

Duty



"Remember that being a citizen is a practice, not a status, and that to do your part will require you to assume responsibility, to embrace and practice the idea of duty, and it will require a measure of personal sacrifice."

Conrad M. Hall

Dear Jim,

Congratulations on your graduation from the United States Naval Academy—what a special accomplishment!

I am certain that the Academy has prepared you well for your future service, but I thought it couldn't hurt to share some thoughts with you based on my sixty-some years, and all of the discussions I had with Jack and all of the letters and diary entries he had concerning military leadership—not to mention my son Bruce who graduated from West Point about nine years ago.

When applicable, I will directly quote Jack's writings or comments. Some of his most poignant thoughts were embedded in much longer letters to my mother, my sisters, or me. Some of his thoughts were directly attributable to others like my father, his teachers and coaches, and fellow officers and airmen. I think a good deal of his thinking, though, was arrived

at by the tried and true method—on his own!

Please take these thoughts for what they are worth, and apply your own personality and experience to shape and apply them. (Having been in the 'private sector' for all of these years, I would add that just about all of what Jack observed and thought from his military experience has a civilian corollary and that most of these points hold there, too, though, admittedly, to varying degrees.)

Jack understood the value of teamwork: "We are stationed right in the middle of the area of England where all the American 'heavies' start out to bomb Germany. I happen to be a group operations officer, which causes me to plan and dispatch all of our combat missions. I lead many of these missions as a command pilot, or in other words, I become the pilot that goes along in the lead ship to take care of command decisions en route to and from the target. The training the various crews have received and their ability to handle successfully situations which may arise are of great importance to me. Beyond this I am concerned about the welfare and spirit of our team.

"A new crew comes to us composed of ten young men excited and eager for battle and scared plenty also. After a few practice missions and lots of advice from the old timers, they are ready for their first 'briefing' and combat mission. They report very early with the other crews to the briefing room and from the

excited, scared looks on their faces it's quite easy to pick out the newcomers.

"The briefing starts. The information is released about the target, strength of force, fighter support, and expected enemy opposition. Then all is quiet and the Chaplain is called to have prayers. Many of the crew members present have been trained to be killers, yet at this moment their religion and background come to the front and give them strength, courage, and confidence that can be acquired in no other way."

Here is what Jack said in a letter to me about the inscription on the stick, 'You must first master yourself before you can lead others,' "...I know now, more than ever, what the inscription on our stick meant. I find myself in a constant battle overcoming fear. I think all of us who serve here in any capacity realize the full magnitude of the tasks at hand and know the perils of our missions. To not recognize the danger and accompanying fear would be foolhardy. Yet to be paralyzed by it would be equally foolish. So we have all developed our own methods of pushing our fears out of our minds. We use 'tricks' to stay focused. We know that our work is dangerous—but we also know that we train well and are prepared to execute under difficult conditions. Confidence, preparation, faith in God, and hard work can go a long way in relegating fear to its proper place. Only after we have mastered this technique, can we truly lead our aircrews."

I find this true in the civilian world. Mastering and conquering doubts and fears is a life-long process. Knowledge of self and seeking ways to improve one's self is absolutely critical to success in any field.

Jack had an impeccable sense of duty—one that I am certain you hold, as well. He wrote to my mother "...my duty here is simple. You know that father frequently implored us to 'give more to our country than we take.' Despite all of the time I have spent here and the number of missions I have flown, I still think that I owe my country more of what I can offer. I simply cannot imagine leaving here before the war comes to an end. I will do my best to perform my duty well."

I have found resilience to be a critical trait. This kind of persistent perseverance is a principle by which a select few choose to live. Our country has produced some of the most resilient men: George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and General Chamberlain, just to name a few. While compromise is sometimes crucial, these men did not settle on deals easily. They stood their ground, and our country has obviously greatly benefited. Learn all that you can, but stand for that in which you believe. It will pay off, trust me. I challenge you to live a life where your reputation is a resilient one.

"...we find ourselves having to bounce back from so many setbacks. I never could have imagined how difficult this task would be. These challenges presented in wartime

situations would be difficult—if not impossible—to compare to other challenges I have faced. We must overcome a variety of challenges—mechanical, personnel, tactical, weather—you name it. Yet our men find a way to drive past disappointment and loss to"

My own experience mimics Jack's and I agree with him that conditions in war zones cannot be replicated. I would add, though, that 'peacetime' environments—jobs!—frequently produce their own set of vexing problems and issues that require tremendous focus, commitment, courage, and strength.

Finally, Jack and I seem to agree on the tremendous value of a positive attitude. He wrote, "Our men continue to do a remarkable job in the face of many difficulties and stresses. Our group has lost several airplanes and crew in the last two weeks. It is always difficult to receive such news. I do my best to keep the men of our group optimistic and focused on the task at hand. We clearly mourn these losses, but try to dedicate our current and future work to those we have lost along the way. They deserve that much. A way that we attempt to keep positive is by recognizing our grief, addressing it, and working through it together. We will always have each other on whom we can rely, and I have tried to make that clear for my men. I recognize that they have so much work to do and they pay attention to such minute, but important, details that I take some of the extra burden. They need not worry about

things that are out of their control. All I ask is that they focus on the current obstacle, attack it wholeheartedly, and come out winning."

I have also realized that there is no need to degrade someone in front of his peers. While we all make mistakes, I encourage you to deal with those situations in a private manner. Team morale and all around respect will go through the roof if you praise individual and team feats in public, but leave the criticisms for meetings behind closed doors. I think your men will respect your leadership and appreciate your advice if you take that approach.

Perhaps the last two lines of Jack's favorite poem will be of some inspiration to you as you engage the daunting tasks of service and leadership that lie ahead. It is from *Invictus* by William Ernest Henley (1849–1902):

I am the master of my fate:

I am the captain of my soul.

I will, of course, attempt to share more and more of Jack's thoughts with you as you take to the air in defense of our country.

My thoughts and prayers go with you.

All my Best,

Doug

Los Angeles 1932



*"You only lose when you allow yourself to be defeated.
Prepare (practice hard), be disciplined, know your opponent,
and above all, want it!"*

Bob Bianchi

Upon Red Hawk's arrival on the next full moon, Robbie had given some thought to his questions.

"Hi, Red Hawk!" Robbie began.

"Hi, Robbie. Is there anything you might want to look at on our trip tonight?"

"Well, I have been thinking about the carvings that Jack did on the stick—the Olympic rings. Do you think we might be able to see some of that part of his story?"

"I think we can do that. But I think we should start that part back in Baltimore. You see, Jack's team at Hopkins had to play a qualifying tournament to represent the United States in the 1932 Olympic Games—very much like the men who played in 1928. Let's go take a look at that part first, O.K.?"

"Great!"

"Well, Robbie, Jack and his Hopkins teammates entered this tournament with the Crescent Lacrosse Club of Brooklyn, NY, the Onondaga Indians, Rutgers University, Syracuse University, St. Johns College of Annapolis, Maryland, Mount Washington, and the University of

Maryland. Army had a strong enough team to be considered but ended up declining the invitation due to military obligations. The format was used to generate some much-needed funds to help the team travel to the Games in California. Hopkins has beaten St. Johns and the Crescents. This is the final against the University of Maryland.

"Maryland is up four to three in the second half. There's Jack." Red Hawk gestured. Having seen him now several times with Red Hawk, Robbie quickly identified Jack. Red Hawk allowed his friend to watch the play from there.

Shortly after Red Hawk and Robbie settled into the scene, Jack received a pass, made a quick dodge to the goal, and got off a shot before the defense could turn him away from the cage, tying the score at four. Maryland then went up by a goal again and Jack made the exact same move with the exact same result, again tying the game—now at five. Jack's linemate, Don Kelly, a brilliant player in his own right who would become a four-time All-American and Hall of Famer, tallied Hopkins' last two goals to secure the hard-fought 7–5 win.

"That looked a little bit like the Poly-Navy game a few years ago when Jack was so good at the end of the game!" Robbie observed.

"I would say so, Robbie. Very similar. I think you are beginning to see that when things are at their toughest out there, Jack somehow seems to make big plays. I think Jack takes his position of responsibility as captain very seriously."

"So that's how Hopkins was chosen to represent the United States," Red Hawk continued as he moved the scene forward a few weeks.

"The team traveled by train across the country and actually missed the opening ceremonies. But they made it here to Los Angeles. The teams from England and Australia were

scheduled to be here, too, but had to cancel due to the effects of the world-wide Great Depression. I think Jack and his teammates realize how fortunate they are to have been able to travel here, even during the Depression, and are all very happy to be here.

"So here we are at Olympic Stadium—it is now called the Los Angeles Coliseum—August 7, 1932 as part of the XX Olympiad."

Robbie scanned the crowd—by far the biggest one he had ever seen or been a part of—over 80,000 people. Most of the people in attendance didn't realize that lacrosse would be played, but they were there to enjoy the men's Marathon Race! These fans must not have known they were one of the biggest audiences before whom these athletes with helmets and sticks, not just running shoes, would perform.

"The format of the tournament changed when England and Australia announced that they would be unable to participate," Red Hawk shared. "So a three game series was scheduled between Canada and the United States. Since lacrosse here is officially called a demonstration sport, the tournament is being called the World Championship Series.

"I think I should point out one of Jack's teammates that you have heard of. There he is—Pete Reynolds," Red Hawk pointed to the right end of the field. "I'll tell you more about him later—but for now, please watch him during this tournament. I think you will learn a lot by just seeing him play, Robbie."

The boys watched as Jack walked out to the center of the field to take the opening draw on a beautiful, sunny day.

As he arrived at the center mark, Jack happened to look down and found a penny partially exposed in the earth. He bent down to pick it up and noticed the date on it—1910—

the year of his birth!

Jack took this as a good omen and slipped the penny into the small crevice in the index finger of his left glove.

Robbie saw this small gesture and wondered what just happened, but as play began, Robbie's attention shifted as he noticed that none of the Canadians were wearing protective headgear and that all of the players were playing both ends of the field and asked Red Hawk about it.

"Why are they all playing the entire field—don't they have an offside rule? And no helmets?"

"No helmets. I guess they feel like they don't need them, Robbie. You may not know this, but helmets were not used until at least 1923 throughout the United States and even then intermittently. And as for the offside rule, the Canadian rules are different. The offside rule was only put into use in the United States not too long ago in 1921," Red Hawk stated. "So the Hopkins players will have to adjust to the new style."

Robbie noticed the extremely rough play of both teams, particularly in front of each goal where there seemed to be far too many players. He had seen some very rough play in the Poly-Navy plebe and the Mount Washington-Crescent games, but this was at an entirely different level of intensity. Players were knocked to the ground on nearly every loose ball and shot. It seemed that any attacking player who got within ten yards of the goal was gratuitously upended.

The United States trudged through the game to earn a 5–3 victory and a one game to none lead in the series.

Robbie and Red Hawk were quickly taken to a scene two days after this game took place and they watched the two teams play again. It turned out to be another brutal game physically as

each team tried to outdo each other's physical challenges. Late in the game, the U.S. scored a goal that was quickly disallowed that would have tied the game.

"Why did they disallow that goal," Robbie begged Red Hawk.

"I don't really know, Robbie. In all my discussions with Jack, he was never able to determine why, either. Canada managed to hold on for a 5-4 win, sending the series to a deciding third game scheduled for August 12th."

The boys watched the game and Robbie was particularly impressed with the USA goalie, Fritz Stude. The Canadian team had to end the game fifteen minutes early to catch a boat back to Vancouver so Hopkins won 7-4 to earn the gold medal.

"Wow! That American goalie was fantastic!" Robbie observed.

"They can be the difference in a game like that, Robbie. I am glad you noticed how well he played."

Red Hawk shared with Robbie that the team enjoyed some social engagements while in Los Angeles and then moved the scene to the train ride back.

Jack sat on the train by himself as he and his teammates had scattered around the coach for more room. Everyone's sore legs were stretched out into the aisles and onto other seats as the boys caught some much-deserved rest. Some read, some tailored their sticks, but most were unresponsive as the motion of the train rocked them into a deep sleep.

Jack had brought Red Hawk's stick with him for the

trip and as he sat holding the stick, he pondered the good fortune that had continued to grace his life. He was now twenty-two years old, had spent two years on the Mount Washington club team, just graduated from Johns Hopkins in three years, been named All-State in football at Hopkins and First-Team All-America in lacrosse three times, earned his pilot's license, and just days before, had captained his team to a World Championship at the Olympic Games. He thought of the many people who had helped him. He considered the Olympic championship among the greatest moments of his life. As Jack carefully etched into the stick the Olympic rings, his mind traced back over his life and placed a name and a face with virtually every person who had helped and supported him, beginning, of course, with his family, but quickly including his teachers, coaches, ministers, teammates, and Red Hawk.

Jack thought that this Olympic fame would be short-lived, and the experience would come to an end when he and his teammates stepped off of the train on the east coast, but to top off the incredible journey, the Hopkins contingent was invited to the White House to meet with President Herbert Hoover on September 7th.

"Robbie," Red Hawk began, "I think you know a little about the Turnbull Award—particularly through Captain Lewis—but Pete Reynolds—the player I pointed out the other day is also held in immortality by his teammates."

Robbie quickly interjected, "Right—Coach Scott told us about him. He survived the Bataan Death March only to die on that transport ship?"

"That's right, Robbie. What a tragic story. The '32 team established a Trophy to be awarded annually to a Hopkins lacrosse player to recognize sportsmanship and leadership—the two shining traits of those two men. It is still

awarded today. In fact, for many decades, a player from that team was usually present at the Hopkins awards ceremony to make the presentation."

"Thanks for the trip, Red Hawk. It was great."

"Glad you enjoyed it. I'll see you soon."

Greatest Possible Gratitude



*"Cultivate the habit of being grateful for every good thing that comes to you,
and to give thanks continuously.*

*And because all things have contributed to your
advancement, you should include all things in your gratitude."*

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Dear Robbie,

Enclosed is a copy of a letter that Jack wrote to General Chamberlain's daughter, Daisy Allen, in 1932. There will be more to come. I hope you will enjoy it.

My very best.

Warmly,

Jerri

Robbie opened the enclosed letter.

August 30, 1932

Dear Miss Daisy,

I write to thank you, once again, for your warm and generous support over the past

eighteen years and particularly your thoughtful letter and graduation gift. Please forgive my delayed and ungentlemanly response, but shortly after graduation, I began to train with my team to prepare for and then travel to Los Angeles for the Olympic Games, which I will describe shortly.

First—thank you! I am so overwhelmed by your generosity of spirit in sending me the belt buckle worn by your father during the Civil War. I have received no greater gift in my life. I shall wear it proudly and endeavor to conduct myself in a manner of which the general would be proud.

Also, I have already devoured the wonderful book that you sent, your father's memoir, *The Passing of the Armies*, on my trip to Los Angeles.

I am honored and humbled beyond words to have been the recipient of such generous and thoughtful gifts and your continued support.

The last couple of years have been truly amazing for me. In addition to graduating from Johns Hopkins, I earned my pilot certification, and was part of a gold medal-winning lacrosse team that participated in Los Angeles.

I am not sure how much you have heard about the tournament, but I will attempt here to enlighten you to the best of my knowledge. Our team at Johns Hopkins University was chosen to represent the nation in the Olympics. This was such an incredible honor in the first

place, and playing in Los Angeles was a great experience. We truly grew as a team and realized how much lacrosse can do for us. We played for everyone on the field, wearing red, white, and blue, but also for all of those who came before us, and for everyone to come after, even long after we are gone. Our games against Canada were emotional and intense, because we have such a great rivalry. I forget all the details. But it was fun!

I know that this country is a magnificent place and I feel privileged to have represented the United States and everyone who is a part of our nation as I wore the red and blue on my lacrosse uniform.

In other news, I am glad to tell you that I have read every book—cover to cover—that you have sent me all these years and I have them arranged by order of receipt on a special shelf in my library.

I hope you know how much I treasure the relationship that Doug and I have had with your family. Your father's act of kindness to Doug has affected me tremendously—and has changed my life in ways I simply cannot believe.

I know that you are aware of my connection to Red Hawk through this stick. I have enclosed a copy of my diary entries of some of the visits that Red Hawk has provided—particularly those related to your father, Gen. Chamberlain. By my count, it is

around twenty! I hope you will enjoy them and I hope they may spark fond memories of him for you.

Enclosed you will also find the participation medal presented to me at the Olympic Games. I send it to you as a token of my gratitude and respect for you, your father, and your family and for all of the kindness and support you have rendered upon me, Doug, and our family all these years.

With the Greatest Possible Gratitude,

Jack

Beautiful Beyond Description



"Everyone makes a difference. It's up to each one of us what the difference is."

W. Brooke Tunstall

Red Hawk took Robbie to the Turnbull house in Baltimore about two weeks after Jack returned from his Olympic experience in Berlin, September 9, 1936 and began to describe the scene.

"Robbie, Jack has recently returned from his trip to Berlin and his parents invited the entire family and some special friends for dinner and asked Jack if he could regale the family and guests with details about his experience."

After dinner the family adjourned to their den where Doug, senior introduced Jack.

"We are so glad all of you are here tonight," Doug began. "Thank you for coming. I hope that you know that all of you have meant so much to Jack over the years and he would not be the young man he is today without your support. Each of you has had a special influence on him in your own unique way and have made a difference in his life. Mum and I are so grateful for all you have done for Jack—as well as our other children.

"We asked Jack if he could share some of his experience with all of us and he has kindly agreed. Jack, we are extremely proud of all you have accomplished—but mostly for the

young man you have become. We are very excited to hear about your travels."

Jack stood in front of the guests and began modestly, "Well, dad has just said what I would have said—thank you to all of you for your support. I hope that I will be able to repay you at some point in the future. For now, I think all I can do is take the goodness you have rendered upon me and try to pass it along as best I can. Thank you."

"Well, as far as my trip goes—wow! I kept a detailed diary of my travels beginning at the end of July and going through the end of the trip around August 25. If you don't mind, I have reviewed the diary, highlighted some of the events, and can embellish upon them. We'll save time at the end for questions," Jack closed with a smile.

"Most of you have heard me speak about my experience in Los Angeles. This one could not have been more different—in just about every way. Overall, I had a wonderful experience—but everything about this event was so much more serious and generally lacked the incredible amount of fun we had in L.A.

"I can probably start with the composition of our field hockey team. We were all selected through a tryout, so few of our players had any friendships or experience playing together. In L.A. we were all teammates from Hopkins and entered the tournament with an incredible bond.

"All of the guys worked hard to get our team to gel—but it was just much more difficult. And as a country, we are not particularly strong in field hockey—so we struggled in most of our games. It was still a truly great honor to be a part of the United States team.

"Another difference was the way we traveled. In going to L.A., we took a train all the way and had a great time.

This time we were on an ocean liner and, since I didn't know my teammates very well, I spent a good amount of time sunning on the deck and doing some exercise. I read quite a bit—including The Epic of America.

"Believe it or not—the one thing that probably disappointed me the most was the poor mail service! Since I had quite a bit more down time than I am used to, I was hoping the mail would come more regularly—but it didn't. And some of the mail had been opened by German officials and resealed!

"I guess the biggest difference was Germany itself. We stayed in a nice Olympic village about fifteen miles from Berlin—and we had just about everything we needed right there in the village. I traveled to Berlin a number of times to watch other events—mostly swimming. There were uniformed soldiers all over the place rendering the Nazi salute. They were all very stoic. They had a military band playing the entire time from nine in the morning until five at night—which began to wear on us after a while. The country itself was beautiful—but things were much, much more relaxed and fun in Los Angeles.

"I'd love to say that the field hockey was the best part—like the actual lacrosse was in L.A., but the best part for me was the travel and the places we visited which I will discuss in a little bit.

"I have a couple of passages from my diary that I would like to read directly. This was from our trip over:

'About seven o'clock we got to the tip of England—called 'Land's End' and from there on we were in the English Channel and had the interesting shoreline to watch. Every little while we could see a castle perched up on the high banks and always those rolling green hills with a row of trees dividing the fields now and then. I think of all the European countries or at least the ones

on this side, I would rather tour the British Isles than any. We passed many little fishing boats and freight steamers. About four o'clock we got to Plymouth and that really is a beautiful little city. There are three forts guarding the harbor and a castle on the point. We couldn't go into the harbor but we could see plenty from where we were. The towns of England seem so planned in their layout and they are immaculate. Everything is so clean.

"Just before leaving, a Spanish galleon sailed by. It looked just like a pirate ship and even had the guns out the side. I later found out it was an exact duplicate of Sir Francis Drake's flagship, the Golden Hind, and that it was sailed twice a year to keep the seams tight. We were lucky to be there at the time. What an opportunity, that we were able to see it.

'August 2. After lunch, we went to the stadium to see the first races. The stadium was jammed in spite of the threatening rain. Jesse Owens broke the world record for the 100 meter and looked like he was coasting....The fuehrer was there and shook hands with all the winners ...Got home late from the stadium and just finished supper. That moon looks awful swell, all round, coming up through those trees. Guess I better get to bed before I start wondering where all those letters are that haven't come.

'August 4. Went back to the stadium and saw more records broken. Jesse Owens has broken the world record in every event he has been in. He is an incredible athlete! I hope to have the honor of meeting him while we are here, representing the same country.

'Jesse Owens is great. I have yet to meet him, but

watching him from the stands is so incredible. He runs with such ease! I wish I could do that. He is so graceful, but swift. He makes his competitors look like they are running through water, but not a muscle is tense on his face. He is truly a spectacle.

'August 12. Went to Potsdam the other day and I kicked myself for not studying more history. The other fellows knew all the stories connected to Frederick the Great and the castle at San Soucci, etc. but I couldn't remember it and could only appreciate it from the artistic view. We went on a little river steamer and although the weather was bad as usual, the trip was beautiful. The banks are completely utilized with castles and homes. All beautifully taken care of and planted with silver birch and weeping willow. It is an impressive sight in Germany to see the way land is so completely used. There are no tall buildings but every piece of land, no matter how small, is being lived on. There are thousands of little shacks that have only a room but are as neat as can be and immaculate. Along the river the lots were bigger, maybe an acre or two, but every inch of the ground beautifully taken care of. Potsdam is a beautiful old city and the gardens of San Soucci are beautiful beyond description. We went through all the palaces and gardens and must have walked ten miles. The buildings are beautiful, but the gardens are the most beautiful part in my estimation.

'Heard the Berlin Philharmonic last night here at the village and it was marvelous. They played in the birch cluster at the foot of the hill and were lit by torch light. The setting was perfect and I have never been more thrilled by music. Afterwards the fireworks they had were unbelievable. They far overshadowed the fireworks

*of the first night and they were the best I have ever seen.
I can't describe them but they were wonderful.'*

"I think that my overall experience was as compelling as Los Angeles. I was so proud to represent my country. The excitement and pride that I experienced in winning the gold medal in L.A. equaled my frustration in not doing as well this time in field hockey.

"The difficulty I had in communicating with all of you back home was extremely frustrating. But it also helped me realize all the more how much my family and friends mean to me. I think I learned to become more patient on this trip. I really didn't have a choice.

"I don't think there is any way to replicate the cultural experience of seeing the sights of such rich history and beauty. I experienced art, architecture, music, and other aesthetics on a scale that I didn't know existed and for that alone I am glad of this trip. At the same time, I began to see the whole world coming together as one, and how incredible that really is. However, I saw hatred at the same time, between countries and between people and I did not like seeing that.

"I'll never be able to thank you all enough for your support—though it didn't come in a timely fashion due to the mail," Jack paused and smiled, "it means much more to me than you probably think. Thank you."

Red Hawk and Robbie waved goodbye to each other for another month.