



Gladney

Descendants of Richard II and Jane Wilson Gladney

Gladney Gram

Editor: Cathy Newman

39th Year—Issue 3

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Tonnie Adams

As we celebrate Christmas 2015 I can't help but wonder what Christmas 1767 was like for Samuel Gladney. He and several members of his family were at sea in the "James and Mary" heading for Charleston, SC. He had left everything he knew for a new country, only knowing that he had land and an opportunity before him. We can only imagine the conditions on board the vessel. It must have been cramped, cold, wet; with few of the comforts of home.

Samuel, the son of Jane Wilson Gladney, a devout Covenanter Presbyterian, had probably been told the Christmas Story numerous times. The celebration of Christmas was much different in those days, but Samuel and his family probably celebrated the birth of Jesus in their own way despite the conditions on board the ship. Their faith that God would bring them through

the storms of the Atlantic carried them through the storms that battered the ship.

We remember the sacrifice of our ancestors, knowing that without their courage to face overwhelming challenges, we would not be here today, blessed to live in the greatest country on earth.

On another note, please make your plans to attend this year's reunion in Lexington. Wally is preparing an itinerary that will give you an opportunity to see what Kentucky has to offer. He anticipates having a large crowd and is very excited to be this year's host.

2016 REUNION LEXINGTON, KY

J. Wally Gladney and Tim Johnson are hosting the 2016 reunion in Lexington. They have already completed much of the planning and have reserved a block of rooms for the family.

We will be staying at the Holiday Inn Express. Please contact the hotel directly to make your reservations. We are anticipating a large group this year as Wally is bringing in many of his local family members.

Holiday Inn Exp. Hotel & Suites NE
1780 Sharkey Way, Lexington, KY
40511
(859)-231-0656, (877) 834-3613

Inside this issue:

President's Message	1
Family Updates	2
Pearl Harbor Narrative	5
2016 Lexington, Kentucky Reunion	11
Veterans' Honor	11
Cathy's Corner	12

(Continued on page 11)

FAMILY UPDATES

DEATHS

BARBARA GLADNEY CAUTHEN, 79, the loving wife of David Britnell Cauthen, died Saturday, Sept. 12, 2015, in their home near Decatur and Hartselle, AL.

A memorial service was Wednesday, Sept. 16, at Central United Methodist Church, Decatur, with the Rev. Gary Formby officiating. A graveside service was at Cedarwood Cemetery, Roanoke, AL.

Mrs. Cauthen was born in Bremen, Ga., on May 20, 1936, to Thomas James Gladney and Tommie Stallings Gladney. She graduated Bremen High School as valedictorian of her class in 1954 and from Auburn University in 1958, earning a degree in home economics. After teaching kindergarten in the Atlanta public school system, she married David Cauthen July 5, 1958, and taught fifth grade in the base elementary school at El Toro Marine Corps Air Station, Santa Ana, Calif., where her son was born. The family returned to Alabama in 1960 and settled in Roanoke, where her husband was employed in his family's independent telephone business. In 1962, while her husband attended and graduated the University of Alabama's School of Law, she worked as a case manager at Alabama's Bryce Mental Hospital in Tuscaloosa. Upon her husband's graduation, the family moved to Decatur, where she was a homemaker with two children. Later, Barbara worked for, and became office manager of her husband's and son's law firm, Cauthen & Cauthen. She continued to serve in that capacity for approximately 18 years, including five years after her husband's retirement from law practice.

Barbara was a devoted and loving wife and mother, a practicing Christian, generous giver, and a loyal and devoted friend.

She is survived by her husband; her son and daughter-in-law, Britt and Leigh Ellen Cauthen; a daughter, Allison Cauthen; six grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Barbara is also survived by her twin sister, Elaine Gladney Lane of Dallas, Ga.

In lieu of flowers, the family requests memorials to Central United Methodist Church in Decatur or to Alacare Home Health & Hospice, 1690 Beltline Road SW, Suite B, Decatur, AL 35601.

Submitted by Barbara's twin sister, Elaine Lane on 10/9/2015.

HELEN ADAMS STEPHENS, 92, of Hogansville, Georgia passed away Wednesday July 1, 2015 at the home of her son and daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Stephens was born June 27, 1923 in Heard County, daughter of the late Lonnie and Josephine Faver Adams. A resident of Hogansville since 1955, she was a member of First Baptist Church of Hogansville, where she had been active in the WMU and served as secretary of the Sunday School. She served 4,819 hours as a volunteer for the West Georgia Health Auxiliary and had also been active in the Gideons Ladies Auxiliary. Mrs. Stephens retired as a secretary from Uniroyal, Inc. and then was an insurance agent and operated the Hogansville office of Williams Insurance Agency.

Survivors include her son and daughter-in-law, Terry and Dena Stephens of Mount-

(Continued on page 3)

FAMILY UPDATES (Continued from page 2)

ville; sister, Wilma Duckworth of Thomson; grandsons, Brad and Sandra Stephens of Hogansville, Shane Stephens of Meansville, GA, Ryan and Leigh Stephens of McDonough, GA; and great-grandchildren, Jacob Stephens, Dylan Lee Stephens, Aaron Stephens, Noah Stephens, Dylan Reed Stephens, and Hannah Stephens. She was preceded in death by her husband, V. R. Stephens; and her son, Randy Stephens.

The funeral service was conducted at 2:00 PM, Friday, July 3, in the chapel of Claude A. McKibben and Sons Funeral Home in Hogansville. Dr. Clinton Hughes officiated and interment was in Myrtle Hill Cemetery.

Helen Adams Stephens was a granddaughter of James Kinard Adams and Mary Elizabeth Gladney Adams of the Samuel line.

Submitted by Tonnie Adams on 9/17/2015.

NADINE BELL RUSSELL (February 8, 1919 – April 25, 2015), beloved wife, mother, grandmother and great-grandmother, died on Saturday, April 25, 2015 at Longhorn Village, Austin, Texas.

Hers was truly a life well lived as evidenced by devotion to her faith, her family and her friends. A lifelong Christian, she was proud of her family and involved in the activities and interests of each. And she is loved by the many friends she made throughout her life.

Nadine lived her life to the fullest, participating in a wide variety of activities

and leaving behind a bounty of accomplishments. She was an accomplished public speaker and Bible scholar. She presented Bible stories and her program on "Martha Washington's Letters" won a Women's Club state award. Other special programs were given on Cynthia Ann Parker, Shakespeare's Garden, and Queen Isabella of Spain, Famous Lovers and the U.S. Constitution. She loved the research involved in the presentations. These programs were presented to study clubs, church groups, libraries, civic clubs and garden clubs.



An accomplished seamstress, she made both her clothes and her daughter's clothes. She could see a photo or advertisement of a particularly fashionable dress and find or modify a pattern to create it. She also made her grandchildren's clothes and Halloween costumes.

One of her most recent achievements was becoming a member of the National Society Colonial Dames XVII Century. She was a longtime member of the Daughters of the American Revolution where she served as regent and regional officer. Perhaps if her ancestors were from York, England, she would be called "Lady Nadine".

A lifelong learner, in high school she gave herself the middle name "Lanier" after the American poet Sidney Lanier. She was valedictorian of her high school class and studied journalism at the University of Texas. While at UT, she worked part-time for the late State Representative Lindley Beckworth and remained interested in the political process serving as an elections clerk for

(Continued on page 4)

FAMILY UPDATES (Continued from page 3)

many years. She loved a good book and would stay up all night to finish one. She loved reading to her grandchildren and clipping articles from newspapers and magazines to share.

She began life's journey on February 8, 1919, in Dawson, Texas. The daughter (and 7th child) of Nannie Mae Perkins Bell and James Lon Bell. The Dawson native came to Kilgore in search of a job and found a good-looking redheaded young man in the First Baptist Church choir. She married Merton Glenn Russell (now deceased), (son of Burr Davis Russell, of the Samuel Gladney line, and Renvie Paulina Meadows) February 21, 1941, at the Kilgore home of her sister and brother-in-law. During World War II when Glenn was in the U.S. Navy, she worked for the U.S. Ferry Command (Strategic Air Command) in Memphis, Tennessee, and the United States Organization (USO).

In Kilgore, she was very active in First Baptist Church teaching Sunday School for 15 years and was a faithful member of the Messengers Sunday School Class. She served as Samuel Paul Dinkins DAR regent, as a regional DAR officer, was a charter member and officer in the Coterie Study Club, former president of Au Courant and an officer in Church Women United. A charter member of the Shakespeare Guild of Kilgore College, she served on the hospitality committee. She supported Kilgore College and was honored with a Nadine and Glenn Russell scholarship.

A few years after her husband died, she moved to Baytown to be near her family.

"I came to Baytown with no worries, no responsibilities and no metabolism," she said laughingly. Decidedly independent, she lived at St. James House for 11 years and was active in the Seekers Class at Memorial Baptist Church, the Goose Creek DAR and Women's Club. She served on the St. James chaplain's committee and was a lay reader at the St. James House Episcopal Chapel. Her zest for life saw her winning the 2007 Senior Citizens' spelling bee and appearing on television's Channel 11's "It's a Great Day, Houston." For her 90th birthday, a special 20-minute video of her life was presented for over 100 guests.

In 2012, she moved to Lantana Lodge Assisted Living at Longhorn Village (Austin) and made new friends and participated in many activities. She celebrated her 95th birthday with a special bagpipe musical program.

Because of her avid interest in literature, she had numerous favorite readings and Bible verses. Isaiah 41:10 another was "Prayer is the key to heaven, but faith unlocks the door." and from Shakespeare "...This above all: to thine self be true..." Another of her favorite sayings delivered as the young ones were going to bed: "Good night, sleep tight. Wake up in the morning bright. And do what's right with all your might."

Survivors include Glenadine Russell Pfenig and husband Jon of Baytown and Austin; daughter-in-law Athena Russell of Weatherford; grandchildren Carey Craig Russell of New York and Austin and Bartlette Russell Fleming and husband Dave of Bellville and great grandchildren Jack Kingston Fleming, Houston Burr Fleming

(Continued on page 5)

FAMILY UPDATES (Continued from page 4)

and Saylor Lee Fleming of Bellville; and numerous nieces and nephews.

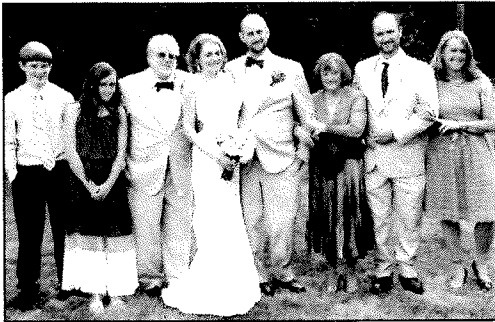
She is preceded in death by her husband of 56 years Merton Glenn Russell, her son, Randall Craig Russell; her parents, Nannie Mae Perkins Bell and James Lon Bell; brother Roy Overton Bell; and sisters Mary Chapman, Billie Guthrie, Georgia Jones, Ruby Mash, Cheri Stoops, and Dorothy Wingrove.

Visitation was held at Rader Funeral Home Chapel of Kilgore on Tuesday, April 28, 2015 with Services following at 10:00 a.m. Burial was in Danville Cemetery located on Danville Road in Kilgore Texas.

Submitted by Nadine's daughter Glenna Pfennig on October 13, 2015.

WEDDINGS

Katy Ellen Lund became the bride of Neal Sakash, son of George and Janice Sakash, on August 8, 2015 in Madison, Connecticut.



Pictured are George and Janice's grandson, Ben Arcuri, granddaughter, Abby Arcuri, George Sakash, bride, Katy Lund Sakash, groom, Neal Sakash, Janice Sakash, son Mark Arcuri, and daughter-in-law, Jennifer Arcuri.

PEARL HARBOR - A NARRATIVE OF DECEMBER 7, 1941

by William Cody Gladney
written March 24, 1983

Over forty-one years have passed since I observed the torpedoing, strafing and bombing action of Japanese planes over Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Memories of the events of that morning are printed indelibly in my mind, but I still find it difficult to comprehend the great destruction that I saw there.

I had been in the U. S. Navy since August 15, 1939. Having served on the battleship U. S. S. West Virginia from October 1939, I was promoted to yeoman petty officer third class in April 1941 and transferred to duty at the U. S. Navy Receiving Station located in the navy yard at Pearl Harbor.

The U. S. S. West Virginia and many ships of the Pacific fleet went to the Hawaiian Islands in April 1940 and Pearl Harbor became their home port. I had liked my work in the executive officer's office and battleship duties. My best friend, Dick Jesson, continued to serve on the U. S. S. West Virginia after I was promoted and transferred.

I became a transfer yeoman at the Receiving Station, preparing transfer orders for naval personnel to various ships and stations in the Pacific area including Johnston, Midway and Wake Islands. Occasionally, some lucky individual got transferred back to the States which usually meant a leave of absence or delay in reporting for duty.

I also enjoyed my assignment and duties at the Receiving Station. My buddy, Dick Jesson, and I spent a lot of time together on shore leave in Honolulu. We were both nineteen years old. I had one other close friend

(Continued on page 6)

PEARL HARBOR (Continued from page 5)

named Jack Pitcher, a yeoman whom I had worked with on the U. S. S. West Virginia. When I transferred in April 1941, he was assigned to my battle station as a primerman for one of the sixteen inch cannons in the battleship's number two turret.

On November 1, 1941, I was promoted to yeoman petty officer second class. I did a lot of celebrating during that month. On weekends, either Dick Jesson or Jack Pitcher would meet me at the Receiving Station and we would go on liberty together. For my friend Jack Pitcher, this was soon to end forever. On Saturday, December 6, 1941, I went alone to Honolulu and spent most of the day and late evening there, treating myself to a Chinese dinner at a restaurant near Waikiki Beach. The permanent staff at the Receiving Station was small and we were allowed to sleep later on Sunday mornings - if you wanted to miss breakfast - which I did the next morning.

I was young. I had not had many thoughts about our Nation getting into the war that had been raging in Europe since 1939. I did know that my company at the U. S. Naval Training Station in San Diego, California, was the first to have "boot" leave canceled when we completed our recruit training there in September 1939. I was depressed about that because I was homesick for my home and family in Hubbard, Texas. We were told that leave for recruits was canceled because England and Germany had gone to war and our Nation was entering into a state of national emergency. At least, I later received a medal for service during this emergency period - the American Defense medal with a "Fleet" clasp. I didn't bother to read newspapers much or listen to radio news. My thinking

was about a leave of absence which I wanted so much, but it had not been granted. I had read nothing about the diplomatic situation and relations between our Nation and the Japanese Empire. I was soon to learn about unfriendly relations between nations - war with all of its terror, death and destruction.

At about 7:50 a.m., Sunday morning, December 7, 1941, I was sitting on the edge of my bed on the second floor of the Receiving Station building. I had put on my dungaree trousers and shoes but no shirt. We wore white tee shirts because of the normally warm, sunny weather conditions. I talked with others who were still in the sleeping quarters - perhaps a dozen men. Others were downstairs having breakfast. I heard a distant rumbling sound which seemed to come from Hickam Field, the U. S. Army Air Base adjoining the Pearl Harbor navy yard. I heard it again. The sound was closer, coming from another direction. I thought to myself that navy yard workmen were doing something - but what - on a Sunday morning?

I heard the loud sound of an airplane engine. Could some pilot be buzzing our building? I ran to a window. I looked down the water channel which came up alongside the Receiving Station building and coursed in the direction of Ford Island about six or seven hundred yards distant. I could see several of our battleships moored dead ahead. Something dropped from the plane that had buzzed our building and splashed into the water. Another plane flying at great speed with its motor roaring skirted the corner of our building and leveled out about thirty or forty feet above the water channel. I saw clearly big red circles on its wings as it flew steady and straight toward

(Continued on page 7)

PEARL HARBOR *(Continued from page 6)*

the row of battleships. A spout of water rose high into the air alongside a battleship, then I heard the sound of the exploding torpedo released by the first plane. The plane with the red circles dropped its torpedo - I saw plainly what it was. This particular water channel was the longest and most direct route to launch torpedoes broadside into the moored battleships. Another Japanese plane sped by with its long torpedo hanging ready to be released. I felt rooted to the floor where I was standing at the window. I realized that they were Japanese planes - a war was starting - they were being ruthless about it, giving us no opportunity to meet their attack. Another column of water rose 100-200 feet high alongside another battleship. The plane flew up over its target and circled away. The third plane dropped its torpedo. Another went by - more red spots before my eyes. I stood there and watched at least eight or nine torpedoes hit their target. I began to see other planes dive bombing at various places in the navy yard and over the Ford Island Navy Air Base. Soon, there were Japanese planes everywhere like a swarm of hornets - some strafing Ford Island - some dive bombing the navy yard dry-docks which contained the battleship U. S. S. Pennsylvania and two destroyers, the U. S. S. Casson and U. S. S. Downs. I seem to recall hearing the wail of sirens as if they were crying out in sorrow - but still, a call to arms. Great clouds of black smoke began to billow from the damaged battleships.

A thought ran through my mind about my friends Dick Jesson and Jack Pitcher whom I knew were aboard the U. S. S. West Virginia. What was happening to them? Torpedo planes were still screaming by the Receiving Station. I sensed extreme dan-

ger. Get out - get away - a bomb may come through the roof of the building at any moment!

I ran downstairs to the first floor. Everything seemed to be in a complete state of confusion. Someone yelled for me to go to our small armory in the building. One of our chief petty officers had opened it. I was given a new World War I doughboy type steel helmet, a bandoleer of cartridges, and an old model .30 caliber bolt action rifle - I believe it was a Springfield model. An officer ordered several men to go with him to the dry-dock area to help fight fires. Jack Fletcher, a yeoman third class, and another yeoman second class named Bronnenberg, both of whom worked in the personnel office with me, left in this group of men. I ran outside the Receiving Station with about ten other men and we joined several marines at a location about 200 feet in front of the right side of the Receiving Station building. We were in an open area without any kind of protection or cover. The Japanese torpedo planes were still flying almost directly over us as they approached the channel leading to the battleships.

Four or five rifle shots were fired at an enemy plane. More men began firing. I loaded my rifle and took aim, thinking that I should lead the speeding planes somewhat. As I had my finger on the trigger a thought raced through my mind that I didn't want to kill anyone. Intent to kill - desire to kill - these things were not with me, but I do believe that God or His Holy Spirit or perhaps a guardian angel was very close to me that day. The plane flew by my pointed unfired rifle. Then I realized that our lives were in extreme jeop-

(Continued on page 8)

PEARL HARBOR (Continued from page 7)

ardy; that I must shoot. I did - several times. We did the best that we were able to do for our Nation. Recalling the many shots that were fired by this group of perhaps twenty men, I still cannot understand why we were so ineffective. The planes were so close to us - perhaps not over 150-200 yards away. I can only assume that the planes were flying too fast and we did not compensate enough for that.

From our outside location where I could still see the battleships at Ford Island, I saw one of them settling down in the water. The most awesome sight was that of the U. S. S. Oklahoma rolling over and capsizing in the water. I almost cried. By this time the torpedo planes had done their damage and few were still making their runs. Strafing and dive bombing was intense. A few Japanese planes were dropping bombs from high altitude. At this time, when the attack had been underway for some time, I saw a great explosion on one of the battleships (U. S. S. Arizona) with smoke and fire shooting high over her. I believe that it has been established that she took a bomb down her stack which tore her apart and killed hundreds. Looking at casualty lists later, we knew that the greatest loss of life, by far, occurred aboard the U. S. S. Arizona. Today, a shrine is over what may remain of that gallant ship, honoring those who died and are still entombed in her.

Some return fire against the Japanese planes commenced within perhaps five minutes after they started their attack. There were a lot of other smaller naval ships at Pearl Harbor in addition to the battleships. Nearly all of them were at-

tacked and damaged in some way. Most of the ships were soon firing back but it was really too late. I heard guns firing from the submarine base which was about 700 yards at the right of the Receiving Station. I could hear machine guns or other types of rapid fire weapons chattering away. I wished that there was just one .50 caliber machine gun atop the Receiving Station building. I'm sure that one at that location could have brought down several torpedo planes. I observed one torpedo plane explode and disintegrate as it was making a run toward the battleships. I believe that it received a direct hit. After it vanished from its flight, all seemed to be left of it were bits of lint or cotton-like material floating gently down into the water. I saw one other enemy plane shot down over in the direction of the dry-dock area.

I began to fear the possibility of our group being strafed by one of the enemy planes. The Ford Island Naval Air Station was receiving the brunt of this kind of fire-power. It was very effective in damaging our grounded airplanes.

When the attack had lasted for about 30-35 minutes, one of the battleships (U. S. S. Nevada) at Ford Island got underway slowly. It was wonderful to see this, and I could hear cheering voices in support of her effort. If only she would move faster I thought. Her guns were fighting back! The "hornets" swarmed toward her, intent on a kill which would block the channel entrance to Pearl Harbor. She moved out of my line of vision. I learned later that she was damaged and beached away from the middle of the channel where it would not obstruct passage. She made a most gallant effort to get free.

The attack slowed. About forty-five to fifty
(Continued on page 9)

PEARL HARBOR (Continued from page 8)

minutes had gone by. The few enemy planes remaining were at high altitude dropping aerial bombs. This action seemed to be less effective. Pearl Harbor was dark with the smoke of battle. It was rolling out of the damaged and crippled ships with flashing fire coloring it's darkness. Escaping oil was afire on the water around the ships. Many survivors were in the water, and small boats were running about to rescue them. I breathed air that smelled of smoke, death and destruction. I felt sick and weak in my stomach. It was an awesome, unbelievable sight to look at, especially the once majestic and proud battleships that had been the pride of the Navy. I don't know if there is fury in Hell - there was at Pearl Harbor that Sunday morning. The attack ended - the enemy planes disappeared - guns ceased firing - and there seemed to be a ghostly silence and calmness all about.

I returned with others to the Receiving Station building. There seemed to be confusion and fright in everyone. I sat down at a mess table and drank a cup of coffee for my breakfast. No superior officers were giving orders or instructions to do anything.

The small rescue boats started bringing survivors to the liberty boat landing between the Receiving Station and the submarine base. Survivors began to stream into our building, sitting down everywhere and on the floor next to a wall. Many were quiet in their own solitude. I saw some shedding tears.

A rumor started - Japanese troops are landing by sea on the other side of the island! It was perhaps ten o'clock. We waited for instructions. A message came shortly that no such action was taking place.

The station filled with survivors. Officers and yeomen from the abandoned ships started setting up tables in corners and along the walls as temporary offices for their ship's personnel to report for registration. They continued for several days to prepare lists of their survivors, those known to be killed, and those missing in action. For awhile, I had a copy of the complete report for most of the battleships. I regret that I did not keep it when I transferred later.

Jack Pitcher, my friend, was killed at his battle station on the U. S. S. West Virginia. I was told by chief yeoman Ed Palmer (Des Moines, Iowa) of this ship that the number two turret received a direct hit which killed all men in it. This battleship was the one that I had observed sinking into the water at it's mooring, it's masts and upper structures protruding above the water level. The battleships received many torpedo hits.

Sometime after eleven o'clock in the morning, my friend Dick Jesson came into our station with a group of survivors. We were elated to see each other. He was covered with oil and debris. We had opened our clothing supply room, and I took him there and outfitted him with a complete change of clothing. I retained the old doughboy steel helmet that I wore and brought it back later to the States with me. It disappeared many years later from a storage place in my garage in Los Angeles, California. I regretted losing it.

Everyone was on edge during the remainder of the day. Cooks prepared lots of food. We ate, talked, and went outside many times to look again. Ships continued to burn. The heavy one-quarter inch red bat-

(Continued on page 10)

PEARL HARBOR (Continued from page 9)

tleship linoleum was clearly on fire. Black toxic smoke rolled out of them. This killed many men trapped inside.

Sometime late in the morning, the group of men that had gone to fight fire in the dry-dock area returned to the Receiving Station. Yeoman Bronnenberg was among them but Yeoman Jack Fletcher was missing. Bronnenberg told me that they had gone aboard the battleship U. S. S. Pennsylvania in the dry-dock to fight fires. Fletcher had sustained flash burns on his face and left arm from an explosion aboard the ship. He was hospitalized. Later, Bronnenberg and Fletcher were advanced one step in rank for meritorious performance of duty.

Physical and mental exhaustion began to take its toll as night came. No one slept until very late into the night. Finally, I fell into my bed.

When I awoke early Monday morning, smoke was still coming from the damaged ships. I walked down to the dry-dock area. Trucks were unloading dead bodies. They removed one wrapped in a white sheet, and a blackened burned arm swung down from under the sheet. I did not want to see more and left immediately. World War II was now underway. In November I had sent a written request to the Bureau of Naval Personnel in Washington, D. C., to go to the Navy stenography school at the U. S. Naval Training Station in San Diego, California. Stenographic ability was a requirement for advancement to clerical grades higher than yeoman second class which I had attained in just over two years of service. After the Pearl Harbor battle, I felt myself to finally be a mature grown-up man, ready to assume responsibilities of

leadership. God had spared my life and I was ready in a more mature way to accept His way for my life. I didn't expect a response to my transfer request because of the commencement of the war, but my transfer orders did come through in late February 1942. I was given a 19-day delay in reporting after arrival in the United States. I finally returned home to Hubbard, Texas, where I received the warmest kind of welcome as the first hometown serviceman to see action in the war.

I learned stenography and was advanced to yeoman first class on August 1, 1942. A year later I became a chief yeoman. Less than two years later I received an appointment as one of the U. S. Navy's youngest warrant officers (Ship's Clerk); age twenty-three. After Pearl Harbor, I served awhile at the Floating Dry-dock Training Center, Tiburon, California, which is near San Francisco. Then I went to Guam Island in the Pacific for service aboard a large floating dry-dock, the U. S. S. ABSD-3 (Advanced Base Service Dock). Finally, I served out the war on the aircraft carrier U. S. S. Hornet as a warrant ship's clerk in the captain's office.

I married in June 1943 and my first son was born while I was serving at Guam. He was almost one year old when I saw him for the first time when I came home on leave in August 1945. By strange coincidence, while I was on leave the war ended on August 14, 1945, the day that my 6-year enlistment expired! I was discharged on November 24, 1945.

After Pearl Harbor, I did not maintain communication with my old friend, Dick Jesson, and I never knew what might have happened to him. He was raised in Burbank, California. On July 1, 1947 I

(Continued on page 11)

PEARL HARBOR (Continued from page 10)

became a Los Angeles policeman and worked a patrol shift from 4:00 p.m. to midnight. About 1948 my partner and I worked overtime into the morning shift taking an arrestee to our Lincoln Heights city jail for booking. I went to the booking window and there behind it was my friend Dick Jesson in an LAPD uniform! He had joined the force in 1946 and had been working the morning shift. It really is a small world - all belonging to and under the direction of God according to His plan for our lives.

Gladney's In America President

NOTE: William Cody Gladney was President of the Gladney Family Association in 1983-1984. He passed away on June 16, 2002 in Waco, TX.



HONORING OUR VETERANS

The family honored our veterans by having them stand at the reunion banquet held on the evening of July 25, 2015. They introduced themselves and told which branch of service they served in. Those present were:

James Wallace Gladney – (Army Security Agency now known as CIA 305th USAA Battalion)

Tim Johnson – (Air Force)

Dan Pannell – (Navy Seabees)

John Harvey Whitesell III – (Army)

We thank all of our veterans for their service.

ALL GAVE SOME, SOME GAVE ALL.

(Continued from page 1)

The cost for a room with two queens or one king will be \$119. Suites w/king bed and pull-out couch will cost \$129. You must mention the booking code "GOA" when making your reservations. These costs are good for Thursday thru Saturday nights (7/28-7/30/16). Check in is after 3:00pm and check out is 11:00am.

There are, of course, many web sites that contain information on tours of the area. Wally has provided a few links to get you to a few tours that will give you an idea of what he is planning.

"Things To Do: Lexington, KY Visitor Information"

<http://www.visitlex.com/things-to-do/>

"Horse Farm Tours in the Horse Capital of the World: Lexington, KY"

<http://www.visitlex.com/idea-guide/horse-farm-tours/>

"Bourbon Distilleries near Lexington, KY: Horse Capital of the World"

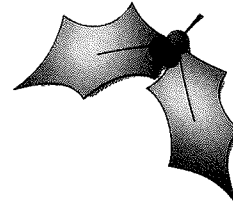
<http://www.visitlex.com/idea-guide/bourbon-distilleries/>

Since there are so many options for tours/outings on Saturday, the pricing options are still be decided upon. There will probably be options on one, two, or three various tours, depending on your stamina. There may be specific items for your teen and a babysitting service may be available during the Saturday banquet for the tots.

Exact pricing and duration of tours will be included in a upcoming issue of the Gladney Gram. We hope to see you there. Call now to reserve your room.



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Cathy's Corner

Merry
Christmas
and Happy
New Year.

