

RESUME ★ CATALOG

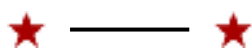
TEACHER • AUTHOR • JOURNALIST • HOUND WRANGLER

WWW.STEVEPOLLOCK.US



2022 LIFE CATALOG

STEVE
POLLOCK



T E A C H E R



My education philosophy: "All children, given equal access to quality public education, can learn. I am a teacher {regular teacher of record, interim, substitute, and intern), mentor and support professional with over 33 years of progressive experience.

"I am particularly passionate about the way children learn; public education; and appropriate uses of technology. I work hard to prepare students for a literate and rich future as lifelong learners. I learn from my students every single day."



Steve Pollock



I L O V E T E A C H I N G

The following is a complete catalog of my health of teaching opportunities I've been blessed to have the last 33 years in Oklahoma, Michigan, California, and Tennessee.





Teaching Journey 1



Our Class Pets the Guinea Pigs. I use our pets to teach animal care and to expand teaching Wit and Wisdom Module 2, *On the Farm*.



WHEREVER NEEDED

Regular/Teacher of Record • *Elementary School TBD, Nashville, TN.* We can't predict the future, but I know I'll be making a teaching contribution to special kids in a special place, hopefully until I retire.

22- ?



TBD GRADE

Teacher • *Promising Scholars, Hickman Elementary.* Will teach for the MNPS summer school program in a grade to be determined.

JUN 22



KINDERGARTEN

Interim • *Hickman Elementary School, Nashville, TN.* When K enrollment suddenly rose, I became the fourth K teacher for this Title I school. Due to fifth grade moving to elementary schools, I was displaced.

21-22



★ Teaching Journey 2



FOURTH GRADE

Interim • Ruby Major
Elementary School. Provided interim teaching for a fourth grade teacher's maternity leave.

SEP 21



KINDERGARTEN

Interim • Ruby Major
Elementary School. Provided interim teaching for a Kindergarten teacher's maternity leave.

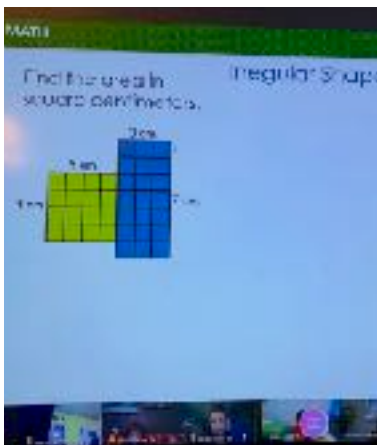
AUG 21



SECOND GRADE

Teacher • Promising Scholars,
Stanford Montessori Elementary. Taught Second Grade for the MNPS summer school program.

JUN 21



PRE-K – FOURTH GRADE

Building Substitute • Stanford
Montessori Elementary School. 3-year-olds to Fourth Grade, substitute teaching for over 400 students and 36 teachers.

20-21



PRE-K – FOURTH GRADE

Substitute • Stanford, Una,
Pennington, McGavock, Dodson, Tulip Grove, Julia Green, Hickman elementary schools. 3-year-olds to Fourth Grade.

19-21

CAREER INTERRUPTION • MEDICAL DISRUPTION •
Necessitated Mayo Clinic intervention. All better now!



FIRST – FOURTH GRADE

Substitute • Pennington,
Lockeland, Percy Priest, Edison, Una elementary schools. First to Fourth Grade.

09-10

10-19

×

★ Teaching Journey 3



FIFTH GRADE

Regular/Teacher of Record •
*Heights Elementary School,
 Pittsburg, CA. 29 fifth grade
 students, mainly ESL, in a Title
 I California school.*

08



SIXTH GRADE MATH/SCIENCE

Regular/Teacher of Record •
*Central Junior High School,
 Pittsburg, CA. Math and
 Science teaching for 120 sixth
 grade students in California.*

07-08



FIRST – EIGHTH GRADE

Substitute • *Elementary
 schools in Brentwood, CA.
 Taught students in First
 through Eighth grades in
 middle schools in California.*

06-08



SECOND GRADE

Intern • *Burns Park Elementary
 School in Ann Arbor, MI.
 Taught second grade as intern
 teacher during the University
 of Michigan's ELMAC program.*

05-06



PRE-K – TWELFTH GRADE

Substitute • *Elementary to
 secondary schools in Ann
 Arbor, MI. Substitute teaching
 while obtaining my master's
 degree from the University of
 Michigan.*

03-06



ADVISOR

Communications Director •
*Duncan Public Schools,
 Duncan, OK. Advised/taught
 board of education,
 superintendent, principals, and
 teachers on effective
 communications.*

90-93

★ Teaching Journey 4



MENTOR

Education Reporter • *The Duncan Banner, Duncan, OK.*
Mentored, supervised, taught student reporters in districts in a three-county area in and near Duncan, OK.

88-90



TUTOR

Writing Center Tutor •
Cameron University, Lawton, OK. Mentored, supervised, taught college students to write, edit, print papers, essays, exams for the CU English department.

82-86



A U T H O R

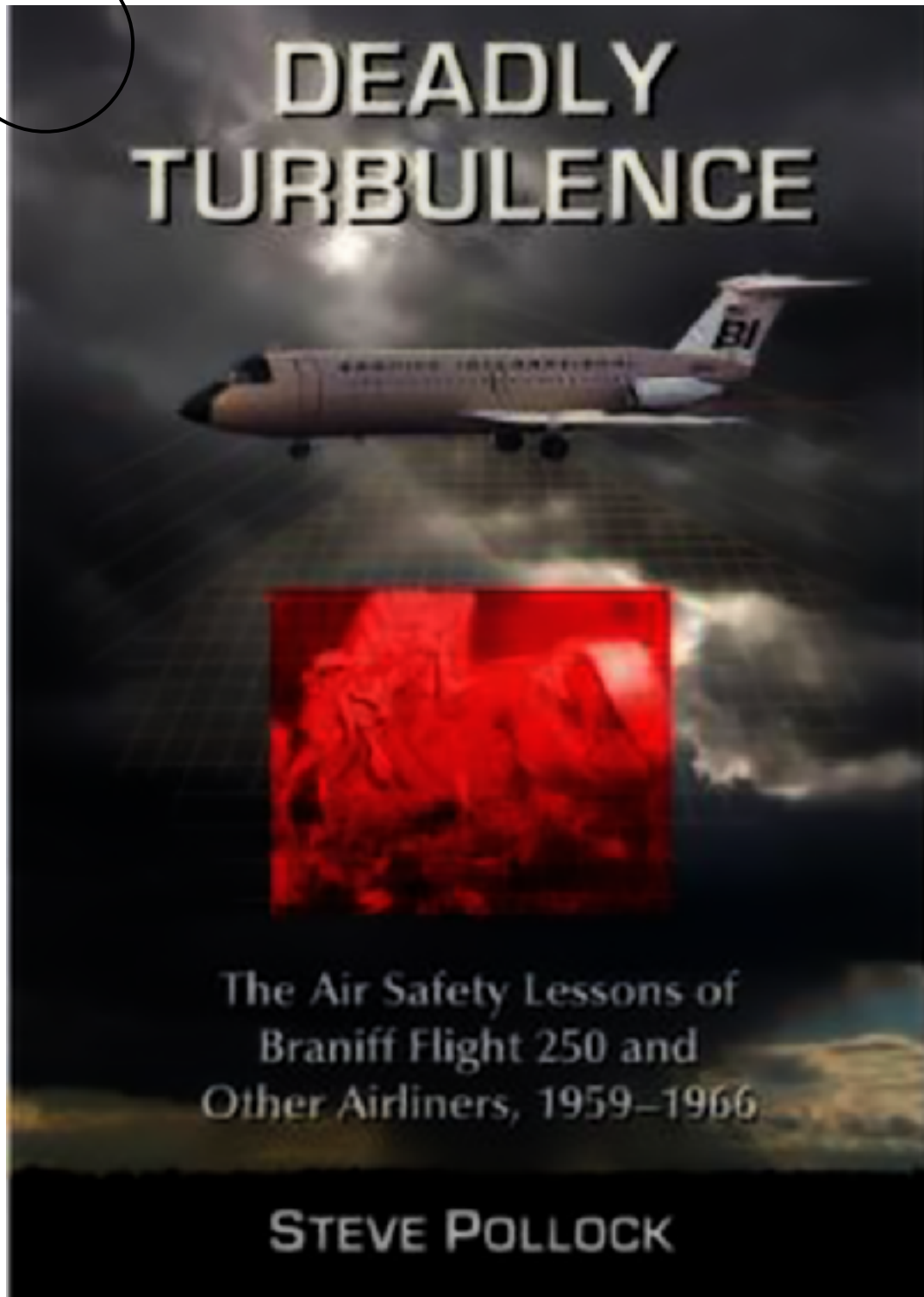
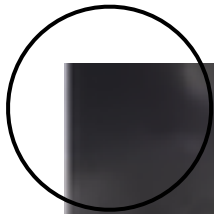


I researched, wrote, published ***Deadly Turbulence: The Air Safety Lessons of Braniff Flight 250 and Other Airlines, 1959–1966***, and it was published by McFarland in 2014. I utilized exceptional writing, editing and proofreading skills to produce engaging and error-free content.

I was honored to make the keynote presentation at the 50th anniversary commemoration of the crash in Falls City, NE, on 6-Aug-2016. And I am currently researching a followup book.



Steve Pollock



I Love Writing

A long-held dream came true in 2014 when I published my first book. I'm slowly working on the second in a series I have planned.





Author Experience



ABOUT DEADLY TURBULENCE

Jet airliner operations in the United States began in 1958, bringing, it was thought, a new era of fast, high, safe, smooth, sophisticated travel. But almost immediately, the new aircraft were involved in incidents and accidents that showed jets created new problems even as they solved old ones.

This book discusses five disasters or near-disasters of the early Jet Age, experiences which shook the industry, regulators and public out of early complacency and helped build a more realistic foundation for safer air transportation.

Special attention is paid to the 1966 destruction of Braniff International Airways Flight 250 in Nebraska. Nearly two years of inquiry helped advance the understanding of jet operations in severe weather and saw the first use of cockpit voice recorder technology in an aviation accident investigation.

In addition, a University of Chicago professor, Dr. Tetsuya "Ted" Fujita, conducted a more intensive investigation of the weather system which downed Flight 250. Dr. Fujita's already extensive knowledge of thunderstorms and tornadoes led to his creation of the Fujita Scale of Tornado Intensity, the F-scale that we hear about so frequently during storm season.

**Writing started in 82;
after contract signing,
writing went on in
12-13; Published in 14**





D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 1



Exerpt: The Preface



"A night of menace, touched and tainted by an evil wind. A difficult night to conquer."
— Antoine de Saint-Exupéry



Northeast of Falls City, NE

11:12 p.m., August 6, 1966

Saturday



A brilliant, full, round moon hung in the eastern sky, lighting up the southeast Nebraska prairie. Darkened houses and white cows illuminated in a ghostly palette by the lunar brightness ate hay in front of deserted gray barns and glanced up as a car rumbled past.

The mood in the car was light, easy and fun. They laughed at how the moon was ducking in and out behind the clouds. The car churned up a long, expanding cone of ground dust which hung in the hot August air, swirling and curling in the car's wake.



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 2

The dust settled slowly on frogs croaking loudly in the ditches and the air was warm and humid; shirt collars stuck uncomfortably to the farmer's neck, which was stained a deep red/brown from successive long summers of tending crops. A bottle of pop at home sounded like the best thing in the world, and he thought about the moment when he would draw it from the cooler, bits of crushed ice clinging to the bottle and dripping down on to the porch floor. For the farmer and his wife and daughter, it would be a fine end to an enjoyable Saturday evening spent over at his wife's brother's place a few miles away.

For other folks, the evening was spent in town. Teenage girls did babysitting duty in the scattered farmhouses; teenage boys planned either secret rendezvous with babysitters or a general rise in the level of hell via hotrods or maybe some leftover bottle rockets from the Fourth. But for most folks, Saturday night was for shopping for supplies, dinner at the cafe, a movie for the kids, adults meeting friends on the courthouse grounds downtown and talking of everything from Russians and Beatles to murders and snipers to soybeans and who would be Johnny's English teacher this year.

At Prichard Auditorium, people were still hard at work setting up exhibits for the next day's 4-H Club annual fair, part of an entire week of activities known as collectively known as Horseplay Days. And out at the Country Club, a birthday party with some rare "imbibing" was moving along at full-bore.

A fine time was had by all, but "it's already 'leven o'clock and it's high time we was in bed. Got church tomorrow, too!" The town square began to empty rapidly and Falls City, a small Nebraska town of 5,600 prepared to turn in for the night.

The farmer's old sedan rocked along the bouncy dirt road as it had so many times before, up and down over the gently rolling prairie hills. He noticed a line of storms stretching across the northern sky, slowly moving south-southeastward. The leading edge of the storm was like a shelf, with dark, roiling clouds piled on top. At the moment, the countryside around the car was still in the clear; the moon lit everything up so they could see everything for miles around. The farmer wondered if he even needed his headlights on, the moon was so bright.

As they drove, a few low clouds came scudding in at right angles to them, pushed along in front of the large oncoming cloud mass. The storm front itself was pulsing with explosions of lightning inside. The oblivious moon kept playing its hide-and-seek game with the smaller cloud puffs, unconcerned about the front's approach.



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 3

Down in the car, the family was getting close to home now, seven miles northeast of Falls City. Lightning bugs flashed and crickets and cicadas were louder than the car. They could see the big mercury vapor light in their front yard now.

As they watched the moon and kept an eye on the approaching front, they saw the red and white flashing strobes of an airplane coming up from the southeast. It was a jet, flying fairly low and imitating the moon by ducking in and out of the low clouds. The moon made its white wings and T-shaped tail stand out, the effect enhanced by the row of lighted windows down the speeding jet's side.

The good humor was still hanging about the car as the plane entered another cloud. In another instant, the entire night sky seemed to burst into flame — brighter and more sudden than even the lightning to the north. The laughter in the car stopped, choked off in their throats.

"My God, the world is on fire!" the farmer's wife screamed, finally recovering speech.

The farmer stopped the car and they sat, paralyzed and mesmerized by the sight of a ball of flames dropping almost straight down from the turbulent sky. A glimpse of a wing tip sticking out of the blazing comet as it fell told the farmer that the plane they glimpsed seconds earlier was now in big trouble. Their mouths dropped open as a whirling mass of metal and flame came slowly spinning like a top through the air in front of them. The light was so intense it burned itself into their retinas, and filled up their entire field of vision.

Just as the farmer thought the wreckage would hit their car or house or both, it pancaked into a field up the road with an extremely loud bang, like a fist smacking onto a kitchen table. Shock waves rocked the car and wrenching metallic sounds assaulted their ears. The bang was followed by a massive flare of flames and debris shooting sixty feet into the air.

He didn't remember hitting the brakes, but he must have; the car was idling on top of a hill looking down on the scene just a quarter-mile away. And as they watched, too stunned to move, the fireball began slowly collapsing in on itself. Small, intense fires now dotted what the farmer realized was his own soybean field, just across the road, yards from his own house.

Flashes of lightning from the still-oncoming storm and the waxing and waning moonlight still illuminated the scene, but the mercury vapor yard light had gone out, its automatic light



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 4

sensor telling it that dawn had come already. The ball of light still imprinted on their retinas, they were roused by a loud clap of thunder. The storm, now looked more menacing than before, as if its anger had been ignited by the hapless jet.

The family could see that the gust front was rolling forward, an unstoppable force looking to do mischief on whatever it touched. The family also realized that the still-burning remains of the plane were close — way too close — to their home and outbuildings and livestock.

Antone Schawang awoke from his stunned state, hit the accelerator and sped forward, the rear-end sliding around on the loose gravel, his heart in his throat in anticipation of what he was about to find in his soybeans.



Bloomington, MN

08:00, August 7, 1966

Sunday



He almost didn't wake up in time for his morning ritual on that particular Sunday. Like so many other kids in the Twin Cities area, nine-year-old Tim Hilliker stayed up later than usual the night before, thanks to summer vacation and a beautiful Saturday night, playing hide-and-seek with neighborhood kids long after the sun went down. But the privilege and exhilaration of summer freedom came at a price: Gene Autry almost caught the bad guys without Tim's help.

Fortunately, just before 8 a.m., Tim abruptly sat up in bed and realized that the Gene Autry Show, his favorite TV program, was about to start. Syndicated reruns of the 1950s favorite played every Sunday morning on a Minneapolis local television station, and the alarm clock showed it was almost zero hour. He jumped out of bed, ignoring his house shoes and robe in his headlong rush out of his bedroom. He left his younger brother, David, 8, still asleep.

He threw himself down the stairs and jumped the last two steps into the living room of the Hilliker house at 10331 First Avenue in Bloomington. Tim hoped that his older brother and sister were, like David, still asleep and that his mother was drinking coffee and reading the Sunday Star-Tribune in the kitchen, giving Tim a rare moment alone with the TV.



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 5

Tim assumed his father was still sleeping and made a silent vow not to turn the volume too loud. James (Jim) Hilliker was a first officer for Braniff International Airways and was on duty for a long flight segment the previous evening. His long day was scheduled to end back home in Bloomington only well after midnight. And when that kind of schedule was in the offing, Tim and his siblings knew to keep things quiet.

But on this Sunday morning, when Tim hit the bottom of the staircase and started towards the TV, he realized something was very different. Instead of an empty room, he found a large group of very serious, somber adult relatives, and, what was worse, his mother sitting on the couch between his older brother Dan, 15, and sister Kathleen, 12. They were all staring at the floor in stunned silence and didn't even seem to realize he'd come downstairs.

This was the moment when nine-year-old Tim learned that his world had changed dramatically while he slept. As he came to a halt in the middle of the living room and stared at his mother, he started to speak, but his Uncle Bob Lindseth quickly took him aside and quietly broke the news. Some 450 miles to the southwest of their Bloomington home, while he slept peacefully, his father and 41 others perished when their aircraft encountered a violent thunderstorm near a place called Falls City, Nebraska.

Tim stood and stared at the floor, unable to comprehend what his uncle was saying. If he believed that his legs would move, he would be able to run up to his father's bedroom and his father would be there, laughing and messing up his hair and telling him it was all a joke; the relations were there because there was to be a Sunday lunch picnic. Or something.

But he didn't move. Something in him knew his uncle was telling the truth.

His father was gone.



Throughout that day of August 7, 1966, the scene that Tim experienced was repeated in a variety of ways and circumstances around the country as friends and relatives learned what transpired the night before. Instant and incomprehensible change came to them all.

And not just to them.

This is the story of a commercial airline accident, its 42 victims and what happened next. This is the story of the literal and figurative impact of Braniff International Airways Flight 250



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 6

on friends and families. But the story is not confined to their loss; flight 250 affected commercial aviation technology and operations, and was a stepping stone in the development of greater understanding in the field of meso-meteorology and safer flight. In fact, flight 250 was one of several important stepping stones over a long period of developing a safer American commercial aviation industry. It was not the first, nor would it be the last, crash during turbulent weather. All of these crashes were bittersweet then, causing huge destruction on the one hand, but building important human understandings on the other.

It is that legacy that is the story. Why else should we pay attention today to a rather obscure and mostly forgotten plane crash from almost 50 years ago? Braniff flight 250 would be remarkable for its human impact alone, which is pretty much true of any of the crashes in commercial aviation's first hundred years. But the scientific and technical investigation into flight 250's demise saw the first use of Cockpit Voice Recorder technology in an aviation accident investigation and then resulted in important understandings about the relation of jet aircraft to the often hostile environment in which they operate.

In fact, study of the hostile environment flight 250 attempted to operate in was also an important stepping stone itself. For remarkable man named Dr. Ted Fujita, called in by British Aircraft to conduct a more intensive investigation of the weather giant which battered their carefully designed and built jet from the August night sky, flight 250 represented an important opportunity to further develop the crucial study of meso-metereology. Five years later, Dr. Fujita would use the knowledge gained from extensive study of Tornado Alley storms and the damage they produce, including the data and knowledge from flight 250, to create the Fujita Scale of Tornado Intensity, the same F-scale that we hear about so frequently during storm season. Braniff 250 was the first time Dr. Fujita investigated the effects of turbulence on commercial aviation and the knowledge he gained would be called upon several more times. The investigations into the crashes of Eastern flight 66 at New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport in 1975, as well as Pan American World Airways flight 759 at Kenner, LA, in 1982, and Delta Air Lines flight 191 at Dallas-Fort Worth International Airport in 1985, and USAir flight 1016 at Charlotte, NC, in 1994, all built on what was learned on August 6, 1966.



D e a d l y T u r b u l e n c e — E x c e r p t 7

While we should never forget the human toll of any accident, we should also never forget to make "lemonade of lemons," so to speak. While Captain Donald Pauly, First Officer James Hilliker, hostesses Ginger Brisbane and Sharon Hendricks, and their 38 passengers died that night in Antone Schawang's soybean field. it is a certainty that their deaths were far from meaningless.



Photo: Cleanup at the crash site, Antone Schawang's house in upper left corner. 9-Aug-66. Photo courtesy Bill Schock, the *Falls City Journal*.



Steve Pollock



I Love Journalism

I was a daily newspaper reporter beginning in 1988; I continue to post articles on social media from time to time.



JOURNALIST



I became a newspaper reporter in January 1988 for *The Duncan Banner*, a daily newspaper which had a circulation of 18,000 in a three-county area of southwest Oklahoma. My beats were education/schools/boards of education; police/crime/courts; and features/lifestyle.

I won a statewide Associate Press award for spot coverage of unfolding events (a local flood) and had many great experiences and interviews. I also mentored local high school students who had an interest in journalism, and edited their columns for publication in the Sunday edition.

Throughout my tenure, I was honored to meet many veterans of World War II. Perhaps the most memorable was the reunion of Wake Island Defenders I attended In 1989. The following articles resulted. The photo above is from the defense of Wake: The wreckage of Wildcat 211-F-11, flown by Captain Henry T. Elrod on December 11 in the attack that sank the Japanese cruiser *Kisaragi*.



Author Experience



WAKE ISLAND 2009

This photo is from Wake Island 2009. It was a lifetime honor to meet a few of the defenders of Wake in 1989.

A memorial to the defenders of Wake Island, including Marine Fighter Squadron 211, stands near the command post of Maj. James Devereux, who lead the defense of the island from Dec. 8-23, 1941.

On Jan. 8, 2009, approximately 60 Marines from Marine Attack Squadron 211 returned to Wake Island en route to a deployment to Iwakuni, Japan.

The visit marked the first time since 1993 the bulk of the squadron, nicknamed the "Wake Island Avengers" after the original defenders where killed or captured by Japanese forces during the island's siege, has returned to the remote Pacific atoll. VMA-211 is based in Yuma, Ariz. (Photo by Gunnery Sgt. Bill Lisbon; public domain.)

The Wake Island story which follows was written in August 1989 and published in *The Duncan Banner* 13-Aug-89.





The Wake Island Story — Excerpt 1

Memory Of WWII Still Vivid For Vets

(Part I of the Wake Island Story)



"Considering the power accumulated for the invasion of Wake Island and the meager forces of the defenders, it was one of the most humiliating defeats the Japanese Navy ever suffered."

—Masatake Okumiya, commander, Japanese Imperial Navy



By Steve Pollock

The Duncan (OK) Banner

Sunday, August 13, 1989



MARLOW – It all came back to them this weekend – the stark terror of facing death while kneeling naked on a sandy beach the stinking hold of the prison ship; the brutality of the Japanese; the obliteration of youthful innocence.

They fought and bled for a two-and-a-half-square-mile horseshoe of an atoll in the midPacific called Wake Island. They were United States Marines and they did their duty.

There were 10 [sic] men of that Wake Island garrison at the Marlow home of John Smith this weekend. With Smith, they talked, drank and smoked their way through the weekend, laughter masking deeper emotions of brotherhood, camaraderie and painful memories.

In the Smith kitchen, their wives continued the latest of an ongoing series of therapy sessions, attempting to exorcise some of the demons of the last 44 years of their lives with the hometown heroes.



In 1941, with war inevitable, the U.S. government began construction of a series of defensive Pacific Ocean outposts, including Wake, designed to protect against Japanese aggression. They were a little late.



T h e W a k e I s l a n d S t o r y — E x c e r p t 2

Little Wake atoll, with some 1,616 Marines and civilians huddled on its three islands, was attacked at noon, Dec. 8, 1941, several hours after Pearl Harbor.

The Marines knew war was possible, but “didn’t think the little brown guys had the guts to hit us,” one of them said.



Jess Nowlin’s hearing aid battery is getting a little weak as the afternoon wears on, but his memory and sense of humor are still sharp.

He said the Marines were going about their business when they heard the drone of approaching aircraft.

“We thought they were B- 17’s out of Pearl coming in to refuel. They weren’t. They broke out of a cloud bank at about 1,800 feet, bomb bay doors open. They tore us up,” Nowlin said.

The Japanese attacked from sea and air, but the Marines held out until Dec. 23; only 400 remained to defend 21 miles of shoreline from 25 warships and a fleet of aircraft. Surrender was inevitable.

Through a haze of cigarette smoke, Robert Mac Brown, a veteran not only of World War II, but of Korea and three tours of duty in Vietnam, remembers the post-surrender scene on the beach.

“We were stripped naked and they hog-tied us with our own telephone wire. A squall came through, but lasted only about 10 to 15 minutes. One of my clearest memories of the whole operation is of watching the water run down the bare back of the guy in front of me,” Brown said.

Japanese soldiers lay on the sand in front of the prisoners, swinging machine guns back and forth. The click of rounds being loaded into chambers was ominous. Fingers tightened on triggers.

“There was an argument between the landing force commander and a guy with the fleet. They screamed at each other in Japanese, arguing about whether to kill us or not,” Brown said.



The Wake Island Story — Excerpt 3

The Marines made their peace and prepared to die.

The argument to make prisoners of the Marines and civilians won the day. The prisoners were allowed to grab what clothing they could to cover themselves.

And then a living hell began which would only be ended by the birth of atomic stars over southern Japan nearly four years later.



Taken off the island on small ships, the prisoners were forced to climb up the side of the Nittamaru, a former cruise ship pitching about on rough seas.

As the men walked back through the ship and down to the hold, the crew beat them with bamboo sticks, in a gauntlet of brutality.

Packed in the stinking hold, several hundred Marines and civilians had only one five-gallon bucket per deck to hold human waste. For the 14 days of the Nittamaru's passage from Wake to Shanghai, they could barely move.

The cold of Shanghai was felt through their thin tropical khaki. It was January 1942. Robert Brown was to have married his girl on January 12. She married someone else.

"I thought you were dead," she later told him.



From Shanghai, through Nanking, Peking, Manchuria and Pusan, Korea, the group journeyed in packed cattle cars to their eventual destination, a coal mine on the Japanese island of Hokkaido, where they dug in the shafts alongside third-generation Korean slave labor.

They were slaves themselves until August 1945.

"Thank God for Harry S. Truman and the atomic bomb," several survivors said, as the others echoed that prayer.

They went home to heroes' welcomes, but the public "never fully appreciated or understood what we did," Nowlin said.



T h e W a k e I s l a n d S t o r y — E x c e r p t 4



They're much older now — in their 60's and 70's — and it was a family reunion of sorts; they claim to be closer than brothers. They don't miss their "get-togethers" for anything in the world; Robert Haidinger traveled from San Diego with a long chest incision after recently undergoing a major operation.

As they gazed through the Oklahoma sunshine, they didn't see the cow bam beyond the lovegrass rippling in the August breeze; it was a Japanese destroyer was steaming close in to end their lives all over again.

"It was awful, terrible; I wouldn't have missed it for anything; you couldn't get me to do it again for a billion dollars," Nowlin summed it up.



The men: Tony Obre [sic], Fallbrook, Calif; Robert Haidinger, San Diego, Calif.; Robert Murphy, Thermopolis, Wyo.; Dale Milburn [sic], Santa Rosa, Calif.; George McDaniels [sic], Dallas, Texas; Jess Nowlin, Bonham, Texas; Jack Cook, Golden, Colo.; Robert Mac Brown, Phoenix, Ariz.; Jack Williamson, Lawton; Paul Cooper, Marlow, and John Smith, Marlow.

The cost of the defense of Wake Island, from Dec. 8 to 23, 1941: Americans: 46 Marines, 47 civilians, three sailors and 11 airplanes; Japanese: 5,700 men, 11 ships and 29 airplanes.

Wives Cope With Husband's Memories
(Part II of the Wake Island Story)

By Steve Pollock
The Duncan (OK) Banner
Sunday, August 13, 1989

MARLOW – It all came back to them this weekend – fists lashing out during nightmares, the traumatic memories, the attempts to catch up on lost time.

The wives of 10 Wake Island survivors met in Marlow with their husbands this weekend for reasons of their own.



T h e W a k e I s l a n d S t o r y — E x c e r p t 5

Wives Cope With Husband's Memories

(Part II of the Wake Island Story)



"Considering the power accumulated for the invasion of Wake Island and the meager forces of the defenders, it was one of the most humiliating defeats the Japanese Navy ever suffered."

—Masatake Okumiya, commander, Japanese Imperial Navy



By Steve Pollock

The Duncan (OK) Banner

Sunday, August 13, 1989



MARLOW – It all came back to them this weekend – fists lashing out during nightmares, the traumatic memories, the attempts to catch up on lost time.

The wives of 10 Wake Island survivors met in Marlow with their husbands this weekend for reasons of their own.

"We go through therapy every time we get together. We help each other with problems," they said.

The wives: Florence Haidinger, Maxine Murphy, Opal Milburn [sic], Irene McDaniels [sic], Sarah Nowlin, Betty Cook, Millie Brown, Jo Williamson, Juanita Cooper and Marie Smith.



They did their own bit during World War II: The Red Cross, an airplane factory in Detroit, North American Aviation in El Segundo, Calif, Douglas in Los Angeles, the Kress dime store.

They married their men after the long national nightmare was finished, and their lives became entwined by one event: the Japanese attack on Wake Island Dec. 8-23, 1941.



The Wake Island Story — Excerpt 6

Since the first reunion of Wake survivors and their spouses in 1953, these women have been like sisters.

"We love each other, we're closer than family," Jo Williamson said.

In Marie Smith's kitchen, therapy was doled out in a catharsis of talk little different from that of the men gathered on the patio. Talk is said to be good for the soul; these women heal great tears in theirs every time they see each other.

According to the wives, the men came home from the war, married, had children and tried to pick up where they left off.

They wanted to take care of their families and try to catch up. They were robbed of the fun times of their late teens and early 20's, the women unanimously agree.

"They have also lived every day as if it were their last," Sarah Nowlin said.



The men needed some help after their harrowing battle and brutal three -and-a-half-year captivity.

According to the women, doctors never realized therapy was in order: "They never got anything."

One man lashed out with his fists during nightmares; after a few pops, his wife learned to leave the room. Another would slide out of bed and assume a rigid posture on the floor, arms and legs folded. Yet they have all been gentle men.

"I've never seen my husband harm or even verbally abuse anyone," a wife said Reunions such as this help the men and women deal with life as they age. The youths of 16-22 are now grandfathers and grandmothers in their 60's and 70's.



Life today is a bit baffling to them.

Extremely proud of their men, the women have no patience with draft dodgers, flag burners, Japanese cars or foreign ownership of America.



The Wake Island Story — Excerpt 7

They didn't agree with the Vietnam war policy, but duty to country should have come first, they said.

"I didn't want my son to go to Vietnam, but I would have been ashamed of him if he hadn't," one said.

The issue of flag burning stirs violent protest and emotion in the group: "Made in America" labels are on everything they buy.

And the younger generation does not enjoy the women's confidence: "I don't think they could do what we were all called on to do," they agreed.

And as Marlow afternoon shadows grew longer, the women of Wake continued to cleanse their souls.



Updated bios (confirmed via findagrave.com):

- **Cpl. Robert Mac Brown**, USMC, Phoenix, AZ.

Birth: 1-Feb-1918.

Death: 21-Sep-2002 (age 84).

Buried: Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, VA.

- **Sgt. Jack Beasom Cook**, USMC, Golden, CO.

Birth: 18-Jun-1918, Okmulgee, OK.

Death: 20-Nov-1999 (age 81).

Buried: Fort Logan National Cemetery, Denver, CO.

- **Sgt. Paul Carlton Cooper**, USMC, Marlow, OK.

Birth: 30-Oct-1918, Richardson, TX.

Death: 18-Sep-1994 (age 75), Marlow, OK.

Buried: Marlow Cemetery, Marlow, OK.

- **Cpl. Robert Fernand Haidinger**, USMC, San Diego, CA.

Birth: 24-Nov-1918, Chicago, IL.

Death: 7-Mar-2014 (age 95).

Buried: Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, San Diego, CA.



T h e W a k e I s l a n d S t o r y — E x c e r p t 8

- **PFC Robert Bruce "Bob" Murphy**, USMC, Thermopolis, WY.

Birth: 5-Oct-1920, Thermopolis, WY.

Death: 5-Feb-2007 (age 86), Hot Springs County, WY.

Buried: Monument Hill Cemetery, Thermopolis, WY.

- **Pvt. Ival Dale Milbourn**, USMC, Phoenix, AZ.

Birth: 23-Jul-1922, Saint Joseph, MO.

Death: 18-Dec-2001 (age 79), Mesa, AZ.

Buried: Skylawn Memorial Park, San Mateo, CA.

- **PFC George Washington "Dub" McDaniel**, Dallas, TX.

Birth: 23-Dec-1915, Stigler, OK.

Death: 14-Jul-1993 (age 77).

Buried: Stigler Cemetery, Stigler, OK.

- **PFC Jesse Elmer Nowlin**, USMC, Bonham, TX.

Birth: 9-Dec-1915, Leonard, TX.

Death: 13-Sep-1990 (age 74), Bonham, TX.

Buried: Willow Wild Cemetery, Bonham, TX.

- **MSgt. Tony Theodule Oubre**, USMC (ret.), Fallbrook, CA.

Birth: 17-Aug-1919, Loreauville, Iberia Parish, LA.

Death: 7-Feb-2005 (age 85).

Buried: Riverside National Cemetery, Riverside, CA.

- **Pvt. John Clarence Smith**, Marlow, OK.

Birth: 11-Mar-1918.

Death: 19-Jan-1994 (age 75).

Buried: Marlow Cemetery, Marlow, OK.

- **Sgt. Jack Russell "Rusty" Williamson, Jr.**, USMC, Lawton, OK.

Birth: 26-Jul-1919, Lawton, OK.

Death: 12-Jul-1996 (age 76).

Buried: Highland Cemetery, Lawton, OK.



T h e W a k e I s l a n d S t o r y — E x c e r p t 9

The wives (I couldn't confirm the details for all of them):

- **Juanita Belle Sehested Cooper**

Birth: 5-Dec-1920, Marlow, OK.

Death: 28-Jul-2001 (age 80), Beaverton, OR.

Buried: Marlow Cemetery, Marlow, OK.

- **Florence A Haidinger**

Birth: 31-Dec-1934.

Death: 26-Sep-2014 (age 79).

Buried: Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery, San Diego, CA.

- **Irene McDaniel**

Birth: 24-Nov-1918.

Death: 7-Mar-2004 (age 85).

Buried: Stigler Cemetery, Stigler, OK.

- **Maxine Gertrude Gwynn Murphy**

Birth: 10-Nov-1923.

Death: 4-Mar-1996 (age 72).

Buried: Monument Hill Cemetery, Thermopolis, WY.

- **Marie A. Smith**

Birth: 11-Feb-1929.

Death: 16-Nov-1997 (age 68).

Buried: Marlow Cemetery, Marlow, OK.

- **Emily Jo Lane Williamson**

Birth: 30-Mar-1924, Texas.

Death: 3-Jun-2007 (age 83), Comanche County, OK.

Buried: Sunset Memorial Gardens, Lawton, OK.



Steve Pollock



I L o v e H o u n d s !

I've had a hound dog of some sort in the house for almost 30 years. We rescued our first basset hound in 2012, and continue to get great joy from finding forever homes for needy hounds.



H O U N D W R A N G L E R



I got my first beagle hound, Bayly Murphey, on 17-Oct-94. It's been hound love ever since. From Bailey, who crossed the Rainbow Bridge on 2-Mar-07, to our most recent family members, Loula and Dilly, we've had almost 30 years of blessings from our hounds.

There have been happy times, some terror, and lots of heartache. But rescuing hounds in need is the most wonderful think you can do. Our basset hounds/ mixes come to us from Belly Rubs Basset Rescue, an incredible organization/ network working tirelessly to help us be what would should be: Compassionate, loving, caring human beings.

Belly Rubs connect us to the most amazing family members; the dogs do the rest.



Author Experience



ROUX'S STORY

Roux, or as we called him, His Imperial Majesty The Roux, was found wandering abused and starving in the countryside of Roane County west of Nashville in 2012.

He had seen much in his short two years of life. He was emaciated, distrustful, and had life-long challenges (to put it mildly) with defensive behavior.

We worked with him from day one to the bitter end, but he never got rid of some of his issues. Baths were a struggle he only grudgingly permitted temporarily. He treated us as his loyal subjects/churls, who were in existence to meet his every whim. Examinations of teeth, ears, and paws were always painful to our eardrums. He had to be sedated for nail trims.

And he was the most wonderful dog; we were blessed to have him for almost 10 years. He died of sudden-onset pancreatitis in February 2021, and crossed the Rainbow Bridge, out of our lives, but always in our hearts, never forgotten. He was thought to be disposable; he was indispensable. And the joy was worth every minute.

The following is a catalog of the dogs who have enriched our lives, some of whom have crossed the Rainbow Bridge.



★ Hound Wrangling 1

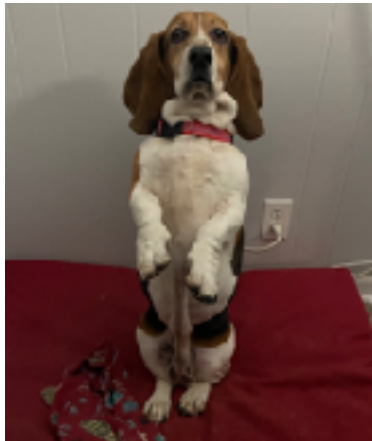


The Gang Our current crop of rescue hounds includes, from top left, Roux II (originally Cornbread); Charlie; Bo; Goose, Charlie's brother; Cordelia (Dilly) Goose and Charlie's sister; and Loula, mother of Dilly, Goose, Charlie.



LOULA • "MA BARKER"

Basset/Beagle (Bagel) • Loula Mae is our most recent adoptee. She is the mother of Dilly, Goose, and Charlie. And she runs this place like it's her personal fiefdom. We love her.



DILLY • "BONNIE PARKER"

Bagel/Coonhound • Dilly was the "runt" of Loula's litter; she almost didn't survive. She's smaller than her brothers Goose and Charlie, but she, like Mama, runs this place.



ROUX II "CORNBREAD" "ALVIN KARPIS"

Basset Hound • Cornbread was rescued from a shelter. He started answering to "Roux," our previous basset, and it fits. He's a total goofball.

FEB 22-?



FEB 22-?



SEP 21-?



★ Hound Wrangling 2



BO "BOBO" "CLYDE BARROW"

Basset Hound • Bo was a helper dog for a woman with Alzheimer's. When she passed, he came to us. He's our class clown.

DEC 20 ?



CHARLIE "DOC BARKER," "CHAR-CHAR BINKS"

Basset/Coonhound • Charlie is a love bug. He loves to lick us, and he loves food. He, Loula, Goose, and Dilly make quite a family.

FEB 19 ?



TESSA "MISS TESSA"

Chocolate Lab • When a friend moved to a condo, we were graced by Tessa, the sweetest honorary hound ever. She was a tripod dog, losing a leg due to abuse. We miss her.

18



GOOSE "GOOBER GOO"

Basset Hound • Goose has a white patch of fur on his back that looks like a goose in flight. But it fits his personality too. He's intense and a lover.

16-?



SASHA "QUEEN SASHA"

Beagle/Corgi • Sasha and Bosco were surrendered when their owner couldn't afford their care. She will always be our queen.

15-19



BOSCO "THE BAGEL"

Substitute • Bosco was a happy, goofy boy with corgi-like activity. He was our happy-go-lucky boy, another in a long line of love bugs.

15-18

★ Hound Wrangling 3



ROUX I "HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY"

Basset Hound • There's not enough room to capture Roux in a blurb. He was THE ROUX, master of all he surveyed. Lord, we miss him.

12-21



FERGUS MURPHEY O'DOUGAL "FERGA-FERG"

Beagle • Fergus was longer-lived than his brothers and our longest-lived pup at 14 ½ years. He knew food and comfort and joy.

07-21



FEARGAL MURPHEY O'DOUGAL "FEARGAL BUTT"

Beagle • We lost Feargal to cancer in 2015. He was the boss of the house during his time. He and his brothers remain legends.

07-15



FREDRIK MURPHEY O'DOUGAL "FRED-FRED"

Beagle • Fred was lost to cancer at just age five. He and his brothers Feargal and Fergus helped us heal from the loss of Bayley.

07-12



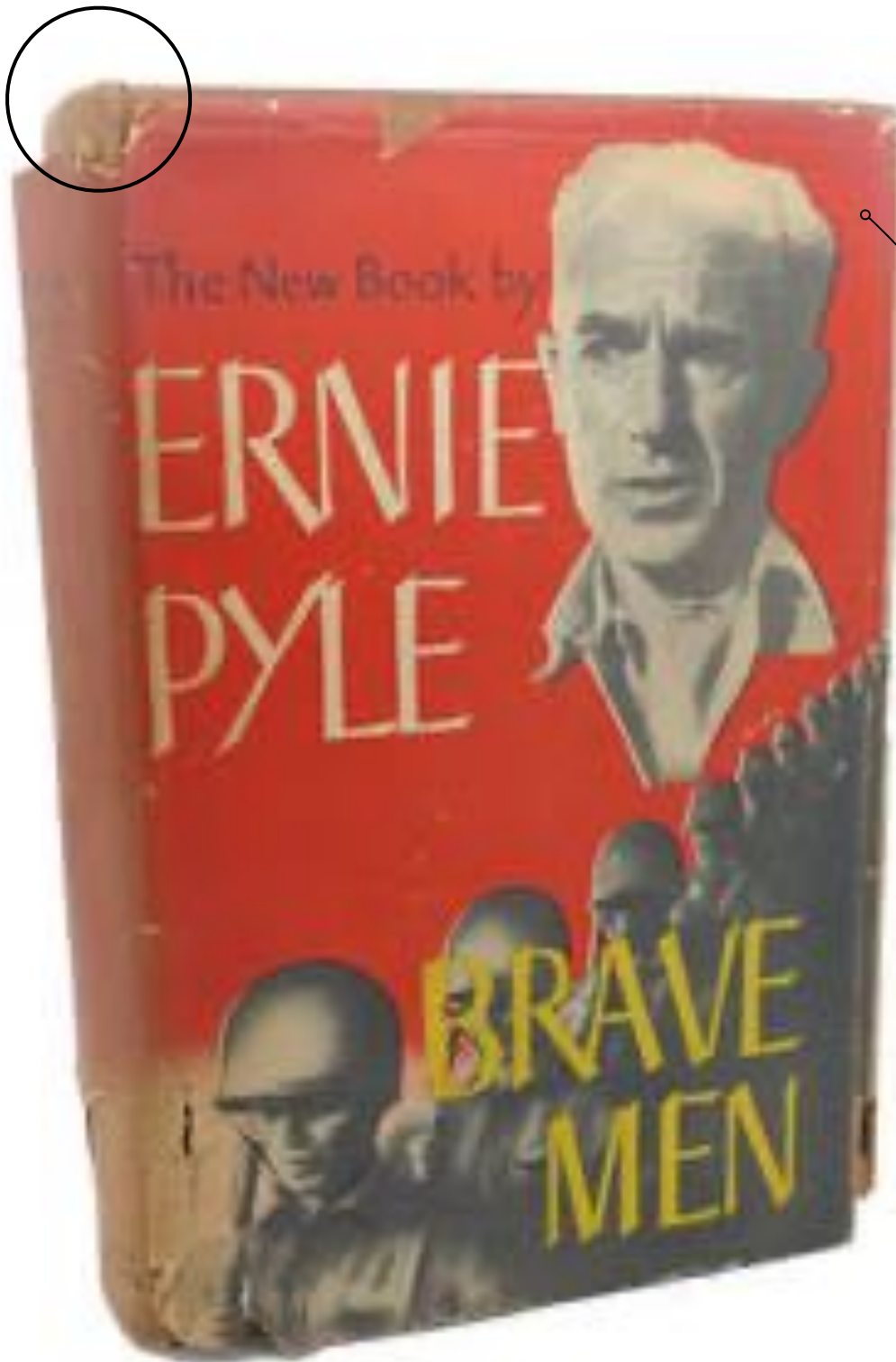
BAYLEY MURPHEY BEAGLE "DOOFUS HEAD"

Beagle • The original, one and only, first beagle we ever had. He gave us 12 years of wonder, joy, merriment, exasperation. He ate books. We'll never forget him.

94-07



Steve Pollock



Brave Men

Ernie Pyle • Fellow New Mexican Ernie Pyle and William Shirer are the reasons I became a journalist and continued inspirations.

During World War II, "when America joined the fighting, Ernie Pyle went along. ... Pyle's on-the-spot reporting gave the American public a firsthand view of what war was like for the boys on the front.

"What he witnessed he described with a clarity, sympathy, and grit that gave the public back home an immediate sense of the foot soldier's experience.

"This collection of Pyle's columns detailing the fighting in Europe in 1943-44 brings that war—and the living, and dying, moments of history—home to us once again."

1944

I L O V E R E A D I N G !

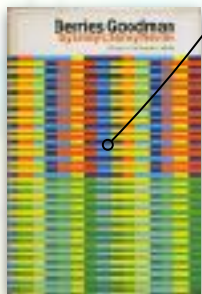
Reading (and teaching it) has been my passion since I was at least four. I have no memory of not being able to read. A few of my old, comfortable, favorite reads are listed on the next page.



Berries Goodman

Emily Cheney Neville • A city boy in a new suburban neighborhood is confused and troubled by the vicious prejudice of the townspeople toward his newfound Jewish friend ...

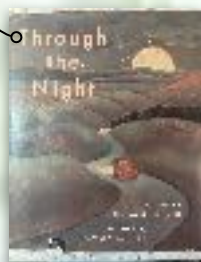
1965



Through the Night

Jim Aylesworth/Pamela Patrick • A tale of travel through the countryside while the rest of the family wait at home for their arrival. A quiet tale of driving through the countryside and the charm of the experience.

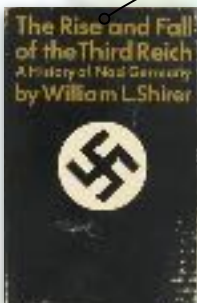
1998



The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich

William L. Shirer • The famed foreign correspondent and historian William L. Shirer, who had watched and reported on the Nazis since 1925, spent five and a half years sifting through this massive documentation. The result is a monumental study that has been widely acclaimed as the definitive record of one of the most frightening chapters in the history of mankind.

1960



The Little Farm

Lois Lenski • The first book I was ever given and first I ever read. Lois Lenski's classic is still in my house today.

1942



Henry 3

Joseph Krumbold • Henry Lovering has decided he will conceal his 154 IQ so that the young residents of Crestview will accept him ...

1967



Onion John

Joseph Krumbold • The story of a friendship between a 12-year-old boy and an immigrant handyman, almost wrecked by the good intentions of the townspeople.

1959



Red Lion and Gold Dragon

Rosemary Sprague • A monastery-educated Saxon youth returns home to face the responsibilities of fealty to his father, to the newly crowned King Harold Godwinson, and to England, now threatened by Duke William of Normandy.

1967



Bury Him Among Kings

Elleston Trevor • The narrative concerns two brothers from the British aristocracy--Aubrey and Victor Talbot. With them in the trenches of France, we share vicariously in their dangers and discomforts..

1970



The Little House

Virginia Lee Burton • A cute country cottage that becomes engulfed by the city that grows up around it.

1942



The Bernie Gunther Series

Phillip Kerr •

In 1989, first-time British author Philip Kerr introduced the world to Bernie Gunther, his sardonic, tough-talking fictional detective who was — as the *New York Times* put it — "the right kind of hero for his time... and ours..."

1989-2019



THANKS FOR READING



Thanks for taking a deeper look at my life and work. Whether at home with my husband of 22 years, Frank, or at school with the kids I'm fortunate to teach, I have loved my life ... for the most part. I'm far from perfect, and so is life, but I don't intend to squander it. As Auntie Mame said, "Life is a banquet ... and most poor suckers are starving to death!" Live the good life as best as you can!