

## MILITARY OPERATIONS RESEARCH SOCIETY (MORS) BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN K. (JACK) WALKER, JR., FS

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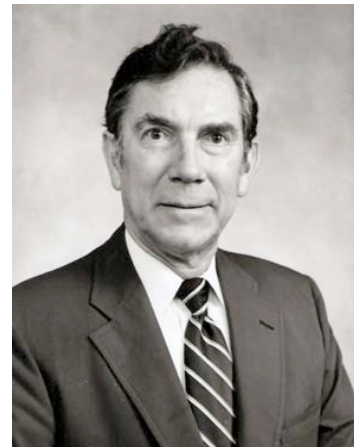
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### INTRODUCTION

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John K. (Jack) Walker, Jr., FS

Jack served MORS for over 25 years, including two terms on the MORS Board of Directors. He was President of the Society (1974-1975), one of the original MORS Fellows of the Society (FS) in 1989, and a Wanner Award laureate in 1990. Jack served as *Phalanx* editor from August 1979 (Volume 12, Number 2) until December 1991 (Volume 24, Number 4) and as Editor Emeritus until his death. In 1999, MORS established the Jack K. Walker, Jr. Award in his honor to recognize the best technical article published in *Phalanx* during the previous year.



Given Jack's significant contributions to MORS, E.B. Vandiver asked me to do a biography of Jack Walker that covered the same kind of territory that we typically do in our MORS oral histories. Van knew Jack from way back when.

This biographical sketch of Jack (born June 2, 1919; died January 29, 1998) was compiled with the aid of substantial material provided by members of Jack's family. In the June 1944 Normandy Invasion, Operation Overlord, Jack arrived at Omaha Beach, Normandy on D+17 and served in northern Europe until the surrender of the Axis powers. During World War II (WWII) and during the Vietnam War, Jack wrote several letters to his parents and to his sisters. Jack's WWII unit's actions were chronicled in *Anti-Anything: 486th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*, 1945, edited by Major John K. Walker, Jr., and Captain Ralph W. Abele. We extracted several sections from that publication. We were also greatly assisted by the cooperation of Jack's daughters and his niece, who willingly participated in oral history interviews. The interviews were conducted on the following dates: Anne Soukhanov (Jack's niece and goddaughter), April 14, 2019, and October 30, 2019; Viktoria "Vickey" Badger (Jack's youngest daughter), December 13, 2019; Sara Woodard (Jack's middle daughter), July 1, 2020; Madeleine "Nonnie" Mullin (Jack's oldest daughter) on December 8, 2020. The stories from his family may be duplicative at times, but each provides a unique perspective on the life of Jack Walker. We also interviewed Natalie Kelly (former MORS Vice President

for Administration), July 15, 2020, to capture her stories about working with Jack on *Phalanx*.

*Oral Histories represent the recollections and opinions of the person interviewed, and not the official position of MORS. Omissions and errors in fact are corrected when possible, but every effort is made to present the interviewee's own words.*

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## FOREWORD

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By Mr. E.B. Vandiver, FS, Center for Army Analysis (Retired)

For decades, Jack Walker was one of our most famous MORSians. He formed the short, dual-sponsored newsletter of MORS and the Military Applications Section (MAS) of the Operations Research Society of America (ORSA) into the *Phalanx* Bulletin, a world class professional society publication. He was both the editor and a regular contributor. Somehow we let him slip away to a Florida retirement without collecting a MORS oral history. Nor did we correct this oversight before his demise.

Bob Sheldon and I were commiserating over this lapse, finally deciding to see if we might find enough information to substitute for an oral history. The first survey of sources was encouraging. From then on, Bob pursued this like a bloodhound on the trail of an escaped convict. Each acquisition of new information led to other sources and more information. It seemed for a time that this had become Bob's life's work. He would find a source, write up his findings or the results of an interview, then send it to me. I would read it, invariably finding that it would suggest additional sources. I would confer with Bob, and more research or interviews ensued. This went on and on resulting in this very large compilation of materials on the life of Jack Walker. It is not a biography, but a biographer could write one from this, and it is our hope that that someday, someone will.

Jack Walker was a complex person of much depth and many layers. Most remember Jack as outgoing, joking, and even clownish at times; but I sensed a deep inner reserve and sadness that I had seen before of veterans of much intense combat. The history of his WWII heavy automatic weapons anti-aircraft unit showed they were in ground combat almost continuously from D+19 until VE (Victory in Europe) Day, about ten months altogether. The unit history doesn't specifically address it, but his parent unit, the Third Armored Division, liberated the Nordhausen Concentration Camp where slave laborers were worked and starved to death building Nazi wonder weapons, principally the V-2 ballistic missile. I think Jack saw the liberated camp and its starving inmates. By the war's end, Jack had seen things no man should ever witness. I believe they haunted him the rest of his life.

Once, Jack and I were at the lounge at the Fort Myer Officers' Club with some time before or after a MORS event (I don't remember what). We had martinis to pass the time. On the second one, Jack began talking about the war, the only time I ever heard him say anything

about it. It was there all along, just below the surface. His later wars may have added to the trauma, but clearly the most youthful one dominated. We never recover from our youthful experiences.

## MORS BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN K. (JACK) WALKER, JR., FS

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Dr. Bob Sheldon, FS

Key characters in this biography (names of those interviewed are underlined)

- John Key Walker, Sr. – Jack's father
- Dewannah Louise Hawkins Walker– Jack's mother
- Thomas Key Phelps - Jack's great uncle
- Sydnor Walker Hayes – Jack's oldest sister (13 years older); husband – Jack Hayes
- Anne Soukhanov - Anne Flournoy Hayes – Doy - Jack's niece and goddaughter, Sydnor's daughter
- Anne Chilton Walker Cunningham - Jack's older sister (3 years older); husband - Bernard Cunningham
- Aunt Pinky – Madeleine Loughry - Jack's first wife
- Toni – M. Antonia Sapienza Burgett Walker - Jack's second wife
- Madeleine "Nonnie" Mullin - Jack's oldest daughter
- Sara Chilton Walker Woodard - Jack's middle daughter
- Viktoria "Vickey" Badger - Jack's youngest daughter

## JACK WALKER'S ANCESTRY AND CHILDHOOD (UP TO 1937)

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This first section covers Jack's early background. Jack's niece Anne Soukhanov lives in the house called "Kingston" in Bedford, Virginia where Jack's parents lived in their later years. Anne is regarded as the keeper of much of the family history.

*Bob Sheldon:* The first question I would have asked Jack in an oral history interview is about his parents, who were your grandparents. Could you tell me about your grandparents and how they might have influenced Jack?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I'm going to call them Grandpa and Grandma, because that's what I called them. They lived upstairs in our house, so I had constant contact with them all during my life up to the time when I graduated from high school and went to college. My grandfather passed away

in 1961, and my grandmother passed away seventeen years later. Grandfather was John Key Walker, Sr. (1879-1961), and he was born in Bedford County, Virginia. His father was a farmer. His grandfather, James Alexander Walker, MD, was a physician, who actually had from time to time helped out being a CSA (Confederate States of America) medical officer "without portfolio." He was not officially commissioned as a CSA medical officer but rather served the Confederate wounded if they were in his area of practice on the south side of Bedford County. They had a farm called "Montevideo," which burned to the ground a number of years ago after it had gone out of the family. Grandpa was born on the farm. Being a young man who didn't have a whole lot of money at that time because the Reconstruction down here was very tough on everybody well after the War Between the States, or the Civil War as we now call it, he decided to go down to Mexico and to Central and South America and make his "fortune." He said that he went all the way to Argentina and back several times by foot, by hoof, by rail, and by boat. He bought a lot of uncut stones in the area which is now the country of Colombia. He also bought some very expensive saddlery. He brought it back to the United States and went out West and sold it and made enough money so that he could come back to town and open a car dealership. He loved selling things; he really was an excellent salesman. He was very well organized, and he made a lot of money - until 1929 when the crash occurred, at which point he lost all his money and his business. He decided that the one thing that he could sell, that would always be in demand, would be caskets and funeral supplies. He worked for a funeral supply company, the Old Dominion Casket & Supply Company, until he died in 1961. He was a heck of a salesman. He loved cars, of course, having been a car dealer himself. He had a great sense of humor. He never really walked; he ran. That's the way we always said it because he was always busy, always doing things. He loved animals; he was very good with all kinds of animals. Uncle Jack looked a lot like Grandpa, except Grandpa had blondish hair, and Uncle Jack's hair was darker. So that was Grandpa.

Grandma was Dewannah Louise Hawkins Walker (1881-1978), and she also was the granddaughter of a medical doctor, Booker T. Flournoy Smith, MD. She used to, as a young girl, go with him in his buggy when he was on rounds on the other side of the county. She also helped him mix placebo sugar tablets for his hypochondriac patients. This was a Sunday night ritual. They were on one side of the county, and the Walkers were on another. She was a graduate of Belmont Seminary, which was a two-year school, but it was a very good one because she learned Latin and Greek and German. She loved genealogy, so she kept a lot of records for us in the family.



*Vickey Badger:*

What I loved was my grandma, who was such a mischievous little thing that she would make the placebos at the kitchen table. [Laughing] She had a little twinkle of the mischievous--Daddy had it, I have it, and my son Christopher Walker has it. Somehow or another, we do tend to get into some trouble every now and then. We are a bit mischievous and pranksters.

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Let me mention Jack's direct military ancestors. On the maternal side, the Hawkins' side, he's a direct descendent of Isaac Smith, who was a soldier in the Continental Army. I am taking that from my grandmother's DAR (Daughters of the American Revolution) certificate of eligibility. Then from her United Daughters of the Confederacy certificate, the next one is Major Marcellus Newton Morman, CSA, Horse Artillery. He was an 1856 VMI (Virginia Military Institute) graduate and he was regimental commander there. The third one on the maternal side is the grandfather of Uncle Jack, Norment Doniphan Hawkins, VMI class of 1872. He was a captain in the Virginia National Guard in the Bedford unit, but before that, at age 14 or 15, he was a scout for the Confederate Army, which made him eligible to be a Confederate Veteran, and that's how he became a Brigadier General and the Commander of the Confederate Veterans Association for Maryland. An interesting thing about him was that when General Robert E. Lee passed away, having been president of Washington College, later Washington and Lee University, next door to VMI, Grandpa Hawkins was asked to be the commandant of the honor guard that stood guard around Lee's bier before the burial. After being superintendent of schools in Bedford City and County years after graduating, he finally was chosen to lead the Maryland division of Confederate Veterans. He lived in Washington, DC. It was basically a lobbying organization to get benefits for Confederate veterans and their widows, and they accorded him the honorary rank of brigadier general to give him what we would today call "gravitas" or "pull." Quite often he would appear in Confederate uniforms. I have a picture of Uncle Jack with him (Front row:

Jack, Sydnor, and  
Anne Walker;  
back row: Jane  
Hawkins  
("Grandma Jane"),  
Norment  
Doniphan  
Hawkins



("Grandpa Donnie," in his CSA general's uniform), and Dewannah Hawkins).

On the Walker side, it was Colonel David Walker of the Continental Army, who lived in Dinwiddie County, Virginia. He would have been our great-great-great-great-great-etc. grandfather. I can't even tell you how that goes. Then here's the last one, number five, this is on the Walker side, and would have been Uncle Jack's great uncle, Thomas Key Phelps. That's where the Key in John Key Walker, Senior and Junior, and Viktoria Key Walker-Badger comes from. He was VMI class of 1867, but before that he was a private in D Company, VMI Confederate, CSA. He fought at the Battle of New Market, so he is listed in perpetuity in all the VMI registries as Phelps, NM, which means New Market. He died in 1925 when Uncle Jack was six years old, so Uncle Jack probably met that New Market cadet, which would've been a really big deal. The Cadet Chapel at VMI has a life-size painting of the infantry charge between the cadets and the Union soldiers, right behind the altar, done by Sir Moses J. Ezekiel (class of 1866), who at the time was a cadet in this very battle and who tore off part of his uniform to assist his wounded comrades and say the Hebrew prayer for the dead over the fallen.

Grandmother was a very well-organized person. She was a southern lady par-excellence. She was the oldest of eight or ten children, and she knew how to manage a household quite well. She was very bookish. I believe her experience assisting her grandfather the doctor had a great influence on her insofar as her calm personality went. She didn't like to cook or clean, because in her day she had servants to do that. But when she had to do it, she definitely was up to it. During WWII she was in charge of collecting metal such as cans for use in building aircraft and motor vehicles. (And before the US got into the war, my mother was the head of the British War Effort in town.)

When Uncle Jack and Aunt Pinky and the girls came here on leave or from one PCS (a permanent change of station) to another, they stayed upstairs with Grandpa and Grandma. Grandma took it all in stride, but one thing that she always wanted us to do was take a nap from 1:00 to 3:00 in the afternoon so that the adults could have some peace and quiet, because there were other kids here as well. Uncle Jack's middle sister, Anne Chilton Walker Cunningham, was here with her three children quite often. When you have six kids in one house, you gotta have somebody who's gonna manage them. She

was a true matriarch, and we respected her greatly. She was quiet as far as discipline was concerned; she didn't raise her voice. Neither did Grandpa. I think that Uncle Jack, Mother, and Auntie Anne always knew where they stood with their parents. There was no conflict as far as who was in charge. They worked as a team. I think that had a lot to do with keeping Jack in line earlier in his life, because as my mother said, "He was a real monkey."

*Bob Sheldon:* What makes of cars did your grandfather sell?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Fords and Packards. In fact, when the President of the United States, Warren G. Harding, came to town, my grandfather drove him in one of his big open Packards over to the Elks National Home. The story that we heard was that Henry Ford wanted all of his dealers to accept lots of inventory, and they had to accept it whether they wanted it or not, or whether they actually thought they could sell the cars or not. This was when the crash of 1929 was just starting to brew, so my grandfather was stuck with a huge amount of inventory that he could not sell.

*Bob Sheldon:* How old was your mother compared to Jack?

*Anne Soukhanov:* She was 13 years older than Uncle Jack. Auntie Anne was 10 years younger than my mother, and then Jack came along after Auntie; he was born on June 2, 1919 in Bedford, Virginia.

*Bob Sheldon:* So Jack was the baby of the family?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes, he was.

*Bob Sheldon:* Was he a baby brother who was spoiled by his two older sisters?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes. But I wouldn't say "spoiled." I'd say "managed." [*Laughing*] I'll tell you a funny story. When Auntie Anne was graduating from Randolph-Macon Woman's College in 1937, and Uncle Jack was graduating E.C. Glass High School the same year, that gives you their

age differential. Mother was already married to Daddy. My father was an auditor/accountant, and he was traveling all over the state of Virginia. They rented a little room in the same house in Lynchburg, Virginia (which is near Bedford) where Grandpa and Grandma had moved after the crash so that Auntie could go to college and live at home, because it was a very expensive school. Mother always locked the door to their room, because she didn't want Jack in there. She didn't know what he might put in there, mainly because one time she went into his room, she found a real pigsty, and she decided to clean it up. So she went in there while he was at school, and she cleaned and she cleaned, and she got everything done except under the bed. When she went under the bed, she found a box, and when she opened the box, a snake jumped out. *[Laughing]* That was the last time she ever touched his domain. And that was why she put a lock on her and Daddy's door, because she didn't know what in the heck they would find when they came back after two or three weeks of travel.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Do you have any other stories from Jack's childhood?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Jack was always interested in dogs, and cats as well. And snakes, as you know.

This picture shows Uncle Jack at about age 10; he was a great lover of all creatures great and small. Note the smile! Jack is standing by all that was left of the rock foundation of the Colonial Fort on the Buford property near Montvale, Virginia. The picture was taken in 1929.



Uncle Jack was an Eagle Scout. He went to scout camp. I believe he was a lifeguard and counselor at camp when he was older. He was very interested in Native American lore. As a matter of fact, he made several very beautiful bracelets that were made out of beads. The boys and the girls were taught how to do that, particularly the Boy

Scouts. I still have a couple of those beaded pieces that he made. They were really quite beautiful. I thought that was an interesting thing because he was all boy. One thing he had trouble with -- he did not like math at all. That was one of his bugaboos. I think that might be one of the reasons he switched his major at Virginia Polytechnic Institute (VPI, more commonly known as Virginia Tech) from civil engineering or some other engineering program to agricultural education. Aunt Pinky used to laugh about it, because the term "animal husbandry" she just found absolutely hilarious. *[Laughing]* When one of his grandsons, Johnny Fox, got married at a vineyard near Crozet, Virginia, it was outside in beautiful scenery with the Blue Ridge Mountains in the background. And right in the middle of the wedding, a cow in an adjoining pasture suddenly came over to the fence and mooed very loudly. And all of us were giggling and laughing, saying that this was Uncle Jack's spirit with his "animal husbandry." *[Laughing]* That was something he would absolutely have loved -- to have seen and heard that cow. He just had a really great love of animals. I remember my grandfather, for example: one time we came back from visiting relatives in the county; it was pitch black dark, and when we opened the car door, there was a huge black Angus cow standing in our driveway, close to the car. It had gotten out of the neighbor's back pasture. Although we lived in town, the people next door rented some very deep pasture to farmers. My mother screamed and jumped back in the car and wouldn't get out. Grandpa said, "Oh, I can't stand it. My daughter would be afraid of a cow." *[Laughing]* So he went in the garage, and we all sat in the car. He got some rope in the garage and crafted right there, just bing-bing-bing-bing, a halter for that cow and took it over to the pasture, opened the gate, put the cow in, and then called the farmer and told him he'd better check his fencing. *[Laughing]* Uncle Jack had a father who traveled a lot and was not always there with him, but he always was there, certainly on weekends and at times when he was needed. I would say that Grandpa was strict but fair with him.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Was your house on the edge of town or in the country?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

It's in the middle of the Bedford historical district. But Uncle Jack was not born in this house, nor did he live here. He was born in a house about three or four blocks away, on Longwood Avenue, which incidentally burned to the ground while Grandpa, Grandma, Auntie, and Uncle Jack lived there. It was during December or January; a fire that broke out in the walls of the house, probably because of chinks in the chimney. They didn't have central heating in those days. So

Grandma, just to give you an idea of how resourcefully calm she was, organized the neighbors into a long line, to whom she passed drawers full of the family flat silver and other irreplaceable valuables, thus saving many items that members of the family treasure to this day. This line of people worked until it was unsafe for Grandma and others to remain inside the burning house.

Grandpa grabbed the baby and the other children, jumped the fence, and put them next door in the neighbor's house. Then he came back and tried to help the firemen. But the firemen had had a fire that afternoon and had not drained their hoses, so they had frozen. So the house burned to the ground. We all were afraid of fire because that horrible story was passed down through the generations. Uncle Jack was particularly concerned about any kind of kitchen fire or anything like that. But anyway, he was born over there in that house. And in 1939, my father purchased the house that we're in right now, and he invited Grandpa and Grandma to live upstairs.

Grandpa and Grandma had a kitchen upstairs, a butler's pantry, a dining room, living room, hall, three bedrooms, and two baths. I'm sitting up here now in what used to be their living room; it's now my office. Mother and Daddy and I were living downstairs at that time. Whenever Uncle Jack was here, whether he was here by himself, or whether he was here with his family, or whether the girls were here alone, they stayed upstairs with Grandpa and Grandma, as did Auntie Anne and her family.

Note from Anne with the picture: Photo of Kingston in 1943, the year I was born.

I found it in my baby book, so dated. The house looks like this to this day.



*Bob Sheldon:*

Did Jack have any summertime jobs?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

He was a lifeguard at a Boy Scout camp where he was a counselor. I know he had water safety and the Red Cross lifeguard qualifications.



*Bob Sheldon:* Jack and your mom grew up during the Depression. How did the Depression affect them?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I can only speak for my mother. She was very frugal. She remembered what it was like during the Depression. We moved here after my mother's 1989 passing. We were up in the attic, inventorying things and cleaning up. We discovered that she and Grandma had saved so many things, you wouldn't believe. Electrical cords were all hung up very neatly, but they were the old-fashioned kind that were braided. My husband immediately took them to the dump with lots of other things. I remember hearing them both say, "We have to save this in case there is a depression or war." That went on into the 1960s. In 1962, I left home and went to Germany.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did Jack go to grade school and middle school?



*Anne Soukhanov:* He would have gone to the Bedford Elementary School, at what is now called "Old Yellow," a stucco building one school over from Kingston but on Longwood Ave. That would've included everything up through the seventh grade. They had elementary but not middle school in those days, even when I was growing up.

I can't give you the date when they moved to Lynchburg. At one point, they were living with the Hawkinses on North Bridge Street, which is not far from here, after the house fire. But then Grandpa had the house rebuilt in pretty much the same form as before. The next thing that happened, of course, was the bankruptcy and so on. So I guess Uncle Jack probably did some elementary school in Lynchburg as well. Nobody ever talked about it.

*Bob Sheldon:* I looked on my map to see that Lynchburg, Virginia is only 23 miles from Bedford - not very far. So Jack lived in Lynchburg while he went to junior high and high school?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes. It was E.C. Glass. You were either in elementary school or you were in high school. They lived in Lynchburg on a side street off Rivermont Avenue close to Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

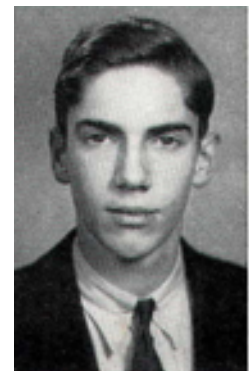
*Bob Sheldon:* Do you have any other stories of Jack in high school?

*Anne Soukhanov:* He wasn't fond of reading. His aunts—two of his father's sisters--were "old maids", and they were teachers. They would take out old books in their collections and would write nice passages in them and give them to Jack and his siblings. They did the very same thing with me. They gave him one particular book, which we found in an old trunk of his that was basically empty, except for a few remnants of WWII. We looked at the book, but we couldn't open it because he had driven nails through every single corner of it. Nick, my husband, looked at it and said, "That's a boy who doesn't like to read. That's for sure. And he certainly didn't like that book." [Laughing] Years later, I lent him a book about Moshe Dayan and his IDF (Israel Defense Forces) operations during the various wars Israel fought, and Uncle Jack loved that one.

Jack's senior year at E.C. Glass High School, Lynchburg, Virginia. The following clips are from Jack's 1937 high school yearbook, *The Crest*. The yearbook cites the following activities for Jack: "Make-Up Editor, *Critic-Crest*; Make-up Editor, Advertising Staff, *Critic*; Honor League; Senior Play; Library Staff; Library Council; Hi-Y Club; Treasurer, Business Manager, Dramatic Club; Office Assistant; Athletic Association; Monogram Club; Track Manager; Commencement Committee."

*Bob Sheldon:* Did the Make-up Editor put on facial make-up for events, or was it something to do with the layout of the yearbook?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I think that was doing something with the yearbook, because with page makeup, in those days, they had to cut-and-paste things and get them up for the printer. That explains why he was so active with the production of the yearbook *Anti-Anything* later in the war. I had wondered about that for years, why he was so active in doing that sort of thing. Then when I saw that E.C. Glass page, I thought, "Well, that goes back to high school."



*Bob Sheldon:* That also explains Jack's involvement with our MORS *Phalanx* magazine. He did a lot of the layout of that.

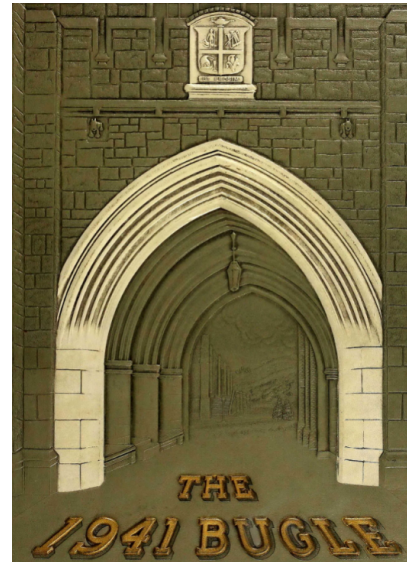
*Bob Sheldon:* Vickey, did Jack talk with you about his high school experiences?

*Vickey Badger:* No. I think because of the Depression they moved to Lynchburg so that his sister could go to college and live at home. All of them were very smart. His sister Sydnor, Anne's mom, was a very smart accomplished woman.

## JACK WALKER: COLLEGE YEARS AT VIRGINIA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE (VPI) (1937-1941)

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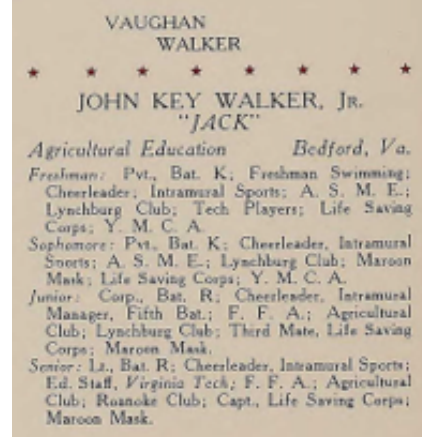
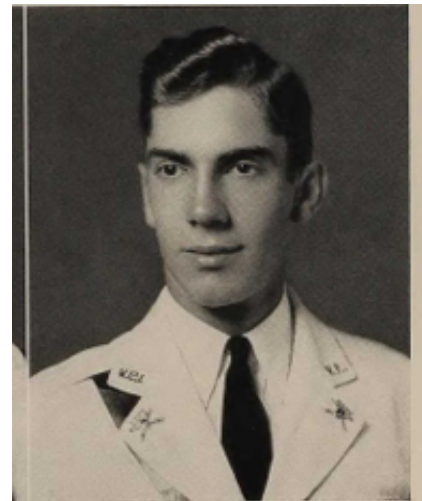
*Anne Soukhanov:* The VPI *Bugle*, which is VPI's yearbook, in the class of 1941, you can look at his page and see if he was active on the yearbook staff. He had been a cheerleader for the football team at VPI, because VPI was all men in those days, except for a few women who were in the home economics section totally separate from the Corps of Cadets and the barracks. So they had male cheerleaders for the football team. When he was with his second wife, Aunt Toni, and they took off for a Virginia Tech reunion, she told me later that Jack was surrounded by a "sea of women" at one of the cocktail parties, because he was the only one in his class who wasn't "an old fat blob." [Laughing] I thought that was hilarious, but she was a little bit miffed. She said, "I could hardly get *near* him." We also found a lot of dance cards from VPI, because when my father and Uncle Jack were there, they had many social clubs, some of which exist today at Virginia Tech, for instance, the German Club. These



clubs put on dances. The cadets would fill out cards for all their girlfriends from the nearby colleges.

Jack attended Virginia Polytechnic Institute (VPI). He graduated from VPI with a BS degree in Agricultural Education and received a Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC) commission in 1941. While at VPI, Jack was a member of the Life Saving Corps (swimming) and a cheerleader for four years. He was a member of the Maroon Mask drama club for three years.

This picture is from the *Bugle* published Jack's senior year at VPI in 1941.



*Bob Sheldon:*

Did Jack go to VPI because it was close to home, or was there some other reason he chose VPI?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

I don't know why he chose it. It was a state school, and I think he was probably attracted to the uniforms, because they were pretty sexy in those days. A lot of boys from around here went to VPI and VMI, so that wouldn't have been anything unusual. I'm surprised in some ways that he didn't go to VMI, but VMI didn't have the breadth of curriculum that the VPI had, because VMI was strictly engineering. You could major in history there, but you'd have to take four years of the hated math and surveying and every other thing that he probably would not have wanted to involve himself with.

*Bob Sheldon:*

I'm really surprised that Jack didn't like math, because in our operations research community, there are so many math majors and engineers. Jack managed to work quite well with them.

*Anne Soukhanov:*

I know. It's amazing. He probably outgrew his aversion, especially since in the Army and thereafter he would have been dealing with applied math, not theoretical problems. He was good at learning.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack studied agriculture at VPI. Did Jack ever do anything serious involving farming?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Jack never farmed. He started as an engineering student, then changed rather fast to Aggie. He did draw a map of the Walker property on the south side of the county, which may have been part of the civil engineering program.

Jack was a cheerleader for four years. This picture is from the *Bugle* published Jack's sophomore year at VPI in 1939. Jack is on the left.



*Bob Sheldon:*

I found Jack in the 1941 *Bugle* on the Life Saving page, but I couldn't tell whether Jack was in the swimsuit group photo.

**Life Saving Corps.** The Virginia Tech Life Saving Corps, organized in the fall of 1933 for the purpose of assisting the operation of the college swimming pool, is composed of not more than 25 active members. Each man must hold the Red Cross rating of Senior Life Saving and Advanced First Aid and must be either from the faculty or student body.



J. K. WALKER  
Captain

MISS BETTY LOU MARTAIN  
Sponsor



*Anne Soukhanov:* Jack is sitting, front row, exact center in the life saving picture. Betty Lou Martin, sponsor of the group, was his then-girlfriend (one among many!).

*Bob Sheldon:* Looking through those old *Bugle* VPI yearbooks stimulated another question. Jack was a member of the Maroon Mask for his sophomore through senior years. The old yearbooks said that Maroon Mask was a drama club started in 1937. Was Jack an actor in the dramas, or was he a manager or some other role?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I don't know anything about his acting career. I'm learning more about my dear uncle every day from you!

*Bob Sheldon:* Your dad's name is also Jack. How well was Jack Walker acquainted with your dad?

*Anne Soukhanov:* When Mother went up to VPI for a dance, she and Daddy fell in love almost at first sight. It would have been 1928, so you can subtract 1919 from 1928 and you'll figure out how old Jack Walker was. Jack Walker's girls called my father Uncle Butch, because we couldn't have two Uncle Jacks. Actually, it was my cousin Irene Cunningham, three years older than me, who chose Uncle Butch. But they got along very well, especially being two Hokies (nickname for fans of Virginia Tech.)

He was a real clown, at least at the Bedford County Lake and at the local country club, where we used to swim daily. One of his tricks was to puff up like a Colonel Blimp (a British cartoon character), strut bowlegged, then get up onto the diving board and cannon-ball into the pool. We would burst into gales of laughter, watching him and the weird looks he was getting from people who had no idea who was this strange man with what we would call today "issues"!

*Bob Sheldon:* Vickey, I'm guessing Jack told you about Virginia Tech, since he was a Hokie, and you became one too. What did he tell you about Virginia Tech?



*Vickey Badger:*

My father loved Virginia Tech. He was in the Corps of Cadets and graduated in the class of 1941. He made many lifetime friends and stayed connected to the 1941 class with reunions and letters. Virginia Tech and Blacksburg became a second home for him. The Corps was very structured, regimented and the classwork was difficult. Daddy was also a cheerleader which gave him an outlet for his positive and fun side. He told me of a time when he was leading a big homecoming parade down Main Street in Blacksburg. The parade was supposed to make a turn onto campus, but no one was directing them ... so Daddy ran ahead, shimmied up a stoplight and directed the group back on campus. He had a fun time there.

When I told him that I was thinking of going to Virginia Tech for college, he said, "You might need to use a different last name, because I don't know if you'll get in as my daughter!" [*Laughing*] And I thought, "What do you mean by that?" I think he did a lot of jokester things around there.

After my mother died my sophomore year, Daddy came to Virginia Tech several times for football games. I was involved with Sigma Chi fraternity and Daddy would join us in the stands drinking hot Dr. Pepper and rum. He commented how different the experience was from when he was at games in the Corps in uniform. He said, "This is great! This is not what I did." He really enjoyed it.

For Daddy's 50<sup>th</sup> reunion, my father, my stepmother Toni, my husband, and I all went back to Blacksburg for the festivities. The class of 1941 marched down the drill field and sat together for the game. Daddy loved it and danced the night away with his friends. He was a Golden Hokie (a funding level for Hokie Scholarship Fund donors) and was always at every game or watching every game. It was a good, different family for him after being in Bedford. I think it really broadened his horizon and broadened his depth of understanding people.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack majored in agriculture but never farmed. Do you know why he studied agriculture there?

*Vickey Badger:*

This is curious, because I remember that he got his degree in animal husbandry.

*Bob Sheldon:* That was the joke. Animal husbandry is part of agriculture. The 1941 *Bugle* says Jack's major was Agricultural Education.

*Vickey Badger:* His parents thought he was getting a degree in something else until they went to graduation. I remember the joke was that he got his degree in animal husbandry. Whatever it was, his parents didn't know about it until they went to his graduation and then found that out. He really enjoyed his time at Virginia Tech. I can't remember any of his college friends that he had for a long time. Really, when you think about it, he left from there and went over to WWII, and that was a whole different scene.

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## JACK WALKER: WWII YEARS (1941-1945)

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Jack served in the US Army from 1941 to 1969. He entered the US Army in 1941 with an ROTC commission as a second lieutenant. In July 1941, Jack joined the 71st Anti-Aircraft Artillery Regiment, serving with that unit until August 1942. From September 1942 to June 1945, he served as Battery Commander and Battalion S-3 (Operations) with the 486th Self-Propelled Anti-Aircraft Artillery Battalion. His next assignment was with the 3rd Armored Division, where he served as Assistant G-3 officer until October 1945.

### ***Anti-Anything* and Letters Home (1941-1946)**

Jack was the co-editor with Captain Ralph W. Abele of the book *Anti-Anything Artillery: 486th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*, a yearbook compiled around June 1945. This "yearbook" includes a history of Jack's unit during WWII from activation until the war's end. Jack also wrote letters home during WWII to his parents and to his older sister Sydnor "Sis." The Anne Flournoy Hayes mentioned in these letters is Sydnor's daughter – now Anne Soukhanov.

The following account chronologically parallels Jack's letters with Anne's commentary and Jack's *Anti-Anything* unit history.

Letter from Jack to his parents dated Sunday, Nov 30, 1942, from Camp Davis, North Carolina. (Camp Davis was near Holly Ridge and Topsail Island, North Carolina and served as an important anti-aircraft training center during WW II.)



*Dearest Folks,*

*When Colonel Paddock told us that he expected every man to be a commando, he wasn't fooling. We have spent the major portion of our waking hours lately in the most strenuous exercises we could think up. By this time we hike 15 miles without thinking a thing of it – and run most of the last half. That is why I haven't gotten around to writing. The shock of hearing about the future addition to the Hayes family (Jack is referring to his niece Anne) was almost more than I could stand. Often I picked up my teeth and put them back in. I read the letter again just to be sure. It is almost unbelievable. Sis, I am so happy for you. About two hours after I got your letter, a fellow came in and I was sitting there saying, "My God, Sis is going to have a baby. He wanted to know what was wrong with that. Didn't folks have babies once in a while – where did babies come from if someone didn't have them? Well, it beat me. Even 25 mcg of Vitamin B didn't bring me back up to par. I always did say that you were an unpredictable individual, but this do beat all. Pardon me while I pull a slight swoon.*

*The address is Mrs. Daniel Bell, 3816 Gramercy Place NW, Washington, DC.*

*There are no cards available at the moment here so please put one in saying something about appreciation for all the good times she was responsible for – signed Jack and Pinky, or maybe we'd better say Pinky and Jack. I'll shoot you a check for the cost as soon as I hear from you.*

*Well, I may recover, but I'll never be the same.*

*Best love to all.*

*Jack*

Well, it may "recover" but it'll  
never be the same.  
Best love to all  
Jack  
1941

*Vickey Badger:*

Back in the 1940s, my parents met at the Bell's house in Washington, DC. Daniel Bell was the president of American Security Bank, and he had connections with a group of Army officers. His daughter, Kathleen Bell, and my mother were classmates at Smith College in Northampton, Massachusetts. The Bells entertained quite a bit with the officers and the Smith grads. Mr. and Mrs. Bell and Kathleen were members of our family all our lives. When we would come back from Europe or wherever we were around the world, we would either go to Bedford or the Bell's house. Those were our connection points. That was always a part of our lives.

The following extract is taken from *Anti-Anything*.

**Activation** (10 Dec 1942 - 24 Jan 1943). On December 10, 1942, the 486th Coast Artillery Antiaircraft Automatic Weapons Battalion (Mobile) was activated at Camp Davis, North Carolina. This was the official beginning of the battalion as a unit, though 41 officers had been making preparations for the activation some weeks before. Of these officers, 14 had just completed the refresher course at the Antiaircraft Cadre School. On the date of activation, an enlisted cadre of 96 men arrived from the 601st Coast Artillery Antiaircraft Regiment.



On the eve of activation, at a meeting of the officers, Lt Col Paddock had proposed a motto for the battalion, "Every Man a Commando". Colonel Paddock, a Regular Army Officer, was definitely a man of action and athletic aggressiveness. The weeks that followed contained a program of physical training that was designed to harden the cadre in both mind and body.

That was the general trend of things in the 486th during the remainder of the year. There was much hard work, many hours of physical conditioning, and technical training, and a little time left over for recreation.

With the new year, 1943, came an increase in the intensity of the training of the cadre. On January 14, information was received that 500 enlisted men were scheduled to leave Camp Devens, Massachusetts on January 15 and would arrive at Holly Ridge, North Carolina the next day.

Sunday, normally a day of rest, found the battalion full of activity. After a brisk jaunt around the block, the men were taken on an orientation hike. Though the total distance was comparatively short, the resulting aches and blisters spoke eloquently of the poor physical condition of the men.

Lt Col Paddock then was relieved as commander of the unit by reason of his special capabilities for another job. Lt Col Dunnington arrived and assumed command of the battalion on the 24th of January 1943.

**Training in Camp Davis.** Spring found the unit ready to learn about their primary mission. It was 40 mm guns. Just as progress was being noted in this specialized line of thought, the unit was redesignated as the 486th Antiaircraft Artillery Automatic Weapons Battalion Self Propelled. Morale and unit pride began to rise - here was something. We were a special type of outfit, one of the very few battalions chosen to train and experiment with this new equipment. It was a thrill and a challenge.

The physical condition of the men was such now that long hikes and frequent field problems were a welcome respite from the classrooms. Leisure moments were spent at the service club on the post or the nearby cities of Wilmington and Kinston.

Though the nights were still cold and disagreeable during April, the weather had cleared up to a great extent.

The physical condition of the command had steadily improved. On the 28th of April, the unit completed the Physical Proficiency Test with a score of 68.21%, a score that topped by 10 points any score that had previously been made on the Camp Davis course. The men remembered all the long hikes and grueling conditioning and were proud of their achievement.

May found the unit engrossed in firing the primary arms. Later in the month, the opportunity to shoot a practice fire was presented. The results were tabulated on a rating of Excellent. It was a good start on the long shooting career of the 486th.

The Field Exercise Test came during the latter part of May. It was a training test embracing all of the various phases of field training that the unit had completed in the month past. Again, a rating of Excellent entered the records of the unit.

Once again, there were changes in the command organization of the unit. **Captain Walker moved to command Battery B.** Later in May, Captain Cogwell took Major Fisher's as Executive, **Captain Walker moved to S-3**, and Lt Pfalzer took command of Battery B.

With June came the climax of the unit's training at Camp Davis. Two days of anti-mechanized fire at Fort Fisher, North Carolina (near Wilmington, North Carolina) produced a rating of Very Satisfactory. It was the first opportunity that the men had to see their weapons against ground targets. How well they were to know this sensation when they went into combat. A record antiaircraft practice with the primary arms was fired as the 19th week of the mobilization passed into history.

Letter from Jack to his parents dated Sunday, June 13, 1943, from North Carolina.

*Sunday, June 13, 1943*

*Dearest Folks:*

*Please don't fall over dead after getting another letter from me so soon. I'm not trying to cause any trouble. It is just that I have time at the moment and so here we go. Maybe this will help to make up for the laxity in the past, or is that possible?*

*First of all, the plan of the War Bond that Sis and Jack (Sis's husband) want to do is OK by me. I have all of my bonds made out as the enclosed one is so have it made / put in that matter also. The enclosed job, by the way, is one that I bought with stamps.*



*Also enclosed are a couple of snapshots of me and the dogs – the dogs one at a time. I have given the black job to the Officer's Club and am trying to think of some way to get rid of the others if the need be. They are so cute even if they do tear up everything loose and make little messes on the floor once in a while. I have about got them trained not to make those messes now, but it is not a guaranteed thing as yet. That really is an educated bunch of dogs in other ways, tho. I believe that Sis will like Frappe and so I'll send her up sometime soon. She will eat anything, has been wormed thoroughly but has not had a shot for distemper.*

*We have just got back from a week in the field on a field test of some kind. That was some fun - remind me to tell you about the strategic battle of Cape Fear Peninsula sometime. That was really something to talk about.*

*I wrote to a company in New York that I have got several things from in the past and asked them to send me a silver baby service that I had seen in a catalogue. I told them that particular job wasn't available, to send something that would meet the occasion equally as well. The item I got is on its way to Sis now and I hope that it will be received in the light in which it is sent. I know that I was surprised when I saw it the first time.*

*That's about all for now. There are a lot of rumors floating around that I have to check up on. One hears the best rumors in the Army.*

*Best love to all,*

*Jack*

The following extract is taken from *Anti-Anything*.

#### **Training in Camp Davis (continued).**

Then orders were received to move the battalion to Camp Polk, Louisiana for maneuvers. The thought of going on maneuvers made all this work have a definite purpose. Lt Spencer, the motor transportation officer, supervised the loading of the equipment on flat cars. The battalion arrived at Camp Polk, unloaded, and bivouacked in some pine woods just outside the post.

Little more than 6 months had passed since the day of activation, but the battalion was already welded together as a fighting team. With self-confidence and growing ability, the men and officers were ready and eager to enter the advanced training phase.

Flag exercises started on the 23rd of June, with the battalion attached to the 11th Armored Division. Flag exercises were a great assistance in familiarizing the staff and batteries in these necessary techniques.

On the 1st of July, the unit was attached to the 120th Antiaircraft Artillery Group, but for all practical purposes the battalion worked with the 11th Armored Division for their training and problems and were controlled by the Division Commander.

The maneuver training was hard and difficult. Climatic conditions tested to the fullest extent the physical capabilities of the men.

The battalion then bivouacked on the banks of the Sahine and washed all of the vehicles. Then the battalion returned to the vicinity of Leesville, Louisiana, to make preparations for movement to Camp Hulen, Texas (near Palacios, Texas).

Due to transportation difficulties, it was necessary for the battalion to remain in the area for approximately 2 weeks. Out of the clear blue sky, Colonel Dunnington announced that furloughs would be granted. Eventually, 220 happy men and officers went home for 15 days!

During the period from 15 August to 22 August, a combined training test was performed by the 12th Antiaircraft Group.

It was not until the 4th day of September that the battalion was able to take off for their new station. Needless to say, not many tears were shed as the unit slowly moved out of Louisiana.

Another major training phase was complete. Hardened and spirited veterans moved into the new camp to meet whatever experiences were in store there.

#### **Training at Camp Hulen.**

Almost immediately, the unit and camp took a mutual liking and respect for each other. The men appreciated the clean living quarters and adequate recreational and bathing facilities of the camp.

The battalion was then assigned to the 34th Antiaircraft Group for administrative control.

Then came the rains, so heavy in fact, that the 16th of September the battalion was ordered to evacuate their camp quarters and set up a temporary "house" at the Wharton Fair Grounds. The expected hurricane did not develop, so on the 19th of September, the battalion returned to camp.

On the 8th of October, the unit received its readiness date for shipment overseas and was assigned the shipment number, 9961-FF.

Then there were showdown inspections and more ordnance inspections. All during this month, the "midnight oil" burned at Battalion Headquarters, and men worked continually preparing for the movement.

On the 15th of October, our date of readiness was changed to November 5th. The men sensed and felt that their training had been stepped up considerably. Rumors were rampant. Speculations flew fast and furious. On the 31st of October, the bulk of the command went to Indianola Range for firing practice at air and ground targets.

The battalion was alerted for movement overseas on the 7th of November. For the first time, outgoing personal mail was censored.

On the 9th of November, Lts Cobb and Powell, Sgt Pantalco and Cpl Burke as an advance party, left Camp Hulen for Fort Hamilton, New York. Everything was in readiness for movement to the Port of Embarkation. On the 12th of November, word was received to proceed by rail to Camp Shanks, New York.

Our last night at Camp Hulen was a memorable one. Gathered in front of battalion headquarters we received the Chaplain's blessing, and then to the strains of "Over There" played by the post band, the first serial loaded on the train for the first step in what was to prove to be our greatest adventure.

Anne's note: Colonel Walker, then a Captain, in 1943 in Texas, base unknown [Editor's note: probably Camp Hulen], with, of course, a puppy! This little pup and its sibling lived in our house, Kingston, during the war, and the female, named Frappe ("Frap") was my beloved dog. Her brother, Faux Pas, peed on the base commander's desk blotter at that Texas base. Faux Pas disappeared from our yard during the war. (He survived the O-6's wrath.) P.S. The dogs were blonde beagle mixed mutts.



The following "Port of Embarkation" is from *Anti-Anything*, page 114.

### **Port of Embarkation**

The long trip by rail was quite comfortable. The train roared northward across the country, and on the 18th of November at 0200 hours, the first serial arrived at Camp Shanks, New York (near Orangetown, New York). At 1830 of the same day, the second serial pulled in. At Camp Shanks, the battalion was assigned barracks and immediately put through an indoctrination period of "shots" and physical training. After two ten-mile hikes in the mountains of New York, we were almost certain that our combat mission was the Alps.

Passes were granted, and although they were only good for 12 hours, most of the personnel were able to see their loved ones before embarking. It would be ambiguous to add that after

spending so much time in the "Dry South" that the sudden conversion to a very "wet" New York did not have the expected effects. On the 23rd of November, our advance party left on the *Queen Elizabeth* from Pier 90, New York, and arrived at Greenock, Scotland, November 28th.

## **Movement Overseas**

On the 1st of December at 0800 hours, the first serial of our unit proceeded by rail and then by ferry to Pier 90, North River Terminal, New York City. The second serial left Camp Shanks on the 3rd of December, boarding the boat on the same day. From the time we left until the time we had settled in our assigned quarters on the *Queen Mary*, it seemed as though we had climbed thousands of stairs, carrying or dragging our heavily laden barracks bags.

December 3rd, 1943, 1120 hours -- a date and time that is deeply imbedded in our minds, for on that day, at that time, the *Queen Mary* came to life. Her engines began throbbing, the small powerful tugs began pushing their noses against her sides as they maneuvered the great ship onto the shipping lanes. We were finally on our way -- on our way for duty in the European Theater of Operations. Officers and men crowded the deck railings, all straining for a last look at the Manhattan skyline and the Grand Old Lady [Editor's note: the Statue of Liberty].

Colonel Dunnington had been appointed Commander of the Red Troop Area with Lt Greenwood as his Adjutant. The men were assigned to various duties on the ship such as K.P. (kitchen patrol) and M.P. (military police) details. Some of our men manned the antiaircraft guns for protection of the ship and personnel during the trip.

During the crossing, the USO provided entertainment for the men, putting on shows in the large dining hall. One evening, a group of "our" boys gathered on the Promenade Deck and to the musical strains of a guitar began singing many old favorite songs. In a very short time, officers and men from other units joined the gathering and began raising their voices in song. Many a soldier in the gathering crowd who had felt lonesome and homesick lost that feeling as he began to sing.

The morning of December 9th dawned bright and clear, and at 0700 hours the *Queen Mary*, having completed her crossing of the Atlantic with her precious cargo, dropped anchor in the harbor of Greenock, Scotland. Men swarmed the decks of the ship and gazed upon the low, rolling Scottish hills, so reminiscent of many sections of the United States. This was our first glimpse of foreign soil.

The voyage had been made in good order and it felt good after six days at sea to stand again on solid ground, though many of us still had "sea legs".

We were comfortably seated in the train when Red Cross workers distributed hot coffee, doughnuts, and cigarettes from one end of the train to the other. At about 1230 hours, with a shrill blast of its whistle, the train slowly began its journey, carrying the unit to its new home in England.

We stopped twice during the trip to enjoy hot coffee and the famous English "pork pie.". The night settled fast, blackout curtains were drawn, and the men settled in their seats for forty winks. At 0530 hours on the 10th of December, the train came to a slow stop at Semley Station, Wiltshire, England. The men were awakened and disembarked from the train, shuffling sleepily into waiting trucks that took us to our first overseas camp -- Hayes Camp, Semley, Wiltshire. The camp was commonly known as Hayes House.

Our advance party, which had arrived at Hayes House on 4 December, formed our welcoming party. We were assigned to barracks -- the majority of the men to Nissen Huts and the officers and office personnel in Hayes House.

On the date of arrival at Hayes House, 10 December, the battalion was a year old, and within that time men who had never fired a gun had become well acquainted with them. In one year, the unit had completed the basic training and had arrived at an overseas station -- awaiting combat.

### **Life in England**

It is fitting to express our sincerest thanks to the 703rd Tank Destroyer Battalion for furnishing men in preparing the camp for our occupancy. Soon our own details policed the grounds and buildings, and Hayes House had its floors and windows washed regularly.

In the early weeks of December, B and D Batteries moved to Clouds Camp in East Knoyle which is a short distance from Hayes Camp. This separation of the battalion was made to overcome crowded conditions at Hayes House.



Within a few days after our arrival, our training began anew. Classes were conducted in aircraft recognition, chemical warfare, self-defense, first aid, and use of weapons.

Upon arrival in England, the battalion was assigned to the First United States Army. On December 15th, the unit was attached to VII Corps, and on the 16th, we were attached to the Third Armored Division for operations training and administration.

How well we recall those night passes into Shaftsbury and East Knoyle, especially our first night pass when we couldn't distinguish anything in the total blackout, walking into buildings and people we couldn't see. But it wasn't long before many of us could distinguish our favorite pubs no matter how dark the night.

Within the first week of our arrival at camp, our PX was established in one of the wooden huts where we were to spend many hours purchasing personal items, drinking beer, and playing ping-pong and darts.

The raw December winds added their share to the damp cloudy British climate as the month wore on.

December 25th, Christmas Day, saw the battalion settled in both camps. It was the first Christmas that many of us had spent away from our families, and it was spent on foreign soil. Yet a true holiday spirit prevailed among officers and men. Each man received a pound box of chocolates which had been purchased through our PX and paid for out of our battery funds. That evening, many of the men gathered in the PX hut and sang their favorite songs to the accompaniment of a piano.

Christmas 1943 passed into the annals of time, and on the following day, our training program was resumed. We were operating on a 48-hour week schedule.

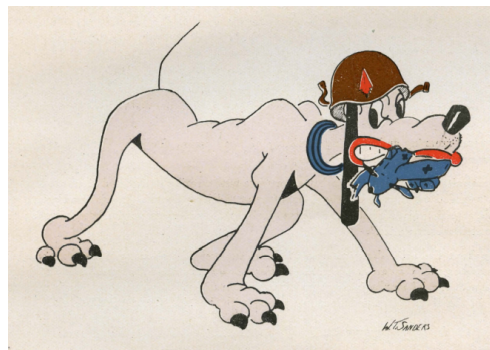
On the 27th of December, word was received from higher headquarters that officers and men could be granted 48-hour leaves and passes to visit Bournemouth, London, Reading, and Torquay. The following day, our first quota "took off" for a visit to these cities. The quota on leave or pass was not to exceed 7% of officers and 7% of enlisted men's daily strength.

The personnel status at the end of the year was as follows: 35 officers, 2 warrant officers, and 668 enlisted men.

The cold clear dawn of January 1st, 1944 heralded the beginning of a new year -- a year in which future events were to be written with the sacrifice of human endurance -- of the full and comprehensive meaning and understanding of life and death -- of incidents and escapades from death -- and of the performance of men knitted into a combat team which thrived upon cooperation and unlimited faith in each other and in their officers.

So on New Year's Day 1944, we were primarily interested not in the future but the present. The following day our routine continued -- training, drilling, and road marches.

The Walt Disney Productions submitted an insignia for the battalion. It was a design of "Pluto" in a ferocious attitude, helmet on head, holding a destroyed German plane in his mouth. The insignia was submitted to the staff, but its adoption as a battalion insignia was postponed pending the submission of other proposed insignias.



On the 6th of January, 15 officers and 285 enlisted men left for Camp Penhale, Cornwall to engage in antiaircraft firing. These platoons engaged in target practice until January 14th. Of the 285 men who fired their machine guns, 261 of them qualified as machine gunners, giving the battalion a 92% qualification.

For 5 days and nights from the 10th to the 15th of January, units of the battalion participated in the Third Armored Division Trains Field Exercise, which was conducted over the cold wind-swept, low-rolling hills of the English countryside. With the usual moaning and groaning, shuffling of tired, weary feet, the Officers and men hiked over many roads surrounding the camp.

Throughout the cold, damp months of February and March, our training continued on an ever increasing pace. Classes on Chemical Warfare, Combat Intelligence, and Radio Procedure were conducted with special emphasis on aircraft recognition and physical training. There were frequent problems in the field with the unit maneuvering with the Third Armored Division.

On the 14th of March, A and B Batteries furnished protection for an Ordnance demonstration at Tilshead, Wilts. Two days later, the 16th, all drivers, assistant drivers, and mechanics participated in saltwater wading and landing operations at Weymouth, Dorset. March 21st marked the end of antiaircraft protection for saltwater wading operations, and all batteries returned to camp. On the 22nd, C and D Batteries plus a skeleton section of Headquarters Battery took part in a Division Field Exercise Problem, their mission being protection of an engineer bridge and field artillery positions. On the morning of the 28th, without warning, A Battery executed "March Order." The entire organization was combat loaded in every detail, and out of the battalion area in less than 2 hours. On the last 2 days of the month, D Battery and Battalion Staff personnel participated in a Division Field Exercise with infantry units, their specific mission being protection of Field Artillery positions.

The next 2 months brought a startling increase in specialized training. From the 4th through the 6th of April, A, B, and Headquarters participated in a Division Field Exercise. The middle of April, all batteries moved by convoy to the assault training center at Woolacombe for special training. Despite inclement and "soupy" weather, 7 days of excellent firing was completed, and all batteries returned to base camp on the 24th. There was a bustle of activity throughout the camp as news of the visit of Lt General Omar Bradley became known. General Bradley arrived at our area at 1600, 24 April.

The month of May brought little if any respite from the strenuous training of the past 2 months. If we knew then what we know now, we could have seen this was the final grooming for combat. On the 8th of May, the battalion moved by convoy to Minehead and started anti-mechanized firing at the British Armored Vehicle Range. On the morning of May 9th, the battalion finished anti-mechanized fire and returned to base camp. All phases of this exercise were considered Excellent.

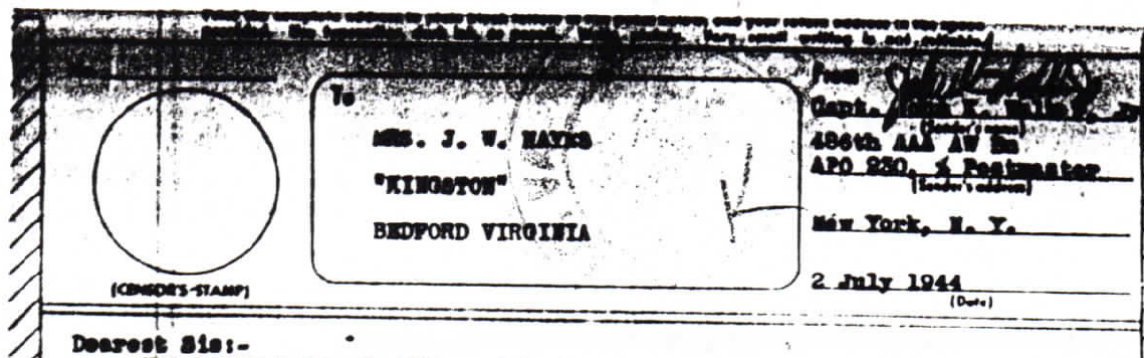
From May 20th to the end of the month, a normal training schedule was followed. We were ready for big things to come.

## **Normandy**

The unit's history from their Normandy landing on 23 June 1944 until the end of WWII is documented in "The 486th AAA Battalion: Combat History 1944- 45" - co-authored by Captain Robert Abele and MAJ John Walker, posted online at <http://www.3ad.com/history/wwll/feature.pages/486.pages/486.history.htm> and published in the June 2019 *Phalanx*.



In 1944, Jack was involved in combat operations with the 486th Anti-Aircraft Artillery (AAA) Battalion. His battalion was attached to the 3rd Armored Division, a part of the First US Army, during the war. As such, he was involved with many key campaigns during the war such as the breakout from Normandy, the campaign in Northern France and Belgium, the entry in the Rhineland, the Battle of the Bulge, and the final push through the Rhineland and into Central Germany up to the surrender in May 1945.



V-Mail from Jack to his sister, 2 July 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in France.

*Dearest Sis:*

*Not being fully familiar with the situation there at home at the moment, I shall assume that Mother is still in Bluefield with Anne a youngster and will write to you at the old homestead. This family of mine does so much jumping about the country that it is a difficult thing to keep track of them all at one time.*

*The first mail to reach us here in France brought letters from you dated June 6, 9, and 10. You know, mail is a great thing at a time like this. All the boys immediately began to relax and smile to themselves as they read their letters. One boy got thirty-eight, which is a pretty good pile of mail.*

*The little French that I picked up from "Chillie" and from various other places has come in handy but there is so much more to learn as yet. I had a book which I unwittingly sent home from Camp Hulen written by Hugo on French, a very good book as far as I could see. I wonder if I could get you to send it to me now as I am sure that it will be of some use. We have lots of these little phrase books, but they don't go into the details of the language that the book does. Right at the moment I have an ambition to master this language but can't tell when I will get tired of the attempt.*

*Having changed the system of money again, we are all mixed up as to what is who: the mind being full of thoughts of shillings, francs, and dimes. The franc system is much simpler than the English system so we will be able to catch on in a hurry. There is nothing to buy other than to pay for the laundry which we have done by the local civilians. They do a fair job but are a little prone to tattle-tale gray. It is clean, however, and that helps a lot. We get much better service than we did in Washington, so we aren't so bad off after all.*

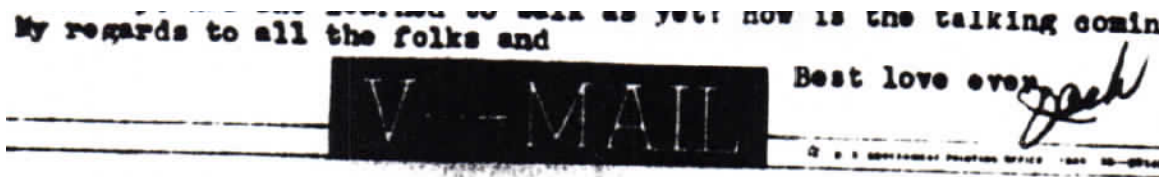
*Just last night we had a treat for supper that is exceedingly unusual at this point – white bread. It surely did taste good after the brown bread that we had in England all the time. Some of us just sat there and ate bread and jam until it gave out. Mighty fine eating. The remainder of the rations that we have been eating have been excellent, though there is very little variety in them, and they become tiresome, though very nourishing. We have just about all the vitamins that there are and some extra ones besides so there is very little doubt as to the fact that we are eating enough. Now there have been few steaks and that sort of thing, but everyone is happy about the whole situation.*

*So far I haven't been able to run into any of those antiques that I am sure that you will want me to look for. The countryside is not exactly organized for shopping just at the present so there is very little that I can do. I will try to get something as a souvenir (I sure did spell that well) for the old homestead.*

*Miss Anne Flournoy seems to be getting to be quite the young lady there in town society. Has she learned to walk as yet? How is the talking coming along? My regards to all the folks and*

*Best love ever.*

Jack



V-Mail from Jack to his sister, 16 July 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in France.

*Dearest Sis!*

*A hurried note to thank you for the wonderful pictures. I was about to start a trust fund to buy your daughter some clothes when I finally came across one with somewhat of a dress involved. She surely is a cute youngster and is getting to be quite a young lady. I sent Sue [Anne's note: Sue was a friend from England.] the picture you suggested as well as a shot of the little one. When are you going to hang the new portrait?*

*As to the spelling on which you so kindly sent corrections – I very often make mistakes on the typewriter and don't stop to correct them. I shall try to cultivate the habit of being more careful in the future. [Anne's note: Yikes! A few days off the Normandy Beachhead and someone at home is busy correcting his spelling!]*

*We are getting the biggest plenty of candy and cigarettes so no requests for now.*

*Best love ever.*

*Jack*

V-Mail from Jack to his family, 26 July 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in France.

*Dearest People:*

*The box containing the belated birthday candy came in today and was received by loud cheers by all and sundry. Just at present, the all and sundry include the Boss, five enlisted men, and myself – quite a cozy setup, all things being considered. We all live in – or rather out of – one vehicle which serves as an office as well as a means of transportation. My position in the unit is such that I can get an excellent view of all that comes to pass and sometimes even stick my finger into bigger doings. From a standpoint of viewing the situation and the professional contact available, I wouldn't change jobs for anything.*

*Now how did I get off the subject? All this started out to tell you how much we are enjoying the candy. It really was swell of you and Dad to fix up the box and get it off. I appreciate it no end.*

*Both letters with pictures have arrived and I am still toying with the thought of setting up the fund to get that youngster some clothes. In future years when I drag out those pictures, Anne Flournoy will break my neck.*

*Best love – Jack*

Among the many awards Jack Walker received from the Army was the Bronze Star Medal from WWII. The citation recommending Jack for this award includes the following:

On the afternoon of 28 August 1944, a column of the Third Armored Division was moving north along the road in the vicinity of S-58945 when the left flank was attacked by a number of German vehicles, including two Mk IV tanks and three half-track vehicles loaded with infantry. These vehicles and infantry opened fire on our column from the edge of the woods along the side road at S-586745 with the apparent intentions of cutting the column just behind the leading combat elements. The portion of the column engaged was comprised of command vehicles of the Third Armored Division Artillery and the S-3 half-track of the 486th (AW) Bn SP.

When the column halted in order to meet the attack, Major Walker assumed command of the situation and deployed such men as were available in a defensive position. As soon as this was done and fire opened on the enemy, Major Walker advanced toward the enemy in order to form an accurate estimate of the situation, at the same time sending a messenger along the column to obtain tank support. The strength and disposition of the enemy force being determined, the 35 to 40 men available were



organized into three squads. Leaving one squad with the vehicles to furnish covering fire, Major Walker personally led the others forward in an effort to clear the enemy from their positions overlooking the route of advance. Rifle grenade fire was brought to bear on the tanks causing them to retire. A rapid flanking movement of the hastily organized squads resulted in the capture or retirement of the enemy infantry entrenched along the edge of the woods at S-586745.

As a result of the prompt and efficient action of Major Walker, the route of advance was cleared and the column was able to proceed immediately. His rapid evaluation of the situation and organization of existing forces resulted in the elimination of a potential threat to the flank of an advancing armored column. His disregard for personal safety in the execution of the mission was a contributing factor in the speedy counter-attack and completion of the action with minimum casualties to friendly troops.

V-Mail from Jack to his sister, 22 October 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in Germany.

*Dearest Sis!*

*Thanks so much for your letters of October 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> – terribly sorry to hear about Watts' downed. [Anne's note: Jack refers to US 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force bomber pilot Watts Gill of Bedford, shot down, later captured and imprisoned until 1945 in a stalag where he was gravely mistreated.] He has a most excellent chance of getting back and hardly a day passes that we don't "entertain" a couple or two fliers on their way back to base. Can't say any more on the subject, but please call Mary Lydia [Anne's note: Watt's wife, the former Mary Lydia Lyle, whose dad, a pharmacist, owned the old Lyle's Drug on North Bridge and Main across from Green's Drug.] and tell her for me that if Watts is where we go I'll surely send him back to her. Stranger things happen every day.*

*While we're on the subject of things happening, the other "Sis" [Anne's note: the sister of a good friend of Jack's whom everyone called "Sis"] out in California has asked me to make arrangements to let her know in case something happens to me. I don't like to ask Mother to do this for obvious reasons, but believe that you will do it for me. The necessary information is Cora Ladd, 630 South Northmader Ave., Los Angeles, 5, Calif. I certainly would appreciate your taking care of this for me.*

*Best love to you and all – a big kiss for the baby.*

*Bonne chance, [Translation from French: Good luck]*

*Jack*

V-Mail from Jack to his sister, early November 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in Germany.

*Dearest Sis!*

*I am sure that Mother will skin me for writing to you twice since writing to her, but I couldn't resist it this time. Your congratulatory and inspiring mail of 5 October came in today. I appreciate it very much but feel the need for comment. Thanks for the boost to try to get a step higher, but I feel exceedingly fortunate at being accepted as a junior field officer and can't possibly go any further until I get a few more years of experience. Now if I did, the title would be abbreviated as Lt Col and not Lieut Col, which should be even more simple to print.*

*As to what you should send me for Christmas, I am at a loss but would suggest a heavy wool, long sleeve, high neck sweater, if same can be obtained without rationing. The chest size is 36 or medium as the case may be. I almost slipped and said bust measurement. Woe!*

*Best love,*

*Jack*



Christmas card from Jack to his sister and her husband (Mr. & Mrs. J.W. Hayes), 20 November 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA, APO 230, NY, somewhere in Germany.

*Dearest Sis and Jack,*

*May all the good things that we associate with the Christmas season come to you and your youngster – good cheer, good health, and good friends among them.*

*Best love*

*Jack*

Caption in card: Best Wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

V-Mail from Jack to his sister, 14 December 1944, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in Germany.

*Dearest Sis!*

*This letter, I regret, is a little late in getting off to you in time for your birthday, but then you would probably be terribly surprised if I did something on time for a change. The main purpose of all this is to wish you a very, very happy birthday and many returns thereof. I regret that I will not be there in person to pass on these wishes (and to eat some of the cake and trimmings) but my business is so pressing that I just can't tear myself away at the moment. Please forgive me for this – I really should drop everything and come, but then one has to think twice these days.*

*I have received many letters from you and one from Anne Flourney. I will write to the youngster in the near future as per request. Also I owe you many thanks for the wonderful package which has been consumed but definitely. While I'm thanking you for all the lovely things that you have done for me, I can't overlook the book of English photographs. I shall look forward to going through it with you and pointing out the places I have seen. I got to see a lot of things in England that I couldn't write about, but I can tell you about them sometime when we are sitting in front of a big open fire.*

*Once again, Pal, happy birthday. I won't mention any ages or anything on account of I think you have bribed me sufficiently. May the years to come bring much more of the same happiness and joy that has been in your life in the past years.*

*My love to you and all,*

*Jack*

V-Mail from Jack to his sister and her husband, 1 January 1945, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, somewhere in Belgium.

*Dearest Sis and Jack:*

*Thanks mostly for the double of mail of December. I was about to begin to wonder if the Hayes clan was still in operation. Who am I to be talking, as seldom as I write?*

*I have written to Cora on the problem of calling her Sis. Frankly, I don't know how the thing got started outside of the fact that her brother Bill, a very good friend of mine, calls her that (naturally) and he must have passed the habit to me. I'll try to make some arrangement if, and when it becomes necessary.*

*As to Tom Walker [Anne's note: a first cousin of Uncle Jack's; Tom Walker, later Colonel James Thomas Walker, USA, was the son of Grandpa's oldest brother Prof. James Thomas Walker, Sr. and a VMI grad] being wounded, he did not send details because security regulations don't allow that. In the more or less static situation that we have now, the enemy is most anxious to get exact locations on all outfits, their strength, casualties, etc. This will probably explain the thing to you.*

*We are off on a New Year – did you realize that I was out of the States all of 1944? How strange.*

*Hi Anne Flournoy!*

*My best love to all.*

*Jack*

V-Mail from Jack to his sister, 12 January 1945, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, location unknown.

*Dearest Sis,*

*The pictures of the clan arrived a little late but in top shape. They are swell and I am so glad that you managed to send the whole group together in the interest of history and posterity.*

*Now I'll let you in on a little secret – in response to your expressed worry of being hounded from one place to another. The Third Armored Division has yet to be pushed around and we don't intend to start in at this late date. When I can still write you a letter "chiding" you for something or other, then you can be sure that everything is strictly ok. Comprenez?? Also – don't believe all you read in the papers. I'm here to tell you that it ain't nearly as bad as some desk-bound romantic editor would lead you to believe.*

*Germans wearing American clothes are shot.*

*My best love to all.*

*Jack*

Anne's note: This last sentence from 12 January 1945 relates to German army infiltrators into American lines, wearing US uniforms. There was a lot of publicity in the US media at the time about it, horror stories abounding.

V-Mail from Jack to his sister and her husband, 5 February 1945, from 486<sup>th</sup> AAA AW Bn, APO 230, NY, location unknown.

*Dearest Sis and Jack,*

*Glad to hear that you people got some enjoyment from the oranges. I think this is the first time that I have sent oranges to anyone for Christmas – that may solve some future problems. [Anne's note: Oranges were nigh on impossible to get due to rationing and trains restricted to carrying war-related items.]*

*The pictures of the assorted youngsters arrived in fine shape and are appreciated muchly. They certainly do look to be a splendid, healthy set, which is a credit to their respective mammas, not to mention the presiding grandmamma. That young'un o' yourn shore does have a chubby figger! Now surprise me – I really didn't think that you would ever admit that your offspring wouldn't carry a tune! Times must have changed quite some.*

*Thanks, too, for the valentine. That date sort of slipped up on me. I am not very good at anticipating these affairs a month or so.*

*Both Pinky and Cora are writing most interesting letters these days. Boy, am I getting in trouble fast. Maybe I better stay in Europe after the war!*

*My best love to you all.*

*Jack*

Picture from March 1945.

*On a hill overlooking Bonn and the Rhine River. It was one of those rare sunny days in March. Two days later we took off on the big drive that carried us around the Ruhr Valley and almost to Berlin.*

Jack

Anne's note: Note camouflaged trailer to right.



The following extract "Operations Section" is from *Anti-Anything*, page 17.

## OPERATIONS SECTION

Major John K. Walker, Jr.  
Pfc. Horace W. Dockum



Operations section consisted of the Battalion S-3, S-2, and Communications Officer with approximately 15 enlisted personnel of Operations, Intelligence, and Communications sections. The Liaison Officer and Battalion Surgeon and his clerk also traveled with this section. Its duties were to maintain radio, and if possible, telephone communications with 109th AAA Group and all four batteries. When the situation required it, one half-track with four men was sent out to act as a relay station in obtaining information as to location and action of the units. The section acted as Antiaircraft Intelligence Service Center at all times and was the key to communications with higher and lower echelons, turning in required information for reports and keeping the batteries supplied with maps. Operations section travelled in two half-tracks, a jeep, and ambulance. Most of the time it moved independently but occasionally attached itself to other units while travelling. During the main push to close the Ruhr (Rose) Pocket the section engaged and captured 117 enemy officers and men with their equipment and vehicles and also liberated hundreds of forced laborers.

Recommendation for award of Silver Star Medal from WWII. The citation recommending Jack for this award includes the following:

At about 1500 on 30 March 1945, the Operations Section of the 486th AAA (AW) Bn SP, Major John K. Walker, Jr. commanding, was moving north toward the town of Furstenburg in order to establish an aircraft warning net in the forward area of the Third Armored Division. This section was comprised of four officers and 28 men mounted in two M-3 half-track vehicles and three one-quarter ton trucks. An additional vehicle, an M-8 armored car, had joined the column just prior to the action.

Five prisoners were picked up about a mile south of the town and a preliminary interrogation revealed that these soldiers were the advance guard of an infantry company advancing along that route. After rapidly estimating the situation, Major Walker decided to move forward immediately in order to engage the enemy under more favorable terrain conditions. This movement was accomplished, and the main body of the enemy was captured in the edge of the town by a striking force personally led by Major Walker. At the time of the encounter, the enemy took positions along each side of the road and Major Walker rode his ¼ ton truck directly through the middle of this lane of armed troops in order to prevent a messenger from reaching the possible reserves further up the road. This dangerous and heroic action made possible the capture of an additional force which had the mission of protecting the rear and flanks of the main party. The whole operation was accomplished with the greatest speed, using the element of surprise as a primary weapon. As a result of this striking speed and the skillful use of the element of surprise, the entire enemy force was captured with no casualties to our troops.



This action indicated in an excellent manner Major Walker's tactical knowledge and ability as well as his utter disregard for personal safety when the situation requires immediate positive action. The calm and efficient manner in which he led the small Operations Section against a force of overwhelming strength is highly commendable. The action resulted in the elimination of a full strength army infantry company which was advancing along a road directly toward the Division Command Post and the vital routes of supply.

Letter from Jack to his folks, 24 April 1945, from someplace in Germany.

*Dearest Folks,*

*Time presents itself for a brief note to say that all is well here and to make some candid comment of things here and there. If you can understand anything out of that sentence, you are a better man than I am, Gunga Din!*

*From the number of times that Mr. Jim Guy gets mentioned in your letters, one would come to the conclusion that he is getting to be quite a part of the family. I am glad to hear that you have accepted him as having some good in him. As I remember, there was some objection to him when I was home. Maybe the Christian Spirit has done something to the home front. He must be quite a character, Mr. Guy. I don't really remember much about him, but that is true about most of the folks there in Bedford. Every once in a while I get to feeling like I almost never lived there, which ain't good at all. The Bedford Democrat comes in right along and that helps a great deal in keeping in touch with things there.*

*Say, is there still one single man or woman in that town. It seems that all the news turns out to be about people either getting married or having babies or something. Don't tell me that Walker is going to be the only eligible bachelor in town, a town with no eligible old maids. This is really frightening!*

*This last little campaign was most kind to me in that I was able to get a beautiful camera from a captured Luftwaffe airfield. It has more gadgets on it than I can tell you about and looks like something in a magazine advertisement. I have everything for it except the book of instructions, which some people might consider a good thing to have. When you see about three trucks pulling up to the door, then you'll know that it is me bringing home my camera. Boy, am I proud of that gadget. I imagine that the same equipment would cost well over a thousand dollars in the States in peacetime. Fortunately, it used to belong to the German Air Force and is, therefore, a trophie de guerre, [Translation from French: war trophy] or something.*

*Tell the folks that I will be writing a long letter as soon as things ease up a bit.*

*Best love to all,*




*Jack*

## WWII WRAP-UP (1945-1946)

Copy of a tiny photo received with 9 August 1945 letter, with Jack's caption: *I frighten me sometimes.*



The following extract "Statistics" is from *Anti-Anything*, page 101.

  		
<b>STATISTICS</b>		
Ammunition expended:		
37 mm HE . . . . .	15,547 rounds	
37 mm AP . . . . .	250 rounds	
50 caliber . . . . .	463,810 rounds	
Weight of ammunition expended . . . . .	92,536 lbs. (46 1/2 tons)	
Number of operational days in combat . . . . .	223	
Number of operational days committed with Third Armored Division . . . . .	301	
Vehicles destroyed by unit:		
Tanks and self propelled guns . . . . .	11	
Armored car and armored personnel carriers . . . . .	32	
Trucks . . . . .	50	
Railroad trains . . . . .	3	
Staff vehicles and busses . . . . .	23	
Horse drawn vehicles . . . . .	61	
75 and 88 mm towed guns and 20 mm guns . . . . .	8	
Prisoners captured . . . . .	1,793	
Normandy . . . . . 23 June to 24 July 1944		
Northern France . . . . . 25 July to 24 September 1944		
Rhineland . . . . . 15 September 1944 to 21 March 1945		
Ardenne . . . . . 19 December 1944 to 25 January 1945		
Central Europe . . . . . 22 March to 11 May 1945		
Engagements from landing in France through end of hostilities (Aircraft) . . . . .	70	
Total claims awarded . . . . .	30 1/2 Category I 16 Category II	
Rations consumed in combat . . . . .	203,490	
Approximate weight . . . . .	305,235 lbs. (152 1/2 tons)	
Approximate combat miles (including convoys) . . . . .	296,000 vehicle miles	
Approximate gas consumed from USA . . . . .	133,700 gallons	
Battery C received credit for first enemy plane shot down by American guns emplaced on German soil		
First AA troops to cross the Marne River.		
First AA troops to destroy a moving enemy train.		
First AA troops on Belgian soil.		
First AA troops to cross the Siegfried Line.		
First American AA troops to enter Germany and stay.		
Nearest AA troops to Berlin at close of hostilities.		

Letter from Jack to his folks, 9 August 1945, from someplace in Germany.

*Dearest Folks,*

*Though this letter is addressed to you, Sis and Jack, it is sort of a community affair. Being something of an efficiency expert here in my office, it seems funny to be writing to two different people in the same house. It is all in the family anyway, so what are we discussing?*

*I do want to thank you very much for the frequent letters and the pictures of the family that you send. I enjoy them a great deal and look forward to their arrival with much anticipation.*

*In a V-Mail dated way back in April, you mention General Rose [Editor's note: Rose was commanding the 3rd Armored Division when he was gunned down by a German tank commander when he attempted to surrender in Germany during the closing days of the war.] – have you heard about the Memorial Hospital that is being built out in Denver? The movement was started by some local people there and has caught on with amazing rapidity. All of the men in the Division have contributed heavily to buy the main operating room and we in the Battalion here have bought and equipped a special type of bedroom. I think that it will be a great tribute to a wonderful man. I have a few pictures of the general which I will send home sometime, we are using them in the preparation of our book just now. One of them is taken, or was taken at a very beautiful chateau in France when General Eisenhower came to visit us. Others were taken down in Belgium during the Bulge when he presented decorations to some of the members of the unit.*

*Your other letters are full of when I will be coming home and all such. Folks, I really don't know when it will be. I have a rumor that by the end of next month we will receive a list of all the units that will be here for Christmas – this being published so that we can notify the folks at home not to send any packages. I am sure that this is just a rumor, but there may be something in it as the whole thing is so logical. Most rumors are, you know, so that means nothing. Be assured that I'll get there sometime and then I'll be looking forward to that big party with plenty of chow the way you people know how to cook.*

*The recent developments in the Pacific seem to indicate that there is little chance that we will go there. With the employment of the new bomb and the Russian declaration, it is a matter of conjecture as to how long the Japs will hold out. Naturally it is possible that the main islands of Japan may be conquered but isolated armies may be able to wage a retiring war for long months afterward. The psychology of those people is so different from ours that we find it difficult to correctly say what they will do. I hesitate to make any commitments.*

*Sis, I greatly admire your policy of wanting Anne Flourney to grow up in contact with many children. I have had intimate contact with so many men in recent years that were sheltered as children – and not a single one of them can get along with his associates. Though this may not be fully true of girls, I am of the opinion that it is applicable to some extent. I have never taken the time to fully analyze the thing, but it would appear that farm children and youngsters from very small families make up the majority of the cases. Now this is not intended to indicate that all of the people come from these two categories, but the majority of the people that I have observed do. Someday I will wax eloquent on the subject and you will be mighty surprised!*

*As to the name plate that Sue sent, I had been trying to get you something from England that would become a part of the old house. Because of the wartime conditions in England, the wrought iron affair that I designed was impossible to buy, but that may be along later. The name plate happened to be mentioned in one of our conversations and Sue volunteered to contact friends in procuring it. When she finally managed to get the necessary permission and workmanship, she insisted on paying for it and sending it along herself. I suppose that she felt obligated because of the compact that Miss Eva [Anne's note: Evelyn F. Hawkins, RN, Jack's aunt.] got for me to give her and also I am sure that she was wanting to send you something anyway. It was made in Wiltshire just a few miles from the English "Kingston", which is in Somerset, by the way. Those overgrown counties in England always did keep me confused. It is necessary to put the county name on every letter there as there is almost universal duplication of city names in each one. Some counties have two towns by the same name and that is where they have to add the name of a river or something as in Stratford on Avon.*

*You ask about a reading glass – I shall try to find one for you but cannot guarantee any satisfaction as all optical instruments have been turned over to the military for use. So many of them were destroyed in the bombing and fighting that there are few of the fine pieces of glass to be had. There was a time when I might have been able to get one, but that time has passed with the gradual organization of the country under Military Government. In order to buy anything of value from a civilian store we must have a release from the local Military Government, and they are pretty strict because the stocks, once depleted, cannot be replaced. The majority of that thing is going to doctors, hospitals, and other essential users. I shall try, nevertheless.*

*Yes, I have the pictures of you, Jack, and the baby. They are splendid and add materially to my growing collection. I am always open to receiving pictures of you people so don't hesitate to send them anytime. By the way, what size is your camera? I have a good many rolls of 120 film and could send you some if you need it and that will fit your camera. From looking at the pictures I think that it is a 116 that you have, that size is difficult to get here as 120 and 35 mm were the most common sizes.*

*Well now, I am glad to hear that you folks approve of Claire Floze [Anne's note: A friend of Jack's from France]. I don't remember if I told you about seeing her in Metz or not. She was there to straighten up some of the family affairs at what used to be their country estate. Now there was a considerable battle during the reduction of Metz, and it seems the majority of the fighting took place on the hills north of town – right smack in the middle of the Floze place. Where the chateau stood now stands a most unimposing pile of rubble and all the outbuildings are likewise completely destroyed. They did not salvage a thing from the wreckage, so complete was the destruction. I asked her just what she thought of all this and she said "c'est la guerre" [Translation from French: that's war: it can't be helped]. Do you think that you could look at the thing like that if "Kingston" was wiped off the map late some afternoon? I am inclined to think not. These people are so used to losing everything that they have at least once a generation that they feel a little cheated if they don't. I suppose that they will have to struggle along in the little place down in Indie and the apartment in Paris until they can get rebuilt. However, I don't think that you will be writing to her much as she doesn't speak more than about ten words of English – and they might be the wrong ones!*

*The picture that I sent you that was taken at Bonn [Editor's note: the March 1945 photo] is the only one like that I have. It was taken by an officer who has since left us, and he took the negative with him. As to being neat and clean, I am a demon for that sort of thing and make a special effort to stay that way all the time. To dispel any ideas on the matter that may be a little untrue, I do not have an orderly and never have had one since leaving Washington. The American Army is the cleanest army in the world, and we are justly proud of it.*

*You are going to be mighty surprised at a package that will arrive in the near future for it will contain an electric train. The town of Göppingen is a little over a hundred miles from here and that is the home of the famous Märklin Toy Factory. They have a big store in New York and have been world famous in the toy line for years. I got the train so cheaply that I couldn't resist the temptation and besides, one of these days I might have a youngster who would like it. I intend to play with it myself while no one is looking! [Anne's note: His favorite hobby all his life!]*

*I haven't been able to get up to Belgium to the glass factory as yet but may be there within the next few weeks. I have cashed another big check to take care of the cost so don't be excited when it clears the bank.*

*Hope Jack's head heals rapidly. Best love to all,*

*Jack*



Picture postcard from Maj John K. Walker, Jr., Department of Military Science and Tactics at Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, to his folks, 7 November 1946, from College Station, Texas. The photo was taken August 1945.

*Dear Folks,*

*Here's the picture you asked for – taken up in Hitler's Eagle's Nest. Things are going along fine hereabouts though am mighty busy just at present. Hope to see it clear in a day or so and will write then. Trust you are all well.*

*Love,*

*Jack*



Letter from Jack to his niece, 3 August 1946, from someplace unknown. Letter accompanies the book *Anti-Anything Artillery: 486th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*.

*To: Anne Flourney Hayes,*

*This small book shows you two and one half years out of the lives of nearly a thousand men – men who were part of a unit for only one reason. They did their job well under conditions which you will never be called on to face – unless the people of your generation become careless and selfish. With this book I pass on to you a great deal of responsibility – to do your own part in insuring world peace forever.*

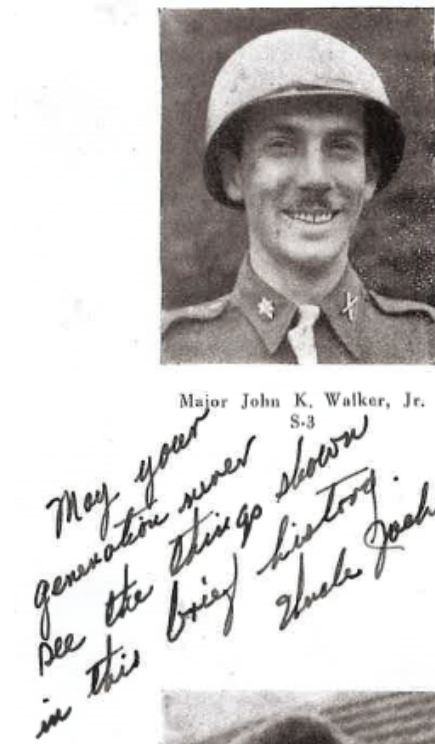
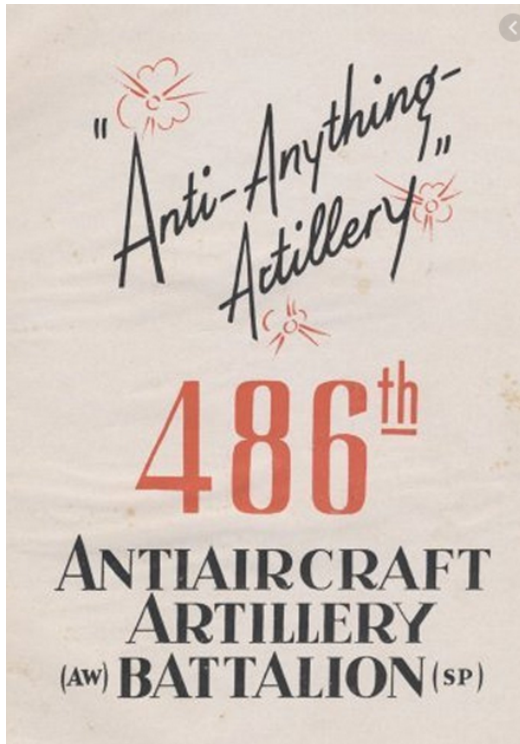
*It was for you and your family that these men fought – and for every other Democracy loving and freedom loving person in the world. Never forget your heritage of freedom for it is far more valuable than anything else you possess.*

*My love to you always.*

*Uncle Jack*

*John K. Walker, Jr.*

*Major C.A.C.*



Jack was the co-editor with Captain Ralph W. Abele of the book *Anti-Anything Artillery: 486th Antiaircraft Artillery Battalion*, a yearbook compiled around June 1945.

Jack wrote this inscription for his niece Anne in the front of the book: *May your generation never see the things shown in this brief history. Uncle Jack*

Anne's comment: His inscription rings loud and clear today. It brings tears every time I re-read it.

Major John K. Walker, Jr. co-authored a report in 1945 called "The 486th AAA Battalion



Combat History: 1944-45.” The report provides a history of the 486th from Omaha Beach to Dessau, Germany, as published in October 1945, in the official battalion post-war record. A slightly condensed version of the report was published in the June 2019 *Phalanx*.

*Bob Sheldon:* We have a lot of Jack’s World War II experiences captured from his letters and the unit history he co-authored.

*Vickey Badger:* It’s incredible to think at 24 years old, he was in charge of soldiers who were being killed, and his actions could hurt their lives or change their lives. He was forced into growing up really fast. I don't think anybody that goes to the military academies or any of these places, to go from nothing to a wartime in a foreign place, that's just a real change.

From October 1945 until July 1946, Jack served with the 471st Quartermaster Battalion as Battalion Commander. Jack was commissioned into the Regular Army in 1946.

Following his work at the Headquarters VII Corps in Germany, Jack was awarded a Commendation Ribbon.

Commendation Ribbon, with Pendant, to Major John K. Walker, Jr., 034 744, Armor.

For Meritorious Achievement, European Theater, 3 January – 23 February 1946.

Signed on 2 January 1951 by Edward F. Witsell, Major General, USA, The Adjutant General, and Frank Pace, Jr., Secretary of the Army.

Citation: Commendation for Exceptionally Meritorious Conduct in the Performance of a Military Duty, to Major John K. Walker, Jr., 0408365, Coast Artillery Corps, is hereby commended this twenty-first day of March 1946.

On the occasion of the inactivation of the Seventh United States Army, it is my desire to express my personal commendation for the competent manner in which you performed your duties as Commanding Officer of the 619th Quartermaster Battalion (M) 3 January 1946 – 23 February 1946. Through your ingenuity and resourcefulness, you contributed greatly to the establishment of the Seventh United States Army Officers School and accomplished your difficult job in a minimum of time with very favorable results. You

are hereby authorized to wear the Army Commendation Ribbon by direction of the Secretary of War.

(Signed) Geoffrey Keyes, Lt General, US Army, Commanding

### **POST-WWII YEARS (1946-1950)**

*Bob Sheldon:* Who is "Doy" – I saw that Doy wrote comments in Jack's WWII letters?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I am Doy. My full name was Anne Flournoy Hayes. It was clipped in the family to Anne Noy. But Madeleine (Nonnie), Jack's oldest daughter, altered it further, coining Doy, and it has stuck all through the years.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack Walker stop by Bedford after WWII before he moved on to his other Army assignments?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes. And I wanted to read to you about that. He came on July 4, 1946. It says here in my mother's handwriting: *On July 4, 1946, Jack landed in New York City aboard the steamship George Washington, the same one that President Woodrow Wilson used to go to the peace conferences after World War I. Jack telephoned us [Anne's note: This is my mother talking here] from a New York hotel the next day, and no words can describe our feelings. After all the long years of war and danger, to hear his voice again was almost too good to be true. He came to Bedford by train a few days later and all of us were there to meet him at the station. As he stepped off the train, everybody began to yell, "There he is." [Anne's note: And she underscored that.] All heads on the train began to appear out the windows, and I expect there were many eyes of those strangers as filled with tears, as ours were, as they watched this happy reunion. He was very thin and brown, and his face bore all the experiences that he had passed through. He seemed strangely quiet and more gentle than we remembered him. [Anne's note: I thought that was a very interesting comment.] Anne would not move from his side, [Anne's note: That's me.] but kept looking up at him with adoring eyes and saying, "Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack." Uncle Jack then received word that he had successfully passed the very stiff examinations given him in Germany and was one of the "top cream officer selected by the President as*

*officers in the regular Army.” During the war, he had learned to love the Army life and had felt that he would not be happy in any other type of work, so we were glad that he had made the grade. [Anne’s note: And she’s got a newspaper picture on the article from the Roanoke, Virginia paper, but it’s undated. It just says,] 16 men from Roanoke and 19 from this section are among 9,800 “top cream men nominated by President Truman for permanent commissions in the regular Army. These men were chosen from more than 100,000 applicants by what the Army considers “the most modern and scientific method of selecting leaders yet devised.” And then it lists them all, and one of them is First Lieutenant (major, because it was a temporary rank of Major) John Key Walker, Jr., CAC, Kingston, Bedford, Virginia. That was exciting for everybody. And he took a lot of pictures.*

He brought a camera back from Germany, which he had probably liberated from somebody, and he took a lot of pictures here. In this photo, Uncle Jack shows Anne his German camera. The photo is from Woodrum Field, now Roanoke–Blacksburg Regional Airport, July 1946. The “shapely legs” belong to Pinky Loughry (Jack’s future wife).



*Bob Sheldon:*

That’s a great picture of Jack showing you his German camera. Do you have any more stories about Jack and his camera?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

All I know is that he liberated a lot of things from the Nazis. I think they actually liberated a warehouse full of all sorts of supplies, such as much-needed fur-lined Luftwaffe gloves, a pair of which I still wear on brutally cold days and which I routinely wore while skiing in New England. That pair was too small for Uncle Jack, so I inherited them! Regarding the camera, I remember that it was very modern, and it took color photos. The only cameras we had here were the old black and white Kodaks, so to have a camera that took color film was amazing. And he always liked to take pictures. He was always interested in mechanical things.

And then my mother says, *He brought home or sent in big boxes numerous war trophies and gifts for the family. But the dark blue velvet dog that he brought from Paris was, at least to her, the prize gift. She named him as soon as she saw him "French Dog Hayes" and he became her favorite toy.*



There's a pictures of me with "French Dog Hayes" – the blue velvet dog brought to me from France by Uncle Jack, July 1946.

And finally my mother says, *All good things had to come to an end. Jack's two-month leave was no exception. We had spent many happy days watching him run the electric train that he brought from Germany.* Electric trains were one of his lifetime hobbies. In fact, he had such an important collection that he left them to a toy train hobby group in Florida when he passed away. I recall one cold Christmas holiday when Uncle Jack set up an elaborate train on Grandma's dining room table. I was allowed to watch but "not touch!"

This photo shows Uncle Jack with his parents, John K. Walker, Sr., and Dewannah Hawkins Walker – July 1946. Uncle Jack's mustache is still in place



This is a funny sequel to his WWII return. Mother wrote, *I'd been surprised when he returned from a visit to Washington during this leave with his military mustache cut off. He'd brought a lovely girl, Miss Madeleine Loughry, back for a visit with us. She did not like that mustache, so he had shaved it off with her father's razor. Uncle Jack was devoted to that mustache, so we began to sit up and take notice.*

*That was his first wife, Aunt Pinky – Madeleine. And my mother's note said, 'When Anne kissed Uncle Jack goodbye, she said, 'Goodbye Major.' And he laughed. And we have the picture in which he's laughing at me. It was all a very happy time, after a lot of worry on the part of the family.*

In this photo, Uncle Jack (without a mustache) leaves Woodrum Field, Roanoke, Virginia, on a DC-3, July 1946.



I mentioned elsewhere that Jack was “a monkey,” in Mother's words. He stayed that way. When he brought Pinky to the house in 1946 for Christmas after their engagement, Mother had decorated the entire house with lovely greens and a big Christmas tree. Uncle Jack proceeded to hide all the antique silver in closets. Mother and Grandma were frantic, thinking that a thief had gotten into the house!

My mother did tell me one story about the war that I would like to pass on to you. She said that during the war -- it must have been in the winter -- she woke up suddenly. (She had been very close to Uncle Jack, because she really did do a lot of his upbringing. He was her little guy. They looked very similar too. They were both very dark and slender.) She never told me what year it was, but it was while he was over there in combat. She said she had the most awful feeling that she was so cold, so terrified. Daddy was traveling at the time. So she sat up all night in a chair staring out the window, and it was snowing here. She wrapped herself up in a robe. We had a coal-fired furnace in those days, and a lot of times the coal fire died down and Grandpa had to get it going in the morning. And she stayed up all night long. She wrote down the date and the time, and she asked him after the war what he was doing on that day. She said he had the most horrified look on his face. He said, “This was the time, strangely enough on that night, that I thought I was going to be killed by the Germans.” What had happened was, it was snowing, visibility was very bad, and they were in close contact with the enemy. He was in a convoy, and they were following the vehicle in front of them, and somehow they ended up getting mixed up within a German convoy. They were the only US troops. They heard people speaking

German all around them. Uncle Jack whispered to his driver to pull over. They found a place where they could pull over, and they sat there, not moving one inch, all night long. When daylight arrived, they were able to get out of there. The other convoy had moved on, never knowing that they were in there.

I've heard stories like that before. When I was in Berlin with my first husband, who was an Ordnance officer, he told me about how, on a staff duty tour, some of his fellow officers were following a Soviet army convoy to a Kaserne in the East zone, because we would go from West Berlin to East Berlin regularly as part of the Four Powers arrangement to keep Checkpoint Charlie and other points open. It was a snowy night, everything was crappy, and they drove right into the Kaserne. The Red Army guard was just standing there waving everybody through. He didn't care who it was. All he wanted to do was get warm in his shack. So they went in and drove around, looked at everything, wrote down things, took pictures, and then, of course, confronted the problem of getting back out. So they waited until a whole group of military vehicles on the Soviet side were forming up, and they got in with them and just went straight out.

We were in Berlin for two years, from 1962 to 1964, during the height of the various crises. We traveled all over Germany, down in southern Germany into the places where Uncle Jack had been, down in Bavaria and whatnot. We also visited parts of northern Germany. And then we went to France, Italy, Benelux, Monaco, Austria -- everywhere we could possibly go. But when my former husband told me the story about the staff duty incident, it reminded me of the story Mother had told me.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Did you compare notes with Jack about the sights you saw in Germany?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Yes, I did from time to time. We invited him and the family to come to Berlin, because he was in Paris at that time with Aunt Pinky and the girls. My husband did go to Paris. He had to go to Orleans because we had an Ordnance depot there. And he went up to Paris to visit Jack and Pinky for a few hours before he came back. But Jack had a very high security position at that time, and it was not advisable for him to go to Berlin, so he didn't. He could have flown in, but sometimes the Soviets would harass our aircraft. And



certainly, he didn't want to drive on the Autobahn through East Germany or ride the US military train, which sometimes was stopped during incidents. It was just not recommended.

There's one thing I can tell you about what Uncle Jack was like after the war, in terms of being somewhat withdrawn, compared with his ebullient self as a young second lieutenant over here straight out of VPI. There was a huge backfire one night; with old cars and trucks in those days, a common occurrence. Jack was sleeping in a bedroom above my mother and father, and they heard his feet hit the floor. He said the next day that he dove under the bed because it was a flashback. And then another other time, about midway through his initial visit before Aunt Pinky came down to meet the family, he opened up all of his trunks. Some of the trunks he had sent earlier. Grandma was very circumspect about bothering him about anything, especially the contents of certain unopened trunks. She wanted to leave him alone and let him do what he wanted to do. If he wanted to hike up on the mountain – fine. If he wanted to just take his car and drive somewhere - he had bought a new car, a snazzy Hudson - that was fine. But one day she saw him whipping things out of the trunks and putting them into big bags and carrying them out to where our garbage was, and throwing them away. And then she said he jumped in his car and drove off, not returning for about eight hours. She went out to the trash barrels, and found all manner of things, everything from a Luger to some other weapons that had been used in some of the labor camps, concentration camps, death camps. He had a Nazi flag from one of the camps that he had just wadded up and thrown out. He had maps. He had propaganda books. He had fur-lined leather Luftwaffe gloves, brand new, which I still wear on cold days and wore when skiing in Massachusetts. He had huge, horrifying Signal Corps pictures of concentration camp victims. I would say the pictures must have been a yard long and maybe a half yard wide showing nothing but naked, starved bodies -- piled up -- when the 3rd Armored Division liberated the camps. So Grandma took every single thing very carefully out of the trash and took them up in the attic and put them in a special trunk. She took me up there when I was about 10 years old to show me those things, because she was getting ready to consign them to a local museum. She said, "I want you to see what people can do to each other." I never forgot that. She never discussed this material with Uncle Jack again and he never asked about it. I guess he thought it was gone. A strange thing happened many years later to those pictures and the other artifacts including the Luger. In the beginning, the museum was run by one of our cousins in the basement of the library. Everything was under lock and key. All these things were displayed, except for most of the pictures. But the gun, the camp flag, a whip,



and some SS insignia were. Then the museum moved to another building where the entire collection disappeared. So Uncle Jack's original wish was fulfilled, albeit in an odd manner.

I did ask Uncle Jack a number of years ago what it was like to be in battle, because our younger son Alexander is a Navy captain. At that time, our son was not a captain, he was an ensign, and he was in the Haitian campaign involving boat people, migrants from Haiti, who had to be put aboard Navy ships and returned eventually to Haiti or to internment facilities. Alexander was in a small boat, picking up refugees to board them on a larger USN ship. A woman handed him her baby. He said when he took the child, the baby was long dead. Uncle Jack said that this is the point in the military when a boy becomes a man. We were talking about all that, and Uncle Jack added that in terms of heavy combat, a battle is like being in a factory where everything has run amok; all the machinery is coming out of the floor and hitting the ceiling, and it's absolute total chaos, noise, and confusion. He said that it's "industrial." That word "industrial" put me into the picture of what it must've been like during artillery and tank battles during the war. And in Vietnam.

*Bob Sheldon:*

You talked about Jack having some photos of a concentration camp. On 11 April 1945, Jack's unit liberated the Nordhausen Concentration Camp. Do you know whether Jack was there at the camp to witness it firsthand?



Under the supervision of an American soldier, German civilians dig mass graves for the victims of the Dora-Mittelbau concentration camp after liberation. Near Nordhausen, Germany, April 15, 1945.  
—US Holocaust Memorial Museum

*Anne Soukhanov:*

He never spoke of it if he was there at the actual liberation. I don't think the concentration camp photos that I saw in the attic were of the Nordhausen death camp because in the photos I saw there were bodies of many women victims as well as those of children and men. However, among the few artifacts we still have from his WWII deployment, all or most are SS-related, for example, decorative sword devices, armbands, and a book in Dutch extolling the Master Race and the SS in particular. All the SS items are silver and black with the double lightning bolts. I

believe that his unit was involved in the liberation of more than one camp.

If you look in the book *Anti-Anything*, Nordhausen is listed on a little hand-drawn map in the end-papers. I looked through the history in that book, and it seems that they skipped the Nordhausen episode. But I think that Nordhausen and other camps were horrific memories reflected in what we now would call his



“thousand-yard stare” upon his return. Another reminder of the war that grandmother kept in her bedroom trunk was a camp flag, in silk with gold fringe. Grandma said it was the camp flag from Dachau. My grandmother had rescued it from the trash can where Uncle Jack had consigned it. Grandma used to show it to the grandchildren as a reminder of what WWII was all about and the horrific acts committed by the Nazis. When Grandma died, I think my mother gave it to a museum.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack’s friends in MORS told me that Jack never talked much with them about his war experiences.

*Anne Soukhanov:*

He didn’t, and I think he would have been happier if he had been able to get it out of his system. The story of his ripping everything Nazi-related out of his trunks and taking them down and just throwing them in the garbage -- it was almost like he slammed the door on that whole era. He was going to just shut it down. He wasn’t going to remember anything. Of course, he remembered all of the girlfriends and the fun part. [Laughing] But as far as not talking about war, that continued right on into Vietnam. Because, for example, he never went to the Vietnam Veterans Memorial. He refused to go there. If friends came to visit him – Toni, his second wife told me this - he

would take them down there, but he would sit in the car and wait for them to come back. He refused to visit the Wall.

*Robert Hayden:* Jack seemed very involved with extracurricular activities in high school and in college. Is that something he continued later in life?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I think he was very interested in what his kids were doing, because he was raising three girls. He also enjoyed Army social life. Whenever they went to any post, they always were all-in, learning about the area, and inviting Grandpa and Grandma, if they were here in the States, to come visit them and taking them around, and so forth. He had a wide circle of friends, including John Eisenhower. He and Toni loved to travel and took several wonderful cruises and other trips abroad.

*Robert Hayden:* Jack also mentioned French. He said that he had picked up some French before he started in the war. And he asked someone to send over a French book. Did he speak any French later in life?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I don't remember him ever doing that. But in Vietnam it would have been useful, in addition to the time he spent in Paris during WWII and much later on. However, he used a French verb in a letter to my mother during the war (see letters below).

*Robert Hayden:* You've been very successful with your editing of the *Encarta World English Dictionary*. Can you attribute any of your success to anything that you gained from Jack?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes. He always said to me and to all of us children, "There's no such word as 'can't.' It's 'I'll try.'" That was when, for example, I was a little afraid to dive when I was swimming with him. I said, "Uncle Jack, I just can't." And he said, "There's no such word as can't. It's 'I'll try'" I was so shamed by the word *can't* that I immediately got over it and had a great time diving. They had trouble getting me out of the lake or the country club pool, where we all went. He was a real role model in, I would say, organizational abilities, and also in being interested in and traveling, going places, learning what other people's lives were like and what other countries were like. And to make sure that when you go to a foreign country, that you don't just

stay on post, that you go out and meet people. So I did that. I bought all my clothes "on the economy" in Germany, had my hair done on the economy, studied German and Russian, had German friends, etc., and didn't stay in the officer's quarters all the time with the American women, some of whom just never made any effort to learn anything. They might as well have stayed home. Aunt Pinky was the same way. She was a great mentor to me. I loved her very much. So the two of them together had a great influence on my life. When I made Phi Beta Kappa, Aunt Pinky was the first person I called the night that I got the letter from George Washington University. Uncle Jack was in Vietnam at the time. She took me to dinner at the Fort Myer Officers' Club on a snowy night and I parked in one of the generals' parking places, because I couldn't see the stars marking the parking slot. *[Laughing]* While we were sitting at our table, suddenly a general came in, none too happy, wet up to his knees from trudging through the big lot. Aunt Pinky, who, as a major general's daughter, was a sublime diplomat with high-ranking officers, invited him to "do come over and sit down with us," which he did for a few minutes. Aunt Pinky charmed this old general and all was well. She was a Smith College graduate, a well-educated woman.

**ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF MILITARY SCIENCE AND TACTICS AT TEXAS  
AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL (A&M) COLLEGE IN COLLEGE STATION, TEXAS  
(1946 TO 1948)**

*The Washington Post*, Wednesday, April 9, 1947 (supplemental material from *Washington Times-Herald* in parentheses)

Miss Loughry Becomes Bride of Mr. Walker

Miss Madeleine Loughry and MAJ John Key Walker, Jr., were married yesterday in the Chapel of United States Soldiers' Home. The bride is the daughter of Maj General Howard Kendall Loughry and the late Mrs. Loughry, and her husband is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John K. Walker of Bedford, Va.

The Rev. Arlington McCallum officiated at the 5 o'clock ceremony before an altar banked with lilies and white carnations. A reception followed in the governor's quarters of the United States Soldiers' Home.

The bride wore a gown of white satin with a long train and full-length heirloom veil of Venetian rose point lace. Her flowers were gardenias and lilies of the valley. General Loughry,

governor of the United States Soldiers' Home and former Army Chief of Finance, gave his daughter in marriage.

Miss Caroline J. Cooper, maid of honor, wore blush pink with a matching headband of faille and carried a large bouquet of pink roses. Other bridal attendants were Miss Kathleen Bell, Miss Margaret McCallum, Miss Beverly Harris, and Mrs. William D. de Camp. All wore costumes like that of the maid of honor and carried pink roses.

LTC William Becker, USA, of (Texas A&M Station) Texas served as the best man. The ushers were LTC John F. Freund, USA (of Wright Field, Texas), Lane Timmons, MAJ Warren Slaughter (of Reedville, Va.), Commander Douglas Cordiner and MAJ Frank L. Oliver (of Roanoke, Va.).

Anne Flournoy Hayes of Bedford, Va., a niece of the bridegroom, was flower girl. She wore pale green marquisette and carried an old fashioned nosegay of pink roses.

The bride graduated from the National Cathedral School for Girls and from Smith College, class of 1943. The bridegroom was graduated from Virginia Polytechnic Institute, class of 1941, and served overseas 31 months with the Third Armored Division.

After a motor trip to Miami, the couple will make their home in College Station, Texas. (The bridegroom is on duty as an instructor in the military department of Texas A&M.)



*Bob Sheldon:*

You were an adorable flower girl in Jack and Pinky's 1947 wedding photo. Do you recall much about the wedding - all the handsome men in their uniforms and the beautiful ladies in their elegant gowns? They all look so happy.

*Anne Soukhanov:*

They were all happy because the war was over. If you look at Uncle Jack, he's still very thin from the war. Years later, he told me that when he came back from the war, that they had tried to keep clean, but it was impossible. He told me that by the end of combat, he was affected with parasites. And the food wasn't all that great in Germany after the war either. He was there for about a year before he came back to the States. By the time he returned, he was feeling much better.

What's really interesting about the picture is that two of his groomsmen became general officers. One of them is the big tall guy in the picture, Bill Becker, later a major general. I believe he was the best man. I do remember him well. The other one was Fritz Freund, also later a general. He started out as a Naval Academy graduate, but he's not the fellow in the Navy officer's uniform. He had changed from the Navy into a branch of the Army sometime during the war. He spoke lots of languages, e.g., fluent French, some German, and later on he spoke a dialect of the people in Vietnam who were operating with the forces on our side. He was quite a hero during the Vietnam War. I believe he served two tours there. He married one of the bridesmaids, Maggie, who's listed in the wedding account as Margaret.

All the bridesmaids wore pink and carried red roses. Aunt Pinky wanted me to have a pale green dress, which we still have at the house. My mother made it. It was supposed to be a Kate Greenaway style. And I had a little nosegay of tiny pink roses. I remember being fitted for the dress. I remember my mother sewing it on her machine. And I remember having to stand very quietly while she made sure everything fit well. Mother always believed in talking to children and explaining everything to them, so they understood exactly what was going on if it was a big event. So she explained to me that this was going to be Uncle Jack and Aunt Pinky's wedding. And I thought Aunt Pinky was the most glamorous lady I'd ever seen in my life. She had beautifully manicured fingernails, which I just thought were fabulous. You know, kids pick up on the smallest details. Just before the big day, we drove up to Washington. There was a rehearsal in the evening, and someone in town had lent me a



little, long dress to wear to the rehearsal. The rehearsal was in the Soldiers Home Chapel, where the wedding occurred. I remember the rehearsal. It was very dark in there and it seemed like a very long aisle. I went down the aisle. And then I went to the rehearsal dinner, which was hosted by Daniel and Sadie Bell, instead of my grandparents, because they had no way of doing a big event in DC. So the Bells, who were very close to Aunt Pinky, generously stepped in. The very tall, dark-haired young bridesmaid is Kathleen Bell-- Daniel and Sadie Bell's daughter. She and Aunt Pinky had gone to National Cathedral School and Smith College together. In fact, a lot of the bridesmaids were either National Cathedral or Smith alums. The next day on the evening of the wedding, I recall going down that very long aisle once again. I was the last one before Aunt Pinky and her father, General Loughry, came down. Mother had told me, "Don't rush down the aisle. Don't run. Walk slowly and smile." I remember that very distinctly. (I'm not smiling in the pictures. I don't know why, but I think I was just completely mesmerized by the flashbulbs and everything that was going on.) I was supposed to look from side to side, and look at people and smile and be gracious. So I did that. I do remember looking at people and I remember people making little noises of approval. So I got up to the altar, and that's all I remember about the wedding per se, until the reception. I don't remember going out of the chapel. I don't remember anything about Quarters One, which is where General Loughry lived, except for the big reception room. Aunt Pinky had been her father's hostess when he lived in those quarters because he was a widower. Quarters One had been Abraham Lincoln's summer retreat at one point. In fact, Aunt Pinky had found the desk on which he had signed the Emancipation Proclamation somewhere in the house. It was either in the attic or in an upstairs room. She had gotten in touch with the White House Historical Association, they had identified it, and they later took it to the White House.

I don't remember anything about the reception except Bill Becker taking me around; he seemed to be nine feet tall. He took me by the hand and walked me around the room and danced a little bit with me. I remember a little bit about the toasts, and the tasty wedding cake. And what I really remember about the reception was that they threw rice when Aunt Pinky and Uncle Jack were getting ready to leave. I was enjoying sliding across the slick floor on the rice. I felt like I was ice skating. Suddenly, somebody grabbed me and hauled me out to the car, hence to bed. So that's what I myself remember about it.



Aunt Pinky used to talk about this quite a bit. She said that I went down the aisle exactly the way I was supposed to, and I went slowly, but people were saying things to me like, "Isn't she cute." So I would stop and shake hands with people. And she said it was so funny because it reminded her of a dignitary going into Congress for a joint session and marching down the aisle and shaking hands with various lawmakers on both sides! Aunt Pinky and her father were standing there waiting for me to get to the altar before they came down. And she just thought that was the funniest thing. My mother told me much later that I did that. But Aunt Pinky was the first to share that story with me. Aunt Pinky was almost a godmother to me in many ways, although she really wasn't my official one, because they weren't married when I was born. When they traveled all over Germany and other places, she would buy things for me for Christmas and for my birthday. Aunt Pinky had a gorgeous gold charm bracelet for herself, which Vickey inherited and turned it into a necklace. That charm bracelet was full of mementos of many countries visited. Aunt Pinky sent me a miniature gold charm bracelet similar to hers, and when they were on their wedding trip down through Florida, she also sent several silver charms to me, which I still have. It got me started with charm bracelets from all different parts of Europe where I had visited or lived. When they were in Norway, she sent me an entire Norwegian folk dress with an apron and a hat, which I still have. She was always interested in all countries they went to. She made a point of reading up on them before she went there. For example, she read some of the major novels by Norwegian authors that had been translated into English.

*Bob Sheldon:* Do you know how Pinky got her nickname??

*Anne Soukhanov:* No. But she was a beautiful Irish girl with flaming red hair. So I think you can draw your conclusions from that. [*Laughing*]

*Bob Sheldon:* I asked Anne where your mom got the nickname "Pinky" and Anne suggested it was due to her red hair – which you can't see in black-and-white photos.

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. It was from Smith College days. When she would take a shower, her whole body would turn red, because she had red hair. But she was "Pinkie" forever. My mother really loved Smith and her close friends from there.

*Bob Sheldon:*

You said that Jack's family would stop often in the summertime. Do you recall playing with Jack's daughters?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Oh, yes. We played together. When we were much younger, we played cowboys and Indians. In the large yards we had plenty of room to make forts, create a "hideout" under large bushes, do acrobatics on the swing set, and ride in the old Pauley's Island hammock between two pear trees, pretending it was a Viking ship a la the Kirk Douglas movie *The Vikings*, quite popular among kids at the time. We had to use our imaginations for entertainment, as there was no Internet, no email, and only a black-and-white TV in a hot room upstairs. Vickey won't remember this because she was much too young. Nonnie and I and two other cousins, who were the same age or a bit older, all played together; Nonnie being the youngest of our little pack. And, of course, we played with the dogs. They had Guacamole, a.k.a. "Guackie." She was a black and white long-haired dog. I don't know what breed. Also Bojangles, who was a beagle. We would play with the dogs and swim and hike. And then we used to put on musical comedies in the backyard. There was a bare light bulb strung across the backyard, good for lighting an outdoor "theater." We would set up folding chairs, a small stage area, and the record player. We would do numbers from *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*, for instance, singing along and dancing. We'd write a program for whatever production we were putting on. Sometimes it was ballet, because two of my cousins and I were very much into ballet, and we were trying to get Nonnie into it. We would do scenes from various ballets. I remember the adults howling with laughter at some of the things we did. One thing I will tell you is about Uncle Jack. I wanted to do a pas de deux, which is a partnered dance for two. The male dancer lifts the female dancer up in various positions. I talked him into doing a ballet with me out there. It was a short duet, a short pas de deux, and we were under two big pear trees on our little stage. He did this gigantic lift, my head hit the limbs of the pear tree over me, and about 12 or 13 pears came rolling down on top of us. Everybody was rolling on the ground, howling with laughter. *[Laughing]* That is a pretty good story about Uncle Jack, and it probably is the one time he ever participated in a ballet. But really, we spent all of our time outside.

The other thing I should mention is as all of us got older, Daddy set up a badminton court in the front yard, and we would play badminton out there for hours. Sometimes in the summer, I can still see areas in the front yard where the grass is still somewhat weak

from the fact that we were always in that one spot with the badminton net. We had a good time. We really did. Even when the girls got much older, they would leave them down here with us. The other cousins would be here quite often at the same time, so we would have a houseful of kids. Mainly Daddy, Grandpa, and Uncle Jack would pack us into the car and take us out to the lake. As we got older, they would leave us out there, because I was old enough to be responsible for the kids. We would stay out there all day with a packed lunch. Then about 2:30 or 3:00, they'd come and pick us up, because in those days, we used to have thunderstorms at 3:30 or 4:00 every day.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack had been posted as an ROTC instructor at Texas A&M from 1946 to 1948. Do you recall any stories from that time?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

No. I don't remember much about that, except that Madeleine was born there. I remember her as a tiny infant very well because General Loughry and Aunt Pinky came down from Washington and dropped Nonnie off (we call Madeleine "Nonnie") with Grandma and mother. I was tasked with helping to change Nonnie's diapers. I remember Aunt Pinky a little bit more than I do Uncle Jack at that point. As I got older and they started different tours, I remember them coming up from Fort Knox, Kentucky. Sara was born in Fort Knox.

I can give you just a general progression. They came quite often in the summertime, which was great, because then we could go to Bedford County Lake and the country club and swim and go up on the Peaks of Otter, hike, and play out in the yard. Lots of times, the children would be left here with Grandpa and Grandma, while Aunt Pinky and Uncle Jack would go to Washington. Sometimes he needed to go to the Pentagon, and she wanted to socialize with DC friends, as did he. They would sometimes be gone for a couple of weeks, then pick the kids up, and go on to whatever post they came from or were transferring to.

## **2D ARMORED DIVISION G-3 (1948 TO 1950)**

*Bob Sheldon:* When did you live in Germany?

*Sara Woodard:* 1950-1954. It was just those four years. I was born in Fort Knox, Kentucky, and six weeks later we deployed to Germany. I was there basically from zero to four years old. I have no memory at all about it. What I have is just information and pictures from us being in Germany before we went to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

*Bob Sheldon:* Were you Jack's middle daughter?

*Sara Woodard:* I'm the middle one – 1950. My older sister Madeleine was born in 1948. She's first, and then me, and then Vickey in 1953.

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### 7TH ARMY TANK TRAINING CENTER, VILSECK, GERMANY, ASSISTANT COMMANDANT (1950 TO 1952)

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### 143D TANK BATTALION OF THE 43D INFANTRY DIVISION, COMMAND, MUNICH, GERMANY (1952 TO 1953)

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*Bob Sheldon:* Jack's resume says he was in Germany in the early 1950s. Did Jack ever talk about what he saw in Germany in the early 1950s compared to during the war?

*Anne Soukhanov:* No. He might have spoken to the adults about it, but he did not speak to me about it. One thing I can say, returning to the topic of his deployment in Germany just after WWII, I believe he was the military governor of a small town in Germany for a while. I don't know where it was. My mother told me that after he got through the war, he was sent by the Army with a German shepherd puppy up into the Alps to spend about a month or two by himself for R&R (I think some other people had that experience as well) just to unwind. He never talked about it. Only one time did he allude to the nature of

battle. It was when my mother was dying of cancer. He was very upset. I said, "Uncle Jack, you've seen all this death and everything. People have to die." He said, "That's different. Family is different. War is impersonal and things are happening so fast. It is as though you're in a factory where everything is blowing up around you." I think I alluded to that incident earlier.

## HEADQUARTERS, VII CORPS, G-3 EXECUTIVE OFFICER (1953 TO 1954)

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*Bob Sheldon:* Do you have any stories from your early life with Jack?

*Madeleine Mullin:* My earliest memories are from Germany. I was four. I was born in Texas. Then some of my earliest memories are from Germany. He was busy all the time, and that goes throughout his life. The military can kind of grab you around the neck and haul you off to maneuvers. It was also a reflection of the time in which we lived. My father with three daughters was not really - we weren't active in sports, because girls, unfortunately, weren't able to do it at that point. So he was not out on the baseball field or on the soccer field with us. But he did help us on many projects that we may have had.

So getting back to your question, I'm thinking now of Germany. I just remember him in combat boots and a uniform going on maneuvers. That would be Monday through Friday. Then on weekends we would do a lot of trips. My mother was very active in doing research and finding out about the places where we lived, so we didn't sit at home. We were out and about checking out every cathedral you could possibly imagine. When we were in Munich, my earliest memory is the Oktoberfest in Munich, underneath the table while the adults were at the table having a few beers. What else are you going to do with a four-year-old? I don't know where my two-year-old sister was. She must have been under the table with me. That's my earliest memory.

My sister Vickie was born in Stuttgart, so we actually lived in three places in Germany. Vilseck, which I believe is a tank constabulary training area. Then we were in Munich, and then we were in Stuttgart. I think what's difficult as a dependent, your father's your father. He's not the commander. He's not the head of the troops,

even though he called us the “troops” or “trooper” - “be a brave trooper” or “be a brave soldier.” It's a split when I go back and read what you've pulled together and what I've read in other places. Like, “Who the heck is he talking about; that's not my dad!” So there's a real dichotomy there that you have to overcome. But as an adult, then you realize why you didn't necessarily see him, because he was out leading the troops somewhere into battle or maneuvers or trying to figure out how to stave off World War III.

*Bob Sheldon:* Let's talk about your early memories from childhood, from the Army posts where Jack was stationed.

*Vickey Badger:* I was born in Stuttgart, Germany in 1953. My parents really enjoyed living in several places in Germany and enjoyed the culture, history, and customs. With three girls under five years old, they had an active life. I have lots of memorabilia from their time there and recently noticed a china beer mug that was given to my father when he was leaving Munich for Stuttgart. It was inscribed March 1953! So, I guess a month before I was born, they moved to Stuttgart. Very challenging times for a young family.

After several years, we returned to the US and were stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. To go from Germany to Kansas, that was quite a change for our family. We stayed in Kansas for about five years. I remember tornadoes out there, which was really wild. This was our first experience living on a military base. As a child we pretty much went wherever we wanted to go, and it was very safe. Basically, all of the military bases are designed the same so when you get transferred you know where things are. I've been back to all the places where we've lived over the years. The memories are all so vivid.

## ARMY COMMAND AND GENERAL STAFF COLLEGE, FORT LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, STUDENT (1954 TO 1955), INSTRUCTOR (1955 TO 1959)

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*Madeleine Mullin:* Then we went to Fort Leavenworth. For the Army, you have to go through various schools, and you have to graduate. He was selected to go to the Army Command and General Staff College, which is at Leavenworth. And I guess you have to pass by a certain grade. He

passed and did well enough that they asked him to be a teacher. So he stayed for the next four years teaching.

For his work at the Army Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas from 1955 to 1959, Jack was awarded a Commendation, signed on 10 July 1959.

Commendation Ribbon, with Metal Pendant, First Oak Leaf Cluster, to Lt Col John K Walker, Jr., 034 744, Armor. For Meritorious Service, 4 August 1955 – 1 July 1959.

Signed by Lionel C McGarr, Major General, USA, Commanding, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas  
And Wilber M. Brucker, Secretary of the Army.

Photo of the Jack Walker family, 1957. In front row left to right: Vickey, Madeleine, and Sara.



*Vickey Badger:*

I have some favorite postcards from my father addressed to me. This one in particular 1957, he was in Mount Rainier.

*Arrived in Seattle from Tokyo last night, nice but long flight. We are now en route to San Francisco, having just passed Mount Rainier; looks beautiful from the air, all covered with snow and with the white clouds floating around the bottom. I suppose you'll be in bed when I get home on the night of the 9<sup>th</sup>. I'll waken you to tell you "Hello." It's been such a long time since I saw you last.*



*Love, Daddy.*

I was about four years old at the time. He would write one to each one of us. That one was January 1957 from San Francisco. *We helped turn one of these cars around and rode it to Fisherman's Wharf to Market Street. On the way back, I had a drink at the Top of the Mark. Then came into Tacoma by train. Give my love to everyone. Love to you. Daddy.* Daddy always told us to go to the Top of the Mark to have a drink and think about old friends. My husband and I went to the Top of the Mark a couple of years ago and had a drink. You can just feel that it's a very special place.

Anne's note: This picture is of Uncle Jack, 1959, here at the house in Bedford, with his 2 beagles, Brer Julep and Bojangles.



*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack was "Mr. Popularity" in MORS when I saw him. He always had people around him.

*Madeleine Mullin:*

Absolutely. He always had good things to say about everybody. He was very cheerful and very easy to be with. He would put you at ease very quickly. He and my mother were very active on the various bases in sort of a newcomers committee, we would call it now. When we were in Leavenworth at the Command and General Staff College, they sponsored the foreign military types who would come and be students at the Command and General Staff College. My parents would sponsor somebody. One year, we had somebody from Germany, and another year we had somebody from Korea. We ended up with these incredible gifts from Korea, and we all had Korean outfits. They set up relationships with these people and kept them through Christmas cards throughout the years. Then when we were in Norway, that was a very active social group, the British. And they kept friendships going there for 10-15 years afterwards. They were both very social. My father continued to be social after my mother died and then his second wife Toni was very social.

*Bob Sheldon:* What do you remember about Fort Leavenworth?

*Sara Woodard:* Just living – our quarters were on the second floor of a larger building. Other families were in there too. It was like an apartment; not a house. I think it was near the parade ground. I have pictures and memories of playing outside with other friends in the front area which had a long sidewalk. The quarters were one after the other lined up, two-story brick buildings, and we would play out in the front. I had a close girlfriend. We were there from 1954 to 1959. That was my first experience – if you have kids or you're an Army brat yourself, you can understand. We were moving and I'm like, "Well, no. I can't leave my best friend here." I think I cried all the way to Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania – I was told. I was very upset leaving my best little girlfriend.

**ARMY WAR COLLEGE, CARLISLE BARRACKS, CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA (1959 TO 1960)**

*Madeleine Mullin:* The next place he had to check off was the Army War College. He was invited to go to the Army War College in Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania in 1959.

*Bob Sheldon:* What do you remember from Carlisle Barracks?

*Sara Woodard:* Carlisle was one year, and we had a little house for the first time. I still shared a bedroom with my sister Vickey. It was very small, one bathroom. I went to the post elementary school, and I loved the teacher that I had there. I don't remember much about what Jack was doing.

*Vickey Badger:* From Kansas, we went to Carlisle, Pennsylvania. To me, I was just changing schools. I remembered the schools being very different in Pennsylvania than they were in Kansas, and I realized I was behind. The teachers, who I think were Mennonites, were very strict and mean. I remember having to do a lot of homework, sitting down in the basement and not being able to play ... and this was only first

grade! It wasn't a fun experience. But I had a good time there too. We lived in a little house on the base.

*Bob Sheldon:* While you were at Carlisle, did your dad take you to the nearby battlefields at Gettysburg?

*Vickey Badger:* We did. My mom was great because she grew up in the military. Her father was Major General Howard Kendall Loughry. She had been all over the world and had lived in the Philippines. So, we were always on the history route and the art route and the local culture and just really understanding what was around. We were only in Pennsylvania a year, but we would always see some sports somewhere and hiking or walking.

## HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED FORCES NORTH, OSLO, NORWAY, CHIEF OF THE NUCLEAR OPERATIONS BRANCH (1960 TO 1962)

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*Madeleine Mullin:* Then from Carlisle, he got orders. As I understand it, the Army sends out orders in about February. We got orders to go to Burma. And my mother went, "What? We're taking three daughters to Burma? Where are they going to go to school? What are we going to do? Where are you going? What's going on?" This would have been Burma in 1959 or 1960. I'm not really sure what was going on there, but who knows? She had been an Army brat herself. She had lived in the Philippines. So she said, "I don't think that's such a good idea. Where else can we go?" Whether Rangoon, Burma and Oslo were given at the same time, or if he went back and said, "I'd like to go somewhere else." I can't imagine that happening. But Oslo came back as a choice and that was fantastic. "Let's go to Oslo." So off we went.

I guess his move would have been determined by the military in that, "Who do they need, and what would my father's strengths be?"

*Sara Woodard:* What I remember before we actually moved was my father came home one day and told my mother, "We're going to be moving, and it's either going to be Burma or it's going to be at NATO in Oslo,

Norway. My mother was like, "What?!! Burma. Are you kidding?" It was pretty upsetting, and we were all going, "Where's Burma?" I think we all looked at the map. Then he came home after that and said they changed it to Oslo, Norway. It was still kind of exotic, but better than Burma, as far as we were concerned. And once we moved to Oslo, it was fantastic. That was our favorite place. That was for two years.

*Vickey Badger:*

Then we moved on to Norway. Norway was the best place I've ever lived in my life, and it was the first time I remembered living in a foreign country. We lived in a town call Vinderen just outside of Oslo. We stayed in a very large white house with a big front porch that overlooked a sloping expansive lawn. The house reminded my father of the family house in Bedford that he grew up in. My sisters and I played a lot on the property making ski jumps on the rock garden and bobsledding down the long driveway. We would ski to our school bus stop, place our skis on the rack that ran the length of the bus and go to school. At school, we'd cross country ski for recess. There was a lot of snow there and it was very cold. I was in the second and third grades there and had really great teachers who were very different from the ones in Pennsylvania. As a family, we were off to local museums, cathedrals, or other places just about every weekend. Frogner Seteran was one of our favorite places to stop off. It's a beautiful lodge in the mountains ... has great apple cake and warm cauliflower soup in the winter. In the summers we had the midnight sun and hosted a party for other families and stayed up all night. We all fell asleep, but it was fun. I remember traveling a lot on vacations to other countries which were relatively close. I remember my parents having a lot of friends there and a special group from the United Kingdom. They hosted a number of dinner parties with great stories. We also had a couple of Halloween parties with a decorated scary spook house in the basement of the house. We only had two TV shows (*Perry Mason* and *The Invisible Man*, which was in French), so we entertained ourselves, read, and played a lot. I think the location of being in Norway and the timing of our ages, it was the closest our family ever was, and it was great.

In Norway, my sister got off at the wrong train station and got lost. She ended up at my mother's hairdresser's place, but no one knew where she was. The embassy officials came to our house to get information on where she was. I think they were glad to get us out of the country, because we were starting to have a few too many incidents.

Going back and visiting Norway has been #1 on my bucket list for many years and in 2019, my husband and I went back. It was just as magical as it was in the 1960s. I contacted the people who currently live in the house (found them on Google maps and the internet) and they were thrilled to have us back. Their grandparents had rented the house to my parents, so the house was still in the same family! They usually didn't rent the house out, so they remembered our family. My husband and I took the train from Oslo, walked the mile from the station to the house and walked up the driveway as we always did. It was wonderful. We toured the house and enjoyed a lunch of pancakes and strawberries out on the patio near the rock garden. The red garage, the garden, long lawn with crab apple trees, flagpole surrounded by lilac bushes were all the same after almost 60 years!

*Bob Sheldon:*

Anne, you mentioned earlier about Pinky sending you something from Norway. Do you recall any stories from Jack being in Norway?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Just that they loved it up there. Aunt Pinky, coming from Massachusetts, was a good skier and ice skater. She got them all into cross-country skiing, and they used to take these cross-country ski trips, with packing their own food, and so forth. They sent us lovely things from there. One of the records was the famous Peer Gynt suite; an LP. And she had picked out that Norwegian dress for me, because Nelson Rockefeller's son had married a Norwegian nannie, and there was a lot of publicity about it. The papers showed pictures of her wearing her Norwegian dress, and I thought it was very romantic. Aunt Pinky picked up on my interest via our letters to one another, so she sent me a dress to match the new Mrs. Rockefeller outfit. That shows you what kind of person she was.

*Vickey Badger:*

Thinking back on this, we were there in the 1960s ... less than 15 years after WWII. I thought that was really fascinating. We had a nice neighbor who had been in a German concentration camp with many stories ... just horrible. Our house had a mini bomb shelter in the basement that we used to play dolls in. We traveled throughout the Scandinavian countries while we were there, including Lapland. Beautiful scenery, warm people, and interesting cultures. And then we moved on to France. Both times, we lived in houses out in the villages, so that we weren't on a military base. And we would travel to all the different countries that were around us.

*Bob Sheldon:* What do you remember from Oslo?

*Sara Woodard:* I learned how to ski. We had a wonderful house that my father had chosen. He got a housing allowance because he didn't live on a base. He looked around and found this house, and as Vickey said, "It looks like the house in Bedford, Virginia where Jack grew up – the big white house on the hill." It was a wonderful house and a very big house. We had friendly sponsors, people who sponsored you who were living in Oslo at the time. They kind of adopted our family. They were British and also Americans. They took us all around, got the kids in school, and helped us adjust to a totally different environment and culture.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did you ski cross-country or downhill?

*Sara Woodard:* It was cross-country. We tried downhill when I was 10, 11, or 12 years old. I did set up a little ski jump in our front yard. For the most part, our family outings were cross-country. We all got the cross-country skis and ski poles and boots. We loved doing that as a family. We loved the Norwegians, and we loved the food. It was a wonderful environment. Of course, it was cold, and winter was about six months long. But when summer would come, we traveled. My father was a big "Let's get in the car and go traveling." We went up and down the coast of Norway and traveled all over Scandinavia when we were living there. He was very adventurous. When I had kids, I wondered, "How did he get us all in the car, with the dog too?" Our dog then was a beagle named Bozie, short for Bojangles. We would just go to a different city on the other side of Norway. I don't know how he did it, but he did. He loved it.



I love dogs and dog stories! So now I think we should include some dog photos to be clear.

Guacamole was Jack's dog before children (late 1940s). This photo shows Guackie with puppies. Bozie (or Bojangles) was when we were in Carlisle through Arlington, Virginia. This photo shows Bozie and a bidet.



*Madeleine Mullin:*

So we all went to Norway. I think from his professional standpoint, that was fantastic. But this was after World War II. The US was in a Cold War. There was no active war zone. The goal, as a military officer, is to go as far as you can. And because my mother was the daughter of a major general, her goal was for my father to be a major general. When you're in the military as a family, you are a team. It's not just the person. In those days it was all men, it's not just the dad going off to do his thing. It's the whole family as a team. He happens to be the quarterback. The rest of us are carrying water. So, the goal was to become a general.

So here we are in Norway. There's no war going on, but nuclear activity was going on. So, we went up to Kirkenes, which is up on the Russian border. I think he was doing something in the nuclear subject area. Then when the Cuban Missile Crisis came along in 1962, we were scheduled to evacuate. I remember distinctly running around thinking, "My mother is going crazy. What do we bring?" Because it was literally, we see it all the time now, whatever you can carry in a suitcase, get ready, because you're going to go. Because no one knew what the Russians were going to do. Then that diminished, and everything was fine.

### CHIEF, ARMY SECTION COMBAT READINESS BRANCH, OPERATIONS DIVISION, SUPREME HEADQUARTERS, ALLIED POWERS EUROPE (SHAPE) IN PARIS, FRANCE (1962 TO 1963)

*Madeleine Mullin:*

I think my father was originally scheduled to be in Norway for three years. I'm not sure what happened, whether he decided he needed to get moving along, but something came up in Paris with SHAPE



(Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe) and with NATO. So he grabbed that, and off we went to Paris. We lived in Chatou, a town outside of Paris. At that point, he was with SHAPE, which was outside of Paris. And then SHAPE moved on to Belgium the next year, to Mons, Belgium.

I climbed the Neuschwanstein Castle when I was four. Since you've been there, you know what I'm talking about it.

You also wondered about SHAPE moving from Paris to Mons, Belgium and why my father did not go to Belgium. In doing some research, I found that Lauris Norstad was the commanding general (another Air Force officer of Norwegian descent from Minnesota!). I remember my father talking about him, a very charismatic individual. and later a member of the board of directors of the RAND Corporation. Norstad retired in January 1963. Perhaps that made a difference for my father.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Where in France were you and where did you go to school?

*Vickey Badger:*

We were in Paris. Our house was in Chatou, which is right outside of Paris. The house was a summer house on a beautiful lake. It too had a lot of character, including no central heat! We used Aladdin space heaters in the winter. I recall it was the coolest winter on record while we were there! We really enjoyed the French culture, traveled, and explored the city and countries. My mother really loved it.

We all went to a school called SHAPE International. I was in the fourth grade. The school had 17 different nationalities and was on a big campus with a chateau as the main building ... very different from our small school in Norway. It was very strict, and the teachers and kids were mean ... from my point of view. We had one day of American classes during the week and the rest of the classes were in French ... history, math, all of it. The French class structure put the A students in the front row and the marginal students in the back row. I really didn't understand the French language and what was being taught (the metric system and French history), so I was in the back row with the juvenile delinquents a lot. An American girl just sitting there in the back row trying to understand the whole thing. I think what we learned from the military life is that you just have to adapt

and survive. Really, that's what you do on the battlefronts and that's what you do in the classroom when you don't understand what's going on around you. And you just persevere.

*Bob Sheldon:* Was your dad on a NATO assignment there?

*Vickey Badger:* He was. I didn't know the details of what he was doing. I could tell there was pressure. The local French didn't like the Americans there, and shortly after we were reassigned, I think the Americans left the French post.

On a side note -- when we lived in France, I was riding my bicycle around the island where we lived, and a neighbor across the lake shot me in the leg with a BB gun, but we didn't know what it was at the time. The bullet went through my pants and into my leg. Daddy was just about to go on maneuvers, so he was all dressed up with his fatigues and hand grenades on his belt and everything. (They would get all garbed up for maneuvers and then leave for a couple of days and come back exhausted). Daddy stormed off to the neighbors, banged on the door and yelled, "You've shot my daughter!" Everything was such an international thing over there. So that all got involved, the embassies, that was all a big deal.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did you learn to speak French?

*Vickey Badger:* I did and eventually spoke French fairly well. We were only there for one year. Our family had kind of a combined language of German, Norwegian and French. We would pick up some sayings and customs of each country. We all knew what we were talking about.

*Bob Sheldon:* In one of Jack's letters home during WWII, he wrote about wanting a French book by Hugo. Did Jack ever speak French to you?

*Vickey Badger:* No.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did you go to from Norway?

*Sara Woodard:* He was assigned to SHAPE in Paris, France for a year. That was 1963. It was totally different. We had a wonderful house that Jack found in a Paris suburb that was on the edge of a small lake. It had an island attached to our property so we could go out to this island. It was a very small, tiny thing; but you would be surrounded by the water. We used to play there. I think my sister and I sneaked cigarettes out there and smoked them. *[Laughing]* My parents probably knew about it. We were only there a year, but that was an opportunity to travel all over Europe. We went to Germany, Switzerland, Bavaria, all over France – we were just everywhere.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack take you to any of the sites where he had been during WWII?

*Sara Woodard:* No, he did not. He was not big about that. I don't know if it was bad memories, or he didn't think we'd be interested. He may have visited some places with my mother. The only thing that was vivid in my mind, we went to at least one concentration camp. I very distinctly remember that, because I could not understand how that could happen. We also went to Italy, we went to Pompeii, and that stands out in my mind as being such a remarkable place.

*Madeleine Mullin:* Yes, we did go back to Aachen, Cologne, Metz, and Strasbourg, where my father and I climbed the cathedral.

I remember as Sara does that as we drove, our father pointed out a concentration camp which he had witnessed in WWII. I think it may have been the Mittelbau-Dora camp at Nordhausen.

My father very rarely spoke about his experiences during WWII. However, on June 6, 1997, the day of our oldest daughter's high school graduation dinner, my husband and father had a conversation about WWII. My husband's memory of that conversation is that my father talked about "A cave---a complex on a hill high above the road they were on in their tank/half-track. The prisoners were making bombs/ammunition in that cave---a cave because they were hidden from US bombs in a cave. The prisoners were Polish, and one had escaped and come down to the road in his pajamas/prison garb and

waved at your father's vehicle. One of your father's men spoke Polish, told your father about the cave, and your father and his men liberated the prisoners." My father must have been having a bizarre moment remembering his WWII experiences as his oldest grandchild graduated from high school on D-Day plus 53 years.

*Bob Sheldon:* You did a lot of traveling for being there just one year. That's amazing!

*Sara Woodard:* I know. When we were in Oslo, we went to Sweden and Denmark. We were on the road a lot. We're talking driving here. We're not talking about flying.

*Bob Sheldon:* What was your family car?

*Sara Woodard:* It was some sort of European model. I remember it being very small. There were three of us in that back seat with our dog Bozie, and luggage and stuff.

*Madeleine Mullin:* It was a Ford Taunus (a family car that was sold by Ford Germany throughout Europe) station wagon which we would have purchased in Norway in 1960.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did you speak French?

*Sara Woodard:* When we lived in Paris, SHAPE had a school for dependents, and it was taught in French. All of our friends who were there were international folks. They had it in French, but they had a special French for new people. I think the first six weeks we were in Paris, we went to Special French to learn French so that we could do our lessons, which were taught in French. I wish I had the French now, but it's all gone. We spoke French, and both my mother and my father were pretty conversant in French. Maybe more so my mother. I'm not saying we spoke French all the time at home, but we were certainly able to communicate with the locals.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Did Jack talk about the work he was doing there at SHAPE?

*Sara Woodard:*

Nothing that's coming back to me. I know that he traveled a lot for his job, actually in Oslo as well, he would travel by plane either to a base in Germany or somewhere. He would go to a commissary that had much better food than what we were getting near us.

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JACK ASSUMED COMMAND OF THE 3RD BRIGADE, 2ND  
INFANTRY DIVISION, FORT BENNING, GEORGIA, IN AUGUST  
1963 WHILE THE 2ND INFANTRY DIVISION WAS  
PARTICIPATING IN JOINT EXERCISE SWIFT STRIKE III.

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*Madeleine Mullin:*

Looking back on this, I'm trying to figure out why he didn't make major general. That factored into our lives tremendously, because there was a sense of huge sacrifices were made on his part, and definitely on the family's part. The idea being that "Don't worry. It's all going to be worth it in the long run. You're going to get the brass ring on the merry-go-round of life, and everything will be hunky dory, because there's a great sense of accomplishment." I'm sure we all have this pre-arranged idea in our minds of where we would like to go.



From Paris, he got an assignment in Georgia. That was to be commander of the Third Brigade of the Second Infantry Division, which is huge. That was gigantic. That was in 1963, so Vietnam was starting to cook a little bit, but not really. We were there for a year. My mother was an Army brat, so Washington, DC was always her home. The Pentagon has this magical gravity pulling everyone back somehow, if you're in the military. Her father, Major General Howard K Loughry, was still alive. Sadie Bell, who was essentially a mother surrogate for my mother, Madeleine "Pinky" Walker, was still in the Washington, DC area. And my father's family is in southern Virginia. DC was convenient, certainly much easier to get

to than in Germany and anywhere else we lived. So the goal was to get back to DC. My father received a job in the Pentagon, which seemed like the right thing. But then the Vietnam War started kicking in and really building, and he was just itching for a command. He just wanted to get over there. That's what you want to do. If you're trained to be a soldier, your goal is to go fight a war somewhere. That's not what everybody wants to do, but that was his goal. But if you start looking at the chronology, he was a couple of years too old. By then he's been to Fort Benning, where he was a brigade commander. He was jumping - he had taken paratrooper training at the age of 48, which is crazy! I mean, I'm 72. I know at 48, I was not jumping out of airplanes, but that's what he was doing. He showed us how they did it. He said, "It's really not that difficult. They just put you on a step stool, that's step one. You jump off. Then you jump off a chair." I kid you not. I don't know whether this is true or not. And then you just keep going higher. You go up a ladder. You jump, and then they take you up a little bit further.

Once a year, on July 4<sup>th</sup>, the dependents at Fort Benning were allowed to go in what's called a "buddy seat." That's the last step before you go out of an airplane or a helicopter. I think it was at one of the World's Fairs, it's about 150 feet up in the air. It's like an amusement ride. They just take you up with your buddy. There are cables that go up, and you sit in this little seat - no seat belt - just a bar across. They take you up. Crank you all the way to the top. And then they just let go. I can feel it in my heart right now. My stomach rising.

Fort Benning was an amazing place. It's very large. I think the nice thing about being a military brat is wherever you go, you know where everything is, because it's pretty much the same at all the bases.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Then from Paris, you came back to the US?

*Sara Woodard:*

That was quite an adjustment, to come back to Fort Benning, Georgia for one year. Jack commanded the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 2<sup>nd</sup> Infantry Division there. We lived on the fort. We hadn't been living on a fort since Fort Leavenworth. We were given quarters - a house - which was very nice. When Jack would go to work, they would pick him up in a jeep. He was very focused and worked long hours, as I recall. There

was a lot of parading. He would go to parades on the parade ground. We were there November 22, 1963, so we all remember where we were on the day President Kennedy was assassinated. It was Friday afternoon, and we were at school and we got sent home. My mother was crying. We were all freaking out. Immediately, they called everybody up on alert, so Jack left. It was pretty tense there for a while, because we didn't know what was going to happen.

*Bob Sheldon:* You were on-base at Fort Benning?

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. 22 Jaeger Avenue. Georgia was another big change ... especially coming from Paris. It was nice to get back to the United States. We missed the States and always knew we were in a foreign place ... which was a bit uneasy as a kid.

During our one year stay there, John F. Kennedy was killed which was very disturbing. Georgia was really hot; school was okay but a bit slow. I was into horses at the time and rode and hung out at the barn. My father was the commander of the 3rd Brigade, 2nd Infantry Division at Fort Benning and was chauffeured to work every day in a jeep. We lived in a large house which reminded us of the house in Norway. With my father's position, there was a lot of pressure on our family's image there. We had to keep our house and yard spotless, had to attend church and sit in a designated place, and we had other pressures that we didn't have in Norway or France. What I didn't know then was that the Fort Benning assignment was prepping Daddy for the Vietnam War. For kids, you're just moving from one place to another.

*Sara Woodard:* We were there at Fort Benning, 1963 to 1964, and then we moved to Washington. Jack went to the Pentagon. We lived in two places in Arlington. So now Jack was a full colonel, and everyone wants him to be a brigadier general, except for the people who decided, the committee or whoever it was. Jack had never really had a hardship tour, so he decided he would do a tour in Vietnam. He was a volunteer. He had already decided this in Fort Benning, because he went through training in Benning and got his jump wings. He was preparing for that all along, because he knew he had to do it if he was going to get promoted. That was around 1966-1967. I was a junior in high school and that's when I got the little blue Volkswagen to



drive, because he was in Vietnam that whole year, and I needed a car for transportation.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did you go to high school?

*Sara Woodard:* I went to the Madeira School in Great Falls, Virginia. They didn't have a bus that would come nearby and get me. I went there all four years.

*Bob Sheldon:* In the early 1960s, before Jack went to Vietnam, were you in college?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I graduated from high school in 1961 and from 1961 to 1962, I was in college. And then I was in Germany from 1962 to 1964. I came back in 1964 and was in DC for a number of years after that, going to and graduating from George Washington University (GWU). If he was down here, I didn't see him. But I would see him up there from time to time, especially after 1964 when my then-husband and I would go over to Jack and Pinky's for dinner, parties, and drinks, and things like that. When General Loughry passed away, we attended his funeral at Arlington National Cemetery. I have some pictures of Nonnie there. I even fixed Nonnie up with a VMI cadet for a formal dance! I have a picture of Nonnie and me at that dance with her cadet blind date. That was fun.

## MILITARY ADVISOR FOR THE US TO THE 5TH INFANTRY DIVISION OF THE SOUTH VIETNAMESE ARMY SAIGON, VIETNAM (1966 TO 1967)

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*Bob Sheldon:* What are your recollections of Jack and his experiences in Vietnam? Did he tell you any stories about that?

*Sara Woodard:* In those days, they didn't have phones or anything to connect, so we would have the tapes that he sent home. We would get a package and play the little cassette tapes. He would tell us what he was doing over there. It wasn't anything that exciting. No military secrets. Just what was going on with the culture. He wouldn't describe his military stuff at all. He would just say, "The food is this, and the

women wear these outfits, and it's hot." He was just describing the culture and not so much what he was doing.

*Bob Sheldon:* After Jack died, a lot of his friends in MORS hadn't known about Jack's distinguished flying cross and other awards. What was Jack's role in those helicopter flights?

*Sara Woodard:* He was an adviser for the South Vietnamese Army. I think wherever they went, he would go. It would be helicopter or whatever other transportation. He



got a lot of Vietnamese medals. They were very enthusiastic, as far as, not just medals, but lacquered trays and plaques and incredible things that the three of us split up. We each have about 10-15 of them. They're beautiful, and the medals are so beautiful too. Certainly something to keep.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where were you when Jack went to Vietnam?

*Vickey Badger:* We moved to Washington, DC/Arlington and Daddy headed to Vietnam in a wartime effort. This was all new to us and very scary. From all the reading I've done since, Fort Benning is where they had the paratrooper training. Daddy completed all the paratrooper training and then went to Vietnam.

*Bob Sheldon:* One of the things that puzzled me initially was Jack got all those medals for flying, but I couldn't find anything about him going to flight school. But there were people who flew on helicopters. I assume that's how he got those medals?

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. Daddy had many medals, including the Distinguished Flying Cross, which we thought was awarded for the number of hours he flew in a helicopter in Vietnam in wartime conditions. We're just

now realizing the background of his medals. Daddy didn't discuss WWII or Vietnam with us; especially being his daughters.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did you live when Jack was in Vietnam?

*Vickey Badger:* We lived in two different houses in Arlington, Virginia; not on a military base. I think Daddy was stationed at the Pentagon first, and then he went to Vietnam.

Looking back on life as a family in the military, you'd get reassigned, sometimes every year, to a different state or country, get set up in your new house, and then be expected to entertain and blend into your new surroundings within a very short period of time. I remember my parents would be up in the middle of the night arranging furniture and hanging pictures. It was somewhat comforting as a child to have your home back together, know where things were, and everything was sort of normal again.

In Arlington, I was in the sixth grade, and we remained there through my high school and college years. What I didn't realize until much later when I had children attending school was that I went to six different elementary schools in three different countries and in four different states. At the time we thought that was normal!

*Madeleine Mullin:* It's difficult for the families. And to throw in the wrench, when he got back to the Pentagon, he was itching to go to Vietnam. As I said, I think he was about two years too old. A very good friend of his, Hal Moore, I think my sister Vickey mentioned him. The military is very competitive, so my father figured he couldn't get a combat command post in Vietnam. I'm not sure how he was chosen. He was the senior advisor for the 5th ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) Division. That was an eye opening experience for him. He had wonderful memories, if that's the right word, of World War II. The camaraderie with the men. He met with a group of his WWII buddies on a regular basis after my mother died. They met every two years. After he passed away, they invited me back; and it was an unbelievable sense of the "band of brothers." They were all 18 when they were in WWII. My father was 21. We were all drinking Calvados. It's like, "Who are these men?" They were in their 60s and 70s and 80s, and they're pretending they're 18 all over again. WWII

was very important for him; it changed his life. I think he was thinking it was going to be the same in Vietnam. But that was a different story. Then coming back from Vietnam, the anti-Vietnam War movement was already firmly entrenched. That was devastating, absolutely devastating for him, to go over and make the sacrifice, see what the Vietnamese people were going through. And then he came back to the US, where it was all negative, including his own daughter, who was on the urban campus of GWU five blocks from the White House. Putting flowers in the gun barrels. The police force, and the military force. We could not talk about it. It was very uncomfortable, very difficult for both sides. I guess I never fully understood. When he went to Vietnam, that was when I was supposed to go to my freshman year in college. I was supposed to go to Boston University. My mother said, "Would you please stay home. I don't think I could deal with it, if both of you leave at the same time." So I said, "Okay, whatever." As a true 18-year-old child would say. So I went to GWU, and then never got around to transferring that whole time. It was a hotbed of the anti-war movement. My roommates were very active and I kind of understood. But it was an eye opener for me to realize that the military was not thought of as the end-all and be-all, which was my upbringing. So, that's it. In a nutshell, that's the professional aspect, and there's a whole layer of family aspect which is way more complicated, as all families are.

## JACK WALKER'S VIETNAM WAR LETTERS HOME (1966-1967)

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Jack was the military advisor for the US to the Fifth Infantry Division of the South Vietnamese Army. He arrived in June of 1966, and he came home in June of 1967. I was down here in Bedford visiting my parents, and he and I went back to DC together in a car.

While Uncle Jack was in Vietnam, Generals Bill Becker & John Freund, who had been best man and a groomsman, respectively, in Jack & Pinky's wedding, passed through his sector. General Freund (who was originally a USNA grad!) spoke fluent French, German, Russian, Vietnamese, and the language of the Montagnard tribesmen with whom he operated and to whom he advised in two consecutive tours in Vietnam. (He also married one of the bridesmaids.) I saw Johnny Freund for the last time at Jack's funeral wake. Jack mentions these men in his letters. That's why the add-on.

On June 7, 1966, Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., flew to Saigon, Vietnam as Military Advisor for the US to the 5th Infantry Division of the South Vietnamese Army. The following are extracts from his letters home.

*Sunday, 26 June 1966*

*Dearest Mother,*

*Finally, after two weeks of wild confusion, I am getting the notion of the job here ... and, I must say, the job that was only the command of a simple brigade at Fort Benning was, relatively speaking, child's play. This is real work, with political, sociological, economic, and military facets beyond anything I had ever envisioned. My Vietnamese counterpart has been to school in France and the US, speaks English reasonably well, but is an Oriental in every sense of the word, despite all this. I will tell you tales that you won't believe when I get home. I didn't believe them when people told me, but I do now!*

*Weekends turn out to be the busiest of all for a variety of reasons. All during the week, I spend most of my time with the Division Commander, either going where he wants to go or trying to get him to go where I think he should go. He is difficult to steer, for Oriental ideas of leadership are not ours. During the evenings, I attend the administrative details of running my team which is spread in small groups over an area of 100 miles by about 60 miles, and the conduct of my home post. The current problem is that the pump in our well has burned out and replacement is difficult. But these little things help to keep your mind off the heat, humidity, insects, and the Viet Cong.*

*I have an Australian colonel visiting up here from Singapore for an orientation trip. The movie actor, John Wayne, was due in today also, but was canceled for some reason, so we went to a Vietnamese battalion outpost for dinner where we had rice, meat, nouc mam (fermented fish sauce), and several kinds of very wonderful and exotic tropical fruits, none of which I had ever seen before. They were picked from the riverbank just a short distance from the outpost. And the fresh bananas are far better than any we get in the States.*

*The remainder of the day is spent trying to see my American personnel, find out how they are doing their jobs, how they are living, and what are their needs, etc. So you see, I spend the week working with the Vietnamese and Sunday with the Americans. It's a busy schedule, but great fun. I spend from two to three hours each day flying in a helicopter. One really gets to see the countryside.*

*Fritz Freund [Anne's note: Brigadier General Fritz Freund, special assistant to General Westmoreland in Vietnam and also husband of one of the bridesmaids in Colonel Walker's wedding] came up yesterday for a couple of hours ... a nice visit with a chance to talk about our wives and kids. He will go back to Washington for a month of leave and then back here, probably for another year ... his third. He is now Special Assistant to General Westmoreland and doing a splendid job. Incidentally, I had dinner with General Westmoreland (in fact, was seated on his right) and Fritz when I first arrived in Saigon. Quite a thrill.*

*The rainy season is on with a big storm every evening which brings over an inch of rain, then it is quite cool during the night, but hot and humid all day. All this takes a little getting used to, especially the heat, but we manage to have water for showers every day. I also have a Vietnamese maid who washes my clothes, cleans my room, shines my shoes, and all that for \$24.00 per month. Everything is done by hand ... no washing machines nor vacuum cleaners. The clothesline is the barbed wire fence around the compound ... a strange sight, indeed. The girls iron on a cloth spread on the floor and they do this by preference, as we do have an ironing board. Civilization, as we know it, hasn't arrived fully here, but they do use electric irons.*

*Let me know what exotic Oriental knick-knacks to send you.*

*July 2, 1966*

*Dearest Mother,*

*Something happens to the time around here that I can't explain. I get up at six o'clock as I have for years, go to bed about midnight, but there isn't as much time in between, for some reason. A typical day runs along the line:*

*7:15-8:00 US Briefing on current operations, the Viet Cong situation, etc.*

*8:00-8:30 VN Briefing on current operations, the Viet Cong situations, etc.*

*8:30-12:00 Visits to troop units, coordination meetings with US forces in the area, consultation with State Department, CIA, or other US officials, and similar tasks.*

*12:00 Lunch, usually with a VN troop unit, a village, or province chief.*

*1:30- 6:00 PM More as in the morning.*

*Then, about an hour of paperwork back in the office, supper, and usually a staff conference of some sort until about 10:00 PM. This leaves a little time to read, write letters, or just plain relax. Sundays get a little slower, but not much.*

*Tomorrow, I will spend the day up at Song Be near the Cambodian border, visiting the New Life Hamlets to see the progress of the pacification program. This is our main effort, but the least showy in terms of progress. We can't give a body count of Viet Cong killed or a pile of captured weapons. The only external manifestation is an increase of Viet Cong terrorism, which is a distinct indicator that the Viet Cong realizes that we are gaining the confidence of the people. And the Viet Cong use terror with calculated zeal! Each incident is carefully planned to achieve a specific political objective ... it is not a matter of indiscriminate banditry. Although crudely fought, this is a highly sophisticated war. For example, just a few miles from here there is an area of banana plantations, rice paddies, and mango groves. The Viet Cong use this as a concealed route to supply their units between here and Saigon, 30 miles to the south. They solicit cooperation from the local people through a combination of threats, promises, and terrorism. Recently, we have made real progress in a village in this area ... new shops operating where none have existed for months, the marketplace full of food and small merchandise for the first time in a year, and many people attending a movie shown nightly by my boys in that same marketplace. But we were making too much progress. Two nights ago, the village chief was assassinated. Note the subtle difference here ... there are eight US troopers living in that town, three officers and five sergeants, a whole battalion of Vietnamese infantry, and two companies of Popular Forces similar to our National Guard. But the guy who got killed was the mayor, because he was permitting his people to respond to the South Vietnamese government's programs and these are, of course, designed to ween the population away from the support of the Viet Cong. This is the real struggle here and this is why it is such a long one. Neither Europe nor Korea was like this, and we have only precious few who begin to understand it. It takes a strange type of dedication to understand it ... people like General Westmoreland and Fritz Freund and others like them. The prize is worth the price of admission and the risk. These people are magnificent people and I say this despite the fact that the top two layers have been creamed off by twenty years of unrelenting war, countless coups and purges, and all the insidious debilitation of leaders and teachers practiced by the Communists. Do you realize that the Communists have killed more teachers in this country in the past two years than existed here all together ten years ago? Communists can't stand having informed thinking people unless they control the thought. This fact alone condemns the system!*

The next letter was written on July 12, 13, and 14, 1966. Enclosed in this letter is a printed invitation which reads:

*Brigadier General Phan Trong Chinh cordially invites you to a ceremony at DUC-HOA commemorating the fourth anniversary of the 25th Infantry Division at 1130 hours Wednesday 6 July to be followed by a luncheon in honor of General Nguyen Cao Ky, Chairman*



of the National Executive Committee. [Anne's note: General Ky is the "top man" in all South Vietnam!]

Dearest Mother,

*I thought you might be interested in the enclosed invitation to lunch from the commander of the division south of here. I didn't get to the lunch due to the press of events elsewhere, and I am sorry, as, you must admit, the company there was pretty good! However, the following day, I had lunch with the Province Chief of Long Binh Province and his guests were the President of the Republic and the Chairman of the Joint General Staff, so I didn't miss out on all the fun after all. The social side over here is really something. I have been averaging about two fancy lunches per week, which just about makes up for the ones I miss, so you don't have a chance to get in a rut, and that's for sure.*

*However, I do enjoy my job tremendously because of the great variety of challenges which present themselves each day. I travel every day to remote parts of my zone and manage to see most of the action therein. Yet, in the month past, I have not had a chance to visit three major installations for which I am responsible. Maybe I'll skip lunch one day this week and catch up.*

*It's now 13 July and this has been something of a day. General Westmoreland spent the morning in a nearby village in which my division has a pacification operation in progress. This is quite a deal, this pacification bit! During the night, we sneak up on a village suspected of harboring Viet Cong and surround it completely with a cordon of troops. At daylight, the National Police move in and collect all the males between the ages of 15 and 45 and take them to the province capitol for screening against police records and thus determine their status ... whether they are Viet Cong, deserter, draft dodger, or what. At about 9:00 AM, all the other people in the village are moved to a central location for what translates as a Festival. My doctors give free medical examinations and treatment. The police and intelligence people interview each person, including all the children. Agricultural experts talk on how to raise rice better, a free lunch is provided, a series of band concerts and Vietnam songs are presented, and so on. Meanwhile, the province police are searching every nook and cranny in the village for evaders, weapons, ammunition, and the like. Today's haul included four known Viet Cong, 150 suspects to be checked, 12 Russian and Chinese rifles, and great quantities of ammunition, grenades, mines, etc. Quite a successful operation.*

*And now it has gotten to be tomorrow again, so it is July 14th, and I shall finish this hurriedly to be sure that I don't miss another day. As indicated in a former letter, I do all my paperwork and staff work and conferences at night, so that the days are free for inspections,*

*supervision, and such. (Travel over here at night is a non-profit venture.) As a consequence, my evenings are uncertain and full; the days delightfully busy.*

*This afternoon while I was out with a police field force team, Ambassador Porter came by for a briefing. This is the trouble about helicopters ... anyone can get anywhere any time! We had walked in through the sugar cane in the rain, it cleared, he arrived, then left, and we walked out again in the rain. When they call this the rainy season, they aren't kidding.*

*As I read back over this letter, written over a three-day period, there seems to be quite a lot of big name dropping. This is not intended to impress you, but I knew you would be interested to hear of the people you read about and hear about on your TV.*

*And that's about the size of things around here at the moment. It's a busy life and I think it is contributing something towards the true winning of the war. The concept of helping people help themselves is sound, and it is the only ultimate answer here. But it is a slow and sometimes terribly frustrating procedure when you realize that these people have been fighting since 1940 ... without the breaks that we had between World War II and the Korean War and now. It is difficult to sell a Vision in such an atmosphere, but it is being done.*

*8 August 1966*

*Dearest Mother,*

*Activity around here seems to run in great spurts. For a few days, we get on something of a regular program, then everything goes completely berserk. This is especially true around the first of the month when many major reports are due. In addition to taking care of my United States people, I have to evaluate the Vietnamese units and commanders which is a time-consuming task. But all of this has been done for the present and perhaps the flurry will subside for a while.*

*Right in the middle of these administrative details, General Westmoreland came for an afternoon of briefing, followed two days later by General Johnson, the Chief of Staff. Preparations for their visits also consumed a few hours, but to a worthy cause. Meanwhile, there is no decrease in operational requirements. It keeps one busy, with little time left for reflection and that is the best way.*

*Your letters have reached me in good time and are greatly appreciated. Normal time for travel with mail is about five days, which is quite remarkable, considering the distance, volume, and variety of destinations. I share one distinction with President Johnson, General Westmoreland, and the Mayor of Bedford, and certain other selected individuals ... we each are the ranking zip code numbers, whatever that means.*

*My little tribe [Anne's note: his wife and three daughters] seems to be doing well from the terse reports. Madeleine [Anne's note: Jack's oldest daughter] seems to be having a splendid time, although the pace is a bit slow in comparison to the Social Butterfly Life that she has been leading around Arlington. This is good for her in preparation for college this fall. The family for which she is serving as a Mother's helper this summer seems very nice and are crawling with money ... an unbeatable combination. Sara [Anne's note: the second child] is just back from her job (also mother's helper to another wealthy family ... a type job that many young girls from nice families are taking, since the work is not too hard and they are treated like members of the family). Sara has been at Cape May for several weeks. Vickey [Jack's youngest daughter] is enjoying her summer reading course. Pinky [Anne's note: his wife] finds the care of the house, yard, flower garden, dogs, deteriorating car and household appliances, diversity of activities for three kids, and all such just a bit wearing, and I'm sure that it is. She sets quite a pace.*

*The two months over here have gone by like wildfire and I am sure the next ten months will go equally fast.*

18 August 1966

Dearest Mother,

*It's wet over here! After fooling around for a couple of months with showers, the real rain got turned on, and I mean to say that you have never seen anything like it. Last night, it rained over six inches in about an hour. You could hardly breathe ... the water took up so much of the space in the atmosphere. We are only a few feet above sea level here, so the water can't run off very rapidly. Every ditch is full and the water table in the ground is just below the surface. Needless to say, the humidity is high. But there usually is some breeze to provide relief. All houses that have electricity have the old-fashioned ceiling fans and they are life-savers. There used to be one in Mr. Wildman's Barber Shop back there in tropical Bedford. No air conditioning around here, although there is a great deal in Saigon. We are quite comfortable here in the country, once you get accustomed to being bathed in sweat all day. I am more fortunate than many, for I spend a great deal of time traveling by helicopter and it's much cooler up in the air a ways. So that is the hot and the cold of it.*

*This morning I went with the Division Commander to a ceremony in the housing area for the dependents of the Division ... actually, a little village just outside the Headquarters area. The wives of many of the officers of the Division were there. They sponsored the ceremony, but all the gifts came from the United States ... clothing, dried milk, cooking oil, and the like. Most of the recipients are widows of soldiers killed while serving in this Division. The war is very hard on this country. As we walked through the village, several helicopters came over ... some full of soldiers, some with rockets and machine guns, and one with a great load hanging down externally. The amazing thing was that not a single kid bothered to look up. They see this sort of thing all day, every day, so there is nothing unique about it. But the chances are that these kids have never ridden in any sort of vehicle, not even an ox cart. Talk about a mixed-up generation! However, they appear optimistic, are happy, and endure this extreme hardship with amazing vigor. Just existing is a full-time chore. And they manage remarkably well on a minute income in an inflated economy. Also, they don't have the promise of rotating to the United States after one year, as we do after a so-called One Year Hardship Tour of Duty!*

*And that's about the way things are over here ... hot, wet, much travel, and a great deal of variety. Hope this finds you well and comfortable.*

The next letter was written to Colonel Walker's oldest sister, Sydnor Walker Hayes, who had just had an emergency appendectomy on August 28, 1966.

*Dearest Sis,*

*A note from Pinky relates that you decided to take a much-needed rest; but, I must say, you did it in a difficult fashion! An emergency appendectomy is not the easy way out. But I do hope that all is well and that you are on the road to recovery. These things do catch up with us and I trust that you will pop back with a minimum of discomfort and difficulty.*

*This is Election Eve in Vietnam and things are a bit tense, as it is quite different from the friendly cut-throat business of the Democrats and Republicans in the United States. No one knows for sure what the Viet Cong will try to do, if indeed they will try anything. There have been many threats regarding disruption of the election, bombings of the polls, and the like. The United States is carefully avoiding all this, as we cannot be accused of influencing these elections in any way. This puts us in a strange sort of spectator role, knowing that we must react in the event a Viet Cong attack on any of our installations or those of the ARVN [Editor's note: Army of the Republic of Vietnam].*

*Your letters have been received and much enjoyed. My answer isn't very prompt. I guess all it took was for you to cook up an operation. Shame on me! The pictures that you sent are wonderful and I am enjoying them right along. I have gotten an album, with hinged acetate pockets. This seems like a practical solution to the softening of the prints, due to heat and humidity. The shot of Nels and his Granddaddy is a classic. Thanks also for the clippings. The one about the captain from Lexington was especially interesting, as I also have a flourishing business going in crossbows, pack baskets, spears, and the like. There is a missionary up near the Cambodian border who buys the artifacts, then sells them at a modest profit to my Special Forces Camps ... who, in turn, sell them to the helicopter pilots, passing Senators, and other souvenir hunters. Everyone makes a profit, all of which goes to a good cause ... from supporting mission activities to a medical clinic. But this is a highly specialized business, and I am now searching for possibilities for diversification. This is a real problem, as Montagnard [Editor's note: indigenous peoples of the Central Highlands of Vietnam] have little or no basic skills potential. Would you like a crossbow or maybe a hand-woven loincloth?*

*With best love to all and very special get well wishes to you.*

*19 September 1966*

*Dearest Mother,*

*News of Sis's troubles was sad, indeed. Hope and trust she is on the road back by now and will have no complications. They tell me that we don't pop back as fast as we did a few years ago, so please make her take it easy and recover properly. Is there anything that I can do from this end of the world?*

*The enclosed "citation" describes a tidy little medal ... sort of a Senior Advisor's good conduct ribbon. The language is a little on the flowery side and it wasn't all that grand. I'm not being humble ... this is just part of the drill.*

*The picture is my local command shot, complete with jam on the undershirt and wrinkles on the neck. The eyes are squinted because of the glare. I ain't that mean! The little row of three carnations in front is Vietnam Colonel's insignia. Now I'm Dia-Ta, that's what.*

*The newspaper clipping which you sent is very interesting. The dateline (Phu Loi) is familiar because that's where I live in Vietnam, just a couple of miles outside of the city of Binh Duong (also called Thu Dan Mot by the French and Phu Cuong by the old Vietnamese.) Binh Duong is pronounced Ben Zoong, just to keep you on your toes.*

*I advise the Commanding General of the 5th Vietnamese Division which cooperates with the 1st United States Infantry Division in this project. Captain Davis is a member of my staff and he works full time on this sociological aspect of our mission. So you see, I am in a little of this. Unfortunately, only a portion of our energies go to the constructive facet. On a new map which I am sending under separate cover, I have marked a number of things which may be of interest. The red stars (\*) show where I have troop units with advisory detachments. They are one each Vietnamese battalion, one captain, one lieutenant, two sergeants, and a radio operator. At each regiment, one major, one captain, three sergeants, and a radio operator. At each district headquarters, one major, one captain, three sergeants, a radio operator. At each province capitol, one lieutenant colonel and a staff of about thirty. I have about one hundred on my staff at Phu Loi, plus guards, radio operators, cooks, and such.*

*With all this gang, we get into about every facet of the operation of a division of 12,000 men. But the most fascinating part is the government. We also advise the province and district ... roughly equivalent to the state and county, although geographically much smaller. My entire area is about one half the size of our state of Connecticut. I usually fly from two to three hours a day, getting around to these places or to various meetings. Saigon is avoided ... it's full of Americans.*

*This is, by far, the most interesting, varied, exciting, and frustrating job I have ever had. But we are making progress and I am delighted to be a part of it. We stay busy ... and I hope profitably so ... thus staying out of trouble. The Pentagon can't compare with it! But it is a long way from home and family and that's a big drawback.*

*As I have said in another letter, I do all the paperwork at night, and it has gotten ahead of me, so back to the old IN BASKET!*

*Take care of yourself and tell Sis to get off this enforced rest bit, but slowly.*

Below is a copy of the Citation given Colonel Walker, mentioned in the above letter:

Headquarters 5th Inf Div/ 32d DTA

Army of the Republic of Vietnam

5 September 1966

#### CITATION

The Gallantry Cross with Palm is awarded to Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., US Army. Colonel Walker distinguished himself by meritorious service and outstanding performance of duty while serving as Senior Advisor to the 5th Infantry Division and the 32d Division Tactical Area. On the 4th of August 1966, he has assisted the Division Commander and with him personally directed the operation to relieve Loc Tan outpost which was under Viet Cong attack.

As advisor to the Division Commander, Colonel Walker was not only concerned with staff duties, military aspects of the counterinsurgency efforts, but with numerous civil matters relating to the administration and the rural construction program as well.

He has displayed his special talent, full knowledge and experiences in command and leadership when assisting his counterpart to develop many sound and logical plans and policies to improve the situation.

With a high degree of patience and his noble tenure as Senior Advisor, he is held in high regards by all officers and men of the 32d DTA.

His devotion to duty and performance were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself and the United States Armed Forces.

For Brig Gen Pham-Quoc-Thuan

Commanding

Captain Tran-Quoc-Bao

SGS



6 October 1966

Dearest Mother,

*This is the wettest place I have ever seen. The rainy season has been going on since I got here ... but now, it's really beginning to rain. The whole delta area is flooded and there is scarcely a dry spot in the hills. But then they say that the reverse is true in a couple of months, plus the fact that it gets hotter. Somehow there isn't much choice. A rainstorm around here means anywhere from three to eight inches of water, all in a very short while. Cooling for a few minutes, then back on the old soggy heat.*

*Many cheery letters are arriving from Sis. I judge from this that she is doing fine and that her recovery is on schedule. It was a fortuitous visit that Anne Noy paid along with Nels. And it is so wonderful that no complications arose. Modern surgery is a remarkable saver of lives.*

*I greatly appreciate your asking what to do for my kids for Christmas. I'll have to check that along to Pinky, as I am a little out of touch with their immediate needs. The kids do enjoy so much the thoughtful and personal things which you so frequently do for them. They are mighty proud of their Grandma ... and so am I. As for me, my needs are quite Spartan over here. How about a good picture of you? Perhaps other members of the family would enjoy one also. This might be the simplest and most expeditious thing for you to do.*

*Enclosed items are annotated. Bill Becker [Anne's note: Colonel Walker's best man when he and Pinky were married.] is back here with the 1st Air Cavalry Division. I haven't seen him yet, but hope to get up north one day soon.*

*Fritz Freund is back in Saigon after a month's leave in Washington with his family. They had a trip together to Puerto Rico while he was there. He will be here at least until January, perhaps another full year.*

*I have just gotten back from another pacification operation which you noted in the paper. The code name assigned to the overall plan is MAM SON after the area of operation of an ancient king of the Viets, Le Loi, who put into effect such good things as land reform, equal rights (relatively speaking), and popular representation in government. We have just renamed our base camp Dam Son to further the idea, since it is such a major and important part of our mission. One of the interesting things about all this is that Le Loi did his big*

*operating around 1418 against the Chinese. Both the Viet and the Chinese cultures were thousands of years old then ... and where was the United States!!! Makes you wonder who will be helping us in 2600.*

*Continue to take it easy, really easy. Looking forward to seeing you in just a few short months.*

[Anne's note: Enclosed in this letter is a number of pictures of Colonel Walker ... one with the United States Ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge. Another in front of the 5th Division Headquarters at Lam Son and four others showing him in a village in which the pacification program is being introduced ... #1, cutting the ribbon to enter the village; #2, reviewing the Viet troops of the revolutionary Cadre; #3, listening to an address by local dignitaries; #4, signing the village charter, with the village Elder at Jack's shoulder and other dignitaries gathered around the table. But the last, and to his family, most interesting picture, is of Colonel Walker holding a tiny monkey. On the back of the picture, he has written: "This is Cecil. He is a pet at Sông Bé Special Forces Camp." The expression on Jack's face is the same that he had as a little boy with his many pets of all kinds. Though he has fought in two brutal wars, it is heart-warming to his family to know he has not lost the tenderness that has always been an innate part of his character.]



*14 October 1966*

*Dearest Sis, [Anne's note: Mrs. J.W. Hayes]*

*I'm addressing this to you, but trust you will share whatever interest it may contain. We must pamper the information. Are you back on your full schedule of housekeeping and gardening? Maybe I'm just a little bit behind.*

*The pictures of the Peaks are splendid. There are many similar mountains in the north of my bailiwick, but none quite so pretty as those back home. Furthermore, the chance of any snow on them is remote, indeed! One of my men, a radio operator, lives squarely on top of a*

*mountain called Nui Ba Den outside of Tay Ninh. It's a radio relay station, supplied completely by helicopter, even to his water. The slopes are covered with jungle and the Viet Cong, but we own the top. There are so many strange facets to this war!*

*The picture of your grandson, young "Chief Sitting Down", is memorable also. That little guy really is springing up. He must have been a great deal of company to you while you were abed after your operation.*

*Brief words from Washington indicate that Nonnie [Anne's note: Jack's oldest daughter in her first year at George Washington University] is now a member of Pi Beta Phi social sorority, studying some, and confused in general. Pinky is still job hunting. Sally and Vickey are plugging away at Madeira and Williamsburg Junior High School.*

*Sis, belatedly, I sure do agree with the idea of Mother's three children going together and getting for her Christmas present the white home woven bedspread that she wants from the Peaks Lodge Gift Shop. My check for \$17.00 is enclosed. The extra amount is for the set of new sheets ... maybe those fancy percale ones with rosebuds. Can you arrange this for me? I have a white elephant on the way from here, but can't be certain of the time of its arrival. If this check is inadequate, let me hear.*

*Thanks for sending the pictures and article from Life magazine about the free elections here in Vietnam. I am returning one page since Binh Duong province (pronounced Been Zoong) is my home country. The LTC pictured, I know quite well, as he is a staff member in my division. The division commander still can't figure out why he lost! We also had a lady politician running. She lost too, for here in Vietnam, a woman's place is considered to be in the home. As a further coincidence, I visited a troop unit out in the boondocks today and took a number of pictures of the tropical fruit shown in Life magazine's picture. I got this fruit in various stages of development. It's called du do (pronounced too-dough) and tastes like a mango. Delicate, fragrant flowers produce round, green fruit. And don't be too surprised by the long black kid gloves worn by General Ky's wife with her white satin dress! They frequently use black and white together here ... AO di in white with black trousers. And gloves are a sign of real high tone!*

*Speaking of pictures, I have sent a batch of slides to Pinky, who will relay them to you folks. These are in route now and more will follow from time to time. For gosh sakes, don't lose the brief accompanying commentary, as I'll never be able to remember them properly in the future.*

*I am enclosing a playbill, all in the Vietnamese language, of a benefit show given here last Sunday for the widows of the division. It was a great show and we took in a lot of money for the families. The talent was of the best the country has ... their top movie star who is a real beauty and a good actress, and their top "Pop" singer, as well as others.*

*Take care and get your strength back before trying anything drastic.*

The next letter was written to Colonel Walker's sister, Mrs. Bernard Cunningham, in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

17 October 1966

*Dearest Anne and Remaining Family,*

*I can't get used to the fact that your family has flown the coop, except for good old Bern. But then you did a fine job last summer of making the coop big enough to encompass widely spread progeny. What a trip you and Bern had! Your many cards were appreciated, but with some envy. We Walkers may have traveled over the world, but we have not been able to see much of America First! You Cunninghams surely are!*

*I loved the pictures of Chilton as a beaming college graduate. She is a doll! And she seems to be off to a good start in the wide, wide West of Oregon State University, getting her master's degree and teaching at the same time. What a gal! Maybe I'll get caught up some day and send her a graduation present.*

*Life is rather complicated here and I always seem to be running out of time. I started this letter right after supper and here it is almost midnight! At the rate of one page every four hours, we may need the rest of my year's tour to finish writing! We have managed to compress distance through better communications and improved means of travel, not realizing that we have also, in the process, condensed time. It seems like every day I make some progress in improving the efficiency of operations here ... yet, each night, there is more to be done.*

*My favorite slum clearance project here is the housing area for the dependents of the South Vietnamese 5th Division. It's unbelievably shabby. The Division put together a benefit show last week to a sell-out house. (Playbill enclosed.) Meanwhile, we go to great lengths to*

*get wells dug, streets built, privies installed, kids treated for worms, and such. Last week, the wettest of the rainy season, the place almost disappeared! Much work remains to be done.*

*And now, somehow it has gotten to be October 19th. We do stay busy hereabouts. Last night was a fair example. The Viet Cong slipped up to a local post and exploded a mine ... nothing more, but this was enough to stir up the whole community and get everyone on alert. Then the ARVN MP picked up a Ranger sergeant for being drunk and disorderly in town. A small fracas resulted.*

*On the way home from a meeting, my helicopter stopped in a remote rice paddy to pick up the crew of another helicopter which had bad engine failure and had made an emergency landing. We managed to drag out somehow, with two more guys than my aircraft was built to take. Then, when we got back here, the weather closed in, the guys couldn't get to their post by air, so I had a couple of unexpected house guests, and so on.*

*But, this morning, the clincher came. A truckload of Rangers descended on the MP Station and took it apart in retaliation for last night's arrest of their sergeant. They withdrew, but took an MP along in trade!!! This war isn't so bad ... it's the intervals of peace that are killing us!*

*(Note: Be sure to read the follow-up of this mess in the enclosed newspaper account.)*

*8 November 1966*

*Dearest Mother,*

*Not much letter writing getting done around here these days. No other reason than the usual press of events around my sector and the fact that the days seem too short for all that has to be done.*

*Enclosed three pictures from a recent formation. [Anne's note: Pictures are of Colonel Walker receiving the Award of Gallantry Cross and the Air Medal.]*

*The picture of you, Sis, Anne Noy, and Nels is certainly splendid ... quite a group of four generations and it almost exactly proves the planning figure of twenty years per generation.*

*Yes, I know the man in the Life magazine picture very well. He works for me. I see him almost every day, one way or another. The major mission of my division is to provide the atmosphere of security in which the Revolutionary Development programs can blossom. It is a dirty, difficult, dangerous, and thankless job ... but the results do permit progress and that is what is important. We tried to make progress three times in the past, without providing security, and failed each time. Now, with the United States units here to fend off the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong main force units, we can tackle the local guerrillas and clean out the Viet Cong political structures in the villages. These have been entrenched for up to twenty years. They don't come loose easily or rapidly. The Vietnamese soldier is tired, apathetic, and frustrated. Who wouldn't be, after all these years of conflict! But we are making progress now, and it will take all the tenacity and character that we can muster to hold on and continue to gain.*

*The other side of my job ... the provincial government ... is where you can see the real gains. This is the fun side which makes up for the other. Here, we see improvements in the standard of living, health care, refugee housing, repair of roads and bridges destroyed by the Viet Cong ... all plain-to-be-seen improvements which sell the virtue of democracy. And democracy isn't easy to sell to a bunch of peasants who know nothing but exploitation. I am beginning to recognize more and more that our form of government is quite sophisticated and literally cannot be even comprehended by a primitive people. So, you see, we have a real education job as well as all else ... a vast challenge. It keeps one busy and there are so few truly qualified and dedicated people to help. There is no doubt that we are going to have to be at this business for a long time.*

*Best wishes for continued good health and love to all.*

[Anne's note: No more letters found. Jack rotated back to CONUS (continental United States) in June 1967.]

Jack was awarded a Silver Star, signed on 30 April 1967, for action in Vietnam.

The Silver Star, First Oak Leaf Cluster, to Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., 034744, United States Army for Gallantry in Action in the Republic of Vietnam on 28 April 1967.

Signed on 30 April 1967 by J.H. Hay, Major General, USA, Commanding and Stanley R. Resor, Secretary of the Army

Jack was awarded a Distinguished Flying Cross, signed on 6 May 1967, for action in Vietnam.

The Distinguished Flying Cross, to Colonel John K Walker, Jr., 034 744, Armor, United States Army, for heroism while participating in aerial flight in the Republic of Vietnam on 18 June 1966.

Signed 6 May 1967 by J.H. Hay, Major General, USA, Commanding, and Stanley R. Resor, Secretary of the Army

Jack was awarded an Air Medal, signed on 14 August 1967, for action in Vietnam.

The Air Medal (Sixth Oak Leaf Cluster) to Colonel John K Walker, Jr., 034744, Armor, United States Army, for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flight in the Republic of Vietnam from 22 March 1967 to 15 May 1967.

Signed by W.C. Westmoreland, General, United States Army, Commanding and Stanley R. Resor, Secretary of the Army.

Citation with Air Medal:

Headquarters, United States Military Assistance Command, Vietnam

During this time he actively participated in more than 25 aerial missions over hostile territory in support of counterinsurgency operations. During all of these missions he displayed the highest order of air discipline and acted in accordance with the best traditions of the service. By his determination to accomplish his mission in spite of the hazards inherent in repeated aerial flights over hostile territory and by his outstanding degree of professionalism and devotion to duty, he has brought great credit upon himself, his organization and the military service.



Article in the *Bedford Bulletin-Democrat*, June 8, 1967.

#### Colonel J.K. Walker, Jr. Receives Silver Star

For outstanding heroism while advising a Vietnamese regiment engaged in a search and destroy operation, Army Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., received his second award of the Silver Star Medal in April 29 ceremonies in Vietnam.

Colonel Walker is the son of Mrs. J.K. Walker and the late Mr. Walker of "Kingston," in Bedford.

Colonel Walker earned the medal the day before. While flying in his helicopter, he received word that the regiment had made contact with a numerically superior Viet Cong force.

Flying to the area, he attempted to mark the enemy positions, but the dense jungle foliage prevented his doing so. He ordered his pilot to land and proceeded to the Vietnamese unit's position to survey the situation.

Before calling in artillery fire, he had to mark the friendly positions with smoke grenades. Crossing in front of enemy lines, fully exposed to their fire, he tossed smoke grenades until the area was well-marked, then directed aerial artillery fire.

Moving among the troops, he used his knowledge of the Vietnamese language to encourage and coordinate them. Their firepower combined with the aerial fire killed many VC and forced the rest to withdraw.

Colonel Walker is a senior advisor in Advisory Team 70, advising the Vietnamese Army Corps. He entered the Army in July 1941, and was stationed in Washington, DC, before arriving overseas in June 1966.

The colonel graduated from E.C. Glass High School in Lynchburg and received his B.S. degree in 1941 from Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg.

His wife lives in Arlington.

Colonel Walker has also received seven awards of the Air Medal, two awards of the Army Commendation Medal and two awards of the Bronze Star Medal.

Caption with photo: Receives Silver Star ... Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., of "Kingston," Bedford, is being congratulated by Major General John H. Hay, commanding general of the First Infantry Division, upon receiving his second Silver Star Medal for heroism in the Vietnamese War.

The July 15, 1967 issue of the *New Yorker* includes an article titled "The Village of Ben Suc: A tragedy in Vietnam" by Jonathan Schell, a reporter at large. Among the American Army officers that Schell interviewed in Vietnam was Colonel John K. Walker, Jr. The following is an excerpt from that article, with comments specifically about Jack Walker.

A number of American officers assisted Colonel White with matters concerning the camp, but they did not work there full time. Several high-ranking officers, including two generals, made personal tours of inspection in Ben Suc and in the camp. At Phu Loi, the sight of a colonel or a general striding down the aisles between the canopies, followed by staff officers with notebooks, was a common one. I accompanied **Colonel John K. Walker, Jr.**, Senior Adviser to the ARVN 5th Division, on a tour of Ben Suc, and also stayed several days at Gosney Compound, the living quarters of the American Advisory, where I had an opportunity to see what life was like for the Americans after they had finished their day's work at the camp.

Colonel Walker, a tall, forty-eight-year-old man, has a serious, slightly formal air that contrasts with the generally easygoing manner of most of his staff officers, who respectfully refer to him as the Old Man. Living in a room of his own above a dormitory for six staff officers, he often listened to classical music on a tape recorder and, in general, seemed to seek out the company of his fellows less than the other officers did. Sitting in the staff quarters of the compound on the evening before his inspection tour of Ben Suc, I had a chance to talk with him about the war. On the subject of Cedar Falls and the attack on Ben Suc, Colonel Walker said, "What I want to know is: Did you get a feeling of the tremendous firepower we were able to bring to bear, and the precise coordination? The infantryman today has six times the firepower of his Korean counterpart. The troops of the 2nd Brigade were able to land and move to their positions within five minutes. That kind of precision saves American lives. And I'd like to mention that the 2nd Brigade is the finest in the United States Army. You can ask anyone about that. Ask General DePuy about it. And it hurts me to say so, because it's not one of my own.

That's what a brigade is—a unit of power. But in this war it's got to be a lot more than that, too. The soldier in Vietnam has to have diverse talents, for dealing with any situation. The military side is only one part. Our men have to fight a war and carry on reconstruction at the same time. This isn't a war for territory, it's a war for the hearts and the minds of the people."

When I asked about the war in general, Colonel Walker said, "This war has many different facets, with the light reflecting in a different way off each of them as it changes. For instance, when we first came here we were losing a lot of men to the VC's night ambushes. Now we're employing his own techniques against him, and a number of VC groups have been surprised to find some of our men out there waiting for them when they try to come into a village or move some supplies at night. This is a war with a difference—a weird and beautiful difference. Personally, I feel challenged by it. I'll tell you one thing—it's a heck of a lot more challenging than running a string of gas stations or supermarkets back in the States. But we don't have all the answers yet. The Vietcong is a tough soldier and highly dedicated. When you see people that dedicated, sometimes you wonder: Am I right? Should we be killing them? It gives you pause. But, even with all these problems, the soldier we've got over here today is the best soldier I've seen in three wars. Morale is tops. What I mean by that is that there is less of the kind of complaining from the troops that we used to have in the Second World War and the Korean War. You saw those soldiers helping to unload those trucks for the refugees. They just pitched right in without a word."

The next morning, Colonel Walker flew by helicopter to Ben Suc. The center of the town was empty of villagers now, but some women and children remained in their houses, waiting for boats that would take them down the river to Phu Cuong. A crew of ten-year-old Vietnamese buffalo boys had been helicoptered into the village to round up a herd of buffaloes and take them to boats on the Saigon River. But, aside from these few people and the animals, Ben Suc was now populated by ARVN soldiers. After talking with an American captain about the ARVN search operations in the village, Colonel Walker ordered a jeep in which to drive out from the center of the village along a narrow road. Six Americans piled onto the jeep, each of them holding a submachine gun. After about five minutes, Colonel Walker stopped the jeep at a clearing on the edge of the woods, jumped out, and strode over to a place where a path disappeared into a gully. He peered into the undergrowth and suggested that the path was probably used by the enemy. Then, leaving the jeep in the clearing, he struck out across country into the vegetable fields and back yards at the head of a small column of Americans, apparently unconcerned about the danger of land mines, which the Front often plants in such areas. Earlier, one of his staff officers had told me, "An inspection tour with Colonel Walker is quite an experience. He always wants to go right into the brush himself." Coming to a village house, he found that half a dozen ARVN soldiers had moved right in and were enjoying a dinner of the original resident's rice, cooked in his kitchenware and on his hearth.

Chicken bones were strewn on the floor and heaped in bowls on a table. Colonel Walker registered a complaint with the soldiers' headquarters over a field radio. Walking back to his helicopter through sunny back yards and copses of palm trees, he told the pilot that he wanted to have a look at the camp at Phu Loi. The pilot flew over the Saigon River at 2,500 feet, and when we neared the camp he circled it twice, coming down to an altitude of 500 feet. At first, as we wheeled down over the camp, only the red-and-white canopies were visible, but at 500 feet individual people could be dimly distinguished. The helicopter continued to the ARVN 5th Division landing pad. Helicopters, with their ability to move slow or fast, to circle, and to hover, enabling a viewer to scrutinize a landscape from the top or from any angle, give him a feeling of mastery over a scene, for it seems to him that he has examined it thoroughly, almost scientifically.

*Bob Sheldon:* Anne told me about a 1967 article, where a journalist for the *New Yorker* went to Vietnam and interviewed your dad. The article makes him sound rather stoic, which is contrary to the descriptions from everyone in MORS who knew Jack. When I saw Jack in MORS, he was "Mr. Popularity" - everybody loved him. The *New Yorker* journalist commented that Jack wasn't warm and open like some of the other officers. Maybe Jack put on a different persona when he was leading his troops?

*Vickey Badger:* Daddy was so warm and welcoming. He was also very serious.

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## JACK WALKER: COMING HOME FROM VIETNAM (1967)

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*Bob Sheldon:* What are your recollections of when Jack came back from Vietnam?

*Sara Woodard:* He brought all these presents for us, like those foo dogs, they were all shipped later. He brought all kinds of sticky cookies and things like that that were so unusual. When he showed up with those, that was like, "Wow!" We all kind of went, "Gee, he's back." He was thinner. He left, and then we got used to him being gone, and then suddenly he's back. We hadn't heard his voice or seen him. There was one time, I think it was Bob Hope, or somebody doing a USO tour, and the camera panned to the audience, and we could have sworn that we saw him in the audience, but we were never sure it was him. I don't recall a lot of, "I'm back from Vietnam. Let me tell you what happened." He was always close to the vest.

- Bob Sheldon:* When Jack went to Vietnam in 1966, he wrote a lot of letters home and you've shared several of them with me. Do you have any more stories from that era?
- Anne Soukhanov:* Not at all. Actually, in 1967, I was down here with my parents, and he had come down to visit Grandma, because he had just come back from Vietnam not long before that. He drove me back to DC in his little Volkswagen, and we talked about everything in the world except Vietnam.
- Bob Sheldon:* Vickey, Anne sent me letters that Jack wrote home from Vietnam for about the first half of his tour there. She couldn't find the rest. Jack's letters give good coverage from first half, and then we have his medal citations from the second half. Did Jack come home at all during his year in Vietnam?
- Vickey Badger:* No, he didn't come home during the year.
- I remember that being a terrifying time. I was 13, Sara was 16 and Nonnie was 18. My mother was home alone with three teenage daughters. Daddy would send us tapes to lecture us a bit and give Mommy some support. It was on a tape, so you got to hear it over and over again, which was scary. I always remember trying to figure out where Daddy was and what conditions he was in. And it would always put things in perspective that he's risking his life, and I'm a selfish teenager doing some stupid stuff. So, I straightened up a lot. "Straighten up and fly right" was the saying.
- Bob Sheldon:* What are your memories of when Jack came home from Vietnam?
- Vickey Badger:* We were very excited to have Daddy home. He surprised us and called from National Airport ... a day early! My mother and I went to pick him up and circled the airport looking for him and passed by him three times. He had lost so much weight, we didn't recognize him. We finally found him and had a good laugh! Daddy was told to change into civilian clothes and not to wear his uniform when he returned home, due to the anti-Vietnam movement. This was hard on my father who was very patriotic and loved his country. A very different experience from his return from WWII.

When Daddy returned, we had a big neighborhood party, closed the whole cul-de-sac and everybody was just so happy to have him back. Daddy was loved by our friends and was a fixture in the neighborhood.

I remember when Daddy went to Vietnam, he found a rifle that was on a Vietcong. He brought it back because it was a Russian rifle, and he wanted to show that Russia was involved in providing weapons to the enemy.

*Bob Sheldon:* What else did you and your sisters do while your dad was in Vietnam?

*Vickey Badger:* We were just active in our school. Nonnie was getting ready for college, Sara went to Madeira School and was looking at colleges, and I was active in school and friends. And there were other people in Northern Virginia that had parents that were deployed, so that helped.

On a humorous note ... when Daddy was in Vietnam, I remember my mother would love to redecorate. Maybe she was used to moving every year. We had a house with a den on the first floor and my mother wanted to move the sofa to the second floor. The only way we could maneuver this around the staircase was to saw a leg off the sofa. When father first got home and sat down on the sofa, he kind of wiggled, looked down, and lifted the fabric, and saw that we had sawed off the leg! *[Laughing]* To make things worse, we didn't saw off the leg at a flat angle and supported the sofa with some books. The sawed-off leg started digging into the pages. Daddy said, "What happened to this sofa?!!" Some things were important at the time.

*Bob Sheldon:* With Jack's timing, did he come back before there was so much negative reaction to the war in Vietnam?

*Vickey Badger:* That's what got me choked up earlier. He had to change out of his uniform at the airport, and that really bothered him. And that was just the beginning of it. To fight for your country, as hard as they did

over there....in WWII, Korea, and Vietnam, and then to come back to the US and get such little respect was really hard. To see that was so disheartening.

I was remembering some of the families that we met in the military, and one of them in particular was the Moore family. We first met them in Norway. Colonel and Mrs. Moore had four kids whom we played with a lot and our families were very close friends. In the military, you're out in the middle of nowhere, and you connect with a couple of families, and they become your support system and family. Julie Moore was my best friend. My sister and I would always go over their house and they would come over to ours. Then later we were in Fort Benning together. It was always great to reconnect.

It was General Hal Moore; who was portrayed in the book and in the movie – *We Were Soldiers Once ... And Young*. Mel Gibson played General Moore's part. Impressive person. When my father died, we lost contact with the Moore family which was very sad. However, an interesting circumstance led to our reconnection. In real life and captured in the movie, there was a scene with General Moore and an officer praying at a church in Vietnam before they went to the Battle of Ia Drang Valley. General Moore noticed a small bracelet on the officer's wrist with a baby's name, Camille, on it. With that on, he was out of uniform. General Moore covered up the bracelet with the officer's sleeve and nodded that it was okay.

Later, after the battle, General Moore was out in the field looking at the dead that were killed, and he saw the arm of an officer with a baby bracelet with the name Camille on it. He knew exactly whose arm it was – who had passed away. Very sad. 35+ years later in Midlothian, Virginia, I met a young woman while exercising on the treadmills at our local club and we became friends for years talking about kids and motherhood. One day, she mentioned that she had been to West Point for the opening of a movie. I asked her about it, and it was the premier of *We Were Soldiers Once!* I couldn't make the connection of how and why she would be at the premier, then realized that my friend Cammie ... is Camille, the newborn baby. Cammie and her mother live in my neighborhood in Midlothian, Virginia! The connection still gives me chills. I asked her if she knew the Moore family and she said, "of course ... they have been family friends all her life". I told her of my connection with the Moore's and how we had lost contact after my father's death. She connected me



up with the Moores and Julie and I communicate often. It's a small and wonderful world!

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### ARMY GENERAL STAFF (1967 TO 1969)

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*Bob Sheldon:* Anne, Jack came back from Vietnam and went to the headquarters at the Pentagon. Did you see him then?

*Anne Soukhanov:* Yes. That would have been the time when we went over to visit him.

*Sara Woodard:* I also worked as a clerk-typist for the Air Force at the Pentagon every summer while in college at William and Mary. Dad and I used to drive in together as I lived at home. After I graduated, I continued working there until getting a job at the Council of Better Business Bureaus in early 1973.

*Bob Sheldon:* After Vietnam, Jack worked at the Pentagon for a while before he retired from the Army. Did he express any regrets about leaving the Army?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I didn't hear any. The only thing I can tell about his stint at the Pentagon after Vietnam is that he did not like the job he was in, because he said he was constantly preparing plans, and then they would be scrapped, and he would have to make other plans. And then they would get scrapped. It was just a mountain of paper. He hated that. He felt it was very bureaucratic. I think he liked being with the troops all the time. He did not like staff work at all. And then he was in a helicopter crash at the Pentagon.

*Bob Sheldon:* What happened?

*Anne Soukhanov:* There used to be a stupid little tree very close to the small control tower at the Pentagon helipad. Apparently, the rotor clipped that tree, and the helicopter just came down "like a rock," as he put it. It had been taking off. And he hurt his back. He didn't talk about it too

much. He didn't make a big deal out of it, and he didn't limp or anything. He obviously recovered from it fairly quickly.

*Bob Sheldon:* Vickey, from what Anne said, Jack didn't like his last job in the Pentagon, because the plans he worked on seemed rather pointless.

*Vickey Badger:* Especially after you've been out in the action. I don't recall him talking much about his last job in the Pentagon. He was back to commuting, going in his little Volkswagen Beetle that he had.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did he buy his VW in Germany?

*Vickey Badger:* No, he had a 1963 VW convertible. I'd see him driving around town and it was such a fun car.

*Sara Woodard:* While he was in Vietnam, I got the car and used it to drive back and forth to high school at The Madeira School in Greenway, Virginia. Yes, it was a fun car with the top down!

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did you live then?

*Vickey Badger:* We lived in two places in Arlington. One was where we had our neighborhood party when Daddy came home. And then they bought a bigger, nicer house just across Glebe Road at 41<sup>st</sup> Street.

*Bob Sheldon:* How far a commute was that for Jack to get to the Pentagon?

*Vickey Badger:* It was probably 30 minutes. It's not that far. It's just all the traffic in the DC area.

Those were some interesting times in the 1960s and 70s. I remember there was rioting on several occasions in Washington, DC which was just across the river. One time, my sister Nonnie, her

husband Joe, and I went to an Honor American Day with Bob Hope. They had it at the bandstand down by the Washington Monument - just a really neat time and very patriotic. And then the protesters showed up followed by the police. The police teargassed the protestors, but the wind changed and they got us instead. That was kind of exciting.

In 1968 when Martin Luther King was killed, there were many riots in Washington, DC. Living across the river, we could see when the city was on fire. All of our neighbors came down to Daddy because they wanted to know if they needed to arm themselves. And as the military man on the street, they thought he would know what to do. Well, darned if Daddy didn't have an entire arsenal that I think was under my sister's bed! He had all the guns that were needed to protect our cul-de-sac, if we needed it, in north Arlington next to the church. *[Laughing]*

*Bob Sheldon:* Then Jack went to work in the Pentagon after Vietnam. Did he talk to you much about his work there?

*Sara Woodard:* That would have been 1967 and I was still in high school, and then I went away to college. In the summertime, I needed a job. I couldn't work for the Army, but he helped me get a job working for the Air Force at the Pentagon. He and I would go in together in the summer of my college years - from 1968 to 1972 - I would go to the Pentagon with him.

*Bob Sheldon:* What part of the Air Force did you work for? I worked for the Air Force in the Pentagon from 1990 to 1996.

*Sara Woodard:* I was in the missile branch. I worked with the B-1 bomber, the B-52, and helicopters, and Minuteman Missiles. I was in room 5E289. I actually really loved working in the Pentagon. I would go and park in South Parking with him, and then we'd go in the door, there wasn't the security then, and go up to our respective rings. Then I would have lunch in that courtyard in the middle, Ground Zero.

*Bob Sheldon:* Where did you go to college?

*Sara Woodard:* William & Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack advise you to go there?

*Sara Woodard:* We went on one of those college tours and drove around. We went up to New England. I really liked Dickinson College in Carlisle, Pennsylvania. And then we went down south. I made several college trips. I went with my sister when she was looking at colleges. I liked Dickinson and I liked William & Mary. I got into neither one initially, so the person at William & Mary said, "If you transfer from another college, we'll admit you second semester of freshman year." So I lived at home in Arlington, and I went to GWU for that first semester, which is where my sister Madeleine was going. I lived at home, so I had to drive or take the bus. And then second semester, William & Mary admitted me. That's when I started going there and I lived on-campus. It was a good college. I enjoyed it.

*Bob Sheldon:* Anne told lots of stories about your family visits to Bedford.

*Vickey Badger:* We would always go back to Bedford, wherever we lived, even when we were overseas. Going back to Bedford was our grounding place.

As a child , it was a very quiet place, but it was a lot of fun. I learned to swim there at a really nice lake and the Bedford Country Club. I remember diving off the diving board into my father's arms. My sisters didn't like to get in the pool, so it was neat that I was doing that and swimming with Daddy. We also went to turkey farms and played in the big yard and made mud pies. The house was built in 1865 and was gorgeous with a lot of character. That brought back some great memories.

Jack was awarded the Legion of Merit (First Oak Leaf Cluster) for his work in the Office of the Secretary of Defense (Pentagon) from July 1967 to July 1969.

The Legion of Merit (First Oak Leaf Cluster) to Colonel John K Walker, Jr., United States Army for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services.

Colonel John K. Walker, Jr., Armor, distinguished himself by exceptionally meritorious service while serving as the Chief of Staff, Special State-Defense Study Group, Office of the Secretary of Defense, during the period July 1967 to July 1969. In this position Colonel Walker served as a key member of this unique State, Defense, Central Intelligence Agency organization. During his period of assignment the Special State-Defense Study Group conducted a wide range of significant strategic studies concerning the United States global policy. Beginning in July 1967, Colonel Walker made significant contributions to a study which examined long range United States national interests in the region of the Near East, North Africa and the Horn of Africa. His exceptional contributions to all critical phases of this study contributed to a successful integration of military considerations with political constraints. Subsequently, during the conduct in the Latin American regional study tasked with developing and recommending United States policies and strategy for that region during the 1968-1973 time frame, Colonel Walker made exceptionally outstanding contributions in the divergent areas of political and economic analysis and military strategic appraisal of Latin America. During the conduct of the United States Overseas Base Requirements Study, Colonel Walker was primarily responsible for formulating the conceptual framework which enabled the Study Group to analyze and develop future overseas base requirements throughout the next decade in relation to various policy-strategy alternatives open to the United States. His personal contributions in the field of research and compilation of what is the most complete compendium of United States overseas bases now in existence were key to the successful accomplishment of the United States Overseas Base Requirements Study. Colonel Walker's efforts in the field of long range strategic appraisal will be felt for many years to come. His truly outstanding performance of duty in this position of great responsibility is the highest traditions of the United States Army and the Department of Defense and reflects great credit upon himself and the military service.

Jack retired from active duty as a colonel in 1969. His decorations include the Silver Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross, Bronze Star Medal for Valor, and Legion of Merit with Oak Leaf Cluster.

Jack was among the first officers to be part of the Army ORSA (Operations Research/Systems Analysis) career program.

*Anne Soukhanov:* Later on, when Nonnie and I were both at GWU, I spent a long evening with her and her suitemates playing with a Ouija Board, of all things. One of her suitemates happened to be a friend of mine

from the Russian department—quite a coincidence. Jack and Pinky's three girls and Nonnie's suitemate came to my 1969 wedding at St. Nicholas Cathedral in DC and the reception. Uncle Jack gave me away—he in his dress blues. It was the second wedding we participated in together!

*Bob Sheldon:* Jack retired from the Army in 1969. Why did he decide to retire then?

*Vickey Badger:* I don't know. I think after Vietnam and coming back to a negative mood in the country, he might have thought of life outside the military. Maybe being bored in the Pentagon. Maybe he was ready for something different.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did your dad tell you why he wanted to retire from the Army then?

*Sara Woodard:* He never got promoted, and it was not going to happen. So he wanted to see where he could make better money with something different.

## **JACK'S SERVICE TO THE RAND CORPORATION (1969-1995)**

Upon retiring from Army active duty in 1969, Jack joined RAND in Washington, DC, where he worked from 1969 to 1995 and earned respect as an analyst and was widely recognized for his numerous contributions to close air support operations. Among the other topics he worked on at RAND were defense planning and a two-Chinas policy, a discussion of USAF radar beacon bombing capabilities, land mine status, Taiwan, nuclear-burst sensing from space, and rethinking defense of NATO's southern region. Jack also co-authored *Concepts of Strategic War: A Basis of a New Approach to Strategic Assessment*.



Jack obtained a master's degree in Management Science from George Washington University (GWU) in 1970.

*Bob Sheldon:* After Jack retired from the Army, he went to work for RAND. Did he do anything else before he went to RAND?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I think that was his first job after retirement.

*Bob Sheldon:* One of the stories that you told before that I found interesting was that Jack didn't like math back in high school and college, because Jack ended up hanging out with people in MORS who like math.

*Anne Soukhanov:* I think he probably outgrew the math phobia, maybe because at VPI where he was exposed to applied math in ROTC courses, wherein he could visualize the reasoning, it suddenly started to make sense.

*Bob Sheldon:* Another indicator: in 1970, he got his master's degree in management science, which is mathematically oriented.

*Anne Soukhanov:* Absolutely. That was from GWU.

*Bob Sheldon:* Regarding Jack's work at RAND, a lot of that was classified, so we don't have access to it, but we have a general idea of the things he worked on - landmines and China and other stuff. Do you know anything about his time at RAND?

*Anne Soukhanov:* I remember hearing about some of his RAND colleagues and friends, but I don't remember any of their names. I know they socialized a lot, and he and Toni used to go out to California periodically, when he had big meetings with the people at RAND out there at their headquarters.



*Vickey Badger:* Our neighbor, Bruno Augenstein, really liked Daddy and introduced him to the RAND Corporation. [Editor's note: Augenstein was a mathematician and former Vice President and Chief Scientist at RAND.]

*Bob Sheldon:* So, he recruited Jack to RAND?

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. Leaving the military life might have been a wise move for my mother as well. My mother grew up (her father was Major General Loughry) and then married into the military and it was hard on her. I think my mother was sort of a casualty of Vietnam, because after all those years ... decades moving and living under the stress of the military expectations. My mother was a very intelligent woman and very driven. She really couldn't have a career or a life for herself. So that was very hard on her, and then to be alone with three teenagers ... it was time.

The military life and the pressures and the expectations. Just the ranks of women, I think all of us became – not women's libbers – but just strong on women and women's rights.

Daddy had to handle a lot of things with my mom, and he handled them very well. This went on and on for many years. He went to GWU and got his master's degree through all this when things were kind of bad.

*Bob Sheldon:* It was a master's degree in management science, which is related to operations research – a little more technical than his agriculture studies at Virginia Tech.

*Vickey Badger:* I know it was at GWU and things had not been so good with my mom. I was the only one who went and saw him graduate. He didn't know I was coming and that was a special time.

*Bob Sheldon:* Was Jack going to night school at GWU while he was at RAND?

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. Just looking back on that, Daddy always wanted to learn. He never stopped learning. And he was always interested in new things, and eventually got interested in the stock market and did very well. When there were new situations he was exposed to, he really jumped in. I always admired that about him.

*Bob Sheldon:* What kind of books did Jack like to read?

*Vickey Badger:* I don't know. We were always so active; we didn't have time to sit down and read.

*Madeleine Mullin:* We always had a "library" in our homes in various states and countries. My father's books were mostly biographies and military histories. I believe that my parents were also members of the Book-of-the-Month Club. And as for music, we had a Magnavox stereo record player cabinet on which Jack played Mantovani, Xavier Cugat, Perez Prado, and Broadway show tunes!

*Bob Sheldon:* The RAND office is in Pentagon City now, but it was in DC near the GWU campus when Jack worked there.

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. I visited him there several times and would go to lunch with him when I was a college student. I remember that I got escorted to his office and he showed me how he had to turn the blinds, so that someone outside could not read what was on his computer. So, I think it was classified information. He was very much into computers back before computers were in. He did a lot of research and writing of articles. I don't remember him doing much pleasure reading. I remember he just was meticulous on details, wherever we traveled all over the world.

He was meticulous and detailed. Daddy bought a train set in the 1940s when he was in Germany. Wherever we were, Daddy always had the train set up, and we would work together putting the trains and entire cities together. Now that I look back on it, it was a good way for him to be with his kids. And he would have a complete little village with all its central business district, houses and churches with a train going through. The train set was a common theme wherever we lived.

*Bob Sheldon:* You mentioned earlier something about horseback riding.

*Vickey Badger:* That was just in Georgia. That was the only time that I did it.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack go horseback riding?

*Vickey Badger:* I don't think so. He loved to ski, and I skied with him a lot. He was always active. We would go off, the two of us, and leave from Washington, DC and drive up to Pennsylvania and ski after school. And then we'd come back that night. We did a lot of things together. He'd take me the boat show - stuff I really didn't want to do - but I just wanted to be with him. We had beagles, so we would go to dog shows. He was a real hands-on dad.

He called us girls the "troops." He'd say, "Come on, troops!" My mom would get really mad that he would call us troops. "They're little girls."

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack discuss his work at RAND with you?

*Vickey Badger:* No. I must've been in college then. I got my master's in urban and regional planning. Somehow, I felt like we were connected a little bit on that level ... systems operations.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did your dad tell you any stories about working for RAND?

*Sara Woodard:* He worked on Base Realignment and Closure (BRAC). He could tell me about that - that they were looking at closing some of the forts and bases all over the world.

*Bob Sheldon:*

What's the story behind that crystal ball photo you sent me?

*Sara Woodard:*

The RAND story is something Madeleine would know. She has lots of information about RAND. She worked at RAND too. She was in the library. They used to drive to work together. She's a librarian in Weston, Massachusetts.



*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack worked at RAND for 26 years and then he decided to retire in 1995.

*Vickey Badger:*

Yes. It took several years for Daddy to retire. My sister Sara and I took Daddy out to dinner, thinking he was retiring, and gave him a Virginia Tech watch; and he decided he didn't want to retire. I don't know when he finally retired. By then he moved to a couple of condos in DC with my stepmother Toni and was always very active on the condo boards.

*Bob Sheldon:*

What do you know about Jack's work at RAND?

*Madeleine Mullin:*

In 1969, he decided to retire from the Army. He had been passed over twice for general. As I understand it, he decided, "Why stick around?" He decided on his own that he didn't want to stick around for the third rejection. So I think he started looking around to see what the next possibility was. What do you do at the age of 55 with - he didn't have a master's degree then. He went to Virginia Tech; not West Point - the ring knockers, as he called them.

As one of my sisters mentioned, we lived in this cul de sac across the street from Bruno Augenstein, who was a big brain at RAND. We all got along extremely well. Bruno had been out in Santa Monica, which is where the headquarters of RAND was. It still is.

There was a Washington office too. My father interviewed there. He got along with everybody, and they figured he could bring in a contribution. He started there in 1969, so there was a little bit of a gap, and it seems to me it was a longer period of time. It was about six months when he decided he wasn't going to stay in the military, and then get a job. So there was a little anxiety. What was he going to do, because he had three daughters and a wife dependent on him? No mortgage; later on he did.

So he worked at RAND, and he loved that, absolutely loved it. It was military, it was in Washington, he was contributing to a bigger cause that he believed in. He was retired from the military, but he was still participating and accepted and honored. It was such a difficult time; if you said you were in the military in 1969, that was like you were a pariah to society. I'm not really sure what he worked on at RAND. Oddly enough, I ended up working at RAND myself. When I graduated from GWU in 1970 with an undergraduate degree in anthropology, which is about as - "Where are you going to get a job?" You just don't. So I went to an employment agency, and they said, "Well, we've got this library assistant job, but it's small and rinky-dink." I said, "Well, that's alright, let's try it. I'll go down." But with an employment agency, they don't give you the information of where you're going until the day of, because they want to get their money. So, the day of, they gave me the address and the name of the organization. I said, "This is where my father works. This is crazy!" I walked in, and they said, "Welcome! Come on in. This is Jack's daughter!" I thought, "Well, I guess I have this one sewn up." It turned out to be really an easy shot for them because I needed a security clearance. And since my father already had one, they'd already done three-quarters of the work. So I was a cheap date for them. They just said, "You're in." And they paid me \$10,000 a year, or something ridiculous.

I was there for two or three years. I didn't work with him. If I got hungry, I could go down and raid his candy drawer, because he loved chocolate. I inherited that gene because I eat probably a pound of chocolate a week. He would eat chocolate ice cream with chocolate sauce on top. And if there were Hershey's Kisses, he'd throw those on top. He ended up being a diabetic, so that wasn't such a good idea. We worked together. That was also during the Daniel Ellsberg papers, when those were released, so that was a little chaotic for all of us.

But as far as I know, he loved RAND and RAND loved him, so it worked out great and was a good match.

*Bob Sheldon:* Can you tell me about some of the people Jack worked with at RAND? Were they engineers or scientists?

*Madeleine Mullin:* Most of them were scientists. One of the questions you asked my sisters was, "How did he get into military operations research?" It was probably through RAND. When did operations research first get started?

*Bob Sheldon:* Operations research started at the dawn of WWII.

*Madeleine Mullin:* So by the 1960s, it was really going. So it's logical that they would have been doing it at RAND already, because they were doing a lot of, "What if?" "What if this happens, what do we do?" "How do we set up Taiwan so it won't be demolished by China?" That sort of thing.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack travel much with his job?

*Madeleine Mullin:* He would go to Santa Monica, but not international. He did a lot of international travel when we were stationed in Leavenworth, because he was teaching. He would take his classes and teach somewhere else. He would do international travel when we were in Norway and also in Paris. Places like Greece and Turkey, because all these souvenirs would come back. Where the heck did these Greek cowbells come from? We've never been to Greece. But somebody went to Greece. But not when he was at RAND.

*Bob Sheldon:* With your work in the RAND library, were you archiving studies that RAND did? Or were you just providing recent books for the scientists?

*Madeleine Mullin:* We had a two-person library, which included top secret documents and regular library books. I don't know whether you're familiar with the US Department of military history; it has WWII history. It's a

blue book series. It's about hundred volumes. Things like that; obviously, not works of fiction. But books pertaining to military history. And a huge vault full of secret documents that either were published by RAND or published by some other military agency that were being used by people in RAND so that they could write their top secret documents.

*Bob Sheldon:* The only document I found on the internet that I knew Jack worked on at RAND was about mining.

*Madeleine Mullin:* I've only been able to find one as well. I thought, well, that's weird. I know he was working really hard. But I think if they were top secret, maybe they're still top secret and they're not released.

*Bob Sheldon:* RAND has a good search capability online, but that's for more current unclassified material that's not more than 30 years old.

*Madeleine Mullin:* Absolutely. RAND has expanded their areas of expertise greatly. It used to be just military, and then it went into education and public works and a lot of other areas.

*Bob Sheldon:* When you went to lunch with Jack, did you go walking around the area by RAND and GWU?

*Madeleine Mullin:* Actually, it wouldn't be so much lunch; it would be chocolate. [Laughing] A three o'clock chocolate fix for both of us. We pretty much kept separate. I think there was a worry of nepotism. I don't know why.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did you carpool to work with Jack?

*Madeleine Mullin:* Yes. For the summer. I actually did it three summers with him in his Volkswagen Beetle. He loved his convertible Volkswagen. I was a Park Ranger in DC for two summers. So I would drive in with him then and for the summer I started at RAND. Then I ended up getting



an apartment with a friend, so after that I could walk to work. It was just down the street. And then I got married, and that was it.

*Bob Sheldon:* What did Jack do when he left RAND? Your sister commented that he sort of retired, but didn't really retire from RAND, and then continued for a few more years.

*Madeleine Mullin:* That's about it, because he was very - I guess the word is "social." He got along with anybody and everybody. If there was a job that nobody wanted to do, he would do it, like all the social committees. "Who is going to set up the retirement event for blah-blah-blah, who's been here for 25 years?" My father would pull together a committee. There would be an incredible feast. Not only that, but he would also usually write up some sort of ditty sung to a song, and he'd hand out the lyrics to everybody, and we would sing about this person and all the exploits that he or she had been through. He was very clever. All I had to do is say, "I'm Nonnie Walker." "Oh, you're Jack Walker's daughter. He is so nice! He is so wonderful." My thought was, "I don't know about that." [Laughing] I saw him on a professional level and on a personal level, so that makes it a little bit more complicated.

*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack introduce you to any of his MORS friends?

*Madeleine Mullin:* No, he did not. My mother died in 1973; he remarried in 1975. I got married in 1971, and I moved to Kentucky in 1973. So from 1971 on, we were going in opposite directions for many reasons.

*Bob Sheldon:* Do you know much about Jack's graduate studies at GWU?

*Madeleine Mullin:* He graduated from GWU in October 1970 with a master's degree in Management Science. The same year I did. He went to my graduation in May/June 1970. I'm trying to figure out why I wouldn't have gone to his. I don't know. A lot was going on in the family at that time, so people showed up at different events and didn't show up at other events.

He was going at the same time as I was, so we would have had some tough times. He and I both pulled a lot of all-nighters for various reasons. He set up a little study in the basement and built himself a desk. I had my desk.

*Bob Sheldon:*

One thing that Anne said that was surprising to me is that Jack didn't do very well in math as a younger man. Then he went to RAND and he worked with the MORS community, which is mostly people who are good at math.

*Madeleine Mullin:*

Exactly. I think he is a prime example of a late bloomer. I hate to be an armchair psychologist. He was the youngest of three. His two older sisters were very smart, particularly the one immediately in the middle, Anne Chilton Walker Cunningham. She was a Phi Beta Kappa - very smart. She taught math. She was a widow very young, and she was a math teacher, trying to figure out how she was going to support a family of three. So she said, "Okay, I'm going to pick the state with the best state schools, and I'm going to Michigan." So off she went to teach math. She applied for a job to teach math at the Ann Arbor high school and did extremely well. Then she received all sorts of honors and was chosen as the first woman math teacher to go to Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire for a year. It was an all-boys school. She was brilliant. So I'm befuddled why he thought he wasn't good at math. I think his sisters took the limelight, and little Jackie Walker showed up. It was like, "Well, you don't know nothing about nothing. You like dogs, and you're sticking snakes in people's drawers, and you're a Boy Scout." I mean, he was an Eagle Scout, so he's no dummy.

The other aspect of math was whenever we needed something, he would build it. I don't know what the zoning rules were in those days in Virginia. One of my sisters needed her own bedroom. So he said, "No problem. We'll just shorten the garage, and we'll just park one car in the garage, the small one. Then we'll take the back half of the garage and I'll make a bedroom for you." He did all the electrical, all the measuring, and it was very nice. Wood paneling too. Two windows, a closet door. You would never have known that a professional didn't build it. He built a doll house for us, which my grandchildren now use. And I actually have the plans for that. It's all measured out. So when he said he wasn't good at math, I think that was just like he never said, "Well, I'm really good at this." He never boasted. He never talked about any of his war experiences. Never. It was just, "Your actions speak louder than words. So just go

through with what you have to do. Do a good job. Nothing less than the best." If you brought home an A-minus, "What's the matter with you?" So I think he was good at math; he just didn't tell anybody. And he was a late bloomer.

## JACK WALKER: FAMILY STORIES

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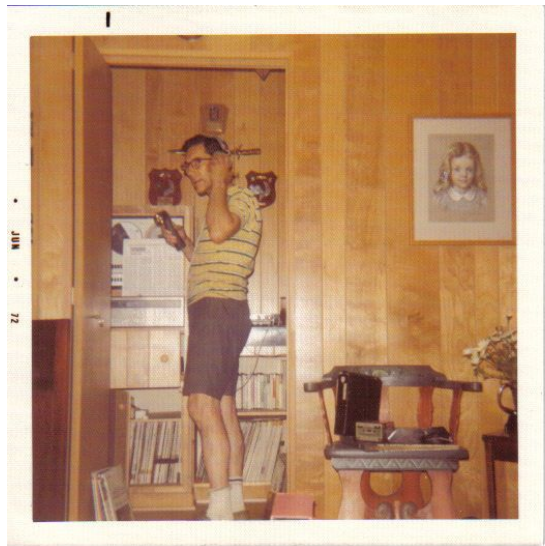
*Vickey Badger:*

Oh, the outfits Daddy would wear! We chalked that up to the military because he always had a uniform on. He would wear those plaid pants and a checked shirt. When he first started dating after Mommy died, we were there and would try to get him dressed. We would say, "Get dressed and come out." And he would come out in mismatched things. "Start over. That's not going to work."

*Sara Woodard:*

Jack loved his music, everything from Herb Alpert to the Rolling Stones. I have attached my favorite photo of him in the bar/music closet in our home at 4032 41st Street in Arlington. This was taken in 1972 and there's an artsy drawing of me on the wall! It was done by a street artist in Paris.

Jack was a hands-on guy! Everywhere we lived, he hand-built items that he and my mother thought would add to the home furnishings, from wood window valences with upholstery to built-in bookcases to a flagstone patio. He also built a separate bedroom at the back of the garage (in our house at 3812



Ridgeview Road) complete with paneling, closet, lighting, rug, etc. This he built for me as I was getting older and still sharing a room with my younger sister.

*Sara Woodard:*

In the summer of 1972, after I graduated from college, Jack – the adventurer - decided to rent this boat with the family and go into the Chesapeake Bay and tool around. The Chesapeake Bay has those little harbors where we could tie up the boat and have a crab dinner. We rented a houseboat for a week. He first had to get trained on operating a houseboat, which he did. We all got on the houseboat with our dog Bozie and with Vickey's boyfriend, who unfortunately had broken his leg two weeks before, so he had a full-leg cast on. It was exciting. It was a wonderful houseboat. We went out into the Chesapeake Bay and visited all the little, tiny towns and had a great time until the second to the last day. We got caught up in a really fast



rainstorm. I think we were under the Chesapeake Bay Bridge, and the waves were crashing. It was terrifying. We had our lifejackets on. And we had the dog, and we had this young man with the cast on his leg. A houseboat is totally flat, and the front of the boat is where the anchor is stored in the anchor locker. That locker and the whole front of the boat filled with water, so much so that the front of the boat started to sink and lifted the propeller out of the water in the back – the stern. We had no steering at all. So we were adrift in these waves in a thunderstorm. I can laugh about it now, but it was quite scary. My father was trying to drop anchor or do something to stabilize the boat. So I got on the radio to get the Coast Guard to help. I was doing that, and he was trying to stabilize the boat. I think everyone else was screaming. We finally got rescued by the Coast Guard. They came over. We were basically on the rocks of some island, and it scraped the bottom of the boat and opened it up like a can opener. The water came in and we kept hitting the rocks. The Coast Guard had to tie us with ropes and pull them into their boat, because they couldn't get that close to us. It was a serious risk. And we had the guy with the cast and the dog. The whole nine yards. So we went off with the Coast Guard and my father said, "No. I'm

staying with the boat.” He didn’t want anyone to come and steal it. So the poor guy spent the night on the boat, which must have been awful. And then we came back and rescued him the next day. That was my houseboat adventure.

*Sara Woodard:*

In addition to being the adventurer, my father also was a very organized person, especially when it came to finances. He kept track of everything dealing with household expenses on spreadsheets before that was even invented or popular. He was an avid investor in the stock market and kept track of purchases and gains/losses. For their birthdays each year, his grandchildren received shares of stock in their names, usually from "fun" companies like McDonald's or Mattel. These stocks grew over the years and the grandchildren's parents (us: Madeleine, Sara and Vickey) used the funds toward college. For that I will be forever grateful!

*Anne Soukhanov:*

Jack’s first wife, Pinky, died tragically and too young. We were very shocked and saddened. But Uncle Jack found somebody else later who was just a lovely lady, and he had a second life, which was good.

*Bob Sheldon:*

In your notes, you talked about how you gave a toast at Jack and Toni’s wedding. Can you talk about that wedding?

*Anne Soukhanov:*

It was very nice. It was at the International Club in DC. I really liked Toni’s family. As many of our family members as could attend did attend, especially the younger generation of cousins who had played together in earlier times. I flew down from Massachusetts and flew back the same night. When I stood up and gave a toast to my “godfather,” with all of Toni’s Italian relatives present, there was a lot of giggling. *[Laughing]* All that because the *Godfather* movie was then out. I was so pleased to see how happy he was. I just loved Toni. She was so genuine, so nice. I felt that he was so lucky that he had two such lovely wives in two very separate and distinct parts of his life. It was great. That night, it was pouring rain, and I had to get to National Airport to catch a shuttle back to Hartford-Springfield. Vickey’s boyfriend at the time was named Ron. I don’t remember his last name. We were all packed in Ron’s car – all of us young ’uns. Ron had a jalopy whose left windshield wiper was about five inches long. He had to drive with his head stuck out the window. What a sight! *[Laughing]* I got there about ten minutes before boarding time and spent the flight reminiscing about a magical evening.

Uncle Jack and Toni's wedding in DC at the International Club. Left to right: Toni's sister-in-law, Virginia Sapienza; Uncle Jack; Toni Sapienza; Burgett Walker; Toni's brother John Sapienza.



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### JACK'S MORS ACTIVITIES (1970S – 1998)

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*Bob Sheldon:* Did Jack talk with you about his activities in MORS?

*Vickey Badger:* Social events and the *Phalanx*. I have his leather-bound set of MORS *Phalanx* issues covering the 12 years that Daddy was editor. This was very special to him, so I always had it in my den. We would know the names of the MORS people. Do you think Daddy got involved with MORS from RAND?

*Bob Sheldon:* Probably. There were several people around MORS from RAND.

*Vickey Badger:* We always knew that MORS was very important to him, and it was part of his intellectual life, and problem-solving thinking, but also the



social side. Daddy met my stepmother Toni from connections at RAND. When he married Toni, he had a whole different life.

*Bob Sheldon:* MORS is a professional society, but people like Jack considered it very much a social group of friends.

*Vickey Badger:* Daddy really liked being a member of a team, and he always liked leadership roles.

I have to tell you about the MORS Jack Walker Award recipient. After Daddy died, MORS developed the Jack Walker award which was wonderful. A couple of years ago, we were down at the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and we couldn't get the Virginia Tech football game on TV at the house where we are staying, so we went to a local bar. I was ordering some drinks for our group at the bar and met two guys who were watching the game. They were in their 30s and had graduated from Virginia Tech; one in operations research. I told him I was familiar with operations research because of my father. And he said, "Really?" And I said, "Where are you working?" He said, "I'm working at this organization. You probably haven't heard of it. It's in Washington, DC - called MORS." I said, "Oh, Military Operations Research Society?" And he said, "How do you know that?" I said, "My father was involved with it." And he said, "Who's your dad?" And I said, "Jack Walker." He said, "Your dad is Jack Walker? I'm a recipient of the Jack Walker Award." He showed me pictures of my father on his phone. That was really fun and such a random connection! Every year on his birthday, I google Daddy's name, and I'll read about the latest recipient of the Jack Walker Award. Very touching award!

*Bob Sheldon:* Do you prefer to go by Madeleine or Nonnie?

*Madeleine Mullin:* I think it's confusing. I've confused everybody all my life, including myself. It depends on who I'm with. Nonnie was a childhood name, but in my professional life as a librarian, I've been Madeleine.

*Bob Sheldon:* What do you do as a librarian?



*Madeleine Mullin:* I've been a librarian in the library field since 1970. I got a master's in library science. I've been with a number of places. You're just outside of DC, so you're familiar with Washington. I was with Covington and Burling law firm; I was a legislative librarian there. Then also with the State Services Organization, which is actually the National Governors Association, the one that most people are familiar with. Then I've been with the Harvard Medical Library here in Boston. And now I'm with the Weston Public Library in Weston, Massachusetts as a local history librarian. That's a broad spectrum.

*Bob Sheldon:* Jack took pictures for MORS. I do the oral histories. Two years ago, my senior mentor E.B Vandiver told me, "We've got to do a bio on Jack Walker." So I tracked down Anne and your sisters and started collecting information. They had letters Jack had written during WWII and Vietnam. The beauty of his letters is he was such a good writer.

*Madeleine Mullin:* That was astonishing to me! Truly astonishing. And I go back and read them.

*Bob Sheldon:* I compared Jack's letters to articles Jack had written for MORS when he was the editor of *Phalanx*. Jack had the same clever way with words in the *Phalanx* that he had in his WWII letters.

*Madeleine Mullin:* He loved a good pun. I got a chuckle out of the *Phalanx Phellows* with the "Ph." He just thrived for it. He would do anything for a pun, no matter how bad it was.

Dick Wiles, Jack Walker,  
and Natalie Kelley



Jack served MORS for over 25 years, serving two terms on the Board of Directors. He was President of the Society (1974-1975), one of the original MORS Fellows of the Society (FS) in 1989 and a Wanner Award laureate in 1990. Jack served as *Phalanx* editor from 1979 until 1991 and Editor Emeritus until his death. In 1999, MORS established the Jack K. Walker, Jr. Award in his honor to recognize the best technical article published in *Phalanx* during the previous year.

According to Steve Murtaugh, FS, Jack, “chaired the 33rd Symposium and was elected President shortly thereafter. When Vance Wanner, Executive Secretary of MORS, died unexpectedly some years ago, Jack moved into the MORS Office, and with the early staff, kept the Society functioning until a new Executive Secretary could be found. Jack made the time to do this even though he was working full time at the RAND Corporation. When Ed Napier, FS, agreed to be the new Executive Secretary, Jack stayed on to work with Ed and make the transition smooth. When we were developing the Society's first Code of Ethics, Jack came forward with all kinds of ethics materials from MORS and ORSA, developed when Jack chaired an ethics working group in early MORS days.”

Perhaps his most notable contribution to the Society was editor of *Phalanx*. During his tenure, *Phalanx* became widely known around the world as the most respected communication medium within the military operations research community.

Among Jack's many *Phalanx* articles was a series called the “*Phalanx* Phellows,” in which a different MORS Fellow is written up in each issue for all the membership to read. As expressed by Wayne Hughes, FS, “The Board created the MORS Fellows, but Jack Walker, FS, created the *Phalanx* Phellows. His column, so full of wit, says worlds about Jack's pixie imagination and devotion to service.”

According to Dick Wiles, FS, in his "Farewell to Jack Walker" published in the March 1998 *Phalanx*: When I came to MORS almost fourteen years ago, Jack Walker was one of the first MORSians (Jack's term) I met. Jack was the Editor of *Phalanx*. I was the new Executive Director. Jack showed me how to put the *Phalanx* together, literally. Jack was not only the Editor but also the Composer. The PC and MAC were just coming on the scene. Composition was a mechanical, not electronic process. Natalie typed the text into columns which Jack pasted (actually waxed) to pages which went to the printer.

After a couple of issues, Jack submitted his first resignation as editor. One of my better decisions that year was to reject his resignation. The following year Jack submitted his resignation to newly elected President Wayne Hughes. Wayne prudently rejected the resignation. It became clear to me that this resignation business was going to be an annual affair. I made it my business when orienting newly elected presidents to tell them to expect a resignation from Jack but to be sure to reject it.

Jack served MORS for over 25 years, including two terms on the MORS Board of Directors. He was First Vice President of the Society from 1973-1974; he was President from 1974-1975 and Past President from 1975-1976. Jack's second tour on the Board was from 1978-1982. Jack was editor for over twelve years (the longest tenure of all the editors). His first issue in August 1979 (Vol 12 No 3) was just twelve pages. His last in December 1991 (Vol 24 No 4) was thirty-six pages. After retiring as editor in 1992, Jack continued to serve as *Phalanx* Editor Emeritus. According to Dick Wiles, FS, "But Jack did not retire fully. He continued as a Department Editor and when MORS found itself 'between editors' Jack pitched in as Acting Editor."

Jack served as *Phalanx* editor from August 1979 (Volume 12, Number 2) until December 1991 (Volume 24, Number 4) and as Editor Emeritus until his death. Jack's background below, as related by Natalie (Addison) Kelly on 15 July 2020.



*Bob Sheldon:*

I want to close out Jack's bio and show what Jack did for *Phalanx*. You worked more closely with Jack on *Phalanx* than anybody else, so I want to get your take on Jack Walker. Jack had been the MORS President from 1974 to 1975, but in his second tour on the Board, he was just one of the worker bees and then became *Phalanx* editor in 1979. When do you recall first meeting Jack?

*Natalie Kelly:*

I met him when I first started there in 1980. I started in October 1980, and I met him early on because there would have been a *Phalanx* in process. And then the first MORS Symposium (MORSS) I went to was December of that year up in Newport, Rhode Island. I know I had met Jack before Newport, because you'll find in the February 1981 issue of *Phalanx* a picture of me with another woman Betty Smith, who was a secretary at the time. Jack took that picture of us at the December 1980 symposium and put it in *Phalanx* to introduce me as the new administrative assistant at MORS.

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#### **NEW FACE IN PLACE**

Recently joining the MORS office staff is Natalie Addison—you may have met her at the 46th MORS. An Education graduate from Virginia Tech, Natalie has worked in the past as administrative assistant to vice presidents of a national architectural/engineering firm, and with consumer health services. She claims interest in travel, running, swimming, and yoga; all of which will contribute to her probability of survival among MORSites. Welcome aboard, Natalie. ▣

*Vickey Badger:*

Is that when you came to MORS – in 1980?

*Natalie Kelly:*

Yes. I knew Jack right from the start, and he was always there with that camera clicking away.



*Vickey Badger:*

That camera was always around his neck.

*Natalie Addison, new MORS aide, and Betty Smith, former editorial assistant*

*Bob Sheldon:*

Jack took pictures at each of those symposiums. Did he pick out which pictures he wanted to include with each of the issues of *Phalanx*?

*Natalie Kelly:*

Yes, he did. He was always taking pictures. Jack put together notebooks for all of the MORS Presidents, and he did one for me on my 10<sup>th</sup> anniversary and one for my 20<sup>th</sup>. All of the pictures he took over the years, he put into big binders, and they were at the MORS office when I left. They go all the way back to at least the late 1970s. I remember looking at pictures of Lorne Greene (the famous actor from the TV show *Bonanza*). It was at Vandenberg Air Force Base before I started at MORS. Amie Hoeber knew Lorne Greene's wife Nancy, who came to the Symposium. So they asked Lorne Greene to be the master of ceremonies for the Wednesday night dinner. I

remember looking at pictures at least that far back in those volumes. Jack put them all together. Those binders are a treasure trove of information.

*Vickey Badger:* He also documented us with slides as we were growing up. We had big metal cases of slides from all over the world. Unfortunately, my sister Sara in New Orleans had some and we lost many of those boxes during Katrina. She had them in a closet, and when she opened it up, there was water in it. She said, "Just don't go there, because I can't even think about it." But at least we still have the memories.

*Bob Sheldon:* Natalie, when you read the current draft of Jack's bio, a couple of things that struck me that maybe struck you. One is Jack worked on his high school yearbook on the layout; and the other is he found that camera when he was in Germany during the war and took pictures then. Is there anything that struck you as relevant?

*Natalie Kelly:* Of course, I was interested in all of his memories of going to Virginia Tech, and also of Bedford and Lynchburg. I grew up in Blacksburg. I have a cousin who still lives on a farm in Bedford, and I have relatives in Lynchburg, so my family was all throughout that area of southwest Virginia.

*Bob Sheldon:* Tell us about working with Jack on the *Phalanx*.

*Natalie Kelly:* We were putting out a *Phalanx* every quarter and I don't think there was anybody before Jack that I worked with. He was already the *Phalanx* editor.

*Bob Sheldon:* Was MORS in that office off of Duke Street in Alexandria, Virginia?

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes, we were. Suite 202, 101 South Whiting Street. When I first got there, the Executive Secretary Ed Napier had an office. We had a little room that had some file cabinets and a worktable and a postage machine. And we had another workroom and then there was one big office where I sat. At that time we had a part-time secretary who

worked a few hours a week. Then as we got toward the symposium, she worked more hours. At that time when I started, we had two symposiums a year. We had one in December and one in May or June, generally, June.

When I started at MORS, the two main things we did in the office were the two symposiums a year and four issues of *Phalanx*. There was no *MOR* journal. We hadn't started the heritage book series. So for those of us in the office, those were our two jobs: two symposiums a year (and we hadn't started the special meetings yet) and four issues of *Phalanx*. It was March, June, September, and December.

*Bob Sheldon:*

Most current members of MORS don't have any concept of what it was like to do a *Phalanx* layout back then. Everything is all computerized now. Can you describe how you and Jack did the layout of *Phalanx* and got it to publication?

*Natalie Kelly:*

When I started there, I was working on a typewriter. It was called a Qyx (editor's note: The Qyx (pronounced "quicks") was advertised in 1980 as "the Intelligent Typewriter") and it was made my Exxon. I had to put a code in before and after a sentence or before and after a paragraph, and if I wanted to make something bold, or if I wanted a capital letter. I had all these codes that were in brackets and braces that I had to actually type in along with the text. Then I saved it on the big floppy disks; back in those days, that's what was in the Qyx, those really flimsy floppy things. I had to save that file by file, article by article. I was actually typing it all.





People would send articles to Jack that they had written. He was a great editor. Sometimes he would say, "Yes, that's too long. I'll just cut from the bottom." Sometimes, he would rewrite it a bit to make it sound better grammatically. He would give me the copy and I would sit there and type and code it in. Then I had to send it file by file over the phone line. I put the telephone into some kind of cradle thing, and then sent it file by file from that disk on the Qyx. It went to a company in downtown Alexandria that received the files, and then they printed it on this slick photo paper. It was just one column. We got the rolls; sometimes the rolls would be a foot in circumference because they printed it and then they gave it to us rolled up. Sometimes they would call and say, "We think you forgot to put a brace or a bracket for this sentence." If I forgot one of the codes, there would just be a whole lot of letters, one to a row, on and on and on. So when I did that, I'd have to resend certain files. It took a while, sometimes, to get the actual print from them. Then we got the corrected rolls back to the office, and I cut the roll up into individual articles. I remember a picture of me on the floor with this long roll. Then Jack would come in, and one of us would make a copy of the articles on the copy machine. We had a room that had old paneling on the wall and a worktable. He would take all the copies of the articles and put a thumbtack in them and stick them up on the wall and look at them, and

he would decide where he wanted to place this, that, and the other. We had these boards that were probably two feet by three feet. Then he had the 8 ½ by 11 page, and he would paste the mock-up on the boards, and he would decide where the 'continued on' page, would be. And then I'd send more type to get those words printed. I had a friend who was a graphics artist who at that time worked



for the Airline Pilots Association as their graphics artist. Jack would prepare the mock-up and then I would take the mock-up and the



rolled up originals, and she would then take it and cut it nicely and place it on the original boards very artistically. And those were what we sent to the printer. Somewhere, there are pictures of Jack standing there by that wall with those articles and mock-up boards.

*Bob Sheldon:* Can you give me an idea how long it took to do all that?

*Natalie Kelly:* It took me at least a week, maybe two, to type and format it and go back and forth. As Jack would get articles in, he would give them to me so I could be working on them. It wasn't like he brought me the whole thing at one time. He would give them to me as he got them, and I could work on them. But it would take at least a week and we would have to wait maybe a day, and then we'd have to get in the car and drive down to Alexandria and get the roll and then we'd see how many mistakes I made and go through the sending and receiving process again.

*Vickey Badger:* It just seems so antiquated. But that was high tech at the time.

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes, it was high tech at the time. It was kind of amazing to me that, "Oh my gosh, I'm sending this over the telephone line." Then Jack would come in. He would spend the better part of a day or two in the office. He would just come over in the office and hang out with us. We kidded around. Cynthia Kee came to MORS in 1987, and when she came, the three of us really kidded around a lot. Jack would spend three or four days coming into the office putting that together, and then once he had it ready, I would get it to my friend, and it might take her five or six days, because she was doing this at night after her day job. That took another part of a week, and then I'd get it back from her and send it to the printer and they would print it. At first, we would get it back in the office and our mailing list was 2,000 or 3000. Originally, we had printed the addresses labels ourselves, but at some point we were able to give a disk with the names and addresses to a mailing house and they printed the address labels. At the beginning, Ed Napier and I would label the *Phalanx* in the office, and we had to sort them by zip code. But I guess he was able to print the labels in zip code order, and then we had to bundle them by zip code. That was another two or three days in the office, us getting all that mailing together and then taking the bags to the post office. There was some form we had to fill out for bulk mailing of them. It was a huge process.

*Vickey Badger:* You gave Daddy the leather bound copy of those. I have all of those in my den.

*Natalie Kelly:* Well, now you can go back and look at them and see what we were doing.

*Vickey Badger:* I will.

*Bob Sheldon:* When were you first conscious that Jack was a Hokie?

*Natalie Kelly:* We must have had that conversation early on. I think that was part of our connection, that we were both from that part of Virginia, and we were both Hokies, and my dad is Hokie. My dad graduated in 1950, and Jack graduated in 1941. Dad would have graduated in 1948, except that his schooling was interrupted by his service in the war. He had to go into the Navy for a couple years. I think all along we had the Hokie connection. I even saw him when he was down at Virginia Tech. Vickey, was it you who talked about his 50<sup>th</sup> reunion, when you went with him?

*Vickey Badger:* Yes, I did.

*Natalie Kelly:* I came into your party, because at that point I was on the Board of Directors of the Alumni Association. We had a meeting there that same weekend. That was his Virginia Tech 50-year reunion – they called the members of the class graduating 50 years earlier the “Old Guard.” It was the same weekend, so I knew Jack and Toni were there. I came in where they were dancing and got to say hi to them in Blacksburg.

*Vickey Badger:* We were with them at the football game, and we stayed at the same hotel. My husband and I, it was also a Delta Gamma weekend, which is my sorority. So I was there for that. We came over to see them, and they were in such a clutch of a dance. He was like, “Go away!” I thought, “Wow!”

*Natalie Kelly:* I got to go in, and they were dancing, and I said, "Hi. Good to see you." They we're having a great time. Jack and I always talked about the Hokie stuff.

*Vickey Badger:* Jack had been in the Corps of Cadets at Virginia Tech. It was a whole different life, very regimented. I don't know if he went back for football games, but after Mommy died in 1973, he started coming to football games with me. I was involved with a fraternity, so we were all drinking, and he's like, "This is not how it was for me!" It was really cold up there, so we were drinking hot Dr. Pepper that we would get from the vendors, and then put rum in it, and it was really good. But it was a different time.

When did you graduate? I graduated in 1975.

*Natalie Kelly:* I graduated in 1974, so we were there at the same time.

*Bob Sheldon:* One thing I find impressive is how much time Jack put into the *Phalanx*. Was Jack still working at RAND when he was the *Phalanx* editor?

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes, that is true.

*Vickey Badger:* Yes. And the other thing that I was reading timing wise, is that my mom died in 1973, and then Jack became President of MORS in 1974. And I just thought, how did he do that?

*Natalie Kelly:* He loved MORS and liked to hang out with all those guys back then, like Dave Spencer, Jack Englund, Charlie Woods, Ed Napier, Steve Murtaugh, Clay Thomas, and that whole crew. Those first five Fellows were such an auspicious group of people.

*Vickey Badger:* I guess they were a good support system for him.

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes, I think so. Do you remember when he retired from RAND?

*Vickey Badger:* Which time? We took him to dinner and gave him a nice Virginia Tech gold watch and all this. And then he went back to work.

*Natalie Kelly:* When did Jack and Toni get married?

*Vickey Badger:* The year after my mom died. 1974.

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes. And they met playing bridge or something, right?

*Vickey Badger:* No. They met through some people at RAND.

*Natalie Kelly:* But didn't they have them over to play bridge? I think they invited them both over to play bridge. That's my memory of what Jack told me.

*Vickey Badger:* It worked well. It was a good match up.

*Natalie Kelly:* Yes. Toni was fun too.

*Bob Sheldon:* Dick Wiles likes to tell the story about how Jack would always want to turn in his resignation from being the *Phalanx* editor, and Dick would always advise the MORS President to refuse Jack's resignation because he had nobody else qualified. Is there more to that story or is it as simple as that?

Natalie Kelly:

I don't think Jack was really serious about it at first. He was just trying to get their goats for quite a while. But then he did get serious about it, and I was very unhappy about that. I said, "Jack, you can't quit! You can't leave me." He said, "I'm not leaving. I'm just done with doing this." By that time, I'm sure he

had retired from RAND, and he and Toni were ready to start traveling and spending the six months in Florida. And he didn't want to be worried about trying to do *Phalanx* from Timbuktu, or wherever they were.

## PHALANX PHOLKS

### Editor's Note



The March 1991 PHALANX was the first issue published in the Washington, DC, area while the Editor was lolling about in Florida. The people who made it possible are listed in the Masthead on this page. Some did more than usual, indeed more than their share, to make this fragmented system work. They deserve special recognition.

Natalie Addison (showing up in her newly defined role as PHALANX Publisher) picked up the slack in space planning, editing and keyboarding the copy. As in the past, she was ably assisted by newly designated Composition Editor Cynthia Kee-LaFreniere, who

continues to devise ways and means of doing things better. These two stalwarts combined with Super MORSian Jim Bexfield and Senior Associate Editor Dee Ritchie (appearing in her first direct involvement) in proof-reading, developing the final mockup, and processing the bulletin through printing and mailing -- not inconsiderable tasks in an office small in both available staff and physical space.

As always, MORS Executive Director Dick Wiles assisted and contributed as needed to keep things on track and on time. The authors were prompt in submitting their copy in good form, so the only delays came in transportation time between the beach and the office.

Thanks, People, for making it work so well throughout the past year, and most particularly, for your effectiveness in the past few weeks. You did it so well that I hardly feel missed, and I thank you for that as well. Please keep up the good work!

-- Jack Walker, FS

Then we briefly had a new *Phalanx* editor. I think he might have actually worked on one issue. By that time, we had hired Mike -- Michael Cronin. Part of Mike's job was getting the *Phalanx* together. At that point, I was relieved of it. And he was going to work with this new guy, but he wasn't able to be the editor after all. So we ended up editing it. And we roped Jack back in. We told him that we needed some help. And he said, "Alright." He did another two or three issues, and then passed the editorship on to Dee Richie.

## Publisher's Note

Many thanks to Jack Walker, willing as always, to jump into the fray when needed. When asked during the June Symposium to take over as temporary editor, he immediately began buttonholing contributors. By the time he left the Symposium, he had the September issue organized and was ready to begin on the December one, if necessary. That won't be necessary since we have appointed the able Dr. Julian Palmore to take over. Jack has already given Julian the benefit of his experience and knowledge and will continue to contribute to the *PHALANX* and to MORS. Many thanks to Jack for being the wonderful PHELLOW he is. And a warm welcome to Julian in his new position.

-- Natalie Addison

Vickey Badger:

How long was Daddy the editor?

*Bob Sheldon:*

It was 12 years. According to our records, Jack served as Phalanx editor from August 1979 until December 1991 and as Editor Emeritus until his death. Jack also stepped in during the summer of 1995 as editor of the September issue.

At the annual MORS symposium, there's a technical component during the day, and there's a social component in the evenings with the Wednesday night socials and other events. From what I've heard, Jack was big on the social component, helping entertain people and keeping things going smoothly.

### Time To Change Editor's Note



It has been so busy recently that there was little time available, not even time to change. But change we must, for events set the pace and events these days are fluid indeed.

Change has been an increasing norm for the past twelve years of PHALANX life.

It was a newsletter in 1979, really a newsletter and little else. But the MOR community changed, became more complex, more demanding, more striving. PHALANX had to change as well. Then an interesting thing happened on the way to the mock-up: with little fanfare, PHALANX began to strive for status as a leader in the scope and direction of change, and to serve as a chronicler as changes were made and accepted.

The principal actors in this were the MOR leaders, consumers, and practitioners who took time to contribute articles, critique their peers, coach the Editor, and lead in the fray where leadership was needed. Their inspirational support was matched by a growing and developing team of actuators who undertook the difficult and made it facile and fun. Especially phun. And pun.

So as change overtakes, my thanks go out to one and all for making this brief spell of editorship into the most memorable period of my career. Keep the good words coming to Dee Ritchie, my most able replacement.



Warmly from Florida

Jack Walker  
Retiring PHALANX Editor

*Natalie Kelly:*

Oh yes, absolutely. Jack and Toni and Cynthia and I would often hang out together at the mixers. We would sit there and talk to Toni while Jack was walking around taking pictures of everybody. I remember being in Monterey, and we were going to get on the bus to go to the Wednesday night dinner party out on 17-mile drive. Jack and Toni said, "Okay, girls." They called us 'girls.' "What time are you going to be downstairs to get on the bus? We're going with you because we know you know where you're going." We hung around with him quite a bit at the social functions. We had a lot of fun with them. He enjoyed it. Sometimes they had dancing, and they liked to dance together. They were a lot of fun. They liked to have a good time and socialize. And they seemed to like to hang out with Cynthia and me. We enjoyed that, too.



*Bob Sheldon:*

I noticed that with Jack's photography, he had two things going for him. One, he could take good pictures; he was skilled at that. The other is he was always so easy going, he could coax people who were rather shy about having their pictures taken. So he was good at both the technical side and the personality side of taking pictures.

*Natalie Kelly:*

He was also very good about being in pictures, because I generally had my camera, too. The photographer is often left out of the pictures, so I always tried to make sure I got some nice pictures of him and Toni too.



*Bob Sheldon:*

I came on the MORS Board in 1995, and by then Jack had pretty much left the area and didn't come to many MORS activities. But I remember his funeral in 1998, and so many people from MORS said that they hadn't known about Jack's military history, and they were so surprised by the mention of Jack's involvement in Normandy and Vietnam. Were you surprised to read about that part of Jack's background?

*Natalie Kelly:*

I too was surprised, because I felt like I knew him well, but I didn't know a whole lot about the war. I found out because one of my sisters worked for the Battle of Normandy Museum Foundation. I knew Jack had been in the war, and she was looking for some historical information about it, and he had some book that he either lent her or gave her so she could do some research. Jack helped her, and that's when I started becoming aware of some of what he had done in the war. But mostly we talked about our families and MORS and vacations. My husband Joe and I spent time with them at Jensen Beach in Florida. We had a wonderful time, saw his N-gauge trains. Joe was fascinated by that, so they took us to a train museum there.



*Vickey Badger:* He was instrumental in getting that going.

*Natalie Kelly:* I remember that. We had fun. We had dinner with them. We talked more about Virginia Tech and MORS and family stuff than about Jack's past history or his history in the Army.

*Vickey Badger:* He was part of that "Greatest Generation" that just didn't talk about it.

*Natalie Kelly:* He was living the life today, and he was a retired Army colonel, but "Let's talk about more important stuff, like what's going on at MORS and our families." Jack was just the most wonderful, kind, loving guy. He talked about his family, how wonderful you all were. He couldn't have been kinder to me and Joe, and to Cynthia in the office. He was good to everyone. When MORS Presidents left office, like Jim Bexfield, he made some kind of a collage of pictures that was hanging on a string. So for each different MORS President, he would give them an album with photos as his going away present to them. It was so cool. He loved doing that.



*Vickey Badger:* He made trophies and individual things.

*Natalie Kelly:* He did. Then when he did retire from being the editor of *Phalanx*, we tried to do it up nice for him at Annapolis.

*Vickey Badger:* You gave him a big poster that had pictures on it and a poem.

*Natalie Kelly:* I remember putting together the notebooks that we gave him.

I really missed him when he decided not to do the *Phalanx* anymore. When they were going to Florida, he and Toni took the auto-train. The MORS office was right off I-95 on their way to the auto-train, and they would stop by on their way and tell the MORS staff, "See you guys in six months." We were like a big family.

*Vickey Badger:* Natalie, were you at RAND too or just MORS?

*Natalie Kelly:* Just MORS. I started at MORS in 1980, and I worked there until I retired in 2008.

*Bob Sheldon:* I heard a rumor that perhaps you can confirm or deny. The color of the MORS Fellows shirt is maroon. Somebody said that Jack had something to do with picking out that color because it's a Virginia Tech Hokie color.

*Vickey Badger:* I bet he did!

*Natalie Kelly:* That's possible. He was one of the original five MORS Fellows. I don't remember that specifically, but I suspect that he put his two cents in on that to Dick Wiles. We started with the staff shirts, and then Dick decided that it would be good to have them for the Fellows and the Past Presidents. And then eventually the members.

*Bob Sheldon:* We're getting ready to wrap up. Do you have any other comments?

*Natalie Kelly:* Jack reminded me of my father, because they both have this wonderful smile and this twinkle in their eyes. They both have a great attitude and loved to go and do. So between that and the

Virginia Tech connection, plus we just liked each other, we connected almost immediately.

*Vickey Badger:* I could see that.

*Natalie Kelly:* We had a really nice relationship.

*Bob Sheldon:* I have one more question that comes from reading the articles Jack wrote for *Phalanx*. He really put an impressive amount of work into the *Phalanx*, as you have testified to. I found one particular article really telling in the September 1990 issue; it's titled "*Phalanx Wins Wanner Award*." This article contains Jack's acceptance of the MORS Wanner Award. In his remarks, he speaks of receiving it on behalf of the *Phalanx* team. So it seems that Jack so strongly identified with *Phalanx* that he equated his winning of the award with "*Phalanx* winning the award." Am I reading too much into this, or is that your impression too?

*Natalie Kelly:* Jack was always one to make sure he gave credit to the other people on the *Phalanx* team. I expect that he probably operated like this in the Army and at RAND and on the various boards where he participated. And I think he sincerely believed that the *Phalanx* team was part of the winning of the award. As we both know, there were many other factors that went into Jack's winning of the Wanner Award. But I guess he wanted to align it with his work with MORS and *Phalanx*. Jack was very kind to the rest of us on the team, and that was quite humble of him.

*Bob Sheldon:* The only time I encountered Jack was when he was running around with his camera taking pictures of people. He seemed to enjoy that.

*Anne Soukhanov:* He took really good pictures of people. He also had a movie camera and so did Daddy. They took 16 mm movies of family dinners and everything. I have a really nice reel of a dinner with Pinky and Jack present, which I want to convert to video and with the help of a lip-reader, try to decipher what they are saying.

*Vickey Badger:* We always had a family Christmas card, where Daddy would take pictures of all of us, wherever we were. So, he did get into the photography.

*Bob Sheldon:* Do you have any parting shots?

*Madeleine Mullin:* Think about how your children would think about you. I know a certain part of my father, as your children know a certain part of you. I think it's difficult for you, writing his oral history, because all of his colleagues are gone. I'm sure there are some out there who would sing his praises. There are probably others who would say, "Yeah, whatever." I think oral histories are difficult. You have to gather a lot of information and drop that person down into their time period, because we're all a product of the time in which we live.

Another thing is the ROTC. Stepping back to see what my father's options were. He would have been going to college in 1938. You know the story about his father who was extremely successful, and then lost everything in the crash and the Great Depression. I think that really stuck with him and my grandmother and my aunt. I still have a basket of string that my grandmother collected. Nothing was thrown away. You never know; you might need that. My father himself used to have an incredible box collection and plastic bag collection. When he passed away, it was like, "Why are we cleaning this out? This is ridiculous!" You never know when you might need it.

But getting back to his options going into college. He didn't want to be a farmer. He didn't want to be a car salesman. He sure as heck did not want to sell funeral items. I mean, that was macabre, if you stop and think about it. Those are stories I'll tell you another day. And it's hard.

I'm married. My husband is from Massachusetts. In Massachusetts, the military is not even considered a profession. Whereas in Virginia, it was very much of a gentleman's profession. He grew up with that. I think Anne Flourney told you about the confederates in the family and ancestors with strong military backgrounds going back to the Revolutionary War. That was considered a gentleman's profession. So since he didn't have a strength in any other area, that

just seemed like the logical thing to do. Then financially, it made a difference if you went into ROTC because the family did not have any money. My grandparents lived with Anne Flourney's parents. They had this huge house which they split. One family lived upstairs and one family downstairs, which I think benefited both of them. I truly don't know how they survived. I mean, they survived just by watching every single penny.

I remember doing the dishes, and I would leave the water running. And it was like, "Oh my God! What are you doing?? That costs money!" "I'm just doing the dishes. You can't turn it off every time you put in a new dish." "Yes, you can."

*Bob Sheldon:* Just to clarify. One of the jokes I heard people tell was about Jack being an agricultural major, and people made jokes about animal husbandry.

*Madeleine Mullin:* I think what's misleading is Virginia Tech used to be VPI, and my mother always called it a "cow college." She went to Smith, so she's had her airs. UMass was just down the street from Smith, and she called that a cow college as well. You can see where he was picked on by his older sisters and his wife, and then he had three daughters who probably didn't appreciate him enough. So he was constantly trying to say, "I'm pretty smart, but nobody's paying any attention."

*Bob Sheldon:* And he was an amateur comedian. People thought Jack was pretty funny.

*Madeleine Mullin:* Oh, yes. And a magician and a very good dancer.

*Bob Sheldon:* What kind of magic tricks did he do?

*Madeleine Mullin:* Well, I don't know whether you would call it magic. He did several ones with bending a spoon. They're actually sleight of hand. But he would do some magic, nothing that I can specifically remember, but he would get books on magic and try to do things, like pull things out of a hat. Kind of the classics. He would do sleight of hand and optical

illusion. You can take a spoon, even a pencil, and just, I mean this is to entertain three kids when we were in a restaurant. And another one, which it would have to be a certain type of restaurant, if they served pats of butter, he would very quietly have it in his lap on a cloth napkin, and then he would flick it up, and it would go up to the ceiling. *[Laughing]* And then it would come back down on somebody's head. That's more of a jokester. Then we'd all sit there and watch it to see whose head it's going to land on. My mother, of course, was mortified. He was very good with little kids – the old pulling the nose trick and shaking hands, so it was like a fish and just kind of funny things to put you at ease.

*Bob Sheldon:* I'm really sorry I didn't get to know Jack better.

*Madeleine Mullin:* You would have laughed.

I want to congratulate you on making this a very comfortable process. I appreciate what you're doing. I have a new grandson who is Benjamin Walker Lynch. Not that my granddaughter Abby Marie Obando won't appreciate it also. She's probably the one who's going to end up in the military. It will be very wonderful for them and our daughters as well.

*Vickey Badger:* You know what he did. He was also on the Board of Directors of all the condos he was in, and he was in leadership roles in that too. Even the night before he died, or the night before he went into the hospital for his lung surgery, he was trying to read and correct the minutes of this co-op association. And I thought, "Wow!" That's your last days. That's crazy. One other thing that comes to mind. He was also very technical and into computers, before computers were big, and had the process of little files here, and he could visualize them, and I understood what he was talking about. He had his funeral on there, and everything all planned out. But what he didn't plan out is none of us knew the password, so we couldn't get in. So we had nothing to go by, other than what was printed out.

Jack died on January 29, 1998, in Stuart, Florida of complications following lung surgery. Jack was interred at Arlington National Cemetery July 17, 1998.

**WALKER, JOHN KEY, JR**



Birth Date:	06/02/1919
Death Date:	01/29/1998
Interment Date:	07/17/1998
Branch of Service:	US ARMY
Section:	8
Grave:	8764