OTHER MEDALS FOR HEROISM THAT ARE SIMILAR TO CARNEGIE’S

Andrew Carnegie believed that those who risk their lives to save others are to be recognized as the heroes of civilization, in contrast to “the heroes of barbarism,” who maim or kill others. The Carnegie Medal was thus conceived, in 1904. Other prestigious U.S.-based awards are similar in purpose and even share some of the same awarding requirements. As told in the pages of this issue of impULSE, several individuals have received both the Carnegie Medal and one of the following medals:

The Coast Guard Lifesaving Medal, in grades of silver and gold, was established by Congress in 1874 to recognize those whose heroism takes place in the “perils of the water.” (See page 8.)

The Public Safety Officer Medal of Valor was established in 2000 by President Bill Clinton to recognize law enforcement officers, firefighters, and emergency medical service personnel for acting above and beyond the call of duty in saving or protecting human life. (See main article, this page.)

The Robert P. Connelly Medal of Heroism, established in 1967, is given worldwide by Kiwanis International to those acting in behalf of others when they “might just as well pass along the way.” (See page 16.)

When both of Pittsburgh’s daily newspapers carried a photo of Donald E. Thompson on their front pages last May 17, it was like seeing an old friend. Thompson was pictured receiving the Public Safety Officer Medal of Valor the day before from President Barack Obama in recognition of an act of heroism for which the Hero Fund awarded Thompson a Carnegie Medal 18 months earlier. Thompson and his wife were flown from their California home to Washington, D.C., for the White House ceremony, which took place during National Police Week.

Established in 2000 by then President Bill Clinton, the Medal of Valor is given to law enforcement officers, firefighters, and emergency medical service personnel for acting above and beyond the call of duty, for exhibiting exceptional courage, extraordinary decisiveness, and presence of mind, or for displaying unusual swiftness of action, regardless of his or her personal safety, in an attempt to save or protect human life.

Thirteen of the awards were bestowed this year by the president. “It’s been said that perfect valor is doing without witnesses what you would do if the whole world were watching,” Obama told the awardees. He said that they found courage “not in search of recognition. They did it instinctively. This is an award that none of them sought.” (continued on page 2)
“Judge not, lest you be judged.”
—Matthew 7:1

That is how Jesus put it. In more modern terms, someone accused of questionable behavior might reply, “Don’t be so judgmental!” None of that bothers us here at the Carnegie Hero Fund. We’re all about judgment, and we aim to excel at it.

Before I go further, let me square our account with Jesus. His full thought (Matthew 7:1-2) was actually a warning against hypocrisy in judgment, not against judgment itself. “Do not judge lest you be judged. For in the way you judge, you will be judged; and by your standard of measure, it will be measured to you.” Unfortunately, this nuanced thought is distorted and used as a justification for a kind of everyday moral relativism. “Don’t judge me! Whatever the ‘rules’ say, my behavior is as valid as anyone else’s.” Needless to say, this reasoning is almost always deployed to defend some pretty dodgy behavior, or worse.

At the Hero Fund we are constantly searching for acts that, at first glance, seem to meet the criteria or standards for the Carnegie Medal. This is our raw material, so to speak. The staff digs in to each lead and develops the facts of each case. They then make a judgment whether, with the full story in front of them, the rescue qualifies for the award. If the staff judgment is “yes,” the case report goes to the full, 21-member Carnegie Hero Fund Commission for final judgment. Yes or no. There is no moral relativism involved. All cases are held to the same standard: Is the candidate a civilian who voluntarily risked his or her own life, knowingly, to an extraordinary degree while saving or attempting to save the life of another person? Yes or no.

Of course, almost all businesses and institutions make judgments constantly. Who shall we hire? Who shall we promote? The Hero Fund’s judgments, however, have three characteristics worthy of note that make them a bit different.

First, the Hero Fund judges acts and not the actors. One receives the Carnegie Medal for what one did, not for being a very good person in a general way. Some

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Temple of learning, ambition, aspiration: Carnegie fortune became library legacy

By Susan Stamberg
National Public Radio

Andrew Carnegie was once the richest man in the world. Coming as a dirt-poor kid from Scotland to the U.S., by the 1880s he’d built an empire in steel — and then gave it all away: $60 million to fund a system of 1,689 public libraries across the country.

Carnegie donated $300,000 to build Washington, D.C.’s oldest library — a beautiful beaux arts building that dates back to 1903. Inscribed above the doorway are the words: Science, Poetry, History. The building was “dedicated to the diffusion of knowledge.”

It opened in 1903 to women, children, all races — African-Americans remember when it was the only place downtown where they could use the bathrooms. During the Depression, D.C.’s Carnegie Library was called “the intellectual breadline.” No one had any money, so you went there to feed your brain. Washington writer Paul Dickson, author of The Library in America, says the marble palace was an early and imposing capital institution.

“This went in well before the monumental limestone and marble buildings of Pennsylvania Avenue, Constitution Avenue. This was one of the first really beautiful public buildings,” he says.

Carnegie libraries are still the best buildings in many towns. Over the years some have been expanded or torn down. And, in addition to books and computers, Carnegie libraries find new ways to serve the community.

The public library in Woodbine, Iowa, loans cake pans — people don’t keep all sizes and shapes of cake pans at home, “so they check ‘em out and bake their cakes and bring ‘em back,” explains Woodbine library director Rita Bantam. “[It’s] offering a service that people need. It brings people into the library.”

Andrew Carnegie gave $7,500 to Woodbine. That paid for the 1908 building itself. The towns had to raise money for books, salaries and maintenance.

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WORK-RELATED ACCIDENT CLAIMED HERO’S LIFE

Late in the morning on June 15, 1966, Donald Noel Harwood made the spur-of-the-moment decision that cost him his life as he struggled to save another’s.

After his supervisor at a Pine Bend, Minn., ammonia plant lost consciousness 16 feet underground in a nitrogen-filled concrete manhole, Harwood, 38, dashed to the opening. Winded, and without a gas mask or safety harness, Harwood climbed inside. Although a coworker called out for him not to go down, Harwood descended the steel-rung steps.

Within a minute, Harwood had reached Ernest T. Hillborn at the bottom but then collapsed. An emergency crew later recovered the men, who both succumbed to a lack of oxygen inside the shaft.

Harwood’s attempted rescue impressed the company’s general manager and president. Two months later, D. C. Gattiker wrote to the Hero Fund to inquire about a posthumous medal for bravery, “which might in the years to come give some comfort and pride” to the family of the late assistant operating superintendent. Harwood’s death left his 35-year-old wife a widow raising five children ranging from 2 years old to 15.

“Here is an instance of a man, knowing the danger involved, who went unselfishly to the rescue of his supervisor and friend, and thereby lost his life,” Gattiker wrote. With the company’s cooperation in documenting the accident, the Commission in December 1966 identified the nine-year plant employee as a hero.

Harwood’s widow, Rose Mary Harwood Plath, 85, recalled recently that the circumstances of his death fit with his character as a good person. Plath, who waited until 1991 to remarry, said she felt that Harwood remained in the shadows to help her with their children. The Hero Fund provided a measure of support in the form of a monthly grant, which extended until the time of Plath’s remarriage.

“A daughter, MaryDon Beeson, described Harwood (continued on page 5)
disgrace,” Carnegie said.

Nasaw says the steel master was in his 30s when he decided he was merely the shepherd of his wealth. “It is his responsibility to give it back,” Nasaw says, “to return it to the community because the community — all of those men and women who contribute to the making of Carnegie steel, the mothers who feed their children, the day laborers, the whole large community — is responsible for making this wealth and they’re the ones who have to get it back.”

So public libraries became instruments of change — not luxuries, but rather necessities, important institutions — as vital to the community as police and fire stations and public schools. Now, Carnegie was a complicated man. Brilliant, charming, generous — and brutal. Carnegie biographer Les Standiford, author of Meet You in Hell, says the industrialist presided over what is considered this country’s most bitter labor dispute.

“The Homestead Steel Strike of 1892 — in which he and Henry Clay Frick conspired to mercilessly beat down the steelworkers who were striking for better pay and better working conditions. It stands to this day as the worst labor conflict in American history,” Standiford says.

“Increase our wages,” the workers demanded. “What good is a book to a man who works 12 hours a day, six days a week?”

Nasaw says Carnegie thought he knew better and replied to his critics this way: “If I had raised your wages, you would have spent that money by buying a better cut of meat or more drink for your dinner. But what you needed, though you didn’t know it, was my libraries and concert halls. And that’s what I’m giving to you.”

And so he did: 1,689 public libraries. Temples of learning, ambition, aspiration for towns and cities throughout the United States.

Above, the library’s billiards room. Photos courtesy of The Carnegie of Homestead.

BANKER TO BUILDER

Following his award of the Carnegie Medal in 2014, Christopher Jon Ihle of Huxley, Iowa, went through something of a post-rescue career change, resulting in his new business, My Main Street Shop. Formerly a mortgage banker, Ihle, 41, now makes portable storefronts for use by vendors at trade shows, conventions, and other pop-up events. “With what I make, a customer actually walks into your store the way they would on Main Street, U.S.A.,” he recently told a reporter from the Des Moines Register. Ihle, who launched the endeavor with grant monies from the Hero Fund, was recognized for saving an elderly couple from being struck by a train after their car became disabled on a railroad track in Ames, Iowa, on July 31, 2013.

15:13 calls to mind those in the Hero Fund’s 112-year history whose lives were sacrificed in the performance of their heroic acts. The name identifies the chapter and verse of the Gospel of John that appears on every medal: “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Of the 9,868 medal awardees to date, 2,016, or 20.4% of the total, were recognized posthumously. They are not forgotten.

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Minor league outfielder’s best catch saved the town doctor 103 years ago

By Van Craddock
Longview, Texas

More than 100 years ago, John R. Hoffmann was known for his heroic efforts on the Longview Cannibals, a minor league baseball team. An East Texas newspaper had called him “one of the best outfielders ever to perform in this area.” But in 1913, the “hero” term took on a new meaning for Hoffmann. That’s when the 26-year-old cotton clerk and part-time diamond star saved a beloved Longview physician from being run over by a train.

Fast forward to July 2016. Wayne Haney was browsing at a Longview estate sale when something intriguing caught his eye. It was a bronze medallion with a bearded man’s likeness embossed on it. “At first glance it looked like a Civil War general,” said Haney, associate pastor at Longview’s Spring Hill First Baptist Church. “I love history. I always have. The medal definitely got my attention.”

Haney bought the heavy, three-inch-diameter medal for $4 and took it home to show his wife, Leslie, and daughters Taylor and Madison. With some Internet research and help from church member and local historian Sue Moore, Haney learned he had stumbled across the Carnegie Medal awarded to John R. Hoffmann for his 1913 heroism.

John Richard Hoffmann was born in Calhoun, Mo., in 1888 and grew up in the East Texas community of Athens. He moved to Longview and joined the Longview Cannibals in 1908. He played several seasons for the team and later served as business manager and secretary of the baseball club. Longview, the county seat of Gregg County, was a cotton and rail center at the time. The town of 5,000 boasted two large depots, one located downtown and another at Longview Junction just east of the city limits.

Here are details from the Hero Fund’s report:

Local physician Dr. Andrew F. O’Bryan was traveling in his horse and buggy across the tracks at Longview Junction on the afternoon of Friday, Dec. 19, 1913. The 78-year-old O’Bryan could neither see nor hear the eastbound Texas and Pacific passenger train No. 52 that was approaching the station at about 15 m.p.h. on the main track. Likewise, the train engineer “did not know of O’Bryan’s danger.”

Seeing what was about to happen, Hoffmann ran toward O’Bryan’s horse, which had just stepped onto the main track. Hoffmann grabbed the thousand-pound animal’s bit with both hands and pulled the horse off the track, “barely clearing the track himself before the locomotive passed.” The locomotive’s bumper-timber “brushed his coat” as the passenger train rambled by. One witness said he “thought Hoffmann would be killed, and that Hoffmann did not escape death by a foot.”

Later, Hoffmann said that “when he started to the rescue, he did not have any thought of danger to himself; that immediately after the act he was greatly frightened and felt that he had had a narrow escape from death.” In short, Hoffmann didn’t have time to be scared as he raced toward the fortunate doctor’s buggy.

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Minor league outfielder’s best catch

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Hoffmann was nominated for the Carnegie Medal by G. A. Bodenheim, Longview’s mayor at the time, and the medal was awarded in 1914. Hoffmann received also a cash award of $1,000—the equivalent of more than $24,000 today. The money came in handy. According to the Hero Fund’s report, “Hoffmann’s father and mother … are partly dependent upon him for support. Hoffmann earns $50 a month. He sends $8 or $10 a month to his parents. Hoffmann wants to get married.”

Hoffmann married Eila Mae Wilson in October 1915. Later becoming a Gregg County chief deputy, he died in 1950 and is buried at Danville Cemetery in Kilgore, Texas.

“I’m glad I bought the medal. Just to hold it and touch it gives me a connection to the past,” said the Rev. Mr. Haney, a Belmont University music business graduate who has served on his church’s staff for 16 years. He said he hopes to

(continued on page 9)
2015 Carnegie Medal awardee latest to receive Coast Guard Gold Medal

Last year, Terry Brown of Dallas, Ore., was awarded the Carnegie Medal for his actions of June 2, 2014, by which he helped to save a teenage boy from drowning in the Pacific Ocean at a state park beach near Brookings, Ore. Earlier this year, Brown, a deputy with the Polk County (Ore.) Sheriff’s Department, received the prestigious Gold Lifesaving Medal from the U.S. Coast Guard for the same rescue.

Established by an act of Congress in 1874, the Coast Guard medal, given in grades of silver and gold, is one of the oldest in the U.S., with the gold medal having been awarded 724 times. Brown’s award was one of only two approved in 2015. Other recent Carnegie Medal awardees who were awarded the gold Coast Guard Medal are Kyle Robert Hardman (posthumous) and Jarvise Shelton, who acted in behalf of victims of a disabled boat on the Mississippi River at St. Louis, Mo., in 2012; Ross McKay Barfuss, who died attempting to save a boy from drowning in the Pacific Ocean in 2008; and M. L. Skutnik III, who helped to save a woman from drowning in the Potomac River at Washington, D.C., in 1982.

A silver lifesaving medal was recently awarded, posthumously, to Wayne L. Hoffman of Spring Green, Wis., for attempting to save a man from drowning in Lake Superior in 2014. Hoffman was awarded the Carnegie Medal last December. (See page 18.)

The medal’s awarding requirements are somewhat similar to those of the Carnegie Medal and include that the candidate must perform a rescue or attempted rescue from “drowning, shipwreck, or other perils of the water” at the risk of his or her own life, demonstrating “extreme and heroic daring.”

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Brown's moment of extreme and heroic daring came while he was on duty as a deputy with the Curry County (Ore.) Sheriff’s Department. He was called to Harris Beach on report of 14-year-old Joshua A. Peterson's being carried from shore by currents of the rough surf while skim-boarding in the 54-degree water. Attached to one end of a 100-foot-long line, Brown, then 33, who had served in the Coast Guard nine years earlier, entered the water and proceeded out to Joshua. He released the line to go beyond its length and reached the boy at a point about 240 feet from shore.

Nearly exhausted by then, Brown and Joshua held to each other as they floated on their backs and attempted to propel themselves forward. Waves crested over them, causing them to ingest water, and they were carried farther out. Meanwhile, rescue efforts were being effected by the Coast Guard, local firefighters and police, and the county's search and rescue team. One member of the rescue team reached Brown and Joshua at a point about 300 feet from shore. By then, Brown had been in the water about 35 minutes and was hypothermic and on the verge of losing consciousness. When the rescue team's coordinator arrived at the end of a 300-foot-long line, Joshua swam to him, but Brown had to be towed by the first rescuer. Together the group was pulled to safety by those on shore. Brown and Joshua were both hospitalized overnight for treatment of hypothermia, and they recovered.

2015 Coast Guard Gold Medal awardee
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Carnegie Medal awardee Terry Brown was presented with the U.S. Coast Guard Gold Lifesaving Medal by Rear Adm. Richard Gromlich, commander of the Coast Guard 13th District during a ceremony at Coast Guard Station Chetco River in Brookings, Ore. Coast Guard photo by Petty Officer 1st Class Levi Read.

and rescue team. One member of the rescue team reached Brown and Joshua at a point about 300 feet from shore. By then, Brown had been in the water about 35 minutes and was hypothermic and on the verge of losing consciousness. When the rescue team's coordinator arrived at the end of a 300-foot-long line, Joshua swam to him, but Brown had to be towed by the first rescuer. Together the group was pulled to safety by those on shore. Brown and Joshua were both hospitalized overnight for treatment of hypothermia, and they recovered.

Minor league outfielder’s best catch
(continued from page 7)

see the medal displayed in a local museum or library so others can learn about Hoffmann's bravery back in 1913.

By the way, Hoffmann was the father of another well-respected Longview resident, Jo Ann Hoffmann Metcalf. Mrs. Metcalf (1931-2012) worked 44 years for the City of Longview, retiring as city secretary and director of administrative services. She twice served as interim city manager. After her death, Longview’s city hall was renamed the Jo Ann Metcalf Municipal Building.

Van Caddick, a 1970 graduate of Stephen F. Austin State University, has written an East Texas history column for the Longview News-Journal since 1978. He has published two collections of his columns, most recently a book titled East Texas Tales: A Celebration of Pineywoods People, Places, Facts and Fables. The U.S. Army Vietnam veteran served 10 years on the Gregg County Historical Commission.

FAREWELL AND THANKS

Douglas R. Chambers, left, the Hero Fund’s director of external affairs, made his last medal presentation in late June and retired from the organization a week later. He is shown with Commission treasurer Dan D. Sandman at the Commission’s 112th annual board meeting, held June 23, where he was given a Seiko watch, all bells and whistles included. Chambers joined the Hero Fund in 2002 as managing director and immediately assumed oversight of preparations for the Commission’s centennial observance in 2004. It was no small task, as it included editing a book on the history of the Hero Fund and producing its accompanying video; arranging a dinner and ceremony, which featured noted historian David G. McCulloch as speaker; putting together a display of medals from all of Carnegie’s hero funds for debuting at an American Numismatic Association Convention; and coordinating the production and distribution of a limited-edition medallion, made in the likeness of the Carnegie Medal, to circulate as a cultural artifact.

After the party, Chambers centered on outreach activities, including coordinating personal presentations of the medal both by himself and by a volunteer cadre of past awardees. His engagements took him from California to Nova Scotia, where on June 21 he gave the medal to March awardees Stephen Ross and Keiren J. Tompkins, both of Halifax, who teamed up to rescue a man who broke through ice and fell into rushing water about four feet below.

The book that Chambers edited, A Century of Heroes, received an award of excellence in 2005 from Communication Arts, and it, with its accompanying video, remain a part of the medal presentation given to each awardee. The book is available for the $3 cost of postage through the Hero Fund; contact Jo Braun at jo@carnegiehero.org.
Keith A. Wilt, 49, an equipment operator from Frederick, Md., and Matthew J. Geppi, 25, a fuser and pipefitter from Baltimore, Md., saved two boys from their family’s burning row house in Baltimore on Jan. 13, 2015. Two brothers, 3 and 4, were on the second floor of the three-story house after a fire broke out on that floor, in the front room. Wilt and Geppi responded from their worksite nearby and entered the structure, Geppi with a fire extinguisher. They ascended the stairs to the second floor. Despite flames that were spreading from the front room toward the stairway, Wilt made his way through dense smoke to the bedroom at the back of the floor as Geppi used the fire extinguisher to keep the advancing flames at bay. Wilt found the boys in the rear room and, guided by Geppi’s voice, carried them to the stairs. He handed one of the boys to Geppi and then fled downstairs and outside to safety with them, both of whom sustained smoke inhalation. Wilt and Geppi were given oxygen at the scene.

Kenneth Arnold Hansen, 46, a construction company operator from Crystal, Mich., rescued Ethan L. Nokes, 8, from four attacking Rottweilers in Riverdale, Mich., on May 4, 2015. Ethan was being attacked by the dogs in the fenced-in backyard of a house he was visiting. Working about 300 feet away on an adjoining property when he was alerted to the attack, Hansen scaled the fence and then ran to where the dogs were surrounding Ethan as they kept up their attack. Screaming at the dogs, Hansen reached among them, grasped Ethan, and took him into the house; the dogs following and attempting to continue their attack. Hansen secured Ethan, who was badly injured, in one of the rooms of the house and then got the dogs back outside. He sustained scratches to his face, arms, and legs.

Raymond L. Robinson and Christopher Z. Smith, both of Chicago, Ill., rescued Chicago Police Officers Mark A. Czapla and Joseph R. Groh from an assault in Chicago on Feb. 14 last year. In a drugstore parking lot, the officers struggled against a man who was attempting to flee from arrest. During the struggle, which took all three to the pavement and bloodied the officers, the suspect gained control of Groh’s loaded pistol and, threatening the officers, fired it. Watching from nearby, Robinson, 45, retail assistant manager, and Smith, 59, gaffer, joined in the struggle although the assailant greatly outweighed each of them. Robinson grasped the assailant’s gun hand and fired his fingers off the trigger as Smith grabbed the assailant by the legs and used his weight to help immobilize him. Robinson, Smith, and the officers maintained control of the assailant until other police arrived and helped take him into custody. Robinson suffered a sprained knee and a fractured rib, for which he sought treatment.

Sales manager Andrew Baugh, 28, of Mason City, Ill., saved Chase W. McDermund from a burning race car in Lincoln, Ill., on June 12, 2015. Chase, 14, was driving a midget-chassis car during a race at a speedway when fire broke out in the engine. He stopped and released his safety belt, but flames grew quickly to engulf and surround the car’s open driver’s compartment. Baugh, who also was racing, stopped his car and ran to Chase’s. Wearing a fire-retardant race suit that afforded some protection, he stepped onto a bumper bar to access Chase, who was pinned in place by the steering wheel. Through flames, Baugh reached into the car, grabbed Chase, and lifted him, thereby moving the steering wheel and freeing him. He pulled Chase from the car and fell to the ground with him. Chase suffered only a minor burn to an elbow.
Ronaldo R. Romo, Jr., a driver from St. Louis, Mo., saved Trent and Leo Pappan from their burning sport utility vehicle after a highway accident in Shrewsbury, Mo., on April 30, 2015. Trent, 37, remained in the driver’s seat after the accident, and his young son, Leo, was strapped into a car seat in the back. Romo, 32, stopped at the scene and ran to the driver’s door of the burning car. He reached through its window opening and, despite flames entering the front of the passenger compartment from the engine area, grasped Trent and pulled him head first out of the vehicle. Learning then that Leo was inside the vehicle, Romo returned to it, opened a rear door, and entered, flames by then having spread to the car’s front seats. Kneeling on the backseat, Romo freed Leo and withdrew from the vehicle with him. He took Leo to the side of the highway, flames growing to engulf the car.

Michael H. Peddicord and Donald E. Lee, both of Denton, Md., helped to save Norma L. Towers from her burning house in Denton on Oct. 24, 2014. Towers, 87, was in her first-floor bedroom when propane gas that had leaked into the structure exploded before dawn and set fire to it. Peddicord, 45, maintenance director, responded from the house next door and with a neighbor, Lee, 60, retired plumber, entered the damaged structure through its front door, despite flames at its rear that were rapidly growing and spreading. In dense smoke, they proceeded to Towers’s bedroom, which was at the front of the house, and found Towers, badly injured, trapped in the debris. Together the men worked to free her, after which Peddicord carried her to the front door. Another responding neighbor took Towers to safety. Peddicord and Lee escaped the house just before flames engulfed and destroyed it. They recovered from smoke inhalation and cuts to their legs.

Calindo C. Fletcher, Jr., played football for Buckhorn High School, New Market, Ala., and a day after he died as the result of a rescue attempt, the community gathered at the school’s football stadium to mourn him and honor his life. “When you have children, you want your child to be like Calindo Fletcher,” said head coach David O’Connor.

Earl C. Moorman hugs his heroine, Ashley Marie Aldridge of Auburn, Ill., who saved him from being struck by a train. When Moorman’s wheelchair became snagged on a railroad track at a crossing last September, Aldridge, who lived nearby, went to check on him. The crossing’s gates then activated, indicating that an approaching train was only 20 seconds away. Aldridge yanked Moorman from the chair and took him from the track just before the train—at 78 m.p.h.—arrived, striking the chair. Courtesy photo is © The State Journal Register, Springfield, Ill.

William James Grieb, Jr., of St. Francis, Minn., and Benjamin McAuliffe, now of Sanford, N.C., helped to save Lillian R. Anderson from her burning house in Oak Grove, Minn., on Sept. 7, 2015. Anderson, 80, was in her bedroom, on the upper level of her split-level house, after a fire broke out in the kitchen. Requiring a walker, she attempted to flee but fell outside the bedroom. Grieb, 54, paramedic, and McAuliffe, 31, emergency medical technician, arrived at the scene before firefighters. While Grieb entered the house through the front door and passed the

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burning kitchen en route to the stairs, McAuliffe went to the side of the structure, climbed to a deck off Anderson’s bedroom, and entered the house. The men made their way through dense smoke to find Anderson. With difficulty, they maneuvered her back into her bedroom and toward the door to the deck. Another man entered through that door and helped Griep drag Anderson outside as McAuliffe, nearly overcome by smoke, exited the house for air. Griep and McAuliffe were treated at the hospital for smoke inhalation.

Homemaker Ashley Marie Aldridge, 19, of Auburn, Ill., saved Earl C. Moorman, 75, from being struck by a train on Sept. 15, 2015. Moorman was attempting to cross a railroad track at a crossing in his motorized wheelchair when the chair became caught against one of the rails. Aldridge saw him from her nearby home and left to check on him. When she was about 160 feet from the crossing, its gates and lights were activated, indicating that an approaching train, traveling at about 78 m.p.h., was about 2,600 feet away. Barefoot, Aldridge ran to the crossing and attempted unsuccessfully to lift the wheelchair. With the train bearing down on them, she then grasped Moorman from behind and pulled on him. She lifted him enough to clear the chair and backed away from the track with him. Within seconds, the train, at only slightly diminished speed, struck the wheelchair, destroying it, before stopping well beyond the crossing.

Turner Lagpacan and Jason C. Newby attempted to rescue Dwight H. Handley, 62, from a burning tractor-trailer after a highway accident in Mulhall, Okla., on April 3, 2015. Handley’s rig struck a disabled vehicle and came to rest shortly beyond it. Flames broke out at the front of the truck and quickly grew and spread along the tractor toward its tank trailer. Driving on the same highway, Lagpacan, 23, a security officer from Wichita, Kan., witnessed the accident and stopped. Seeing Handley in the cab, Lagpacan ran to another truck, which was stopping at the scene, for a fire extinguisher. The driver of that vehicle, Newby, 44, a youth pastor from Eaton, Colo., went with Lagpacan to the passenger side of Handley’s truck. When they were at a point about 15 feet opposite the door, and before they could activate their fire extinguishers, the truck’s cargo tank exploded, blowing them 20 feet away, off the roadway. Flames grew to engulf and destroy the vehicle. Handley died in the accident. Lagpacan was treated for smoke inhalation, and Newby severely injured his right leg, requiring three days’ hospitalization for treatment, including surgery.

Derrick M. Johnson, 51, an equipment operator from Circle Pines, Minn., rescued Galen H. Carlson from an attacking dog in St. Louis Park, Minn., on July 20, 2015. Carlson, 78, was walking his dog on a street when a 97-pound, adult pit bull charged them, knocking Carlson down. The pit bull mauled Carlson’s dog, killing it, and bit Carlson. Responding from a construction site nearby, Johnson found Carlson, bloodied, still on the pavement with the pit bull continuing its attack on him. Johnson grasped the dog and pulled it away from Carlson. He struck the dog’s head against the pavement and, using his weight, forced the dog’s body to the ground to immobilize Carlson.

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it. As the dog was fighting against him, Johnson shoved it away, but it remained at the scene, menacing the men. Johnson was using a wooden post in his attempts to ward off the dog when police officers responded shortly and helped him secure it.

**M. Neil Jones, Sr.,** 60, a valet supervisor from Binghampton, N.Y., helped to rescue Louis J. Cicci from an assault in Johnson City, N.Y., on March 31, 2014. Cicci, 42, a police officer, was attempting to arrest a deranged man who had just shot another officer on the street outside a hospital. The assailant took Cicci to the pavement, got onto his back, and struggled against him for his gun, and he managed to fire it. Cicci shouted for help. Jones, who worked at the hospital, witnessed the assault. He and a hospital security guard approached Cicci and the assailant and pulled the assailant off Cicci’s back. Although he had sustained multiple gunshot wounds himself, the assailant struggled against the men as they subdued him and Cicci put him in handcuffs. Jones suffered a heart attack shortly after the rescue and required hospitalization.

**Kaiden J. Porter-Foy,** 16, a high school student from Lake Stevens, Wash., rescued a neighbor, Gigi L. Hays, 54, from her burning house on Aug. 8, 2015. Hays was in the laundry room of the house as intense flames engulfed the adjoining kitchen and living room at night. In his home across the street, Kaiden saw the fire and immediately responded to the scene. Assuming the house was occupied, he went to its front door, but deteriorating conditions prevented his entering there. He circled to the back of the structure, entered a covered deck, and kicked in the back door, which opened to the laundry room. As dense smoke precluded visibility, he went to the floor, where he saw Hays about six feet into the room. Kaiden advanced to Hays and then dragged her from the structure. Kaiden recovered from minor burns to his arms.

**Jacob Scott Jones** rescued Albert L. Schneider and others from an assault in St. Helens, Ore., on March 27, 2015. Schneider, 75, approached a male neighbor, 71, who was on the street confronting a teenager. The man produced a pistol and shot Schneider in the stomach before Schneider wrested the gun away, both men falling to the pavement. Jones, 35, a carpenter, responded from his nearby residence. Not then knowing which of the men was the shooter, he took the pistol from Schneider and placed it in a nearby garage. Meanwhile, the assailant returned to his property. Jones followed him, intending to keep him at the scene, and then saw him remove a weapon from the trunk of his car. Jones immediately ran to him, took a pistol from his hand, and cast it aside. He then took the assailant to the pavement and pinned him there until police arrived shortly and arrested him.

Maintenance worker **Charles G. Gluckleder,** 56, of Steger, Ill., rescued Tyree Miller, Sr., 88, and his son Tyree Miller, Jr., 64, from their burning house in Chicago Heights, Ill., on Oct. 14, 2015. Miller and his son were on the second floor of their house after fire broke out there, causing Miller to collapse. His son started to drag him toward the stairs, but he too collapsed in the thick smoke. Gluckleder drove upon the scene and stopped to see if the burning house was occupied. He gained entry and ascended the stairs to the second floor, where the smoke precluded visibility and the heat was intense. Gropping, he found both men on the floor near the stairs. Although Miller’s son greatly outweighed Gluckleder, Gluckleder maneuvered him to the stairs and stumbled down them with him. He then returned to the second floor, grasped Miller by the legs, and dragged him downstairs. Gluckleder required hospital treatment for smoke inhalation.

New York City Police Officer **Christopher Canale,** of Farmingville, N.Y., saved Grace Robertson and John F. Weber, Jr., from a burning school bus in Manorville, N.Y., on Oct. 8, 2015. Robertson, 70, was the passenger of the small bus that, driven by Weber, 67, caught fire at its front end in a highway accident. Off duty and out of his department’s jurisdiction, Canale, 33, drove upon the scene, stopped, and pried open the bus’s passenger door. Despite 12-foot flames issuing from the engine area of the bus and heavy smoke inside, he entered the vehicle and, at a point about halfway back, found Robertson in
When I was about 10 years old, I purchased four goldfish at the W.T. Grant store in Nashua, N.H. I recall clearly they were 10 cents each. I took good care of them, giving them at first a common fishbowl and then an aquarium as they grew. I made the aquarium from four pieces of glass and a piece of Masonite, which I coated with aquarium sealer. It held water and served its purpose quite well.

In the spring of their third year as pets, I realized my fish needed more space. I asked the owner of the local telephone company if I could put them in the waterhole behind his house, figuring they would have a happy summer, though I expected it to be their last. He agreed, and I left my pets to enjoy the freedom and space of a pond. Throughout the summer, I went to the pond and occasionally saw two or three, and sometimes all four, of them swimming happily in their new home.

The next spring, I was amazed to find that the fish had not only survived the winter but had hatched a family. The young ones were small and varied in color greatly: silver and brown, orange and pink. The following spring, the pond flooded from runoff and formed an extension in the adjacent field. The goldfish seemed to enjoy the shallow water there with so much grass to swim among, and I think the water there was warmer even though it still had a few pieces of ice floating in it.

Intending to catch a few of the smaller goldfish for pets, I went to the pond on April 7, 1963. I was 14. There were two neighborhood boys there, younger than I, and they were attempting to sail a small raft that they had fashioned from an old wooden pallet and a large wooden spool. I watched as Bobby, the younger boy, took the raft on its maiden voyage. As the craft was top heavy, it tilted and quickly tipped over, dropping Bobby into 10-foot-deep water at a point about 25 feet from the bank. When Bobby surfaced, I saw a look on his face that is as vivid in my mind now as it was then, the look of ultimate panic and fear. He was almost instantly pulled back under by the weight of his wet clothing, his arms flailing in desperation. His friend Jimmy, who was standing to my left, was frozen, like a stone statue.

I had no control over what happened next. I quickly ripped off my jacket and dove head first into the pond. Although I was an excellent swimmer, I was not prepared for the shock of the almost freezing water. The muscles in my chest and abdomen instantly contracted, forcing almost every bit of air from my lungs. I swam to the overturned raft and managed to pull myself onto it, to my waist. After a brief moment, I was able to get a breath of air, and then I swam over to Bobby within a few seconds of his second submersion. I grabbed onto him, pulled him onto the raft, and then swam, pushing the raft to the bank. I still had my boots on, which slowed me considerably, and I remember feeling the strength draining from my body.

By the time we reached the bank, Bobby was breathing fairly well. We crawled out of the water and just lay there for a couple minutes. I helped Bobby get his wet coat off and wrapped mine around his shivering body. I realized I had no sense of feeling in my hands—they had been cold before, but this was a sensation I had never experienced. It was several minutes before I began to have a burning, tingling sensation in my fingers. It may seem unusual, but my hands have never been the same since. So often in cold weather, I notice numbness in my hands, and my fingers turn white easily.

Word travels fast in a small town. We had numerous telephone calls that afternoon and evening, one from a reporter for the local newspaper, which printed an account of the rescue. For two or three weeks people would mention it to me, and I would simply say, “We were both very fortunate.” I think Bobby and I were...
God's agent
(continued from page 14)

The only two ever aware of the true severity of the situation, although we never discussed it in detail. We didn't have to.

Almost two years after the event, I received a telephone call from a gentleman in Pittsburgh. He informed me that I had been awarded the Carnegie Medal, and news of the award traveled fast. At that time, I was a sophomore in high school, and the principal called me to the office to talk to a reporter and have my picture taken. The story appeared on the front page of the next day's paper.

For 53 years I have been reluctant to talk about the rescue, as it has had a deep and permanent effect on my life. At the very least, surviving it was a miracle; I came so close to death that day that I often think I did die. Since then I have looked at things very differently: I am much more aware of the fragility of human life and much more appreciative of other people and their individuality. I also lost something, the desire that most young people have to tease or torment their peers. My underlying feeling is that I was simply an agent of God for a brief period of time. He took control of my mind and body and the situation at hand and blessed me with a second chance on earth. I am not a hero. It was God's will. How can I take credit for that?

Along the outer edge of the Carnegie Medal are some words I often think about.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Was it love that made me dive into the freezing water? If so, I was unaware that I had it before that day. I do know that it would have been impossible for me to watch Bobby as he struggled for survival and that I would not have been able to live with myself if I didn't do all I could possibly do to prevent him from dying. I think the medal's inscription is correct and now accept that that type of love is a part of me, realizing that it was instilled by my parents, those who were influential in my childhood development, and the grace of God.

Mathews was awarded the medal in January 1965, and an accompanying financial grant and additional scholarship monies from the Hero Fund were used by him to attend Bentley College of Boston, Mass.
Robert Connelly’s heroism still resonates through Kiwanis medal bearing his name

Friday, Sept. 23, 1966, was Kiwanis Kids Day in Chicago, Ill., and its suburbs, and the 105 area clubs of the worldwide service organization were combining manpower to sell peanuts in a one-day blitz to raise funds for their youth services activities. It fell to Robert P. Connelly, a 34-year-old sales engineer, to volunteer for the activity at the Lisle, Ill., commuter train station during the morning rush hour. Connelly, a Marine veteran with combat service in Korea, was a resident of Lisle, where he served as a village trustee and was a member of the Lisle Kiwanis Club.

At 7:30 on that warm morning 50 years ago, Connelly was on the platform when he saw 20-year-old Nancy M. Notto on the plank walkway that crossed the tracks through the station. A secretary on her way to work, she had mobility difficulties that required her to use a cane. When she appeared to hesitate in the path of an approaching train—witnesses reported that she became rigid with fright and remained rooted in place—Connelly ran 25 feet from the platform to her, put an arm around her, and began to squat as if to lift her. Traveling in excess of 35 m.p.h., the train was unable to stop in time and struck both, inflicting fatal injuries.

The Hero Fund soon learned of Connelly's actions through news accounts, and his nomination for the Carnegie Medal was supported by both the local Kiwanis Club and Kiwanis International. In early 1967, Connelly was posthumously awarded a silver Carnegie Medal, which was given to his widow along with a monthly grant that continued for eight years. Connelly also left a daughter, 13.

Moved by his heroism, Kiwanis International announced at its 1967 convention in Houston that Connelly, “by his unselfish action…put tremendous and dramatic meaning into the phrase ‘personal involvement.’ This man was the epitome of all that Kiwanis strives to be.” The Kiwanians posthumously recognized Connelly with an award that would henceforth bear his name: The Robert P. Connelly Medal of Heroism. Since its inception that year, more than 600 individuals have been recognized for risking their lives while “accepting personal responsibility in an effort to save the life of another human being.” A nominee for the medal need not be a Kiwanian.
Primary awarding requirements for the Connelly Medal are similar to those of the Carnegie Medal in that the nominee must risk physical harm or death in the effort to save the life of another human being when he or she “might just as well pass along the way.” Further, the Connelly nominee must not have official responsibility for the rescue effort—such as public safety officers and firefighters who perform rescues in the normal performance of duty. Nominees’ acts of heroism are to be performed in a civilian context, with those by members of the armed forces carrying out their duties considered ineligible. There can be no familial relationship between the nominee and the person rescued, and the acts of heroism must be called to the attention of Kiwanis International within five years of their occurrence.

Those recognized receive a bronze medal bearing Connelly’s image that is affixed to a walnut plaque with the inscription, “for service beyond the call of duty,” along with the recipient’s name. A financial grant may accompany the award, which is given to individuals around the world.

Connelly is not the only person to have received both the medal that bears his name and the Carnegie Medal. Within the past six years alone, there have been five awardees of both medals:


**Douglas D. Killingbeck**, who died attempting to save a teenage boy from drowning in the Huron River at Milford, Mich., on May 21, 2011.


**David A. Benke**, who saved an indeterminate number of people from an armed assailant at a middle school in Littleton, Colo., on Feb. 23, 2010.

—Jeffrey A. Dooley, Investigations Manager

Karen A. Killingbeck, left, of Milford, Mich., and Janet L. Zernhelt of Northampton, Pa., display the Robert P. Connelly Medal of Heroism that was posthumously awarded to each of their husbands, Douglas D. Killingbeck and Steven P. Zernhelt. Also awarded the Carnegie Medal, each man died in a heroic lifesaving attempt.
MEDAL AWARDED POSTHUMOUSLY

Janice M. Hoffman of Mt. Juliet, Tenn., accepted the Carnegie Medal awarded posthumously to her husband, Wayne L. Hoffman, from Charles S. Harris, right, at a reception on July 9 in Mt. Juliet. Friends and family from Minnesota to Florida were in attendance, including Wayne Hoffman’s younger brother, Bruce Hoffman, also pictured, of Lincoln, Neb.

The award was given in recognition of Wayne Hoffman’s sacrificial actions of Dec. 23, 2014. That afternoon, he and his wife were walking their dog at a resort in Tofte, on the shore of Lake Superior at the northeast tip of Minnesota, where they were vacationing. They saw another guest at the resort, a 40-year-old man, walk from the swimming pool facility and sit on a ledge about six feet above the surface of the lake. When they next saw him, he was struggling in the rough, 36-degree water, unable to return to the ledge. Hoffman, 66, lay and reached for the man but was pulled into the water. Both men drifted from shore and drowned.

“He was the kind of guy who would help anyone with no thought whatsoever for his own safety,” his wife later told a reporter. “He was my hero,” his brother Bruce said. “The things he did in his life I tried to copy, or live like he lived.”

In memory of her husband, and out of gratitude for the kindnesses shown to her at the time of his death by the Cook County (Minn.) Sheriff’s Department, Mrs. Hoffman donated the Carnegie award’s financial grant to that department, asking that it be used in some way to help save the lives of others. Sheriff Patrick Eliasen told her the grant would supplement gear and training for emergency responders in a way that would honor Hoffman’s sacrifice.

Harris’s rescue act was also water-related. In 1962 at age 21, he entered a car that had submerged in a deep creek to save an 8-year-old girl from drowning and attempt to save her older sister. He was awarded the medal the following year.

HELP WANTED

The Hero Fund is currently seeking Carnegie Medal recipients to volunteer as in-person medal presenters for new awardees. The volunteers represent the Commission in delivering the medal to those awardees named within their geographic areas, assisting when available and with the consent of the newly named awardee. Executive Director Eric P. Zahren said that the Hero Fund is specifically interested in presenters in the Midwest, Mountain, and West Coast regions of the U.S. and in all of the Canadian provinces and territories. Travel expenses are reimbursed by the Commission.

Those wanting to know more about the volunteer program are asked to contact Zahren by email: eric@carnegiehero.org
The following week, he put his lesson into practice. Taking my uncle, who was a teenager, and my mother, who was five years her brother’s junior, to a local swimming hole, he showed that his words would become prophetic. As my grandfather, then 39, taught my mother to swim, my uncle was trying to rescue a girl nearby who was showing signs of distress in the water. After my uncle’s fruitless attempt, my grandfather went to assist her. Both he and the young woman drowned as he attempted to save her, with my mother and uncle looking on.

I rarely saw my grandmother cry, but when I did, she was clutching a blue box. That box housed a medal, something I would come to know as a symbol of heroism and honor, and it impacted the entire course of my life from the day I saw it. With tears in her eyes, my grandma would remove the medal from its case and recall the events of that fateful day in 1956. She never failed to stress the importance to me of my grandfather’s actions and the incredible reward she received in his stead because of it.

My grandmother was given the Carnegie Medal because of my grandfather’s selfless actions, and in my life, the word “hero” has come to mean something that is hard to put into words. It means more than what it’s used for in movies and on television, I’ve come to find out. A hero is an everyday person who has extraordinary moral content and who will go above and beyond their own limits to help others.

Ten years ago, I worked in a nursing home facility. One occasion, I passed by a patient’s door and felt my breath catch as I saw his name. I entered unsure of what I might encounter. At the window sat a small, elderly man who greeted me with a beautiful smile. Upon speaking with him, I found that I was not incorrect in my memories of the name—he had been a good friend of my grandfather and was also his minister. I watched him as his eyes seemed to come alive as he spoke of his departed, dear friend. He had such fond memories of him and also remembered sadly the action my grandfather had taken. Taking my hand in his, he smiled and told me to always follow in the footsteps of my grandpa: to help, to give, to reach out—even if it doesn’t seem to be in your own best interests. I was trusted to be the light in the darkness to any I could reach.

It was only after spending time with that elderly gentleman that I began to truly understand what my grandfather’s life and death meant. I believe hearing it from someone who wasn’t a family member, and yet still held him in such high regard, garnered my attention and set me on a journey to follow in my grandfather’s footsteps, even if I were to do so in small ways. Being a hero isn’t a job that comes easily. However, I believe that everyone can be a hero on some scale. Both my mother and grandmother attempted to carry on the legacy of heroism my grandfather had so bravely given us, and they were both able to help so many in their lifetimes.

I remember seeing my mother deliver meals to those in need from our own meager supply of food, and I questioned why. Her answer forever remained the same: She would always remind me to go however far you must for your fellow man and to remember that some sacrifices were far greater than our own—something she learned long ago.

Being the granddaughter of a hero is humbling. J. Walter Reeder was nothing less than a great man, and still to this day, I hear local folks talk of his gentle nature, his kindness, and his boundless love for all people. That speaks volumes to me. I’m proud to have such an incredible legacy to follow in and hopefully pass on to my own children.

The Carnegie Hero Fund has truly touched the lives of those in my family, and we are forever grateful for their kindness towards us, even in present day. I hope that everyone can learn from the heroes they honor and see that we are all called to help one another: See a need, reach out, and you too can be a hero to someone.
GRAVE MARKERS Bronze grave markers (below), cast in the likeness of the Carnegie Medal, are available at no cost to the families of deceased awardees. They are designed for mounting on stone or bronze memorials. Contact Susan Rizza (susan@carnegiehero.org) or write her at the address given below.

MEDAL REFINISHING The Hero Fund will refinish Carnegie Medals at no cost to the owner. The medals are to be sent to the Hero Fund’s office by insured, registered mail. Allow a month for the process. The contact is Jo Braun (jo@carnegiehero.org).

OBITUARIES Written accounts of the awardee’s life, such as contained in an obituary, are sought for addition to the awardee’s page on the Commission’s website. Contact Chris Foreman (chris@carnegiehero.org).

ANNUAL REPORTS Copies of the Hero Fund’s most recent annual reports (2013-2014) are available by contacting Gloria Barber (gloria@carnegiehero.org).

A CENTURY OF HEROES The centennial book describing the first 100 years of the Hero Fund is available through the Commission’s website (www.carnegiehero.org).

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