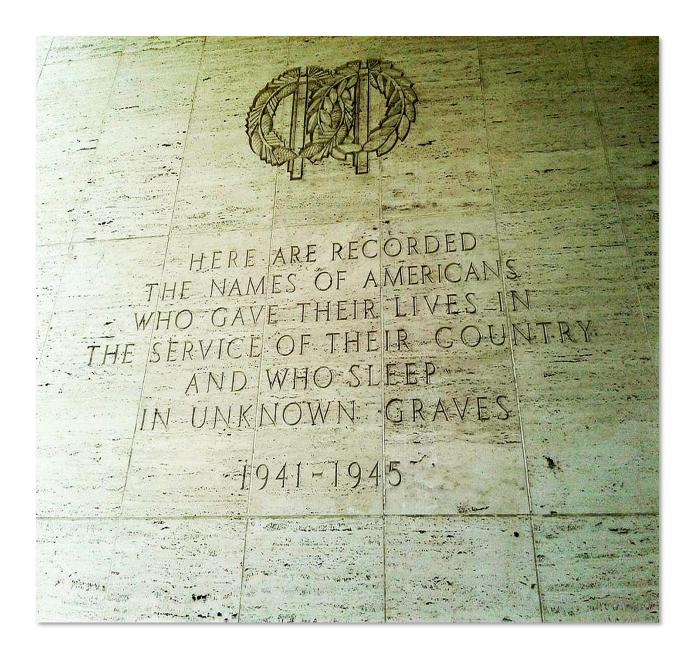
CHAPTER 10

It was the end of 1945. There was world peace again and life went on for the living. For the 418,500 who perished in the war, families and friends tried valiantly to capitalize on the freedom won by their sacrifices and move on without them.

79,000 were still listed as Missing in Action. Among that number, Gilbert Rauh and Mike Iriarte's wreck sites and the remains of their ten-man crews were never found. They were officially listed as killed in action in January of 1945. Like all servicemen and women in World War II who went missing in action in the Pacific Theater, were never recovered, and, most probably, would never be recovered, the names of the McLauchlen and Allison crews were etched in the Tablets of the Missing, at the Manila American Cemetery, in the Philippines. There are 39,000 names recorded there.







AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION

Gilbert A. Rauh



Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army Air Forces

Service # 0-738787

436th Bomber Squadron, 7th Bomber Group, Heavy

Entered the Service from: New York

Died: 1-Dec-43
Missing in Action

Tablets of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery

Manila, Philippines

Awards: Air Medal, Purple Heart





Mike Iriarte and his crew crashed one-hundred yards off an uninhabited jungle island in the Andaman Sea. While three or four parachutes were seen leaving the plane before it crashed, there was only one known survivor. The other nine crew members were initially listed as missing in action and were officially declared killed in action in February of 1946. They are also memorialized in the Tablets of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery, Manila, Philippines.

AMERICAN BATTLE MONUMENTS COMMISSION

Francis M. Iriarte



Second Lieutenant, U.S. Army Air Forces

Service # 0-744199

9th Bomber Squadron, 7th Bomber Group, Heavy

Entered the Service from: New York

Died: 16-Feb-46

Missing in Action or Buried at Sea

Tablets of the Missing at Manila American Cemetery

Manila, Philippines

Awards: Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal, Purple Heart





The exuberance and innocence of youth in the 1930's had been crushed out of existence. Life would never seem the same again in Thornwood, or for that matter, anyplace else.

But George carried on. Eleven months after he returned home he had another son, me. He went back to work in retail and lived the American dream, buying house on Long Island and raising a healthy and prosperous family. He was a dedicated husband to his wife, Hazel, the rock that kept him sane through the War and forever after and, he was a great dad.

He and Hazel avoided all conversations about the war. Gibby and Mike were hardly ever mentioned. If their names did come up, the conversation would change direction almost immediately.





George was hardened by his experiences and worked intensely to keep his emotions hidden from his children. Coping with post-traumatic-stress-disorder, as it was called when it was eventually recognized as a real condition, was daunting for both Hazel and George as they tried to keep it all suppressed. Thirty-five years later in 1980, it all came crashing back to the surface and remained in play for the rest of his life.

Hazel passed in November of 1984 and with the love and support of his children, George hung on without his rock until he passed two days shy of his seventy-ninth birthday in 1996. I had just turned fifty.