

Last Mission to Tokyo: Locke Mills Post 68 Veterans Day Address

Welcome to Jackson-Silver Post 68. On this day, Veterans Day 2023, we are commemorating the service of veterans of all wars. It is a time when families throughout the nation should reflect on the service of their family members, present and past.

As an aside, in two weeks I shall have attained my 81st year of existence upon this planet. Believing it is nearing my time to step down from my present duties in the Post, this will likely be my last Veterans Day address as Commander, and so I wish to speak about a member of my own family who served, suffered imprisonment, and sacrificed much of his own future to preserve the freedoms we all enjoy.

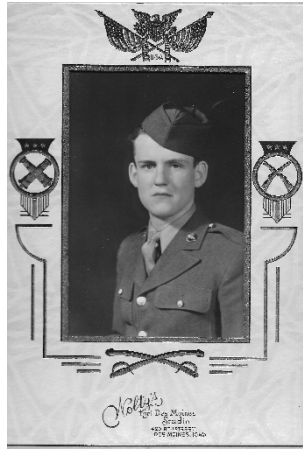
The individual of whom I speak is one of my namesake uncles, my mother's youngest brother, Harry Donald Magnuson, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. His story was one of those presented in Thomas Saylor's book: *Long Hard Road American POW's During World War II*, published by the Minnesota Historical Society Press, in 2007. It's a good thing we have a record of the treatment my uncle suffered at the hands of his Japanese captors, as in July, 2009, amongst his fellow soldiers, sailors, and airmen residing at the Fort Snelling Soldiers Home, he at last entered into the Post from which there is no return.

Harry Magnuson was the fifth child of Swedish immigrants Carl and Alma Magnuson. He had two older sisters, the younger of whom was my mother, and two older brothers. Both of his brothers also served in WWII. His oldest brother, Alfred, was commissioned an Army Lieutenant, but remained stateside; his other brother, Bertil, was an Army Tech 4, assigned to clerical duties in the Pacific Theater. Receiving his training in Hawaii, he went ashore in the Adjutant General Corps on day one of the invasion of Saipan. Following the war, both brothers rose to become vice-presidents of the corporations at which they were employed, Al at Wheeling Pittsburg Steel Company, and Bert at Vern Donnay Homes.

After his recovery and honorable discharge, Harry was a salesman in the exclusive Liemandt's Men's Furnishing store in downtown Minneapolis, where he remained for many years until he was lured away by his second oldest brother to sell homes for Donnay, from which he retired. Donnay Homes is a big deal in Minnesota, having developed tracts containing 16,000 homes of various affordable models, from 1941 to date.

Harry and I shared something more than just a first name. Just after he was inducted in March 1943, home on a pass, he and I were baptized together on the same day in the Calvary Lutheran Church a few months after my birth. His mother had passed when he was about six years old, and for some reason, his baptism had not previously taken place.

After induction, and Basic Training, he was posted to the Armor School to learn the skills of a tank machine gunner. Upon graduation in June, 1944, he apparently was given leave at which time he married Elizabeth "Betty" Allen. He must have been fairly proficient as a gunner, as when the opportunity arose, he was transferred into the United States Army Air Corps, to receive additional training as a heavy bomber machine gunner at Pyote Army Air Force Base in Texas. There he and Betty shared with two other enlisted married personnel, on-base housing, with one room per couple. He was trained in both B17 waist and turret, and B29 blister remote gunnery. He preferred the latter, as B29's had pressurized crew compartments, while B17 waist gunners were subjected to over 200 mph winds in open air stations.



Harry D. Magnuson -Armored School

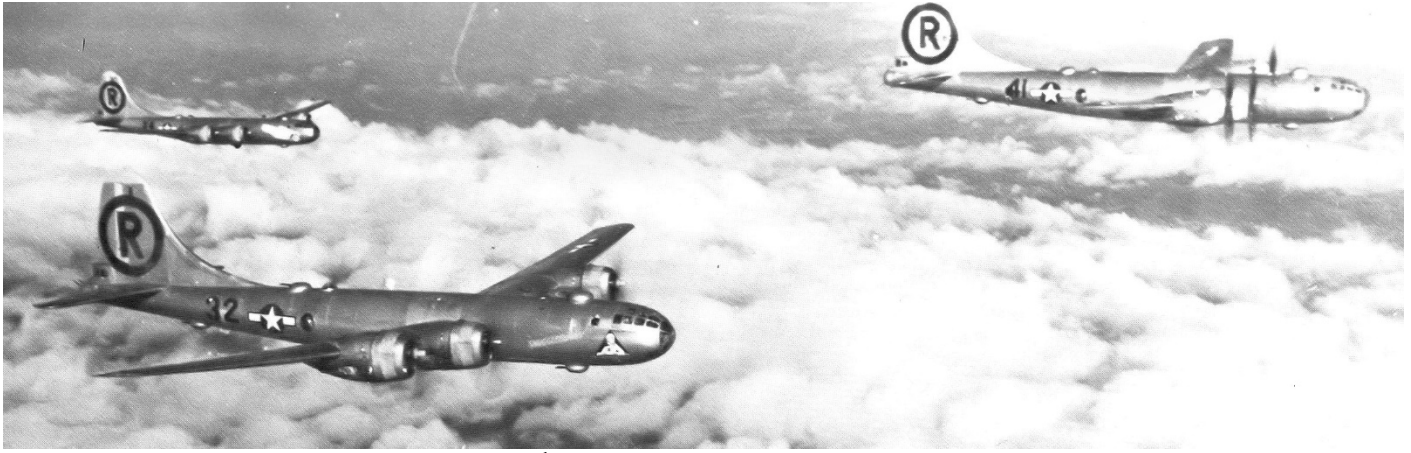
When Harry completed his training, Betty returned to Minneapolis, pregnant with their daughter, and Harry was transferred to the Pacific Theater in March, 1945. Arriving on Tinian Island, in the Marianas Chain on March 14, 1945, he was assigned as a replacement on the 11-man crew of the B29 “Tokyo Trolley” bomber. His assigned Wing, the 313th Circle “R”, though he knew it not at the time, was the Wing that won the war against the Japanese.

It is rather amazing how much information is available concerning the individual bombers and crews that comprised the 20th United States Heavy Bomber Air Force that flew from the Marianas group of Guam, Saipan, and Tinian. For instance, each heavy bomber squadron, their Group, and Wing has its own history online, which includes a link by serial number to the contract of each bomber manufactured during the war. For instance, the “Tokyo Trolley” was built in the 2nd Contract (B29-30), to the Bell Aircraft Company, of Marietta, Georgia. Its serial number of 42-63553, indicated that it was the 2nd aircraft manufactured under that contract. The “Trolley” was subsequently assigned to 39th Very Heavy Bombardment “Pirates Cove” Squadron, of the 6th Bombardment Group, in the 313th Wing, stationed on North Field, Tinian.

Harry and Betty’s daughter, my first cousin, Mary Elizabeth, sent me original copies of her father’s service record, which included all the flight dates he made in both training and combat. On the 39th online site, all the missions the Squadron flew from Tinian, are listed by date, target designation, altitude flown, hours of the mission, ordinance carried (incendiary, mine, GP bombs by radar), and whether it was a daylight or night attack formation.

The “Trolley” had a short combat life. It was shot down on its sixth mission. Of those missions, three are of particular interest. The first was a mine dropping operation on the night of March 29-30, in the Kure Harbor area on the west side of the Japanese islands in the Sea of Japan. The Commanding General of the 20th Air Force, Major General Curtis E. LeMay did not very much like his bombers dropping mines along the coasts, as he wanted to concentrate on fire bombing the metropolitan areas. However, subsequent analysis at the end of the war substantiated that such operations completely closed off shipping, preventing the coastal cities and towns from being supplied with food and war materials. In addition, the million-man Japanese army fighting in China and occupying Korea, could not be brought home to bolster Japan’s defenses. Thus, such mining contributed greatly, to the inability of the Imperial government to effectively continue to wage war.

The other two notable missions were those of the last firebombing operations against the industrial centers of Tokyo, the capital. In practical terms, as nearly every wooden/bamboo household was a mini-factory producing martial materials for the war effort, the whole of the city was a legitimate target. The last wedge of Tokyo that had not yet been levelled was thousands of yards across and miles long. On May 23 – 24, the 39th sent 33 aircraft as its contribution of the hundreds of planes participating from the three Mariana islands on which multiple airfields were located. All of those planes returned to base, but many were seriously damaged. The ground crews worked through the remaining hours until the last raid on Tokyo was launched on May 25 – 26, in which 27 squadron aircraft participated.



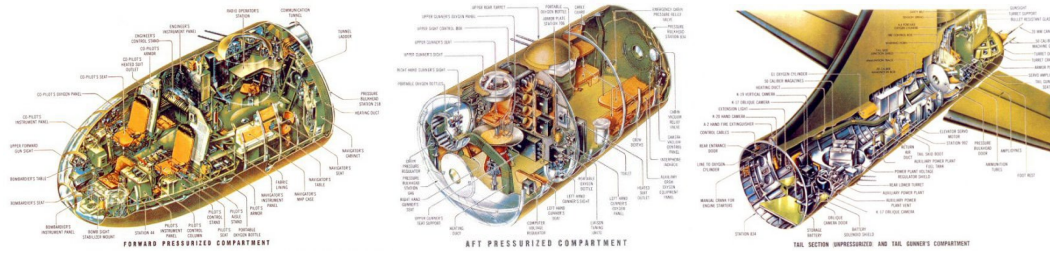
39th Pirate's Cove – Target Japan

As it was to be a night-time raid, the planes on Tinian began taking off at 14:00 hours (2:00 pm). A raid had much in common with a huge theatrical production, where every part was carefully choreographed down to the a few moments over the primary and out again. First, two lead bombers, with highly experienced navigators would take off and fly to Iwo Jima, where P51 Mustang fighter squadrons were based, and there, the P51's assigned to provide protection for a designated bomber squadron would link up with the navigating bombers and join the Squadron formation as it neared the target. The bomber crews referred to the P51's as their "Little Friends."

Depending on the distance to the target, total flight time for a squadron to the target and back to base ranged from 13 to 16+ hours. Though the attack on the 23rd – 24th had been a grueling experience, the last Tokyo raid on the 25th – 26th was hell itself. The Imperial Palace was on the border of that last wedge, about 1,500 yards wide. The Japanese did not know if the attack was intended to kill their Emperor-God, so they threw everything they possessed at the bombing formations.

Being in the middle of the formation, my uncle could not use his automated machine guns if an enemy fighter approached, unless he had a clear vector of fire, as other Pirate Cove planes around his might be hit. Above Harry was a ceiling hatch. He was standing, the hatch was open, and he was busily throwing out handfuls of foil, called chaff, to confuse enemy radar directing ground anti-aircraft fire. When the Tokyo Trolley was hit at its assigned 10,000 foot altitude, it was still five minutes away from the primary. When struck, the plane received a heavy jolt that threw him to the floor, and his earphone intercom connection with other members of the crew was disconnected. Rising, unable to communicate, the bomber beginning to fill with smoke, he took off his protective flight suit, and put on his parachute.

Behind his position, in an area formerly used as a crew berth, but now a radar station, he encountered 2nd Lt. Walter L. Wentz, Jr., who was standing at his radar table. Wentz was taking off his own protective suit, in preparation for bailing out. From their position they could not see the front compartment where the aircraft Commander, 1st Lt. Donald M. Fox, Pilot 2nd Lt. Leland L. Sanderson, Bombardier 1st Lt. Herman W. Thompson, and Navigator 2nd Lt. John W. France were, along with other crew. However, heavy smoke was coming into their compartment from that area. My uncle asked Wentz if the order had been given to bail out, which had to be issued by the aircraft commander. Wentz did not reply and appeared to be frozen. No longer waiting for a reply, Gunner Magnuson clearly seeing that the plane was being engulfed in fire and was in dire straits, opened a hatch and jumped out. He later told Saylor, that in making his first parachute drop, it being night and in the existing conditions, he couldn't see the ground below. He stated that if it had been a daylight raid, there was no chance that he would have bailed, and he would have been killed with all but one other crew member.



Sections of B-29's Described in Text – Bomb Bay not Shown

In jumping he held onto the pull cord located on his chest. Falling free of the tail, he pulled it, and said that it seemed like hours instead of seconds before the chute slowly unfurled and at last opened in a full canopy. The heat from the fires of the bombed area some miles away was yet quite hot as he floated to the ground. He remembered instructions he had received in training and kept his legs together. He came down in a street in which a crowd was gathered. They looked at each other, and spying a soldier in the other direction, he ran to him and surrendered. The soldier took him back through the crowd, and turned him over to an officer.

The officer put him in the jump seat of his motorcycle, and with the soldier sitting atop him, he was taken to an initial interrogation center. Following a beating, he was turned over to the Kempeitai, the secret police, who interned him in a former horse barn, divided into 16 to 18 5-foot by 10-foot cells, with 18 airmen kept in each cell. The cells were enclosed with wooden bars. Each cell had a toilet called a benjo. It was a concrete bench with a single hole. Under it was a wooden box called a benjo-soje. Each morning, one of the inmates was let out to empty it. As they weakened over time, the one became two.

The space was so confined, that at night under a single bright light bulb, 17 men tried to sleep on the concrete floor, while one, eventually chosen in rotation, either sat or slept on the benjo. Each day, the occupants upon rising, would just walk around as a kind of exercise. Every once in a while, one of them would be taken out to be interrogated. At such sessions, some were asked questions about their former lives; if the interrogator didn't like the reply, the individual was beaten.

As they walked about the cell each day there was only one subject incessantly discussed: food. Though they had all the water they could drink, their rations consisted of rice balls, mostly about the size of golf balls. These balls of rice were rolled into the cells under the wooden bars once a day, one for each occupant. At first there were struggles over who would get the largest ball, but eventually it was worked out that, like sleeping on the benjo, in rotation each man took the largest ball when it was his turn. Even at that, in reality, the men starved. Their beards grew long. They never bathed. And in the three months or so that my uncle was a prisoner, he went from 150 pounds down to 90 pounds.

A morning in the first week of August was like any other. Except on the 313th's Tinian airfield, at 02:45 hours, three aircraft with insignia of the 39th, took off on what appeared to be the daily weather-over-target flight that was conducted before a raid. The Japanese, as with the German Luftwaffe in the last days before they were defeated, seldom bothered such flights with fighter interceptors, because they lacked the fuel for small incursions and only came up for a major raid. As the three aircraft approached Iwo Jima, a preceding aircraft radioed a coded message identifying a city, and the weather conditions there. The message decoded "Primary is clear."

There were five Japanese cities that had never been bombed. Hiroshima, Kokura, Kyoto, Nagasaki, and Niigata. In Japan, they were referred to as the "Lucky cities". They had, in fact been reserved for a special purpose. Of the five, Kyoto, being the ancient capital of Japan, and of religious, historical, and deeply cultural importance, was removed from the special purpose list by US Secretary of War Stimson; though he recommended that the "Device" be used on Japan, he insisted that Kyoto be spared, which President Roosevelt approved. Col. Paul Tibbets, Commander of the group, signaled the group "The target is Hiroshima."

At 31,000 feet, at 08:15 local time, the "Device", later named "Little Boy" was dropped by the bombardier of Plane #82 (the highest number in the 39th was actually #42), named after Tibbetts's mother. The "Enola Gay", dropped the "Device" on the T-shaped bridge, at the center of Hiroshima. Plane #82 then made a sharp reversal turn, its engines

screaming at full power, and was approximately five miles away when a light and heat five times more powerful than the Sun, burst within the designated 200 yards of the bridge.



Enola Gay – 505th Heavy Bombardment Group

Japanese physicists, who had also been engaged in seeking an atomic bomb, quickly determined that “Little Boy” was a U-235 enhanced uranium bomb, which indicated to them, based on experience that the Americans could not have more than another one or two at their disposal, because of the enormous difficulty in processing enough fissionable material. The war went on, the Japanese determined to resist.

Three days later, a second “Device” later named “Fat Boy”, exploded over Nagasaki. The physicists now determined that the fissionable material was Plutonium based, which was totally out of their experience, and they could not therefore determine how many bombs the United States might possess. Emperor Hirohito decided enough was enough, and directed that for the first time in 2,500 years Japan was to surrender to a foreign foe.

These events were completely unknown to the airmen in the Tokyo horse stalls. In the time that they had been incarcerated, being told repeatedly by the chief interrogator (American university graduate) Yasuo Kobayashi, nicknamed “Shorty”, “You’re dead; it’s only a question of when.”, the men withdrew into themselves and merely existed in the now.

Then one morning in late August, rice balls the size of basketballs or footballs were passed into the cells. Everyone knew that something was up. Then boots, now moldy from storage were cast into the cells or in the hallway; memory did not recall which. After the men put them on, some being too big or too small, it mattered not; they were blindfolded and put on trucks.

About an hour from the horse stalls, they were dropped off on a beach. Their blindfolds now off, Bob Michelson, another member of my uncle’s cell, and also from Minneapolis, saw that machine guns were being set up under the direction of Shorty. Michelson was about to get up and run into the surf. A terrific argument then ensued between Shorty and the other Interrogator Kennichi Yanagizawa, nicknamed “Junior.” Junior spoke much better English than Shorty, (he was also trained in an American University). With Junior’s prodding, Shorty backed down. The machine guns were loaded into the fourth truck, and Shorty departed with it.

Junior then directed the men to get up on the road, and marched them into the Omori Prisoner of War camp. The B29 prisoners continued to be separated from the regular war prisoners, being isolated in a single barracks. The Japanese considered them to be war criminals for bombing their civilian populations. This was a rather unique point of view considering their own indiscriminate bombing of Chinese cities, their own atrocities such as the infamous Rape of Nanking, the murder of over 200,000 Filipino men, women, and children as American liberation forces approached the capital of Manila, and the over 500,000 Chinese that were murderously infected with diseases weaponized by the infamous Japanese Biological Warfare Unit 731.

In their isolation, the B29 prisoners luxuriated in the ample space afforded by their barracks. They attempted to get cleaned up, cutting their beards, but gave up on close shaving as they only were provided with one razor for over 100 airmen. Two weeks after their arrival, the guards disappeared. Flights carrying supplies of real food and medicine were dropped by the bombers that formerly dropped only death. When the US Navy arrived, they were transferred to the Hospital Ship Benevolence (AH 13), where at last they were showered and deloused, provided new uniforms, and given the first-class medical attention they all deserved.



14069 Allied prisoner of War, suffering from malnutrition and other disorders as seen after their rescue from the Omori camp. By a U. S. Navy rescue mission headed by Comdr. Rogert Simpson and Comdr. Harold Stassen. Treatment of prisoners was described as inquisitional form of barbarism. Prisoners pack up to leave after being reached at Omori by mercv squadrons of the US Navy. 45/08/29-30

My uncle was transferred to a Destroyer; initially he bunked in the hold, which was very hot, but when he came down with a jaundice, he was quartered in his own room for the remainder of the trip to the US. After arriving stateside, he was hospitalized in Washington State for about a week, then was allowed to go home on leave. His older brother, Al, and Al's wife Carnie picked him up at the hospital, and they returned, taking three days by car, to Minneapolis. Much of his experience in the Kempeitai Horse Compound, and at Camp Omori were blocked from his memory at the time he was interviewed in October, 2004. He was probably not alone in recalling his treatment as a POW.

I have read his discharge record, issued at the Army Air Force Separation Base, located at Santa Ana, California. There is one glaring decoration that is missing from his record, that being the Distinguished Unit Citation (DUC), presented to Units that have equally performed in valor equal to that of the Medal of Honor. On the May 25th – 26th raid on Tokyo, the DUC was authorized for all those of the 6th Bombardment Group who participated in the Air and in the ground crews. As can happen on occasion, those who survive being shot down and imprisoned as POW's, when discharged, may not receive all the citations to which they are entitled, due to an oversight by the discharging authority. Though my uncle is now in the Post from which there is no return, I am certain his children would appreciate his record's being corrected.

It was unfortunate that he was shot down. It is a miracle that he survived. For of all the B29 flyers who survived being shot down, only one in twenty were alive to be repatriated at the end of the war. That is the true cost of valor, and of sacrifice to preserve the freedoms that the 99% who have never served, enjoy. Today we honor them and all who, like them, answered the call to serve, no matter the personal toll.

Tokyo Bombing Follow-up:

My address above was delivered on Veterans Day 2023 at the Post I presently command. Given after the opening ceremony, the posting of the Colors, the National Anthem performed by the Mahoosuc Community Band, the Pledge of Allegiance, and Benediction, it had to be timed so that the ringing of the Post Bell could take place at the 11th hour. Happily, as it turned out, it concluded about 20 seconds before the bell was to be wrung. Also, in that it was my uncle's testimony that was largely being reported, I wanted to remain as faithful to the interview he gave in his home, conducted by Thomas Saylor on October 24, 2004.

His was an eyewitness testimony of traumatic events that he experienced, as he recalled them from the depths of his memory. As is known in the legal profession, in trial testimony, what one perceives and believes to have happened, may not be what actually transpired, as later proved by evidence coming forth.

By this, I mean that yes, the Trolley was hit and was destroyed, and yes my uncle bailed out at the propitious moment; otherwise he too would not have survived, like nine others of the eleven man crew on the aircraft. As he stated to Saylor, and always believed, it was ground anti-aircraft fire that had been responsible for the destruction of his bomber. In truth, the evidence on the 39th Heavy Bombardment Group website shows that one of Japan's greatest Ace pilots, Isamu Sasaki, piloting a Nakajima Ki.84 Hayate, code named "Frank" aircraft, considered Japan's best fighter developed near the end of hostilities, was credited with downing three B-29's of the 6th Group, on the night of May 25th. One of the B-29's was thought to be the Trolley.



Isamu Sasaki

As the 39th Heavy Bombardment Group was approaching the primary target in Tokyo at the relatively low altitude of 10,000 feet, Sasaki in his "Frank" was capable of altitudes up to 35,000 feet. The tactic he employed was like that developed by the German Luftwaffe against the B-17's, and though it is a supposition, the tactic may have been shared with the Japanese during one of the infrequent visits of Krieg Marine U-Boats to Japan. That tactic was to come in from above, on the Co-pilot's side of the Bomber, raking the engines on the right side of the aircraft with cannon and machine gun fire, crossing to the front of the fuselage where the Co-pilot, Pilot, Bombardier, and other crew immediately behind were located, then flying away.

The "Frank" was highly comparable in performance to America's premiere fighter, the P-51 Mustang. One major difference was that the Ki.84 Hayate was better armed. While the P-51 was armed with six .50 caliber M-2 machine guns, three in each wing, the Ki.84 had two .50 caliber machine guns and either two 20 MM, or two 30 MM cannon in its wings. It was probably the cannon hits that made my uncle believe that ground Anti-Aircraft had hit his plane. Sasaki, by the end of the war, was credited with 38 Allied aircraft kills throughout the war. He was one of two Aces to be awarded the Japanese "Bukosho – B-class", comparable to slightly less than the US Medal of Honor, but very comparable to the German Iron Cross Second Class. He survived the war and was promoted to Warrant Officer.



Nakajima KI-84 Frank

When my uncle was repatriated and returned to Minneapolis, family members of the "Trolley's" crew visited him, especially those of the officers, to ascertain what had happened to their still missing loved ones. He could not tell them, as he did not know. Some years after his return, he received a phone call from the plane's original Commander,

who was also on the same mission that night in another bomber. The former “Trolley” Commander informed him that he saw the plane explode after the flames had reached the bomb bays. As my uncle was most concerned with his chute opening-up, he told Saylor that it never occurred to him to look up to see what was transpiring with his bomber. Again, it is supposition, but because of the mode of attack, and the heavy smoke coming from the cockpit compartment, it wouldn’t have mattered if my uncle’s communication link had remained plugged in, as all those at the front of the aircraft were most probably either dead or so badly wounded that they would have been unable to issue any orders to abandon ship.



May 25, 1945 – Tokyo Trolley Crew – Back Row L to R: S/Sgt Charles W. Snell (T. Gunner) – S/Sgt Harry D. Magnuson (L Gunner) – S/Sgt. Robert E. Warren (R Gunner) – S/Sgt Donald R. Arntsen (CFC) S/Sgt Charles E. Barron (Engineer) – T/Sgt Joe A. Atchley (Radio)
Kneeling L to R: 2/Lt Walter E. Wentz, Jr. (Radar) – 2/Lt John W. France (Navigator) – 1/Lt Donald M. Fox (A/C) 2/Lt Leland L Sanderson (Pilot) – 1/Lt Herman W. Thomas (Bombardier)

The only other member of the crew to get out was tail-gunner Charlie Snell. He was interned initially in the same cell that Magnuson was in. Snell had been so badly burned that flesh was hanging loose from appendages. My uncle, believing the Japanese to be a civilized people, requested with all the others in the cell that medical attention be tendered to Snell, who was in great pain. At last, he was removed from the cell and was examined by a doctor. I have read a report that the doctor kicked him while he lay on a stretcher, and that Snell was taken away and was executed. Those in the cell believed he had died of his injuries. My uncle later attended Snell’s memorial services in Faribault, Minnesota. Because he had had little time to really get to know his other crew members, not having trained with them, when Charlie’s wife, the mother of his children from whom he was divorced, asked my uncle if Charlie had stipulated that his \$10,000.00 government payment for being killed-in-action (KIA) named her as his beneficiary, my uncle did not know. Snell’s parents were those named, and it was they who apparently received the money. Put in perspective, a fairly decent multi-bedroom house could be purchased at that time for about \$1,500.00.

In his infrequent interrogations, Magnuson said that he was surprised that his interrogators were not asking questions specific to military matters. Rather they queried him about his life back in the states, such as when did he graduate from high school, when did he get married, and so forth. It is speculation, but I hazard, that during his interrogation, he never mentioned his brother-in-law, the 2nd husband of his oldest sister, Margit, whose name was Bruce Leon Mori-kubo, whom she had married in 1942 following her divorce from her 1st husband, Robert Carlyle Rogers. Mori-kubo was, in the terminology of Japan, a Nisei (2nd Generation of Japanese ancestry in North and South America). His father was Baron Shegataro Mari-kubo (also Marikubo), who emigrated to the United States after graduating from Tokyo Academy of Science at age 19, where he next graduated from the University of California at Berkeley, in

theology and metaphysics. It was at that time that he converted from Buddhism to Christianity, which caused his family to disown him. I had thought that he was disowned because he married a “hakujin”, a white person.



Men of Minnesota 1915 – Dr. Shegetaro Morikubo

He was the quintessential “Wonk”; ultimately, he held 12 degrees, one of which was from Columbia University. He gained national fame at La Crosse in 1907, where he had a medical practice as a chiropractor, having graduated the year before from the Palmer School of Chiropractic at Davenport, Iowa, when he was arrested for practicing Osteopathy without a license. Defended by State Senator Thomas Morris, in a two-day trial, he conclusively proved that Chiropractic medicine was a legitimate professional science, that in no way was derived from or related to Osteopathy. His triumph in the case eventually led to a nationwide acceptance of Chiropractic medicine, with its schooled practitioners being entitled to being accorded the title of Doctor.

Because Bruce was considered by the US government to be Nisei, despite his father being a naturalized citizen, and he himself being born in the US, he had to register during WWII as an Enemy Alien. His Caucasian mother of La Crosse, Wisconsin, who wedded Shegetaro on July 30, 1908, was Louise Harrison. Her ancestor, Benjamin Harrison V was a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a Governor of Virginia. From Benjamin to her reads like a Who’s Who of prominent American political and military leaders. Another interesting note, though they probably were not aware of the relationship, is that Harry’s wife, Elizabeth Allen, was also distantly connected to the Harrison family through a branch of the Armistead family, and also related to, but not directly descended from, the “Fort McHenry” and “Pickett’s Charge at Gettysburg” branches of the Armistead’s. Moreover, she was named for her great-great grandmother Elizabeth Hatfield -- and yes -- it is those Hatfield’s, but the former Elizabeth’s husband, a Welsh coal miner, was not interested in fighting on the Confederate side in the Civil War, so moved his family to Wichita Kansas, and thus stayed out of both the greater and the lesser feuds.

If my uncle had informed his interrogators that his in-law was the son of a Japanese Baron, he would have been most likely summarily executed. I’m not certain that he even thought of Bruce as being half Japanese, because Bruce was an American to the core of his being. Also, Harry was that rare individual who accepted all humans at face value. I very much doubt that he ever exhibited prejudice or thought of being prejudiced against anyone.

In the finest tradition of an American’s being less than trusting of his government, Bruce entrusted to my mother for the duration of the War, all the traditional Japanese Samurai items his father had brought with him when he emigrated. He knew that our government would probably confiscate the items, and that he would never possess them again. It must have been sometime in 1946, when my parents returned the objects to Bruce, as I clearly remember being three or four years of age, and playing on the floor amidst the lacquered leather armor and the fierce yellow face mask of a Samurai. I was particularly intrigued with an object of Americana. It was a Plains Indian, hardwood double headed tomahawk (<|>), with eagle feathers attached to the base of the handle. I also remember a family visit to Bruce’s country home on the Rum River at Anoka, Minnesota when I was six or seven. As I recall, it was chalet style, built on two close mesas, from one bank of the river to the one on the other side.

I clearly remember three additional things on our visit. First, Bruce enjoyed the ultimate in winter ice fishing. In the living room, between the front of a large fireplace and facing couch, there was a trap door. Ensnconced on the couch, with the trap door open, over the river below, he could fish in style. Off the living room was a side room. In it were

numerous styles of bows, mostly of the long bow variety, and what appeared to be thousands of arrows. His obituary said that as a sporting goods salesman, he had organized the first archery clubs in Minnesota, and was the State Archery champion. Despite Minnesota's being the home of the Sioux, who had used bows and arrows for thousands of years to hunt, working with the legislature, it was Bruce who created the state's first bow hunting season. Lastly, I discovered while walking in the shallowest part along the banks of the river below his chalet, there can be very deep holes into which to step.

If Margit had had any children, especially with her first two husbands, despite being an émigré herself, those children would have been, through her spouses, descendants of the first Europeans to land in America. As was frequently the custom in Scandinavia, even today, she was the love child of Carl Magnus Magnuson, of Vederlöf in Småland, Sweden and Alma Alexanderina Karlson, born at St. Petersburg, Russia, residing in 1911 when Carl came to America, at her ancestral home of Algutsboda, also in Småland. Margit was brought to the US about two years after her youngest brother, Harry, was born, arriving on 18 August, 1926. All of the other Magnuson children, a next eldest daughter, and two additional sons, were born in the U.S.

Originally, Carl worked his way over on a merchant ship. He was employed as a cook in a Maine Lumber camp the first two years. Then he removed to Sweden in the USA -- Minnesota. Employed as a dairy delivery driver, he earned enough by 1913 to pay for Alma's 2nd class passage on the Lusitania, where she shared a cabin with other women with whom she grew up. Though Carl paid for her passage, a naturalized uncle was her sponsor. She and Carl were married in the Lutheran church soon after she arrived.

Saylor's Additional Revelations

I return to Thomas Saylor's WWII research one last time. There is ancillary material available on the internet of the full testimony of those soldiers he interviewed, and from which he selected excerpts for his books, most notably in the present case: *"Long Hard Road: American POWs During World War II"*. 50 pages of my uncle's recollections are available on line. In both the book and his testimony, he mentions a resident of Apple Valley, Minnesota, Robert "Bob" Michelsen, also a gunner born in Minneapolis, who flew out of Guam, and was shot down on the same mission, and who was imprisoned in the same cell. His interview encompasses 47 pages. In both their testimonies to Saylor, they frequently said that they could not remember all the events that they were subjected to in captivity. This is a normal reaction of people when they are subjected to extreme trauma.

My uncle knew that the only other surviving member of the Tokyo Trolley was the badly burned tail gunner, Charlie Snell. And as he testified, all the other airmen in his cell begged the Japanese guards to provide medical attention. He knew that Charlie died. What he blocked from his mind, was testified to by Michelsen, who stated in his interview: "We had two that were very severely wounded, and we did ask for medical attention, and of course as a war criminal there is no medicine available, there is none. And when you talk to them, the guards that are walking back and forth, if you say anything, you're beaten. The Captain tried to talk to them for medical attention, and he had his punishment. But then for one of the men that was wounded, he was taken out of the cell, laid on his back in the hallway, and somebody came by and injected something with a syringe, and he died." Tylor inquired: "You could see this?" And Michelsen replied: "Oh yes. Now there's a person whose name is Harry Magnuson, also from Minneapolis, that was in our cell. Harry was designated to drag his body outside, and he was placed on a pile of dung, of horse shit. It stayed there for about three days, and then it disappeared. The reason we know this is that we were in the number one cell and could just glance outside that door. So that's what the Japanese think of Americans—they're horse shit."

The Japanese certainly knew that my uncle and Snell were crewmates. It was for that reason that he was chosen to remove Snell's body, and in that manner. It was just their way of making Snell's murder a touch more sadistically impressionable. Little wonder that the memory of it was suppressed.

Another thing that Michelsen recalled from his own interrogation that was not included in the book, but that sheds a whole new light on the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was the following exchange with his interrogators: "Have you ever seen a B-29 with only one bomb bay?" The answer was of course no—they had two. So one would be unusual. "Have I ever seen a bomb bay door that has been modified?" No. "What's the biggest bomb you could carry?" And I said, "Ten or twelve thousand pounds of bombs, depending on the gas load or the target." "What's the

biggest bomb I have ever seen?” And I said, “I haven’t seen anything bigger than what we carry, but I have heard of one called the blockbuster, used in England, and it decimates a large area when it hits the ground.” (*pauses three seconds*) Not until after the war did I realize that they were saying that, if you carry an atomic bomb in a B-29, you have to modify the bomb bay and the bomb bay door. Of course I didn’t know that, but it was after the war I realized the import of their question.”

Saylor than asked: “Had they then seen this plane? What were they trying to piece together?”

Michelsen replied: “Atomic bomb.”

Saylor followed up: “Had the atomic bomb been dropped by the time they asked this?”

To which Michelsen responded:” No, no. They were, their information... They knew so much about our country, and about everything we were doing. But that atomic bomb was a secret, and they were trying to solve that secret—did we have one, or what? What was it? As it turns out, Japan expected it, but fifty years ago I didn’t know that.” His testimony was taken by Saylor on November 1, 2001.

Immigrants, Founders, and Patriots

My 1st cousins, Mark, son of Bertil, and Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Harry, and I have exchanged information on our American connections, utilizing Ancestry to verify through the siblings of our ancestors, verification of who our antecedents were in actuality. I have received no information from the children of my uncle Al. So I spent two days researching their Minnesota-born mother. Her father’s surname was Knoble, and her mother’s surname was Colburn. It’s a hypothesis, but I suspect that grandfather Knoble emigrated from Germany, while multiple Colburn Minnesota genealogies were again traceable to the first Europeans in America.

I have already noted that Mary Elizabeth’s mother was descended from notable Southern roots. Mark’s mother Lorraine was a Tupper, and *Ancestry* has confirmed that she was descended from Tristan Coffin who put together the consortium to purchase Nantucket Island from Thomas Mayhew for 30 pounds and two beaver hats. Through Tristan, she was descended from his daughter Mary Starbuck, who essentially ran the island because of her sound judgement. She was known as Great Mary, and her home as Parliament House for that reason. Another of Lorraine’s Nantucket forbears was Elihu Coleman, who wrote the first treatise against slavery in 1729, entitled *Against the Anti-Christian Practice of Making Slaves of Men*. And finally (well actually not nearly finally), Lorraine was descended from another of the original settlers of Nantucket, Peter Folger. Folger was brought over to the island to act as an interpreter to the Native Population, which resulted in there being no conflict or strife between the original inhabitants and the settlers, as came to pass on the mainland. Peter’s daughter Joanna Folger Coleman, was Benjamin Franklin’s aunt, through her sister Abiah Folger Franklin, making Mark his first cousin 11 times removed.



Abiah Folger Franklin

Then we come to the marriage of my own parents. My father was thought to be half Swedish, as his mother's parents were born there. Ancestry proved that while they may both have been born in Northern Sweden, their DNA grouping was in fact Norwegian. So instead of being nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of Swedish derivation, it works out that I am 19% Norwegian and 45% Swedish. I have determined through historical research that even the 45% Swedish is not all that much of the tribes Suede or Svear. All my mother's ancestors were born and resided in or near Småland, a territory of the Geats (See the Saga of the great Norse hero Beowulf) or Goths. So in fact, though my ancestors are taken to be Swedish presently, historically they were Geats.

Then there is the other part of my father's ancestry, through that of his father's father. He was descended, as my wife expresses it, "from that damn boat." First Thanksgiving and all that. (The Chinese appear to be collecting everything they can from the world's DNA genealogy apps. To what purpose is yet to be revealed. They have their thing and I have mine.)

Growing up I had no idea of the heritage I had inherited from my ancestors. Curious, in 1977, before returning with my wife to Massachusetts from the first year of our marriage spent in California, I asked a great-aunt what she knew about the Orcutt family history. She said that she knew we were from good stock, but was a bit light on the details. The one lead she was able to provide was that her father, my father's grandfather, was born in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. As we passed through Great Barrington on our way to my in-laws' home in Revere on that return trip, we stopped off to enquire into my family's past. We were put in touch with the President of the Great Barrington Historical Society.

We didn't get any of the details in our first probe, but thereafter we began a correspondence with the Society President. Back and forth went our missives. As details began to emerge with arduous research, the salutations we exchanged proceeded from "Dear Mr. Orcutt", "Dear Mrs. Parrish", "Dear Mr. Orcutt", and "Dear Mrs. Parrish" to "Dear Cousin Harry," "Dear Cousin Lila", and so on.

Through Lila, we were put in touch with another local Karner ancestor researcher, Mrs. Virginia Spurr Siter, in what became the Karner family seat of Egremont, Massachusetts. Her card file contained the information we sought on my great-grandfather, George Washington Orcutt, whose mother was Clarissa Matilda Karner, and his relationship to the Karner family (Lila was also a Karner). That led to Lila's putting us in touch with another family researcher, retired Air Force Colonel L. Warren Church, of Royal Oaks, California. While Virginia's cards gave me direction where I could apply for local vital records, which were necessary in applying to various hereditary societies, Warren's equally careful research, given freely, documented the history of more than forty colonial settlers from whom we shared descent. It was through Church that I learned that my father was the sixth cousin, eleven times removed of George Washington, through the Fowler line of his mother, Mary Ball. Though that's a very tenuous connection, no matter -- I'll take it with appreciation.

I now know the many blood connections in the rich annals of Americana that have been bequeathed to me through those from whom I can now prove descent, though it is at my original locale of awakening, Great Barrington and Egremont, that some of the best tales can be told. It was also in those two adjacent towns that two (from more than a handful) positive events in the history of humankind transpired -- the American Revolution and the Civil War. In each my direct ancestors served the good cause, playing their own small parts in the outcomes.

First, though, before taking a quick view of that service, returning to the Karners, we find that they and their spouses' families made some rather interesting contributions to Massachusetts and the Nation. The Karners were Palatine Germans. In the early 1700's France waged war in the Palatine, and numerous families decided upon emigration. They were first taken in by the Royal Government of Great Britain, because during the English Civil War of the mid-1600's, their Prince, Rupert, commanded the English cavalry of his Uncle King Charles I. Also, their production of naval stores (lumber, hemp, tar, etc.) was seen by the Royal authorities as being useful in settling the Crown's recently acquired territories in their Colony of New York.



Palantine Encampment in London – Supplies issued by Queen Anne’s government in England and New York were not charity – accounts were kept and the refugees were later assessed the cost.

In 1710, 3,200 Palatines sailed in twelve ships from England to New York. In transit, more than 400 of them died of various causes, and another 200 passed after they arrived between June and August. Those surviving were initially settled in camps along the Hudson River. The arriving settlers did not have an easy time, as they were rather ill-treated by both the English Governor of New York and Robert Livingston, whose Manor Holding was the land upon which they were initially settled. The name Karner (sometimes Carner) was derived from the progenitor settler, Nicolaus Korner, also rendered Kormer, who with his wife Magdalena, was a founding settler of Kinderhook, a portion of which was named “Sleepy Hallow.”



Ship “Fame”, 3rd Vessel to carry Palantines to New York Colony

Four of their children were Lodowyk, Andries (Andrew), Johann Adam, and a sister Mary (Margareth). They removed from NY to Egremont Township, in the lower Berkshires (a county), a territory contested by both NY and Massachusetts. Mary married John Van Guilders, Jr., adopted son of John Van Guilders, an early settler of the Berkshires. John Van Guilders Jr. was actually the son of a Sheffield Indian Chief (Mohegan), who had befriended Van Guilders. Jr., as heir of his father, owned the Berkshires. He had extensive business dealings with his brother-in-law Lodowyk, who acquired a 99-year lease on his extensive Egremont properties. Also, Jr. transferred title to large tracts of land in the same vicinity to his wife, Mary. (Got that?)

Fast forward to 1819. NY wants to mark its border with Massachusetts along the Connecticut River at Springfield. Deacon Stephen (son of Jacob, son of Lodowyk, who was the father of Clarissa Matilda), and his cousins,

holding what remained of their 99-year leases in Egremont, asked the New York Legislature at Albany what they made of their claim of their Egremont land. Answer: NY would recognize the claim and it would terminate at the end of the 99 years. They next went to the Great and General Court of Massachusetts at Boston with the same question. Answer: Massachusetts would recognize the 99-year lease as the giving of the land (Egremont) in perpetuity (as in forever). Karner's decide: Welcome to Massachusetts! And that's how one third of the Commonwealth came into Massachusetts, with the border at Egremont (carrying all of the Berkshires with it) when it settled its boundary with NY in 1820.

Jacob Karner, born at Kinderhook, was the grandfather of Clarissa Matilda. He served with Peter Orcutt (of Great Barrington), father of Clarrisa's husband Isaac, in the Capt. Roswell Downing Co, of Col. John Ashley's (Berkshire Co.), under the overall command of Major General John Fellows in the Revolutionary War. There were numerous times when their militia unit was called out, sometimes with the Ephraim Fitch Co., preceding and at the Battle of Saratoga in October 1777. Peter's father-in-law, Maj. Moses Church, Assistant Commissary of Issues at Springfield, provided supplies to the Continental Army during the campaign. The victory at Yorktown in October 1781 may have ended the conflict that led to the foundation of the United States, but Saratoga was the turning point that brought the French and later, the Spanish into the conflict, making the ultimate triumph possible.

Jacob's wife was Lucy Kellogg. Her father made oat cereals for the local Friends congregation. It is said that her two nephews, both doctors, moved to Battle Creek, Michigan, and there founded a cereal company noted for providing a healthy kick start to the day. We discovered at the Sheffield Atheneum a record of the Friends Society which recorded that Lucy stood before the congregation of 200 souls, and as was the custom of that religion in baring one's personal frailties, proclaimed that she had committed fornication before marriage. The record did not indicate who the other party may have been. Even with that admission, she is yet included among our favorite antecedents.

Lucy and Jacob's grand-daughter, Clarrisa Matilda, wife of Isaac Orcutt, bore three children, one of whom was my great-great grandfather George Washington Orcutt. Clarrisa passed shortly after his birth in Starkey, New York. Isaac then married Julia Knapp to help him raise his children, and she bore eight more children. Those must have been very long winters.

Isaac removed to Westmoreland, NY, where he farmed and, being a Leather Journeyman, made harnesses, bridles, and all else required for the building of and transporting upon, by barge, the Erie Canal. A very distant cousin actually dug the ditch. It ended in Buffalo, NY, and opened up the entire upper U.S. mid-West through the great lakes to Duluth, Minnesota.

Isaac eventually moved his family through Ohio, to Concord, Minnesota. George, however, was raised by the Karners in Egremont. He married Emma Osborn, daughter of David and Cecelia. George served in the Civil War, 1st in the 37th Mass. Volunteer Infantry, where he fought at the Battle of Fredricksburg, VA. After eating contaminated food on Burnside's Mud March, he was eventually given a medical discharge. (This stomach infection that finally killed him in La Crosse, Wisconsin, in 1901 resulted in his subsequent pension, equal to the loss of an arm and a leg.) However, he recovered sufficiently for a time to re-enlist in the 2nd Mass. Cavalry Regt., where he took part in Sheridan's Great Cavalry Raid of Northern Virginia. Falling ill again, he was assigned to work in a hospital until he was again discharged as disabled.

His brother and half-brothers all served in the Union Army. Peter was killed when serving with the 1st Minnesota Artillery in a battle with Bedford Forrest's Confederate Cavalry in Tennessee. His other half-brothers, were all attending the Wasioja Seminary, near Concord, MN, when the war started. The headmaster marched at the head of entire student body to Fort Snelling, in Minneapolis, where they enlisted in various units of the 1st Minnesota. Two or more of them fought at Gettysburg in the venerable Iron Brigade. After the war, some of them settled in Northfield, MN. They were there when the James-Younger gang attempted to rob the local bank. Jesse James had been informed that only Swedish farmers lived in the area. Instead, his gang ran into veterans of Grand Army of the Potomac who riddled his gang with bullets, front, back, and sides. Two of George's half-brothers rode in the posse that went after Jesse when he skedaddled. The posse caught up with the Youngers, captured them, and killed a bandit named Pitts. Jesse and Frank got away.

And so, the history of our branch of the Orcutt continued to unfold. None of this is related as braggadocio. It is cited instead to make the point that probably only in America could a Socialist immigrant family from Sweden, through all

of its 2nd generation, marry into families that were the very essence of the history of their adopted country. On the continent from whence they emigrated, it would not likely have been possible for such marriages to have occurred. Europe is yet stifled by class distinction. By way of example, in Sweden, as we encountered it in our 1986 visit, if two Swedes are strangers, they first have to work out how each will address the other. For instance, if each finds descent from the nobility, or the upper-class professional caste, they will address each other more or less as equals. If one is middle class, he or she will be addressed by the “superior” as a subordinate. And if one is of the lower classes, all those above that person will address them accordingly.

The difference between the United States and just about everywhere else is that by personal application and a desire to change one’s station in life, it is possible to move up, usually through acquiring knowledge, and changing one’s speech patterns to a more refined manner, creating an opportunity for a better lifestyle. It is not unheard of in our Republic for the Horatio Alger transformation to occur, where an individual born in a log cabin may in fact become President of the United States. Also, Marxist-Leninist class warfare is destructive to the cohesion of all classes in any society. Studies have documented that being a wealthy elite is often a revolving wheel, especially in Capitalist societies, where attaining great wealth by an individual entrepreneur, is often squandered by succeeding generations, reducing them back to the level from which they emerged.

Carl Magnus Magnuson arrived in Minneapolis circa 1913. He had worked his passage over on a merchant ship in 1911, and had been employed in a Maine lumber camp as a cook for two years. At the time of his arrival, being a Socialist was a reasonable position for a working man to take. This was the end of the age of the robber barons, when the elites were ever interested in amassing their own wealth at the cost of those they employed, and developments in automation reduced the need, for the most part, of skilled craftsmen.

According to various scholars, Socialism emerged as a political/economic force in Europe in 1815, largely for the reasons cited above. 104 years later, Carl, a teamster milk delivery driver, and 12 other Nords, founded the Franklin Cooperative Creamery. In 1919, residents of Minneapolis were becoming sick with tuberculosis, because milk was not being pasteurized anywhere in the world. There was also a problem with gastroenterological ailments because milk products were being delivered to homes beyond their use by dates, and dairy enterprises processed milk into products that were untested for pathogens.

All the problems with milk processing changed as Carl and his associates forged an alliance with dairy farmers and sold shares to build a state-of-the art processing plant at 2601 East Franklin Avenue in Minneapolis. A precis on the history of the Creamery available online states:

“This building was constructed in 1920 to house a new milk-processing plant. It grew into a huge business in just a few years. By 1924, profits from the sale of high-quality milk, cream, butter, buttermilk, cottage cheese and ice cream were over \$3 million dollars a year. The business employed 418 people, and had 175 delivery routes that served 50,000 customers a day. An early report described the creamery as ‘the most modern milk distributing plant in the Northeast.’ It should be added that the plant included a laboratory at which all milk delivered to be processed was tested to identify milk products that were tubercular, spoiled, or infused with other contaminants. No milk product was sold after it had aged three days. They were the first to utilize pasteurization, and another innovation was the founding of the School Lunch Program. Everything that we take for granted today in regards to milk product safety was apparently pioneered at the Franklin Cooperative Creamery.



Original Franklin Creamery

When the Creamery was founded in 1920, both the monied leaders of the city and the Government, up to and including the Governor, were opposed to workers owning their own means of production. And in most cases, such enterprises have proven to be unsuccessful.

Again, from the online precis, the predictions made in 1920 by the city's capitalists came at last to pass when, *in October, 1959, the 3,500 shareholders voted to drop the word co-operative from the name, file incorporation papers with the state, and revise the bylaws. As one reporter put it, "Franklin Co-operative Creamery association, long described as 'the co-op that isn't, isn't'."* Many of the workers truly believed in the promises and philosophy of socialism. However, the creamery proved enormously successful because, in order to raise capital to fund their concept of a socially responsible milk operation, they had to adopt capitalism and run the factory according to its precepts.

Overall, their endeavor was a success. By 1929, the then Governor was then addressing Creamery workers at their annual picnic. The speaker for the workers was Carl Magnus "Little Maggie" Magnuson.



Nine of the original 13 Creamery Founders

Front L. to R: Carl Magnuson, C. Rudolf Nelson, Harold Norby, Edward Solem,

Back Row: Gust Berglund, Ernest Anderson, Anton Swanson, Einar Walters, Unidentified

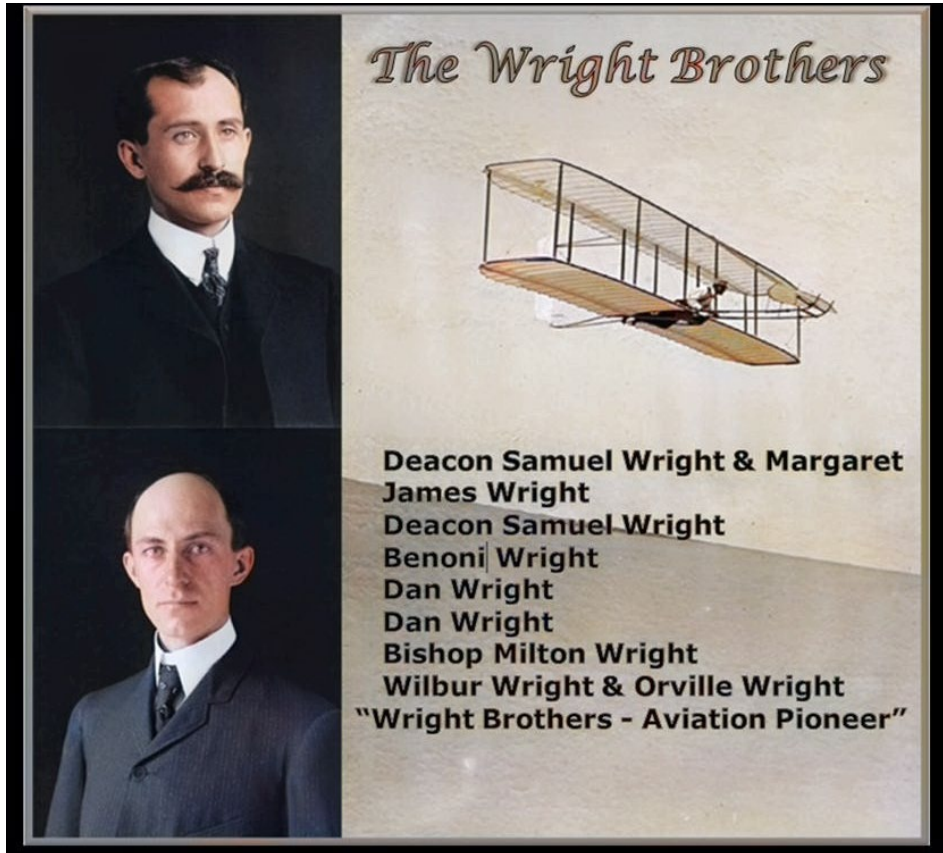
Blood Relations and DNA Verify Descent

One word about Ancestry, the DNA tracing family application. I, like my 1st cousins now residing in Minnesota and Wisconsin, have, through DNA links to collateral relatives, established conclusively the lines of our American ancestors. (Actually, we have also established links to many of our relatives residing in Canada, Australia, or remaining in Europe, but there is not room in this precis to document those connections and whence they were derived.) I must report that assurance of descent has come as some measure of relief. I was in contact with an individual who shared my surname. He insisted that because my Revolutionary War forbear resided in Great Barrington, I must therefore be descended from his branch of the family that came to the Berkshires by way of Connecticut. He is not included in any of my Ancestry kin. All those associated with my forebear Peter Orcutt are most definitely descended from the Hingam branch of the Colonial Wars Samuel, son of Ebenezer, whose children through Deliverance Kingman are all of Mayflower lineage through Mary Chilton, the Mayflower orphan.

It was at this juncture that I and my 1st cousins were satisfied with this family report. Having a bit of free time, which is exceedingly unusual at the present time, given my American Legion and Masonic commitments, I continued to enter lineage as provided by L. Warren Church, into my Ancestry Family Tree. One antecedent who was connected to my proven Kellogg line was Mindwell Wright, wife of Colonial Lt. Stephen Belden of Northfield, Massachusetts. There is a Compatriot of my long acquaintance in the Sons of the American Revolution who is a true Wright. Having been informed by Church that I too was a Wright descendant, I shared the information I had been provided, informing my Compatriot that I was descended from Mindwell's father, Benjamin Wright, a noted Connecticut Indian Fighter (1660 – 1743). Compatriot Wright assured me that he and I were not, as far as he knew, thereby connected. Still being curious, I entered my Wright line into my Tree, which resulted in numerous hints being available. Perusing the hints, "What to my wandering eyes did appear?" Benjamin had a brother named Benoni. There was a flyer style family chart posted. It listed the three generations preceding Benoni, and the four generations of his descendants.

One of my grandnephews, the son of my nephew (and grandson of my late younger sister), has been employed building the F35 Lighting and is presently working on the B21 Raider; another grandnephew, the son of my niece (another of my late sister's grandchildren), is a US Navy Chief, assigned to one of the VIP Flight Squadrons. I was pleased to inform them that they likely owe their careers to relatively close cousin brothers.

SAMUEL WRIGHT TO THE WRIGHT BROTHERS



As near as I can compute the separation between us, Orville and Wilbur are my fourth cousins, two or three time removed. In considering that our species, *Homo Sapiens*, is believed, at present, to have come into existence 300,000 years ago, through a female originating in Africa 150,000 years ago, and male 125,000 years ago, the "Fly Boys" are practically family.

Going beyond the first Wright of this line in America, the Deacon Samuel Wright (1614 – 1665), we arrive at Sir John Wright of Dagenham (1548 – 1624), whose wife was Lady Bennet Greene (of London, 1554 – 1593). Her mother was Lady Margaret Spencer (1537 – 1580). Her father was Sir John Spencer II (1524 – 1586), High Sheriff of Northhamptonshire, Member of Parliament, etc. Sir John is the forebear some generations later, (that I do not care to compute, just knowing they are kin is good enough) of Lady Diana Spencer, Princess of Wales, and Winston Spencer Churchill. And so it goes, six degrees, or a wee bit more, of separation.