

PATHFINDER

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Gallantry



HERO HAWKS, from Minnesota, swings low and holds on as President clasps Medal of Honor.

Into the White House they trooped, a little group of war heroes there for their medals. Most stepped forward briskly to meet the President, then snapped to attention. All but Pfc. Lloyd C. Hawks, from Park Rapids, Minn.—he just swung along on crutches, a stiff leg dangling. Somehow, he stole the show.

His citation, like the others, was an epic of guts and gallantry. He had crawled into no-man's-land near Carano, Italy, to give first aid to three wounded comrades 30 yards from a German machine gun nest. Bullets shattered his thigh, another burst got his arm. But he gritted his teeth, finished the job, saved his buddies' lives.

As Hero Hawks ducked and hung from his crutches, President Roosevelt, reached up and clasped the Congressional Medal of Honor about his neck. "You'll soon be using that leg again," FDR told him cheerfully.

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