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IN MEMORIAM

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"OHIO BOY IN R. A. F. KILLED OVER HOLLAND

Springfield, O., Jan. 3.—(AP)—Tony Sherman, 22, missing since Aug. 16 after a flight over Germany as an R. A. F. bomber pilot, is dead, the Dutch Red Cross today informed his parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Sherman. The message said the plane crashed near Roermond and that Sgt. Sherman was buried in a military cemetery at Venl, Holland."

"Tony Sherman is dead." I made this statement aloud, although it was really addressed to myself. With a friend I was seeing off on the Spirit of St. Louis, January 2, I was seated in the concourse at the Union Station, reading the Journal Green before I handed it to him to take on the train. I could hardly believe my eyes. Folding back the paper carefully to the inside page where I had spotted the article, I smoothed it out and re-read the notice. Tony Sherman, an R. A. F. bomber pilot, had been killed in August in a flight over Holland.

"Any one you know?" Bill asked.

"Yes," I said; "yes, he's a former student." That seemed to be all that I could say at the moment. In that windy and confused concourse, in the midst of a whirlpool of people, with the puffing of engines and the hissing of steam outside, my mind turned back several years to a three o'clock English class that I had conducted in Derby 310. I could see him vividly. I could recall with precision the very first time he had set his foot in that room. He was late, and it was the second meeting of the class. The door opened and there stood a tall handsome youth, saying, "If this is English 410, Sir, I am sorry to be late. My name is Sherman." His accent was so decidedly British that I was somewhat taken back. I nodded; and with a kind of apologetic air, Tony retreated to the rear of the room and took a seat.

Yes, in that crowded station on the night of January 2, I still remembered Tony Sherman, only to be brought back to reality by the Red Cap with the luggage, assuring us that the train was arriving. Following the porter, Bill and I descended the steps just as the beautiful trim streamliner was pulling to a slow stop. After we had found Bill's Pullman, I did not hesitate long; but while I was saying a quick good-bye to Bill, who had been good enough to stop off between trains to have dinner with me, I noticed

a family group saying an equally brief good-bye to a young naval officer. They appeared to be his parents, his wife and his sister. Without hesitation, the young officer climbed onto the train; and then partly because of the whipping wind and partly because of the lightweight top coat I was wearing, I said I would run along.

In some mysterious manner, sensing the situation, Bill spoke first. "I suppose you remember the time your parents saw you off to the A. E. F.?"

"Yes," I said. Yes was all I could say. Then, after a few more words, Bill boarded the train and I walked slowly to the stairs. Yes, I remembered; at least I remembered part of the good-bye. And then I thought of Tony's death, of his parents, of their good-bye.

When I reached the stairs leading to the concourse, I found the forlorn family huddled together waiting for the train to pull out; although nameless to me, they presented a pathetic group. Far up the station platform a distant warning came through the smoke and noise: "All aboard!" Slowly and surely, with effortless ease, the Spirit of St. Louis gained speed gradually and slipped into the night. With my unknown friends, I mounted the stairs.

Something horrible had happened to me. It had not happened on September 1, 1939 when Germany went into Poland; it had not happened in May 1940 when the Low Countries had been crossed so ruthlessly; apparently it had not happened on December 7 with the attack on Pearl Harbor. But within five minutes at the Union Station, I had learned of the death of a former student and I had seen the controlled but unspeakable emotion of a father and mother, a wife and sister when they said good-bye to a lad serving his country.

Once again at the news stand, I bought another Journal Green and sat down to study the brief news item. Not that there was a mystery to ferret out of it. Not that I could alter cold facts. I merely wanted to read again a terrible truth. No doubt I felt that it could not be true. I was merely hoping that the Tony Sherman I grew to know and tried to teach and learned to like could not possibly be the victim of war.

But that Tony was no one else than the Thomas Anthony Sherman who had entered our College of Engineering as a mechanical engineer in Autumn 1938.

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IN MEMORIAM

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He had been born twenty years before in Bromley, Kent, England, and although he was British to the core, I prefer to think of him as a citizen of the world. His father, a mechanical engineer, had followed his profession in England, India, Australia and in the United States. Tony had received his early education in England; his high school education was gained in Norwood, Mass., and Buffalo, N. Y. The last entry in his files at the office of the College of Engineering is a letter from Dean Turnbull to the Royal Canadian Air Force. Dated June 24, 1939, it certifies that Tony Sherman had been a student at Ohio State University between October 1938 and June 1939. With that, his campus connection ceased.

But the memory of Tony Sherman has not ceased. More than a dozen of his classmates have come to my office in recent weeks telling of cards from him, of notes that he had sent them, and of a postscript attached to one reading "Remember me to Prof. Dumble; he's a swell guy."

But now, Tony, who is "the swell guy"? Why, Tony, it is you, because in your splendid youth, with a clear head and a clean heart, you have seen with an unwavering eye a duty that must be done; moreover, you have gone forth to do it. Many more like you will go, Tony, and God bless them all. You all have a job that must be done, a job that we who served in the A. E. F. in 1917-1918 failed to finish.

... and then, clipping the small item from the inner page of the *Journal Green*, with a heavy heart but with a brand new fighting spirit, I left the Union Station and drove home through a misty, foggy night. Tony Sherman was dead.

[Editor's Note: As far as is known, Mr. Sherman is the first College of Engineering student killed in action in World War II. Mac Bartlett Stephenson, 1939 graduate in Mining Engineering, was killed in May 1941 when his bomber crashed into Panama Bay. Mr. Stephenson got his flying training at Kelly Field.]