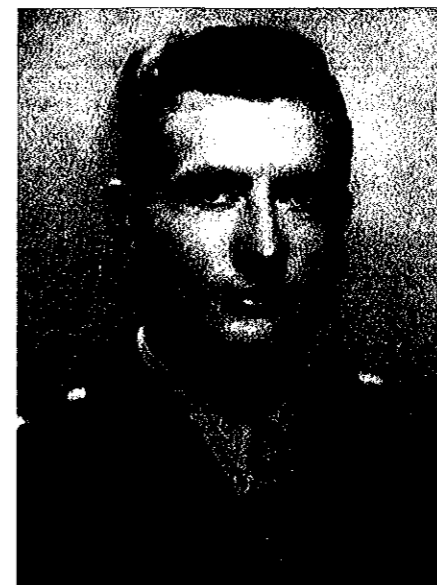


ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL

talked to a boy who was three feet from him and he said that the bullets entered his chest right at his heart. Tim never knew what hit him. Reinforcements came up and they wiped out the Japs. I went up to see the place. It is about four miles from the end of a road which is being cut into the hills now. Tim is still there. The platoon dug a grave and there is a white cross marking the spot. . . . I talked to some of the boys. They found who I was, and came up all along to say how sorry they were. Each tried in his own way to tell me how much he and the company thought of Tim. That company has suffered very heavy casualties."



JOHN WORK GARRETT, II

1942

John Garrett entered St. Paul's in 1939, and graduated *cum laude* three years later. An Old Hundred, he played two years on his club football and baseball teams, and won his SPS in both sports. Though he entered the Fourth Form knowing only three boys in the School, he was frequently elected to house-committees in the buildings where he lived, and twice to the Council in his Sixth Form year, during the second half of which he was also a Supervisor. Garrett himself attributed his success and happiness to the spirit of the place, of which he once wrote that the "ground works" were a "sense of mutual understanding and brotherhood," a "desire to help others." In him the School had quickly recognized a person of ability and charm, independent and fair-minded.

Entering Princeton in July, 1942, Garrett maintained a 2nd Group standing until he left at the end of the following February. Called from the Enlisted Reserve for the Air Corps, he was sent in April, 1943, to the induction center at Nashville, Tennessee; thence, in May, for pre-flight training to Maxwell Field, Alabama, where he was made a Corporal and rated in the top five out of his class of 116 cadets. From July to the beginning of the next year, he was in Arkansas, receiving his primary, basic, and advanced training at Helena, Walnut Ridge, and Blytheville, respectively. In January, 1944, he won his wings and his commission as Second Lieutenant. Assigned to B-24's, he went first back to Maxwell Field for final training as pilot, and then, in April, to Westover Field, Massachusetts. There his crew was made up, and one member of it, the tail gunner, wrote after-

wards: "When I first met him, and I'm sure this goes for every one of the other crew members, I liked him and thought him to be one of the best. He didn't try to be bossy or a big shot even though he had every right in the world to be that way. He wasn't sneaky yet he made every detail of the duties of his crew clear as crystal."

At his first opportunity after arriving at Westover Field, Garrett came back for a Sunday at St. Paul's. Hard as his training had been and still was, he looked superbly well. He spent a happy day, seeing old friends, masters and boys, and especially talking to those of the latter who were about to enter the Air Corps and were eager to hear about the training from someone who had been through it.

On May 3, 1944, within a month of his last visit to the School. Garrett, on a combat training flight from Westover Field, was obliged by mechanical failure in his plane to choose between "abandoning ship" and making a forced landing, under very difficult conditions, on a small field not intended for bombers. He chose the latter course, radioed for crash cars and other emergency equipment, and, by the skill with which he handled his plane, managed to save all lives but his own. He himself was instantly killed.