JOHN ST. JOHN

STRATFORD, FLINT, NEW MEXICO, WESTOVER FIELD,
ENGLAND, GERMANY AND FRANCE · 1921–1945

On Boxcars, Link Trainers, Jitterbugs and Such

A better method is to recognize the sound of a complete character without regard to its components.

WAR DEPARTMENT, THE RADIO OPERATOR

This chapter is about Daniel's father, John St. John, and it comes down the family the usual way: from John to his son, who heard a great deal of it as a small boy, and from John's sister Pat, who kept the family's older stories. The paperwork is thinner. John turns up in the census of 1940; a year later, at nineteen, on a prison card from New Mexico; and, at the end of that same year, on the punch card the Army made when he enlisted. His Army file itself has not yet been seen, so the war, the longest part of Daniel's account of him, is still the part the documents say least about. What follows, then, is his life in order, as Daniel told it, with the records and the history of those years set beside it. Where they agree, it says so. Where they part company, or where nobody yet knows, it says that too.

The story begins in Stratford, Ontario, a railway town in the farm country of southwestern Ontario. Its founders had named it after Shakespeare's birthplace and renamed the local stretch of the Thames the Avon, and in 1953, a generation later, the town would open a Shakespeare festival and become famous for it. In 1921 it was famous, so far as it was famous for anything, for mending locomotives. The Grand Trunk Railway's shops, enlarged four times since 1888 and able to hold twenty-two engines at once, were the town's biggest employer, and furniture was the next; by the 1920s nearly a sixth of all the furniture made in Canada was shipped from Stratford. The census of 1921 counted 16,094 people. On Saturday, the second of July, one more of them was born: John St. John. The family has always kept his birthday on the second of June; the *Stratford Daily Beacon*, announcing the birth that week, and his veteran's grave record, eighty-five years later, both give July, and the *Beacon* named the baby Phillip Homer, junior, after his father.

His mother was a Stratford girl. Alice Rose Pigeon had been born there on October 2, 1900, the daughter of Paschal Pigeon and Catherine Foley, of a large Catholic family that lived on Front Street. His father was Homer Doble St. John, a farm boy from Blanshard Township, in the same county, who had gone to the First World War at fifteen and come home at seventeen; his story is the chapter before this one.

Much of what the family knew of where they all came from had reached Daniel through Pat, and Daniel, who called his father's side of the family "a big issue," set it out as he had it. On one

THE LINE OF DESCENT

Paschal Pigeon (1855–1931) = Catherine "Kitty" Foley (1865–1943)
↓
Alice Rose Pigeon (1900–1983) = Homer Doble St. John (1900–1972)
↓
John St. John (b. 1921) = Janet Krug (b. 1920)
↓
Daniel St. John (b. 1943) = Regina
↓
Alex, Rex and Yana

side, he said, there were Protestant Irish, "Orange Irish, probably some Dutch," a mother who "was a Kent," British, of a wealthy family of horse breeders in Kentucky, and a father "that paved a lot of the streets in London, Ontario." On the other, "her mother was Irish. She was from Limerick. She was Kitty Foley. But her father was a pigeon, was a French-Canadian. His father was one of 12 boys, but they were French speakers."

Two of those names, at least, are in the records. Kitty Foley was real: she was Catherine Foley, Alice's mother, buried at Stratford in April 1943. The "pigeon" was real too: it was her husband's surname. Paschal Pigeon was born in Stratford in 1855 and died there in 1931. Whether his father had eleven brothers, no record found so far says.

Aunt Pat had one more story, and it was the best. Somewhere back on the family tree, she believed, stood the boatman of the Lewis and Clark expedition, a man Daniel called Cruzot. "He was part Iowan Indian and also part French Huguenot," Daniel said, "which were the Protestant French that escaped persecution. And he worked as a boatman on the river... And also he was the fiddle player for the dances." The family's thought was that two Irish brothers had married two of his daughters, which would make him a fourth great grandfather.

The expedition's own roll has the man: Private Pierre Cruzatte, half French and half Omaha, a master boatman, and the fiddler whose playing entertained the expedition and the people it met. He is best remembered, though, for a day in August 1806, when he was out hunting elk with Captain Meriwether Lewis in a thick part of the woods and shot him through the thigh, having taken the captain, in his leather clothes, for an elk.

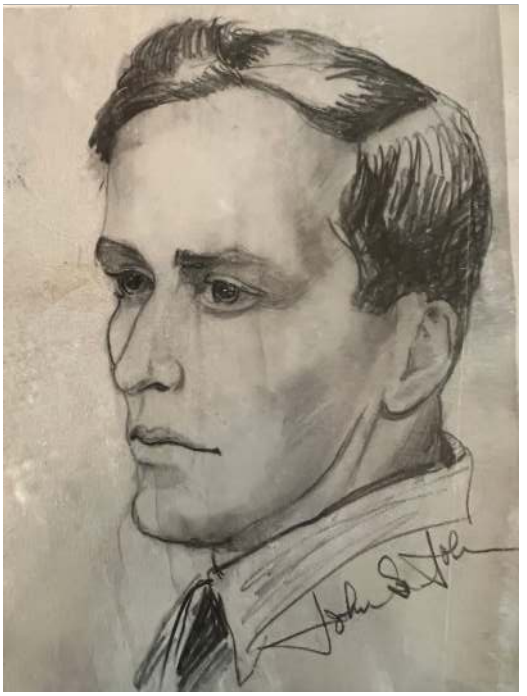
Captain William Clark, writing up the accident the next day, recorded that "this Crusat is near Sighted and has the use of but one eye," and added, generously, that he was a man in whom both captains had placed "the greatest confidence." Daniel's own evidence for the connection was of another kind: "My father's side of the family, the women look awfully dark haired and some of the men have awfully big noses like the Indian on the nickel." He did not claim it was proved. "That's kind of a thing that would have to be looked into," he said.

In the 1920s the St. Johns crossed into Michigan. "They just came over in the 20s because there were work in the factories," Daniel said. "You could go through Detroit, across from Canada into Detroit." They were in good company. Detroit had grown, in the words of the state's 1941 guidebook, "as mining towns grow — fast, impulsive, and indifferent to the superficial niceties of life," from under a million people in 1920 to more than a million and a half in 1930, and the guidebook's list of everyone who came ends "not to mention multitudes of native white Americans and Canadians." Canadians could come without waiting on a quota. They could also be sent back.

Where exactly they lived in those first years, Detroit or across the river in Ontario, the records found so far do not say, though they were in Michigan by about 1931, when John's younger sister, another Alice, was born there. By the spring of 1935, when his little brother Robert was born, they were in Flint, General Motors' town, where, in Daniel's words, Homer "had worked in the Buick plant in the 30s." It was the town that Daniel, years later, said his father "was from." Flint had about 156,000 people in 1930, and the Depression had not been kind to them. The country built 5,337,000 motor vehicles in 1929 and 1,332,000 in 1931, and the average auto worker's pay fell by more than half.

In the middle of the 1930s John was, by every account Daniel gave, an unusually gifted boy. He could draw. Before he was fifteen, Daniel said, he had been "identified... as one of the top most promising gifted art students in the city of Detroit." Daniel explained how that came about: "You know, they had these make work programs. They paid artists to teach young people." That is a fair description of the New Deal's art projects.

The Federal Art Project began on August 29, 1935, less than three months after John turned fourteen; it was created, as its history candidly puts it, "not as a cultural activity, but as a relief measure to employ artists," and in March 1937 the government reported that its artists were teaching in settlement houses, community cen-



A DRAWING BY JOHN ST. JOHN

ters, orphanages, hospitals and "children's clubs." Detroit's art museum had on its walls, since 1933, Diego Rivera's frescoes of the Ford Rouge plant, which the newspapers had called "un-American" and which, the state guide noted, "hundreds of factory workers streamed to the Institute to admire."

It was, in its way, a fine time to be a talented boy in Michigan: the government had decided that art was a form of employment, and the factory hands had decided that art was worth a look. Which class John was in, and who picked him out, Daniel did not say.

He had an ear as well as an eye. He had perfect pitch, Daniel said: "Name any song, you hear it once, he could sing it and remember it." Pat could do the same at the piano. The two of them could also do the *New York Times* crosswords, and fast. His father, Daniel thought, "was jealous of him. His father used to beat him up, but he and his sister could do those things."

Prohibition ended while John was a boy. Michigan, with what may have been some impatience, was the first state to ratify repeal, in April 1933, and by the middle of the decade the state guide's idea of a night out in Detroit was "making the rounds of beer gardens, burlesque shows, and all-night movie houses."

Outside the house, Flint was changing. In the last days of 1936 the city's GM workers sat down inside their plants and stayed there for forty-four days, and the governor, Frank Murphy, refused to use force to throw them out. When it was over the United Auto Workers was a power in the land. John turned sixteen that June, in a city that had just learned what a union could do.

Then there was Bobby, John's little brother, who was sickly. Robert John St. John, born in Flint in May 1935, died at Hurley Hospital, Flint's public hospital, on March 13, 1939, of bronchopneumonia following measles, after a doctor had attended him for six days. He was three years and nine months old. Homer gave the particulars to the registrar. John was seventeen. "They had no... penicillin at that time," Daniel said, and "any kind of sickness could kill you then," and on that the record agrees with him entirely: penicillin was not in medical use until the 1940s, and the measles vaccine was another twenty-four years away.

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On April 10, 1940, a year after Bobby died, the census came to 2012 Swayze Street, and the enumerator wrote the family down. They rented the house for thirty dollars a month. Homer, forty, was an auto worker in an auto factory, with forty-five weeks of work and $1,365 the year before. Alice, thirty-nine, worked fifty weeks as a secretary. Pat, seventeen, was still at school, and the younger Alice was eight. John was eighteen, single, and a salesman in a shoe store, working forty-eight hours that week.

He had four years of high school and was no longer at school. Homer, Alice and John were each marked "Pa," meaning they had taken out first papers toward American citizenship, and Homer, who answered the enumerator's questions, was entered as living in the "same place" in 1935.

Daniel remembered his father leaving home younger than that. "My father ran away from home when he was about 16," Daniel said, "and I think he finished high school, but they ran away. He ran away with his buddies." He put

the leaving after Bobby's death: "soon after... he left after that." Counting from John's age, Daniel made it 1937. Counting from Bobby, as he told it, the years come out later and much closer to the papers: Bobby died in March 1939, the census found John still at home in April 1940, and by March 1941 he had been in New Mexico three weeks.

They went west the way a boy without money had gone west all through the Depression: "Riding boxcars on the railroad, going out west." There were a great many of them. At the bottom of the Depression an estimated quarter of a million teenagers were living on the road in America, and being a homeless migrant was itself a crime; vagrancy could mean jail or hard labor. The railroad police, the "bulls," were not gentle.

One boy who left home in West Virginia at sixteen, in 1936, remembered his freight pulling into Parkersburg at midnight: "there was a gun and a flashlight in my face," and within ten minutes he was behind bars. Of the road in general he said, "I was hungry all the time."

On the road he took up boxing, and boxing paid. "And so my father took to boxing," Daniel said. "He and his friend, you know, his friend set him up. They would go across the country from one boxing situation to the next and make money by, you know, like just boxing." Michigan had just produced the most famous boxer in the world. Joe Louis, who had learned to fight in a Detroit recreation center, was paid fifty-nine dollars for knocking out his first professional opponent in 1934 and was heavyweight champion of the world by 1937. John never got so far, but he was good. "He was good on his feet and reflexes," Daniel said. His face kept the score: "His face was all smashed in. His nose was fat."

In the first days of March 1941 the road brought John into New Mexico, and within three weeks he was in trouble in Lincoln County. From here the record takes over from the family's memory. Lincoln County was high ranch country, and its seat was Carrizozo, a railroad town at 5,425 feet, named for the reed grass of the plain around it. It had been laid out in 1899 by a subsidiary of the El Paso & Northeastern Railroad, which made it a division point, with a roundhouse and shop, and in 1940 it had 1,457 people.

It had taken the county seat from the old town of Lincoln after a fight that began with a county vote in 1909 and was settled, four years later, by the Supreme Court of the United States, which is a long way to go to decide where a county keeps its courthouse. Lincoln itself had a longer memory. It was Billy the Kid's town.

In April 1881, under sentence of death and held on the top floor of its courthouse, the Kid killed his two guards, Deputies James Bell and Bob Olinger, and rode away; the state's WPA guide says he "took time to do a triumphant jig on the balcony of the jail, singing his defiance." Eleven weeks later Pat Garrett shot him dead at Fort Sumner.

The court file tells the rest quickly, because it all happened quickly. On Tuesday, March 18, 1941, John St. John, nineteen, and a man named Mirko Hamacek, "both late of the County of Lincoln," took an automobile belonging to Guy Richardson, "for the purpose of temporarily using and driving the same"; the first charge sheet calls it "one 1938 model two door sedan." On the 20th the assistant district attorney charged John alone, and the next morning the district attorney, M. A.

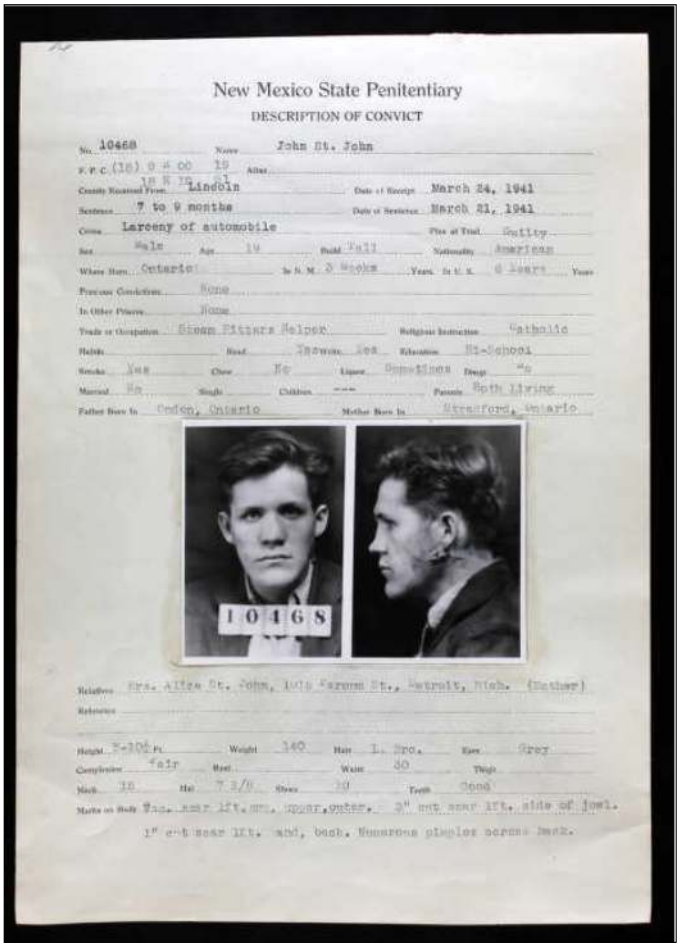
Threet, filed a new charge against both men and the first case was dismissed. Everything else happened that same Friday, March 21. Both men were handed the charge, waived the twenty-four hours the law gave them before arraignment, were arraigned, and "each and both of them plead Guilty." Judge Numa C. Frenger sentenced each of them to the state penitentiary "for not less than 7 months nor more than 9 months" and to pay the costs of the prosecution, and signed the writs that sent them there.

No lawyer for either man appears anywhere in the file. The county's court sat at Carrizozo, and the few days between the sentence and the trip to Santa Fe were presumably spent in the county jail there. The court file itself is reproduced at the end of this chapter. On March 24 the state penitentiary at Santa Fe received him as convict No. 10468, and a clerk filled in a printed form headed "Description of Convict." Of all the records of John found so far, it describes him most fully.

Five feet ten and a half, which the clerk entered under build as "tall"; 140 pounds; light-brown hair, grey eyes, hat size seven and an eighth. Nationality, American; born, Ontario; Catholic; high school; reads and writes; smokes; drinks "sometimes"; not married; parents both living, the mother born in Stratford and the father in London, Ontario, which is what Homer himself had told the Flint registrar two years before, though his Canadian Army papers say Blanshard Township. Trade: steam fitter's helper, which was not the trade the census had given him a year before.

In New Mexico three weeks; in the United States, the clerk wrote, six years. Previous convictions: none. In other prisons: none. Relatives: "Mrs. Alice St. John," his mother, at an address in Detroit, so his mother, at least, had left Flint since the census. Under marks on the body the clerk wrote "3″ cut scar lft. side of jowl," and in the profile photograph on the card the cut still looks fresh.

This was the photograph Daniel knew about. There was a picture of his father, Daniel said, taken "when he was being photographed for stealing the car with his face all torn up," and here it is. Years later John told his son where the scar came from, and Daniel passed it on in a sentence: "They stole a car and they rolled it off a cliff. They rolled it off an embankment." Whether the car the court convicted him of taking was the car that went over the embankment, neither the card nor the court file says. But the court file does name the friend who went to the penitentiary with him: Mirko Hamacek.



New Mexico State Penitentiary

DESCRIPTION OF CONVICT

No. 10468 Name John St. John

Alias

County Received From Lincoln Date of Receipt March 24, 1941

Sentence 7 to 9 months Date of Sentence March 21, 1941

Crime Larceny of automobile Plea at Trial Guilty

Sex Male Age 19 Build Full Nationality American

Where Born Ontario In U. S. 3 Weeks Years In U. S. 6 years Years

Previous Convictions None

In Other Prisons None

Trade or Occupation Steam Fitters Helper Religious Instruction Catholic

Habits Read Yes Write Yes Education Hi-School

Smoke Yes Chew No Liquor Sometimes Drugs No

Married No Single Children --- Parents Both Living

Father Born In Ontario, Ontario Mother Born In Stratford, Ontario

10468

Relatives Mrs. Alice St. John, 1015 Farnum St., Detroit, Mich. (Mother)

References

Height 5-10½ Ft. Weight 140 Hair L. Bro. Eyes Grey

Complexion Fair Beard Waist 30 Thigh

Neck 16 Hat 7 3/8 Shoes 10 Teeth Good

Marks on Body Wen, rear lft. arm, upper, outer. 3" cut scar lft. side of jowl. 1" cut scar lft. wrist, back. Numerous pimples across back.

NEW MEXICO STATE PENITENTIARY, NO. 10468, MARCH 1941

The penitentiary was an old one by then. It had opened in 1885 on Cerrillos Road in Santa Fe, built to the same plans as Sing Sing and Joliet, and the town had a story about it that the historians have since spoiled: that Santa Fe had been offered the choice of the penitentiary or the region's first university, and had chosen the penitentiary. (The legislature authorized the prison in 1884 and the University of New Mexico in 1889, so nobody was ever offered both.)

Its inmates had rioted in 1922 against overcrowding, the guards and the food, and the tower guards had fired into them, killing one man. John's own verdict on prison food, as Daniel heard it, was the opposite of the rioters': it was "the best food that he had gotten because they fed him there." Whether he meant Santa Fe or the county jail, he did not say. The building he knew is gone. A new prison was built eleven miles south of the city in 1956, the old one was pulled down, and nothing of it is left but the name of a street, Pen Road.

The rest of the story had travelled in the telling. Daniel remembered his father gone from home at about sixteen and, some time after, locked up in Arizona for eight months with his buddy, in "the same prison that Billy the Kid was in," where "the jail had these bullet holes that they were proud of. They were left by Billy the Kid." The record moves it to New Mexico and to nineteen, and the other details fit better than they first seem.

Seven to nine months is "eight months" near enough, and Lincoln County was the Kid's own county. There was, in fairness to the family's version, a Billy the Kid jail in Arizona as well: he had been held in the guardhouse at Camp Grant in 1877 and escaped, and by the 1930s the old fort was Arizona's state industrial school for boys. But the penitentiary in Santa Fe did not open until four years after the Kid was dead; the Santa Fe jail he knew, in the winter of 1880–81, while he wrote four letters to the governor asking for clemency, was an older one.

The Arizona State Archives hold no list of the Fort Grant boys of those years; the school's annual reports that survive are accounts of money, not rolls of names. John himself told the clerk he had been in no other prison. Whatever walls were pointed out to him, no record yet found puts Billy the Kid behind them. "I believe it was Arizona," Daniel said, and that is how the family told it.

The card does not say when he walked out. Seven to nine months from March 21 runs from late October to late December 1941, sooner with time off for good behavior; the full inmate file, which should give the date, is presumably still among the penitentiary's records at the State Archives in Santa Fe. Somewhere inside that span, on December 7, Japan attacked Pearl Harbor.

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Within two weeks of Pearl Harbor the country had changed its rules. On December 20, 1941, Congress made every man from twenty to forty-four liable for service, and John, at twenty, was one of them. He did not wait to be called. He wanted to fly. "My father wanted to be a pilot," Daniel said, "because that was very, you know, that was heroic and stuff." He tried his own country first. "He went to the Canadian recruiters, but they wouldn't let him in the Air Force."

When, and why not, Daniel did not say, and no record found says either; the Royal Canadian Air Force, which had been signing up American volunteers, stopped recruiting on American soil after Pearl Harbor. "They went to the American recruiters and they let him in, but he couldn't be a pilot." His eyes were bad. "He was quite a reader," Daniel said.

On Monday, December 22, 1941, fifteen days after Pearl Harbor, John St. John enlisted in the Army. The record of it survives as a line of punched numbers in the file the National Archives keeps of some eight and a half million wartime Army enlistments: serial number 18044851, "St. Johns, John H.," a private, from civil life, for the Air Corps, for "the duration of the War or other emergency, plus six months." Born 1921. Four years of high school.

Civilian trade, a semiskilled construction worker, which was the third trade the paperwork had given him in two years. Single, without dependents. The clerk, or the card punch, gave him an extra *s*, which is why the card hid from searches for so long. The 18 at the front of the serial number is the Army's mark for the Eighth Corps

Area, which in 1941 meant Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, Colorado and Arizona.

The codes for the town where he enlisted and the county he gave as home were never decoded in the Archives' database, but they fit the pattern of the Army's code for Phoenix, Arizona, under the numbering it used before 1942, and of Maricopa County, around Phoenix; the one man in the same run of serial numbers whose later card does decode was a Maricopa County man. If that reading is right, John had come out of the penitentiary at Santa Fe and gone on west, not home, and there may be a little of Arizona in the family's memory of these years after all.

There was building work around Phoenix that year, for what it is worth: in March 1941 the Del E. Webb company had begun digging the foundations of Luke Field, an Army flying school west of the city.

The John St. John who advertised in the *Detroit Evening Times* at the end of January 1942, looking for work on a power lathe from an address on Chatham Street, was therefore almost certainly another man: by then this one had been in the Army for five weeks. Detroit itself was changing trade. "The whole of 1942 was recruiting men and training," Daniel said. "And there had to be airplanes made. All of General Motors was converted from making cars. They weren't making cars then. They were making tanks. They were making airplanes. And they had to have pilots."

By February the last passenger automobile had come off the line, and the auto industry had ten billion dollars in war orders. Of his father, Daniel said, "it seemed like the war gave him something to concentrate on."

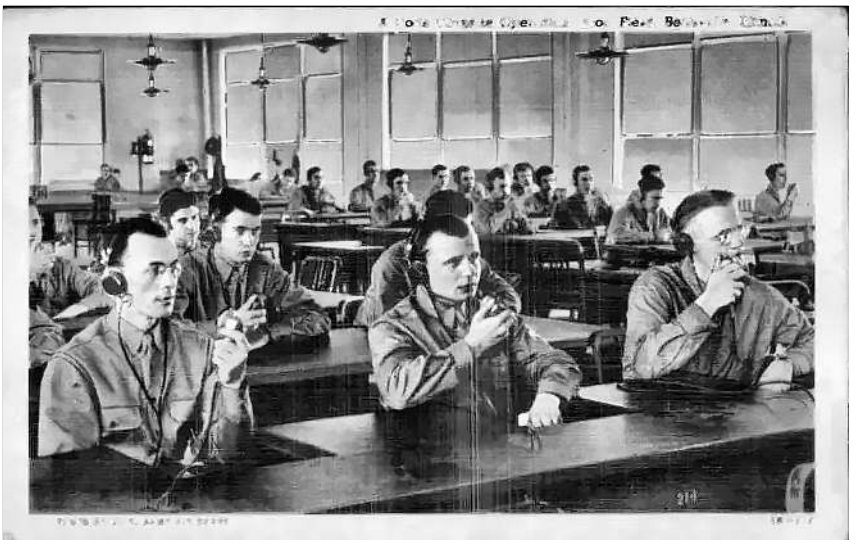
The Army gave him its intelligence test, and Daniel, telling it, set the test squarely beside that photograph from New Mexico: "You saw he was in all kinds of trouble with the law at that time. It was not more than a year or two after you saw him with his face ripped off from stealing a car and rolling down the hill." The dates are closer than that: nine months from the court at Carrizozo to the enlistment. He "scored very, very high," Daniel said.

"It was genius level. It was... It was off the scale." The test was almost certainly the Army General Classification Test, which the War Department insisted was not an IQ test at all but a measure of "ability to learn," scored so that 100 was the average man. Men were sorted into five grades. Grade I, a score of 130 or more, was meant to hold about seven men in a hundred, and the Army Air Forces wanted as many of them as it could get; six weeks after John enlisted, the War Department ordered that three quarters of the white recruits sent to the air arm must score 100 or better.

Daniel explained his father's gift by comparison with the code-breakers in the film about Alan Turing, who recruited his people by timing them on crossword puzzles: "New York Times puzzles. And if anyone could do it faster than he could, then he qualified, right?... And my father could do those things so fast." A score that high could qualify a man for officer training. Whether John was ever offered it, the record that would say has not been found.

A new Air Corps private that winter went first to one of its three replacement training centers, at Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, Keesler Field in Mississippi, or Sheppard Field in Texas, which had opened only in October. There were some twenty-one thousand recruits in them on the day of Pearl Harbor; Jefferson Barracks and Keesler housed theirs in tents for more than a year. Basic training was fixed at four weeks, and for thousands of men that year, the Air Forces' historians admitted, the centers "were primarily reception centers where they were processed, given only the most superficial kind of training, and then shipped off to technical schools." Which of them received John, his file would say; Sheppard, the nearest to Arizona, is only the likeliest guess.

What the Army Air Forces needed even more than pilots was the men behind them. It took, by its own count, "four technical specialists for every man who flew," and on the night of Pearl Harbor its commander, General Arnold, had ordered radio operators trained in a hurry: "Insure that they are available in large numbers." So, as Daniel told it, John became a radio man. "To be a radio operator, you had to take Morse code," Daniel said, "which is like da-da-da-da-da. And it took very high intelligence to type at 35 words a friggin' minute."



A CODE CLASS AT SCOTT FIELD, ILLINOIS, EARLY 1940S (US ARMY AIR CORPS)

The Army taught Morse by ear, not by counting dots and dashes, starting students at twenty words a minute so that they could not count, and pushing them up a ladder of "12, 15, 20, 25, 30, and 35 groups per minute." Thirty-five was the top rung. Above twenty, the manual says, a man copied straight onto a typewriter; a trained operator became, in its phrase, "a touch typist of sounds heard."

The Air Forces asked rather less of an ordinary airman: its radio operator had to take sixteen five-letter groups a minute, and even the Army's "high speed" operators only twenty-five. Thirty-five, if that was John's speed, was a speed for showing off.

Daniel explained why it took a clever man:

> *They saw he was bright, but they needed radio operators and people, I say, that had the intelligence and the ability to take Morse code, which was fundamental. That's the way the messages were passed. And it was coding Morse code but the messages could be coded so it was more than just the Morse code but it was a coded Morse code message and it took high intelligence to sit there and receive it and deliver it and respond to it.*

The family remembered more than speed. Daniel's account was that John "could decode things. Like, he even broke the codes... He was just supposed to be transmitting it. He told them what it was all about." That was not, strictly, a radio operator's job. Army operators sent and received messages enciphered as meaningless groups of five letters, which they copied legibly, in the manual's words, for "other personnel for deciphering"; the code work belonged to separate cryptographic men, chosen with special care. Nothing in the records found says what John did with the groups that went through his headphones. The family's story is that he did it in his head: "He was breaking the code, just his mind. He figured out the code."

Where he learned it, his service record would tell, if it survives. In the first half of 1942 the Air Forces had one great radio school, at Scott Field in Illinois, whose gate told the students passing through it that they were about to become "the best damned radio operators in the world"; schools at Sioux Falls in South Dakota and Truax Field in Wisconsin opened only later that year. Soon after Pearl Harbor the course was cut from twenty-two weeks to eighteen, half of it Morse.

A volunteer of December 1941 who went to radio school early in 1942 most likely went to Scott, and an instructor's posting needed more schooling after that: the Army's Link trainer instructors were taught at Chanute Field, in Illinois, or at civilian schools under contract, in courses of about twelve weeks. Whether John, a citizen on the card and an alien in the census, became an

American in uniform, as a 1942 law made easy for foreign-born soldiers, is not known either.

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By the winter of 1942–43 he was at Westover Field, in Chicopee, Massachusetts. The base was brand new. The War Department had picked the site two weeks after Germany invaded Poland, on tobacco fields at the north end of the city, and named it for General Oscar Westover, chief of the Air Corps, who had been killed in a crash in 1938. It had first been planned for 1,400 men; by the end of 1942 it had quarters for about eight thousand, and contractors were still paving taxiways.

Its job, under the First Air Force, was to organize and train new air units before they went overseas. Through 1942 an anti-submarine bomb group flew from it, hunting U-boats and covering convoys off the east coast in B-18s, B-25s and A-29s, until it was broken up at the end of November. From November 1 the field belonged above all to the 326th Fighter Group, flying the big P-47 Thunderbolt, which was at once part of the air defense force and an operational training unit, and later trained replacement pilots for combat; one new fighter group was activated at Westover in December 1942 and another in January 1943.

Daniel remembered it this way: "it was almost all the troops going over to England was where they went first. Over 2 million troops went through here." Westover's own numbers were smaller — two million is the scale of the great embarkation ports on the coast, and New York alone shipped out more than three million — but air units did leave from Westover for England. Before John came, in the late spring and summer of 1942, two transport groups and a bomber wing headquarters set out from there. In the winter he was there, none did: the Air Forces' own register of its groups and squadrons shows no unit going from Westover to England between January and March 1943.

His job there, as Daniel described it, was the Link trainer. "He had been training people on these automatic link trainers so that they spend more hours. They didn't have to fly the airplane and risk going down. They would have like a robot thing. And my father was training the pilots, right, to use the gauges." The Link was a stubby little airplane on a pedestal, worked by organ bellows, and, as the Air Force museum notes of its inventor, Edwin Link, "Ironically, most of his first sales were to amusement parks."

The Army bought six in 1934, after twelve airmail pilots were killed in seventy-eight days flying in weather they could not see through, and by John's time the Air Forces were using them to teach their pilots blind flying. The student sat under a hood with nothing to go on but his in-



REVIEW AT WESTOVER FIELD, CHICOPEE, EARLY 1940S



LINK TRAINER AND INSTRUCTOR, CHANUTE FIELD, ILLINOIS, EARLY 1940S

struments; the instructor sat at a desk beside him with a duplicate set, a map, and an ink-wheeled marker called the crab that drew the student's course, and spoke to him by radio through his earphones.

The Army's manual told instructors that the student "may be a pilot who has hundreds of hours of contact flying, but this does not prove that he knows anything about instrument flying. Do not assume that he knows anything about it." The trainers were so convincing that a story went round of a cadet, told he had run out of fuel on a night flight, who jumped out of the box as if parachuting and broke his ankle. The museum calls the story "humorous but unlikely."

The Army had a number for the job, Military Occupational Specialty 658, Link Trainer Instructor, and its description fits a radio man exactly: the instructor "transmits simulated radio beam signals to trainee," playing the part of the ground stations a pilot would hear in flight. Where John's desk stood at Westover, and how many pilots went through his box, no record yet found says.

He did not spend all his time in the box. "He was a perfect pitch. He was a beautiful music. He was a dancer," Daniel said. When he was stationed at Westover, "the young ladies went out there to entertain the troops. And they had jitterbug contests." There were boxing matches too, and he won those, and he played poker: "Take everybody's money." And he drew. "He could draw the most gorgeous, you know, pictures of you," Daniel said. "So I'd always in that regard admired my father."

The valley was full of dances that winter. Smith College gave one for seventy-five Westover officers in November 1942. Chicopee had two USO clubs, one in its community center, and its churches held dances. A Chicopee historian tells of a priest who urged the girls of his parish, from the pulpit, to go up to the base for the dances, and of the parish's young men, who told him that if he wanted the girls taken to the base he could drive them up himself every Thursday and bring them back.

Flying was dangerous even on the ground. In 1942 alone the Air Forces had more than ten thousand aircraft accidents inside the United States, and 2,384 people died in them. On February 9, 1943, five days before Valentine's Day, three soldiers clearing snow from a runway at Westover were struck by a fighter that went out of control on take-off; two of them were killed.

"My association with my father began because he met my mother," Daniel said, and it began at Westover. His partner in those contests was a daughter of William Burnham Krug of South Hadley, the next town up the river: Daniel's mother. "My mother and him would win the



THE JITTERBUG CONTEST (ILLUSTRATION)

jitterbug contest," Daniel said. "They only knew each other for about two or three weeks." Her father did not approve. He objected, as Daniel told it, to the husbands of both his daughters, and in John's case Daniel gave the reason plainly: "My father was Catholic, Irish, and he didn't like Catholics."

The date Daniel fixed to it all was Valentine's Day, 1943. They married, they went to Niagara Falls on their honeymoon — Daniel had the pictures — and just after Valentine's Day John was sent to England. They had not chosen an easy month to travel. That February the Office of Defense Transportation was warning the public that trains and buses were needed for troops and that "unnecessary travel" might crowd out the men in uniform, and gasoline had been rationed across the country since December, with sightseeing by car banned outright.

In February 1943, if John left when Daniel said, he crossed the Atlantic at its worst moment. In those months the U-boats were at the height of their success, shipping had been diverted to North Africa, and the American build-up in Britain had slowed almost to a stop: in February only 1,406 American soldiers arrived there by sea, and in March 1,277. A man who crossed then was one of remarkably few Americans to do so, and, since no unit left Westover for England that winter, most likely went alone or in a small draft, as a replacement.

The Eighth Air Force, then the only American air force in Britain, had about 36,000 men at the end of January 1943 and more than 100,000 by the end of June. Each new man was handed a little War Department booklet, *A Short Guide to Great Britain*, which told him that "For the time being you will be Britain's guest," that the British "don't know how to make a good cup of coffee. You don't know how to make a good cup of tea," and, on the delicate matter of money, "You are higher paid than the British 'Tommy.' Don't rub it in."

A mechanic who had shipped out from Westover two months earlier, in December 1942, remembered the crossing on the *Queen Mary* — "we was almost freezing to death out there" — and, after landing in Scotland, "those limey trains that had the pull strap windows."

By the autumn of 1943, with John in England, Daniel was nearly due. His mother went to Michigan to have him, to John's family, because, as Daniel understood it, her father "wasn't happy with my mother having married a Catholic, so she felt like she had to go and give birth in a strange place in Michigan, also strange people." Daniel

was born, as he always understood it, in Flint, on November 13, 1943.

Then his mother brought him back to South Hadley and stayed with a Mount Holyoke College professor of music who, in Daniel's words, "had a child, was having a child," and Daniel's mother "was able to look after that child and also her own." She probably had, besides, as Daniel understood it, the allotment: "If you were the wife of a serviceman, you got so much money a week just for survive." Congress had provided family allowances for the dependents of enlisted men in 1942.

John was stationed in England for eighteen months, Daniel said, and his account of those months is about the British, not the war. The Americans "built up an army of 2 million Americans and housed them in British houses," he said, "and they were dancing, those British women... They were stationing them in the people's homes. And they had money. You know, they were giving silk stockings and chocolates." The figures are a little smaller and the picture is right.

By the end of May 1944 there were 1,526,965 Americans in Britain, about one in four of them air force, on 126 airfields, and as the island filled up about 110,000 of them were billeted in British homes; the booklet had warned them that a meal laid out for a guest "may be the family's rations for a whole week spread out to show their hospitality." The Army's own historian called the build-up a crescendo "in the manner of the Ravel composition for which it was named," Bolero, and admitted that a much-derided canned meat had earned the theater the nickname "Spamland." John's own claim, as Daniel told it, was that Daniel probably had British half-brothers and sisters.

What he did in England, in which unit and on which airfield, the records found so far do not say. A radio man and Link instructor could have been almost anywhere. The Eighth Air Force trained its new bomber crews at Bovingdon and Cheddington, where English weather made instrument flying a matter of life and death, and from the autumn of 1943 a second American air force, the Ninth, grew up beside it in England to support the coming invasion.

The Ninth was built largely out of the Eighth: on October 15, 1943, the Eighth handed over its whole air support command and its tactical service command, and to the end of that year, the official history says, "most of the Ninth's units and men came from the Eighth Air Force." A radio man who had come over early in 1943 could have changed air forces that autumn without leaving his desk. In the spring of 1944 the Ninth's XIX Air Support Command, soon renamed the XIX Tactical Air Command, put all seven of its fighter groups on new landing grounds in Kent, facing France.

In the summer of 1944 the Allies went into France, and here the family's story and the records take different roads. "My father was parachuted into Normandy," Daniel said, and he said it more than once, in the same breath as the rest of the family's war: an uncle on the supply ships at D-Day, another with a machine gun at Anzio. It is how John's part in the invasion came down to his son, and nothing yet found contradicts it outright.

It is, though, an unusual way for a radio operator to arrive; the men who jumped were, as a rule, the airborne infantry. Still, there was one kind of Air Forces radio man who went to Normandy by parachute aircraft. On the night of June 5, 1944, more than nine hundred transport planes of the IX Troop Carrier Command took off from England with the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, and a troop carrier's crew of five included a radio operator. If John's records ever place him with a troop carrier group, the family's story will have a very plain explanation. Until then it stands as Daniel told it.

What Daniel remembered was the army his father went with. "He was in Patton's group that drove on into Germany." He was not certain of the number: perhaps, he thought, the Sixth. The Sixth Army was on the other side of the world, in the Pacific; Patton's was the Third. And the Third Army had an air force of its own. At noon on August 1, 1944, Patton's Third Army became operational in France, and at the same moment the XIX Tactical Air Command, under General

Otto Weyland, was ordered into "direct support of Third Army."

Weyland's headquarters moved with Patton's, and at the morning briefings in the war tent Weyland sat beside him. Some six hundred planes flew for them, and behind the fighters came the ground men, among them radio men, who kept the air headquarters in touch with an army that was moving faster than anyone had planned, through what the official history calls "a sometimes odd assortment of communications links." Patton said afterward that it was "the best example of the combined use of air and ground troops that I have ever witnessed."

One of Weyland's groups had been born at Westover: the 362nd Fighter Group, activated there on March 1, 1943, two weeks after Valentine's Day, which flew its P-47s for Patton's army from Rennes, then Prosnes, near Reims, then Rouvres, near Verdun, and ended the war in Bavaria. But it reached England only that November, so it cannot have been the unit John crossed with, if he crossed in February. If John's eighteen months in England ended in August 1944, as Daniel's reckoning has it, they ended the very month the Third Army and its air command went to war.

If John went with Patton's air command, he went with an army whose drive across France was fast and then stopped. Third Army took Verdun on August 31 and ran out of gasoline in September, after more than four hundred miles, while the troop carriers flew fuel forward by the hundreds of thousands of gallons. It fought through the autumn in Lorraine and through the winter in the Ardennes, and in the spring of 1945 it crossed the Rhine and went into Germany. Daniel's words for that last part were "terrible drives into Germany, liberating some Holocaust camps and death camps."

On April 4, 1945, the Third Army's 4th Armored Division raced into the town of Ohrdruf, in Thuringia, looking for a German army communications center that was supposed to be there. It found the center, a huge underground communications complex. It also found a camp. Ohrdruf was the first Nazi camp American soldiers walked into, and, in the official history's words, though small "by the standards of others to be discovered later, the camp nevertheless contained enough horror to make the American soldier and even his Supreme Commander, General Eisenhower, pale. Patton, when he saw it, vomited."

Eisenhower went there on April 12 and wrote to General Marshall three days later: "The things I saw beggar description." A *Yank* reporter wrote that "the Americans who went through the camp looked quietly at the dead and spoke softly to the living." A week after Ohrdruf the Third Army found Buchenwald, outside Weimar, with more than 21,000 people still alive in it; later in April it reached Flossenbürg, and in May Mauthausen. If John was with Patton's army that spring, as Daniel understood it, these were the camps it found.

Which of them he saw is one more thing his Army file would tell. What he brought home was a judgment. "He hated the Germans," Daniel said. "And yet he'd married one, you know." His wife's family were the Krugs, German on her father's side. Daniel added: "you probably would have hated them too if you've seen what they had done there."

Germany surrendered at Reims in the early hours of May 7, 1945, to take effect just before midnight on the 8th, the day the Western Allies celebrated as V-E Day, "with the lights going on again all over Europe." Daniel remembered it as May 9, which is the date of the surrender in the east. For the men who had fought it, the official historian wrote, the end brought "a flush of relief but with it a dulling sense of anticlimax."

Daniel's summary of his father's war, years later, was simpler: "My father just fought four years against the Nazis..." Daniel kept pictures of him from those years, "in uniform," and "with his planes, planes he was working with," and he said his father had received "three wounds, three, what do you call, purple hearts." No record of them has yet been found.

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In the summer of 1945 the war in Europe was over, and John did not come home. "For the Marshall Plan they kept the American troops over there for another six months for a lot of reasons," Daniel said. "Probably so because they

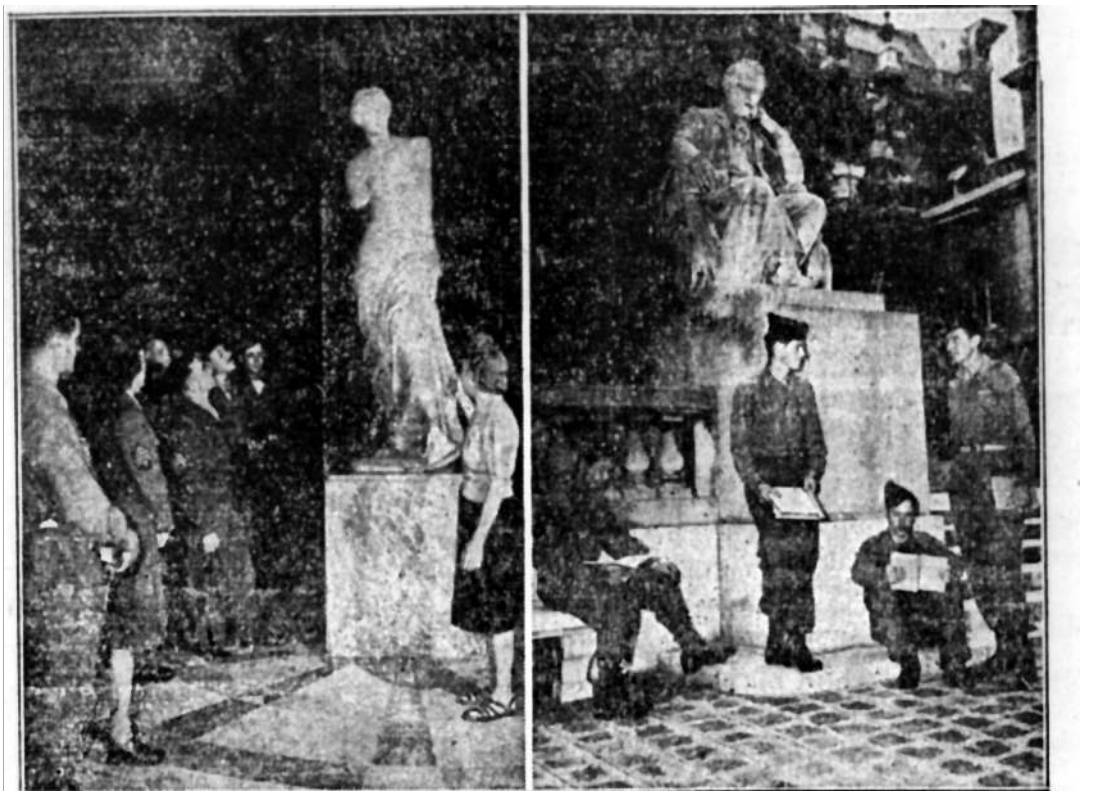
were afraid of the communists taking over." The Marshall Plan was still two years from being proposed, but the communists were real enough, as John was about to find out, and what actually kept most men in Europe that summer was arithmetic.

The Army sent men home by points: one for each month in service, one more for each month overseas, five for each campaign star or combat award, and twelve for each child, so that a baby at home was worth, by the Army's arithmetic, more than two campaign stars. A man needed eighty-five. Then Japan surrendered on August 14, the plans to send a million men from Europe to the Pacific were dropped, and the score began to come down: to eighty in September, seventy in October, sixty in November.

Points were not always the end of it. The Westover mechanic who had crossed on the *Queen Mary*, by then a master sergeant, had the highest score in his outfit. "So I sent my wife a nice little letter saying I'll be home pretty soon," he remembered. "Next day, four names went up on the board, essential to the government." He was sent instead to rewire a shot-up airfield at Istres, near Marseille. What John's own score was, nobody yet knows.

He spent those months in France, living with a French family. The Army's *Pocket Guide to France* had told its men that the French "are still your kind of people who happen to speak democracy in a different language," and warned them that if "madame invites you to a meal with the family, go slow," because what was on the table might be all they had. Parisians had lived on between 1,067 and 1,325 calories a day under the occupation, and the American ration ran to four or five thousand.

In 1945 the Army's own booklet of *112 Gripes about the French* was quoting a soldier who felt like a weekend guest who had stayed a year: "No one wants a house guest that long." John's work, as Daniel heard it, was "managing German prisoners, you know, cleaning up the streets." There was no shortage of prisoners to manage. In July



GIS STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS, 1945

the American assembly area at Reims alone was using more than thirty-two thousand, and by October 1945 France held about 750,000 of them, clearing rubble and mines and working the farms.

Paris that summer had been free for less than a year, and it still lived on ration coupons; rationing and the black market would both outlast the war by four years. Under the Germans, the Army's guide had told its men, "three cigarettes a day are all anyone ever gets," which made any American soldier with cigarettes in his pocket a man of means. On where the black market got its American cigarettes, soap and chocolate, the Army's own *112 Gripes* was admirably frank: "From American soldiers, who sold them — on the black market."

Gertrude Stein, who had spent the war in France, lectured GIs at a Red Cross club in Paris and, as *Yank* reported it in July, put them to the test: "How many of you," she demanded, "smiled at a Frenchman today?" Whether the French family John lived with was in Paris or somewhere else, Daniel did not say. He did say where his father went to class.

Daniel's account was that his father was "taking art classes at the Louvre." The Army ran a great many classes that summer, for men who had nothing to do but wait for their points, and one of them was in Paris: a two-month course in French language and civilization at the Sorbonne, with mornings in the lecture hall and afternoons on visits to "museums, churches, art galleries" and the city's monuments.

In October 1945 a newspaper in Arizona ran a photograph of some of the more than eight hundred soldiers enrolled, standing in front of the Venus de Milo, under the headline "GIs STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE IN PARIS." That is very likely what "art classes at the Louvre" meant: an Army course with the Louvre at the end of the afternoon. The museum itself was only just coming back to life.

Its paintings had spent the war in châteaux in the country, and the Army's guidebook still described the place to soldiers as "France's greatest art gallery," which "used to be the palace of the kings." Other soldiers drew the city too. That July *Yank* printed the sketchbook of T-5 Anatol Kovarsky, "a GI who studied art in Paris before the war," whose drawings noted, among other things, that "GIs on pass are impressed by sights like Notre Dame."



A PAINTING BY JOHN ST. JOHN

Whatever the classes were, John went on, as Daniel put it, "always doing portraits of people." "He could paint your picture," Daniel said. "He could draw your picture. He could do it in watercolor. He could do it in oil. And he would make it look better than you look." What else he might have become, Daniel did not pretend to know: "He would have been, I don't know what you say, what he could have been, but he could have done anything."

And he became a communist. As Daniel told it, his father "fell under the influence of the communists in France." The French Communist Party had been outlawed under the occupation and had raised its own resistance army, the Francs-Tireurs et Partisans, by 1944 perhaps a hundred thousand strong. At the Liberation it called itself the party of the seventy-five thousand executed; historians think the true number of Resisters of all kinds who were shot or deported was nearer twenty-five thousand.

On October 21, 1945, in the first national election in which French women could vote, the communists came first, with about 26 percent of the vote and 159 seats. Daniel's account was brief: "the communists were heavily involved in the underground and he was living in the home with one of these underground people and they convinced him that Karl Marx and the communists... they made a communist out of him." The

Army's own guidebook had seen this sort of thing coming, after a fashion. On French politics, it advised: "Stay out of these local discussions, even if you have had French II in High School."

In the autumn of 1945, as Daniel reckoned it, John came home, at the height of the sealift. By November the Army was carrying some 430,000 men a month back across the Atlantic, many of them in Liberty and Victory cargo ships converted to carry troops. The sergeant from Westover waited in one of the staging camps named for cigarette brands — "we laid in there almost three months before we ever got out of there," he said — and came home on a Victory ship, packed in like cordwood, to a quiet pier in New York: "The Red Cross, when you got off that boat, they hand you a cigarette and a donut, and that was it."

Each man got a discharge, a cloth eagle for his uniform that soldiers called the Ruptured Duck, and mustering-out pay. In the meantime John's parents had moved to San Jose, California, where they had an extra house, and they offered it: Daniel's mother could come, and John, after the war, could live there, next to them.

"So when he got out, finally, it was my second birthday, let's say November 1945," Daniel said. "I was two years old, right? And my father got out and we started, that was the first time I even saw him." What Daniel remembered seeing was the boxer's face: "his nose was just pushed in like that because his nose had been smashed. And he had this huge scar..." In the years that followed, his father told him a great deal: "he used to tell me everything... Things that you would not tell a six-year-old child, he would tell me, right?"

He was not well. "He was in... he was in bad shape," Daniel said. "He was like, what do you say? Post-traumatic stress." The name did not exist in 1945; the Army called it combat fatigue, or psychoneurosis, and its own medical history describes "the trembling, apprehensive soldier who displayed a startled reaction at slight noises." Daniel's account was of exactly that, and worse. His father "would get up in the night and... strangle my mother," and "loud noise, marching band or something... or a noise would start him, you know, it would freak him out."

He was far from alone. During the war the Army discharged 389,000 men for psychiatric reasons, and when it followed up a group of them after the war, it found that "Only 10 percent were free of symptoms." Daniel set his father beside the Civil War soldier of his mother's family, Erasthus Burnham: "it's interesting that Grandpa Burnham was still able to be a very responsible gentleman, even after four years of the Civil War and the brutality then."

In the years after the war, John did not leave France behind. Back in this country, as Daniel told it, "He joined the American Communist Party. And he had all these propaganda leaflets down in the basement and he was having meetings at the house." It frightened his parents in San Jose, Daniel said, "because they still were not American citizens even. You know, they were Canadians... And the FBI was coming around." Daniel himself would remember his father's "very left-wing politics" as "something he had the FBI after."

The law gave a Canadian reason to worry. The Alien Registration Act of 1940, the Smith Act, had made every alien of fourteen or more register and be fingerprinted at the post office, John among them by the census's account, and had made membership in a party that advocated overthrowing the government grounds for deporting an alien; the Internal Security Act, passed over President Truman's veto in September 1950, barred Communists from becoming citizens at all. According to the family, John was at one point put out of the country, perhaps for his politics.

No record of it has yet been found, nor any immigration file for him, and the papers disagree about what he was: the census of 1940 gave him first papers only, while the prison clerk of 1941 wrote "American" and the Army's card that December "citizen." One record from the years that followed has been found. In April 1950 a census taker in South Hadley found Daniel's mother, Janet St. John, twenty-nine, packing greeting cards forty hours a week and living with her parents, William and Elizabeth Krug, with Daniel, six, and his little sister Linda, three.

Her marital status was entered as "S," for separated. After that census, as Daniel told it, the party sent John back to Flint to work among the automobile workers, and there, in the foundry, he became a union steward, "because he could talk the talk." All of that — the move out of California, the years back in South Hadley, and then Flint and the union hall in the time of McCarthy — is Daniel's own story, and the next chapter takes it up.

John St. John died on 28 October 2006, at eighty-five, and the Department of Veterans Affairs lists his grave at Glen Abbey Memorial Park in Bonita, California, south of San Diego, under "US Army". Of John himself, what remains is in the family's keeping: the photographs from the war and from Niagara Falls, the card from Santa Fe with his young, cut face on it, and, in Daniel's words, "a lot of" his portraits. From the Army there is, so far, one punched card, enough to date his enlistment and name his arm of the service and little more.

His service record, if it survived the fire of 1973 at the records center in St. Louis, has not yet been seen, and until it is, the war in this chapter is the one Daniel heard about, set beside the history of the places and the units where it may have been fought. His paintings and drawings need no such help. The boy who was picked out for his drawing in the 1930s was, by Daniel's account, "always doing portraits of people," and nine of his pictures are at the end of this chapter, seven of them signed.

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The illustration: The plate captioned "illustration" was generated by AI (gpt-image-1, October 2026) from a written description (IMG-john-st-john-1). It is not a photograph and shows no real person.

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Local copies: every source above is cached in the book's repository (paths in `dossiers/john-st-john/SOURCES.csv`): family records in `facts/records/_raw/homer-st-john/`; censuses, newspapers, web pages and interview excerpts in `facts/records/_raw/john-st-john/`; the 1940 census crop in `work/first-pass/manual-lookups/`; the peniten-

tiary card in `work/first-pass/john-st-john/mugshots/`; the 2026 prison-records search in `facts/records/_raw/john-st-john/prison/`; full public-domain texts quoted in `facts/sources/poets/`.

HIS WORK

Paintings and drawings by John St. John, from the family's collection



Painting: a crowd of faces



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



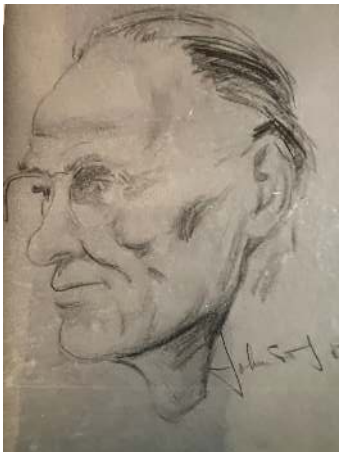
Portrait drawing, signed



Portrait drawing, signed



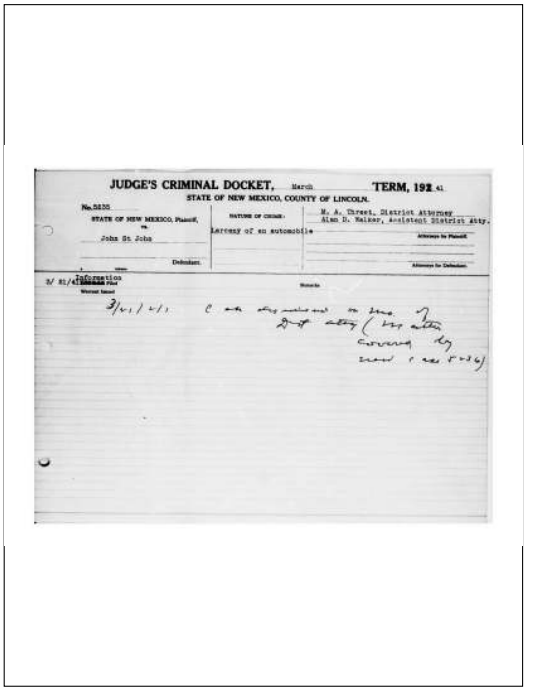
Painted head



Portrait drawing, signed

EXHIBIT: THE COURT RECORD, MARCH 1941

State of New Mexico v. John St. John and Mirko Hamacek, District Court of Lincoln County, Third Judicial District, cases 5235 and 5236. Reproduced from the copies sent by the Twelfth Judicial District Court of New Mexico in October 2026. Two duplicate copies of the first charge are omitted.



JUDGE'S CRIMINAL DOCKET. March TERM, 1941

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

No. 5235

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff, vs. John St. John, Defendant.

NATURE OF CRIME: Larceny of an automobile

Attorneys for Plaintiff: W. A. Threet, District Attorney; Alan D. Walker, Assistant District Atty.

Attorneys for Defendant:

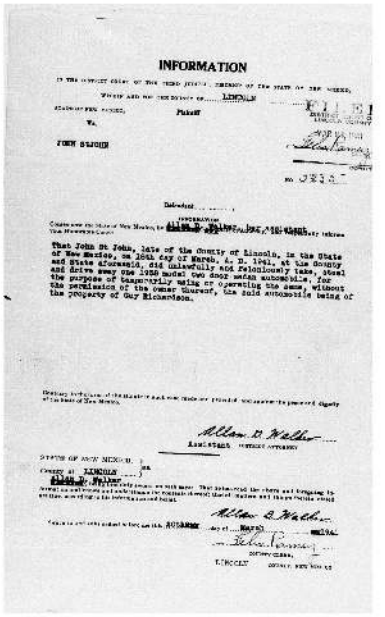
Information

Witness Issued

Remarks

3/21/41 Case dismissed on Motion of Dist Atty (Matter covered by new case 5236)

1. *Judge's docket, case 5235: "Case dismissed ... (Matter covered by new case 5236)"*



INFORMATION

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT OF THE STATE OF NEW MEXICO,

WITHIN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff

vs.

JOHN ST.JOHN

Defendant

That John St John, late of the County of Lincoln, in the State of New Mexico, on 20th day of March, A. D. 1941, at the County and State aforesaid, did unlawfully and feloniously take, steal and drive away the 1938 model two door sedan automobile, for the purpose of temporarily using or operating the same, without the property of Guy Richardson.

Allen D. Walker

Assistant District Attorney

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, }

County of LINCOLN } ss.

Allen D. Walker, being duly sworn, on oath says: That he is the Affiant and the foregoing Information is true, as he verily believes.

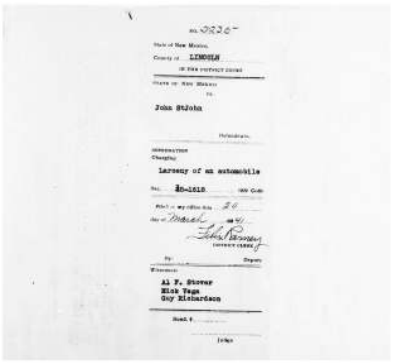
Allen D. Walker

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of March, 1941.

E. Brickley

NOTARY PUBLIC

2. *The first charge (Information), case 5235, 20 March 1941*



No. 9236

State of New Mexico,
County of LINCOLN
In the county court

State of New Mexico
vs.
John StJohn

Defendant.

Information
Charging
larceny of an automobile

No. 36-1618 100 Code

Filed in my office this 20
day of March 1941
John Mooney
(SEAL) District Clerk

By Deputy

Witnesses
Al F. Stover
Nick Vega
Guy Richardson

Bond $

Judge

3. Back of the first charge: witnesses Al F. Stover, Nick Vega, Guy Richardson



Third Judicial District Court, County of Lincoln, N.M.

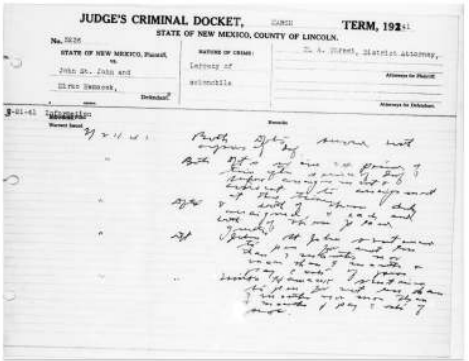
Case No. 5236

STATE OF NEW MEXICO
vs.
John St. John

ATTORNEY
W. E. Lloyd, District Attorney

ATTORNEY
Larceny of an automobile

4. Court ledger, case 5236: served, arraigned, pleaded guilty, sentenced, 21 March



JUDGE'S CRIMINAL DOCKET, TERM, 1941

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

No. 5236

STATE OF NEW MEXICO, Plaintiff,
vs.
John St. John and
Elmer Hancock,
Defendant

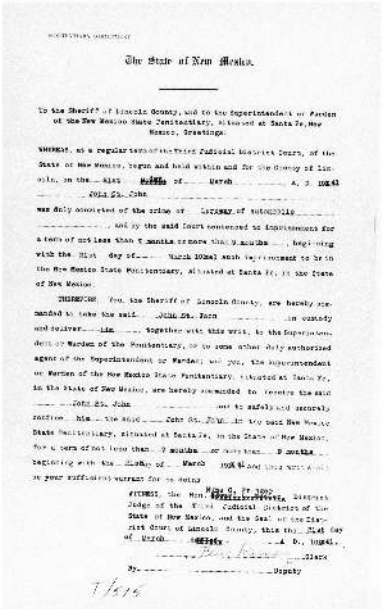
NATURE OF CRIME:
Larceny of automobile

D. A. Hurel, District Attorney,
Attorney for Plaintiff

Attorneys for Defendant

3-21-41 Information
Warrant issued

5. Judge's docket, case 5236



The State of New Mexico,

To the Sheriff of Lincoln County, and to the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, New Mexico, Greetings.

WHEREAS, at a regular term of the Third Judicial District Court, of the State of New Mexico, begun and held within and for the County of Lincoln, on the 21st day of March A. D. 1941 ... John St. John ... was duly convicted of the crime of larceny of automobile ... and by the said Court sentenced to imprisonment for a term of not less than 1 months or more than 2 months, beginning with the 21st day of March 1941 said imprisonment to be in the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico.

THEREFORE, You, the Sheriff of Lincoln County, are hereby commanded to take the said John St. John in custody and deliver him together with this writ, to the Superintendent of Warden of the Penitentiary, or to some other duly authorized agent of the Superintendent or Warden; and You, the Superintendent or Warden of the New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, are hereby commanded to receive the said John St. John into the safe and secure custody him the said John St. John in the said New Mexico State Penitentiary, situated at Santa Fe, in the State of New Mexico, for a term of not less than 1 months nor more than 2 months beginning with the 21st day of March 1941 and this Writ shall be your sufficient warrant for so doing.

WITNESS, the Hon. Numa C. Frenger, Division Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State of New Mexico, and the Seal of the District Court of Lincoln County, this the 21st day of March A. D. 1941.

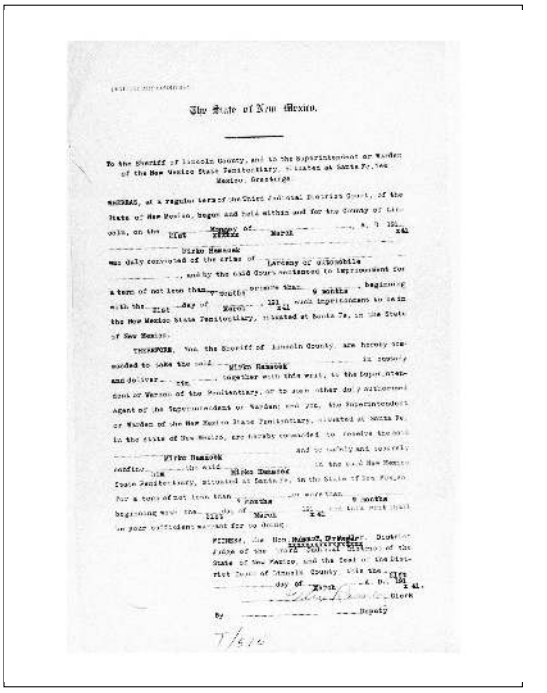
John Mooney
Clerk

By Deputy

6. Penitentiary commitment, John St. John, signed for Judge Numa C. Frenger


No 5236
DISTRICT COURT,
THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT
COUNTY OF LINCOLN
STATE OF NEW MEXICO
THE STATE
vs
PENITENTIARY COMMITMENT
TERM

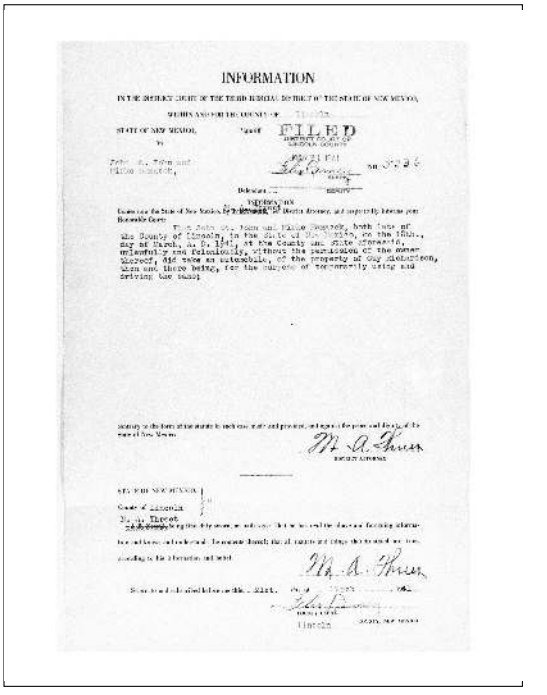
7. Back of John St. John's commitment


The State of New Mexico.

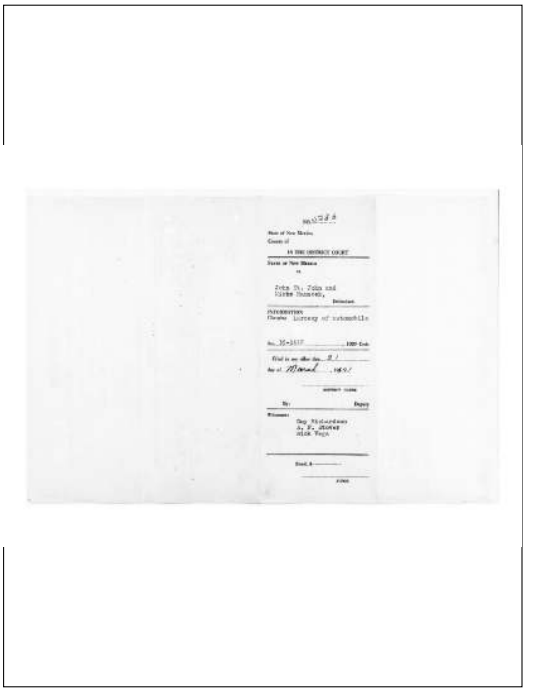
8. Penitentiary commitment, Mirko Hamacek


No 5236
DISTRICT COURT,
THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT
COUNTY OF LINCOLN
STATE OF NEW MEXICO
THE STATE
vs
PENITENTIARY COMMITMENT
TERM

9. Back of Mirko Hamacek's commitment


INFORMATION
FILED
No 5236

10. The joint charge (Information), case 5236, 21 March 1941



11. *Back of the joint charge*

THE ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

The photographs in this chapter are printed digitally restored: dust and scratches removed, noise reduced, contrast evened, nothing added or changed. These are the raw files, as received.



GIS STUDY ART IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS, 1945
The unretouched original.