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Growing Up in the Town of Somerset, Montgomery County, during World War II by John Gibson

The town of Somerset is the suburban community that extends from Friendship Heights to Bethesda, bounded by Wisconsin Avenue and River Road. Originally founded in 1890 as a trolley suburb by five prominent scientists, the area continued to attract scientific and professional people. A municipal charter was issued in 1906. Now home to 413 families, the town celebrates its centennial.

I was 16 years old on V-J Day in August 1945; therefore, I did not see military service during World War II. However, the War had a significant influence on my life. It was an exciting time to be a boy growing up in Somerset, Maryland.

My father, Ralph E. Gibson, had come to the United States from Scotland in 1924 to work as a chemist for the Carnegie Institution in Washington, D C. He met my mother, Elizabeth, when they both worked at the Carnegie Geophysical Laboratory on Upton Street in the mid 1920s. Our family consisted of my parents, me, my sister Nancy, two and a half years younger than I, and my brother Ronald, three years younger than Nancy. In the spring of 1929 my parents became the first owners of 415 (now 4815) Cumberland Avenue in the Town of Somerset. I was about four months old.

During WWII Somerset consisted of five streets and woods. What is now called Devon Lane was a dirt road, usually referred to as "the alley." There were woods between 4817 and 4905 Cumberland Avenue. The Town Hall had yet to be built, and there were no parks. The B & O Railroad cut across Dorset Avenue, and a train carrying coal and petroleum products ran daily. Powered by coal-burning steam engines, it traveled at less than twenty miles per hour, and the engineer always blew the loud steam whistle when approaching Dorset Avenue and River Road.

Even before the United States entered the war, my scientist father was working on weapons development. His frequent and sometimes extended trips led to my first war-related responsibilities; tending our coal-burning furnace. This led to part-time paid employment, taking care of some of the neighbors' coal furnaces while they were out of town. My furnace tending went well most of the time. The one exception happened one evening when my parents were out to dinner with friends. Our furnace fire was going out for some reason, and I tried a very improper way to restart it, using paint thinner, and got a sudden burst of flame in the face.

When my parents returned with their guests, they were upset to find me without eyebrows and with a very red face. Fortunately one of the guests had been a nurse on the German-Russian front during World War I and was well trained in treating burn victims. She and her scientist husband had supported the Czar and had to leave Russia when the Communists took over. (The Krynitsky and Galsoff families who lived on our street left Russia for the same reason). The nurse made a lanolin based lotion and stayed well into the night taking care of my burns. We kept the leftover lotion in the medicine cabinet and used it occasionally for many years.

Pearl Harbor was bombed on Sunday, December 7, 1941. As usual I went to Leland Junior High School in Bethesda the next morning. Everyone in our homeroom was very excited, and many felt that the school would be closed because of the war. However, our homeroom teacher, Mr. Burke, quickly dashed our hopes of an extended vacation, making it clear that we had a part in the war effort: to stay in school and be even better students. Those who were wishing for a long vacation got some consolation when the school closed for over two weeks in early 1942 to convert the heating system from oil to coal.

We had frequent air raid drills at school in 1942 and 1943. There were two types of drills and a different alarm for each. One alarm was for an attack with little or no warning. This alarm sent us quickly into the streets surrounding the school building. It was never too clear to me what good this was going to do. The second alarm, preferred by most of the students, dispersed the entire student body to assigned houses within a mile of the school. The house I was assigned to had a nice recreation room, and each drill turned into a party. However, in those days there was usually a mother at home to keep the lid on things.

At Leland Junior High School most of the boys were involved in war-related activities. Even before Pearl Harbor, in wood shop we all made small wooden model airplanes. These were about six inch long models of Allied and enemy aircraft. They were sent to the Army and Navy to train pilots to quickly identify aircraft types when viewed from any angle. Because of the importance of their use, the wood shop instructor was very particular about our finished model planes fitting the pattern lines of the cutouts he had prepared.

In eighth grade metal shop we produced an aircraft part. Most of us chose to make a small streamlined part to cover a protrusion from the skin of an aircraft. These 6-inch copper parts required hours of pounding to get them to the correct shape. Because they were made out of copper, not aluminum, I am not sure they were actually used on aircraft. It is more likely that the exercise was to teach us how to make such parts if required to do so later in the war.

Throughout the war at all schools there were continuing activities to sell war bonds and defense stamps. The stamps sold for 10 or 25 cents and were pasted in a book until one had enough to cash the book in for a War bond costing \$18.75.

In 1942 one of our eighth grade classmates, who was two or three years older and much taller than the rest of us, quit school and went to work as a messenger for the Federal Government. His starting salary was \$1,220 per year. When the teachers found out that this dropout was making more than some of them, they were very unhappy. I don't know what happened, but the teachers must have gotten a raise because few if any left Leland at that time when they easily could have obtained higher paying jobs.

The war stopped the construction of new homes in Somerset. During the late 1930s five or six new houses had been build on the south side of Cumberland Avenue, west of Surrey. The last to be completed before the war was the Brewer house at 4816 Cumberland. Its construction was significantly hampered by the shortage of building material in 1942. It was made livable and the Brewer family moved in, however, it lacked the planned insulation and permanent exterior wall material. After the war a major renovation completed the house as planned.

Early in the war my parents had what is now called a "cash flow problem." This was caused because my father took a lot of business trips, some to the west coast, for up to two weeks at a time. He would have to pay his trip expenses that eventually would be reimbursed by his employer, George Washington University, where he was working on Government research contracts. But there was at least a two-month lag before he was reimbursed. Since at that time we had a part-time maid who could take care of us children after school, it was decided that my mother would go to work for about two months to help write and edit a technical report. She was to work at the Geophysical Laboratory where she had worked as a junior chemist when she met my father.

Unfortunately, things didn't work out as planned. First, the maid quit for a better job on my mother's second day of work. Next, my mother's place of work was moved farther away to the new Pentagon building. Finally, her temporary job ran on for over a year. With some help from the next-door neighbor, Mrs. Riceⁱ, who looked after Ronald after school until my sister or I got home, somehow it all worked out.

My primary assignment to help my mother at this time was grocery shopping. I had a large basket on the front of my bicycle, and almost every day on my way home from school I would stop at the Safeway on Wisconsin Avenue in Bethesda. Shopping became complicated by the introduction of food rationing and food ration stamps. Each man, woman, and child was issued a book of food ration stamps. The purchase of food items in short supply required a specified number of stamps as well as the usual amount of cash. Sugar was rationed. Our family stopped using it on cereal every morning, and after the war, we never went back to using sugar in this way. Other attempts to save sugar did not work as well. For one birthday my mother made birthday cake frosting using a recipe that called for honey. For the first several hours after the cake was completed it looked and even tasted good. However, within a few hours, big holes appeared in the frosting as it mysteriously disappeared.

World War II was a part of everyone's daily life. The stores were open, but food was rationed. Gasoline was rationed and limited to three gallons a week, except for essential travel to work.

Things made of metal and rubber were in short supply. Heating oil was rationed, but coal was not. Because they heated with oil and had a large house, the Irving Day family at 4805 Cumberland Avenue often used soft coal in the living room fireplace to help heat their home. Most houses in the area had gas, but it was only used for cooking and hot water. The gas was made from coal at a plant near where the Watergate apartment complex and the Kennedy Center are now located. The gas plant put out a very bad smell that nobody missed when natural gas began being piped into Washington after WWII.

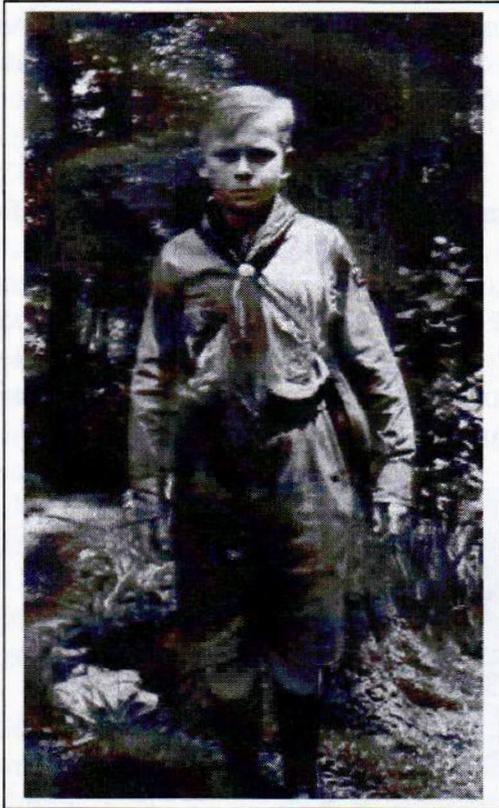
The shortage that affected me most was bicycle tires. I used my bike daily to get to and from school. On one occasion I even rode it from Somerset to National Airport and back. I used it everyday when I had paper routes, mostly in the summer time, and it was my usual transportation to Scout meetings and other places. Hartley Day had taught me how to patch tires, but they still had to be replaced from time to time.

My mother and many of the neighborhood women took Red Cross First Aid courses in the evenings at Somerset School. Often the papers had air raid, first aid, rationing, or other war-related instructions. The newspaper also from time to time printed little flags one could cut out and attach to pins. Maps of the battle areas also were provided in the paper. I put the maps on my bedroom wall and would use my map pins and newspaper maps to follow the progress of the fighting. My father and I placed buckets of sand in the attic to smother incendiary bombs. Flashlights were always ready, and light blocking shades were prepared to be drawn for blackouts.

From time to time during the war I had a paper route. Then I would get up early and read at least the front page war news before delivering the papers. I remember reading one morning about the 1942 Tokyo bombing raid lead by Lt. Colonel Jimmy Doolittle. It was the first good war news after months of bad news following the attack on Pearl Harbor. I remember the Tokyo raid gave us all a needed morale boost. Many years later I met General Doolittle when I worked for the Air Force. I told him how I had read about the raid under a streetlight and how much the Tokyo raid had lifted the spirits of all of us.

Early in 1941 I joined the Boy Scouts. One morning about 7:00 o'clock I arrived at the Bethesda-Chevy Chase Recreation Center, where our Troop met, to take my Second Class Scout cooking test. I remember two things about that morning. First the Scout Master let me get away with a potato that looked burnt on the outside, but which he correctly guessed was undercooked inside. Second I was surprised to see 20 or 30 people gathered outside the Recreation Center building so early in the morning. Most were men. A few were accompanied by women. The Scout Master told me they were draftees reporting for duty. The mood of the group seemed to be very quiet and somber. Eventually the men left on a military bus.

In the summer of 1941 we Scouts were put into service directing car parking at a large estate in Maryland. The event was a *Bundles for Britain* fundraiser. A small British warship had docked somewhere nearby, and the crew was playing the Washington Cricket Club. One of our Scout leaders, originally from England, enjoyed watching the game, but the rest of us couldn't make much sense of it. The next Scout activity was to collect and organize scrap metal to make war equipment. I remember the older Scouts were very interested in the golf clubs that were collected, and I'm afraid that all of them may not have made it to the furnace!



Jack Gibson, Boy Scout, 1941

By 1942 the Washington, D C area was preparing for the worst. Contingency plans were being made for evacuating the city if necessary. The plans called for most people to walk out of the city. One evacuation route was to be on Wisconsin Avenue through Bethesda. The Red Cross ladies came out from their Washington headquarters to train our Scout troop to prepare meals for evacuees.

As one of the more junior troop members, I was trained to prepare oatmeal. We were given large pots and pans and a supply of storable food to keep at the Center. As it turned out, the City was never evacuated, so Scout Troop 240 was never put to a large-scale cooking test. However, to be sure we were ready we had to prepare a lunch for the Red Cross ladies one Saturday. Since no one wanted to eat oatmeal for lunch, I was reassigned to prepare hot cocoa. The ladies were very complimentary about our efforts. It never occurred to me to ask my mother if the family planned to leave me behind as they took part in an evacuation.

Through the Scouts I became an assistant Air Raid Warden. Air Raid Wardens were usually local men. Our neighborhood's warden was Marquis Childs, my friend Prentiss' father. One of our tasks was to walk through the neighborhood during blackout drills looking for cracks of light showing from the windows of houses. During these drills the streetlights were turned out so a small crack of light was easy to see. We would knock on the door and ask the occupant to turn off the light or fix the crack. Most drills were in the evening just after dark. Usually there were no searchlights on or aircraft in the air. However, one Sunday morning about five o'clock, the air raid sirens went off. I looked out the window and saw a searchlight in the sky. We had not been alerted about a drill as we had been for all the others, and I was sure this must be a real air raid because I thought no one would schedule a drill for five o'clock on a Sunday morning. I was wrong; it was just another drill.

There was a real concern about possible air attacks, and the Washington area had its air defenses on alert at all times. In a city park in Alexandria, VA the Army built a high gun platform so gunners could see to shoot at enemy aircraft over the tops of the houses. These guns and others placed around the City were never fired during the war, except for one errant round that hit the Lincoln Memorial one night. Therefore, manning the guns must have been boring duty. However, on Christmas Day, the gunners were rewarded by my family and other visitors to the park who threw packages of homemade cookies and candy up to the gunners who would lean over the edge and catch them.

In either 1942 or 1943, one Sunday morning the week before Easter, there was a heavy wet snow. I was awakened by a large crashing noise. Going to the window I saw that a large pine tree had fallen over due to the weight of the snow. While I watched, a second tree in our front yard fell cutting the power lines and the drop lines supplying electricity to our house. It wasn't

long before the power company cut our power -- and many others -- for several hours while they made extensive repairs to the lines. We were lucky to have a coal furnace with hot water radiators that could, with proper manual adjustments, keep the house warm indefinitely without electricity.

This event was to be significant to our war effort. My father had a third tree removed from the front yard which increased the amount of sunshine in the front yard and gave us a chance to start a home victory garden. The Government encouraged almost everyone to have victory gardens, which were small family operated vegetable gardens. Since food was rationed, anything you could get from such gardens was a real bonus. My father was working six days a week and often on trips out of town so the garden was primarily my responsibility. My mother would encourage me by giving me a little money when I brought her some produce that contributed to a meal.



At work in the victory garden

Not all war related activities involved work or sacrifices. Shortly after Allied victories in North Africa, a large quantity of captured enemy equipment was placed on the Washington Monument grounds as part of a war bond sales drive. Several boys from Somerset, including me, walked to the District line and took a streetcar to get there on the opening day. We had a field day climbing inside German and Italian tanks and other combat vehicles. There was an early model Volkswagen on display and I remember seeing BMW-built German shaft-driven motorcycles at a time when most American motorcycles had chain drives. We had a lot of fun operating some of the captured equipment. I especially remember playing on mobile anti-aircraft guns with one boy turning a crank to control the gun's elevation and another boy doing the same to control the gun's azimuth.

With so many men in the service, jobs opened up for younger workers. Many of my high school friends got part-time jobs in stores and restaurants. One favorite job was working behind a drug store or restaurant counter as a "soda jerk." A fringe benefit was getting free ice cream and being able to give extra large portions to your friends. However, my parents insisted schoolwork came first, so I did not work on school days. This did leave the weekends open, and I became a caddy at the Kenwood Country Club.

The family had become Club members early in the war so we children would have a place to swim in the summer within walking or bicycling distance of Somerset. Fortunately, those I caddied for didn't expect much in the way of club selection or other advice from me. I do remember that carrying two full bags of clubs for 18 holes was hard work. I probably weighed between 105 and 115 pounds at the time. Eighteen holes usually took between three or four hours. If the round was fast and you got a 50-cent tip added to the \$2.50 caddy fee, you made a

dollar an hour, a good rate of pay for unskilled work. If you carried only one bag and it was a slow round, the hourly take was much less.

One summer night between nine and ten o'clock, probably in 1942 or 1943, while most of us Cumberland Avenue kids were still out in the street playing, we heard the loud noise of an aircraft flying overhead. The noise got louder, as if the aircraft was diving, and was quickly followed by a thud as it hit the ground. We all had a good idea of where the plane had come down. The older boys headed for the open fields behind our house that had once been the Department of Agriculture National Experimental Farm before it moved to Beltsville. My parents decided that I would have to wait until morning to visit the wreck site. But by nine the next morning, the Army had removed all the evidence of the crash, except for the freshly turned dirt at the wreck site. Apparently the Army had gotten to the scene so quickly that the boys who had gone to the wreck the night before came away with virtually nothing in the way of souvenirs. The only piece of the aircraft I saw was a small piece of aluminum, no more than six inches long and an inch wide. Fortunately, the pilot who was on an AT-6 aircraft training flight from Alabama to Bolling Field had parachuted to safety. He had become confused by the city lights and could not find Bolling Field. According to the Washington Post, the pilot said that when his gas was about to give out, he flew the plane to a point where he saw few lights and jumped.

One of my best pals was Somerset Mayor Irving Day's youngest son, Hartley. The Day family was the driving force behind an amateur theater group, the Montgomery Players. Mr. Day was almost always in charge of lighting and scenery. This involved design, construction, painting and setup, and operation during performances. Mrs. Day, Doris, both acted and was responsible for printing and selling tickets. She was also well known by me and other kids in the neighborhood for her delicious green mint ice cream dessert, which had a chocolate cookie crumb top and bottom. We all got our mothers to start making it. This was not as easy as it would be today because frozen food and freezer compartments had yet to be invented. The ice cream dessert had to be made in the only freezer space available -- the ice trays.

During the war Hartley and I spent many days and evenings helping his father construct and paint scenery on weekends and working backstage during the performances. Most of the performances were at Leland Junior High on a Saturday night. Usually there were only one or two performances of each play in addition to rehearsals. However, during the war, extra performances were put on to entertain wounded servicemen and the staffs at Walter Reed Army and Bethesda Naval hospitals.

In the fall of 1943 I started tenth grade at Woodrow Wilson High School. At that time Maryland residents could attend Washington, D C schools free if at least one parent worked in the District. About a third of Wilson students were from Maryland. Other class of 1940 Somerset School students at Wilson High School included Dick Pogue, Bill Schwab, Roger McAllister, and Billy Powick. Two things primarily drew Maryland students: first, Bethesda-Chevy Chase High School did not have a football team at that time, and second, Wilson was reported to have a better academic program and scholastic reputation. My parents probably didn't know about the football team, but academics were very important to them. One thing Wilson and all other Washington high schools didn't have was school buses. However, students could buy books of three-cent tickets for the city buses and streetcars. To avoid crowding on the public transportation, high school hours in the District were shortened to 9:30 to 3:30. During the war everyone was trying to help others get around, and I usually got to Wilson by hitchhiking a ride

with someone going into town. It was more difficult to catch a ride in town to come home. If you did get a ride northbound on Wisconsin Avenue, there was little chance the driver would turn in Dorset. Many times I had to take the streetcar to the District line and walk the last mile home.



Jack Gibson, Cadet, 1943

Wilson High School had one other thing that I had not heard about but that may have drawn some Maryland students, especially ones from military families -- the High School Cadet Corps. The Cadet Corps had its origin in an old act of Congress directing that all public high school boys be in the Corps. Over the years so many exceptions had been made that most boys got out of participation in the Corps. The War and the fact that many students had a father in the military had significantly increased participation. All cadets wore their uniform one or two days a week and participated in training, primarily drill instruction. When I joined the Cadets we trained with wooden guns. Later, probably because of the war, we were each issued an Enfield rifle, the same gun used by WWI infantry soldiers. Because these guns had been stored in grease for 25 years, cleaning them before we could use them was quite a chore. Once cleaned, we would handle the guns in the school building and we would march with them throughout the neighborhood after school. No one appeared to have any concern that we had real guns.

During the war cadets from all Washington high schools got to march in several patriotic parades in downtown Washington and along Pennsylvania Avenue. Cadets from throughout the city also got to form an honor guard for President Roosevelt as he traveled up Pennsylvania Avenue with Vice President-Elect Truman, when returning to the White House after winning his fourth termⁱⁱ. I was with the Wilson Company D cadets marching on a street near the school when we were told that President Roosevelt had died. We were shocked. We marched back to school but were told not to go downtown; we were dismissed.

Because many Wilson High students, including Warren Buffett, Class of 1947, were the children of Congressmen and other high Government officials, we had many interesting assembly speakers. The speaker I best remember was Mrs. Woodrow Wilson. Although the school had been opened in 1937, this was her first visit. The timing could not have been better. Her talk was the first scheduled event of the morning of June 6, 1944. I don't remember exactly what she said, but it was tailored to the events of D-Day and what they meant to us and the world. As a fifteen-year old, I remember being amazed that she could give such an excellent talk with virtually no time to prepare it due to the late breaking news of the invasion of France.

During the summers of 1943 and 1944 occasionally two or three local kids would go to see our Washington Senators baseball team play. President Roosevelt had directed that major league baseball should continue during the war for morale purposes. We would walk to the District line and take a streetcar into town. With one transfer we could ride to Griffith Stadium on Florida

Avenue for a dime each way. We usually went to weekday day games when there were never more than one to two thousand people at the game. This allowed us to buy a grandstand ticket and sit in box seats after the first inning or two. The Senators had their ups and downs. They finished second in 1943 and 1945 and last in 1944, with seventeen-year old Eddie Yost on the roster. The rest of team was a mix of players in their thirties and those that did not qualify for military service for one reason or another.

In 1944 the overall War news was much better than in previous years. However, Somerset, like many other communities, received the terrible news that a local boy, Walter Shepard, had been killed. Walter was serving in the infantry in Italy. Shortly after his death Marquis Childs wrote about Walter in his syndicated newspaper column, Washington Callingⁱⁱⁱ. Mr. Childs knew Walter well because their yards backed against each other. In the column Mr. Childs cited Walter's love for animals. Indeed, Walter's horse may have been the last large farm animal to reside in Somerset^{iv}. Walter rode after school and on weekends. Since there were no houses, only woods, between 4817 and 4905 Cumberland Avenue until after WWII, Walter could ride his horse from his driveway through the woods to the open fields north of Cumberland Avenue. At that time there were no houses on Drummond west of the middle of these woods.

There was considerable celebration in the spring of 1945 when the war in Europe ended. The high school cadets got another chance to march in a big parade downtown as part of the extended celebration. The War in the Pacific continued, as did food and gas rationing. In spite of this I learned to drive a car and got my drivers license. With the exception of some parking practice, all my driving experience was gained by driving to church in Tenleytown and back on Sundays, probably less than three miles each way. Most sixteen-year old kids did not get their licenses as quickly because of gas rationing. Having acquired my license turned out to be very important with respect to my last major activity of the War.

Although a few service men were starting to return, there was still a significant labor shortage in the summer of 1945, which enabled me to secure a Government job. I was hired as a "rodman" by the U S Coast and Geodetic Survey (USC&GS). I had to report for work in Petersburg, VA. My mother and I packed my suitcase, and she drove me to the Greyhound bus station on New York Avenue. As we left the house I had no idea the war would be over before I would return to Somerset.

For most of the next nine days I and seven other sixteen-year old boys drove in a five-truck convoy to South Dakota. I drove a prewar Ford, probably rated at one and a half tons. It had a wooden cab that was so rotted that the driver's side door had been permanently closed. Fortunately the window would open. It was heavily loaded with sacks of brass benchmarks. I was lucky to get an old school friend, Peter Hanke, who coincidentally had taken a summer job with USC&GS, with me. Peter had brought along several books to read over the summer and sat next to me and read them aloud as we traveled. Since the maximum speed was only 35 miles per hour, we had many long stretches of boring driving to do. With no radio, tape deck, I-Pod or CD/MP-3 player, having Peter reading stories as we drove along greatly reduced the boredom.



Jack Gibson (right) with the Government Truck he drove to the Dakotas in 1945

While we were in Lexington, KY I heard what sounded like cows mooing. On closer inspection it turned out to be German prisoners of war who had been loaded into open trucks to be taken to do farm work. It was the first I had seen or heard about German POWs in the United States, probably because they were never brought anywhere near the Washington, DC area. There were a few armed guards around, but they did not seem concerned about the POW protests.

My parents had sent me off with about \$60 to last until I got my first paycheck, and it was not clear when that might be. My pay rate was \$1220 a year for a six day work week which turns out to be \$4 a day. We boys were so excited to learn that we would also get a \$2 per day travel per diem. Then on July 1, 1945 Government pay was increased 8%, to \$1440 per year. Supporting myself far from home did a lot to teach me the difference between needs and wants.

Our surveying was to establish elevation points generally near the Missouri River. I was in Bismarck, ND on V-J Day. As we came into town at the end of the day all the church bells were ringing. Thinking we had to work the next day we boys went to bed that night. In the morning we found most residents still celebrating, and we had the day off.

The Government had provided a way to get me to the Dakotas, but it did not provide a way home, so Roger, a boy from Cleveland, and I started to hitchhike our way home. After five days hitchhiking and the last hundred miles on a Greyhound bus I made it to Cumberland, MD where my father was now the Technical Director of the Army Alleghany Ballistic Laboratory near Keyser, WV. The bus dropped me off about four in the morning. I walked to the hotel, got a room, left a note for my father, and went to bed. I had not been sleeping very long when he woke me for breakfast. I spent the next two days at the lab making myself useful on one of the firing ranges. On Friday afternoon we drove back to Somerset. I was to start school again on Monday. I remember the look of great relief on my mother's face when I met her at the kitchen door. I am sure my father thought my summer was an ideal experience for a 16 year old boy. I agree; it was a great learning experience. However, I am sure my mother had many reservations that she had only shown by pre-addressing and giving me a stack of blank post cards to keep the family posted on my travels and activities.

About the author: John D. S. Gibson (Jack) lived in Somerset from 1929 to 1952. He did enter the Armed Forces as an Air Force officer in 1952, and served for over three years. By that time he had a degree in physics from Duke University; the Air Force was giving direct commissions to scientists and engineers. Those so commissioned were usually sent to a six to eight-week Officers Training Course at Lackland AFB in Texas. However, due to an administrative mix-up Jack was sent straight from civilian life to active military duty. His first Air Force duty station was a remote Army Post, Dugway Proving Ground in Utah. He credits his teenage WWII experiences, especially the High School Cadet Corps, for his relatively smooth and successful transition directly from civilian life to military duty. Jack now lives in Dayton, Ohio.

ⁱ Mrs. Jane Rice, 4813 Cumberland, was a part-time dramatics teacher at the Holton Arms School in Washington, and was active in the Montgomery Players.

ⁱⁱ I recently saw a film clip of the event at the Truman Library, which clearly showed the cadets, with their wide white belts, lining Pennsylvania Avenue.

ⁱⁱⁱ That day's column was titled "Boy Next Door Dies in War; Leaves Lesson in Brotherhood". It appeared in the Washington Post and many other papers across the country.

^{iv} In 1940 a number of citizens petitioned the Council to take action to prohibit the harboring of cows, horses and ponies within the limits of the Town. A referendum was held at the time of the election with the voters preferring by 66 to 22 the amendment to Ordinance 66 prohibiting the keeping of horses and other animals within the Town. The following month the Ordinance was so amended.

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Maureen Altobello, Editor
