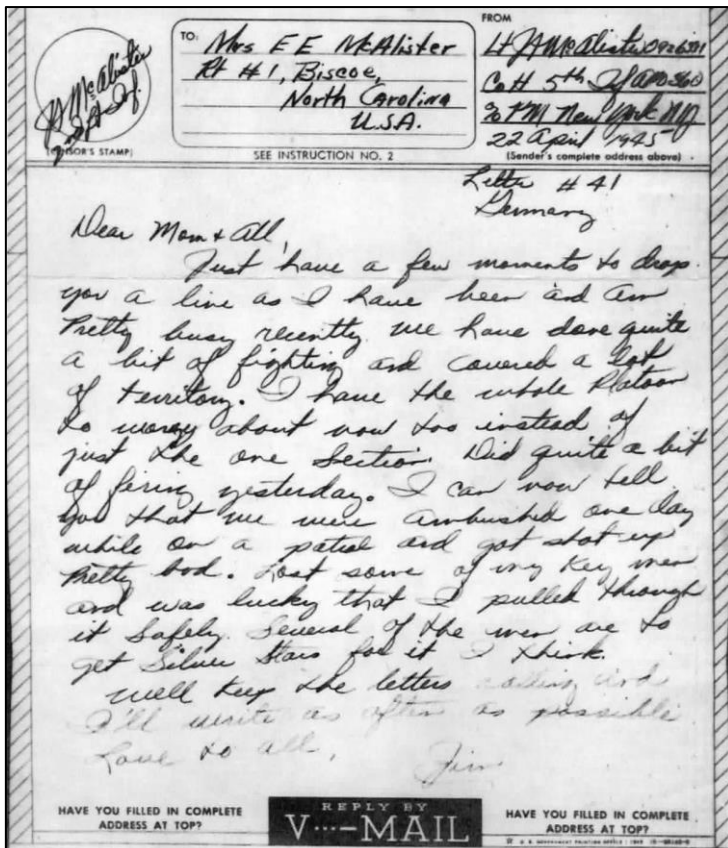
Medals/Awards: American Theater Ribbon, Good Conduct Medal, 5 Overseas Service Bars, 1 Service Stripe.

Acknowledgment

This special Veteran's issue of Mac-Alasdair Clan has its beginning at the 1995 CMA Gathering in Little Rock where a number of WWII veterans were in attendance. Frank McAlister witnessed discussions among these veterans who were meeting each other for the first time, and their war experiences would often come into conversation since the country was commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of that war. Frank encouraged the veterans to provide stories of their service to the Journal Editor for publication and sharing with the CMA membership. Many of these submissions were subsequently published.



2020 seemed a good time to gather more veteran's experiences as we marked the 75th anniversary of the end of WWII and 102 years since the end of WWI. Of course, there have been other conflicts and various forms of military service since those world wars. Frank suggested a special journal dedicated to these veterans; Nancy Hudson, retired Army nurse, immediately voiced her strong support and offered to help the effort. Jean Stewart volunteered to take the lead in pulling together this tribute, and she became our Editor for this issue. Jean's husband, Mike Stewart, employed his skills to assemble photographic images and create graphics to enhance the narratives. Joyce Amenta assisted by typing hand-written veteran's experiences which you will find within.



Letter home from James F. "Jim" McAlister.

We are grateful for the many contributions from CMA members and others who have enthusiastically shared their family stories, photos, and heartfelt tributes. Many of these narratives were written by service members themselves, capturing their role in important world events that both protect our country and promote liberty. We hope you will keep these brave achievements and memories alive.



The Clan McAlister of America

Incorporated as a 501(c)(7) non-profit corporation under the laws of the State of Arkansas on March 20, 1995

The primary purpose of CMA, as conceived by founder Paul Towry and continued by its many volunteers, is to operate a non-profit family organization dedicated to finding, collecting, publishing, and preserving family history of the clan name MacAlasdair (and all related spellings), and their descendants, mostly in North America.

A genealogy database containing information on known McAlisters in America is maintained by CMA. The more than 100,000 records (listing husband, wife, and children) are arranged in over 300 family lines, many going back to immigrant ancestors from Scotland or Ireland. The searchable database brings together names, birth, marriage and death places and dates with details of migration routes. The Genealogy Committee is able to link the information submitted by new members and respond to inquiries submitted by CMA members, sharing with them information from previous research efforts. By sharing, everyone benefits. We maintain stringent procedures to assure privacy of family information, and detailed information is not distributed outside the CMA organization.

Family history and genealogy information is sought from CMA members who are encouraged to send all such materials to the Genealogy Committee for inclusion in the McAlister Genealogy Library. All such material is reviewed and entered into the database if it is not already present. Computer genealogy files can be submitted to find connections and fill in gaps. Send a copy of your file (all major genealogy files, such as GEDCOMs, are accepted) to: *Frank McAlister, Genealogy Committee, 1931 N. Upland St., Arlington, VA 22207* or submit by email to gencom@clanmcalister.org.

Genealogy queries are welcome, and we encourage you to submit your questions using our web-based Query Page located at www.clanmcalister.org/query.html, or you can contact our Query Editors – Robert C. McAllister & Jeanne Bowman – at query@clanmcalister.org.

CMA membership: We have two types of memberships, which determine how you will receive our CMA publications (Journals and Newsletters). (1) **Electronic membership** – \$25/2-years; you will receive our CMA publications by email in PDF format. Most members prefer this option since the documents are fully searchable, easy to store, and in full color throughout. (2) **Paper membership** – \$25/1-year, \$45/2-years, or \$110/5-years; you will receive printed copies of our CMA publications by postal mail. (Paper journals cannot be mailed outside the US and its territories.) See www.clanmcalister.org for details and to join or renew online. Or you may submit your choice of membership and dues (checks payable to Clan McAlister of America) to CMA Membership, Jean Stewart, 3008 Dower House Drive, Herndon, VA 20171. Please notify us of any address changes by email to membership@clanmcalister.org.

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April Denée Brown – *Journal Editor* – editor@clanmcalister.org

Blair Arnold – *Registered Agent*

Lynn McAlister – *Historian* – historian@clanmcalister.org

SCOTTY McALLISTER TALKED HIS TWENTY-FIVE PRISONERS INTO GOING BACK TO BRITISH LINES., UNGUARD.

WE WERE INSTRUCTED TO SAY, "SCOTTY SENT US."

THAT'S THE SECOND BATCH OF PRISONERS HE'S SENT BACK TODAY.

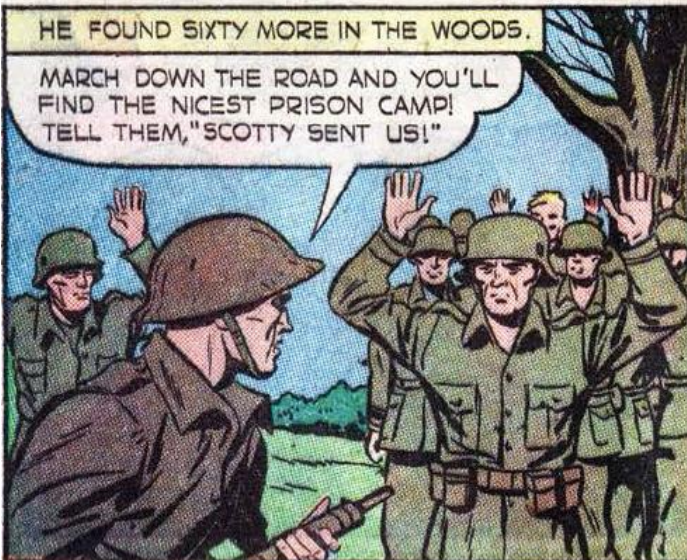


MEANWHILE, SCOTTY CONTINUED TO BEAT THE BUSH FOR GERMANS.



HE FOUND SIXTY MORE IN THE WOODS.

MARCH DOWN THE ROAD AND YOU'LL FIND THE NICEST PRISON CAMP! TELL THEM, "SCOTTY SENT US!"



A SHORT TIME LATER...

I MUST BE DREAMING!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GETTING MORE OF SCOTTY'S BOYS!



SCOTTY SENT US!

OKAY! OKAY! KEEP MOVING!



ALL OF THESE MEN WERE CAPTURED BY McALLISTER, SIR. NINETY OF THEM!

AT THIS RATE, WE'LL SOON HAVE THE WHOLE GERMAN ARMY.



BUT SCOTTY'S DAY WAS NOT YET OVER. A FRENCH PATRIOT APPROACHED HIM.

WE NEED YOUR HELP! THE GERMANS HAVE A TIGER TANK AND MANY MEN UP THE ROAD.



SCOTTY STALKED HIS NEW QUARRY.

THAT'S NO TANK!
THIS JOB WON'T BE SO HARD.



SCOTTY JUMPED INTO THE ENEMY CAR.

DON'T TRY ANYTHING! MY MEN HAVE YOU COVERED.



SOON, SCOTTY McALLISTER CAPTURED ANOTHER SEVENTY GERMANS.

SNAP IT UP, YOU GUYS! YOU WANT TO GET TO CAMP BEFORE ALL THE CHOW IS GONE, DON'T YOU?



IN ONE DAY, SCOTTY McALLISTER HAD ROUNDED UP ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY PRISONERS.

A HERO!
THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE!

AW, I JUST HAD A GOOD DAY!

