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AND GERMANS

Black Star

LIVE

LOSEY FUNERAL HELD

Many Diplomats Attend Rites in Stockholm for U. S. Attache

STOCKHOLM, Sweden, April 26 (UP)—Simple funeral services attended by many foreign diplomats were held today for Captain Robert M. Losey, United States Air Attaché at Oslo, Norway, who was killed during the German bombing of Dombaas.

After the body is cremated the ashes will be sent to the United States.

The funeral was held in a small chapel of a Protestant cemetery. A guard of honor, composed of six Swedish air cadets, stood at attention around the bier during the half-hour ceremony. The coffin was covered with an American flag belonging to Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, United States Minister to Norway.

The Rev. H. C. Jones, a British chaplain, conducted the services. The organ played Chopin's Funeral March, and the congregation sang two hymns.

Besides Mrs. Harriman, those present included Frederick A. Sterling, United States Minister to Sweden; Hallett Johnson, American Consul General here; members of the United States Legation staff, the Polish Minister and the military and air attachés of Great Britain, France, Norway, Finland and Rumania.

manufacture were claimed to have been destroyed.

Narvik, it is tersely declared, was subjected to bombardment again yesterday by British naval units.

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Losey's Ashes Not in Pouch

A diplomatic pouch presumably containing the ashes of Capt. Robert M. Losey, United States Military Attache, killed in the German invasion of Norway, was disclosed today to have contained only affidavits relating to his death.

The State Department, which received the pouch in Washington after its arrival on the liner Manhattan, said the ashes would be on the liner Washington, scheduled to arrive here from Genoa on May 27.

Mrs. Ole Hagen, wife of the U. S. Naval Attache in Stockholm, said on arrival here that the pouch she brought on the Manhattan had been entrusted to her by her husband and that she was informed that it contained Capt. Losey's ashes.

O'Dwyer Names 9 to His Staff

District Attorney William O'Dwyer of Brooklyn today announced nine appointments to his staff. Frank P. Nicholson, 333 Stratford Rd.,

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American Casualty

When the Russians invaded Finland, Capt. Robert M. Losey, a 31-year-old flyer and expert on aviation meteorology, was appointed American air attaché in Helsinki. His special job was the risky one of

observing the effectiveness of the daily air raids the Soviets staged in Finland.

After the Finnish peace Captain Losey was made air attaché for Norway and Sweden. As soon as the Germans invaded Norway, the captain rushed from Stockholm to the front. Last week he was in Dombas, a junction on the Andalsnes-Lillehammer railway, when German planes roared over. As bombs crashed down, those with Losey dashed into a tunnel. But the American attaché stayed in the open watching the Nazi technique. A few seconds later a bomb splinter pierced his chest and killed him.

Newsweek - April 29, 1940

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West Point Rites for American Killed by Nazi Bomb



The casket containing the remains of Captain Robert M. Losey, U. S. air attache killed by a German bomb during an attack on Dombaas, Norway, last month, is carried to a grave in the West Point cemetery. He was buried with full military honors. Losey was killed while assisting in evacuation of a group of American civilians. (International)

Encircled Allies Cut In 3 Parts, Say Nazis

Continued from Page 3

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In Northern Flanders... man right wi... rance?"

Allies Flood Dunkirk

Gas Masks Soon For U. S. Soldiers

Nazi In Me

WITH THE FRONT, May 29 (L) fantry, the Germans day today in an effort (The French commun) of this sector that a raid was repulsed south Chateau Porcien, five m of Rethel. See map on

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CAPTAIN ROBERT M. LOSEY, Killed in Norway Raid

West Point, N. Y. May 29 (AP).—Funeral services for Capt. Robert M. Losey, 31, assistant U. S. military attache who was killed during a German bombing raid at Dombaas, Norway, April 21, were held today in the old Cadet Chapel of the U. S. Military Academy. His widow, high-ranking army officers and Captain Onejer, military attache from Norway, attended the ceremony. His ashes, brought to Boston by ship and to West Point by plane, were interred in the post cemetery.

Obituary

WILLIAM A. GILBERT Public Works Officer

Pottstown, Pa., May 29 (AP).—William A. Gilbert, 58, of 1832 E. 27th St., Brooklyn, for 35 years assistant director of bridges in the Department of Public Works, New York City, died here of a heart-

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"JUST LIKE DAISY"

**THE EXTRAORDINARY MRS.
J. BORDEN HARRIMAN, AMER-
ICAN MINISTER TO NORWAY**

**By
MAXINE DAVIS**



Above—Madam Minister when she was campaigning for reduction of armaments eighteen years ago. Below—Mrs. Harriman takes time out from public life to tend to her needlepoint.

PICTURES INC.



WILSE, OSLO

WHEN the American minister to Norway went ducking bombs, driving across the uncertain April ice of rivers and climbing their 150-foot, ice-sheathed banks on the zigzag trail of the fleeing Norwegian government, Washington nodded its head and said, "But of course. That's natural. That's just like Daisy."

Newspaper headlines give an impression of a seventy-year-old grandmother tottering nobly about her duties in a besieged land. Nothing could be more false. Only the chronology is correct.

Daisy Harriman is almost the same today as she was twenty-five years ago. She is an eternal contemporary in mind and body. The world, to her, is forever new and exciting. Her physical structure has never failed to respond to her eager, almost childlike zest. One of the first things she did when she went to Norway was to learn to ski. No one ever thinks of helping her down a stair—or a mountain. No one ever asks if she is tired. She drove her own car and made eight speeches a day during the 1936 presidential campaign. She flew out to sea over the glaciers in a private plane to see the sun go down over the Arctic Circle last year, a most hazardous expedition. Her twenty-five-year-old secretary came home with her teeth chattering in terror, but Daisy routed her family out of bed to tell them what fun it was.

When she was appointed minister to Norway, a good many people shook their heads and said, "Poor dear Daisy!" Others said, "Poor Norway!"

Though nobody, in the spring of 1937, could foresee what was coming in Scandinavia, destiny has a way of following Daisy around. She nominated Woodrow Wilson in Bermuda before the voters of New Jersey had ever heard of him; bravoed Chaliapin before 1914; knew Kitchener before Khartoum.

All the Norwegians knew about the new American minister was that she was a rich woman, a Democratic politician, and gave nice parties.

Actually, Mrs. Harriman is not a politician. She has been in politics continuously since 1912, but she has run for no office. She was never a part of any state, ward or even precinct organization. For one thing, she came, before women were granted suffrage, from New York's invincibly Republican Westchester County, and later moved to Washington, which hasn't the franchise. For another thing, she'd probably never have had the patience for the minutiae of organization politics. She has no capacity for concentrated attention to detail. Nor has she ever belonged to a powerful party clique. Mrs. Harriman was for McAdoo in 1924, for Smith in 1928, for Melvin Traylor at the 1932 convention.

She was not appointed to Norway because she'd made a fat campaign contribution, either, for Daisy isn't rich. Even before 1929 she was only modestly well off, and she lives today on the scraps of one of the country's great fortunes. But she was born rich and has the bearing of wealth. Her rope of imitation pearls, as integral a part of her costume as her shoes and stockings, looks fabulous. Chic as a 1940 debutante, she's gowned for the most part, she likes to confide, as the Church of England is in part supported—by voluntary contributions. Her wealthy friends and relatives send her their Paris mistakes.

She has never learned how to be comparatively poor. Daughter of Frank Hurst, a retired British army officer in business with her grandfather,

to any situation or idea is the spark that sets her into immediate action. Her gaiety is contagious, but it never conceals her serious purpose. Though often incapable of comprehending the broad economic or sociological or philosophical implications involved in conditions which rouse her ready sympathy or indignation, she grasps their essence in concrete, and promptly reaches for her hat and gloves. She is a romantic, but she wears her romanticism as an athlete his sweat shirt; it covers a muscled personality. She is completely unself-conscious and wholly naïve. And she loves people. She likes them for themselves, and she likes them so wholeheartedly that her enemies are chiefly among the people who make no impression on her. These latter she meets time after time and never remembers them. If they make some slight dent on her consciousness, she refers to them vaguely as "Mr. Snooks" or "Miss Thing."

She loves people so much that she can find no fault in them—unless they get fat—and so has not the slightest hesitation in bringing them together. It is this quality which has hewed her a place in the Democratic Party and in public life.

she has sat up over her 8:30 breakfast tray, bun in one hand, telephone in the other. Norway didn't change her routine. In no time at all she was on telephone terms with the foreign minister, asking him what he thought of Hitler's latest speech and telling him about something she'd heard. No wonder he gave her the first news of the invasion of Norway, and so enabled her to scoop the press of the world!

Only because she has so many powerful and loyal friends was she made minister to Norway. There was no other reason. Daisy had sinned against the Great White Father. True, she had served her party loyally for twenty years. In the lean days of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover she had operated a Democratic salon in Washington and kept the faith alive. She had campaigned tirelessly for Roosevelt after his nomination, and everyone expected that she would be rewarded with a glittering job.

But she was not one of the original Roosevelt rooters. Before the Chicago convention she was first for the Democratic dark horse, Melvin Traylor, a Chicago banker. Traylor was the glamour boy of the hour and a few hopefuls thought he could charm the votes out of the delegates. Daisy was one of these.



This photograph of Capt. Robert Losey, United States attaché for air, and Mrs. Harriman was taken at Dombaas, Norway, only a short time before a bomb splinter killed him during a German air raid there.

"No one ever thinks of helping her down a stair—or a mountain." Although nearly seventy, Mrs. Harriman learned to ski almost as soon as she reached Norway.

Edward S. Jaffray, a British shipping magnate; married to J. Borden Harriman, of the banking house of Harriman and Company, she spent the early years of her life in the hot-house of the old Four Hundred. Her grandfather would surely be scandalized if he were to hear even State Department clerks who have never seen her, and city editors to whom she is a familiar good story, refer to her as "Daisy," which is not her name. She was christened "Florence Jaffray." "Daisy Paisy" was the nickname her father gave her.

Reared in an environment where money was merely the unnoticed fire in the furnace, it is something she absolutely cannot understand. She never even has any petty cash, but somebody always does something about it. Once she was motoring in Maryland and ran out of gas.

"I'm Mrs. Harriman," she announced in a voice far from confidential. "I have no money. This is my friend, Mrs. West, and she has no money either." The tank filled, the two went their way.

Everyone was relieved to read in the press dispatches that she had shown her passport at the Swedish frontier, for during the last World War she went off to England without her passport; but she sailed and she landed anyhow.

There are her glasses. Ambassadors and generals have been sent to search for Daisy's one pair of spectacles.

She isn't endowed with any special intellectual attainments. Daisy Harriman thinks chiefly with her emotions; she leaps before she looks. In this resides her special genius. It's because her instinctive emotion is on a grand scale, warm, generous, eagerly outgoing, that she is a personage. The world is full of wellborn women, often rich, who mean well. There is nothing so tentative about Daisy. A reaction in her

That began long ago. She brought John Purroy Mitchel, Frank P. Walsh, Charles R. Crane, and other such progressives to the side of Woodrow Wilson. She became a sort of unofficial liaison officer, bringing to the White House various kinds of people and varying points of view. She knew who was the right person to approach on any problem and never bothered the President when it was not necessary. Joseph Tumulty reports, "Mr. Wilson always said Mrs. Harriman had the faculty of saying what she had to say, and getting out."

She introduced the great philosopher, Doctor Bergson, to Mr. Wilson. She wore a path in the corridors of the War Department, seeing officials in behalf of friends who wanted to serve. When leading progressives feared the consequences if Elihu Root were to head the mission to Petrograd, she laid their protests before Colonel House.

A Good Customer of the Phone Company

THIS has always been Mrs. Harriman's function. She has known almost everyone of consequence, and so known what was pending, and sensed the right thing to do about it. That is not accidental. She has the telephone habit. Almost every morning for years

"Such a nice man!" she'd say. "You just know when you talk to him that he'd be perfectly splendid." When it became apparent that, delightful though Traylor might be, his allure would not interest the necessary two thirds of the convention, Daisy switched to her second choice, Newton D. Baker, her respected and admired friend since the Wilson Administration. Daisy is no trimmer. Though her more cautious friends warned her that Roosevelt would probably be nominated, and suggested that it might be discreet to soft-pedal her enthusiasm for Wilson's Secretary of War, she only responded, "That's perfectly ridiculous. I have to say what I believe, haven't I?"

Like the good partisan she is, however, Daisy had at once rolled up her sleeves to fight for her party's candidate. She went on tour with other women in a caravan of motors, making speeches on street corners, in courthouses—wherever a crowd could be drummed up. She conducted a study class on campaign issues at headquarters. But when the day came to give out the gold stars, the teacher passed her by.

Daisy Harriman never bears a grudge. When someone would say, "That man is ungrateful and —" she'd snap. *(Continued on Page 76)*

It's GENE KRUPA "swinging away" a HEADACHE!



I TAKE BROMO-SELTZER. NOTHING ELSE I'VE TRIED GIVES ME THAT SAME ALL-ROUND RELIEF. IT HELPS HEAD, STOMACH, NERVES!



The "King of the Hide Beaters" tells this story:

"We had played at a popular club near New York till 2 A.M., then rehearsed till 5 for a recording that began at 9 A.M. It was afternoon when we finished. Sessions like that can leave your head throbbing! When that happens, I duck out for Bromo-Seltzer."

"It's sweet music to feel a headache slip away, your nerves quit shagging, your stomach settle down. That's what Bromo-Seltzer does for me!"

"Back that same night at 8 o'clock to the 'rugcutters' (the jitterbugs). You see a few nice ones in this picture and me drummin' for them. I use more energy on 2 swing numbers than a track star does on a mile run!"



Why BROMO-SELTZER does more for you than a simple pain reliever can . . . helps head, stomach, nerves



A headache may be a symptom of some upset in your system. If you get headaches all the time . . . or if they're long drawn out . . . see your doctor.

Fortunately, however, most headaches are simple ones. They may be NERVOUS or DIGESTIVE. For these, Bromo-Seltzer does all this:

1. RELIEVES PAIN—acts rapidly to ease the "ache"
2. STEADIES NERVES—relaxes the strain and tension
3. SETTLES UPSET STOMACH—relieves nausea

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer. Follow directions on the label. At all drugstores—soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

Liked more because it does more for headache

BROMO-SELTZER

"JUST LIKE DAISY"

(Continued from Page 25)

"You mustn't even think such things! Look how perfectly wonderful he's being in everything he's doing!"

As year after year went by, as one insignificant woman after another was appointed to office, the situation became humiliating and embarrassing, not to Daisy but to her friends. Not a month passed but some one of them approached the President. It was, it is said, Secretary Hull who finally insisted upon her appointment, four years after Mr. Roosevelt went into the White House. Today, the President beams over her reports as if she were something special he'd discovered.

Mrs. Harriman is a self-made woman. She was born in a period and a stratum where ladies stayed home. She was raised chiefly by her father and her grandfather, for her mother died when she was two years old. Daisy acquired her remarkable bearing from her military father. She is nearly six feet tall and to this day her back is magnificently straight, her shoulders square, her head held high. Frank Hurst had a mania on posture; he made his three girls walk an hour each day with books on their heads. Like any army officer, he disciplined the manners but not the mind. He mounted Daisy on her first horse—a donkey—at the age of three. He tossed her into the water from the dock at Irvington "because that's the way to teach boys to swim." He found a sergeant of the Buffs, a waiter at the Union Club, and brought him to Irvington three times a week to give her setting-up exercises. Daisy still has a notion it's a sin to be sick.

Daisy laughs over stories of her youth. Winters were spent in the town house, at 615 Fifth Avenue, where Saks now stands. She made her debut when Mrs. Astor was reigning and when the first volume of the Social Register was published. After Mrs. Astor's retirement, Daisy recalls, her kingdom was divided among five or six grand duchesses. She met one of them at a reception given by her Grandfather Jaffray. The lady arrived with the explanation, "I meant to go to the Vanderbilts', but on the way I decided I wasn't dressed well enough, so I came here."

Domestic Interval

Across the way from the Jaffray-Hurst household lived the Harrimans. One son was J. Borden. He and Daisy were married in 1889. It is said that Grandfather Jaffray was inclined to consider the match not altogether suitable, for, though the Harrimans were rich, they had broken into society only through the charm of their children.

Daisy was blissfully happy in domesticity for a while. After the birth of her daughter Ethel she and her husband built a home, Uplands, at Mt. Kisco. For a few years she had a wonderful time buying furniture, rare china, glass and books.

Daisy loves houses, and can never curb her irresistible impulse to improve them. While she was in Oslo, a friend in Washington bought a new house. When Daisy was about to come home on leave, the friend's servant remarked, "Miz Blanche, how you reckon Miz Harriman is a-goin' to switch the furniture?"

She not only moves things around but she dives into her own possessions to embellish them. Alice Longworth

has in her sitting room a golden-taffeta quilted pad Daisy gave her fifteen years ago. The Elliott Thurstons have a pair of Chinese jars and some girandoles Daisy donated when she thought their mantelpiece didn't look right. Someone else has a dining-room table donated because Daisy disapproved of the old one.

Housekeeping and homemaking failed to absorb Daisy long. First she took to bookbinding. She had a special room prepared and equipped for it, and she did bind a couple of books.

Church work was the obvious and respectable outlet for her energies, and St. George's Church was the first to benefit by it. "But," Daisy said, "I never have believed in doing only one thing." Before you could blink, Gov. Charles Evans Hughes had appointed her a member of the board of the Reformatory for Women, at Bedford, not far from Mt. Kisco. Daisy used to take her own daughter over there. "Such lovely girls," Daisy explained. It was only their misfortune they were in the reformatory. She encouraged Ethel to play basketball with them.

The Colony Club

One day Daisy got the idea that changed her life. Her New York house was overrun with plasterers and painters, and she had to go to town for a couple of days. "Where shall I stay—at the Waldorf?" she asked her husband. "I can't stay in that mess."

"I don't approve of women going to hotels alone," her spouse handed down the family law.

Then and there, Daisy had her inspiration—a club for women, a social club with a building of its own. The result was the Colony Club, today one of the richest clubs in the world.

That was in 1902. "A woman's club is her home" was the mildest of objections. "Women will only use clubs as addresses for clandestine letters" was the loudest. The Princeton Club had put its plans for a house in abeyance because it was sure the Colony Club would fail and would be for sale, cheap.

It was through the Colony Club that Daisy became interested in labor problems, which have absorbed her ever since. One day August Belmont asked her to let Gertrude Beeks, of the National Civic Federation, speak about her work among Government employees in the Canal Zone. Miss Beeks' lecture so fired Daisy that she formed a committee and investigated stores, hotels, factories, making unsolicited suggestions about lunchrooms, rest rooms and proper dressing rooms as she went along. She also induced the Colony Club to institute sick-leave benefits and similar novelties for its employees. In the course of her explorations, Mrs. Harriman met a number of labor-union people who inspired her to make a trip through the Southern cotton mills. She came home and took the stump, lecturing against child labor.

Now, Daisy really makes fine speeches, but she writes them out painstakingly, consulting everyone from the cook to any available expert. Then she learns them by heart. She learned that technique before she made her first public address, at the opening of the Colony Club. Sitting in the bathtub, she chilled with fear lest she forget her first

(Continued on Page 79)

(Continued from Page 76)

speech. She decided to rehearse it. Calling all the servants within earshot into her dressing room, she repeated it for them, complete with gestures. On this system she's been able to make speeches on some pretty profound matters. In 1936 she surged out with a complicated dissertation on New Deal financing. When she was heckled, she responded so vigorously that if her answers were not entirely correct, nobody ever knew the difference. But, then, she's written down and learned by heart a good deal about subjects of current interest. Her drawers and closets and chests are crammed with bits of paper on which she's jotted statistics, something somebody said, funny stories, new words. She loves new words. "What does that mean?" she'll demand. "Are you sure that's what it means? How do you use it? I must write that down."

During the war, Samuel Gompers made her chairman of the Committee on Women in Industry of the advisory committee of the Council on National Defense. Her committee included Mary McDowell, Mary Anderson, now director of the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor, Mrs. Raymond Robins and Pauline Goldmark, sister of Mrs. Justice Brandeis.

Her political career began with the nomination of Woodrow Wilson. In the days when she went on picnics with him in Bermuda, she used to assure him that he would be President. She promised her amused hero that when he was nominated she was going to campaign for him. Later, when Archie Alexander, his aide, suggested to Mr. Wilson that he ought to have a women's organization, the result was the Women's National Wilson and Marshall Association, with Daisy as its chairman.

For her first open-air meeting—in Union Square—she worked for days on her speech. Some senator told her to say the cost of living would go down, but neglected to explain why. Inspired, she said, "Everything is so high now that if you wanted to throw a bad egg at me, you couldn't afford it." She was pretty pleased with that quip until someone yelled, "What will make eggs so cheap? Does Wilson lay them?"

A Humanitarian Fleet

Like so many of her generation, she had entered politics via her interest in the welfare of women and children. There had been the tuberculosis boats. Daisy was one of a group who conceived the idea of getting hold of old ferryboats, mooring them in the East River, letting parents bring their sick children for care and lessons all day long and collecting them at night. These makeshifts later gave way to well-organized city hospitals.

She was also a leader of the New York milk committee which strove, successfully, to secure a system of milk depots where tenement mothers could come and get certified pure milk for their babies, and a lot of information about child care thrown in. In the course of establishing the stations, Daisy went to John Purroy Mitchel, who promised her that if her committee would organize and support a chain of stations for six months, and if it would materially reduce the infant-mortality rate, he would pledge his support toward getting the city to take them over as a permanent institution.

How happy Daisy was when a group of New Yorkers, in one of the periodic

uprisings against Tammany, came out of their Park Avenue burrows to work for Mitchel's election as Fusion candidate for mayor. She mounted the soap-box with such gusto that a listener on the edge of a crowd in Bowling Green called, "Lady, youse sure can shout!"

Mitchel was a man of authentic ability, but he was not well-known either politically or socially. He found Daisy a great help. Consequently, all sorts of reformers and social agencies in that heyday of improvement came to know her as a person who could speak to the mayor for them. Then, as later, she was discriminating, and considerate of his time. She would go to the health commissioner, or the commissioner of accounts, or whoever was the right person to approach before it was necessary to discuss the matter with Mitchel. She never used high pressure. So, when she said, "I think this man has a good idea," everyone came to believe there might be something in it.

The Advantage of Limitations

It was not surprising then that President Wilson named her a member of the important Commission on Industrial Relations, set up by act of Congress. Frank P. Walsh was chairman.

Daisy promptly made a most intelligent move. She called Lillian Wald and asked her to call together a group of people to discuss privately the things they felt the Walsh Commission should do. Miss Wald invited experts in various fields of labor to a dinner at the Henry Street Settlement.

The commission traveled over the country to mines and fields and factories, investigating, conducting hearings. With it, Daisy went to Colorado after the Ludlow massacre. Mrs. Harriman has sometimes been accused of intellectual superficiality, but members of the commission testify that she did a distinguished job. Then, as today in Norway, her limitations were an asset. Hers was one of the few minds able to hear testimony concentratedly and not to add or subtract from it in her own mind.

She plowed through fuzzy generalizations. "What's the matter with that man?" she'd interrupt. "What's he got—lead poisoning?"

Sometimes she would stop a witness to say, "I suppose you think I'm very stupid, but I don't understand what you're saying." It's probably that nobody else understood the long ideological exposition either, but only Daisy dared to say so. Thus she threw reality rather than legalism or bitterness into the proceedings.

When we entered the war, Daisy, whose husband had died in 1914, was living in Washington. Daisy promptly joined the Red Cross motor corps and designed the uniform, amid a spirited debate as to whether or not women should wear breeches. She drove ambulances and trucks for months, and was the first woman in Washington to volunteer for overseas duty. Fortunately for the wounded, she never went; Daisy's driving strikes terror to the stoutest heart. Gompers needed her, and sent her on a mission to study the technique of employment of women in the war industries in England and France.

Once she and her daughter, then a Y. M. C. A. worker, slipped off to spend a night together in the empty home of a friend in Compiègne and were caught in a battle. In Paris for the peace conference, she stood in the Hall of Mirrors to watch the signers.

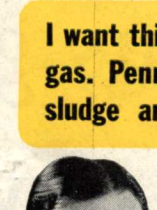
(Continued on Page 81)



Hitch your wagon to a..
STAR PENNZOIL PERFORMANCE!



From an engineer's standpoint... careful refining that removes sludge-forming impurities makes PennZoil cleaner, tougher, faster and lots safer!



I want things to happen FAST when I step on the gas. PennZoil's my choice because it resists sludge and varnish that slow down motors!



Give me safety and economy first! I'll take PennZoil because its tough film prevents needless trouble... and it lasts and lasts AND LASTS.

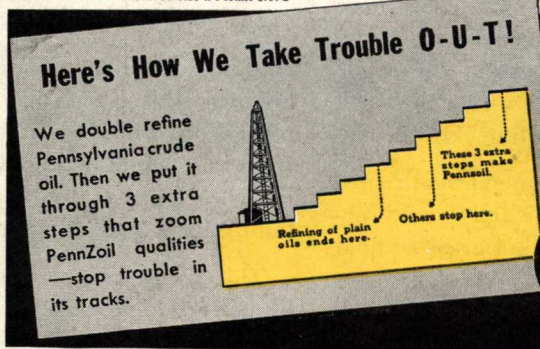


It Doesn't Take a G-Man to Find These Thousands of Z-Men!

In the last few years PennZoil's popularity has blanketed the nation with 4 times as many PennZoil signs as you've ever seen before! Yes, there's a PennZoil Z-Man near you. Ask your PennZoil

branch or distributor for his location... then sound your "Z" for real service!

Member Pa. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n Permit No. 2



GIVES YOUR MOTOR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

(Continued from Page 79)

When she came home she plunged into the fight for the League of Nations. Three houses were the center of the League fight. Alice Longworth and Ruth McCormick were militantly anti-League. In Mrs. Harriman's home gathered the pro-League elements. Here were the beginnings of her Sunday-night suppers, famous these twenty years.

Daisy continued these suppers after Harding was elected, because she felt there must be some place where the meager cohorts of the Democrats could meet in Washington and keep alive their faith.

Many women have tried to imitate Daisy's Sunday-night suppers, but none has been successful. Daisy is the one American woman who has been able to conduct a salon. Some twenty or thirty men and women of the hour were usually seated in the pine-paneled dining room. Daisy never served cocktails before these suppers, or wine with them, though she always offered beer or whisky. The food was always simple; meat pie the most frequent entree.

After the coffee was served, everyone sat at the table. Daisy rose and asked a provocative question, or else arranged for one of her guests to ask it. She has never had the least hesitation in trampling on the most brittle ground. No one will ever forget the night Winston Churchill was present.

Daisy had instructed Henry Suydam, of the Brooklyn Eagle: "When I tap on my glass, you ask him why the British don't pay the war debts."

Suydam shriveled and protested. Daisy turned her back. Inevitably the moment came when the hostess rose and tapped her glass.

"Why don't you pay the war debts?" Suydam whispered.

Nobody could hear. "Mr. Churchill, Mr. Suydam is asking you why the British don't pay the war debt," Daisy repeated in a voice that would win a prize in a hog-calling contest.

"Suydam? Suydam? Who is Suydam?" inquired Churchill. When Daisy explained—an eminent journalist—he responded, "I wouldn't embarrass my hostess by replying to such a frivolous question." But ultimately the evening's discussion concerned itself with the war debts.

A Democratic Forum

At the peak of the sit-down strikes, Daisy invited John L. Lewis. It was his debut into Washington society. "How do you defend the sit-down strikes?" Daisy asked, with her usual circumspection.

The Sunday evening after the AAA had been declared unconstitutional, Daisy invited Justice Roberts and Dr. Charles Beard. No one is likely to forget that debate.

In 1922, Daisy and a number of Democratic women decided it would be a good idea to establish a clubhouse where visiting Democratic women could stay, and which would be a national center for party women. Daisy was chairman of the group which formed the Woman's National Democratic Club.

Under her guidance, a house was leased and furnished. With characteristic enthusiasm, she filled it with her own furniture—most of it still there—brought cooking utensils from her own kitchen, decided on the location of every bowl and ash tray. Always eager to get things moving and with her usual incomprehension of the inelasticity of

small sums, she helped it into hot water. Then she fished it out again. She made it a success. Suppers there resembled Sunday nights at her own home.

She also enlivened the town with her dispute with Ray Baker, the former director of the mint.

Daisy was out of town for some time, and when she returned she found a huge pile of red Virginia mud on her lawn. Baker had been building a home near by and had dumped the dirt excavated for the foundations in Daisy's front yard.

"I only did it to be nice to her," Baker explained. "It would cost her thousands to fill in that hollow in her land."

"Simply disgusting!" was Daisy's indignant retort. "He dumped it because it was cheaper than hauling it away—and as a result has ruined thousands of dollars' worth of trees and shrubs." With great enthusiasm, the whole town divided into two camps—pro and anti dumping. "He was dreadful, don't you think?" Daisy, as usual, asked everyone she knew, including ambassadors, delivery boys and a fortune teller. The court thought Baker was careless in the way he tossed that dirt around, for, when Daisy sued, she was awarded eight hundred and fifty dollars.

In spite of the fact that she is a big woman, race-horse lean, with bold features and the most forthright manner, Daisy has always attracted scores of eligible suitors. Always. They were beaux in the true Victorian sense, with flowers and tea and walks in the park. For years some one of them used to send one dozen red American Beauties every three days. She is coquettish with them, always arrayed in tea gowns, with the air of a little girl in her best sash. Anyone, no matter how dull, is appreciated if he is a beau. A number of them have been pretty dashing cavaliers. General Pershing was on the list. And Tom Walsh, of Montana.

Daisy met Senator Walsh when he was investigating the Teapot Dome scandal. For years he trotted after her like a pet puppy, regardless of how she treated him. She made him soap his bristling eyebrows. One day, as she explains it, "I simply couldn't stand the sight of that walrus mustache of his another minute. So I just took the library scissors and snipped it off."

She always watched over Walsh. He had followed her to England once, and accompanied her to a big tea at the House of Commons. Daisy looked across the table, got nervous, and passed him a note saying, "You're sitting beside the Queen of Greece. Be careful what you say."

Walsh took the note, fumbled for his spectacles, couldn't find them, and turned to ask his pretty neighbor to read it for him. Without hesitation, Daisy upset her water glass. Walsh understood, put the note away.

Then Daisy heard him say, "I didn't get your name."

"Elizabeth of Greece."

"Oh, haven't you people been having some trouble down there lately?"

Daisy broke into that. Elizabeth of Greece had just been exiled.

Daisy likes games and will make her beau or her grandchild or any available victim play checkers or cards or backgammon with her. Inevitably she plays badly, can't keep her mind on her game. She has one horrible version of backgammon which she adores. It is highly complicated and is called "acey-deucey." So all who know her rocked

with laughter when they read the cable sent her by Capt. Joseph Gainard, captain of the City of Flint, when that much-disputed vessel finally landed at home.

ACEY-DEUCEY DOCKED BALTIMORE LOVE GAINARD

his cable to the American minister read. When asked by reporters what "acey-deucey" meant, Gainard replied, "Oh, that's just a seagoing game I taught Mrs. Harriman." Everyone knew that Daisy had nabbed the helpless man and made him play her fearsome game.

Daisy's departure for Oslo was not auspicious. Shortly before she left Washington she was interviewed at the State Department by the correspondents. The afternoon papers headlined, WOMAN DIPLOMAT MAKES BREAK.

Daisy was heartbroken, thought of resigning. Actually, it was not a break at all. The question concerned the trade treaty with Norway. Everyone interested knew that preparations for it were being made. In fact, hearings on the trade treaties are public, and planned well in advance. But Daisy admitted that "negotiations" were going on, and Michael McDermott, press official for the State Department, interrupted her. Her mistake was in the use of the word "negotiations." The State Department negotiates a treaty; beforehand it "makes explorations."

Daisy Won't Tell

Consequently, for the first time in her life, Daisy was afraid of the press. When she reached the pier in New York she found a crowd of reporters awaiting her, but none of her luggage.

"Don't stand around asking me silly questions," she bullied them. "Go find my trunks. . . . Here, you! Why don't you look for my trunks?" They did.

Stopping in Paris, she ordered a wonderful new gown to wear when she was presented to the king. It didn't arrive in time. But Her Excellency, the American minister, was childishly enchanted by the ceremony, even in an old dress.

"Today I was received by the king," she wrote home. "The court chamberlain arrived in a high-swung landau with a pair of horses, and two men on the box. In front of the palace there were about forty of the king's guard drawn up by the steps. Then, on every landing of the staircase, there were two, and in the hall on the second floor, outside the king's reception room, there were forty more. They all stood at attention as we passed.

"His Majesty is extremely handsome and was in full-dress uniform with all his medals on. I was told to curtsy at the door, again in the middle of the room, and again when I reached the king. There was only time for one bob as he came nearly to the door to meet me, which, I am told, he doesn't do for the men. Fully twenty minutes we stood while the king talked, mostly about his difficulties with the police during prohibition. He is merry and laughs a good deal, throwing his head back the way the President does when he is amused. It all seemed rather like Alice in Wonderland, and I felt as if I were acting a part."

One of the duties of a plenipotentiary is to "establish friendly relations." Daisy needed no instructions for that. She went out with the fishing fleet. She went up into the mountains to see the dairymen make cheese. She investigated the handicraft industries, and

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naturally bought a loom and learned to weave. She gave "bridge evenings," as is the custom, and learned new rules of precedence, for in Norway people are ranked according to industry, a shipowner outranking a merchant, and a shipowner with ten boats outranking one with five.

One day she dismissed her Norwegian cook.

Mrs. Harriman's secretary came in and said, with embarrassment, "Madam, the cook doesn't like the reference you gave her."

"What's the matter with it?"

"It doesn't say that she is neat, madam."

"Why does she suppose I'd have kept her all this time if she weren't neat?" grumbled Daisy, reaching for her pen. Four times Her Excellency rewrote those references before the cook was satisfied.

Daisy enjoys the Norwegian sports. She took her skiing lessons from her chauffeur, who is a champion. She went down a chute into water so high and dangerous that her granddaughter was afraid of it. She picked up all sorts of little children she met in the water and brought them home with her for teas.

She loved Norway. When she was offered a chance to come home to the post of commissioner of the District of Columbia—which corresponds to mayor of Washington—she refused.

Then came the episode of the City of Flint, which had been seized by the German battleship Deutschland, and was being sailed by the German prize crew installed on the vessel, which had left Murmansk and become a phantom boat.

On the Norwegian Thanksgiving Day a United Press correspondent in Copenhagen telephoned the American minister in Oslo to report a rumor that the ship was near Bergen. Did she know anything about it?

Now, Daisy adores reporters. For years she has pried persistently into the technique of news gathering. Visualize her, then, sitting up very straight at her desk, pencil in her mouth, figuring out how her newspaper friends would proceed in such a situation. Like a city editor, she phoned the American consul at Bergen and sent him to make inquiries.

The report came that the vessel was believed to be at Haugesund, seventy-five miles from Bergen, but telephone operators there had been instructed to put no calls through.

A Hot Trail

Daisy rang for the butler. "Phone the port authority—if there is any such person—at Haugesund and say it's important; the American minister wants to get through," she instructed.

She did get the connection, and the officer in charge responded, "I can say nothing but that we are reporting everything as it happens to Chief Admiral Diesen in Oslo."

Daisy was enchanted. "The trail," she wrote the State Department, "was hot." The officer at Haugesund had unwittingly told her exactly what she wanted to know. To confirm her suspicions, she called Chief Admiral Diesen, who clinched the matter by saying, "Why don't you get in touch with the Foreign Office?"

Promptly phoning the consul in Bergen, she instructed him to get in touch with someone at Haugesund. By 3:45 A.M. she got the information, wired the news to Washington, and beat the newspapers.

Her next scoop was momentous. On April ninth she cabled the State Department at Washington:

FOREIGN MINISTER INFORMS ME FOUR GERMAN WARSHIPS COMING UP OSLO FJORD AND NORWAY AT WAR WITH GERMANY.

It is the duty of an American minister to keep in as close contact as possible with the government to which he is accredited. Unquestioningly, Daisy prepared to follow the government.

Those in Washington who had said, "It doesn't matter whether she's efficient; the permanent staff of career diplomats do the work of the legation while ministers come and go," learned that in an emergency the minister must assume responsibility. Daisy, with her automatic response to duty, did not delegate her tasks.

In the Best Tradition

For four days she drove across the rough, still-wintery country, sleeping in farmhouses, hiding in forests knee-high in snow, while bombers flew overhead. On April thirteenth the State Department ordered Capt. Robert Losey, Assistant Military attaché for air, at Stockholm, to join her. He met her at Holjes at three in the morning. On that day she went into Sweden and telephoned the American minister, Frederick Sterling, to report through him to Washington. Sterling inquired concerning her health.

"I've never been better in my life," she answered.

That was fortunate. For eleven days thereafter Mrs. Harriman went back and forth from the Swedish border to Norway. She had located the government of Norway, was maintaining communication, learning developments, and returning across the border to inform her own Government.

She assisted in evacuating Americans. Captain Losey and Lieut. Comdr. Ole O. Hagen, naval attaché in Norway, were taking a party of Americans, members of the staff at Oslo and their families, out of the country. This meant making contact with military headquarters, obtaining passes and securing automobiles. Whenever the party was stopped, contact had to be made with the government again, and more passes obtained.

This service is all in the line of duty, but it demands resourcefulness and courage. Captain Losey lost his life in that service, killed by a splinter of a German bomb.

Secretary Hull realized it. He cabled:

TO HER EXCELLENCY, MRS. HARRIMAN SOMEWHERE IN NORWAY
I CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE COURAGE AND EFFICIENCY WITH WHICH YOU ARE PERFORMING YOUR DUTIES UNDER SUCH TRYING AND DANGEROUS CONDITIONS. IT IS IN THE BEST TRADITIONS OF OUR DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

President Roosevelt knew it. To the Cabinet, meeting immediately after the German invasion of Norway, he said, "Isn't Mrs. Harriman being splendid?"

"Mrs. Harriman," Secretary Hull responded, "has a flair for doing the right thing in an emergency, probably because she does the natural thing. There have been a number of emergencies for which we could not have given preliminary instructions."

Not until April twenty-fourth did Mrs. Harriman go to Stockholm for a respite from her "quiet little post where nothing ever happens."

Loss of \$150,000

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

WHY

IS NOT A QUESTION—
IT IS A COW
See Dictionary (Unabridged)



Rube WADDELL
FAMOUS PITCHER WITH THE ATHLETICS CALLED IN HIS ENTIRE TEAM EXCEPT THE CATCHER AND FANNED THE SIDE IN THE 9TH INNING

ATHLETICS VS STEELTON 1907

By Robert L. Ripley



FIRST AMERICAN SOLDIER KILLED IN THE WAR!
CAPTAIN ROBERT M. LOSEY
ARMY AIR CORPS MILITARY ATTACHE WAS KILLED BY A GERMAN BOMB
Dombas, Norway—April 22, 1940



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Veteran Honored

A memorial plaque for Capt. Robert M. Losey, a 1924 Trenton High School graduate regarded as the first American killed in World War II, will be dedicated at 11 a.m. today at the Trenton War Memorial Building.

He was killed during the German aerial bombardment of Dombos, Norway, April 21, 1940.

A member of the 112th Field Artillery of the N.J. National Guard, Losey was graduated from the U.S. Military Academy in 1929 and commissioned in the Air Corps.

He was assigned to the U.S. Embassy in Finland during February, 1940, and later to the embassy in Stockholm, Sweden, after Finland was defeated by Russia. He is buried at the U.S. Military Academy.

Invocation will be given by Helen Neary and remarks will be made by Class President Douglas Ekins, Trenton Mayor Arthur Holland, former Trenton School Supt. Paul Loser and U.S. Air Force Gen. J. J. Brophy.

A luncheon will follow at the Trenton Country Club.

Classmates Remember First American Killed in WWII

NOV 9 1980

The day was April 21, 1940.

Air Force Captain Robert Losey, a 31-year-old military attaché, peered into the darkness of a mountain tunnel in Dombas, Norway. He was trying to contact a group of Americans seeking safe passage from Norway to Sweden. As he stood there, the drone of German bombers thickened around the Dombas railroad center. A bomb shrieked from its hatch and exploded, sending splinters of metal bursting across the ground. One splinter struck Losey in the heart.

Thus Losey, a Trenton High School graduate who was thought to become "one of the outstanding men of the world," became the first American soldier killed in World War II.

His death shocked the United States. He had been killed in a neutral country.

Two days later the New York Herald Tribune reported that Secretary of State Cordell Hull was thinking of taking strong diplomatic action against Germany. In a resolution honoring Losey the New Jersey Senate deplored the "cruel and barbaric invasion of a neutral country." Trenton High School prin-

cipal Dr. William Wetzel, in a letter to Losey's family, called his death a "needless sacrifice to the fiendish ideals of a man (Hitler) gone mad."

In December, 1941, 20 months later, the United States entered the war.

Losey's classmates, eight from Bucks County, have not forgotten him. Forty years after his death they have hung a bronze plaque in his memory at the Soldiers and Sailors War Memorial Building on Willow Street in Trenton.

About 50 members of the Trenton High School Class of 1924 gathered Oct. 4 to mark the occasion and to pay tribute to Losey. They listened on that sunny day brief speeches by class president Jay Douglas Ekings, Trenton Mayor Arthur Holland, Trenton public school superintendent Paul Loser and two U.S. Air Force officers from Fort Dix, Brig. Gen. J.J. Brophy and Col. F.S. Henderson.

Ekings said Wetzel, who is no longer living, suggested that Losey's classmates raise a plaque in his memory at their 25th reunion 30 years ago. However, not until this year did the class have enough money in their fund.



(Associated Press Wirefoto)

Killed in Norway. Capt. Robert M. Losey, assistant U. S. military attaché at Stockholm, has been killed at Dombas, Norway. Splinter from Nazi bomb during air raid struck him in the heart.

—Story on page 6.

A newspaper clip which appeared at the time of his death

Losey's Bucks County classmates remember the high school boy as one who would do well in life.

"Bob was the son of a minister

and a very retiring boy," said Ekings of Morrisville. "He was an outstanding kid. He was mostly remembered I think for his friendship. He was a likeable fellow."



Photo by E. James Pitrone

Anna Jewell, Jack Cole, Margaret Lee, Dr. George N.J. Sommer, Jr., and J. Douglas Ekings view the Robert M. Losey plaque recently

BUCKS COUNTY
Courier Times

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ROSIE O'DONNELL PLAYS
BETTY RIZZO IN '50s ROMP

TUESDAY



By Rob Brown, USA TODAY
O'DONNELL: 'Gonna
give ya 100%,' ^{1D}

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TUESDAY, FEB. 22, 1994

USA TODAY



LOSEY: In his 1929 West
Point class photo.

NORWAY HONORS FIRST U.S. VICTIM OF WORLD WAR II

Norwegians recall Capt.
Robert Losey, killed in a
German air raid April 21,
1940, in Dombas, Norway.

Page 8E

Love of Olympic
thrills might lie
in genes, ^{4D}

WINTER OLYMPICS

LILLEHAMMER

U.S. soldier honored in small town

First American to die in World War II

By Ron Schoolmeester
USA TODAY

DOMBAS, Norway — Almost every little town in Norway remembers its war dead. But the words carved in the stone monument in this little town seem, at first, to be a rewriting of U.S. history.

In Memory of Captain Robert Losey USAAC. Killed in Action at Dombas. 21st April 1940. The First American Serviceman to Give His Life for His Country in World War II.



CAPT. LOSEY: Military attache in Oslo.

before the U.S. formally entered the war, Capt. Losey was killed here — the first of about 400,000 American soldiers who would eventually fall in far better-known places like Iwo Jima and Normandy.

The incident at Dombas, in fact, was almost forgotten until 1983 when the then-U.S. ambassador to Norway, the late Mark Evans Austad, uncovered an old document about Capt. Losey, who in 1940 was a military attache to the U.S. Embassy in Oslo.

Many of the details are still shrouded in uncertainty, lost in the chaos of Norwegians trying frantically to resist or at least escape the surprise onslaught of the Nazis. Nobody, for example, can say exactly why Capt. Losey was in Dombas, a relatively small town back then (pop: 600) but strategically important because of its railway and road links.

"Records during the war weren't the best," admits Arthur Svennevik of the Sons of Norway, a

The first American soldier to give his life in World War II died here? In a little town two hours up the mountain valley from Lillehammer?

Yes, before Pearl Harbor, there was Dombas.

On April 21, 1940, with Europe already in turmoil but more than 1 1/2 years before



By Marty Baumann, USA TODAY

group active in getting the memorial built. "In fact, when the monument was unveiled (in 1987), they had Capt. Losey's first name wrong. They had it as William. We found out only later that it was Robert Moffat Losey."

What can be said with certainty is that Capt. Losey died after taking shelter in a railroad tunnel during a German air attack on that spring day 54 years ago. A bomb exploded just outside the tunnel, killing him and five Norwegians.

What else is known: Capt. Losey, a graduate of West Point, was born on May 27, 1908, in Andrews, Iowa, son of a Presbyterian minister. His family moved around — including stops in Wyoming and Montana — before the young soldier-to-be graduated from high school in Trenton, N.J., in 1925.

"Many attempts were made to find his family, but without success," says Johan Solli, schools superintendent and cultural director for Dovre, the name of the region that includes Dombas.

Two other monuments in the town's memory park are dedicated to the locals who persevered through the German occupation of 1940-45 and to the 29 Norwegians who died during the two weeks in which Dovre so heroically resisted the Nazis (the



By Don Marquis, Reno Gazette-Journal

HISTORIC SITE: John Solli explains the fate of the U.S. soldier killed in 1940 when he took cover in a train tunnel from the German bombing.

bombing raid that killed Capt. Losey occurred only after the Nazis suffered heavy casualties in a surprise but failed paratroop drop).

Enige og tro til Dovre faller ("United and true, until Dovre falls") still is a battle cry familiar to many Norwegians.

Since the war, Dombas has grown to about 1,600 inhabitants and remains a major transportation hub. The townspeople, many of whom have ancestors who helped settle North America, were ecstatic when the U.S. biathlon team chose their mountain as a training site just before the Olympics.

"I'm told," says Solli, "that they (the U.S. biathletes) have more support here in Dombas than in the USA."

Hardly anyone would argue. Winter sports — many of which, like biathlons, are largely overlooked in the USA — command a huge following in Norway. Also unlike so many Americans, the people of Norway in general, and Dombas in particular, are determined not to forget what happened here a half century ago.

"It's important to remember Capt. Losey and all the others," insists Solli. "Very important. So it will never happen again."

Norwegians fought back with paper clips



GREETINGS: Maj. Vidkun Quisling of Norway, shakes hands with Adolph Hitler. Quisling's name would become synonymous with traitor.

GJOVIK — Here, above the mountain cavern that serves as an Olympic hockey arena, sits the factory that churned out the only weapon that the badly out-gunned Norwegians of World War II could muster: the common paper clip.

O. Mustad & Son still is Norway's biggest maker of the clips (about 65 million a year), but is better known as the world's largest producer of fish hooks.

"Our paper-clip business now has pretty much just been tucked away in the corner of our factory," says company spokesman Lars Rivenes, "but, of course, it was very important symbolically during the War."

The paper clip was invented in 1899 by a young Norwegian

named John Vaaler and, during the war, was worn by his fellow countrymen on their lapels to symbolize a binding together against the German occupiers.

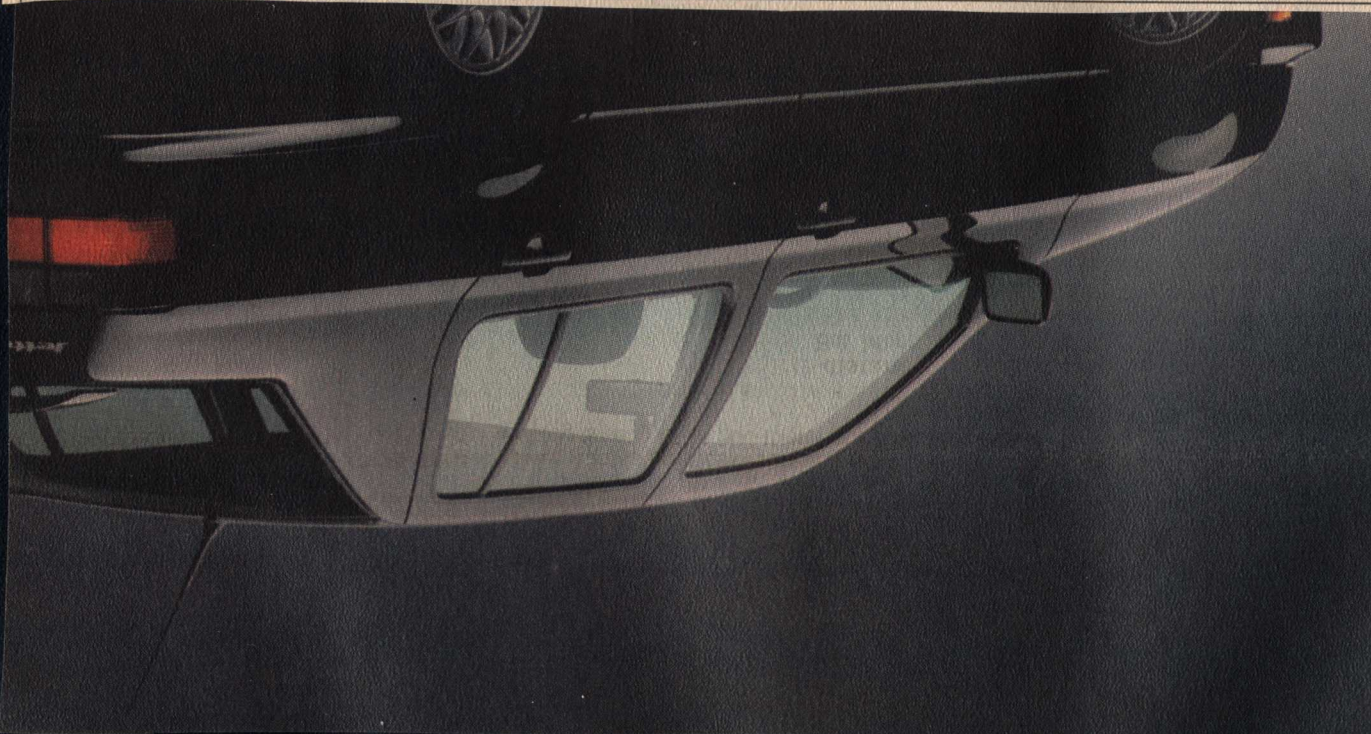
The message was not lost on the Nazis, who threatened to arrest anyone participating.

Beyond the paper-clip resistance, a more comprehensive view of Norway's role in World War II can be had at the *Norges Hjemmefrontmuseum* (Norwegian Resistance Museum) in Oslo. It's situated on a hillside overlooking the city's harbor, adjacent to a memorial at the spot where Norwegian patriots were executed by the Nazis.

The museum traces the nation's wartime history, including the escape of then-King Haakon

VII and his government to Britain, from where they ruled in exile, and the heroic homefront resistance against the Germans and their Norwegian lackey, Vidkun Quisling, a turncoat so notorious that his name has entered the lexicon as a synonym for traitor.

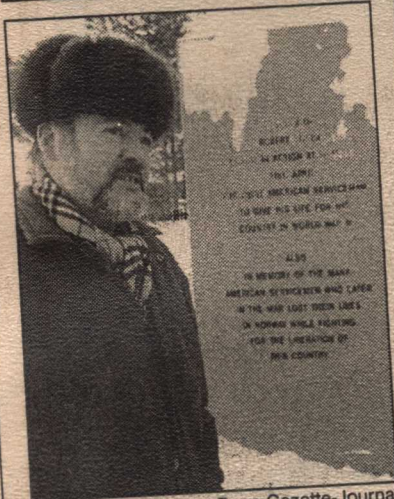
The Germans were particularly eager to hold on to Norway because of the heavy water manufactured at an industrial plant in Vermork. Heavy water was an indispensable component for the production of atomic weapons. The German factory was eventually blown up and was the inspiration for the 1965 film *The Heroes of Telemark*, still shown on late-night TV back in the States.



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LILLEHAMMER '94

OFF THE SLOPES . . .



Johan Solli, left, at the monument to Capt. Robert Losey, the first U.S. serviceman to die in World War II. A Virginia woman says she is related to Losey.

By Don Marquis, Reno Gazette-Journal

Hero's cousin? Why, yes, I am

Until this week, the people of Dombas, Norway, had pretty much given up hope of finding relatives of Capt. Robert M. Losey, the U.S. military officer who has a monument erected in his honor in their small town.

But now that may be changing.

Christine B. Albers of Lynchburg, Va., called USA TODAY to say she is a "third cousin, once removed" of the dead soldier. She said a genealogist friend, Keith Thiennemann, alerted her after recognizing Losey's name in a USA TODAY story this week. "Imagine my surprise," she said.

Also surprised: Johan Solli of Dombas. "This is good news," he said Thursday. Solli had said that despite numerous efforts through military and diplomatic channels, the townspeople had never been able to find relatives of Losey before dedicating a monument to him in the early '80s. Losey was killed during a German air raid on Dombas in 1940, becoming the first U.S. soldier to die in World War II.

Solli said he hoped any surviving family could come to Dombas on May 17, Norway's equivalent of the USA's Independence Day, when a wreath is laid at the monument. "They would certainly be very welcome."

"That would be wonderful," Albers said. She said she knows Losey had a sister in New York City and a nephew and a niece. "We are trying to find them right now."

Losey, she says, also had a wife, but she remarried, would be in her 90s now and "the last address we have is just California — which is pretty nebulous."

Albers also cleared up another mystery: Why Losey, a military attache to the U.S. Embassy in Oslo, was in Dombas. "He was assigned to help Mrs. Florence J. Harriman, (ambassador) to Norway, and other Americans leave Norway (after the Nazis invaded)," according to a family history. Sounds plausible. Dombas is a railway hub.

Closing ce

By Craig Wilson
USA TODAY

LILLEHAMMER — When the Olympic flame is extinguished Sunday night, 40,000 other lights will take its place.

At the end of the hour-long ceremony, about 40,000 torches, which will be handed out to the spectators when they enter the stadium, will be turned on. Just then, thousands of lights in the surrounding forest will also come on. As organizers say, "the whole landscape will glitter."

The torches and lights are

more than "Remembered" scribed on torches.

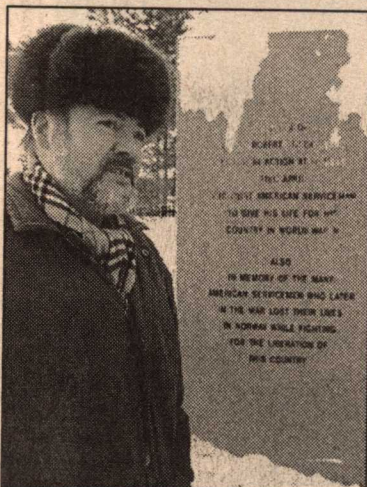
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wrestling lessons and nups to juat a loat... about a year. He hasn't ruled out returning to bobsladding for 1998.

LILLEHAMMER '94

OFF THE SLOPES . . .



By Don Marquis, Reno Gazette-Journal



Johan Solli, left, at the monument to Capt. Robert Losey, the first U.S. serviceman to die in World War II. A Virginia woman says she is related to Losey.

Hero's cousin? Why, yes, I am

Until this week, the people of Dombas, Norway, had pretty much given up hope of finding relatives of Capt. Robert M. Losey, the U.S. military officer who has a monument erected in his honor in their small town.

But now that may be changing.

Christine B. Albers of Lynchburg, Va., called USA TODAY to say she is a "third cousin, once removed" of the dead soldier. She said a genealogist friend, Keith Thiennemann, alerted her after recognizing Losey's name in a USA TODAY story this week. "Imagine my surprise," she said.

Also surprised: Johan Solli of Dombas. "This is good news," he said Thursday. Solli had said that despite numerous efforts through military and diplomatic channels, the townspeople had never been able to find relatives of Losey before dedicating a monument to him in the early '80s. Losey was killed during a German air raid on Dombas in 1940, becoming the first U.S. soldier to die in World War II.

Solli said he hoped any surviving family could come to Dombas on May 17, Norway's equivalent of the USA's Independence Day, when a wreath is laid at the monument. "They would certainly be very welcome."

"That would be wonderful," Albers said. She said she knows Losey had a sister in New York City and a nephew and a niece. "We are trying to find them right now."

Losey, she says, also had a wife, but she remarried, would be in her 90s now and "the last address we have is just California — which is pretty nebulous."

Albers also cleared up another mystery: Why Losey, a military attache to the U.S. Embassy in Oslo, was in Dombas. "He was assigned to help Mrs. Florence J. Harriman, (ambassador) to Norway, and other Americans leave Norway (after the Nazis invaded)," according to a family history. Sounds plausible. Dombas is a railway hub.

Closing ce

By Craig Wilson
USA TODAY

LILLEHAMMER — When the Olympic flame is extinguished Sunday night, 40,000 other lights will take its place.

At the end of the hour-long ceremony, about 40,000 torches, which will be handed out to the spectators when they enter the stadium, will be turned on. Just then, thousands of lights in the surrounding forest will also come on. As organizers say, "the whole landscape will glitter."

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FRIDAY, FEB. 25, 1994

USA TODAY

By Robert Deutsch, USA TODAY
KURALT: Reports on Norway's love of dried fish.

Charles Kuralt: On the road in Norway

The self-described 'old geezer' of the CBS crowd' forays for Norwegian flat bread and dried fish. But most evenings in the USA, he is having the last word.

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Dinah Shore dead at 76



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Piece of Norway's WWII history found in Lynchburg

By Jessica Martin
Staff writer

Tuesday seemed like a typical day for Keith Thienemann. He got up, did his everyday things, grabbed a newspaper and went to lunch at a local fast food restaurant.

An article in USA Today — about the first American to die in World War II — caught Thienemann's eye. It was about Captain Robert Losey, who was killed helping Norwegian citizens leave their country after the German invasion.

The article went on to say the Norwegian government erected a monument to Losey, but that none of

Losey's relatives could be located.

As Thienemann was reading, he realized — for some reason he could not immediately pinpoint — that he already knew how the story ended.

Losey was killed April 21, 1940, in Dombas, Norway. He took shelter with six others in a railroad tunnel during an air attack. Losey died instantly when a piece of shrapnel pierced his heart.

"I'm sitting in Arby's eating a roast beef sandwich, and it was sort of like deja-vu ... I said to myself, I know this story. When it said Norway hadn't been able to locate any family members, I said 'They're here!' ... The people in Arby's must have thought I

was loony."

But Thienemann had realized Losey's story was familiar to him because of genealogical work he had recently done for his friend, Chris Albers.

Albers, who has lived in Lynchburg for 12 years, and Losey are distantly related — third cousins — a fact Albers said she's known for a long time.

"We knew that he had died in Norway in April of 1940. We knew he was a graduate of West Point ... but we didn't know he was the first American killed in World War II," she said, adding Losey never lived in this area.

The article contained other information about

Losey — that he was born in Iowa to a Presbyterian minister, that he moved around in Wyoming and Montana before going to West Point — which alleviated any doubt he was the same Losey she was related to.

Thienemann called her after reading the article, to suggest she call USA Today and tell the newspaper she was a relative of Losey's.

The problem, though, was that the reporter who wrote the story for USA Today was still in Norway — covering the Olympic games in Lillehammer, about an hour and a half away from Dombas.

Please see HISTORY, Page A-7

■ HISTORY

Continued from Page A-1

"When I called this reporter's assistant in Washington and said, 'I'm here, in Lynchburg,' she said 'Oh!' and that she would call Norway," said Albers.

Albers gave the assistant additional information she had, and the assistant said she would pass the information on to the reporter.

Albers said Wednesday she really wasn't expecting a follow-up story to be done any time soon — especially with the women's figure skating scheduled for this week.

But the reporter called Albers' home only

two hours later. She was on her way to Thienemann's house, and her daughter, who was at home from school, gave the reporter Thienemann's phone number.

"Ron Schoolmeester, the USA Today correspondent in Norway, called. I said the person you really want to talk to (Albers) is here," Thienemann said, adding "It was frankly lucky that she was here."

After talking with the reporter for about half an hour, Albers said she agreed to fax him information she has about Losey.

"We had a nice little adventure (Wednesday), faxing things to the big press room in Lil-

lehammer," she said adding she faxed seven pages.

On Thursday Albers received two calls from Norway. The reporter talked to the mayor of Dombas and gave him information about Losey's family.

"He gave the mayor my telephone number and address," she said, adding with excitement that a trip to Norway was a possibility.

Thienemann was also excited.

"The nice thing about it is, here is a young American soldier in Norway, he is the first American to get killed in a world war ... and basically gets ignored. Then 43 years later, his cousin finds out about it," said Thienemann.

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