



salutes its veterans of



WAR!

That was the screaming headline on 8 December 1941, the day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. The news of the attack reached Fort Defiance around DRC on Sunday 7 December.

Earl Cabaniss, '43, a CW, was cleaning up the Mess Hall. **Monk Davis** and **Grant Preston**, both from the Class of 1943, were waiting for a Redskins game to come on the radio. **Angus Hines**, '42, heard the news when he returned from services at the Old Stone Church.

Tom Warner, 44, was in the PX, **Bob Guggenheimer**, '43, was in the infirmary, and **Charles Robertson**, '42, was on guard duty when they learned that America was at war.

Major Roller, the Big Boy, came into the courtyard. No one can remember exactly what he said, but all agreed that it was inspiring. So much so that a number of cadets tried to enlist on Monday morning. **Captain Hoover** and the Roller brothers were able to convince most to stay at AMA saying they would be of more vital use to their country if they completed their military training.

"The mood of the Corps was pretty somber," recalls **Worthington Mahone**, '42, but all agreed that patriotism impelled everyone at AMA to do his best. "Instead of finding ways to get out of serving, we tried to find ways to get in, even if we were underage," said Hines.

On 11 December, Hitler declared war against the U.S. and the nation was faced with a two ocean war which eventually would claim 300,000 American lives. America went on war footing as never before or since.

Meat, butter, gasoline, tires, and nylon stockings were rationed. AMA had its farms, but the farm hands were drafted. AMA cadets found themselves butchering hogs, cleaning chicken coops and picking apples. Sheep grazed in Lily Valley. The Springfield .03 rifles were taken away from the Corps and given to men going into battle while arms manufacturers rushed to produce more M-1s for our troops.

Sixty years ago in April of 1942, the Doolittle Raid on Tokyo brought tremen-



IN MARKED CONTRAST to battles being fought across two oceans, sheep peacefully graze in Lily Valley during World War II.

dous pride to all Americans. Not until weeks after the raid did AMA learn that **Jack Manch**, '38, had co-piloted one of the planes, and Jack received a well deserved hero's welcome when he came to the campus on leave.

Turner Dozier, '44, remarks, "We were far away from the killing fields. We watched the heroics of our troops in the newsreels in the Big Room... but then the dreadful reports began to come in. Classmates were dead. But how could that be? They had just left Fort Defiance. How could they be dead, and so quickly?"

Jim Searcy, '37, dead in New Guinea. **Joe Raleigh**, '41, killed on Guadalcanal. **Charles Buckley**, '34, killed in the invasion of North Africa. All in 1942. Even then, it was apparent that Augusta Military Academy would make an immense sacrifice on freedom's altar.

This section of *The Bayonet* is respectfully dedicated to every AMA alumnus who wore America's uniform during the war.

Living and dead, we honor you, we salute you, we thank you for preserving the United States of America, "the last best hope of Earth."



A HERO'S WELCOME for Lieutenant **Jack Manch**, '38. Colonel **Warren Robinson** and excited cadets welcome the **Doolittle Raider** back to the AMA campus.

30 seconds over Tokyo

Jack Manch, '38, was twice a hero

Jack Manch, '38, flew in and survived Colonel Jimmy Doolittle's daring raid on Tokyo early in World War II, but lost his life 16 years later as he steered his crippled jet away from a populated area.

They called him "Shorty," a tribute to his six foot seven inch frame. He was the son of **Major Martin Manch**, AMA Band Director and German teacher before and during the War, and was the only Virginian to fly in the first American air raid on Tokyo in World War II.

It was 60 years ago on 18 April 1942, just four months after the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor. Sixteen B-25 twin engine bombers, normally land based, struggled off the deck of the *Hornet* in an attack that surprised Japanese and Americans alike. Manch was copilot on Crew Number 3.

After a Japanese fishing boat spotted the *Hornet*, still 800 miles off the Japanese coast, Doolittle decided to launch his aircraft, knowing that they would not have enough fuel to reach the friendly airfields in China after they dropped their bombs on military targets in and near the Japanese capital.

All of the Doolittle planes were lost as were many of the crewmen. Fifteen of the 16 planes, including Manch's, crashed after the crew had bailed out, all in the blackness of night. Some were captured by the Japanese and were tortured. One crew landed in Russia where they were interned for the rest of the War by our "ally."

The book, *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, said: "Manch was probably the most heavily armed chutist who ever jumped. He went out with two .45s, a .44 calibre rifle which his folks in Virginia has sent to him, a .22 automatic, a Luger, extra ammo, a hunting knife, a Bowie knife and an ax.

"Jack had every weapon in its assigned place, and though he was weighted down, he couldn't bear the thought of going out of his plane without some candy bars. So he stuffed Baby Ruths down

his shirt, and jumped from the plane. His chute opened and jerked the Baby Ruths and some of his weapons right out of his grasp."

Syndicated Columnist Bob Considine also wrote about how well equipped Manch was in addition to all the armaments, "He ran up to a plane, ready for takeoff from the pitching deck of the *Hornet*, carrying a fruitcake tin. He asked the bombardier to put the tin under his seat. Inside were Shorty's phonograph records. 'I'll take my phonograph player in my plane and we'll meet in Chungking, and have us some razz-ma-tazz.'" With all planes lost, so were Manch's records and his record player.

Manch had bailed out over friendly Chinese territory but had to evade capture by Japanese troops for many days before he was rescued by Chinese soldiers. **Major Roller** once described Manch as "a tall drink of water," and when he first encountered Chinese villagers, his enormous size frightened them. To convince them that he was a friend, he held his nose and made faces at a Japanese flag.

Manch remained in China after his rescue, "flying the Hump" with General Claire Chennault, supplying Allied troops in the Burma/China Theater. He stayed in the Air Force after the War ended, attended the Army War College and the Command and General Staff College, and was promoted to lieutenant colonel.

In March of 1958, 16 years after he flew in the Doolittle Raid, he was Base Inspector at Nellis

AFB near Las Vegas. He and a young lieutenant were flying a T-33 jet trainer when the engine flamed out. Jack immediately commanded his companion to bail out. Now, pick up the story as reported by Considine:

"Shorty had to make one of those decisions that few men in their life spans are called on to make. Escape was as simple as pushing a red button. He would then have been catapulted out of the sinking plane, and likely would have been back at



A TALL DRINK OF WATER - That's how Major Roller described "Shorty" Manch, all 6 feet 7 inches of him. Photo by Mickey Gordon, '39, taken in 1937.



