

# TEMECULA VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY



## NEWSLETTER

November 2016  
Volume 16 Issue 11

*It is our mission to identify, preserve and promote the historic legacy of the Temecula Valley and to educate the public about its historical significance.*

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*Editor's Note: With National Veterans Day set for Friday, November 11, this issue of the Newsletter is being devoted to honor and recognize our Military Veterans. Many members of the Temecula Valley Historical Society are Veterans with years of service to their country on the record. The stories and articles in this issue have either a local connection in terms of the person noted, or by virtue of the author writing about a special friend, relative or veteran that touched their life.*

## A Handshake With A Hero

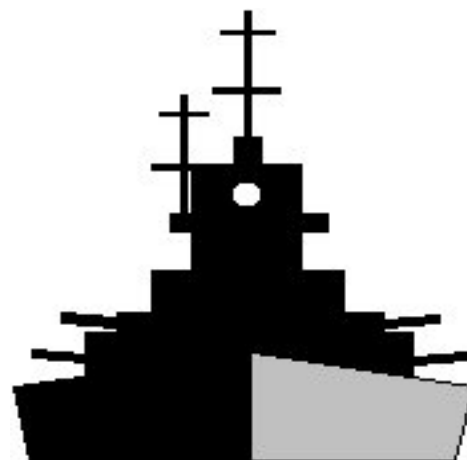
By Duane Preimsberger

A while back, on Memorial Day, my wife Judy and I weren't doing much to celebrate the occasion but we did head to In & Out Hamburgers on Temecula Parkway for our weekly carb overload for which I have a many years long addiction. While we were munching on our burgers, I happened to see a slender, well weathered fellow in his 80's come in the door and walk up to the counter where he ordered his food. As he walked past us I happened to read the back of his blue/grey windbreaker and I was touched by what I read. It bore the name of a United States Navy Vessel, "The U.S.S. Indianapolis."

Some years earlier I'd read a story about the sinking of that ship in the Philippine Sea, on 30 July 1945, after she was torpedoed by a Japanese submarine. She sunk so rapidly that her crew of 1200 had little time to get overboard and as a result there were just a few lifeboats in the water and they contained the wounded. It is estimated that 300 crewmen went down with the ship. The remainder spent over four days without food or water, floating in kapok life jackets in shark infested waters. Due to the torpedo blast and resultant equipment failures, no SOS was sent.

Amazingly, the Indianapolis had just completed a secret mission. The ship had carried the atomic bomb that would destroy Hiroshima to an island airport. After completing that mission she was hurrying to meet a task force that might lead an invasion of the Japanese mainland. Her sinking initially went unreported and undiscovered for almost 100 hours.

(Continued on next page)



# A Handshake With A Hero . . .

The conditions facing those in the water were chaotic. There weren't enough life jackets to go around and many men doubled up and floated with a single vest. The kapok lost much of its buoyancy after 48 hours so some of those who fell asleep drowned with their faces in the water. Others, crazed with thirst, disregarded orders and drank sea water and died from the results. Some simply swam away from their fellow crewmen. Sharks attacked others and their screams terrified those hearing the terrible distress and death cries. Others were exhausted by simply trying to stay alive. The water, although warm by ocean standards, was well below body temperature and that, coupled with no food or water and the stress of constant motion, resulted in many slipping below the surface, never to be seen again.

Just as all hope seemed gone, it was just by happenstance that a U.S. aircraft flying overhead spotted the survivors and the few lifeboats carrying the wounded. The plane radioed their position to rescuers who responded to pick up those still alive. Only 317 remained, almost 600 of those in the water were either drowned or killed by shark attacks.

Seeing the words on the windbreaker of the elderly man and remembering the stories I read about the events surrounding the sinking of the U.S.S. Indianapolis made me wait until the wearer of that jacket was finished with his meal and was heading for the door. As he walked away, I approached and asked, "Sir, did you serve aboard the Indianapolis?"

"Yes, I did, I was one of the fortunate ones who managed to survive. We bobbed around for days in our life vests." He spoke quietly for just a few moments, recalling the tortuous experience of floating helplessly, without food or water while his shipmates died as he looked on. "Sometimes, even now, especially at night, I remember the screams of those taken by the sharks. Luckily, we were spotted by U.S. planes and they dropped rafts and supplies to us. I crawled into one and helped a shipmate come aboard as well. He was in bad shape and later he died in my arms. After a total of over 4 days we got picked up by Navy ships."

As I looked into his saddened and care worn eyes, I knew then that I was in the presence of a man who had given more than just a little for his Country, here in front of me was a survivor of a terrible incident in which uncommon courage and uncommon bravery became a common commodity.

I was awe struck and it was not easy to speak to that man. There was much I would have loved to have said but I was humbled in his presence and all that I could muster was: "Thank you for helping to assure our Nation's

freedom and thanks for your service and your courage, God Bless You; have a well earned Memorial Day." As he turned to leave, I had a thought and so I asked a favor. "Sir, not many younger folks know the story of what happened out there. Would you be willing to let me interview you about your experiences and write a story about it?"

A sad look and a slight shake of the head gave me my answer even before he spoke; "I can't do that," he said. "I did it a few times but it brings back so many things I can see in my mind's eye that makes me feel real bad. I'm sorry; I just don't want to talk about those days in detail anymore."

Then he smiled and we shook hands and introduced ourselves, I learned I'd been talking to Lloyd Barto. Sadly, I watched him drive away and as his car grew smaller in the distance I wished I'd done more, perhaps I could have bought him a gift certificate for his next hamburgers. And on this Memorial Day, Judy and I pray for that Hero and all those American Heroes aboard the U.S.S. Indianapolis and elsewhere who gave all to maintain our freedoms. We hope they will always be remembered. May God Bless Them!

America lost one of her courageous Heroes on June 28, 2011 when Lloyd Barto, of Temecula passed away at the age of 86. May God welcome him as he enters Heaven and may Lloyd finally be free from the heartbreak and sad memories he has carried all these years. Hopefully, reuniting with his former crewmates will bring him peace at long last.

The U.S.S. Indianapolis was the last major ship casualty of WWII and her sinking was the single greatest loss of life at sea in United States Naval History. To meet in Temecula one of the Indianapolis survivors was an occurrence that made me tear up as I tried to imagine the heartbreak Lloyd Barto had experienced as well as the courage and caring that sustained him for those four days in a man-made Hell. Slowly, our Nation is losing the Heroes from the greatest of wars and Judy and I were blessed with a few moments over a cheeseburger to meet and shake the hand of one of a member of the Greatest Generation!

## \*\*\* REMINDER \*\*\*

There will be no TVHS monthly meeting in November or December.

# PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

It's November, a month to brace ourselves for brisk weather and to equally brace ourselves for changes in our country's leadership before we all get busy with Christmas celebrations at the year's end.

It also means some changes to our board of directors. We are sad to see Myra Masiel-Zamora and Bonnie Reed leave our board. We hope to welcome them back after they each take a break.

This past year we have had a very congenial and active board of directors who have accomplished much. We have enjoyed many interesting programs, volunteered many hours at the Vail Headquarters, published some great newsletters, revamped our website, digitized our past newsletters, and have made a directory of the historic plaques in Temecula.

In keeping with our mission to preserve and protect historic sites, a contingency of us went to the Temecula City Council meeting to present the Mills Act on October 25<sup>th</sup>, where we were well received and told by the mayor that city staff was asked to research the feasibility of implementing the tax relief incentive for historic properties.

In lieu of regular monthly meetings in November and December, on November 18 we hold our Annual Dinner at the Civic Center from 5 - 9 pm when we will have a great social time, good food and an outstanding program. This is our biggest fundraiser of the year with many gift baskets and items donated by local retailers. The proceeds from this event will benefit our scholarship fund to assist in the education of students going into history related careers.

Looking forward, in 2017 three faithful TVHS members are returning to the board of directors, Elaine Culverhouse, Bonnie Martland and Darell Farnbach. We look forward to another wonderful year in making a positive impact on our community.

*P.S. -- Please remember to vote on November 8th -- you are not entitled to complain if you don't cast a vote!*

*Rebecca Farnbach*

## Annual Gala Event

Friday, November 18, 2016

5:00 to 9:00 p.m.

Conference Center Meeting Room  
Temecula City Hall

### *Society's Annual Dinner*

And Installation of 2017  
Board of Directors And Officers

**\$35** per person

If you haven't received a ticket order form, contact  
Roger or Lynn at (951) 695-0517

Tickets must be purchased in advance.  
Deadline to Purchase tickets is November 11.

Music & Program by Steve Clugston  
(Dressed in period attire, including a musket)

### *"Resting in Temecula After a Long Journey"*

The story of what the Mormon Battalion  
Found in Temecula in January 1846

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*Arrive early to enjoy mingling and fellowship  
while purchasing opportunity drawing  
tickets, and bidding on silent auction items.*

## — Reminder —

Work Party to finish up assembling Opportunity  
Drawing baskets, and Silent Auction items  
Bring any donations, baskets, materials to HELP

**Sunday, November 13**

**2:00 p.m. to 5:00 p.m.**

At History Center (Red Barn)

## On Fiftieth Anniversary of His Release

# Temecula Resident Remembers Three Years as Korean POW

By Rebecca Marshall Farnbach



Bad luck followed Harry Adesso from the time he was born, but he never gave up and never lost hope. Born in New York City and abandoned by his parents as a small child, Harry was raised in an orphanage. After graduating from high school in 1948, he signed up for Uncle Sam's army to make some money and tour the world. He kissed his girlfriend goodbye and took a seat on his first-ever train ride and headed across the country to Los Angeles where military transport took him for commando training in Northern Japan.

While jumping into snow during mountain training exercises, he fractured his right ankle and was reassigned to a cavalry unit. Harry was a city kid. He was unfamiliar with horses and detested the detailed care he was required to give the horse assigned to him. Harry missed a few meals when his horse didn't pass inspection. Harry asked for a transfer and was assigned to the United States Army 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry Division in Japan.

On July 1, 1950, just weeks after Harry transferred in, the 24<sup>th</sup> Infantry flew to Korea to fortify the South Korean Army perimeter around Pusan, an important industrial port city. Harry says 200,000 soldiers from North Korea attacked the 2000 troops fighting with South Korea. As an unfortunate result, Staff Sergeant Harry Adesso was one of the 763 men taken prisoner in that first battle the U.S. fought in the Korean War.

During the month of November of 1950, the POWs were forced to march 120 miles to an internment camp near the North Korean capital city Pyongyang. Harry remembers the Death March as a blur of walking, sleeping and being hungry. Marching barefoot, because the captors stole their shoes, injured and hungry men made the trek on dirt roads over the mountains during winter while wearing summer clothing. Their feet were bleeding with open sores covered with pus. The skin on their wrists was cut through from the wires that linked each row of four men together. At night, they slept piled on top of each other in the forest. The men on top were cold, the men on the bottom were hot and all were hungry. Once daily, cooked pots of maize, resembling rice, were put out for the POWs to spoon into their mouths with their fingers.

Harry was not only suffering from his recent ankle fracture, but like many others, he had also sustained gunshot wounds during the battle before capture. These wounds were not treated. If guards observed soldiers wincing from pain, they would hit the wound with a rifle barrel. Every day, weakened men fell away from the others, often to be shot by one of the North Korean guards. They called the

meanest guard *Tiger*, so the prisoners took the name *Tiger Survivors*. One hundred thirty men died along the way.

After arriving at their destination at an internment camp, the next two years fell into a routine rhythm. Men died from beriberi, dysentery and starvation. Harry says he was determined to rise above the depressive situation and to do his best to lift everyone's spirits. He formed close friendships with three other men, Eugene Scott, Ray Simpson and Shorty Estabrook. He and Gene put together an entertainment act affectionately remembered as Duke and Scott. They dressed in zoot suit costumes they made from their uniforms. They sang and danced, bringing some light-hearted entertainment to both prisoners and captors.

When the Chinese took over the internment camp in Spring of 1951, things were a little better for the prisoners, because the new guards were not as vicious as the North Koreans. Prisoners were allowed to spend time in the camp library, where Harry recalls reading works of Upton Sinclair and John Steinbeck.

Harry didn't know about the peace talks in July of 1951 that became mired over the issue of repatriation for soldiers who didn't want to return to their home countries. When the fighting finally ended with the signing of a truce on July 27, 1953, Staff Sgt. Harry Adesso was one of the POWs taken to the demilitarized zone (DMZ,) the 2 ½ mile strip separating North Korea from South Korea at the 38<sup>th</sup> latitude parallel for Operation Big Switch. Harry was weak when he crossed Freedom Bridge into the American controlled area in August of 1953. After a medical evaluation, POWs were sent home or were counseled on relocation by representatives from neutral countries.

His friends were sent home in hospital ships, but Harry, standing six feet tall, weighed only 90 pounds. He was taken by ambulance and flown to a Tokyo hospital. During the next few months he received care at Hawaii General Hospital, San Francisco Letterman Hospital and eventually at St. Albans on Long Island.

After recovering from the physical ills he sustained in captivity, he had other hurdles to face. While all the other soldiers had a place or a person to return to, orphaned Harry didn't. To add to his sadness, his girlfriend had married someone else when she heard he was missing in action.

Harry decided to take it easy for a while and fulfill the fantasy of being a teenager again. He frequented

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## Temecula Resident Remembers...

entertainment spots and drank in some of the life he missed while he was in Korea. After he had enough leisure, he went to college and earned a degree in accounting. He worked in several industries, but the most gratifying was being singer Sarah Vaughan's manager for several years. He enjoyed the "good life" and red-carpet treatment they received everywhere.

Harry and his war buddies Gene, Ray and Shorty all made their homes in the Temecula area during recent years and have maintained their close friendship. Gene just died this past spring and Ray is ill. Harry says their bond is profound because of the three years they spent suffering together as POWs.

The old memories sometimes bother Harry. He fought with some of those bothersome memories while watching reports of the Iraqi War on television, and experienced a great sense of relief when he saw the seven POWs freed.

When Harry feels down, he counts his blessings. His wife Carol is one of his most profound blessings. Her presence brightens Harry's life. When occasional shadows pass over him, Harry finds solace in the colorful backyard flower garden Carol designed.

Harry says he has no regrets that he enlisted in the army. After all, he did get an adventure. He traveled and met a lot of interesting people. Harry says he considers each day a bonus day that he might not have had.

When asked where he acquired the strength of character to suffer torment and starvation as a POW, he says, "I always knew God was with me and that everything would turn out all right."

*Author's Note: I wrote this piece in 2003. Harry has since been "promoted to glory" and his remains are interred in honor in Arlington National Cemetery.*

###

## MEMBERSHIP

Thank you for renewing your Membership:

Rob & Elaine Eshom  
Dax & Kristin Judy  
Richard & Mahlon Lawton  
John III, Jerry Lynn & John IV Randall

Have a Happy & Safe Holiday Season

# CALENDAR OF EVENTS

**Every Sunday** — Sunday Funday at the Vail Headquarters. Noon to 5 p.m. Rides, demonstrations & activities. Consider volunteering.

**Through November 30** — Temecula Valley Museum, gallery exhibit "Sign of the Times", display of political posters from 1844 to present.

**Tuesday, November 1** — 6 p.m. at the Murrieta Public Library, 8 Town Square, Murrieta. John Hunneman, noted local journalist will talk on the history and changes in Murrieta.

**Monday, November 14** — 6 p.m. Murrieta Valley Historical Society regular meeting at Historic Hunt House, 41810 Juniper St., Murrieta. Jeff Harmon to speak on History of Hwy. 395.

**Friday, November 18** — Annual Dinner Meeting at City Hall Conference Center from 5 to 9 p.m.  
• Entertainment • Installation of 2017 Board of Directors • Silent Auction • Raffle Baskets.  
Mark your calendars for a good time.

**Tuesday, March 14, 2017** — 1:30 p.m. at the Ronald Roberts Temecula Library on Pauba Road, The Notable Women of Temecula will perform. This is in conjunction with National Women's History Month, and is open to public.

**Monday, March 27, 2017** — Join the Temecula Valley Historical Society for a presentation by The Notable Women of Temecula; Sue Sorg as Catherine Fernald; Lynn Cudé as Edna Swanguen; and Mindy Johnson presenting Maria Apis. Come and learn what life was like for these women who were living in the Temecula Valley in the 1800s.

*"Suppose you were an idiot,  
and suppose you were  
a member of Congress.  
But then I repeat myself."*

— Mark Twain

# *Last Tiger Found*

By Rebecca Marshall Farnbach



For several years Temecula resident Wilbert “Shorty” Estabrook thought day and night about his fellow prisoners in the Korean War POW camp. But many had lost touch with him.

After Estabrook retired from an army career in the 1970s, he contacted all the survivors he could from the POW camp and organized reunions so they could get together and talk.

“We need to talk about what we went through,” Estabrook says. “We can’t be healed without talking about it, and no one understands like the ones who went through it with us.”

The Tiger Survivors, as they called themselves, tried to locate other former POWs who endured the prison camp with them. They wanted to see them and to be assured that each one had recovered from the horrendous ordeal.

Estabrook explains that the Tiger Survivors were among the first to fight in Korea, early in July of 1950. Many other soldiers in their divisions were killed, missing or wounded in action.

Estabrook says he fared better than many others because he was young. “I lied about my age. I signed up when I was only 17.” He adds that he survived well because he had grown up eating food he plucked from the ground, like carrots pulled out of the dirt, so he believes he was somewhat immune from germs.

During one of their reunions, Tiger Survivor Johnny Johnson told them he had a record of each of the men, over 500 comrades, who perished in captivity. Johnson began recording information of where, when and how each died, from the first one who was shot by a captor during their forced march from the southern end of the Korean peninsula to the Chinese border.

Estabrook added Johnson’s list to his own.

“I contacted everyone I could, and they contacted others. We researched military records and wrote to newspapers. We found everyone but Goya Mata.”

In May 2003, The History Channel featured Estabrook’s story in a program called Operation Reunion and made a plea for anyone who knew Mata’s whereabouts to call. They heard nothing.

Without finding Mata, thirty-one of the remaining 154 Tiger Survivors got together in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania in August 2003. They celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the armistice that allowed them to cross Freedom Bridge into South Korea.

“I gave up hope of ever finding Mata,” Estabrook says. He didn’t know that someone who saw the television program had contacted a retired army sergeant living in Germany, thinking he might be the man they were seeking.

A few weeks later someone from The History Channel

called Estabrook to say they had located Mata in Germany and he was coming for a visit.

“I couldn’t believe it,” Estabrook says.

If seeing is believing, then Estabrook became a believer when Mata walked through his front door. Seven of the former POWs greeted Mata, including Harry Addesso of Temecula, in front of The History Channel’s cameras.

Estabrook chokes up when he mentions Tiger Survivors Gene Scott of Murrieta and Ray Simpson of Lake Elsinore who have each crossed the ultimate freedom bridge into eternity, “promoted to Glory” since the initial History Channel filming.

But, he can account for all 835 POWs in his camp.

“It feels good to have found everyone,” Estabrook says.

*Shorty is alive and well and is still living in Temecula. He continues to correspond with the remaining Tiger Survivors.*

###



## ***Temecula Valley Historical Society Tours Myrtle Creek Botanical Gardens and Sherman Plantation House***

Seventeen members enjoyed a beautiful day at the Myrtle Creek Botanical Gardens, and the Sherman Plantation House in Fallbrook. Our tour guide entertained us with interesting stories about the area and its history. A lunch was served in picnic baskets & some guests enjoyed the famous Myrtle Berry pie.

# A soldier and a dress

By Dick Fox

The first memory I have of cousin Harry Hendersin was during a family vacation trip to Wisconsin in 1947. Over time I learned that both Harry and his older brother Charles, had returned to their Wisconsin “roots” after being discharged from the Army following the end of World War II. Almost immediately Harry married his high school sweetheart, and settled into farming 160 acres near the small village of Leon in western central Wisconsin, just south of Sparta.

Harry was born in 1920, so he was of an age to be prime material for the draft at the onset of World War II. Both he and his brother Charles enlisted in the Army. Charles ended up going into the intelligence service; Harry decided on the infantry, with a desire to add paratrooper jump school to his resume.

After completing advanced infantry and paratrooper training, Harry was assigned to the 101st Airborne Division -- also known as the Screaming Eagles Division due to the colorful unit shoulder patch they wore on their uniforms.

As the war progressed toward the invasion of the European continent, Harry and his unit spent time in England preparing for the Normandy invasion. As part of the invasion which took place June 6, 1944, his unit parachuted into the area behind the German lines, where multiple times his outfit was surrounded. In December 1944 his unit was once again surrounded at Bastogne in bitter cold and foggy conditions. When the fog finally lifted, Allied troops were able to free the 101st from a precarious situation. As they continued in late April 1945 to advance into German held territory, his unit participated in liberating survivors from the Dachau concentration camp that Germany had near the town of Turkheim.

Since the war had not yet ended, Harry’s unit was on active patrol in the town. While walking down a street Harry observed a young girl coming down the middle of the road toward him. She barely had on enough rags to cover her, almost immediately Harry recognized that she had to be one of the survivors of Dachau. Without pausing he took her by the hand and led her into a local clothes shop. Without pausing too long he made it clear to the shop proprietor that this young lady was to have a proper dress. Before that was completed his patrol leader blew a whistle and Harry had to leave the store.

After the end of WWII, as was the case with many military units, the 101st Airborne Division had periodic reunions at the various cities in the region where they had spent time as liberating soldiers.

In September 1969 a Belgium Daily Newspaper, *La Libre Belgique* published the English language translation of a letter they had received, which read:

*“27<sup>th</sup> April 1945. The cannons thundered the whole night and it was early in the morning that American troops liberated our concentration camp near the village of Tuerckheim, in Bavaria. No outburst surely, in enemy country, but for us, the final certitude to be free and alive. Only fourteen years old and already for me to be aware of all human cruelty – I should say inhuman cruelty, against us. A little lost, naturally – what to do with the new freedom? I walked into Tuerckheim, looking for somebody friendly, when a G.I. very tall, addressed me sharply.”*

*“I didn’t understand English, so I showed him my forearm on which he could clearly see my tattooed concentration camp registration number. Then very simply, without comment, he took my hand and led me into a well-stocked clothes shop on the village place. Standing me in front of a mirror, the G.I. gave me one dress after another, one too long, the other ugly. I was very moved with gratitude for this man, who during this terrible war, was concerned enough to want to find a nice dress for a young girl, who was wearing rags after being liberated from concentration camp.”*

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# A Soldier And A Dress

*“We took a dress, without paying, while the shop keeper looked at us in a hostile manner. The soldier was apparently very satisfied to see that I was now nicely dressed. With a strong voice he said, “Bye bye”, leaving me and walking off into the distance. I don’t remember his face, but in my mind is imprinted the memory of this soldier who gave me back the appearance of a free girl. If he is still alive – and I hope it so much – I would like him to know that I often think about him, and it would be marvelous if he could recognize himself in this story.*

*Mrs. Marie Lipstadt-Pinhas, Brussels, Belgium.*

*Liberated from Turkheim (Dachau) concentration camp on 27 April 1945 by U.S. Army”*

This translated letter was also reproduced into a “flyer” and left on tables at the 1969 reunion of the 101<sup>st</sup> Airborne, however Harry Hendersin did not see the “flyer” until a 1984 reunion when he picked up a copy and took it home, along with other reunion papers and memorabilia.

Enter into this story, Phil Green. After WWII, Phil had been a teenage student and a member of a local 4-H club, where Harry was the instructor and mentor for those in an Animal Husbandry class. Phil and Harry had a lot in common and knew one another well – Harry’s children attended the same school as Phil, as well as both families attended the same church. After high school graduation Phil served his country in the U.S. Navy aboard submarines. Following his return home, Phil joined the local American Legion chapter, and there was Harry -- again part of Phil’s life.

Freedom Honor Flight is a national organization that periodically takes a number of military veterans to Washington D.C. to visit the memorials that stand in their honor. Special priority is given to veterans of WWII and Korea. For the older veterans a guardian is needed to assist them with special needs such as wheelchairs, and other assistance.

In 2010 as Harry was rapidly approaching his 90<sup>th</sup> birthday, he had an opportunity to participate in one of the “Freedom Honor Flights”. Phil was his guardian and chaperone for this experience. One day while they were in Washington D.C. Harry was showing Phil some of his memorabilia that he brought along. One piece was a copy of the “flyer” that many years before Harry had picked up at a 101<sup>st</sup> reunion. Phil and Harry’s granddaughter Kim both asked Harry, “... this soldier was you, wasn’t it?” Harry acknowledged that it was indeed him.

From that moment on it was a mission that at first appeared “impossible” – but fairly quickly with the aid of the American Legion, and others they were able to miraculously find *Marie*. Not only did they find her, but were able to arrange a Skype connection conference call with the able assistance of the computer folks at Fort McCoy (an Army installation near Sparta). Finally, *Marie Lipstadt-Pinhas* was able to not only say ‘*Thank You*’ to Harry but was able to see him. During this Skype reunion, through her daughter as interpreter, Marie Lipstadt-Pinhas said she “*was very grateful he got me the dress at a German store because I was very badly dressed at that time,*” she said, adding “*I was dirty and ugly (after the time in the concentration camp). I would like to thank you for the dress.*”

Marie’s daughter said her mother never forgot Hendersin, and for many years she attempted to find and thank him. Marie often speaks to school students in Belgium about her experiences in the concentration camp and mentions Hendersin’s kindness. “Harry is well-known in Belgium,” her daughter said.

Phil Green summarized this incredible event by reminding all of the lyrics in a Carpenters group song: “*The angels got together and decided to make a dream come true.*” Yes indeed the angels did get together -- and after having waited 65 years, Marie Lipstadt-Pinhas was finally able to say to her hero American soldier Harry Hendersin, “Thank You.” Within weeks of this reunion, Cousin Harry passed away, having been one of the participants of a *dream come true*.

