

## Star Flags



*"You have to be thankful and lead your life in a way  
that people can look to it as an example."*

Mark Johnson

Former NHL and Team USA hockey star

Head Coach, University of Wisconsin Women's Hockey Team

Robbie and his parents met Captain Lewis once again at the Mount Washington Tavern in Baltimore. The last time they gathered there, Lewis and Robbie's family met with Stewart McLean, U.S. Naval Academy, Class of 1946 and the first recipient of the Turnbull Award. This time they gathered to meet Bob Scott.

Lewis handled the honors. "Robbie, John, Mary, Catherine, I'd like you to meet Mr. Bob Scott."

The group all shook hands and made their way to a table for lunch.

"Robbie, Coach Scott played at Johns Hopkins and, after some time in the army, was later the head coach there for twenty years and then Director of Athletics for another fifteen. He coached some great teams and players at Hopkins—though we were somehow able to beat them three times while I was at Navy," Lewis offered a smile at Coach Scott.

"That was a tough stretch for us, Jim," Coach Scott conceded.

Lewis continued, "Coach Scott is a member of the National Lacrosse Hall of Fame and widely considered as one of the greatest coaches the game has seen. Beyond that, I must say from knowing him for all these years, everyone who has ever interacted with him will tell you that you will never meet a finer gentleman."

Scott sat modestly as Lewis regaled his guests but then politely steered the conversation toward the family.

"Thanks, Jim, but I think our lunch here today is about Robbie and his family."

The Joneses immediately felt the warmth and sincerity that Coach Scott exuded. "Robbie, it is a great honor and privilege to be with you and your family today. I understand from Captain Lewis that you are now in possession of a very special lacrosse stick. I have to tell you that I knew nothing of this stick until very recently when Jim called me to arrange this meeting. Can you tell me a little bit about it?"

"Yes, sir. Well, the stick has belonged to several people over the last two-hundred-and-fifty years or so, beginning with a Native American named Red Hawk. Captain Lewis passed the stick along to me about a year and a half ago. I have it here in this bag, if you would like to see it."

Scott beamed in delight as he listened to Robbie's story. "I would love to see it!"

Robbie slipped the stick from its leather bag and

gently handed it to Mr. Scott, who stood, as if greeting a person, to receive it. Just like all of the previous stewards, Scott's eighty-four-year-old hands tingled as he held it.

Scott slowly sat back down, still holding the stick. Robbie continued, "The carvings on the shaft were done by the previous stewards." Scott pulled out his reading glasses to inspect the carvings.

"And I have been able to *meet* with Red Hawk...", the boy paused as he saw Coach Scott look up at him with great curiosity. Robbie took his cue from his parents and Lewis to continue, "... in my dreams on each full moon...and he has taken me to places...to see some of the history of the stick and the people who have had it."

"Well, I'll be darned!" Scott exclaimed. "In all the years I have been involved with the game, this is the most amazing thing I have ever heard." He looked at Lewis in utter amazement. "So you were the steward before Robbie, Jim?"

"Yes, sir, and it's all true, Coach," Lewis confirmed. "Very few people know of the story of this stick and its magnificent powers."

"Well, thanks for including me in that group. Why would you share this with me?" Scott asked.

"I thought it might be helpful for Robbie to meet you because you know quite a bit about the person who passed the stick to me in 1959," Lewis teased with knowing eyes.

"In the last eighteen months or so Robbie has learned quite a bit about the stick—but there is still so

much more to know. I think you can help him a lot."

Scott's mind was trying to process all of what he had just heard. He looked at Robbie, "Do you know who presented the stick to Captain Lewis, son?"

Scott braced himself.

"Yes, sir.... Doug Turnb..."

"*Doug Turnbull?*" Scott yelled as he nearly jumped out of his chair even before Robbie had said the full name. "Son of a gun! I knew Doug for fifty years!"

The table erupted in laughter.

"Son of a gun! Son of a gun! Jim, this is too incredible. Doug never gave even a hint of this story to me. How is all of this possible?"

"It's all true, sir," Lewis coughed out over his laugh of delight.

After Coach Scott caught his breath and regained his bearings, Lewis nodded to Robbie. The boy took Lewis's cue to continue and began to add softly as to ease yet another assault on Scott's sensibilities.

"Doug's brother Jack also shared the stick with him—so I have gotten to *meet* both of them through Red Hawk."

Scott howled again. "Jack, too? I'll be darned! Son of a gun!" The table erupted yet again, drawing the attention of nearly everyone in the tavern.

Lewis took over shortly, "Coach, Robbie, his family, and I attended Hopkins' first home game last year and observed the 'Flag' ceremony. I know that you had the honor of attaching those flags to the nets

in 1952 and obviously participated in nearly every one since. Perhaps you could share with us what that ceremony means to you and maybe something about the players represented on the flags, themselves."

"Well, Robbie, it is an incredibly meaningful ceremony for us here at Hopkins. Jim told me that we might be discussing this topic—so please allow me to refer to some notes I brought," Scott began as he pulled a set of index cards from his blazer pocket.

"Well, son, the ceremony began in 1919 when 'Father Bill' Schmeisser, the coach at the time, asked the school to offer a tribute to the Hopkins players who had fallen in World War I. One of them, First Lieutenant W. Brown Baxley, Engineering School Class of '17 was the brother of the captain of the 1919 team, Herb Baxley. Lieutenant Baxley was a member of the American Expeditionary Forces in France and died in the line of duty on August 1, 1918.

"We've held the ceremony every year since. And, yes, I had the honor of placing the flags on in 1952. I've been privileged to do many things in this great game including winning a number of national championships, coaching some truly dedicated and talented young men, and meeting thousands of wonderful people, but placing those memorial flags on our nets my senior year was probably the most memorable for me. I had chills going through my body the whole time. Remember that the pain and suffering that we all endured in World War II was still raw in everyone's hearts and minds.

"My daughter was able to help me find some information on these men. We are planning to follow

up on some of this information.

"What we were able to find was that in addition to LT Baxley, another player who died World War I was Army Second Lieutenant Warren B. Hunting who died on July 15, 1918 in France. He held a PhD. degree and had written—but not yet published—a book when he passed—so his family had it published posthumously. He is buried at the Aisne-Marne American Cemetery in Belleau, France.

"We also learned that Edmund 'Ted' Prince died in the Battle of Montfaucon in France in September of 1918. Ted was a graduate of Towson High School, which is not too far from here, Class of 1911 and then Hopkins, Class of 1915. The Towson High Alumni Association website had the rest of this information: After Hopkins, he entered Virginia Theological Seminary where he was ordained an Episcopal minister in 1917. He left the Seminary, enlisted in the U.S. Army as a private to fight in World War I, and later attained the rank of Lieutenant. Towson High School believes that Ted was its only student or graduate to die in World War I. Towson High presents a memorial scholarship in Ted's name each year. This award is given 'to a senior who, in addition to being a good student, possesses characteristics of heart, mind and conduct as evidenced by a spirit of loyalty and service to Towson High.'

"What a special way to remember someone, don't you think?" Scott paused and looked at Robbie's mother.

"The best way," she said softly.

Robbie and his family continued to sit in rapt attention.

Scott paused before he was to begin his World War II list, "It would seem that you have learned quite a bit about Jack Turnbull, then?" he questioned Robbie.

"Yes, sir. Quite a bit."

"Well, I had several cards of information here on Jack," Scott paused with a smile, knowing that he had been mildly tricked by Lewis. "So we won't need that part right now, Jim?"

"No, sir."

"O.K., well, in addition to Jack, then," Scott resumed, moving the note cards related to Jack aside, "the World War II casualties included Army Captain Frank Cone. This is from another website: According to family records, in 1941, while living in Houston, Frank's Army Reserve unit was called into active duty and he was sent to the Philippines, arriving in Manila in November, 1941. He was a medical doctor attached to the 26th Cavalry or Philippine Scouts, a mounted cavalry unit at Fort Stotsenberg. He was later reassigned to the 86<sup>th</sup> Field Artillery. After the start of World War II, American forces withdrew to the Bataan Peninsula where Frank was assigned to field hospital #2. He was surrendered on April 9, 1942, along with the other U. S. forces on Bataan, participated in the Bataan Death March, and died a Prisoner of War of the Japanese on September 3, 1942 in Cabanatuan #1 prison camp. His grave is in the Philippines.

"It seems that Major David H. W. Houck was 'executed' by the Japanese after a sham trial in 1945.

After his plane was shot down and he was captured, he was accused of bombing a civilian ship in Hong Kong Harbor. Though he did not have legal representation in the brief trial, he was found guilty of war crimes and was executed by a firing squad the next day. A judge later overturned the finding of the original court," Scott closed with a soft groan as if to emphasize the futility of the eventual finding.

"According to findagrave.com, Walter J. Fahrenholz enlisted in the Army Air Corps Feb 1, 1943 in Panama City, Florida and later became a member of the 430<sup>th</sup> Fighter Squadron, 474<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group of the U.S. Army Air Force. He died November 18, 1944, and is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery in Baltimore. He was awarded the Purple Heart."

He continued. "It seems that George D. Penniman coached Johns Hopkins University lacrosse for a couple years, and his grandfather helped start the football program there. We'll have to do some more work on his story.

"We were able to determine that Army Second Lieutenant Edward A. Marshall served in the 51<sup>st</sup> Infantry Battalion, 4<sup>th</sup> Armored Division and died on November 10, 1944. He was awarded the Silver Star, Bronze Star, and Purple Heart. He is buried in the Lorraine American Cemetery in St. Avold, France."

"I have become particularly pained by the loss of Army Captain Pete Reynolds, JHU '34. Pete was a standout on the Hopkins football team as well as an All-American in lacrosse. He was a member of the '32 Hopkins Olympic lacrosse team. He was the head football coach at his alma mater, Mount St. Joseph's



in Baltimore, and an Army Reserve officer when he was called to active duty in January of 1941. He later served in the Philippines. When the United States surrendered on the Bataan Peninsula, Captain Reynolds apparently survived the Bataan Death March.

"It seems that Pete was being transported from the Philippines probably to a slave labor camp in Japan on an old Japanese freighter—which became known as 'Hell ships'—when the ship was struck by an allied torpedo. So Pete and his comrades likely perished under 'friendly fire' after having survived some of the most horrific treatment of the war. What a shame and tremendous loss. Pete is remembered today, along with Jack, with the Turnbull-Reynolds Trophy, symbolic of exceptional sportsmanship and leadership within the Hopkins lacrosse program. It has been presented all these years by the Class of '32—I think Church Yearley was the last surviving member of that Olympic team and came to the Hopkins awards dinner right up until he passed away.

"We also lost one of my players in Vietnam, Chuck Aronhalt, class of '64, who, Captain Lewis has informed me, you learned about earlier. Chuck was a great player for us—as well as for the Hopkins football team. He died in heroic ground action in Vietnam, for which he posthumously received the Distinguished Service Cross. If you will indulge me, I'd like to read the citation on Chuck's DSC."

Scott unfolded a piece of paper and began, "This is still difficult for me. Sorry,

"The President of the United States takes pride

in presenting the Distinguished Service Cross (Posthumously) to Charles E. Aronhalt, Jr., First Lieutenant (Infantry), U.S. Army, for extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations involving conflict with an armed hostile force in the Republic of Vietnam, while serving with Company B, 1st Battalion, 8th Infantry, 1st Brigade, 4th Infantry Division. First Lieutenant Aronhalt distinguished himself by exceptionally valorous actions on 18 May 1967 while serving as platoon leader during a search and destroy mission in Pleiku Province. When another platoon of his company received devastating fire, Lieutenant Aronhalt requested that his platoon be sent to aid the stricken unit. As he led his men forward, however, the entire company began receiving intense fire from numerous concealed positions. Lieutenant Aronhalt tried to pull his men back, but they were unable to leave their cover. Since the platoon couldn't maneuver in any direction, he positioned his machine guns to strengthen the unit's defensive posture. He tried to form a perimeter, but was prevented by the hostile fire sweeping his positions. Seeing several wounded men, Lieutenant Aronhalt again tried to move his men forward. Unable to do this, he personally fought his way through the intense crossfire and began pulling the wounded to safety. He repeatedly entered the exposed area and fought his way out with wounded men over his shoulder. Seeing that casualties were mounting faster than he could carry them out, he stood up and charged the insurgents alone.

His rifle jammed as he ran, but he picked up a machine gun and continued charging and firing steadily to give his men a chance to withdraw. Lieutenant Aronhalt was mortally wounded in the successful attempt at drawing the fire from his men. His valiant actions prevented the Viet Cong from taking the lime of any one of his men."

Scott groaned softly as he finished Chuck's citation—the pain was still there. He took a breath to finish,

"First Lieutenant Aronhalt's extraordinary heroism and devotion to duty, at the cost of his life, were in keeping with the highest traditions of the military service and reflect great credit upon himself, his unit, and the United States Army."

As the group finished their lunch, Coach Scott thought it might be a good idea for his new friends to see the actual 'Star Flags' and invited the group to accompany him to Homewood Field. As they arrived, they saw a few Hopkins players on the field working on their shooting on the flagless goals, which were strung with worn, tattered, grey nets. Quite different than game day! Scott's group lingered at the side of the field and admired the extra work the boys were putting in.

The hallowed flags were kept in the new Cordish Center for safekeeping and Coach Scott knew exactly how to get to them. He took his group to this little-known and even less-accessed place and carefully

reached for the flags. He held them lightly above his flat, upward facing palms and explained the stars on each of them. Robbie's eyes twinkled as he studied the cloth and embroidery that made up each one. The stars were much larger up close, but they still remained a very small tribute to the sacrifices these men and their families made for the United States.

As the boy studied the two rows of matching stars, one particular star caught the soft light in a slightly different way than the others and radiated its warmth to him. Robbie immediately felt a special connection with *that* star. Though there was no indication that any one star was designated for a specific fallen hero, he *knew* it was Jack's.

The boy asked Coach Scott if he could hold the flag. As soon as he touched the star, Robbie felt as one *with* Jack. For the first time in his amazing journey, Robbie felt directly connected with Jack. He could *feel* him in the star. The history, power, and majesty of all that he had learned from his stick was seeping into his fingers at that very second. A sense of connection, respect, and gratitude overtook Robbie in a way that he had never experience before. The boy was long past the point when he unsure that his connections to Red Hawk and the rest of the stewards of the stick were even possible. He was sure for quite some time that they were real, but he *knew* it now—and this experience added one more brick in the foundation that would help him through his life.

Robbie looked up and locked his eyes with Lewis', who held the boy's eyes ever so slightly, indicating to Robbie that Lewis was experiencing the *exact* same connection with the *exact* same star at that *exact* same

second and served as a reminder for Robbie to know that he was not alone on this journey.

As Coach Scott placed the flags back in their place, he thanked all of his guests for including him in their journey and offered Robbie and his parents all of his contact information.

"I hope we'll be able to stay, in contact," he said with genuine sincerity.

"Me, too!" agreed Robbie.

## 'Calling'



*Realization arrived upon by a U.S. Navy commander shortly after entering a National War College master's degree program, following a tour as commanding officer of a nuclear powered, nuclear missile-capable submarine*

On the next full moon, Red Hawk took Robbie just west of Baltimore to Rutherford Air Field in June 1931.

*It was a bright, sunny day at the airfield as Red Hawk began his description for Robbie. "There is Jack with his instructor pilot, Jack Carroll. Jack has just completed his junior year at Hopkins. His instructor is a Hopkins alumnus a few years ahead of him."*

*The boys listened in on the discussion. The instructor began, "Jack, it is great having you here. I can tell how excited you are for this first lesson and I think you are going to really enjoy this challenge. It is right in line with your natural abilities and the traits that have helped you be successful on the field—strength, courage, focus, skill, and determination. All of these will be tested in the next few months and will be critical in earning your proficiency."*

*"I had the good fortune to fly for the Army Air Corps for several years and I hope to be able to share some of that training and experience with you."*

*"Before we officially begin our training next week, we'll need to do some 'ground school' first. But for today, how 'bout we just go up and see how it feels? I'll fly," Carroll said with a wink.*

*"Great!" said Jack.*

*"O.K. Let's get on up there, then."*

*Carroll walked Jack slowly around the plane conducting a number of pre-flight checks to make certain that the plane was ready to go and then climbed into the cockpit. After another series of check offs, Carroll started the engines.*

*Jack could feel his pulse increase with each passing minute. Without ever flying before, he knew that this was what he was meant to do—his 'calling.'*

*After several more checks, Carroll allowed the plane to accelerate down the runway and lifted it softly into the air. The exhilaration of becoming airborne struck Jack with full force. Though his instructor was doing the actual flying, Jack immediately envisioned himself at the controls.*

*"Focus on little things, Jack. They make all the difference," Carroll pointed out after they had leveled off.*

*Carroll banked the plane softly back and forth to allow Jack to acclimate to the sky.*

*"Always stay a few seconds ahead, Jack. Don't take anything for granted up here. Things can get pretty bad pretty quickly. You can get real stupid real fast up here. So please don't ever think you know as much as you'll need. This will be a life-long process," Carroll continued.*

*"You must always stick to your fundamentals. When things get difficult or you have to work through a problem, you will revert back to the skills you have practiced the most. So*

*everything we work on up here must be executed as perfectly as possible every single time. It is the only way to prepare for difficulties."*

*Carroll rocked the plane a little more heavily. Jack responded instinctively not with fear or discomfort but with a calculation of what his reaction with the controls would be. Carroll noticed Jack reacting in this manner and knew that Jack was born to fly. A number of Carroll's other students were simply not cut out for this challenge and he would gently but firmly counsel them into another pursuit.*

*Jack knew the challenges and risks. But, as Carroll had pointed out, he yearned for this challenge. After his sessions with his instructor, he would be on his own to succeed or fail—alone. He soaked in every second of his time in the air and every word Carroll offered.*

*"We'll work on all of the skills you'll need, Jack. Don't worry about that. I'll do my best to help you. Your job will be to learn as much as you can and work at improving every time we go up. It won't be too long before you are ready—trust me," Carroll said confidently. "But never forget that you'll never stop learning how to be a good pilot. I still learn things up here all the time. O.K., here, I'll let you take control for a few minutes."*

*Jack did not hesitate when Carroll announced, "O.K. You've got it! Just keep 'er steady and smooth. Keep an eye on your needle and keep it in the center."*

*Jack looked at the needle indicating the disposition of his wings. Centered meant flat, which meant good.*

*"Things are much easier on a nice clear day like today, Jack. But when it is cloudy and you lose some visibility, you will rely on your needle to keep your orientation," Carroll noted.*



*"Go ahead and rock it a little," Carroll instructed. "Watch what your needle does when you bank."*

*Jack followed the instructions carefully. He felt every vibration, every bump, and even the tiniest changes in speed and altitude. In just his first hour of flight he had already mastered the 'feel' of the plane.*

*He studied his gages carefully and absorbed every piece of information he could. Carroll took the controls once again and brought the plane down for a perfect landing.*

*Over the next few weeks, Jack's classroom time included the fundamental principles of flight, mechanics, meteorology, navigation, communications, and emergency procedures.*

*Jack and Carroll took another five flights of about two hours each. With each flight, Jack took more and more control of the aircraft. Carroll induced several airborne emergencies on Jack—which he handled according to procedures.*

*Jack's coordination, physical strength, grace of movement, and excellent judgment of speed and distance placed him among the very top few—two or three—of the scores that Carroll had instructed over the years.*

*After ten hours of dual instruction, Carroll deemed Jack ready to fly solo.*

*Jack's eagerness to conduct the flight was evident. Carroll stood on the runway while Jack conducted all of his checks on the ground, then in the cockpit. He returned Jack's 'thumbs-up' to start his engines. After Jack checked all of his gages, he was ready to take off—on his own. He offered Carroll another thumbs-up, which the instructor returned.*

*Jack pressed the throttle to maximum, raced down the runway, and lifted the plane into the air. He allowed himself*

*just a hint of a smile that he had taken off on his own but he immediately returned to the task at hand. The plane climbed as Carroll watched from the ground. Jack performed all of the tasks Carroll had listed for him—soft banks in each direction followed by more severe turns each way.*

*Then the most difficult skill—recovering from a stall. Though Jack had successfully practiced the maneuver several times with Carroll by his side, both men knew this would be markedly different as a solo.*

*Jack dropped his airspeed to a point where the plane began to shake for lack of lift. Just as it began to fall, Jack, true to procedures, pressed the nose forward and dove the plane. As the nose turned down, gravity took over and increased the speed of the plane, allowing more air to pass over its wings, generating more lift. When Jack felt enough speed, and therefore lift, he skillfully pulled the plane out of the dive and back to level flight.*

*Though Carroll had supreme confidence in Jack's abilities, he allowed himself a huge sigh of relief when Jack leveled out—probably at the exact instant Jack let out his same sigh in the cockpit.*

*Jack performed a few circles over the airfield, changed altitude by climbing and diving and prepared for his landing.*

*Carroll took another deep breath—he couldn't help it—it was part of the job—as Jack made his approach.*

*Jack lined up his approach, dropped his altitude, and touched down right out of the textbook. Carroll had seen few first-time solo landings with such touch.*

*When the plane came to rest, Carroll hurried over to congratulate Jack.*

*"That was fantastic! Way to go!" Carroll gushed*

*uncharacteristically.*

*"Thanks—it was fun!" Jack said as his heart continued to race in response to one of the great adrenalin rushes he had ever experienced."*

*Robbie and Red Hawk thanked each other for another great trip through time.*