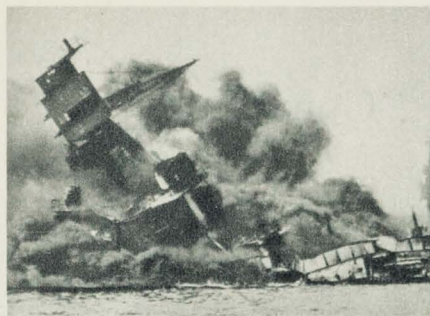


USS Arizona burns and
dies at Pearl Harbor



COLLIER'S

DECEMBER 7, 1956

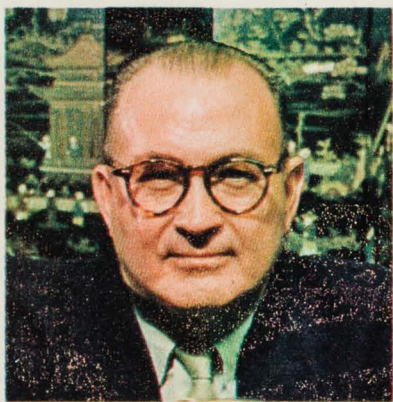
Where Are the Heroes of World War II?

On this 15th anniversary of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, Collier's looks across the land to report what has happened to a few of America's World War II bravest since they came home

Produced by J. ROBERT MOSKIN with MADELIN ALK

Honor at Pearl Harbor

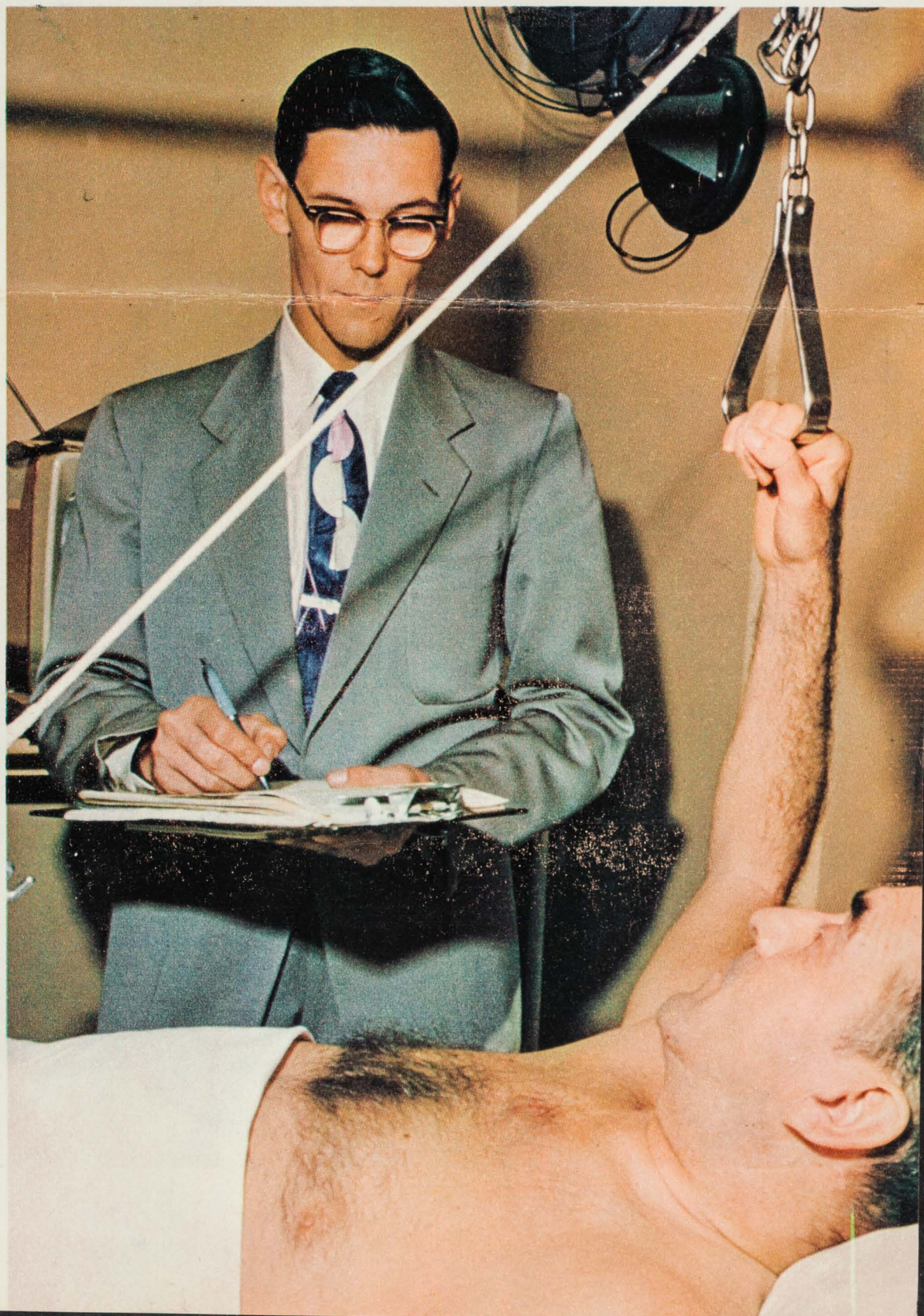
Samuel Glenn Fuqua (below) won the Congressional Medal of Honor on the flaming hulk of the dying USS Arizona at Pearl Harbor. Knocked out when the quarterdeck was hit, Lieutenant Commander Fuqua regained consciousness, led the fire fighting and directed the evacuation of the wounded. As the bombing and strafing continued, the Arizona was enveloped in flames, and Fuqua, her surviving senior officer, ordered the battleship abandoned. Of her company, 1,102 men died; Fuqua was the last to leave. In 1953 he retired as a rear admiral and now lives in Palo Alto, California. Annapolis graduate Fuqua, a grandfather at fifty-seven, has now gone back to school, studying political science at Stanford University, and plans to teach.



MASON WEYMOUTH

Bravery over Germany

Forrest Vosler (right) never leaves the war far behind him; he works at the Veterans Administration Hospital, Syracuse, New York. As a sergeant radio-gunner on a Flying Fortress, Vosler won the Congressional Medal of Honor on a raid, December 20, 1943, over Germany. He fired his guns even after anti-aircraft fire wounded and almost completely blinded him. He repaired his radio entirely by touch and, when the plane was ditched in the North Sea, he held the even more seriously hurt tail gunner on the wing until they could be put onto a raft. Vosler, now thirty-three, has vision in only one eye, studies nights at Syracuse University and hopes his four children will have what he could never dream of before the war—a chance to go to college.



GEORGE BURNS

They called him "Commando"

Charles E. Kelly won the nickname "Commando" and the Congressional Medal of Honor in two embattled days with the 36th Division near Salerno on September 13 and 14, 1943. Volunteering for one hazardous mission after another, he wiped out German machine-gun nests, crawled and walked a battle-front mile, burned out four automatic rifles and pitched mortar shells like hand grenades defending an ammunition storehouse, and covered a unit's withdrawal by firing an abandoned rocket launcher. Since the war, Kelly has known disaster and heartbreak. In 1951 his first wife died of cancer; his second wife, Betty, has been seriously ill, and Kelly himself

barely survived a ruptured appendix last summer. When his gas station failed, he lost much of the \$40,000 he had received for his life story. Recently while Betty was hospitalized in Louisville, Kelly, unemployed and still ailing, took care of their six children. Like so many medal winners, he is the kind of man whose neighbors did not know of his "Commando" exploits. When the newspapers uncovered his distress, Kelly reports, "the governor of Kentucky wanted to give me a job, but that's a political job—four years and you're out." Now Kelly has accepted a position with a St. Louis scrap-iron firm and prays his luck has changed.

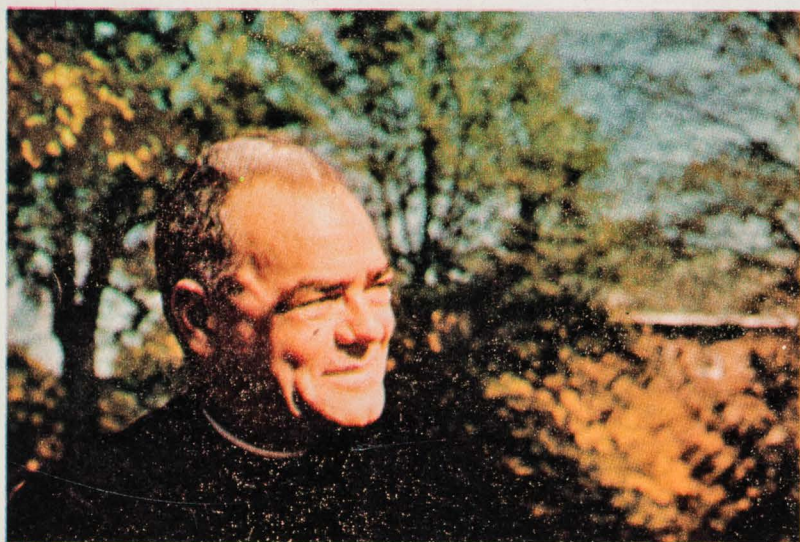




ARCHIE LIEBERMAN

Army nurse at Anzio

Elaine Roe Pieper, of Whitewater, Wisconsin, was an Army nurse at Anzio. Women's heroism in wartime usually is the kind they don't get medals for, but Lieutenant Roe received the Silver Star under fire. Enemy artillery shelled the 33d Field Hospital, killing three nurses. With great courage and coolness, Lieutenant Roe and another nurse worked by flashlight to quiet patients and help move out 42 of them during the bombardment. After the war Lieutenant Roe worked as a civilian nurse until last March, when she married Morris Pieper. She now lives on their cattle-feeding farm at Mount Morris, Illinois, and takes care of the chickens and the garden. Mrs. Pieper remembers that she always wanted to be a nurse, but, she says, "I was so shy and so afraid to meet people that, when I think back on it now, I think the bravest thing about my Army career was that I joined the Army at all."



CARL PERUTZ

Chaplain on the Franklin

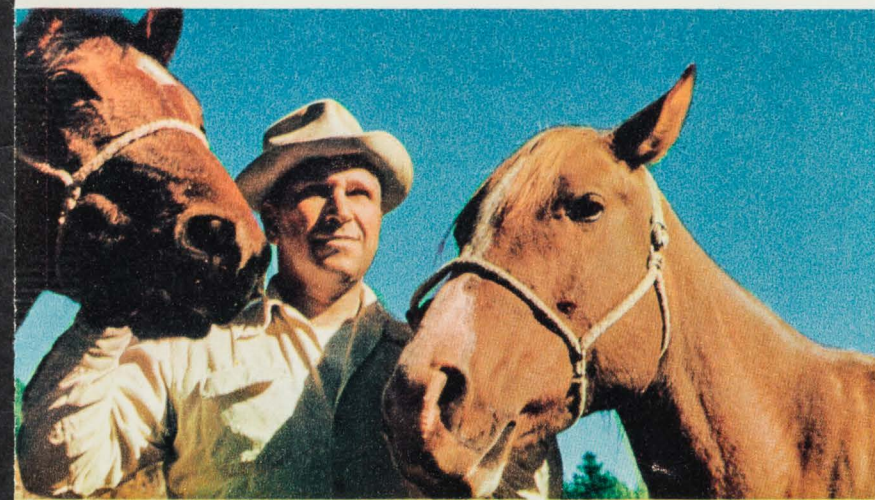
Joseph T. O'Callahan is the only chaplain in our history to be awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He won it when the aircraft carrier Franklin was bombed on March 19, 1945, by enemy planes off Japan. In a hell of fire and explosion, he comforted the wounded and dying and led men into the flaming interior of the ship to jettison shells and wet down ammunition. The crew saved the crippled Franklin. In 1949, Father O'Callahan suffered a stroke and is still invalided. Now fifty-one, he lives in a Jesuit community at Holy Cross College in Worcester, Massachusetts, where he taught before the war. Of the men on the Franklin he says in his new book: "When I die, I hope to go to Heaven and I expect to meet those boys."



WERNER STOY

Hawaiian hero

Takeichi Miyashiro won one of the 24 Distinguished Service Crosses awarded to men of the "most decorated" unit in World War II: the 100th Battalion made up of Americans of Japanese descent. Miyashiro led his squad to wipe out a machine-gun nest in an Italian house near Castellina. Enemy artillery fire forced him to order his men to withdraw but he stayed and, with the aid of a machine gunner, broke the German counter-attack. Miyashiro was wounded three times and spent five months in a prisoner-of-war camp. Today, he and his wife and their two young daughters live in Honolulu where Miyashiro works for the Standard Oil Company of California refueling freighters. In his back yard he grows orchids.



CAL BERNSTEIN

The "One-Man Army"

Arthur W. Wermuth, the "One-Man Army of Bataan," figures he killed 116 Japanese in one week during the second month of the war. As a Philippine Scout leader, he lone-wolfed it, carrying two revolvers, a submachine gun and a string of grenades. He then spent three years as a Japanese prisoner. Since the war Captain Wermuth has been a Kansas marshal and an oil engineer in Venezuela. Today he, his wife and young son raise horses and cattle near Conifer, Colorado. He doesn't like to talk of his Distinguished Service Cross and three Purple Hearts, saying, "I don't care what guy wins a medal, it took a hundred guys to put him there."



CAL BERNSTEIN

Fast-moving Marine

Joseph J. Foss, now the forty-one-year-old governor of South Dakota, won the Congressional Medal of Honor as a Marine flier in the Pacific. He shot down 26 Japanese planes, equaling Eddie Rickenbacker's World War I record. Over Guadalcanal in the fall of 1942, Foss shot down 23 enemy planes in six weeks. He came home to Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and opened his own charter flying service, which was later destroyed by fire. Becoming active in Republican politics, Foss served in the state legislature and in 1954 was elected governor. He has taken a special interest in handicapped children; the oldest of his three youngsters has cerebral palsy.



D. P. RODEWALD

The high price of valor

Maurice Britt won the Congressional Medal of Honor, the Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star, Bronze Star and four Purple Hearts in five months of continuous fighting with the 3d Division in Italy. The price: loss of his right arm (he was right-handed) and two toes, and 55 shrapnel scars on his back. He received the Medal of Honor in a fire fight near Mignano, Italy, on the morning of November 10, 1943. With a bullet in his side, his face and hands lacerated with grenade wounds, Lieutenant Britt led a handful of men to throw back 100 Germans. He personally killed five. Before the war Britt played end on the University of Arkansas and the Detroit Lions football teams. Today in Fort Smith, Arkansas, where he lives with his wife, Nancy, and their three children, he works as sales manager for a manufacturer of furniture springs. He operates a motorboat, water-skis and fishes ardently with special equipment he has designed for amputees.



J. LEVITON

Top ace alive

John C. Meyer, top surviving ace of World War II, shot down 37½ German planes over Europe and received three Distinguished Service Crosses. He won his first D.S.C. for tackling 20 fighters alone; his second for destroying eight planes in two days; and his third (on the last of his 193 missions) for leading his group of 12 planes to destroy 23 of 50 attacking German craft. Colonel Meyer has stayed in service. "I had become a pro," he says. He, his wife, Mary, and their five children live at Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Alabama, where he teaches strategic subjects at the Air War College. He would rather be out commanding a fighter wing.



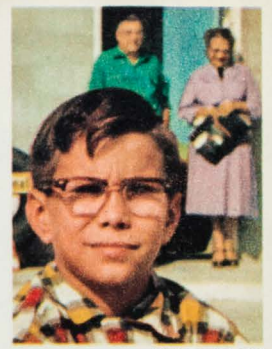
ROSS MADDEN

Young corpsman

Robert E. Bush was just nineteen when he won the Congressional Medal of Honor as a medical corpsman—the youngest Navy man ever to receive it. He was silhouetted atop an Okinawa ridge giving plasma to a Marine officer when the Japanese counterattacked. With one hand he held up the plasma bottle and with the other fired at the enemy. He hit six and lost his own right eye. After his discharge, Bush finished high school in his home town, South Bend, Washington, and, in 1945, he and his bride, Wanda, went to Washington, D.C., on their honeymoon to receive his Medal of Honor. Bush and a partner now run two retail lumberyards.

"...The unforgotten"

Many of the bravest did not come home. Private Rodger W. Young was killed on July 31, 1943, in the Solomons, diverting the fire of a Japanese machine gunner to save his pinned-down platoon. His mother received his Congressional Medal of Honor from President Roosevelt and a popular song was written about him. His parents still live in Tiffin, Ohio, and operate a gas station where his brother's son, Rodger W. Young—Private Young's namesake—likes to play.



GORDON TENNEY

... And what of the heroes who did not return? ...

ACQUAINTANCE WITH DEATH, SIR

By CARL SANDBURG

*Acquaintance with death, sir,
comes by ice and is slow, sir,
comes by fire and is fast, sir,
comes by the creep of clock-hands,
comes by the crash of split-seconds.*

*The dignity of man may be kept, sir,
where a man dies slow with witnesses
and loved ones gathered at clean sheets
with time to take note of the last words:
and the dignity of man may be kept, sir,
where a boy dies unseen in the frozen mud,
dies with his dogtag in Iwo Jima sulphur ash
at the sping of a split-second doom
and days later is recorded as "missing"
and days still later officially, irrevocably
named on the books as forever "killed in action."*

*So here are two kinds of the dignity of man,
one far easier to look at than the other,
one far easier to forget and leave forgotten:
always a silence and content
of evening bronze shadows
and blue fog beyond fathoming
goes with the unforgotten.*

MR. SANDBURG'S POEM IS PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT WAS WRITTEN DURING WORLD WAR II