

James River Art League
Cultural Arts Center-Glen Allen
Art Exhibit

January 25 - March 19, 2018

**“Stories of the Greatest Generation”
in the Gumenick Gallery**

Reception: 6:00 pm - 9:00 pm on January 25 – open to the public.
Hours: Monday-Thursday, 9 am- 9 pm; Friday/Saturday, 9 am - 5 pm; Sunday, noon - 5 pm.



Alice Goode
Hard Road Back



Elizabeth Hood
The Hope of America



Gigi Vranian
William Youngblood



Maria Pilar-York
*Where Have the
Miners Gone?*



Les Camphuysen - *Old and Forgotten*



Lois Shipley - *Up on the Farm*



Stella Jones - *Wanderlust*



Cultural Arts Center-Glen Allen
2880 Mountain Road, Glen Allen, VA 23060
www.artsglenallen.com

Stories of the Greatest Generation

James River Art League presents “Stories of the Greatest Generation”, an exhibit at the Cultural Arts Center of Glen Allen in the Gumenick Gallery, January 25-March 18, 2018, featuring artworks inspired by our members’ personal stories of the people of the Greatest Generation, accompanied by written accounts about their inspiration and the art.

Coined by journalist Tom Brokaw, the term “The Greatest Generation” describes the generation that grew up during the Great Depression, came together to defend our country and allies both at home and abroad in World War II, and then worked together to build American prosperity during the 50s and 60s. That generation lived through great hardship; they helped right horrendous wrongs; they saw rapid technological advances, medical breakthroughs and engineering marvels; they literally birthed the baby boom; and they created a prosperous and thriving country.

In this exhibit, the member artists of James River Art League are sharing with art and stories their personal inspirations or memories of The Greatest Generation, who lived through one of the most exhilarating and terrifying times in the past century.

Lauren Hall, Visual Arts Manager of the Cultural Arts Center, described the exhibit for the Richmond Times-Dispatch:

*“Visitors to **The Greatest Generation** will be transported back to a different time in America through imagery and the accompanying stories each artist shares. The exhibit aims to reignite memories for older guests while offering younger generations a chance to witness history through the eyes and images of those who either experienced it themselves or who were influenced by members of that generation.”*

The artist members of the James River Art League dedicate this collection to the men and women of The Greatest Generation: Everyday People who changed the world.





Swab the Bore
By Anne Burnley

Emulsion Transfer/Mixed Media
\$350



Field Artillery
By Anne Burnley

Emulsion Transfer/Mixed Media
\$1,500

The JRAL “Stories of the Greatest Generation” exhibit has given me an opportunity to share several of the back stories of my two abstracted images of Soldiers firing 155 Howitzers during a field training exercise at the Army National Guard, Maneuver Training Center, Fort Pickett, Blackstone, Virginia. These mixed media images give evidence that my decision to transform an authentic experience with imagination and creativity took me on a journey that I never anticipated.

My father had served in “General Patton’s Army” during World War II. That chapter in his life closed when he returned to the United States of America. He met and married my mom, started a career, and raised me and my brother here in Richmond, Va. Dad said little to nothing about his experiences in the U. S. Army via the European theater. That’s just the way it was.

Public Affairs was the career path I followed when I enlisted in the Virginia Army National Guard in my early thirties. While serving as the MTC, Public Affairs, Non-Commissioned Officer, I had the privilege of working with and documenting members of the Armed Forces training for combat.

On one mission, I spent hours photographing and interviewing soldiers who were being evaluated during their field artillery field training exercise. Working in the midst of soldiers focused on securing, aiming, loading and firing enormous cannons was intense. I had to steady my hands and heart rate to photograph soldiers preparing to fire 90 pound shells from the muzzles of such giant weapons.

The soldiers and commanders on site had taken notice of my interest in the details and scope of the FTX. Quite unexpectedly, I was given the opportunity to stand to the right of the breach, gently pull the lanyard, and fire the 155. And I did! Seconds after the concussion of the blast melted to silence and blue grey smoke hung in the air, I grinned and said, “Now I’ve had my Oprah moment for the day.” The Soldiers laughed. The day was done. And I couldn’t wait to get home to tell my dad about this experience.

Two days later, while sitting in my living room watching television at home in Richmond, I phoned my parents. When dad got on the line, I launched into details about the MTC, field artillery mission. It had been intense, loud, interesting and even “cool”. “Well Anne”, my father quietly said, “I served in a Field Artillery unit in Patton’s Army during WW II, and here are a few of the stories I have to tell.....”

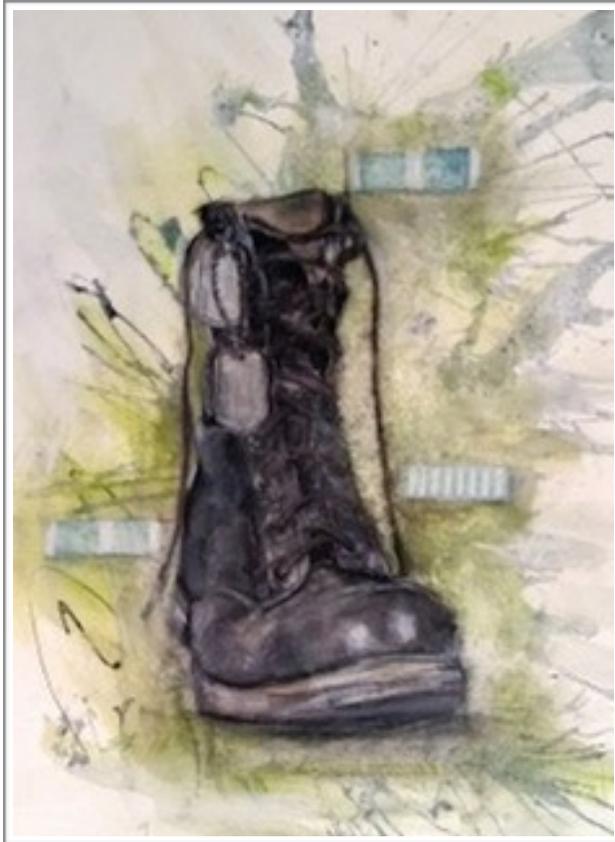
With surprise, stunned silence, and respect I listened to my father’s tales and details about real world Field Artillery missions decades before on a continent so very far away. These twists and turns inspired me to produce images founded upon authenticity, family history and admiration for all soldiers training in field artillery units around the world.

Old and Forgotten
By Les Camphuysen
Oil
\$400



I had a request to paint an old truck...something I had never done before. But the request stirred a memory. I remembered back when I was a very young boy, around seven or so, my grandfather had an old 1954 or 1955 Ford pick-up; that is the reason I decided to paint this particular truck. As I painted, it brought back vivid memories of my childhood and time spent with my grandfather. The pick-up was important to him, and he was important to me. I call the painting "Old and Forgotten." It is a shame to see these old vehicles put out to rot...but no matter their condition, seeing them evokes many good memories.

Veteran
By Dalhia Cavazos
Water Media
\$200



Latinos have fought in every American war since the Revolution. When the Korean War broke out, Mexican-Americans again answered the call to duty. Altogether, 148,000 Hispanics served in the U.S. military in Korea during the war.

My Father, Israel V. Cavazos, was born in Alice, Texas where Mexican discrimination and rejection prevailed. In the 1930s when my father was born, anti-Mexican sentiment spiked with the Great Depression. Even under these negative conditions he showed allegiance to this nation by enlisting in the Army-Air Corps at the age of 17 – joining his 3 older brothers in American military service. He proudly served for 22 years, which included being a prisoner of war in the Korean conflict.

I want to honor my father and other Latino patriots that have contributed to the military history of the U.S.



4H Projects
by David Cheatham
Oil
\$600



My father was a proud member of this generation and not just because he served in the army during World War II. As one of three children raised on a farm in central Chesterfield County Virginia, he learned early the values that made his generation great.

I found a black and white picture of him at the Chesterfield County Fair. My father, Wallace C. (Bud) Cheatham, was presenting his 4H project of raising a steer during the previous year. Also in the picture were my father's cousins (Milton and Lucile Cheatham) and a good friend (Ed Mosley who would eventually marry Lucile).

I estimate that the year of this photo was 1940. After studying it I realized that he was wearing a small hat. In the finished picture I, of course, had to make it red.



He Flew by the Seat of His Pants

By Marla Coleman
Mixed Media
NFS



Flight Instructor James L. Gupton: My father's service as a Civilian Army Air Corps Flight Instructor

In honor and memory of the mostly forgotten men and women who served our nation as civilian flight instructors during World War II and whose service was not recognized by participation in the retirement program of the armed services.

There was no point in telling my dad not to do something because it only made him want to do it more. He had a lot to prove as a young man growing up on a farm, working alongside sharecroppers, and getting by with

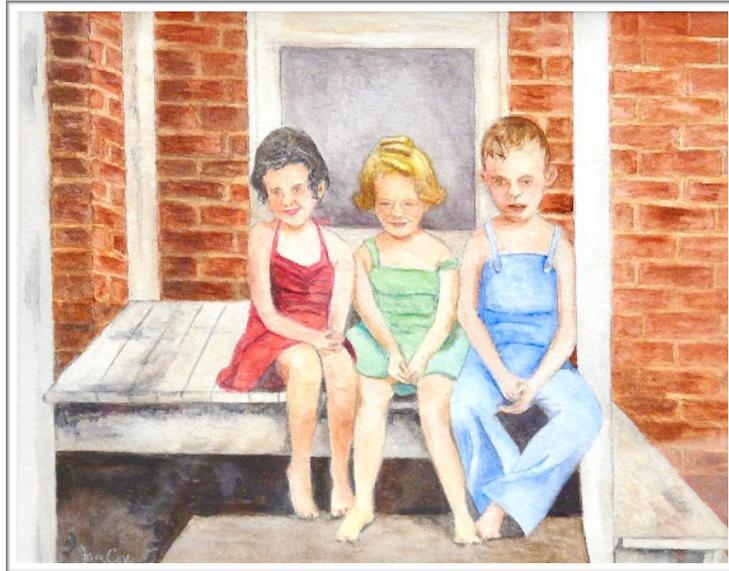
only a 6th grade education. But he managed. He managed to convince my mother to marry him when he was hopping cars for a living and she was a young college graduate, the first in her family. They married in 1936, opened an appliance business, an auto repair shop, and built a beautiful new brick home by 1940.

Dad grew up around machinery and when light planes became popular among the men in his area of the county, he wanted to learn to fly. He started flight lessons the last day of May, 1939. His first instruction was in a Piper Cub, and his instructor was R. E. Lee. He soloed on July 12, 1939, and bought his first plane in 1941. To his dismay, his new plane was grounded before he could take possession of it due to the outbreak of war. Dad eventually retrieved his new plane (a Piper Cub).

By 1941, he was a father. By 1943, he was a Civilian Flight Instructor with the Army, serving in the Army Air Corps, the precursor to the United States Air Force. He served until August 15, 1944. By then, he and his wife, Isolene, were parents to two daughters. In civilian life, Linwood and his wife operated an oil distributorship, appliance business and an automobile sales center. Linwood remained a pilot all of his life, providing flying lessons to students, "hopping passengers" for cash on Sunday afternoons, and eventually becoming a leader in the founding of the North Carolina Civil Air Patrol.

J. Linwood Gupton, along with hundreds of civilian flight instructors, provided flight training to men and women who ultimately served in military roles, protecting the United States, and populating the rapidly growing aviation transportation industry of the second half of the 20th century. These men and women served on the front lines of the emerging world of international flight.

Our Gang
By Jane Cox
Watercolor
NFS



The war years are still vivid in my memory. My family lived in Arlington, just across the Potomac River from D.C. Living so close to the nation's capital, we experienced constant air-raid drills. When the siren sounded, we would pull down the shades and Daddy would put on his black arm band, grab his flashlight, and dash out the front door to help with the drill. Daddy was also a member of the Junior Chamber of Commerce, and helped with an entertainment program for military personnel called the Stage Door Canteen. He would sometimes sneak me into the balcony to see famous entertainers like Frank Sinatra.

We didn't own a car because metal was going toward the war effort. My lunch box was cardboard. There was a ration on food, so we had ration books and victory gardens. Ours was a neighborhood garden, and we grew most of our vegetables.

My painting depicts me and two of my best friends after a morning of working with our parents in the garden. We look like three ragamuffins from "Our Gang."

The Travelling School of Geography—“One String”

by Mary Dean

Watercolor

NFS



My husband and a friend were graduate students studying geography at Syracuse University in 1965. Although they enjoyed studying theoretical geography (the study of spatial variations) they decided a first-hand, up close and personal adventure would be great fun! After some research, they decided to embark upon an 8-week tour of Eastern and Western Europe. My husband's friend Steve knew a former Presbyterian chaplain who, in the years following WWII, had taken groups of students to Europe to provide assistance in the rebuilding of homes in war-torn villages in Greece. Those students had travelled by truck.

What came next was the founding of a tiny business they named “The Travelling School of Geography”! A Ford truck was outfitted for glorified “camping” and shipped to the Netherlands. In June 1965, my husband and his friend picked up the truck in Amsterdam and drove to Schiphol airport where they met 14 individuals who would be joining them for the 8-week adventure! Our travelers included the retired Presbyterian chaplain, his 35 year-old niece, two high school sophomores and ten college undergraduate and graduate students.

Two weeks later the travelers were approaching the Austro-Hungarian border. Although they had already experienced travel into one East European country (Czechoslovakia), it was obvious that the Austro-Hungarian border was far more imposing! First were plowed fields which they had been told were mined. Next came coiled barbed wire and as the border crossing was approached guard towers were seen. Their group had been advised that there were soldiers with machine guns on these towers! Once at the crossing they encountered a group of eight to ten armed guards.

Being young, and with hindsight, somewhat foolish, no visas had been obtained in advance. Thinking the crossing guards would want to search the vehicle everyone piled out. Expecting an extended process, the travelers began to entertain themselves in way that were normal for young people in the 1960s. First out came Frisbees. The students were experienced; however, after a few tosses a Frisbee was thrown in the direction of a guard. This first throw was ignored, but a second was picked up by the guard. His throw went wild. After a few tries his throws got better and a game of Frisbee was on.

Next out came the chess board. One of the high school students was a world class chess player and a game began. Chess is a popular game in Europe and soon some of the guards were playing with him.

The guitars came out last. Steve was a fairly good musician and the '60s were famous for folk music. He began playing and singing and some of the young people began singing with him. Music is popular with young people all over the world and soon the guards were playing and singing folk songs from their country. At that point, the border was left totally undefended with the rifles left on the ground and the young people enjoying the culture from another country.

Afterwards, safely and without event, they crossed the border into Hungary. Lots of wonderful adventures later they ended up in Romania. They were camping in a meadow near a caravan of Gypsies as they were called at that time. On waking in the morning my husband heard a very plaintive tune being played on a violin. Looking out of the tent they saw two boys, one about ten to twelve years old and the other four or five years old playing the violin, which had only one string. A photo was taken which they posed for with only the elegance children can show.

It was a wonderful trip with many wonderful stories and people met. The trips continued each summer for a total of ten years.

You've Got Mail
by Constance de Bordenave
Watercolor
NFS



During the war years of 1941-1945 our town barber, Richard Houchins, wrote hundreds of letters to young people from our community who were serving overseas.

My father's photograph (upon which this painting is based) shows Richard reading some of the replies to his letters. The thoughtfulness and commitment of this humble man touches me. His gift of time and encouragement toward these young soldiers let them know that the people back home were proud of them and had not forgotten their effort on behalf of their country. Thank you, Richard Houchins.

World War II – Dieppe

By Sylvia deShazo

Collage

\$450



Richard McConkey was a husband, brother, father, son, my uncle and a WAR HERO. He volunteered for military service in 1940 and in February 1942 he volunteered for what was to be the formation of the Royal Marines Commandos where all ranks were volunteers. He underwent vigorous field training in Scotland. August 19, 1942 began the Raid on Dieppe where he fought so bravely that he is mentioned in several books about his heroism in the Raid on Dieppe. (By Sea and Land - The Royal Marines Commandos by Robin Neillands). My uncle continued to fight in the battles for the freedom of Great Britain throughout the war.

In 1946 he was discharged and found like many others who had fought for their country that there was no work for war heroes. In order to support his wife Iris who no longer had a job at the ammunitions factory he took a job working in the Yorkshire mines and made a name for himself in the Yorkshire pubs. After many years the frustration subsided and he settled down supported and encouraged by the love of his wife, my Aunt Iris. (His frustration in today's world would probably be classified as PTSD.)

His youth and his real chance in life had been stolen by the war, but at the end of his days it was widely known that he had a big heart and that he baked the best current cake in Rotherham, Yorkshire.

I Need You
By Betty Eddowes
Watercolor
\$395



The Greatest Generation is a book written by Tom Brokaw. It talks about those who were born around the 1920s. They came into a prosperous world with most of their needs met: jobs, entertainment, mobility, and health. But within a few short years, when they were young, a great world-wide economic depression happened. People lost jobs, business and homes. People from all parts of the spectrum were affected in the search for shelter, food and employment. This was followed by a war world-wide (WWII). America needed all to pull together; this generation, like their forefathers before them, answered the call “I NEED YOU”.

Because of the great generations that went before, they had a compass to follow. New inventions and new economic models were all put into play. With American strength and fortitude, we moved into new undreamed of arenas in communications, medicine, manufacturing, agriculture and space exploration.

The greatest generation may be yours, following your ancestor’s compass; there is no end.

The Hard Road Back

by Alice Goode

Acrylic

\$300.00



I have vague memories of the end of WWII. Those memories returned vividly when I found a paper of the hard and sacrificial days both on the battlefields and at home.

We had family serving in both the European and Pacific fields and all returned to become patriotic and productive individuals both in their professional life and home life. They did not speak freely of the scars they brought with them, both physically and mentally.

The caption under the photo reads:

“The Hard Road Back” official Marine Corps foto via Associated Press wire foto.

“Blasted by the Japanese mortar shell which fell in the front lines on Okinawa, the shocked and dazed leatherneck is helped to the rear by a fellow Marine. The force of the explosion blew the man’s uniform to shreds. Like Tarawa and Iwo Jima, Okinawa has been a hard nut to crack, but Yanks have Japs cornered.”

*May 27, 1945, Sunday News
New York's Picture News Paper*

Race Day at the Northern Neck Fair

By Harvey Hinson

Oil
NFS

Harvey Alexander Hinson, Jr. was born February 22, 1921 at "Level Green Farm" Richmond County, VA off Welfords Wharf Road, south of Warsaw, VA. He attended school at Cobham Park, a one-room schoolhouse for all the children in 1st through 7th grades. He worked each day milking the cows, clearing the horse stalls, feeding the hogs, gathering eggs for mother Edith (Big Mama) to carry to market, helped his father and brother plow the fields with oxen. He married Barbra Foti June 1941, was drafted in 1942 after the birth on July 4 of my twin brother Harold and me. He served in Europe with General Patton's Third Army 4th Armored Division.



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Fast forward to 1996 and my discovery of a shoe box full of photos in my mother's closet. My Daddy was in the fight of his life battling cancer and had just been moved to the McGuire VA Hospital in Richmond. My twin brother Harold and I spent lots of time with him there. I carried the photos to the hospital and watched his emotional responses to each of them.

Imagine my excitement to handle photos of my father that were not seen for 50 years and to learn from him; to hear his story. Each of the photos were of my father and family members, most were from my parent's young life together and the years before, during, and after WWII when he served in the Army in Europe. He had never talked about those years until 1996 when he knew he was dying. My parents were divorced in 1949 when I was 8. My mother had stored all photos that included my Dad in that shoe box that she had moved from house to house for decades. There were no notations on the photos. As we went through the photos in no particular order, his responses were remarkable. He had total recall including specific events, dates and locations for each photo. Some brought laughter and others tears. He commented on each photo and one in particular. He and another soldier are in uniform standing beside a horse holding opposite sides of the bridle. I asked him if the other man was his cousin and he said no. He told us that General George Patton was a horse lover like he was and the General assigned him and others to rescue and care for the horses because the Germans were killing them for food. The time frame was 1945 near the end of the war.

My father's passion for horses led him to spend most of his adult life breeding and training pacers and trotters for harness racing. He built a racetrack at Level Green Farm for training and practice. He was a licensed professional driver and competed in races at tracks along the east coast until he became ill at age 72. It is a shame he did not live to see the changes that led to construction of Colonial Downs in New Kent County.

The Northern Neck Fair was held in Richmond County near Warsaw, VA in September each year. Harness races were held each weekend. My painting is based on a photo of the race he won in 1957. The painting captures the excitement of a rural community coming together to cheer for their members of "The Greatest Generation" living their dreams. It is one of my fondest memories of my father.

Tender
by Elizabeth Hood
Conte Pencil
NFS

More than 65 million babies were born in the U.S. from 1944 to 1965, creating the infamous “baby boom.” During the Great Depression and WWII, many couples put off having children, but with the end of the war, the introduction of the G.I. Bill and an upswing in jobs and the economy, for many it was the ideal time to start a family. And start they did – according to Wikipedia, a child was born every 7 seconds at the height of the baby boom!



My parents were just like any other couple – the war was over, prosperity was just around the corner, the cost of living was low, so it was a good time to have babies. There were three of us (which is a bad number because at any one time, two would gang up on the other one) and we lived in the newly conceived suburbs of western Henrico County. My mother was a housewife, and she belonged to a bridge club, a church “circle” and the PTA. My dad went to work each day, belonged to the Kiwanis Club, coached Little League, was an usher at church services and sometimes played bad golf but very good poker with his buddies. We didn’t lock our doors, even at night, and our dog Tippy (the best dog that ever was) lived outside, was unneutered as was the custom of the time, and was free to roam the neighborhood to call on his dog lady friends and also free to follow us everywhere we went. As he got older, Tippy still attended on the neighborhood lady dogs, but my dad said he was just there as a “consultant.” We rode our bikes everywhere, having to come home at dark but unfettered otherwise. The only organized activity was Little League baseball, but not for girls - we weren’t allowed to play (oh, how I wanted to be a boy so I could play!).

My parents got together every holiday with five other neighbor families (in a group they humorously called “the Dirty Six”) in the summer starting with Memorial Day and ending with Labor Day for all-day cook-outs. Starting with a late breakfast of eggs cooked to order by my dad and Bloody Marys, they napped in the afternoon and then started up again in the evening, sitting outside on those old webbed patio chairs with cocktails, finally eating something from the grill about 9 or 10, while we kids played flashlight tag, stepping on slimy slugs with bare feet in the dark. One year they decided to roast a pig which has become a legend in our family, as the pig spent the day and night before in my brother’s shower stall and the pig refused to get cooked all the way through, until finally, the hungry and slightly drunk Dirty Six collectively decided to tear into it anyway.

What a life they had! And we were lucky to be able to live it with them.

The Hope of America
by Elizabeth Hood
Soft Pastel
NFS

My father, William “Bill” Sisson, was an ordinary man who lived in extraordinary times, just like millions of other Americans who were members of “The Greatest Generation.” Dad’s family moved around a lot during the Great Depression in search of a living. He learned to be resourceful and independent, getting jobs at a young age to earn money to help his family. After high school, Dad hitchhiked across the west, getting the odd job here or there to fund his travels, often as a short-order cook. In early 1941 at the age of 21, he enlisted in the army, not knowing what was coming for his country.

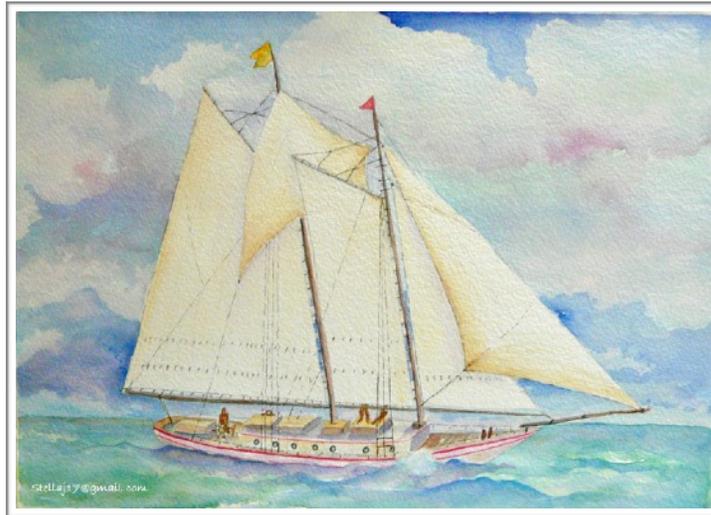


After war was declared, Dad tried out to be a pilot in the Army Air Corps; he said he could fly with no problem, but was washed out because he couldn’t learn how to land. He then joined the 746th Tank Battalion, 9th Infantry, under General George Patton as a Heavy Mortar Crewman and he also qualified as a Sharpshooter. He landed on Utah Beach on D-Day+3, and fought in campaigns across Normandy, Northern France, Ardennes, Rhineland, and Central Europe, including the Battle of the Bulge. His discharge papers list several decorations and citations, but we never saw any of those. His service to his country, although a source of pride to him, was not dissimilar to the millions of other servicemen and women of the time.

After the war, Dad came home, married the girl he had met at the Fort A.P. Hill USO in Virginia, went to college on the G.I. Bill, got a steady job, and had a family – just like millions of other Americans. Because he moved around so much as a kid, after moving to Richmond in 1958, he declared he was through moving. He got involved in his church and community and raised three children to also be resourceful and independent.

None of what my father did was extraordinary – he didn’t have any special talents, or earn a lot of money, or accomplish anything great or newsworthy. He was just like millions of other men and women of his generation; he answered his country’s call when needed, he got a good job and provided for his family, he helped his community, and he contributed positively to society. But he and the millions of others just like him were the backbone of the country, and in both its darkest and best hours, they were the hope of America.

The Wanderlust
by Stella Jones
Watercolor
\$350



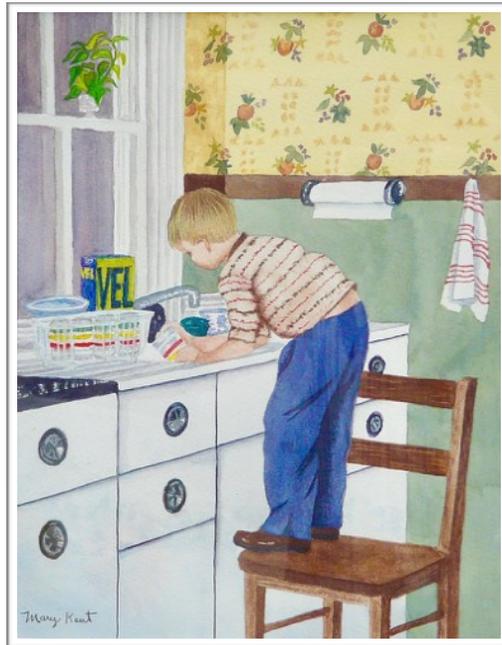
During the Great Depression, when there was little work to be had, my father and several of his 20-something buddies pooled their meager resources and bought a boat. Or more precisely, they bought an 85-foot schooner, built in 1901, which had previously sailed around Cape Horn from New York to San Francisco: The Wanderlust.

Leaving California in their wake, for three years this little band of adventurers sailed The Wanderlust throughout the South Pacific seas. Making friends with the natives, they carried cargo and the occasional passenger from one island to another. They lived a life remote from the Depression, because they had the courage, and not just a little foolhardiness, to believe they could.

Near the end of the 1930s, they reluctantly came home. The Wanderlust needed repairs they couldn't afford, so they sold her to a man with more money than brains; he fixed her up, only to run her aground and sink her shortly thereafter.

I never saw The Wanderlust except in pictures...my parents met years later during World War II. But my Dad's tales of his adventures remain an important part of our family saga. For me, his stories of The Wanderlust have always been an example of what you can do, if you allow yourself to dream.

Teach Your Children Well
by Mary Kent
Watercolor
NFS



Growing up in the 1940s and '50s, all the children in the family were expected to pitch in with household chores. There was plenty of time for fun stuff like games and sports and hobbies, but there was little distraction from television and there were no personal computers or digital devices of any kind.

And of course, there were no automatic dishwashers.

Here my little brother does his part by washing up the dinner dishes, even though he is still too little to reach the sink. Early kitchen duty served him well. Today he enjoys preparing gourmet meals (and cleaning up) in a state of the art kitchen.

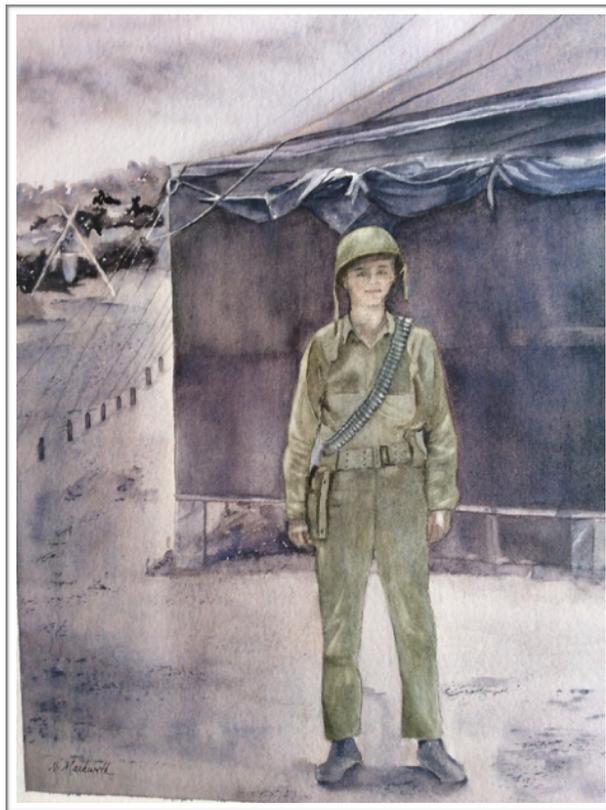
Note: "Teach Your Children" is a song written by Graham Nash that was recorded by Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young and released in 1970. In 1984, it was used by Democratic presidential candidate Walter Mondale in a campaign commercial on arms control.

Okinawa Encampment-Charles W. Anderson

By Nancy Markwith

Watercolor

NFS



My father, Charles Wellford Anderson, entered active duty February 2, 1941, in the U.S. Naval Service. He served as a Chief Storekeeper in the Pacific on Okinawa, Guam, Pelelui and Iwo Jima and survived the war, a typhoon on Iwo Jima and an attack of friendly fire on his ship in Okinawa harbor. During the typhoon, he lost his sea bag with everything in it but somehow managed to return home with two small pictures of the encampment on Okinawa.

My father left the Navy in January 1946. He talked little about the war through the years. Charles W. Anderson is alive today and will turn ninety-nine years old on December 19, 2017.

Mom and Dad
By Rosemary Means McKnight
Colored Pencil
NFS



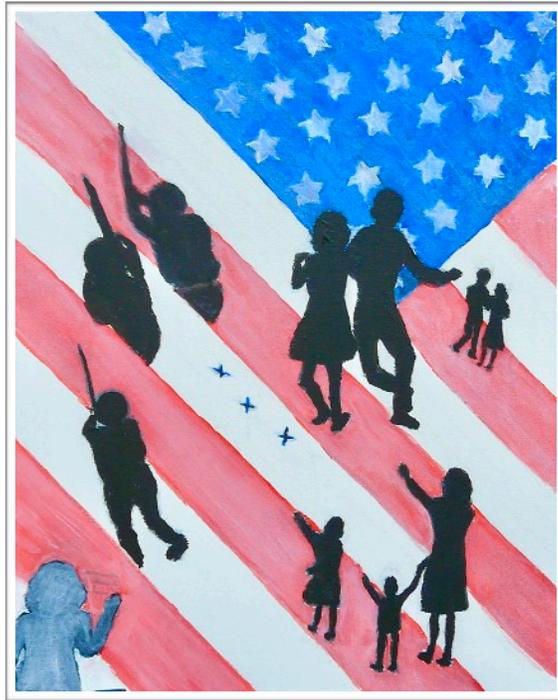
William Evert Means (1923 – 1990)
Margaret Eliza Wilkes Means (1925 – 2012)

This is a painting of my parents, William Evert Means (Bill) and Margaret Eliza Wilkes Means (Margaret). It was drawn from a photo taken of them just about the time they married.

My father was with the Army's 82nd Airborne Division. He seldom spoke about his time in the army, but I always knew that he was a paratrooper. He enjoyed jumping out of planes. What I found out only recently, when I located his discharge papers among my mother's papers, was that he only made 17 jumps during the war, but he made 80 glider missions. I was quite surprised, since I don't recall that he ever mentioned glider missions. I also learned that when the war was over, he was sent to Fort Bragg in North Carolina where he served as an Air Transportation Technician and Instructor, teaching glider tactics to enlisted men and officers.

My mother grew up on a large farm in South Carolina. Just before the war started, when she was in high school, my grandfather gave the Army permission to use his land for training and maneuvers. One night he invited their commanding officer home to supper. My mother couldn't remember the officer's rank at the time, but she did remember that his name was George Patton.

Childhood Memories
By Carole Edwards Morck
Acrylic
NFS



During the Second World War Richmond Airport was called Byrd Field, and it was the last place for many servicemen before shipping out to participate in the war to end all wars.

As a curious young person, I wished to be part of their adventure. I walked to the gate from my home at dusk and watched them dance the night away.

I even enjoyed the visit from the Military Police when they came by to see if the black shades were drawn securely. Then it was time to bring out the cards and board games.

My parents opened our home to wives of the servicemen waiting to leave, not knowing if they would ever be together again.

This generation of young people knew how to have fun, to love, and how to die for their country.

Homesteading in Wyoming

By Jan Murray

Watercolor

\$195

The Homestead Acts were laws that gave you land (a ‘homestead’) at no cost, if you complied with certain rules. Nearly 10% of the total area of the U.S. was given away free, most of the land being west of the Mississippi River, because the government wanted to encourage settlements out there. The first such Homestead Act was in 1862, but it was several revisions later in the “Enlarged Homestead Act” of 1909 that allowed my Father-in-Law to gain a full section of land in Wyoming—640 acres! In order to obtain the land, he had to be at least 21 years old, be a U.S. citizen, and had to live on it for a specified length of time. Military men such as my Father-in-Law only needed to stay on it for a year, having served time already in the service of their country; other people had to stay on it for five years. They had to apply (and of course pay a fee just like you do now for a license of any kind), and choose their area, and then go there and live on it.



There was no electricity, and in Wyoming—no trees or decent soil; there were no roads, no towns or anything else. Like many others, my husband’s dad who had served in WWI, bought a sheep wagon similar to the one in the painting, which had a stove for warmth and cooking, a bed, a chair or two and a table, but little else, and of course, a mule or horse to pull it. He went out with an ex-military buddy who homesteaded a plot of land nearby, and now and then they had to find their way back to Gillette, the nearest town, for water, food, and supplies. He told us that sometimes in the bitter cold of winter they stayed in town for a few days to ‘warm up.’ Only about 40% of those who started the homesteading process actually completed it and claimed the land. He managed to do it though, in 1920, and until just recently, there was STILL no electricity on the land, and there are still no towns nearby. To get to it, you need to pass through the acreage of many large cattle ranches—with no roads, just dirt trails. It still has no ‘address’ other than the Section Number and County in which it is located. Without a GPS, we still couldn’t even find it!

Uncle William (Billy) Orr
By Janine Orr
Oil on Linen Canvas
NFS

William Leroy Orr
April 27, 1925 - July 29, 1944



My Uncle Bill was born in Maryville, Tennessee, and died at age 19 in World War II during the siege of Myitkyina, Burma. He had answered President Franklin Roosevelt's call for volunteers to join "A Dangerous and Hazardous Mission" to go behind Japanese lines and reopen the Burma Road. He joined the 5307th Composite Unit (code named Galahad). Led by Brigadier General Frank Merrill, the 3,000 men of the 5307th became popularly known as Merrill's Marauders.

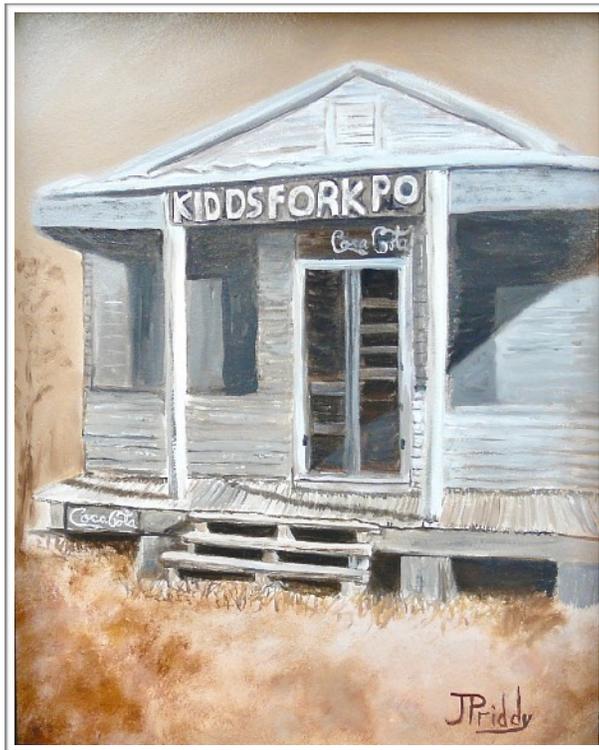
In just over five months of combat, the Marauders advanced 750 miles through some of the harshest jungle terrain in the world, fought in five major engagements and battled the Japanese Army a total of 32 times. The men of the Merrill's Marauders enjoyed a rare distinction: each soldier was awarded the Bronze Star.

Uncle Bill died eight years before I was born and is buried in Hawaii. In recent years, I discovered that my family knew little of the details of his service. I set out to recover the medals he earned, which proved to be very difficult because most of the records of the Marauders' mission were lost. With the help of the Historian for Merrill's Marauders Proud Descendants, the Merrill's Marauders Association, Army Veteran Medals Team, and others, I was able to track down Uncle Bill's medals and present them to his only surviving sibling, my aunt Ruth. They are:

Bronze Star Medal
Purple Heart
Presidential Unit Citation
Asiatic-Pacific Service Medal with One Bronze Star
World War II Victory Medal
Combat Infantryman's Badge
Ranger Tab

We owe the men and women like my Uncle Bill--the members of the "Greatest Generation" -- a debt that can never be repaid.

Kidds Fork PO
by Jan Priddy
Oil
\$295



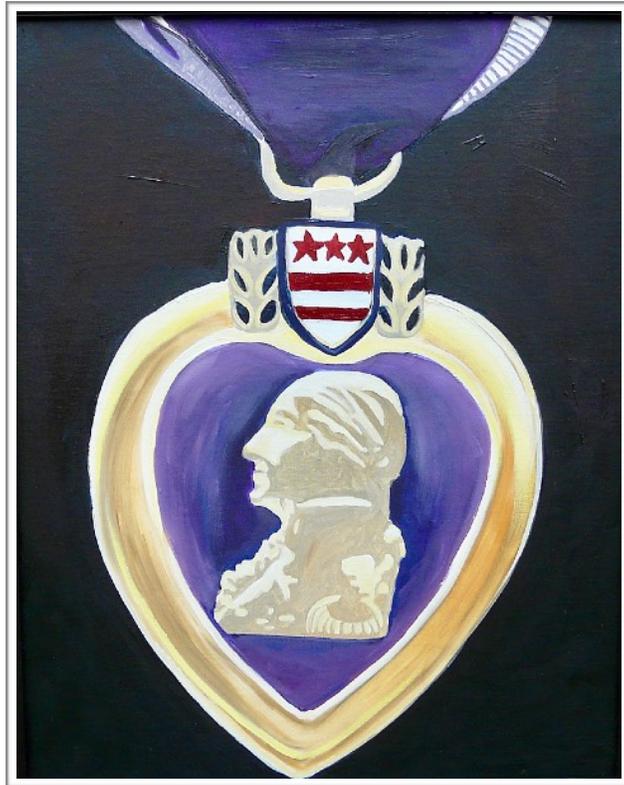
Herbert Evans Covington was my Dad's granddaddy. Herbert ran the local post office and store, Kidds Fork PO, during the Great Depression. He would make trips to town on his horse wagon from Caroline County to Richmond and it would take a week to make the trip.

The store supplied gas, feed sacks, and many other items like sewing supplies and more. Herbert kept a book of IOUs from people who could not pay for items until after the farming season. This helped many farmers feed their animals, tend to their crops during a hard time for everyone.

I'm proud to know that my great grandfather was a very generous man that helped many people during the Great Depression and the time after that.

The post office still stands today in Caroline County, VA. It is now a vacant structure of old wood and cob webs, but holds a great memory and pride of what it used to be in our family.

Purple Heart
By Diana Robinson
Oil
\$495



In the 1940s, my grandfather, Henry Richard Amos, was in the US Army in WWII, and was stationed first in France and then Germany. One cold night he was on the battlefield with 200 other soldiers from his platoon. They were fighting on the front lines in a fox hole, when both he and his best friend got shot. He was shot in the back, arm and leg. He laid all night in the fox hole with his best friend, believing they both had survived. At daybreak, he realized that his best friend had been lost. Out of 200 men, only 4 came back from that battle, and my grandfather was one of them. To honor his sacrifice and that of his best friend, I wanted to paint “Purple Heart” in honor of their memory.

The Grist Mill
By Helen Sanders
Oil
NFS



One of the few 'overshot' grist watermills still in use in the 1930s was bought by Rev. Marvin Cook. The mill stood on 103 acres on Leatherwood Creek, Hickman County, Tennessee. The mill stones, which ground the corn and grain, came on an ox cart in 1799 from North Carolina. It continued to be in use through the 1930s, providing much needed corn and grain meal for the community.

Freedom Isn't Free
By Bonnie Shelor
Acrylic on canvas
\$1,200



This piece was conceived when thinking of four generations of my family who have served this country from my great-great uncle chasing Pancho Villa in Texas to my second cousin who was killed by a sniper in Iraq scouting out a path for his unit. There have been lives lost and limbs lost as well as illusions. I will list the names of those participating in WWII:

Thos. G. Hardy, Lt, Navy
Chas. Blanton, Naval Aviator

Trümmerfrau
by Bonnie Shelor
Mixed Media
\$375



This work of art is honoring and memorializing the contributions of the invisible workforce that rebuilt Berlin after WWII. “Rubble Women”, whose hands cleared the ruins, patiently passing buckets of debris down a line, stacking everything that could be reused and disposing of the remainder, thus clearing the foundations for the revival of Berlin. These women are rarely given credit for this important work.

Up on the Farm
By Lois Shipley
Oil
\$900



All my life I heard stories from my mom about the farm where she grew up near Vestal, New York. And every time I complained about my two older brothers teasing me, the only girl, my mom, the only girl in her family, replied, “Well, I had FIVE brothers.” When my husband and I bought a 150 year-old farmhouse in Fluvanna County, Virginia, my mom loved visiting us, and always said how much it reminded her of being up on the farm.

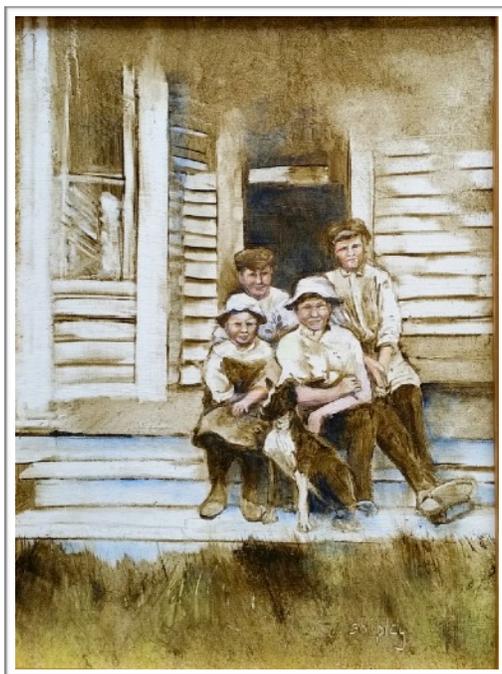
This painting is taken from a photo of my grandfather (behind the steering wheel), with two of my mom’s brothers and some friends posing around the car, the farmhouse in the background. I used raw umber to create a nostalgic sepia tone, adding a glaze of color in places reminiscent of an old tinted photo.

The Formative Years

By Lois Shipley

Oil on Panel

\$350



These kids grew up in the 1920s, before the stock market crash, before the Great Depression, before World War II, before television, before so many luxuries that we have today that we think we can't live without. A photo of my mother and 3 of her brothers was the inspiration for this painting. I find it interesting to compare this to current photos I see of my great nieces and nephew now at similar ages. The difference is remarkable. My great nieces and nephew, in their colorful, stylish clothes, like to ham it up for the camera; and the camera seems to always be there ready to record the events of their lives. These kids of the '20s hadn't been influenced yet by the glitz and glamour of Hollywood, high fashion, expensive advertising, and high tech gadgets and games. Childhood for most of us is a time of innocence, but you have to think that these kids of the '20s, fortunate enough to grow up in a loving stable home, were the poster children of an innocence in the United States of America that we will never see again.

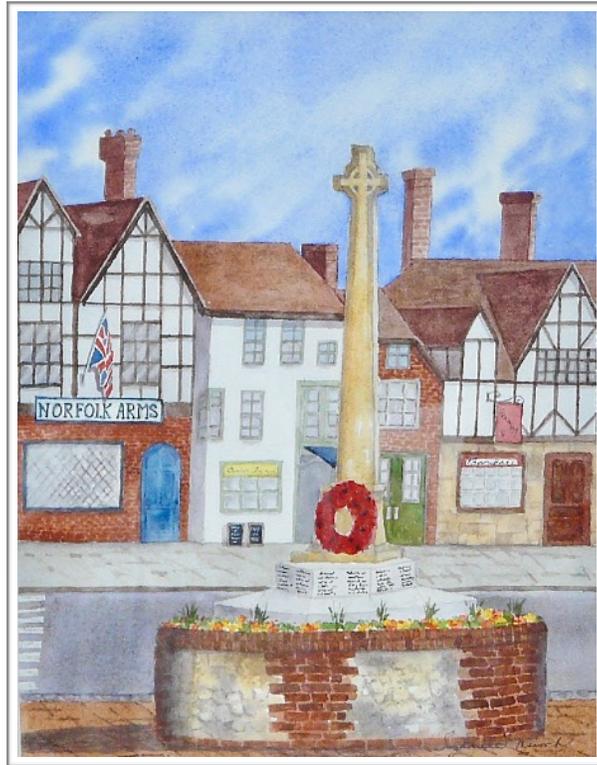
In this painting, I used raw umber to create a nostalgic sepia tone, adding a glaze of color in places, reminiscent of an old tinted photo.

Celebration at The Madrid, Louisville, Ky.
By Dianne Craig Smith
Acrylic
NFS



I talked to my 93 year-old mother about what picture to choose for painting and she actually suggested this one. It is of my mother and father on the right and aunt (my father's sister) and uncle (my mother's brother) on the left. I was inspired about how happy everyone looks in the picture. World War II had just ended. My mother told me that there were night clubs everywhere in the '40s and this picture was taken at the Madrid in Louisville, KY. I could just imagine the "Big Band" music while I was painting.

Lest We Forget
By Suzanne Spooner-Munch
Watercolor
\$200



This painting of the High Street in Arundel, England is typical of many small towns across the Great Britain and indeed, throughout Europe and the British Empire. Today Arundel is a thriving community of small shops, businesses and restaurants watched over by generations of Dukes of Norfolk in the grand castle towering above the village. Life in Arundel is prosperous and flourishing, offering every 21st century convenience with close proximity to airports and London, coupled with historic, small town charm.

Imagine what Arundel and the world would look like today without the contributions of the generation of men and women who joined together in the fight against hatred and bigotry. Throughout the world, in towns large and small, memorials can be found that witness to the tenacity and courage of those who died to prevent tyranny and oppression from ruling the communities we now live in and enjoy. “Lest We Forget, 2018” pays tribute to the determination, resilience and sacrifice of that generation.

The Merry Widow
By Mike Steele
Acrylic
\$500



For the Greatest Generation, the best way to get from here to there was by train. Long before the airlines or the superhighways, the railroads connected cities across the country. The trains carried people to new jobs, to college and, for those who could afford it, to vacations. They took soldiers off to war and brought the lucky ones home again.

They also served smaller communities with branches off the main lines. Engine 701 of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway Co. ran between Covington and Hot Springs, with flag stops at places like Bacova Junction, Falling Spring and Intervale. It took guests, workers, supplies and mail on the nearly hour-long trek through the mountain pass to The Homestead.

Built in Richmond in 1911, the engine known locally as “The Merry Widow” (because it made the single, solitary run) was retired in 1954.

There is a certain romance associated to the old steam engines, harkening back to a slower, simpler time. But to the generations of locomotive engineers who ran them, there was another perspective. They were hot, smoky, dirty and a bit cantankerous. And locomotives like The Merry Widow were forced into retirement with the advent of the diesel engine.

As a retired engineer once told me, “the best day of my life was the first run I made in an air-conditioned diesel.”

Their Legacy to Me

By Harriet McGavock Vincent

Watercolor

NFS

My parents had a great deal of influence on me and on my interests and talents. My mother's mother died when my mother was only 2 years old, and her father traveled with his work, so she was "farmed out" to other relatives. She was sent to live with an aunt in New York City part of the time and to be with her older sister at boarding school in Nova Scotia, so she was exposed to the money and culture of Wall Street, the Arts and academics at boarding school, the challenges and rewards of caring for others, and the adventures of traveling alone as a child. She wanted to become a nurse, but her father did not approve, as he thought that was not appropriate for a lady. Thus, she attended Cooper Union



studying painting until she was "of age" and decided on her own to become a nurse anyway. Her nursing training was in Public Health Nursing at Bellevue Hospital in New York City. But she then secured a job as a Public Health Nurse in the hills of southwestern Virginia, traveling alone in a Model A Ford to help people who could not get to a doctor. That is where she met my father.

My father had grown up on a farm, the 11th of 14 children. He learned to work hard on the farm, driving cattle to market on foot. His older sister was his teacher at home, and so he was well prepared to bypass the calculus classes at Virginia Tech, and go on to get his engineering degree from Cornell University. He was a successful mechanical engineer for the Norfolk and Western Railway in Roanoke for 47 years, designing train engines and hopper cars to haul coal from the mines in West Virginia.

For both my parents, family was of utmost importance. My father would have been an excellent teacher, but he knew he would not be able to support a family on a teacher's salary, so he stayed with the railroad. He was a designer, not only of train equipment, but also of gadgets and shelving at home. My mother remained a stay-at-home mom, making our clothes, giving us shots to prevent Rocky Mountain Fever, patching us up when we fell out of trees, and always being there for us. But later when we were older, she returned to painting and to nursing.

My interest in science, in serving others, in art and in designing practical items came from both of my parents. I enjoyed being a biology and chemistry teacher for 35 years. Then when I retired, I began painting and taking lessons while I was caring for my husband who was ill. I have traveled extensively throughout my life, as a child alone on trains as my mother had done, and later around the world as my mother had wanted to do. I hold nostalgic claim to the smells, sounds and peace of farms, though not to the unrelenting hard work my father endured as he grew up.

I am thankful that God blessed me with such interesting, talented and caring parents.

William A. Youngblood

By Gigi Vranian

Watercolor

NFS

William A. Youngblood was born in 1915 in Sweetwater, Tennessee. As a laborer, nature artist and ultimately an architectural draftsman he worked for the WPA (Works Projects Administration) and CCC (Civilian Conservation Corp) and the National Park Service. The WPA and CCC were programs (early 1930s to the early 1940s) during the Great Depression which provided jobs to millions of unemployed men and women. Moving to Richmond, he worked as a sign painter before serving in the Pacific theater in World War II, participating in the Battle of Okinawa and other key battles, all the while drawing his fellow soldiers and memories of the war. He returned to Richmond to his wife and daughter, Judy, after Japan surrendered.



After the war, Mr. Youngblood worked in commercial art in Richmond, eventually becoming Art Director for Southern States. In 1971, he said “he retired to paint full-time.” Mr. Youngblood was a member of the American Watercolor Society and Signature Member of the Georgia and Virginia Watercolor Societies. He was a Charter member of the James River Art League, opening his home and studio in Powhatan, to many visiting artists. Mr. Youngblood passed away in December 2009 at age 93, he is survived by his daughter, Amy Youngblood Karnolt and her family in Powhatan, VA.



Mr. Youngblood leaves a legacy of art, friendship, family and service to his Country, which JRAL honors today through their William A. Youngblood Distinguished Service Award.



Barn Shadows
By Karen Witthoefft and
William Diederich
Soft Pastel
NFS



Playbill 1
By Karen Witthoefft
and William Diederich
Mixed Media
NFS



Playbill 2
By Karen Witthoefft
and William Diederich
Mixed Media
NFS

My Dad, William Piermont Diederich (1917-1996), shared many good characteristics with the best members of his generation. At the age of three he lost his father; later during the Depression his family suffered the loss of his stepfather's business. After giving up his Chicago "Big Band Era" professional music career when he was drafted in 1941, he felt fortunate to be chosen for the army band at Camp Croft, SC, where thousands of infantry soldiers were trained in six-week intervals for Europe. In 1945, when France was liberated, my Dad was sent to entertain the troops and audition musicians to perform for Americans who implemented the Marshall Plan. Extending his time away from his young wife and twin babies (my sister and me) was small payback for his good fortune.

Following the end of WWII, he joined his generation of veterans with their strong work ethic, community involvement, and devotion to family. Civilian life found my Dad too busy to continue his music and little time for his drawing—he had studied art at the Chicago Art Institute School of Art after high school. When he retired as a Master Engraver/Consultant, I gave him a box of soft pastels and an easel. My Dad was a pastel artist until he became too ill with lymphoma. He joined a swing band with M.C.V. professors and they played at many Richmond events. For years, "Swingtime" played for the Richmond Festival Park New Year's Eve Celebration; Dad played tenor sax, was Master of Ceremonies, and was lead singer. The band also performed at a Reagan Presidential Inaugural Ball in Washington DC.

The barn pastel was his first pastel effort. I drew it with him and was able to share some of the techniques I had learned. We "co-drew" the small pen and ink drawing in a guest book at a Hatteras beach cottage. Because he was very ill, it was our last drawing together. My good fortune was to have him as a father (and a co-artist and art lover) who was creative, funny talented, hard-working, and involved, just like the best of his generation.

Picnic at Lempert's Dairy

By Linda Leah Wolitz

Colored Pencil

\$550



Belleville, New Jersey, circa 1941. The photo I used as inspiration was taken just before the start of WWII. My dad and his two brothers were probably off feeding the cows when this was taken, so mainly women, kids, and cousin Eddy were enjoying the home cooked food out by the cow barn, garage and hen house. In the center of it all was Grandmother and next to her was Aunt Bess, her eldest. My mom is on the left and my older sister is there in the midst of all our girl cousins. To this day, I have no idea what cousin Eddy was doing -- was he licking a cooking ladle? I don't know, but I couldn't leave it out. That's me, running off the right side of the picture. Everyone seems to be having fun, even though the set-up was catch-as-catch-can in the dairy's yard. As the Great Depression ended, families learned to appreciate the smallest of pleasures.

Grandfather Lempert died before I was born, so Grandmother Lempert and Bess, Sol, Sam and Lou kept the dairy going for many years. I have a milk bottle from the dairy, and when I look at it, it reminds me of the importance of family. The dairy's logo is on the bottom of the bottle, so I included it in the picture.

Where have the miners gone?

By Maria Pilar York

Oil
\$750



Matthew Janik arrived in Ellis Island at the end of 19th century. He came from Slovakia, which was part of Austro-Hungarian Empire at that time. As a young man, he was recruited to work for a coal mine in Pennsylvania. The work was very hard. Eventually, he settled in Nesquehoning, where he changed his name to Michael York in order to fit in and opened a butcher shop. He married and had 13 children. Some of them moved to different places in the State, such as Philadelphia, Allentown, Tamaqua, Summit Hill, Mauch Chunk (today, Jim Thorpe) and Lansford. They became prosperous thanks to the anthracite mines, steel factories and local business. One of those children (Michael York) was my husband's father. He was the oldest and inherited the family store. At the time, coal miners shared different cultures

and languages, because the majority were immigrants. Each group lived in their own neighborhood, organized traditional festivals and built churches in their community. The York family belonged to the Eastern European group, so they loved dancing the "Pennsylvania polka", cooking kielbasa, pierogis and kishka. My husband, Charles York, worked in Lehigh Anthracite before he joined the Navy. In the same way as some of his uncles and cousins had fought in World War II, my husband took part in the Vietnam war.

For more than a hundred years, to be a coal miner was a dangerous and dirty job, but many young boys took the risk in order to build a life. When I met my husband, I told him that in 1956 my father, Miguel Clemente, left Spain for Chile, where he met my mother. They moved from Santiago (capital of Chile) to a coal mining town. His goal was simple, the same as my husband's grandfather, working underground in order to bring home a paycheck, and build a happy family. That was the Great Generation spirit!