ADJUTANTS CALL

BY PAUL E. KENNEY

PREFACE

My purpose in writing this story is to record my experiences during World War II, and other events in my life, that might be of interest to my children, grandchildren, and friends.

I have included a brief history of the war in Europe to tell what was taking place in the world at that time, thus providing a background for my story. Knowing that the history of World War II, as taught in schools today, is given in very little detail, perhaps my personal view will be more interesting and more enlightening to my readers.

I hope that my words will convey some understanding of the terrible fear, the horrors, the deprivations, and suffering of war, experienced by the civilian population as well as the combatants.

My other hope is that you will support peaceful solutions to conflicts in your personal lives and in our world.

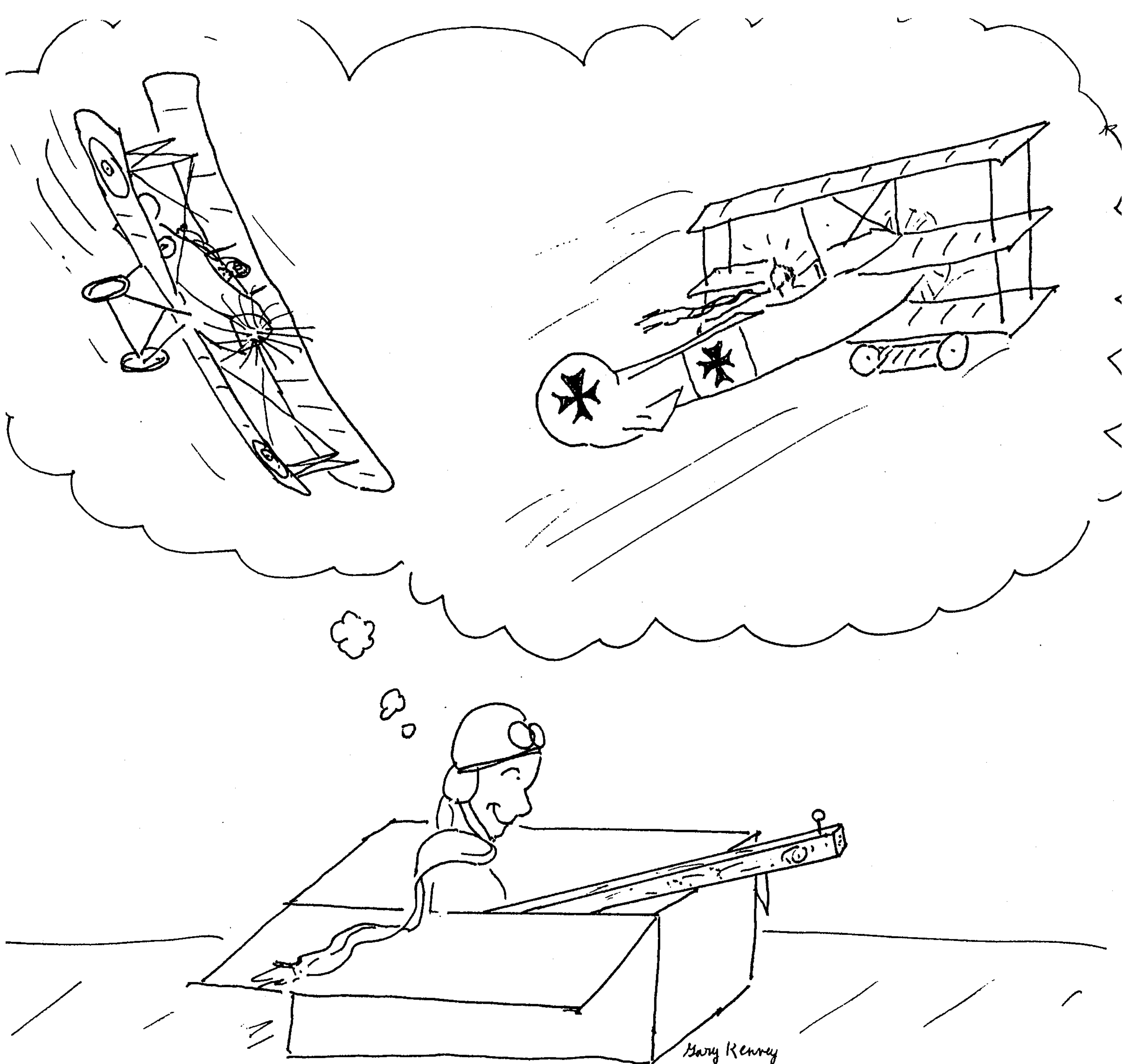
Paul E. Kenney
July 1999

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction--1
My Story---2
Events Leading To World War II-----------------------4
World War II---7
My Military Training---------------------------------9
My Diary---17
Bombing Missions-------------------------------------20
Evading The Enemy----------------------------------23
At The Roadblock-------------------------------------30
In Prison At Lille---------------------------------------30
The Circus Train--------------------------------------31
Violins Of Autumn-----------------------------------33
Evangeline---35
Baseball---36
The Medicine Show------------------------------------38
Leaving Lille--40
Dulag Luft--40
Who's On First---41
Stalag Luft III Prison Camp---------------------------42
Night Pilots---43
Soup's On---45
Honey Wagon---45
Ferrets---46
All This And Rabbit Stew-------------------------------47
Lots Of Cheese---47
Digging Out Stumps-------------------------------------48
The Sting Of The Mosquito----------------------------48
The Last Blitzkrieg-------------------------------------48

TABLE OF CONTENTS, Continued

Christmas of 1944--49
Adjutant's Call---50
Sagan To Spremberg--53
Nuernberg---53
Twenty-four Hour Raid-------------------------------------53
Easter Sunday--54
Between Nuernberg and Mooseburg-----------------------54
Diary---55
Cakes and Coffee---56
Around The Bend---56
Gypsy Wagon--57
Mooseburg---58
Leaving Mooseburg---59
Diary---61
The End Of World War II----------------------------------62
After the War--64
Our family---68
Closing---72
Glossary--73
The formation of The 8th Air Force-----------------------75
Army Records and Newspaper Clippings



It started as a low hum and then the sound increased in volume until the whole building shook with the vibrations of the well-tuned Hispano-Suiza engine. The pitch of the sound rose and fell as the pilot buzzed the aerodrome. It was the German ace, the Red Baron, in his newest tri-wing fighter plane, challenging the "Hat in the Ring" squadron to come up and fight—especially Captain Eddie (Rickenbacker) who was the greatest of all the American aces. Captain Eddie rose from his bed, dressed hastily in his leather flying gear, dashed out to his French-built Spad, and was soon in the air for the "Dawn Patrol".

Suddenly, the bell rang and recess was over. Our "planes" were dismantled and stored away in the janitor's room only to fly another day. The "Red Baron" had escaped again.

PAUL E. KENNEY, MY STORY

The Great War (the "war to end all wars") was over on November 11, 1918, three months before I was born. My mother and dad were greatly relieved, as was everyone, because dad had registered for the draft but had not yet been called up for military service.

I was born on February 5, 1919 in Lansing, Michigan at my maternal grandparents' home on River Street. In 1914, grandpa Lenon had sold his farm in Diamondale and bought property in Lansing so that his extended family could live close to one another. My father was in the process of building our home on a double lot at the end of River Street on the bank of the Red Cedar. Every payday he purchased building materials, and added to the house. The property was never mortgaged. Although the house wasn't completed, we moved into it in the spring of 1922. My brother, Bob, was born a few months later on August 20th. My youngest brother, Gerald, was born on April 8, 1927.

Our house was a large two-story frame Dutch colonial with twelve rooms and porches across the entire front and back. For several winters before the furnace was installed in the cellar, we used a wood-burning stove in the dining room to heat the house.

While dad was building the house, an itinerant carpenter, Charles Kelling (we called him Kelly), arrived on the scene. My parents allowed him to build a small one-room building on the back of our lot. This was his house and workroom. Kelly helped dad build our house, and did odd jobs around the neighborhood. In those days, cars had wooden frames. He specialized in replacing damaged frames using his hand tools. Kelly lived on the property for about twenty-five years until he died during World War II.

Dad worked for the Express Company for many years. The name changed several times from the Adams Express Company to Wells Fargo Express Company to American Express Company, and finally to the Railway Express Agency. While we were growing up, he was a night foreman. Later, as the economy improved and business increased, he became a cashier. At that time, a pound package could be sent anywhere in the United States for twenty-five cents. Dad chose to work for the Express Company for two reasons. First his brother, our Uncle Bob, worked there, and second, he was especially fond of horses. He started out as a teamster, driving the big horses that pulled the Wells Fargo wagons.

As I grew older, I helped my dad landscape the large yard. Along the riverbank was a fence. In front of that were lilac and spirea bushes and a long garden of beautiful huge irises. Tulips and daffodils blossomed each spring. In the summer, a large round bed of tall red cannas bloomed profusely. A weeping willow tree, "wild iris", and a moss rose were planted near the fish pool, which dad had built. The goldfish grew to be eight or ten inches in length. Sometimes we raised tadpoles and frogs in the pool, too.

Mother's older brother, Uncle Fred, Aunt "Babe" (Lydia) and their four daughters lived next door. In 1924, mother's younger brother, Uncle Jesse, married Aunt Olive and moved into the house that he had built next to Uncle Fred's.

In front of our house was a fire hydrant. When I was a small child, mother explicitly told me never to touch the fireplug under any circumstances. I thought that she implied that touching the hydrant was not only a crime, but also a cardinal sin. I was sure that a policeman must be nearby watching me, ready to jump out and arrest me if I touched it. Since then, I've always given fireplugs a wide berth.

There were many children in our neighborhood. I enjoyed playing baseball, swimming in Moore's pool, going to the circus, playing "Blacksmith" (similar to "Capture the Flag") on summer evenings, and helping out in grandpa Lenon's general store which was a block away on Cedar Street.

In spite of my mother's fears and warnings about the nearby railroad tracks and the river, I had a carefree childhood, unaware of what was happening in other parts of the world that would later have a great effect on my life.

This is a picture of my family, taken in 1923. From left to right: My mother, Bertha Lenon Kenney, me, at age four, my brother, Bob, one year old, and my father, Myron Edward Kenney.

EVENTS LEADING TO WORLD WAR II

At the end of the war (later called World War I), the German High Command of the army felt that they were let down by the German politicians. In truth, they were defeated by the superior power of the allied armies of Great Britain, France, Italy, the United States, and others.

With the abdication of Kaiser Wilhelm II and his flight to Holland in 1918, a provisional government was set up under the dictates of the Versailles Treaty. Germany had a history of "warlike" leaders, and had, for the past two hundred years, conquered other countries without wars being fought on German soil.

In the 1920s, the people in the United States were experiencing prosperity, but in Germany, after World War I, acute problems of unemployment and inflation caused great suffering. The German mark was reduced in value so much that it took millions of marks to buy a loaf of bread.

At this point, Adolf Hitler arrived on the scene with his attempt to establish the "Third Reich" (or government). Born in 1889, Hitler, a comic figure with a "Charlie Chaplin" mustache, had been a tramp in Vienna in his youth, an unknown anti-social private during World War I, and a derelict in Munich in post World War I days. His plans were clearly outlined in his book, Mein Kampf, (meaning "my struggle"), which was written in the 1920s while Hitler was in prison and became required reading for the German people.

****

From Kindergarten through sixth grade, I attended Christiancy Street Elementary School. I will always remember the classrooms—the rows of desks—wooden tops with iron bases bolted to the floor and the smell of chalk dust and the oil that was used on the creaky, wooden floors. My mother had attended Christiancy when the school first opened in 1915, after transferring there from Townsend Street School.

In the winter of 1925-1926, I had scarlet fever, measles, and then my tonsils removed. During my bout with scarlet fever, I was quarantined in our home with my mother, grandmother, and brother, Bob. There was a big "Quarantine" sign on our house, and no one was allowed to go in or out, except the doctor. Dad stayed nearby at grandpa's house. They brought groceries to us. From my bed, I watched my mother burn all of my toys in the wood-burning stove to prevent the infection from spreading.

I remember one cold winter day, probably around 1929, when mother helped Bob and me dress for school. We wore flannel shirts, wool knickers, and black stockings held up by garters over our long underwear, slipover sweaters, heavy black shoes, galoshes, wool jackets, stocking caps, mittens, and big wool scarves which were wrapped around and around our faces, covering all but our eyes. We were so bundled up we had to waddle like penguins toward school. When we were a half block from school, the janitor came out of his house and told us to go back home. It was twenty degrees below zero, and the school was closed. We did not play outdoors that day.

Our yard was about ten or twelve feet above the normal water level of the river. One winter, as the ice began to thaw, huge blocks of ice piled up against the wooden pilings of the railroad bridge and threatened to knock it over. Men with poles tried to break up the ice jam, but were unable to do it. Next, they backed a train engine onto the bridge to weigh it down. Then it was necessary to break up the pile of ice with explosives. This resulted in a shower of huge chunks of ice flying throughout the neighborhood. The ice bombarded our back yard in the exact place where we had been standing only moments before.

For seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, I walked a mile to Walter French Junior High School at the corner of Mount Hope Avenue and Cedar Street. Except in bad weather, I went home for lunch. On the way home after school, as I passed Mr. High's butcher shop and the A. & P. grocery store (these were the days before supermarkets), I often purchased meat and groceries for mother. She preferred "ground beef" to "hamburger". Ground beef was fifteen cents a pound.

My Uncle Jesse, who is fifteen years older than I am, had a Model T Ford. Often, he would let me take the wheel and drive for a few blocks. On one occasion after turning into his driveway, I ran into the cement steps head-on, and thought I had destroyed the whole front end of the car. Fortunately, the Model T was very solid, and there was no damage. Later, when I was seventeen, I received my driver's license. At that time, all that was required was a signed statement that I had driven fifty miles under supervision.

****

I was in junior high school when the Third Reich in Germany was officially established on January 30, 1933. Hitler boasted that it would endure for a thousand years. It lasted twelve years and four months, but in that short period of time, violence and cruelty were practiced on a scale, which had never been experienced before in the history of civilization.

Hitler, an Austrian with a gift for public speaking, was able to mesmerize and coerce the German people into becoming the aggressors in World War II. By July 14,1933, he had suppressed all other political parties, particularly the communists, and declared the Nazi party the only political party in Germany. Nazi is an abbreviation of National Socialist German Workingman's Party (Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartel: initials NSDAO). The nickname, Nazi, came from the German pronunciation of the first two syllables of the word National.

As soon as he took control, Hitler promised the repudiation of the Versailles Treaty which was signed at the end of World War I, and which prohibited Germany from rearming. He reintroduced conscription to form a "peacetime army", and started the rearmament of Germany. Road building and munitions factories were the cause of a fall in unemployment from six million in January 1933, to two and a half million in December 1934. In 1935, there was an acute labor shortage. Although everyone was employed, wages were low, deliberately held down in order to put national resources into a powerful military force.

In October 1933, Germany withdrew from the League of Nations supposedly in protest that other nations were not dis-arming as they had forced Germany to do.

At the height of his success, Hitler controlled the greater part of the European continent. Preaching his doctrine of the "Master race" or "Aryan" race, Hitler convinced many of the German people that they were superior to all other people. Joseph Goebbels was appointed minister of public enlightenment and propaganda on March 13, 1933. Jews, gypsies, mentally and physically handicapped persons were to be "eliminated". In 1934, a totalitarian police state was begun under Heinrich Himmler, and enforced by the police and the dreaded, ruthless, and vicious SS troops, Hitler's private army. Schools, universities, the press, theater, churches, and the arts were all forced to follow Nazi regulations. Dissenters were executed. Policies were upheld by a system of terror. Many Protestant ministers were arrested and were ill-treated for refusing to teach the Nazi doctrine. Many died in prison.

The youth were indoctrinated with the Nazi ideology through the schools and the compulsory Hitler Youth Movement. Parents with anti-Nazi sentiments were in danger of being reported by their own children.

The Jewish people were the main target of Hitler's "extermination" policies and were treated the worst. They were prevented from entering the professions, and from government service, and they were deprived of all rights. Their property was confiscated, and they were sent to ghettos. Later, they were rounded up and sent to death camps. Of the 8,300,000 Jews who lived in Germany and other European countries at the beginning of the war, 6,000,000 were either killed or died of starvation or disease.

****

In September 1934, I started high school at Lansing Eastern. I was interested in the social sciences and French. Mr. Sage, an excellent teacher, taught us French history, culture, and geography, as well as the language. Although I was not at the top of the class academically, I was able to retain a great deal from his teaching that would prove to be of use to me later.

I remember one winter day looking out the school's stairwell between classes, and seeing smoke still rising from a huge fire. This proved to be the tragic fire at the Kerns Hotel in downtown Lansing, which was about a mile away. The fire had started during the night. There were no sprinklers in the rooms, and some people, who were unable to get out, had jumped out of the windows onto the ice in the Grand River. That day, many died.

I graduated from high school in June of 1937. At that time, many people were unemployed because of the depression. I was fortunate to find a job at Walsh's grocery warehouse. I was saving money for college. Walsh's employees were paid twelve dollars for a six-day workweek, amounting to twenty-five cents an hour. Some of the men who worked there were supporting families. Lifting heavy cases of canned goods and carrying one hundred-pound sacks of beet sugar was heavy work.

The most important thing in my life happened in the summer of 1938. Mutual friends, Chuck May and Edna Smith, introduced me to my future wife, Dorothy Leathers. She, her mother, and two sisters, Mary Alice and Sylvia, lived in East Lansing on Park Lane, four blocks from the Michigan State

College campus. Her father had died in 1929, and her mother supported the family. Mrs. Leathers was a professor of Spanish at the college. At that time, there was a different pay scale for women. Her mother earned about half the salary that men did.

Dorothy and I were able to walk to many activities in East Lansing and on the campus. We often "double dated" with Chuck and Edna on Saturday evenings and went to a twenty-five cent movie at the State Theater. Sometimes we "splurged" on hot fudge sundaes, malted milk shakes, or sodas at Matthews Ice Cream Parlor. Other special treats were the huge, five-cent, double-dip ice cream cones from the college dairy. Butter pecan was our favorite flavor. We also enjoyed canoeing on the Red Cedar River. Mother and dad usually took our car and went dancing on Saturday evenings. Sometimes, dad let me drive our 1937 Ford V-8 on Friday or Sunday.

****

On the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, Italy, led by Dictator Mussolini, invaded East Africa in 1935. The League of Nations had condemned Mussolini's actions, but did nothing to help the embattled Ethiopians. This showed Hitler that the League of Nations had no power.

Germany and Italy became allies In October 1936 when the Rome-Berlin Axis was established. A year later, Germany and Japan were linked as allies.

In March 1938, Hitler's armies marched into Austria and took over without a battle. Next came Czechoslovakia. The Czechs gave up without a fight. At that time, Hitler assured Chamberlain, the British Prime Minister, that he would have no more territorial demands in Europe.

WORLD WAR II

Hitler had signed a non-aggression treaty with Poland in January of 1934. Dorothy and I entered Michigan State College (later called Michigan State University), on September 1, 1939, the same day that German forces attacked Poland. Within three, days the Luftwaffe (the Nazi Air Force) had destroyed the Polish Air Force and switched their attacks to railroads and lines of communication. Poland was conquered in thirty-five days. After Poland fell, Hitler became convinced of his own infallibility and pushed ahead with his plans. England and France then declared war on Germany.

****

My first introduction to the military was as a R. O. T. C. (Reserve Officer Training Corps) cadet, assigned to the Field Artillery. It was obvious that our country lacked the equipment to carry on a war. As we rode on caissons or marched on the dusty field to the music of the military band playing a John Philip Sousa march, many students, including Dorothy, came out to watch.

History was my favorite subject, and Dr. Fields, my professor, was one of the country's leading authorities. Unfortunately, we were not studying the causes of World War II, as I would have preferred, but ancient world history. Dorothy's mother, Mrs. Alice Leathers, was my Spanish professor. She had very high expectations for her students, and the fact that I was a friend of her daughter did not made any difference.

****

In Europe, from late September until the spring of 1940, Hitler made no further attacks. However, on April 9, 1940, the conquest of Norway and Denmark began. This was to safeguard the vital iron ore supply route from northern Sweden. The Luftwaffe achieved another triumph by flying parachute and air borne troops to Oslo and Stavanger to supply invading forces.

The invasion of the Netherlands, Belgium, and France began on May 10, 1940. The Dutch and Belgian armies surrendered before the end of May. The most savage attack at this stage of the war was the three-hour bombing and destruction of Rotterdam after the Netherlands had surrendered.

German exploitation of territories was ruthless. Resources and assets were seized. People were treated as inferior races fit only to serve as slaves in accordance with Nazi teaching. People in leadership positions and all Jews were put to death. Russian, Polish, French, and other laborers were rounded up and sent to Germany. Nearly five million workers were recruited in this way. They were treated as slaves and lived in appalling conditions.

Underground resistance movements operated in France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and other occupied countries. Members risked their lives to help downed airmen and to sabotage bridges, railroads, munitions storage, and other strategic targets. The Nazis were brutal in their attempt to stamp out this opposition.

The allied armies of France and England moved up to the German borders to face the Nazi armies. German armored forces concentrated on breaking through the hilly and lightly defended Ardennes sector of the front. This proved to be the key to victory for the Nazis. The French and British troops were cut off from their lines of supply and communication and they were driven into the sea at Dunkerque. Many were taken prisoner, and others were evacuated across the channel to England. Hundreds of civilian boats of all descriptions came to their rescue, saving thousands of lives.

France surrendered on June 22, 1940. Germany occupied the northern half of France, but later took over all of France. When the British didn't agree to a peace treaty, Hitler ordered preparations for the invasion of Britain.

After World War I, there had been an overwhelming desire on the part of the people of the United States to keep out of war in Europe, but after Hitler conquered France, sentiments began to change. In June of 1940, 64% of the American people favored military training. The Selective Service and Training Bill was passed in September 1940. Congress also passed the Lend Lease Bill in March 1941 to help supply armaments and food to the enemies of Hitler.

During 1941, the Nazis sank many United States Merchant Marine vessels carrying supplies to Europe and launched torpedoes against U. S. destroyers.

Six weeks after the fall of France, on August 8, 1940, the Nazis began an attack named operation "Sea Lion". They bombed British airfields, aircraft factories, and radar stations. The Germans suffered heavy aircraft losses. The fact that the Royal Air Force had radar, and Germany didn't, helped greatly in England's defensive battle. At the end of the month, the Luftwaffe shifted their attacks to London to destroy British morale. This was a big mistake.

On September 7th, 1940, four hundred Nazi aircraft bombed London, and forty were shot down. By the last daylight raid on London on September 30th, the Germans had given up hope of invading Britain that year. Starting in October of 1940, the Nazis made night attacks on London, inflicting heavy damage and many casualties.

In the spring of 1941, the Luftwaffe switched most of its strength to the Russian campaign and to the Mediterranean, invading and occupying Yugoslavia and Greece in April. Hitler expected to defeat Russia in six to eight weeks. During the surprise attack on June 22nd, 1941, the Soviets lost nearly five thousand aircraft, and the Russian armies were pushed back to Moscow. Hitler was so sure of victory that he refused to provide winter clothing and equipment for his troops. He would not listen to the army leaders and assumed direct command of the armies himself, making many errors of judgment and often reversing his own decisions. By December 1941, Hitler realized that his plan for a short Russian campaign had failed.

MY MILITARY TRAINING

Public controversy about whether to be involved in or to stay out of the war ended on December 7, 1941, with the Japanese bombing of our navy at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. This was a devastating blow. Three battleships were destroyed, and sixteen other vessels were either sunk or disabled. There were about three thousand casualties, and many planes were demolished.

On December 8, the United States declared war on Japan. After Pearl Harbor, the Japanese attacked the Philippines, Wake, Guam, and the Midway Islands in the Pacific.

Hitler, who greatly underestimated our resources, declared war on the United States. The American people were united in the war effort. The Army and Navy quickly began their recruiting and training programs. Airplanes and battleships were built on a massive scale. Unlike the situation in Germany, American women willingly went to work in munitions factories and shipyards, working around the clock in eight-hour shifts.

Gasoline, tires, shoes, meat, sugar, and other foods were rationed. War production replaced the manufacturing of automobiles and appliances for household use.

****

I had already enlisted in the Army Air Corps. The draft had begun in 1940, and I wanted to get my required year of military service behind me. The one-year turned into five years of active duty.

I had left home on October 25th, 1941, and reported to the induction center at Kalamazoo, Michigan, for my physical examination. Recruits were being processed very quickly, assembly line style. I spent a day in line in my shorts, being poked and jabbed with injections and having every orifice examined.

Then, I was sent to Fort Custer near Battle Creek, Michigan. I was issued uniforms and was there for two weeks. While waiting for assignment, I worked on a crew, cleaning the ducts of coal-fired furnaces in the barracks. I was awakened in the middle of the night and asked why I wasn't on the train to Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, to join the Signal Corps. I had missed the train because no one had told me that I was assigned to go. This was a lucky break for me because I was able to join the Air Force, which I preferred. For my error, I was put on K. P. (kitchen police) for a week, scrubbing pots and pans.

I volunteered for the Air Force and was sent to Sheppard Field at Wichita Falls, Texas, on November 5,1941. The Pullman train was packed with about two hundred new recruits.

I met Rolfe Weil on the train and played gin rummy with him. Rolfe was a German national. He and his brother had been forced to join the Hitler Youth organization. As members of this group they were required to take an oath which follows: "In the presence of this blood banner (the Nazi flag), which represents our Fuhrer , I swear to devote all my energies and my strength to the savior of our country, Adolph Hitler. I am willing to give my life for him, so help me God."

Rolf never heard from his parents, and they were presumed dead after the fall of France. His father had been a German general in World War I. As Hitler came to power and, because they were Jewish, and aware of Hitler's treatment of Jews, the whole family escaped to France. There his father became a general in the French army during World War II. The boys were fortunate to be able to go to the United States in 1939 and live with their grandmother in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Because he could type Rolfe was given a job in the office. He had been drafted, but he could not receive a promotion or a commission Because he was a German national. Later, he learned that, after spending a required length of time in the service, he could apply for United States citizenship, which he did. After this was granted, he was able to attend officers' training school. Rolfe became a 2nd Lieutenant in a glider unit of the U. S. Army.

In September of 1944, Rolfe and my brother, Bob, were both stationed in England (Rolfe in the 17th Airborne Division and Bob in the 11th Armored Division). Rolfe was able to locate my brother and went to see him. I have kept in touch with Rolfe over the years.

As soon as I arrived at Sheppard Field, I applied for an appointment as an aviation cadet. I was accepted in December 1941, and waited until July 3, 1942, to start my pilot training. I never had basic training because of the lack of facilities and time.

Sheppard Field was still under construction. I was assigned to the 76th materiel squadron as a fireman. I was a Private, earning $21.00 a month. This was later raised to $30.00. I worked twenty-four hour shifts on the "crash wagon" or "meat wagon". During the time I was there, there were no plane crashes, but there were two fires. One was in the kitchen at the officers' mess, which was really a "mess" after the burning steaks had been sprayed with fire-fighting foam. The operation was "overdone" as well as the steaks. The other fire was a grass fire, which was easily controlled. Trained civilian firemen were in charge, since we were all inexperienced.

In the spring of 1942, I was assigned to help landscape the Squadron Headquarters. The first Sergeant and I "borrowed" the Squadron Commander's car, went out in the countryside and dug up Salt Cedar shrubs, which we planted around the building. Other plants were purchased and set out. A row of stones outlined the beds.

In one of the hangers on the base, comedian, Bob Hope, and his group which consisted of singers, dancers, a band, and the funny Jerry Colona, entertained us one Saturday night. Bob picked a man from the audience to go up on the stage. The crowd hooted and howled when Bob joked with him about the commanding officers and about army life. Another man was chosen to dance the "jitter bug" with one of his chorus girls. For many years, Bob Hope entertained service men all around the world and was very much appreciated.

That same spring, I had a ten-day leave, and I went home to see my family. I told them that I had been accepted for flight training. They were very upset by this news.

The 8th Air Force was organized as part of the Army Air Corps in Savannah, Georgia, in January 1942. (See the Appendix for an article on the formation of the 8th Air Force, which I wrote in 1946 while I was assigned to Public Relations at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio.)

****

From the beginning of 1942, the Allied Air Forces steadily increased their bombing attacks. The thousand-bomber raid on Cologne, Germany took place on the night of May 30, 1942. In July of 1943 Hamburg was devastated. From November 1943 until February 1944 the Royal Air Force dropped 22,000 tons of explosives on Berlin. Hitler had made an error in judgement. He might have made great gains by building up his submarine forces. However, by the end of 1943, Germany had lost the battle of the Atlantic.

The defeats at El Alamein and Stalingrad in 1942 brought a turning point in the war. Hitler's character and way of life changed. He isolated himself more and more from reality and refused to read reports of defeats. His secretary, Martin Bormann, shielded him from any unpleasant news. Hitler became dependent on his physician, Theodor Morell, and the injections he supplied. Although ill, he remained in charge of the Nazi party and the army, exercising an almost hypnotic control over his subordinates.

The United States began testing the use of daylight bombing using B-17 Flying Fortresses and B-24 Liberators. These planes were faster than British bombers and had a greater ability to defend themselves against an attack. They carried smaller bomb loads, but the daylight and the use of the Nordon Bomb Sight afforded greater precision.

The first American daylight attack was made on the railroad yards in Rouen in occupied France on August 17, 1942. Paul Tibbets, pilot, and Frank Beadle, Bombardier, (who became a friend of mine after the war), were both in the lead plane. No planes were lost. The first bombs were dropped on Germany by the 8th Air Force on January 22, 1943. The target was Wilhelmshaven.

****

In July of 1942, I was sent to Kelly Field in San Antonio, Texas for pre-flight pilot training; four or five weeks of intensive ground school. As an aviation cadet, I was now earning seventy-five dollars a month. The pressure was intense, and the training was strenuous. We arose at 5:30, and had breakfast at 6:00. The whole morning consisted of physically taxing exercise. We did calisthenics and close order rifle drills in heat that registered over ninety degrees.

After lunch, we sometimes had an hour for a much needed rest. Classes were from 2:00 until 6:00. We had classes in the history of aviation, navigation, the theory of flight, and mathematics, as well as training in the self-discipline of an officer.

After dinner, we had a study time from 7:00 until 10:00. We were required to remain at our desks. "Lights out" time was 10:00. The oppressive heat made it difficult to sleep.

Every Saturday morning, we paraded in full dress (wearing white gloves). Then we were free to go into San Antonio to tour the city. While visiting the Alamo, I discovered that two Kenney brothers died there in the fight for Texas independence from Mexico. (Today, our grandson, Jim, has the same name, James Kenney, as the hero of the battle. Our Jim is a Texan also.)

Then, as today, the River of the Roses ran through the San Antonio's central city. It was landscaped with beautiful walkways, bridges, flowers, and trees. Both sides of the river were lined with restaurants, shops, and nightclubs. It was a great place for tourists. I took Dorothy to visit the area three years later, while I was again assigned to Kelly Field.

After pre-flight, I had my primary training at Corsicana, Texas, starting on August 8th and continuing until October 10th. The pressure was even greater. In addition to everything else, we were learning to fly. The purpose of the intense pressure was to weed out men who couldn't stand it, because there would be a lot more stress ahead of us when we faced the Nazis on bombing raids.

Every Saturday morning we stood beside our beds for an intensive inspection. Every garment had to be folded to perfection, and each person had the same clothing arranged in the same manner. Our shoes

were highly polished. If anything was out of place, we were given demerits. The penalty for each demerit was an hour's march on the parade ground on Saturday after the military parade was over.

If we had no demerits, we were free for the rest of the day and all day Sunday. Most of us rode buses to the Corsicana railroad station to catch the newest type of streamlined train, the Burlington Zephyr, that ran from Houston to Dallas. Corsicana was not a stop, but with fifty or sixty cadets flagging it down, the crowded train stopped.

There was no room in the passenger cars for us, so we climbed into the baggage cars and sat on the luggage for the forty-mile trip to Dallas. In the confusion, the conductor had difficulty collecting from everyone. Some of the cadets rode without paying.

The baggage cars were just ahead of the kitchen end of the dining car. After lunch was served to the regular passengers, the waiters came to the baggage car and took orders for lunch. We ate from the Burlington railroad china, using luggage for tables and chairs.

On our arrival in Dallas, almost everyone headed for our favorite "watering hole", The Keg of Nails, where we purchased "set-ups" (ice, Coca-Cola, Gingerale, and other mixers). We then added the strong stuff, which we brought in ourselves. It was also a good place to meet girls. I was fortunate to meet a fine young woman there, named Betty, who was a nurse. I dated her several times.

After fifty-two hours of pilot training in a P T (Primary Trainer)-19 A, I was terribly disappointed to be eliminated. Evidently, my spins, loop-the-loops, snap rolls, and lazy eights were not up to par. My landings were quite good.

On October 10, 1942, I again traveled on the Burlington Zephyr from Corsicana to Houston. I was assigned to the Air Force base at Ellington Field for intensive pre-flight training as a bombardier. Our classes were advanced mathematics, geography, navigation, military history, as well as the usual physical education.

On weekends, I went to the U. S. O. (United Service Organization) which was sponsored by the U. S. government and run by volunteers. They provided entertainment and snacks. Often, townspeople came there to invite service men to a party or to dinner. I went to the home of a Houston family for Thanksgiving. They served the first frozen strawberries I had ever tasted. Another time, I enjoyed a party in a large home. They rolled up the living room rug, and we danced to the music of a record player.

My brother, Bob, came to visit me for a weekend. We took the train to Dallas where we did some sightseeing and stayed overnight in the elegant Adolphus Hotel. The cost of a room there was five dollars a night. We talked for a long time that evening. Bob had been drafted and was planning to report to the induction center soon.

After pre-flight at Ellington Field, I was sent to the advanced bombardier school at Concho Field in San Angelo, Texas, on January 3, 1943. We became acquainted with bombing procedures and with the Norden bombsight. We sat on a "mock-up" trainer in a hangar on the field. The trainer was about ten feet tall and looked like scaffolding on wheels. As it moved forward, we calculated the position of the

target (which was called "the bug") and dropped a simulated bomb which left a mark to show our accuracy.

This is a picture of the trainer we used for pre-flight bomb practice.

Two weeks later, during an actual flight, we discovered that the three-dimensional effect and turbulence in a real plane made bombing much more difficult. The targets consisted of concentric circles one hundred, two hundred, and three hundred feet in diameter with a shack in the middle. There were three of these targets in the shape of a triangle. We dropped one hundred-pound practice bombs containing five pounds of black gunpowder to mark our hits. My bombing partner took photographs of the damage to the target. Halfway through the mission, we switched positions.

****

In the early spring of 1943, Germany gained temporary advantage over the daylight bombing attacks of the 8th Air Force, due to greatly expanded anti-aircraft artillery and the use of their fighter planes. Our Air Force suffered heavy loses against targets deep in Germany. However, in December, the P-51 Mustang fighter planes began to accompany bombers to the German targets. This greatly reinforced the strength and confidence of the bomber crews.

****

On April 1, 1943, I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant in the Air Corps Reserve as a bombardier. Our pay was now one hundred and fifty dollars a month, plus and extra seventy-five dollars for flight pay.

From April 2nd until June 23rd, I was stationed at Pyote Field (just east of Pecos, Texas). It took ten days for our flight crew to be assembled. We trained together for six weeks.

Each crew was made up of ten men, ages seventeen to mid-twenties. They were from different places, with different backgrounds, interests, and abilities. As we trained together, we became acquainted with each other and became a team. We were all dedicated to the same dream and goal of accurately dropping bombs on our targets in Germany and German-occupied countries, completing our twenty-five missions (this was later changed to thirty-five missions), and returning home. We learned to trust and rely on each other.

Cliff Moore, our pilot, was from a small town in Wyoming, near Yellowstone National Park. He had been employed as an ironworker on the Grand Coulee Dam on the Columbia River in the state of Washington before he went into the Aviation Cadet Program. He was an excellent pilot, levelheaded under pressure, getting us out of trouble more than once.

The co-pilot, Gilman Stewart, was a farmer from Greensburg, Indiana, who had just graduated from Perdue University where he studied agriculture with the intention of taking over the family seed corn business after being discharged from the service. At twenty-five, he was one of the older men on the crew and very dependable. He had not attended B-17 Transition School, as Cliff had, but had gone directly to Pyote Air Force Base upon graduation from advanced pilot training.

The crew was very fortunate to have an experienced combat engineer in the top turret. Vernon Snelle had flown sixty-one missions with the 19th Bomb Group. Unfortunately, they had been flying into Hawaii on Pearl Harbor day, and as the Japanese armies advanced, the 19th Bomb Group was forced to retreat, under fire, all the way to Australia. Due to heavy losses, they were recalled to Pyote Air force base for regrouping. Snelle had flown every position on a B-17 plane except first pilot. He was an excellent mechanic, an older, Air Force career man of the highest and finest type. He did not survive the war.

The navigator, Bernie Collins, was from Massachusetts. He had worked at a newspaper publishing company in Worchester. He was always late. Once he missed boarding a troop train and had to chase it in a taxi for several miles before he finally caught it.

The radio operator, Noah Lee Puckett, was from Rocky Face, a small town in north Georgia. He had worked with electronics ever since he was able to hold a soldering iron. While he was in high school, he and his brother ran a radio repair business in an area above the only barbershop in town. "Lee" was well qualified for his job.

The tail gunner, Joe Humble, was seventeen, the youngest man on the crew. He had lived in Sparta, Missouri and was raised by his grandmother.

Back row left to right, Sgt. Snelle, Sgt. Lee, Sgt. Puckett, Sgt. Wells, Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Humble. Front row Lt. Moore, Lt. Stewart, Lt. Kenney, and Lt. Collins

HEADQUARTERS
SAN ANGELO ARMY AIR FIELD
(Bombardier School)
San Angelo, Texas

GMP:elm

March 27, 1943

Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Kenney
1139 River Street
Lansing, Michigan

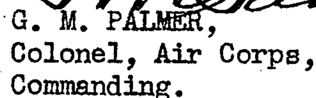
Dear Mr. and Mrs. Kenney:

On Thursday morning, April 1, your son Paul will have completed his training at this army air field and will be presented with the coveted wings of a bombardier as he receives his commission as a Second Lieutenant in the Air Corps. In the event you are unable to be present at our simple ceremonies we know your thoughts at this time will be of your son.

Your son has shown marked ability by his successful completion of a very exacting course of study which demands unusual mental and physical alertness. For three months he has been given intensive training in the operation of this country's most precise and most complex instrument, the U. S. Army bombsight. The fact that he has been trained so thoroughly in the operation of this highly important instrument testifies to the faith we place in him.

We know he will continue to show the same fine spirit and initiative in the service of his country as he has shown while in training here. On this occasion of his anticipated graduation as a bombardier I want you to know that we will be proud to havehim as an officer in the Army of the United States. We know he will discharge his new responsibilities with honor and distinction.

Sincerely yours,



G. M. PALMER,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

Dick Wells, a waist gunner, was the only married man on the crew. His wife, Donna, was with him part of the time while he was in training. She went back to South Dakota when he went overseas.

Jack Brown, the ball-turret gunner, was from Texarkana, Texas. Richard Lee, the second waist gunner, was from Massachusetts. He was a drummer. He had his practice pad with him and in his spare time, he was always "beating out time". Richard was good.

Each member of the crew had more than one job on the plane. All six of the enlisted men on the crew were gunners. They were also trained to take over other jobs, as armament men, engineers, or radio operators, when needed. Our objective was to position the B-17 so that the bomb load, when dropped, would do the most damage. I, as the bombardier, was trained as a navigator as well. I learned more by watching and working with Bernie Collins.

The first flight of our assembled crew went off without a hitch until Gil, our co-pilot, was asked to take the controls from his seat to the right of the pilot. Vernon had left his position on the flight deck and had gone to the rear of the plane. There, he could lie on his back and reach the control cables that led to the rudder and elevators. He was in contact with Cliff through the intercom, but Gil was monitoring the radio. All of the others on the crew were warned to expect violent movements. Vernon "played" on the control cables as if they were harp strings, causing the B-17 to go into unusual gyrations. Gil struggled to overcome these maneuvers to no avail. As the plane swerved, apparently out of control, the crew held on and laughed. Cliff pretended to be annoyed and gave Gil a hard time, accusing him of failing pilot training. Eventually, Gil caught on to what was happening, and we all had a good laugh. This episode brought the crew together as a team. As time went by, we learned that Gil had a good sense of humor. He often played tricks on us.

After being at Pyote for six weeks, we were transferred to Dyersberg Air Base in Tennessee, located sixty miles north of Memphis, to complete phases two and three of training.

Dad and mother were both working for the Railway Express Agency and were able to get rail passes. They and my brother, Gerald, came to see me. (Bob was stationed at Fort Knox in the 11th Armoured Division of the Third Army.) They stayed for five days. While we were sitting in the officers' club, there was a "scramble". An announcement over the public address system alerted us to report to the flight line immediately. My family went outside and watched as twenty B-17 bombers took off. Frightened because she thought we were leaving to go oversees, my mother was very relieved to see me when I returned an hour later.

From September 14th to the 20th, we were in Grand Island, Nebraska, the depot where planes were modified before going overseas. Picking up our B-17 G bomber, and were ready to take off and fly to England. We had filed a flight plan that would take us over Lansing, my hometown.

At the last minute, the flight was "scrubbed" (cancelled). We were de-briefed and sent to Brooksville, Florida, a satellite of MacDill Field in Tampa. On our way to Brooksville, we encountered a terrible thunderstorm that had spread across the entire south. A navigational error made in the middle of the night while we were being pelted with driving rain, brought us to the wrong field, a training base for fighter (pursuit) planes, located in Zephyr Hills about twenty-five miles from Tampa. The runway was short and narrow. We had received a radio signal from MacDill-"clear to land"-but the control tower here was flashing a red signal, indicating "don't land". We pulled up and went around a second

time, and nearly stalled out. Our careers could have ended that night. When we landed, we saw about two hundred people cheering for us. They had come down to the flight line to see the bomber "crack up". We stayed overnight and flew to Brooksville the next morning, where we were stationed from September 20th until October 4th. It was there at the Air Corps School of Applied Tactics that we tried out some new ideas.

At our briefing the next day, we learned that we were on a topsecret mission. German submarines were sinking many of the Merchant Marine ships in the north Atlantic, headed for England and Russia. The United States was trying to devise a system of bombing to destroy the submarine pens located along the coastline of France.

The Air Corps had developed a bomb with wings that looked like a miniature P-38 airplane. A gyroscope stabilized it so that it flew straight and level. Fivehundred pound flying bombs were carried under each wing of a B-17 and were dropped from an altitude of 23,000 feet. Gliding for twenty-three miles on a flat trajectory, they could enter the submarine pens and blow them up.

The practice range was a small island in the Bahamas, and the practice bombs contained sand rather than explosives. When the bombs hit the island, they would bounce a mile before becoming buried in the sand. Of course, they didn't explode. As far as I know, this bombing procedure was experimental. While stationed in England, our crew was never assigned to bomb the German submarine pens.

On October 5, 1943, the training was completed, and we were ready for our flight across the Atlantic. We headed up the coast for a refueling stop at Bangor, Maine. Against regulations, we flew over Washington, D. C. to see the nation's capitol. Most of the crew had never been there. The radio operator received a message from the A. A. (anti-aircraft) units asking us to fly over again on a northerly heading so they could use us to work out a defense problem. We decided that it wasn't a good idea, because those "feather merchants" (ground personnel) might cut loose on us and get in a lucky hit.

That same day, the World Series game was being played in Yankee Stadium (New York). Crews from ten of the planes, on their way to England, thought it would be fun to see what the game looked like from the air. Fortunately, there was too much cloud cover for us to find the stadium. One plane, piloted by "G. I." Sheets, buzzed the stadium. Mayor LaGuardia was going to have them all arrested for endangering thousands of lives. When they reached Bangor, all four officers were called "on the carpet" to explain their actions. They had no excuse for their behavior. We never heard what happened, but later, Mayor LaGuardia apologized to the crew after they had flown a dangerous mission and several men had been wounded.

The following paragraphs are quoted directly from my diary. I am copying them here exactly as they were written then, sometimes in the present tense. As I read these words now, more than fifty years later, I still experience the same mixture of emotions I felt then, relief that our many months of rigorous training were completed, excitement about the new adventures that lay ahead, overshadowed by a deep sense of fear and dread for the dangers we would be facing.

"New England in October is at its best. The trees and hills are covered with their autumn color, and, combined with the work of man make an impressive scene that one will not soon forget. The cities and villages are beautiful from the air, with New England style homes, and tall white churches."

"Quebec and New Brunswick portray nature at its peak. Miles of majestic mountains with their covering of trees and snow, supplemented by the mighty Saint Lawrence River make man-made objects look crude and unimportant."

"An occasional fishing village or scattered farm lands tend to show the progress of man's struggle against nature".

"We crossed the Saint Lawrence estuary at a point which is nearly one hundred and ten miles wide."

"Labrador was nearly the same type of country as New England but with very little sign of civilization. The trees are nearly all northern pine with a few hardwood maple and oak."

"The field at Goose Bay (Labrador) was one of the best in the country. It was located on a flat piece of land surrounded by mountains on three sides with the bay on the fourth. The buildings were a great deal better than any we had seen in the states. Civilians, the Royal Canadian Air Force, and the American Air Force were all using this base. Our quarters and mess were the best we have ever seen. This was our first "over seas" stop."

"The trip across to Iceland was exciting. Again, the weather was bad and we had to fly at 23,000 feet to go over a weather front. After letting down when we used up our three-hour oxygen supply, we saw the rugged mountains of Iceland poking up through the clouds. The trip took three and a half hours, which was considered good time."

"We dropped through the overcast and came in over Reykjavik harbor. The country is rough and treeless, but quite picturesque along the coastline, which is dotted with fishing villages. Icelandic homes are stone or stucco with very little wood except for finishing and doors, etc. There are very few indications of poverty on the island, and there are many 1942 model automobiles. Since the American landings, the government has done many things to improve living conditions and to promote international relations. There were Nazi sympathizers and a few still are. Some resent the American soldier's presence on Icelandic soil."

"Before the war, the Germans built roads and electrical plants on the island. They also educated Icelandic children in Nazi schools and universities in Germany."

"The people dress practically the same as Americans, except for the elderly ladies who wear long, black dresses, black shoes and Juliet caps. Their hair is braided in two long strands hanging down the back. The younger girls look like typical American co-eds."

"Meek Field (Iceland) is a barren spot made up of Neisson huts and tents. Rocks and mud make transportation (on the base) practically impossible. The roads are all American made and consist of seashells and oil. We stayed there a full week waiting to go to Scotland. It rained most of the time with winds reaching a velocity of eighty miles per hour. We spent most of the time in the barracks or in the officers' club."

"We took off in a heavy fog and flew southeast to Prestwick, Scotland. The trip was rough and we flew just above the water. The waves were high and most of the members of the crew were sick. Just

short of the Scottish coast, we hit a squall line and lost some equipment through a waist position window."

"Scotland is the most beautiful country I have ever seen. The farms are laid out in squares with holly hedges along the fencerows. The farmhouses are all large and magnificent. They are hundreds of years old, but in perfect condition. The farms and villages look as if they were part of a colored cartoon film, or a miniature landscape too beautiful to be real. The villages are made up of houses with red tile roofs and green lawns and trees. All houses are made of cut stone or bricks. Everyone seems to profit from their thriftiness, which is noted in the richness of their homes."

"The officers' quarters at Prestwick were in an old castle surrounded by a large estate. We didn't stay overnight but enjoyed the mess and bar. The grounds were well kept and run by the Air Transport Command. We left the same night by train for Stone in north central England. We rode all night."

"British railroads are greatly superior to our system in the states. The coaches are made up of separate compartments seating about eight people. They are roomy and comfortable, with doors to each compartment opening up at a loading platform level. The rails are smooth and do not clatter like American trains. They use a different type of connection, which doesn't jerk when stopping and starting. The engines run without lights at night. The freight cars, or "goods wagons", as they are called over here are only one half as large as American cars. The trains are crewed mostly by women."

"October 14, 1943. Because I first saw Scotland when flying to the British Isles, I find myself prejudiced toward Scotland because of its pastoral beauty. But after two flights over England proper, I find that one is just as beautiful as the other. The cities and villages here in the midlands are so close together and so plentiful that it is quite practical to ride bicycles between towns. The roads are made of crushed stone or concrete and lined on each side by rows of tall trees, with hedges of holly or other bushes for fences. Because of the dampness of the country, the wooden gates and tree trunks are covered with a green moss, which adds a great deal to their mystic appearance. As in Scotland, all of the houses are of brick or cut stone."

"These British bicycles are used by young and old for their main mode of transportation. A bike here is as a boat to a Venetian or a horse to an American cowboy. I bought one last week. The field here is dispersed over most of the county and it is a good half-mile from the barracks to the mess hall. The roads are winding through the woods but I was able to manage quite well. Collins never learned to ride as a boy but will soon be checked out as a first class street sweeper. He can sure mop up the mud. The bikes here have no coaster brakes, but have hand brakes on both wheels, which are worked from the handlebars. They are easier to buy here than in the states and have better tires and tubes. No ration coupons are needed. Mine cost seven pounds or about twenty-seven dollars. It's worth at least ten pounds."

The following are details that I didn't mention in my diary. The B-17 plane that our crew picked up in Grand Island, Nebraska, flew to Florida, was ferried across the Atlantic, and dropped off in Prestwick, Scotland for combat modification. We didn't fly that plane again. Instead we traveled by rail to our assigned base.

We were assigned to the 303rd Bomb group in Molesworth, England. The day we had landed in Scotland, October 14, 1943, marked the second Schweinfurt raid (called "Black Thursday"). The target

had been the German aircraft industry, particularly the ball-bearing factories. Although the bombing results were good and the Nazi aircraft production was delayed, the cost to the 8th Air Force was tremendous. Sixty-one planes and six hundred and ten men were lost. Many more planes were damaged. Before any more bombing missions could be flown, everyone was "stood down" (grounded) for several days.

Since the 303rd Bomb Group had sustained fewer casualties than the 384th, based at Grafton-Underwood, we were badly needed for replacements there. This was obvious to us by the number of empty beds in the B. O. Q. (bachelor officers' quarters). On our way, we stopped off at Stone, England, for a few days of orientation. No flying was involved.

BOMBING MISSIONS

Grafton-Underwood (air base number 126) in the "midlands" or north central part of England, was as far north as Hudson Bay with a climate moderated by the Gulf Stream. It was located on the estate of the Duke of Bucceluch. His castle was near the end of the runway.

Before the U. S. Army Air Corps arrived, the Royal Canadian Air Force had occupied the base. The small hangars had been constructed for fighter planes. Most of the maintenance work on the B-17s had to be done outside. The weather caused a hardship for the repair crews. Each plane had a team of highly skilled technicians, directed by a crew chief. As soon as the plane returned from a mission they all went to work, repairing any damage. The plane was their "baby" and they took a personal interest in it. They often had to work all night so that it would be ready to fly the next day.

Winter is the rainy season in England. We called the base Grafton-"Undermud" for good reason. The walkways were wooden "duck boards" which floated in a sea of mud.

On days that our group was to fly a mission, I was awakened by the sound of the footsteps of the "wake-up" crew. I lay there wondering if it would be my turn to go. If so, where would I be going, and would "lady luck" be with me? Sometimes I was quietly awakened by a flashlight shining in my face and the whispered message, "Lieutenant, breakfast 600 hours, briefing 700 hours, and take-off 800 hours."

Before a mission, we were served fresh eggs. On other days, we all had powdered eggs. The hearty breakfast, of bacon, eggs, hash-brown potatoes, toast, and coffee had to last us for nine or ten hours, because we couldn't eat while wearing an oxygen mask. The planes were not pressurized. The radio hatch and the waist gun windows were open to the minus 40 degree Fahrenheit temperature. Oxygen masks were worn in altitudes above twelve thousand feet.

High altitude flying required specialized clothing for warmth. Items of clothing, heated by wires that were plugged into the electrical system of the plane, included flying jackets, pants, and helmets. These were all made of leather and were lined with sheepskin. Heavy long underwear, which came in a choice

of pink or blue, and our heavy gloves and boots were also heated. As the bombardier, I wore nylon gloves for flexibility while working with bombing equipment. As soon as we encountered bursts of anti-aircraft fire we put on flak suits that protected us from shoulder to hip, and steel helmets. Our arms and legs had no additional protection. Between the leather jacket and long underwear, we wore "coverall" flying suits. In one knee pocket of my flying suit I carried an ""escape kit" to be used only in an emergency. A kit was issued to us at the beginning of each mission, and we gave it back when we returned. It was a small package, measuring four inches by six inches and about two inches thick, tightly sealed in heavy, waxed, brown paper (plastic had not yet been invented). The kit contained a fish hook and line, a signaling mirror, a silk escape map, a "heat resistant", waxy-tasting, grainy chocolate bar, a waterproof box of matches, and Belgian, French, and Dutch money.

In the other pocket of my coveralls I kept a small souvenir compass in a gold case which was shaped like a horseshoe. My Uncle Jesse had given it to me the night before I went in the service. It was a keepsake that he had owned for years and he wanted me to have it. This meant a lot to me, too.

.

At briefing, we were given information about the location of the target, the route chosen to avoid "flak" (explosions from anti-aircraft guns), and to conserve gasoline, and the type of bombs we were to use. The science of meteorology was in its infancy and weather predictions were very undependable, but they were part of our briefing.

Planes took off at thirty-second intervals and circled until all were in the air. The strike force usually consisted of a group of twenty planes from our base, joined by two other groups forming a wing.

Prior to our first mission, a squadron of six of our planes was sent on an air-sea rescue flight over the North Sea to look for downed Royal Air Force flyers lost on a night mission to Berlin. The information we received let us know that the cloud cover was fifteen hundred feet. Actually, we broke out at seven thousand feet and had difficulty assembling the squadron. Fortunately, there was no cloud cover over the North Sea, and we were able to fly a search pattern at about five hundred feet for several hours, finding nothing but an object that looked like a floating mine. We had been waiting for a chance to fire off our guns. There were two guns in my chin turret. We made two passes at the object at low altitude. It was hit, but not destroyed. As we headed back toward the base we encountered a solid overcast of clouds from the ground up. When Cliff, our pilot, heard a "mayday" signal (m'aidez, meaning "help me" in French) sent out by our squadron leader, he decided he would rather be on his own than follow someone who didn't know where he was going. After dodging trees and cities at a low altitude, we came upon a "light-line", a row of lights indicating the flight path to a runway. We landed safely at an air base in southeastern England near the channel.

The next morning after the fog had lifted, we waited at the beginning of the runway while a hundred fighter planes landed, refueled, and left to escort bombers on a mission to Frankfort. Cliff really got excited as he watched the P-51s. He had wanted to be a pursuit pilot. When it was our turn for take-off, he "revved" up all four engines and stood on the brake pedals until the entire plane shook. Then, he quickly released the brakes, and we took off like a shot, imitating the P-51 fighters.

We flew our first mission on December 5th, 1943. Our target was an airfield on the Bay of Biscayne, near St. Jean d' Angeley, France. We had light flak and fighter cover, but we had to turn back seventy-

five miles from the target because of the weather. We were not permitted to drop bombs on secondary targets in occupied zones. To lighten the plane and make it safer, we dropped our bombs in the English Channel on the way back. The bombs were dropped unarmed, without the fuses being activated.

To complete the activation process, an arming pin had to be removed from the fuse by the bombardier or engineer prior to reaching the target. A second device was an arming wire. One end was attached to the release mechanism in the plane, and the other end was pulled out of the fuse when the bomb fell. To complete the process, as the bomb fell, an impeller on a threaded shaft was turned by air currents until it fell off. The bomb was now ready to explode on contact or by delayed action, depending on its type.

Our second mission was to Emden, Germany on December 11. Our target was the center of the city. Experiencing light flak, we had a perfect cloud cover and P-47 protection. We dropped incendiary bombs at twenty-four thousand feet. (See the copy of a newspaper article at the end of the story.)

At our interrogation after returning, one of our gunners said, "I can't understand how there can be so many green houses still standing after all of the bombing. I saw sun reflecting off the glass." He was told, "What you saw were the flashes of anti-aircraft guns being fired at you!"

During the three months that I was at Grafton-Underwood, I spent my free time reading and playing poker. On a three-day pass, our whole crew took the train to London. We stayed at an elegant hotel on Piccadilly Circus. Gil and I went to Westminster Abby, London Bridge, and the Tower of London. We attended a variety show at the Windmill Theater, a well-known music hall. The highlight of the evening was the raffle of an orange, a big event, since most of the attendees hadn't seen one for several years. The next day we saw the play, "Arsenic and Old Lace". It was quite a treat. I will never forget the British actor who played a New York City traffic policeman. His accent was not quite "Brooklynese". When we returned to our hotel, we learned that two of our crew members had held a boisterous party in our room, and we had been evicted. So we crowded into their room for the rest of the night and returned to the base late the next night, riding in the first-class compartment on the train. When the conductor came to take our tickets, we all pretended to be asleep. He didn't return to collect the additional money we owed for travelling first class. When we reached our barracks, we saw many empty beds. It was very difficult to accept the loss of good friends.

Mission number three's excerpt from my diary reads- "December 16, Bremen. Heavy flak and very accurate, plenty of holes (in the plane) P. E. F. (Pathfinder Radar) results unknown. Complete overcast. Plenty of fighter protection."

Our fourth mission on Christmas Eve to Croisette in northeastern France was very important and completely successful. Flying in squadron formations of eight to ten planes each, we hit sixty-one targets. They were to be the launching sites for the German V-1 rockets. December 25th was the German's planned date for starting the attacks on England. After we had destroyed most of their launching sites, the attacks were delayed until July 16, 1944.

The docks at Ludwigshafen, Germany were our targets for mission number five on December 30th. We had a few fighters with us and experienced light flak.

On January 11, 1944, we flew our sixth mission to Haberstadt, Germany. "Maximum effort with good results" is the only comment in my diary. (See the news item from The Daily Mail).

Map Showing the Mission that I Flew

1) December 5, 1943 St Jean d'Angeley, France
2) December 11, 1943 Emden, Germany
3) December 16, 1943 Bremen, Germany
4) December 25, 1943 Croisette, France
5) December 30. 1943 Ludwigshafen, Germany
6) January 11, 1944 Haberstadt, Germany
7) January 29, 1944 Frankfort, (on the Main River) Germany
8) January 30, 1944 Brunswick, Germany
9) February 4, 1944 Frankfort, Germany
10) February 5, 1944 Bricy Airbase near Orleans, France
11) February 6, 1944 Nancy, France
12) February 11, 1944 Frankfort, Germany

Mission number seven, on January 29th, was to Frankfort, (on the River Main) Germany. The next day, we flew to Brunswick, Germany, completing our eighth mission. (An article from *The Stars and Stripes*, newspaper dated January 31st tells about these two bombing attacks.)

On February 4th, we flew to Frankfort, Germany for our ninth mission. There was no fighter opposition, but there was heavy flak causing damage to the planes but no injuries to the men.

A German airbase at Bricy, (near Orlean, France) was our destination on February 5th. We were headed into a strong wind causing the bomb run to take about twelve minutes instead of the usual two or three. Fortunately, we encountered meager, inaccurate flak, and our tenth mission was a success.

The flight to Nancy, France on February 6th was an "abortive sortie". Flying at fifteen thousand feet, we experienced moderate flak, but were unable to see the target, so the bombs were not dropped.

The night before my last mission, I was given a new flying suit. I forgot to transfer my "good luck" compass from Uncle Jesse into the new coveralls. I guess my luck ran out. I never saw the compass again, but inside the escape kit was a secret compass. It consisted of two saucer-shaped buttons with tiny points in the middle of the back of each one. One button could be placed face down on a flat surface and the other button would fit on top of it. The top one would rotate, and it had a tiny dent, which pointed north. When sewn inside pants, they looked like the buttons used for attaching suspenders.

Gil Stewart and Bernie Collins were not with us on our twelfth and last mission. They were suffering from respiratory infections and were put in the hospital to prevent others from catching their "colds". Lt. Wise flew as co-pilot in Gil's place, and Lt. Schmalzreid served as navigator. Vernon Snelle, the flight engineer, had been transferred to another crew. Sgt. Trainer took his place. The mission on February 11th was to Frankfort on Main, Germany, again. The target was a foundry that manufactured propellers. Our fighter escorts were very good and no enemy aircraft came up to meet them, but intense, accurate flak was encountered over the target, inflicting heavy damage to our plane and many others.

EVADING THE ENEMY

Our last mission brought the tragedies of war directly to our crew. Our plane had been severely pounded by flak over the target, and our oxygen system was damaged. We dropped out of formation, down to a level that would allow us to breathe, thus becoming an easy target for enemy planes.

At twenty-five, I was several years older than the other members of the crew who were eighteen and nineteen. I had been trained as the First Aid Officer, so I responded to a call on the intercom that our waist gunner, Richard Lee, was "down". Upon examination, I found that he had died from lack of oxygen.

We were having a running battle with Nazi F W 190 pursuit planes on our tail. Our radio operator, Lee Puckett, suffered a severe hit in the arm and needed a tourniquet. While I was working on his arm, a twenty-millimeter shell exploded between us. I received a head wound when a small piece of flak pierced both my steel helmet and my leather flying helmet. Lee got the rest of the shell. It ripped him open from his collarbone to his crotch.

By this time, we were skimming the treetops, and we rushed to get into crash position. We sat braced against each other, with our backs to the bulkhead, leaving Lee in the waist section. I've always regretted not staying there with him. Cliff executed a "controlled"crash landing. Joe was trapped in the tail of the plane, and we had to pry him out. We didn't know it then, but he had suffered a cracked vertebra, which caused him pain for the rest of his life.

The burning plane skidded to a stop. We knew it might explode. We carefully moved Lee to a safe distance from the plane, put a parachute pack under his head, and left him lying there, where the Germans found him and took him to a hospital for treatment. He survived some very difficult times as a prisoner of war.

Up to this point, I hadn't felt anything. I had a job to do, and I was too busy to think of anything else. As we left the plane, I had a feeling of elation. We had survived the attack of the pursuit fighters and the crash. Here I was on the ground and alive, but I was behind enemy lines. We were in northeastern France, in a mining, farming, and industrial area, about a half-hour's flight from the English Channel.

This was less than four months before D-Day, when allied forces stormed the French beaches at Normandy. Hitler knew that an invasion was coming, but he didn't know where—possibly in this Calais area. There were hundreds of German troops in the cities nearby.

In a rush of adrenaline, we ran from the plane in small groups of two or three. Sgt. Traynor had sustained a bad wound from a 303 machine gun shell that went through his thigh but missed the bone. Cliff and I assisted him. We ran for a couple of miles and hid in the hayloft of a small barn, physically and mentally exhausted. The plane had crashed around noon. We that knew the Nazis were looking for us, so we waited there until dark. Two men came into the barn and were talking in French. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but we weren't discovered.

After dark, we walked into a small village and found the schoolhouse. We knew that teachers often lived in apartments adjoining the school. This was our first contact with the French people. The teacher looked frightened. We were covered with blood. She quickly took us in and cleaned us up, giving us several loaves of bread and a jug of wine. Then, she told us to hide in the barn across the street and leave before daylight. It was a large barn. There must have been thirty cows standing in their stanchions. We lay on the hay in the mangers. Cliff who had grown up on a ranch in Wyoming knew what to expect. I had no idea that European cows peed so much.

The next morning, Traynor's leg was badly swollen, and he was delirious. We knew we couldn't take him with us. With regret, we had to leave him there. We learned later that he was taken prisoner the next day and he survived.

We could hear the sound of marching boots in the distance, so we took off across the fields. It was not yet daylight. We were happy to find a big highway with no houses along it. The walking was much

easier there than on the rutted, muddy roads or rough fields. We were headed southwest toward Spain and freedom. Our spirits were high, but our supply of wine was low. The highway ended abruptly, and a string of lights went on. We were on the runway of a German airbase and that definitely did not lead to Spain.

We beat a fast retreat across the fields and ended up in a barn near Haussy, where we hid for three days, waiting for the search to cool down. A young boy came out of the house, and I went out to meet him. He was shocked to see me. After dark, he took Cliff and me into the house to meet his mother and aunt. They were the LeDieu family. The boy, Alexandre, was seventeen years old. The wartime shortages were quite apparent. We knew that it had been a big sacrifice for them to kill a chicken to feed us, but we really appreciated it. We slept in the barn. Two days later, a man came and brought us some clothes. He told us that someone would come for us in a day or two.

Cliff and I were taller than most Frenchmen. We must have looked like a couple of tramps: unshaven, in baggy pants which were about four inches too short, shoes that were much too small, with neat little berets on our heads. We left our uniforms with the LeDieu family.

We learned that there were no Germans in the village. The next day, a man came in an old flatbed truck. We sat in the cab with him. Along the way to a safehouse, to made our presence less conspicuous, the driver stopped and picked up cyclists who piled their bikes on the back of the truck and rode along. Others clung to the side of the flatbed (still on their bicycles) getting a "free" ride. When the riders tapped on the window of the cab, the driver stopped to let the rider and bicycle off.

While going through another small village, we passed a fountain in the center of town. I saw a housewife standing in a doorway shaking her apron. As we slowed down to pick up another cyclist, I saw her give a slight nod. I asked the driver about it. He said it was a sign that there were no Germans in town. This incident showed me that the underground was well organized, and I breathed a sigh of relief.

I was placed in a home in the village of Catenieres. Cliff was in a village nearby. There was a small electric heater in the windowless attic room where I stayed. I could see daylight between the tiles of the roof, and at night I could see the stars through the holes. Much of the time, I sat huddled in front of the heater, cold and depressed. I appreciated the daily visits with the Chief of Police who was the head of the underground in that area. He told me that this was the first time an evader had been placed in this home. At this time, I was able to recall a lot of my high school French and could communicate with him quite well. He gave me a French grammar book to study.

I ate meals with the family. One day, a neighbor brought them a big slice of ham, which was a real treat for all of us. There were three children: a son, Henri, aged ten, and two teen-aged daughters who worked in a factory. Each night, the girls mended runs in their hose, which now consisted entirely of mended runs.

After leaving Catenieres, Cliff and I were moved from place to place escorted by members of the underground. We traveled by train, bicycle, or on foot, for several days, staying only a night or two in each small village. We were being moved along to make room for others who were behind us in the escape line. Our goal was to arrive in Paris eventually, where we would be hidden until the city was

liberated. Most of the escape routes were through Paris, but it was becoming much more difficult to move evaders safely.

On one occasion when Cliff had been sent to the next safehouse ahead of me, I posed as a farmer. I was told to rub dirt into the skin of my hands and under my fingernails. The man, who escorted me, instructed me to stand and watch him. He got on the train, closed the compartment door, and stood looking out the window. Other people who boarded the train went in the open doors. Just as the train was leaving, I rushed in the door as he opened it for me. This plan assured us that we would be alone in the compartment. He got off at the stop before mine, so that no one would think we were travelling together, telling me someone would meet me.

As I got off the train, a young girl rushed over, threw her arms around me and kissed me. Joining in the act, I was genuinely very happy and relieved to see her. We walked out of the railroad station together with her head on my shoulder, appearing to be lovers finally united after being separated by war. She might have been thinking, "I hope he's as nice as that Canadian I escorted last week." I thought, "Who is she, anyway?" She took me straight to the safehouse where Cliff was staying. I never saw her again.

There was no central heating in France, and the weather was wintry. I developed a bad cold. Concerned that I might have pneumonia, the safehouse keeper decided that I should see a doctor. She led the way on her bicycle, and I followed. We had a long way to go, and I had difficulty riding the old bicycle. We stopped several times to rest. She recited poetry, and I repeated it after her. She said that my accent was improving. I copied these people who lived in northeastern France. They pronounce the hard "G" which is considered vulgar in Paris.

The doctor lived in an elegant old chateau. We were glad to hear that I didn't have pneumonia. I was relieved that the doctor didn't use a procedure for treating colds that I had observed several times. I called it "cupping". A heated glass, designed for this purpose, was placed on the skin. As the glass cooled, the air inside contracted and the skin was pulled up into the cup. I can't imagine how this treatment could cure a cold. I was given medication and I recovered in a few days.

We learned that the underground line that was helping us was named "Roger". Our next stop was in the village of Auby, near the city of Douai. We were taken to the Café de la Passerelle (Passerelle means footbridge in French). The café faced a large canal where barges carrying coal and other raw materials, were towed in both directions by diesel engines on railroad tracks along the canal. Directly in front of the bar was a footbridge across the canal, leading to the other half of the village.

Cliff and I walked into the bar and sat down at a table on the opposite side of the room from two patrons who were drinking wine. Madame Emilienne Vancraeynest, the owner, a fifty-two year old widow, came over to take our order, as if we were customers. I ordered cognac. I realized afterward how ridiculous it was, since the common drink of farmers and villagers was vin ordinaire (the local wine). She brought us drinks and went to the back room of the bar to wait for the other patrons to leave.

When they had left, she rushed out and embraced us, elated that we were there. She took us to the back room where she lived. We stayed there until dark. Madame Vancraeynest made a phone call to Maurice Porez, the mayor and barkeeper in La Foret, a village nearby. "The sack of potatoes (my codename) has arrived", she told him.

This is a picture of the canal and bridge in Auby, France. The Café de la Passerelle that was run by Madame Vancraeynest is marked with an X.

Cliff was taken to a house facing the canal, two doors down from the bar. We were both going to stay there with the Dennetiere family. Madame Vancraeynest cooked supper for me. It was intended to be a special treat, two pork kidneys. After serving them to me, she went back to the customers in the bar. I reluctantly tasted kidneys for the first (and last) time. I was so hungry that I choked down one of them. Her big dog sat watching me, drooling. With a quick flip of my fork, the kidney went into the dog's mouth and was gone in one gulp.

We stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Dennetiere for over five weeks, sleeping in the dining room and staying away from the windows. If they were out, we didn't answer the door. They had two grown sons. One of the sons stopped by to bring food several times. They didn't trust the other son to keep their secret, so we never saw him.

Mr. Dennetiere worked in the office of a fertilizer plant. Every night he came home with a five-pound sack of fertilizer strapped to the back of his bicycle. On Sundays, when the plant was closed, he rode his bicycle out to the country to trade fertilizer for food: wheat, vegetables, and sometimes meat. Mrs. Dennetiere ground the wheat and made excellent whole wheat bread. It made wonderful toast, spread with her homemade jam. She sifted the flour to make white bread for us, which she considered a luxury. We were happy with the whole wheat. A big pot of soup was continually cooking on the back burner of her wood-burning cook stove. She added vegetables to it daily. Her "coffee" was made from barley that had been charred in the fireplace in a wire basket. It tasted horrible. We had café au lait (coffee with milk) for breakfast. Our usual fare was bread, soup, cheese, and wine that came in ten-liter jugs.

One day, a neighbor came to the house carrying a sack containing a large rabbit he had raised for food. Mrs. Dennetiere asked me to kill it. I didn't mind shooting at Nazis, but I felt guilty killing this poor, innocent rabbit. I tried to make it as painless as possible for both of us, by hanging it with a rope from the back porch railing. After a few kicks, it was dead, ready for skinning and dressing. Mrs. D. put it in a large pot and simmered it for hours until the meat fell off the bones. After it cooled, she

ground the meat to a fine consistency. She added spices and fat and then baked it for several hours in a deep, oval baking dish. After it cooled, she gave us thin slices on her good bread. We appreciated all of the effort that went into the preparation of this delicious rabbit paté.

This was not the only time I was served rabbit. A few days later, I was invited to dinner in a home nearby. A whole roasted rabbit was placed in the center of the table. As the "guest of honor" I was presented the choice part, the head. My host put it on my plate, and I stared at the chubby little cheeks and the eyes staring back at me. I was told to cut a hole in the top of the skull to eat the brain. I couldn't do it. In desperation, I insisted that I wanted my host to have it. I was as happy to eat a meaty hind leg as he was to eat the head. He smacked his lips as he ate the eyeballs, which looked like little grapes. I gave a sigh of relief. A year later, in prison camp, I probably would have eaten a rabbit, fur and all.

To celebrate our arrival, Maurice Porez invited us to his bar for a gathering. First, he photographed Cliff and me. One of Maurice's jobs was to made the false I. D. papers for us to carry. He also sewed our dog tags inside the lapels of our coats.

One by one, men started dropping in. This developed into an informal party, which started at four in the afternoon and lasted until after midnight. We were a jolly group. Cliff and I drank and laughed along with the crowd, and said nothing. Only Maurice knew who we were.

Pierre was a very obese truck driver. As was customary, his "roll your own" cigarette was smoked to the very end. We watched as the half-inch long cigarette that was stuck to his lower lip wobbled up and down as he talked. I wondered what would happen. Would it burn his lip? Finally, he threw back his head, laughed heartily, and inhaled at the same time. He swallowed the cigarette. He didn't seem surprised. He just picked up his wineglass, took a big swig, and continued laughing as he rolled another cigarette.

Shortly before we left, Maurice brought out his good champagne that he had hidden from the Germans. We all had a glass. Maurice had some bottles of wine he had prepared for the Nazis. He had uncorked them, taken out a glass of wine, peed into the bottle to fill it, and then recorked it to look like the real thing.

The French shirts extended nearly to our knees. At night, we took our shoes, socks, and pants off and slept in our shirts and long underwear. While laundering my shirt, Mrs. Dennetiere must have wondered, why there was a six-inch piece torn from the tail. I learned later that Cliff's shirt was the same. She patched the holes. Why were they there? Because toilet paper (papier hygiene) was non-existent. Sometimes newspaper was available, but this time I had used my shirttail.

Early one morning, while Madame Vancraeynest was working in her garden, five Nazi soldiers came and arrested her. She was taken to the prison at Loos, where she was subjected to harsh interrogation and tortured with cigarette burns. She refused to name any of her associates.

It was very possible that our own arrests could be next. We were moved to another village. We stayed with the priest who lived next door to the church. This was the first time since our plane went down that we had seen toilet paper and a flush toilet (which was in a little lean-to on the back of the house).

We were told that we were going to stay with "Charlie Chaplin" the next night. He was a local character who resembled the real Charlie Chaplin, but was about four inches taller. We stayed at his house one night.

Later, we were moved to the home of a young, newlywed couple. The husband was a coal-miner. One Sunday when the mine was closed, he took us there for a hot shower. This was the only shower that we had in the eighty-one days we evaded the enemy. We stayed at their home for several days, but the young wife was so fearful, we had to be moved.

The next stop was a huge farm with a three-story brick house. A large family lived there and ran the farm. They showed us their cache of guns and ammunition of all sizes and descriptions that they had hidden in the farm outbuildings. They were attempting to adapt ammunition to various sizes of guns where it didn't fit.

We stayed there for about three weeks, sleeping in the attic on the third floor. This was to be our "jumping-off " place. The next stop was Paris.

One of the daughters was gorgeous with freckles, deep blue eyes, and wavy red hair. She decided that she was in love with me, and insisted that I stay, so she could prepare for a wedding. Refusing to let me leave, the young girl hung onto my legs when I tried to walk to the car that was to take us to Paris. Her mother talked to her, her father talked to her, I talked to her, but she was determined that I was to stay. When she realized I was really leaving, she insisted that I come back after the war. I told her that was impossible. Her father stepped in. He told her that if she would let me go, he would give her a kitten. This pleased her and she let go. She was eight years old.

Her father had helped many downed airmen. We learned later that he had been shot for treason.

Although we had some pleasant times with the people who sheltered us, I never felt safe, and I'm sure they didn't either. Betrayal could come at any time.

The driver of the car that picked us up spoke in French to the farm family and in perfect Oxford English to Cliff and me. He was a young man, probably in his early thirties. He seemed familiar to me because he resembled a Salada Tea salesman that I had known when I worked at Walsh's grocery warehouse. He turned out to be a German double agent, posing as a guide for the escape line. This was the first German we had seen in our eighty-one days of evasion. He drove us several miles to a roadblock and turned us over to the Luftwaffe police. The date was May 3rd, 1944.

The moment I realized it was all over for us, I felt shock, anger, hatred for the Nazis, fear of the unknown which lay ahead, and sorrow for the brave people who had sacrificed so much and were being betrayed.

AT THE ROADBLOCK

A guard came over to the car. Speaking in French, he asked us for our identification cards. After he had examined them, he carried on a conversation with the double agent in German, instructing him to follow a motorcycle to the command post.

We were taken to an airfield, which was camouflaged to look like a French village from the air. Netting painted to look like trees was stretched over the buildings. Panels made to look like houses and stores reminded us of a Hollywood set. Pursuit planes were using the grassy field for take-offs and landings.

Cliff and I were interrogated separately. Then we were taken to a squad tent, where ten German soldiers lived. The only thing they fed us was some raw bacon. The soldiers took shifts sitting up and guarding us all night. We tried to sleep, but we were too "shook up". The next day we were taken in a German army truck to a formidable old prison in the city of Lille, France.

IN THE PRISON AT LILLE

The old prison, probably dating back to the French Revolution, was three stories high and constructed of large blocks of stone. It was located on the town square. Around the square we saw a church, the City Hall, and shops. The railroad tracks ran nearby.

We were taken down a series of stone stairways to a large room three stories underground. The room was divided into cells by wooden partitions that did not reach all the way to the ceiling. One dim light bulb in the hall supplied the meager light for the whole area.

Cliff and I were put in cells at opposite ends of the cellblock so we couldn't talk to each other. The man in the cell next to mine said he was an American, but I didn't talk to him a lot because of my experience the day before with the double agent. I knew that Nazis posed as Americans to get information from prisoners.

The cell contained a crude wooden slab bed, a table, with a crockery bowl and a large spoon on it, a small stool, and a pail to be used for a toilet. Across the hall from my cell was a ventilating shaft, the only source of air and sound from the street above. The walls of the prison were at least twenty feet thick at their base. I pulled my bed over to the door, placed the table on the bed and the stool on top of the table. I stood on top of the furniture and looked out a space above the door. I could see a six-inch square section of sky through the long ventilating, shaft which sloped upward through the thick stone wall.

THE CIRCUS TRAIN

That night, I lay on the hard bed in the dreary, cold, damp cell. I tried to warm my feet by putting them in the armholes of the old French Army overcoat that had been given to me for a blanket. I was hungry, cold, and depressed. As I dozed off to sleep, I could hear the bells clanging and the trains switching on the nearby railroad tracks, the same sounds I had often heard as I lay in my bed at home on River Street. I dreamed that it was the circus train.

I've always loved circuses. Some of the happiest times of my childhood were the days when the circus came to Lansing. One of the advantages of living next to the Grand Trunk Western Railroad tracks was that the circus trains unloaded in an area near our back yard.

The early 1930s were the era of the big circuses, and I saw all of them. The names I remember are, The Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey, The Hagenbeck Wallace, Sells-Floto, Cole Brothers, Miller Brothers, and The One Hundred and One Wild West Show (so-called because they owned one hundred and one square miles of land in Oklahoma). They all traveled by rail.

It seemed that the night before the arrival of the circus would never end. After lying awake most of the night listening for the train, I would get up around 4:00 A. M., sneak out of the house, and cross the railroad bridge over the Red Cedar River. From there I watched and listened for the train. I'm still certain that the sounds made by circus trains are different from other trains.

Finally the train arrived, but it still seemed to take hours of switching and placing of the cars before the unloading could begin. Around dawn, when everything was ready, the first section of the train was unloaded. Ramps were placed at the ends of the flat cars for the circus wagons to be rolled down to the street. Then, small tractors pulled some of wagons to the circus grounds, others were towed by elephants or teams of horses. Groups of two or three of the heavier wagons were linked together and pulled by a huge Mack truck.

Everything was unloaded from the train and transported to the circus grounds in proper sequence: first, the huge tent poles, then, sections of the "Big Top" tent and the seats. The sideshow booths were the last things to be taken off from the first section of the train. The animals and performers rode in the second section of the train. They stayed on the train while the tent was being set up.

One time, that I will never forget, I was able to hitch a ride on one of the wagons to the circus grounds, about five miles from our house.

I watched the "roustabouts" (workmen) assemble the "Big Top". When all of the ropes and pulleys had been attached to the poles, the tent master blew a whistle, the elephants pulled on the ropes, and slowly the huge tent rose from the ground. Watching this was, for me, one of the most exciting events of the circus day.

While some of the workers were putting up the sideshow booths, others were preparing for the parade. The bandwagon, pulled by ten huge Clydesdale horses, came first. Next in line were the caged animals in wagons, pulled by teams of horses. Then, the performers took their places. They rode or walked

beside the animals that were in their circus act: elephants, camels, horses, dogs, or ponies. Interspersed throughout the parade were the clowns, and the steam calliope, playing lively music, was near the end. The city of Lansing proudly used its only automatic street sweeper as a giant "pooper-scooper" to clean up after the animals. The kids, riding their decorated bicycles down Michigan Avenue, and waving to the crowd, followed the parade.

I could hardly wait to see the show. It cost several dollars. This was a lot of money during the depression. Grandpa Lenon was able to make a deal that provided the tickets for his children and grandchildren. He knew that the "advance" men were looking for places to post their show bills. He allowed them to put signs on his barn (where he sold used car parts) in exchange for tickets.

Having spent a busy day watching the train unloading, the tent going up, and the circus parading down Michigan Avenue, I went home for supper. My worried and angry parents confronted me. Because I had disobeyed them, and had gone to the railroad yards, and the circus grounds without their permission, I would not be allowed to see the circus that night. All of my howling and "bellering" did nothing to amend their decision. I appealed to grandpa, but that didn't work either. I stayed home alone, but only long enough for the rest of the family to leave in our Willis Overland car. They had gone early for mother, Bob, and Gerald to see the menagerie before the show. Dad liked to admire the Clydesdale horses and talk to the drivers.

I raced to the circus grounds. Outside the tent, I picked up two empty pails and walked in with the crowd, past the ticket taker, pretending that I had been hired to "water" the animals. I walked over to the portable faucet and set down the pails. The bleachers were filled. I slipped into a seat at the end of a row, and melted into the crowd. I didn't see my family and they didn't see me.

Although I had been attending circuses all of my young life, the thrill of seeing another performance never wore off. I was eleven years old, and I had never been more than thirty miles away from home. It was exciting to watch these travelling wonders present their acts. I loved watching all of them: the acrobats, lion-tamers, tumblers, tight rope walkers, performing elephants, horses, dogs, ponies, monkeys and especially the comical clowns.

I knew that my parents would pay the extra twenty-five cents each for the family to stay and see the Wild West Show. This allowed them to sit in the reserved seat section, if seats were available. I hurried back to the railroad tracks behind our house to watch the reverse procedure, the loading of the train.

Between the afternoon and evening shows, the circus people had been fed. The small tents were taken down when they were no longer needed. The tents for cooking, the blacksmith shop, the veterinary doctor, and the sideshows were all dismantled and taken to the train. During the evening performance, as each act was over, the equipment and animals from that act were transported to the train and loaded on it. At the end of the show everything was on the train except the Big Top, the seats, and some of the performers. With perfect timing, my circus day ended when the family car returned home. To my parents, it appeared that I had been in bed all evening, and cried myself to sleep.

As I slept, I still heard the sounds I would recognize anywhere: the swoosh of the air brakes, the ringing of the bells, and the chugging of the train moving back and forth from one track to another, switching. The circus train had finally arrived, if only in my dreams.

I awoke suddenly and realized where I was. This was no dream. The noises I heard were being made by the trains that moved Hitler's armies. I later learned from William L. Shirer's book, The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich, that Hitler had sent spies to the United States to learn how the circus loaded and unloaded efficiently. The German army applied the same methods to load troops and equipment during wartime.

VIOLINS OF AUTUMN

The long, dreary days dragged by. I amused myself by scratching the words, "Hitler is a pig" on a two by four that framed my cell. At unpredictable intervals, I was taken to an interrogation room and questioned, sometimes for short periods of time, and sometimes for hours. The Nazis used several different tactics in their attempt to get me to talk. Sometimes they yelled and screamed at me, and sometimes they pleaded with me to answer. They told me, "You could be shot as a spy, you know", or "Your friend, Cliff, has answered all of our questions, so you better answer, too". The Gestapo wanted to know who helped me evade, and the Luftwaffe wanted technical information, but all I gave them was the required information: name, rank, and serial number. It was very stressful. I didn't know whether or not they would carry out their threats.

Once a day, my cell door was opened and the guard ladled some slightly warm thin gray liquid into my soup bowl. This daily ration did little to relieve my hunger. On Sundays we were also given a small piece of "beef" about the size of a silver dollar. On one occasion, I was given a smoked fish about fifteen inches long. It was black, dried up and it looked inedible. But after the light was turned out that night, I ate the whole thing; skin, fins, eyeballs-everything.

I knew that the invasion was coming, but I didn't know where. Nearly every night, the Royal Air Force dropped bombs near Lille. These bombing attacks were intended to give the impression that the invasion would be in the Pas de Calais region, thus keeping the German armies in that area, away from the actual "debarquement" (invasion by sea) site. When a bomb hit the ground the old prison shook, and dust fell on me. It was very frightening. I could hear the stomp, stomp, stomp of the guard's boots as they went from cell to cell to make sure that no one was injured. One time, a guard shook me to wake me up. I pretended that I had been asleep and not bothered at all by the air raid. This annoyed him.

In the prison, there were several young Frenchmen who served as trustees. They were petty criminals and not political prisoners. At night, they served as interior guards, to relieve the German troops.
I had been in the solitary cell for about two weeks. One night, when there were no German guards on duty, one of the young Frenchmen came to my cell. He wanted to talk to an American who could speak a little French. He took me to the small office. I talked with him and several other trustees about the progress of the war. They told me that many German cities had been destroyed by the 8th Air Force and Royal Air Force bombs. The effect on the civilian population was devastating. (Hitler had promised that German cities would never be bombed.) The Allied Air Forces were accomplishing their goals.

The young French prisoners knew a lot about current events. I asked them, "What is the source of your information?" They told me B. B. C. (British Broadcasting Company). I was amazed that they

could get information into the prison without the knowledge of the German guards. Listening to B. B. C. was a capitol offense.

I was even more amazed when they asked me if I would like to listen to B. B. C. I readily accepted the offer, and was shown the hiding place where the clandestine radio was kept. It was carefully hidden behind a loose stone in the wall. I put on the headset and listened to a coded message being sent to the French underground. They were phrases, which only had meaning for the sender and the members of the resistance. I was hoping I would hear the well-known sentence from my High School French book, "La plume de ma tante est sur la table." (My aunt's pen is on the table). I didn't hear that, but I heard a poem by Paul Verlaine that I had learned in 1935 in Mr. Sage's French class. I remembered most of the words and followed along as it was recited.

Suddenly, my sleepy mind became alert. I remembered something that had happened several weeks before while I was at the Dennetier's home in the little town of Auby, which is located on a large canal. Across the canal, I could see a farm with several outbuildings. One of them was a brick barn with a hole in it about the size of a large basketball. The farm was the home of a very old Frenchman. I can't recall his last name, but it was not French. It might have been Flemish, Dutch or even Spanish. His first name was Henri. He came to visit Cliff and me every two or three days, and he often brought a little food from his farm. We would sit and talk, and we usually discussed the progress of the war. One day, I asked him why he didn't patch the hole in his barn. He told me he was very old. This was obvious from his appearance.

He said, "The hole was made by a German shell during the war". I asked him if it was in 1940. He said, "No, no, no, 1914. I was born there on the farm in 1865. I was six years old when the Germans came with their armies in 1871 and 1872. Starting in 1914, they occupied the region again for four years, but I was too old then for the army. Now, they are back again, and have occupied this area for four more years. That makes ten years of my life that Germans have been here. Why should I repair the hole now? They'll be back again after this war is over."

We talked about the "debarquement" (the invasion). When was it coming? Where would it be? These were the unanswered questions. Henri said, "The invasion will not come until we hear the violins of autumn. I had discounted what he said, because I knew enough about weather conditions to know that the English channel is often very rough, and that the invasion would need to be in the early summer when the channel was calm.

By putting two and two together, I realized that old Henri knew the secret message that would alert the underground that the invasion was imminent. The signal was the poem, "Chanson D' Automne", by Paul Verlaine. "Les sanglots longs des violons de l' automne, blessent mon coer d' une langueur monotone." (The long sobs of the violins of autumn wound my heart with a monotonous langour.)

After the war, I learned that the people in the resistance knew that when the second verse of the "Violins of Autumn" was recited, the invasion (D-Day) would be the following day.

Nearly three weeks later, on the day after I arrived at Stalag Luft III, we learned that the invasion had begun. This was June 6, 1944. I thought of those French trustees in Lille. They had probably heard two verses of the "Violins of Autumn", not knowing that this was a message to the members of the

underground that the invasion would be the next day, and it was time for them to start their acts of sabotage.

EVANGELINE

During the long days in the prison at Lille, with no one to talk to and nothing to read, I continued to daydream. A form of recreation that had been available to us while we were at Grafton-Underwood, were the movies in the city of Kettering. Getting there involved a treacherous five-mile bicycle ride up and down hill on rough cobblestone streets at night during the blackout. I rode, holding on to a flashlight with one hand, and the handlebar with the other. As I thought of the films I had seen in Kettering, and the latest movies from the United States that were shown at the base, a film that I had helped to make as a boy came to mind.

The inspiration for making a movie came from an old January issue of Boys Life magazine. One of the members of our baseball team had found it in a trashcan. We coveted the Boys Life because it contained advertisements for all kinds of gadgets that any eleven-year old boy would want. The Johnson-Smith Novelty Company in Mount Clemens, Michigan offered some of the most intriguing items. One of them was a device for learning to be a ventriloquist that enabled you to "throw your voice". The gadget cost ten cents including the two cents for postage. Grandpa said it was silly to send away for something that looked like a seed from a maple tree, when a real maple seed placed under your tongue would work just as well. I tried a maple seed, but it didn't work for me.

The other boys on my baseball team were Eddie, Chuck, Negeb, Nate, Junior, Dick, Tony, Vic, and Sam. We became excited when we saw an advertisement for an eight-millimeter movie camera, including two twenty-five-foot rolls of film, all for $9.95. A two-dollar deposit was required. If we returned the camera for a refund, we could still keep the rolls of exposed film. We decided to send for the camera.

Raising the money for the deposit was a problem. Tony's sister, Winifred, had a job caring for a neighbor's children after school. She earned fifteen cents a day, and she saved every penny. We asked Winifred if we could borrow two dollars. When we told her what it was for, she agreed to loan us the money only if we let Tony be the cameraman. Everyone wanted to be cameraman but her restrictions settled the problem. We purchased a money order for two dollars, and we mailed the request for the camera and film.

We had decided to make a cowboy movie. It was easy to prepare the costumes. We all had cap guns with holsters, cowboy hats, plaid shirts and cotton jersey gloves with fake leather gauntlets. The horses for us to ride would present a problem. We couldn't afford to buy material for horse costumes, and none of us knew how to make them anyway. Our solution would be a camera angle showing the "riders" from the waist up, jogging along holding fake reins in their hands.

The location for the movie was to be the city brickyard, which was on the riverbank, across the river from my grandpa's general store. Thousands of used bricks were stacked there, forming several "mountains". We had waited impatiently for several weeks. Finally the camera arrived, but just as we were ready to begin filming, the late spring rains caused the river to spill over its bank, flooding the brickyard. Immediately, the plot of the film changed dramatically.

We had just studied Longfellow's "Evangeline" in our fifth grade class, so everyone knew the story. We thought he flooded riverbank, covered with trees and vines, looked like a Louisiana bayou, but we didn't have a boat. My Uncle Jesse usually kept his rowboat tied to a tree in back of grandpa's store, but it had been stolen. We searched the riverbanks looking for it and we found it upside down in Sycamore Creek. Uncle Jesse was so happy to have his boat back that he gave us permission to use it in our movie.

We built a raft of old railroad ties and anchored it off shore to use as a camera platform. Our costumes were regular street clothes: knickers, plaid shirts, black stockings, and school shoes. Sam played the part of Evangeline. He wore a costume that he had borrowed from his grandmother. It was a long pioneer-type dress, and poke bonnet. Two oarsmen were seated on each side of the boat, and Sam sat in the back.

Tony, the cameraman, was born with only one good eye. It was his right eye, the brown one. The left one, which was blue, was called a "watch eye". It was cloudy and nearly sightless. Our filming began, and Tony started to roll the camera. As the rowers slowly paddled the boat through the waters of the "Louisiana Bayou" country, a low-hanging wild grapevine caught Evangeline under her chin and gradually lifted her into a standing position in the back of the boat. The noises she made were not "lady-like", and she failed to attract the attention of the boatmen. They kept right on rowing while the vine pulled her out of the boat and flipped her backward into the water. At the same tine, Tony became excited and switched the camera eyepiece to his blue eye. Instead of filming Evangeline falling into the river, he got and excellent shot of the center arch of the Cedar Street bridge.

It didn't take long to finish the two rolls of film. We returned the camera and sent the film, in the pre-paid stamped envelope, to be developed. We waited several weeks for the film to be returned. We then needed a projector, and Dick's older sister owned one. She loaned it to us. We held our grand movie preview in the basement of grandpa's store. All of the neighbor children came. We were very disappointed to see that twenty feet of the first roll of film was taken up by the title and credits, that had been added by the developer and super-imposed on top of our pictures. The best part of the movie would have been the scene where Evangeline hit the water, but we didn't see that. We saw the shot of the bridge instead. By this time the soggy ground had dried out, and baseball season was starting. We gave up filmmaking, and turned our attention to sports.

BASEBALL

As I sat in my solitary cell, I tried to think of something to do. If I only had a ball, I could play catch by bouncing it off the floor, to the wall, back to the floor and into my hands. I wadded up the rag I had been given for a towel, tied it in knots, and tried to bounce it off the wall. It was too soft. It wouldn't return after hitting the wall. As I gave up the attempt to make a ball, I heard a sharp crack that sounded like a bat hitting a ball, clearly, and with gusto. I never knew what made that sound, but it turned my thoughts to dreams of home and the long summer days.

Summer vacation for a nine-year-old meant baseball. All that we needed to play ball in 1928, was a stick of some sort for a bat, and anything that you could hit with it for a ball. We only played real baseball on days that Vic's sister wasn't baking bread. She used Vic's genuine "Louisville Slugger" bat

to hold the oven door shut. It wasn't a baseball game when we played with a rounded two by four. We called that game "stickball". Our ball was in poor condition. It had lost its stitched cover early in the summer, and we had just spent nine cents for a roll of friction tape to cover the exposed strings.

Rainy days when we couldn't play ball were especially difficult for us. We huddled together under the railroad bridge to discuss the strategies for the next scrub game and to talk about our heroes, Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb. One rainy day, Vic's sister wasn't baking, and we were really feeling sorry for ourselves. We had the best bat ever made and a well-taped ball, but we couldn't play baseball in the rain. We decided to have a contest batting stones into the river to see who could bat one the farthest. Vic didn't like this because the stones were denting his bat, but the game continued. I bent over to pick up a stone and was hit between my eyes with a full swing of the "Louisville Slugger". After I stopped seeing stars, I learned that I had a four inch cut on my forehead and a big bump was beginning to rise. I started running home: out from under the railroad bridge, up the riverbank, across the railroad tracks, through the gate, and across the back yard. I was covered with blood and screaming at the top of my lungs.

Incidentally, this was the summer that I had decided to be the world's best football place kicker. I had spent part of each day practicing my place kick. The grape arbor served as a goal post. I didn't have a football, so I used a second-hand soccer ball that I had bought from a neighbor boy. I had earned the money to buy the ball by collecting graduated medicine bottles from the city dump nearby, and selling them to the bootlegger. He paid me a nickel apiece for all the small bottles I could find. (This was during Prohibition, when it was illegal to sell liquor in the United States)

With my head split open and bleeding profusely, I was still aware enough to notice my soccer ball lying in the middle of the back yard. I couldn't pass up the opportunity to get in a practice kick, which I did at full speed.

Our back porch had two sets of steps. Dad had just built the set nearest the kitchen door out of solid cement. They replaced the wooden steps that burned when I left a bushel basket of hot ashes from the furnace on them.

The tremendous kick propelled the ball toward the riser of the middle one of the three steps. The kick was a good one, fair and square, but a little low. I was unable to dodge the rebound, and it hit me squarely in the face. Mother rushed out of the house. She saw me lying in the middle of the back yard, battered, bruised, bloody, and knocked out "as cold as a mackerel". She called grandma to help her. I was revived. Together they patched my head with brown paper, and wrapped it with a clean rag that was torn from an old sheet. Two hours later the rain had stopped and I went back to join my friends in a scrub game.

Our improvised baseball diamond was in a gully between the back yards of the houses on Cedar Street and the railroad track embankment. This area was about thirty feet wide and three hundred feet long. One of the boys had read that the bases on a regulation diamond were ninety feet apart. In the space we had available, the distance between first and third was thirty feet, but the space between home plate and second base was nearly three hundred feet, and parallel to the embankment. We had "miles" of outfield. Third base was halfway up the embankment, nine feet above the rest of the diamond. It was great for catching fly balls, but it was impossible for a runner to slide into third base. When a passed

ball fell into the river, we retrieved it by throwing stones near it to create waves that washed it ashore. The riverbank was steep and slippery, and getting the ball out of the water was dangerous. We nearly lost our best third baseman when he came very close to falling into the river.

With my head bandaged, I was allowed to bat first, but this was not to be my lucky day. I hit a foul ball through Mrs. Browntree's back window. In a split second, I was standing alone on the deserted field, bat in hand, without an alibi. We had an unwritten rule that if one of us broke a window, we would all chip in to help pay for it. But, the player who broke the window had to arrange to have it repaired, and he also had to get the ball back.

I knew where to find the gang. They were all there in our old hiding place, under the railroad bridge. We decided to go as a team to each set of parents and ask them to give us a nickel or a dime to pay for the broken window. I had watched my dad install a piece of glass many times, so I decided to fix the window myself. The sash came out of the window frame easily. I took it with me to grandpa's store to purchase the materials. The bill was twenty-one cents for the piece of glass and five cents for the putty. I went back to Mrs. Browntree's house and began to work. Three hours later, the putty had started to set, so I scraped off the excess with a razor blade. The repaired window looked good.

The next day we collected money from our parents. I paid grandpa for the glass and putty and I bought a new baseball for eleven cents. We counted the cash that was left, and were pleased to learn that we had made a profit of thirty-eight cents.

THE MEDICINE SHOW

On another rainy day, as we huddled under the railroad bridge, Eddie gave us the news that a medicine show was coming to our part of town. The stage for the show would be set up on Maple Street, about six blocks from my home. My mother didn't let me go that far by myself, anything more than a block or two away was strictly off limits. Wanting to go to the medicine show, I tried to think of a suitable solution to the problem. Eddie was two years older I. Mother agreed that he would be a suitable escort.

At the show, a wooden platform served as a stage. A tent that was set up behind the stage was used for a dressing room for the performers. The audience stood in front of the stage. An all male cast presented the variety show. We knew that the female impersonators were really men. Some of them didn't bother to shave off their mustaches. Years later, I learned that this kind of entertainment had been presented at country fairs all over the world for hundreds of years.

On the first night of the show heard that cash prizes were to be given to the winners of various contests. There would be a beauty contest, a beautiful baby contest, and a talent contest. No admission was charged for the show, but the "pitch" men interrupted the various acts to sell their "cure-alls".

The first product they promoted was their most popular remedy called "Tonal". The price was a dollar a box. I thought it looked like dried peach-tree leaves. Perhaps, it was. Small pieces of licorice had been added to give it flavor. The user was instructed to use the leaves to make tea, and to drink it daily. It would cure anything. If you didn't believe it, just ask the "pitch" man. He was, without a

doubt, the greatest orator since William Jennings Bryant (who had died a few months earlier, after successfully prosecuting the defendant in the famous "Monkey Trials").

Tonal was not the only medicine they sold. The show was there for ten days, and each evening a new product was introduced. On the last night, they offered a combination sale, all ten remedies for six dollars. I wondered why anyone would need the other nine medicines, when Tonal would cure everything.

On the second night, a contest was held, and the prize was a dollar. Two boys were picked from the audience and invited to go up on the stage. The catcher on our team was one of the boys, and the other one was a big kid, the neighborhood bully, who could yell and scream louder then anyone. Our catcher was scared to death. He knew he didn't have a chance to win. To make matters worse, the Master of Ceremonies shouted into the tent, "Spike, bring out those two knives. The one who cuts the other boy's ear off first wins the dollar." Our friend started howling in fear. The thought of losing an ear or a dollar was more than he could stand. The Master of Ceremonies knew that he had made a mistake. He hadn't expected to be taken seriously, so he reached into his pocket, pulled out a crisp, new, one-dollar bill and gave it to the howling boy.

A new contestant was chosen to take his place. A large piece of marshmallow candy, shaped like a peanut, was tied in the middle of a piece of string that was about two feet long. Each boy held an end of the string in his mouth. At the signal, the boys were to chew on the string, taking it into their mouths. The one who reached the peanut first was the winner. They had both decided ahead of time that they wouldn't chew on the string, they would try to bite the candy. When the signal sounded, both of the boys snapped at the peanut candy, bumped each other, and ended up with bloody noses. Their efforts were rewarded. They each received a dollar.

I knew I didn't have a chance of winning any of the contests. I decided to hang around after everyone else had left to see if I could find any money on the ground. Eddie had already gone home. That first night, I found two dimes and a penny, but it wasn't easy. The dimes were covered with tobacco juice and I didn't have anything to clean them with. I put them in my pocket. Each night I found some money but I didn't dare tell anybody. If I did, every kid in the neighborhood would be out there looking for dimes.

The next to the last night was amateur night. There were musicians, singers, dancers, and tumblers. The performer who got the loudest applause from the audience was the winner. I noticed that the three tumblers won because they had a lot of friends in the audience. Just before the show ended, the announcer told the crowd that the last night would be the beautiful baby show. My baby brother, Gerald, was just a few months old and was, without a doubt, the most beautiful baby in the world. My job was cut out for me. First, I had to persuade my mother to take Gerald to the medicine show and enter him in the contest, and then I had to pack the audience with friends who would applaud at the right time. It wasn't easy. Mother agreed to go. Then I approached my friends, cousins, uncles, aunts, everyone I knew. Most of them said they would go. I thought if Gerald cried, it would play on the sympathy of the audience. I knew he would cry if mother put him on the stage and pretended to leave him, but I knew she would never do that. It turned out that he cried so hard anyway, that mother took him out of the contest. My friends in the audience started to yell, "Bring back the little boy in blue. We want the little boy in blue." He was brought back by popular demand. He had stopped crying, and his tears were replaced by a great big smile. He immediately won the first prize.

LEAVING LILLE

As I lay on my cot, reminiscing about my home and family, a German guard unlocked the door and yelled, "roust" (get going). I didn't know if I was leaving Lille, or being taken out to be shot, as my interrogators had often threatened. I had noticed that each Wednesday, some of the prisoners left. Cliff and I had been there from May 4th until the 25th. I believe we were kept there longer than most of the other prisoners because we had been caught in civilian clothes. The Germans must have hoped to gain information about the underground from us, but they had finally given up. I grabbed my overcoat and my spoon and I left the cell.

In front of the prison a German Army truck stood waiting. A large group of us were taken to the detention center for Air Force prisoners in Brussels, Belgium. We were held there from May 25th until May 29th. In Brussels, each cell had two beds with straw mattresses. I was not in the same cell with Cliff.

Again we were taken in an Army truck. This time we went to the railroad station, where we boarded makeshift coaches. Originally used as boxcars, they had been adapted for moving troops. Windows had been cut in the sides and crude wooden seats had been installed.

The train went through the Netherlands, Duisburg, Koln, and Duseldorf. Most of the time, the railroad paralleled the Rhine River, through the highly industrialized Ruhr Valley, which had been the target of many of our Allied bombing raids. The destruction was unbelievable. For hours at a time, as far as we could see, every building had been destroyed. Some the outer walls were standing, but not one roof was intact. This was in early June of 1944. This same area was bombed and shelled repeatedly for nearly another year before the unconditional surrender of Germany in May of 1945.

DULAG LUFT

Our destination was Dulag Luft, the interrogation center for Army Air Corps prisoners. It was located in Wetzler, a small town near Frankfort on the River Main. We were there for only a few hours. Cliff and I sat outside. We were not taken into the building for questioning.

We heard that in the past some of the men had been confronted with the information, "We know who you are and which Bomb Group you are with". The Nazis had discovered that each downed airman carried a photograph of himself wearing civilian clothes. The pictures had been taken at the air base, and were intended for use in false identification papers during evasion. Shortly before my last mission this practice was discontinued when it was learned that the German Intelligence agency was able to identify bomb groups by the pattern of the necktie that was used in all of the photos for that group. Spies had sent this information to MI-9, the British Intelligence agency in England, that coordinated evader and

prisoner of war activities. When I was captured, I had the false I. D. card that Maurice Porez had made for me while I was staying in Auby.

WHO'S ON FIRST, WHAT'S ON SECOND? OR PINK, MEE, AND BEAR

While we were at Dulag Luft, the place was so jammed with downed flyers that some of the men on the same crew were interrogated together. This was the case with three B-26 officers who had been captured at the same time: Captain Mee, Lieutenant Pink and Lieutenant Bear. The three of them had worked out a comic Abbott and Costello-type routine that they had used to amuse their fellow flyers back in England.

When the German officer asked, "Who is the pilot?" they all answered in unison "Mee", which, of course, was correct. This confused the interrogator. "How could all three of you be the pilot? Now, tell me again, who is the pilot?" The answer was the same, "Mee". He tried another question, "Who is the co-pilot on your crew?" Lieutenant Pink said, "I am." The interrogator asked, "How could you be the co-pilot? You just said you were the pilot. Who is the pilot?" Answer, "Mee". The questioning continued for quite a while until the German realized that he was being "had". As the three were led away to the "cooler"(solitary confinement), the pilot said, "Why Me?"

Cliff and I were not taken into the building for questioning. By mid-afternoon, we, along with several groups of men were loaded into trucks and taken to the railroad station in Frankfort. This was about a twenty-minute drive. I will never forget the bomb damage we saw. We had flown three bombing missions over Frankfort and I had seen the city through the eyepiece of the bombsight, but this was the first time I had seen it on the ground. The city was in ruins. Piles of rubble reached to the center of the street. There was a narrow path just wide enough for us to walk in single file from the truck parking area to the loading platform of the railroad station.

The civilians were very hostile. They would have attacked us, but the guards yelled and shook their fists at them, and used their rifles to push back the angry crowd.

The railroad station, also, had suffered severe damage from both the night and the day bombing attacks that had been taking place since 1939 when the war began. I have often wondered where my three loads of bombs hit, how much damage they caused and who the victims had been.

We were again loaded into the third class passenger cars, and on our way to Stalag Luft III near Sagan, Poland. Sagan is a small town on the Bober River. It is located one hundred miles southeast of Berlin and seventy-five miles northwest of Breslau. Travelling at night, we were on the train from June 1st until the 4th. A lot of the time we were sitting on the siding waiting for "bomb-out" tracks to be repaired.

Name: Kenney

Vorname: Paul E.

Dienstgrad: 2. Lt.

Erk.-Marke: 5433 OFLAG LUFT 3

Serv.-Nr.: 0 - 676 227

Nationalität: U. S. A.

Baracke: /

Raum:

K. Liebig, Sagan

This is a copy of my prisoner-of-war identification card.

STALAG LUFT III PRISON CAMP

We walked from the railroad siding to the camp. As we approached the gate, we could see forty or fifty prisoners grouped around the opening, looking for friends and asking questions. Inside the camp Cliff and I saw Bill A. from the 384th Bomb Group. He had been shot down after our plane went down and had come directly to prison camp without evading. He spotted us immediately and brought us up to date with the latest news from our outfit. He told us that two B-17s had collided over the base in the fog. Only one flyer had been able to parachute to safety. After the war, I became a friend of the lone survivor, Glenn Hinshaw. He had finished the required number of bombing missions and had returned home safely. He attended Georgia Tech and graduated with a degree in Civil Engineering. Some of his work can be seen in the I-285 by-pass highway around Atlanta, Georgia. He built his own memorial.

I was assigned to Stalag III south camp. Slave laborers had cleared about twenty acres of land, leaving the tree stumps. Around the outside of the camp they had built a ten-foot high barbed wire fence. There was another smaller fence ten feet inside the first one. Beyond this was "no man's land". Anyone stepping beyond the inner fence would be shot. Guard towers were situated around the perimeter two hundred feet apart. The guards were on duty twenty-four hours a day.

The workers had built sixteen barracks to house about 1500 men. Each of the barracks had a kitchen, seven rooms to be used for living quarters for about one hundred men, three smaller rooms for higher-ranking officers, and a latrine that was used only at night while we were locked in our building. A single outside faucet supplied cold water for two hundred and fifty men.

At first there were double-decker bunks in the rooms. As more men arrived at the camp, the beds were changed to triple-decker. Before we left the camp our room had fifteen men living in an area that measured about fifteen by twenty feet. Each bed had nine wooden slats. The guards often counted them to be sure we weren't using them for firewood or to shore up an escape tunnel. They didn't know that we were trimming off the edges to burn in our stove. Our burlap mattresses, stuffed with wood shavings, sagged between the narrow slats.

In our room we had a stove and two wooden cupboards. One cupboard served as a closet for us to store our clothing and other possessions. We laid the other cupboard on its side to provide a work counter. Inside it we stored any food we might have and pans that we had made out of tin cans. We sat on long benches at a crude table to eat our meager meals.

In our compound, in addition to the barracks, there was a cookhouse, a wash house for us to do our laundry, a latrine, and a theater. Near the center of the camp a cement pool four feet deep and measuring twenty by twenty feet had been constructed. It was intended to provide a source of water in case of fire. Using pails we emptied the dirty water, cleaned the pool, and filled it with clean water to use for a swimming pool in the hot weather.

The buildings were poorly constructed. In the winter when icy winds blew we tried to keep warm by stuffing newspapers in the cracks in the walls. The only newspapers allowed in camp were Volkischer Beobachter, written in German, and O. K. (Overseas Kid), in English. Both of these weekly papers were printed in Berlin and they contained German propaganda.

MIT LUFT POST NACH NORDAMERIKA

Kriegsgefangenenpost

Mit Luftpost

Par Avion

Postkarte

98

GEPRÜFT

22.7.44-16

An Miss Dorothy Leathers

Gebührenfrei!

Absender:

Vor- und Zuname: P. KENNEY 2nd LT. A.C.

Gefangenennummer: NONE

Lager-Bezeichnung: M.-Stammlager Luft 3

Deutschland (Germany)

2275

U.S. CENSOR

Empfangsort: E. LANSING MICHIGAN

Straße: 416 PARK LANE

Land: U.S.A.

Landesteil (Provinz usw.)

Kriegsgefangenenlager

Datum: JUNE 14, 1944

Dear Dorothy - A great many things have happened which prevented me from answering your letter. Everything is fine now and I'm in good health. I was very lucky. A very good friend is here with me. Write if possible. Love - Paul

This is a copy of a post card I wrote to Dorothy from Stalag Luft III. The Germans and the United States government censored our letters. We were not able to say much about our situation.

Under the rules, signed by Germany at the Geneva convention at the end of World War I, officers were not required to work, but enlisted men were. Our time was spent in reading, writing, playing cards and talking about what we planned to do after the war. We were always hungry. We constantly talked about fine restaurants and the wonderful meals our mothers had cooked.

In the south camp there were many men with special skills. There were farmers, carpenters, plumbers, electricians, actors, musicians, artists, and writers, to name a few. Many men volunteered their talents to help others. For example, a chiropractic student was able to relieve muscular pain for many of his "patients".

Before I arrived at the camp, resident carpenters had planned and supervised the work, and Russian prisoners had built the theater. It was constructed of wood salvaged from crates that had contained Red Cross parcels. The theater was a small building with a stage at one end. At the other end a small collection of books served as a library. The books had been furnished by the International Red Cross and had been censored by the Germans. I read over one hundred books during the seven months that I was there. I kept a partial list of these books on the back of a candy bar wrapper, and I still have it.

Any kind of entertainment was very welcome. The German censors allowed a few American movies that had been provided by the Red Cross to be shown. The Red Cross was also furnished some musical scores and instruments. A band that played popular music was formed. These musicians, along with singers and dancers produced a Variety Show. A funny act featured two men dancing (one of them was dressed as a girl). Another show that I remember was called "Midnight at the Mermaid", a production starring talented actors who presented excerpts from Shakespearean plays. The setting was a fictional English Pub called "The Mermaid". The audience sat on wooden crates. During the winter months we went to the theater wrapped in overcoats and blankets.

The playing cards that had been furnished by the International Red Cross helped a lot in relieving boredom. I learned to play bridge after I arrived at Stalag Luft III. My bridge partner, Bob Christie, and I played in the tournaments that were held in our barracks. We weren't familiar with the experts' advice on bidding, so we devised our own system of communicating with each other. Our unorthodox method may have seemed strange to our opponents but we had nothing to lose, and we were often the winners.

NIGHT PILOTS

Twice a day we had roll call. We assembled on a large field at one end of the compound. The men from each building stood together to be counted. The first call (appel) was usually quite early in the morning, and not always at the same time. This was planned to break up the continuity, in case someone planned to escape, it would give him less time. The early morning roll call also broke up the continuity of a night's sleep, especially on extremely cold nights, when we had to get out of bed long before daylight and stand outdoors at parade rest for an hour or more. The evening roll call (capelle) was usually around four o'clock in the afternoon.

Once a week, but not on a regular schedule, Nazi guards came into the building at night and counted us. Lights had been turned off at 10:00 p. m. We were awakened in the early morning hours by the sounds of loud talking and boots tramping down the hall. The lights in each room were turned on as

the guards went through the building counting the men in their bunks and poking at blankets to make sure they weren't "dummies". We were glad that this inspection replaced the regular roll call on the parade ground in the freezing temperatures. After they left, we could stay in bed as long as we wanted.

The nightly bridge game ended abruptly at 10:00 when the lights went out. Sometimes the hands were not completed. We had planned to play a trick on the guards. For several nights in a row, we left our unplayed hands on the table, not knowing when they would be coming around to count us.

When we heard the guards enter the building, the four players scrambled out of bed. Wrapped in blankets, we sat around the table holding our cards. When the guards entered the room and turned on the lights, we were in the middle of our game. This behavior both amazed and upset the guards. It was beyond their comprehension. Could American flyers see in the dark? We watched while the Germans discussed the situation. Finally, the English speaking guard asked us what was going on. The response was, "Of course, we can see in the dark. We're night pilots." You can imagine the excitement that was created at headquarters when this incident was reported to the higher command.

The Germans allowed the International Red Cross in Switzerland to provide food parcels and other help for the prisoners of war from countries that had signed the Geneva Convention Treaty in the 1920s. Russia, China and Japan had not signed the treaty, so the Red Cross was not allowed to help prisoners from those countries. The rules of the treaty stated that each prisoner would receive one package of food per week. They were sent from the United States, Canada, England, Argentina, and New Zealand. One box was intended for the use of one man for a week, and it contained powdered coffee, a can of spam or corned beef, a large can of powdered milk (called KLIM), a box of prunes or raisins, a can of Pilchers (fish), a box of sugar cubes, a tin of oleomargarine, a tin of jam, a can of cheese, a package of crackers, a bar of Ivory soap, and a pack of cigarettes.

During the fall of 1944, as the weather turned colder, the supply of Red Cross parcels dwindled from a half a box to a quarter of a box per man and sometimes there were none at all for several weeks.

Thin soup was prepared for us in the cookhouse. We received one bowl per day of this soup. It was made from wormy vegetables and weeds. The worms provided us with protein. A promised ration of black bread equal to a loaf per week per man never materialized. We usually received a slice a day. The heavy bread, weighing six or seven pounds a loaf, was made from a combination of grains and possibly sawdust. It had been packed in sawdust and transported in boxcars. We could see flakes of wood clinging to the outside of the loaf.

Hot water for tea or coffee was provided twice a day. We carried it from the cookhouse in a pitcher marked "kine trink vasser", meaning "not for drinking water". We called the pitcher the "Kine". Raw potatoes were handed out about once a week, and kohlrabis (similar to turnips) were given to us once a month. Occasionally we received a small piece of meat and a few briquettes of coal for cooking. We sometimes had rolls of blood sausage, but I couldn't bring myself to eat it, no matter how hungry I was.

SOUP'S ON

In the science fiction novel, Fahrenheit 451, the author, Ray Bradbury's , story takes place in the future in a totalitarian country where knowledge is suppressed by the burning of all books. The title of the book refers to the temperature of the kindling point of paper, 451 degrees Fahrenheit.

In this narrative, firemen were trained to start fires instead of extinguishing them. Whenever a hidden library was discovered, the firemen were called to destroy it.

Forbidden knowledge was retained by the spoken word. While on secret walks, one person would recite an entire book to another. The second person would memorize the book, and later, pass the information on to others.

Within our prisoner of war compound, secret radios were hidden, and information was obtained from B. B. C. (The British Broadcasting Company). We never knew where the radios were concealed or how they had been acquired, but we guessed that it must have involved the bribing of a guard.

News of the war was passed around camp by the same method that was used in Ray Bradbury's book. A man took a walk with the informant to hear the news. He then related what he had learned to the next person until an entire chain was completed. Every day the signal was given, "Soup's on". This message didn't mean to get out your bowl and spoon, but rather, to be ready to hear the news from the various battlefronts.

There was a problem, however, in the translating of the German broadcast. The prisoner of war in our camp that translated from German to English was fluent in German and Spanish. English was his third language. He couldn't translate from German to English fast enough to get all of the facts, so he would write it in Spanish and later translate it into English. This took time and it was hard to wait. We were anxious to find out what was new.

Each day, the O. K. W. (Oberkommando der Wehrmacht, or German High Command) issued a news bulletin. It was very difficult to find any agreement between the "Soup's on" news and the German interpretation of it. The O. K. W. had a strange way of phrasing things to alter the truth. Many times the Germans were "falling back to previously prepared positions". The most revealing communique was translated in these words, "The German armies are maneuvering in concentric circles". This message sounded to us as if the Nazis were running like hell.

THE HONEY WAGON

Parody sung to the tune of "Honey Suckle Rose"

"He comes in every day,
Just to take the stuff away,
How he stands it no one knows,
Honey wagon Mose."

The "Honey Wagon" that we sang about in the parody, was a farm wagon with a large tank and a pump on it. It was drawn by a tired old horse, and driven by a Polish prisoner-of-war. The driver was happily greeted by Polish-speaking Americans. One of them, Lieutenant Koszak, who had been a P-47 pilot, lived in our barracks.

The honey wagon was used to pump the "night soil" out of the latrine every day. This was used as fertilizer on the local farms. We always said we would rather have sugar and cream on our strawberries—if we had any—and margarine on our kohlrabi, which we did have.

The latrine, which was used by 1500 men, was built with a large roof and no sidewalls. It contained a huge cement tank full of water. There were forty-five or fifty holes around the perimeter for men to sit, facing out. The tank of water had a mechanical device that flushed it periodically. The flushing created a slight current, which ran counter-clockwise around the tank.

One ingenious "Kriegie" made a paper sailboat, set it afire, and dropped it through one of the holes, and into the water where the burning boat was carried around by the current. This was not a very heart-warming situation!

Three of the holes were on a separate board that could be raised on hinges to empty pails of slop. One night, this board was left in an upright position. A German guard stepped into the latrine and sat down in the wrong place. With elbows out and legs hanging over the edge, he caught himself from falling into the filthy water, but he was stuck there. His screams alerted the prisoners in a near-by barracks, who turned on an outside emergency light to indicate that help was needed. When another guard responded to the emergency light, he immediately saw the problem and rescued the unfortunate man. Word spread around the camp the next day, and everyone had a good laugh.

FERRETS

The barracks at Sagan were up off the ground resting upon blocks of concrete. The metal skirting around the outside did little to keep out the cold. Underneath the barracks, the Nazis had dug a crawl space in the dirt, where English-speaking agents could hide and listen to the conversation of the men above them. They also prodded the ground with metal rods to make sure that no tunnels were being constructed.

These spies wore Luftwaffe-blue coveralls, and were aptly named, "tunnel ferrets" after the well-known weasel-like animal that is used by hunters to drive rabbits and other game from their burrows. . Presumably, these informers were highly educated aviation engineers, who understood the American Air Force "lingo", and could provide the Nazis with valuable information. .

When we knew that a ferret was under our building, we decided it was a good time to mop the floor. We then brought large buckets of water and poured it over the floor. The water dripped down through the one-forth inch wide cracks in the flooring. Once in a while, we knew we had accomplished our goal, when we saw the ferret coming out dripping wet. This spying practice was later discontinued, supposedly because the ferrets had been unable to find out anything of value to the Germans.

ALL THIS AND RABBIT STEW, OR DAISIES DON'T TELL

In the summer of 1944, packages of seeds arrived from the International Red Cross Headquarters in Switzerland. Although the soil was sandy and infertile, we dug the ground with tin cans and planted radish, carrot, and lettuce seeds. We carefully tended and watered our garden in eager anticipation of a fine crop of fast-growing salad vegetables. However, the seeds had been mixed up, and one batch of them produced a row of daisies.

One day a small rabbit was discovered in the vegetable patch. This caused a riot, as he was chased all over the camp. The men in one of the barracks had rabbit stew that night. The final results of our gardening were very meager, and to add to the problem, another wild rabbit squeezed under the fence at night and ate the tops off from most of our prized vegetables. A few straggly daisies remained.

Most of the camp guards were older men who had been in the German or Austrian army in World War I. Many of them were proud and eager to display the medals they had earned. One pompous guard had the job of patrolling the length of the barracks, marching back and forth in a "goose-step" all day long. (German troops used the goose-step in parades, too. With each step the leg was extended without bending the knee. Marching in this manner must have been very tiring.) Each time he reached the end of the building, the guard would smartly make an "about face" without looking either right or left. He had worn a path in the sand and clay that was about two feet wide along the full length of the building.

On one of the trips a "Kriegie" leaned out of a window and slyly dropped a daisy in the barrel of the guard's rifle. Unaware of the flower he was carrying, the guard continued to go up and down the path. The men nearby tittered at the ridiculous sight. Finally the Sergeant of the guard saw what was happening and put a stop to it, with his usual blustering and shouting of obscenities. From our "bag of tricks" we had achieved another small moral victory, and the enemy had suffered another small defeat. We had plans for many more practical jokes to try.

LOTS OF CHEESE

As the warm days of summer faded into fall and winter, the conditions in the camp became more severe. Fuel for heating was no longer available and food was at its lowest both in quality and quantity.

On one occasion, a fire in a cheese processing plant near the camp forced the owners to evacuate the storage area where hundreds of 500-milligram packages of processed cheese had been stored. The cheese was brought to our camp and a package was given to each of us. This was a "good news, bad news" situation. We badly needed food, but the cheese had been contaminated by ammonium gas and had an "unusual" taste. Each one of the men in my room tasted his cheese and decided not to eat it. They gave their packages to me. Over a period of about four days, I ate all fifteen boxes of cheese. After I had finished eating it, we received instructions to trash the cheese because it was <u>poisonous</u>. I suffered no ill effects, and I had a full belly for a few days.

DIGGING OUT STUMPS

One of the most severe winters of the decade occurred in 1944 to 1945. Each room, housing fifteen men, had a small stove, but there was nothing to burn in it. There were pine stumps sticking out of the ground throughout the compound. Many of them were up to twenty inches in diameter. We dug them out using tin KLIM (milk spelled backwards) cans, which had contained powdered milk.

After many hours of digging and prying the stumps from the ground, we spent many more hours cutting them in pieces for burning. We constructed a maul from a block of wood and attached a handle. Our only other tools were common table knives, which we used as wedges, pounding them with the maul. A positive thing about this work was that we felt the warmth twice; once during the cutting, and again while the wood was being burned.

THE STING OF THE MOSQUITO

A British Mosquito bomber loaded with a "block buster" (a 10,000 pound bomb) flying near our camp at night had engine trouble and was forced to drop its bomb short of the target. The bomb landed in a wooded area about two miles from camp, knocking down trees and leaving a bomb crater the size of a house.

Several days later a small group of us, escorted by a guard, were allowed to go on a "parole walk" to salvage wood for the camp cookhouse. We had no tools, but we loaded as many broken branches as we could onto a small cart. I was able to acquire some of the wood for the men in my room to use. As we had done with the tree stumps, we split the wood using ordinary table knives as wedges, pounding them with a mallet. This hard work took lots of time and we had plenty of that. We used a razor blade to split our wooden matches lengthwise into four pieces to make them go farther. Burning the wood in our stove, we slept warmly for several nights.

THE LAST BLITZKRIEG

"The Battle of the Bulge" was the most tragic battle of World War II in the western front. It was Hitler's idea and it was carried out against the advice of his high command. The fighting started on December 16, 1944 with a surprise attack by the Germans that involved more than a million of their men. Their Panzer (tank) divisions drove through the Ardennes Forest in Belgium and attacked the center of a weakly held part of the Allied front, repeating the successful Nazi offense of 1940.

The poor weather conditions made support from the air impossible. Surrounded at Bastogne, the American army, made up of green (inexperienced) troops faced Hitler's experienced veterans, and held

out against impossible odds until relief arrived. General Montgomery led the British troops in the north and General Bradley was in command of the American troops in the south. Together they pinched off the attack, with both sides suffering great losses. The front was re-established on January 16, 1945.

"The Battle of the Bulge" was one of Hitler's greatest mistakes. I heard about it from prisoners of war coming into Stalag Luft III. I was very concerned about my brother, Bob, in the 11th Armored Division. They had gone into battle, along with the 4th Armored Division, in late December. Together they helped to defeat the enemy in the battle, and later in the war under General Patton they pushed on, victoriously, all the way to Austria. I am thankful that Bob survived these perilous times.

CHRISTMAS 1944

The group of twelve (and later fifteen) men with whom I lived at Stalag Luft III ate our meals together, sharing our Red Cross parcels and meager rations given to us by the Germans. When we organized our food preparation duties we chose Tony as our cook. He had been a cook on a merchant marine cargo ship before he attended Navigation School. Cliff was his assistant and the rest of us took turns at K.P. (kitchen police or clean up). The Nazis had not provided us with any cooking equipment. We made our own from tin cans. We cut them apart, flattened them, lapped the edges together, and shaped them into many usable items.

Christmas day of 1944 was a day I will always remember. We had planned a special holiday meal. One of the men provided a white sheet that he had received in a package from home. We used it for a tablecloth. We had hoarded food for several days to have one big meal. Saving food was difficult to do because the Nazis always punched holes in all of the cans in the Red Cross parcels before we received them, so we wouldn't be able to store food in case we were planning an escape.

Our main course consisted of a small can of shredded turkey from a Canadian Red Cross parcel, divided among the fifteen men. Our cooks prepared mashed potatoes, thin gravy, and boiled, diced kohlrabi. We watched, eagerly, as Tony carefully rationed the food onto fifteen tin plates lined up on a bench.

As I picked up my plate, I bumped it on the edge of the table and dumped it on the dirty floor. I was able to salvage very little of the food, and some of it ran through the cracks in the floor. As if by a signal, each of the other men in my room gave me a spoonful of food, sharing his meager portion with me. As we sat down together, to eat our Christmas dinner, I thought of the bonds of friendship we had formed over the past seven months, and I was very grateful to them.

Later in the day, as we stood on the parade ground for afternoon roll call, we were surprised to hear the jingling of sleigh bells as Santa's sleigh arrived, pulled by eight "reindeer" with fake antlers. Tossing out bags of mail for each building, bringing thoughts of home, and hope of freedom to war weary prisoners, Santa made our day complete. On that day, I received my first letter from Dorothy Leathers, my future wife. Christmas day of 1944 was very special to me.

As I lay on my bunk that night thinking back over the events of the day, I was unaware that the most difficult days of my life still lay ahead of me.

ADJUTANT'S CALL

Although I volunteered several times, I had never been chosen for burial detail. The men who were selected for pallbearers had been wearing their uniforms when they were captured and they were allowed to wear them in prison camp. When I was captured, I had been dressed in the civilian clothes that had been given to me by the French underground. The articles of clothing that the Germans had supplied were parts of military uniforms from various countries. The most useful garment I had was a long French overcoat with several deep pockets. This coat had been given to me while I was in the old prison in Lille, where I had needed it to keep warm.

The body of the deceased person was wrapped in a heavy muslin mattress cover, placed on a wooden pallet, and carried by six uniformed officers to the place of internment. In addition to the six pallbearers, the burial party consisted of the chaplain, the bugler, and the German guards. Using ropes, the body was lowered into the grave, while the bugler sounded taps. At the same time, the public address system enabled the entire camp to hear the bugler. All of us stopped what we were doing and observed a moment of silence.

As was the custom at all of the United States military establishments, taps were sounded at 9:00 p.m. each night. Beginning on December 1st, 1944, something different happened that both amazed and disturbed us. Taps were no longer sounded, but another bugle call which I learned was named "Adjutant's Call" was played instead.

We were told that "Adjutant's Call" was to be played every night during the month of December. On January 1st, 1945 taps would again be played at the customary time. Any time after January first that we heard "Adjutant's Call", we would know that this was a signal that the camp was to be evacuated within a few hours.

This was the winter of the powerful Russian attack on the Germany's eastern front. The Soviet armies had reached a position on the Oder River that was about thirty miles from our camp. We could hear the explosion of artillery shells during the day and see the flashes of exploding shells at night. As the Russians came closer, we hoped that they would soon be there to liberate the camp. Naturally, the Germans did not want this to happen, so they planned to move the prisoners away from the advancing Russians.

We knew that evacuation meant we would be in for a long trek, so we were instructed to walk around the inside perimeter of the camp daily to gain strength. The weather was extremely cold and we were very hungry. I didn't walk each day, I decided to conserve what little energy I had.

We knew we would have to carry all of our meager possessions. Because of the bitter cold I constantly wore every garment of clothing I owned but I was still chilled to the bone. When the time came to leave, I planned to use one of my shirts as a backpack by buttoning it shut, pinning up the bottom, and tying the sleeves together to hang around my neck. In it I would carry my few letters from home, a cup, a bowl, my handmade cooking utensils, my toothbrush, tooth powder, razor, and soap.

There would be room in my overcoat pockets for my spoon (which I still have). I had a thin, dirty, gray blanket to use for a hood during a snowstorm.

On the night of January 28th, 1945, the dreaded "Adjutant's Call" was sounded around 10:00 p. m. We were instructed to be ready to leave at midnight. We formed a double line and marched to an enclosure outside the regular camp. There we were met by a group of new guards who would assist our regular ones. Some of the new guards were very young, from the Hitler Youth group, others were World War I "re-treads", fifty years old or more.

Each prisoner was handed a box of Red Cross food that weighed twenty-two pounds. I knew it would be impossible to carry the box in my arms, so I opened it and stuffed as many things as I could into my overcoat pockets. The other items were crammed into my backpack. The only things that I didn't pack were four bars of Ivory soap and four packs of cigarettes, that I had been hoarding. I passed these out to the new guards. We called this "greasing the goose". Not knowing what lay ahead, I wanted to establish a favorable relationship with my captors. They quickly concealed the gifts from their officers. I still had some soap and cigarettes in my pack to use later, for bartering.

FROM SAGAN TO SPREMBERG

The line of captives formed and slowly began to leave the camp. Our group joined the others in the early morning hours. The temperature had dropped to five degrees Fahrenheit, the snow was six inches deep, and still falling. The line of about 7,000 men stretched for miles heading southwest through farmlands, where there were no signs of bombing attacks. As we plodded along, we were allowed to stop for a five-minute rest about every half hour. We didn't dare sit or lie down for fear of freezing, but we could lean up against a tree and eat a few raisins, prunes, or crackers from our packs.

After trudging seventeen kilometers (ten miles), we went through the small town of Halbau. There I met an old man who traded a handful of small sour crabapples from his root cellar for a bar of Ivory soap. I ate the crabapples, cores and all. I have never eaten anything that tasted as good as they did then.

On January 29th we came to the town of Freiwaldau, about eleven kilometers (six and a half miles) from Halbau.. We saw three large barns. The guards allowed about three hundred exhausted men to crowd into the barns where we sprawled out on the straw and went to sleep. When the signal was given to move out, a reluctant, bedraggled, hungry, cold group of men slowly made our way back to the road and continued our trek.

My morale would go up and down like a yo-yo. I would reach an emotional "high" when I told myself that the war would soon be over. Then I would become discouraged by the difficulties we were forced to endure. The lack of warm clothing and a suitable pair of shoes were big problems for me. My shoes were too small and there were big cracks in the soles, causing icy water to leak in. As I walked, the cracks pinched the soles of my feet, and they were becoming raw and bloody. But I was determined to survive. At times I would experience spells of elation and the flow of adrenaline would renew my physical strength as I thought of returning home-the impossible dream.

The second night, January 30th, we again bedded down in a barn. In the morning we began the third day of our journey. Some of the men guessed that we were headed for Spremberg, a railroad center that was sixty-two miles from Sagan. I tried to dismiss any doubts that I could endure the hardships for that great a distance. After each painful step I prodded myself to take another. With hundreds of prisoners on the snowy road, it had become very slippery. I may have dozed off momentarily or simply slipped on the ice. I fell forward, face down, in the road. The blow to my head caused me to become disoriented. I wasn't aware of anything that was happening around me for several hours.

When I awoke I looked around. I was in a bunk bed in a small German farmhouse. On old Austrian guard that I had known as a humane person, was caring for me. He fed me a bowl of hot soup. I was so exhausted that I went to sleep and slept soundly for the rest of the night. I have no doubt that the guard saved my life. I couldn't have survived outside in the below freezing temperature. The guard was also suffering from exhaustion. He saved his own life too.

The next morning when I attempted to get out of bed I was so weak I could hardly stand up, and I had a big bump on my forehead. The farmer and his wife helped the guard and me to climb up into their wagon. They only had one horse so they used a slow-moving milk cow to help pull the wagon. I couldn't believe it when I saw the odd team, but later I saw many other unusual combinations.

We found our group in the nearby town of Muskau. They were housed in a factory that made tiles, clay pots and jars. The kilns were fired up full blast. The warm air had thawed out the cold prisoners and helped to dry their wet clothing. I was unable to walk without assistance. Other prisoners helped me to climb to the second floor where my roommates from Sagan were resting. The guard reported to his superior officer.

I heard that another prisoner had carried my backpack, but I never found him. I lost everything that I had been saving for the past seven months: food that I needed so desperately and letters from my family and from Dorothy that had meant so much to me. Now all I had were the things in my coat pockets and my thin blanket. Again, my friends came to my rescue. Each one of them donated a part of his food parcel to me. I will never forget their kindness. The Germans gave each of us one fifth of a loaf of bread. This was the first food they had supplied since we left Sagan.

We stayed at the tile factory for two nights, February 1st and 2nd. The much-needed rest helped me to regain my strength, and I was able to go up and down the stairs without crawling on all fours. I had washed and dried my socks and my feet were beginning to heal.

Some of the my friends had traded items with the people who lived in Muskau. We now had a sled to carry our belongings, but a complete reversal of the weather conditions caused the snow to melt, making the sled useless to us. However, the warmer temperature was a blessing.

On the morning of February 3rd we left the tile factory and pushed on toward Spremberg. That night we were housed at Wehrmacht (a German Army Training Center) that had recently been vacated.

On February 4th we arrived at Spremberg where we were loaded into old World War I "forty and eight" boxcars. They had been built to hold either forty men or eight horses. Fifty men were crammed into each boxcar, and there was barely room for everyone to sit. I spent February 5th, my twenty-sixth

birthday, and also the 6th and 7th on the crowded train. Not knowing the conditions that awaited us, we were very relieved to detrain in the city of Nuernberg.

NUERNBERG

We spent a very miserable two-month period at Stalag XIII-D, the prisoner of war camp at Nuernberg. Italian Officer prisoners of war had occupied the camp. They had been moved out to make room for us. The buildings were in disrepair, and the over-crowded conditions were deplorable. We were unable to sleep in the bunk beds because the slats had been burned for firewood. There were no mattresses. My buddies and I slept on the floor, sharing our blankets.

Some of the other problems were the overflowing toilets, (There was no "honey wagon" here.), the hoards of bedbugs, lice, and fleas that made our lives miserable, the food shortages and the constant air raids.

We were given one or two slices of German bread and thin soup that we called "gray death" each day, and sometimes a few potatoes. No Red Cross packages reached us while we were there.

TWENTY FOUR HOUR RAID

A year earlier, in late March and early April of 1944 Nuernberg had been the target for several aerial attacks. During these attacks the Royal Air Force suffered tremendous losses. Over one hundred of their planes went down in one night.

At the time we were there in March of 1945, the 15th Air Force out of Italy was bombing the marshalling yards at Nuernberg in the mornings, the 8th Air Force, based in England, struck in the afternoons and the Royal Air Force dropped their bombs at night.

The Italian prisoners of war that had been at Nuernberg before we arrived had dug air raid trenches and shored them up with boards. One by one, we had used most of the boards for our cooking and to keep warm.

When the air raids started, and we heard pieces of shrapnel (shell fragments) raining down on the tin roof, we headed for the trenches, where we squatted with folded blankets over our heads. The first raid was by the Royal Air Force at night.

The next morning, the 15th Air Force came over and added to our misery. Just after noon the same day, the 8th Air Force arrived. The marshalling yards were about two kilometers (one and a half miles) away. They were heavily damaged.

The raids continued for three days. After they were over, we climbed out of the shelter. The ground was completely covered with shrapnel from exploding 88 millimeter anti-aircraft shells. Some of the shrapnel had gone through the roof of our barracks and was scattered around on the floor.

For several years after the war, whenever I heard a plane flying over at night, I jumped out of bed and tried to hide under it.

EASTER SUNDAY

On April 1st, 1945, the morning roll call was held at 7: a. m. We assembled the same way we had done at Sagan. Each barrack commander called his detachment to attention. We stood at attention for the full roll call without saying a word or moving.

The Nazi captain who had been with us at Sagan was counting the rows. He could see immediately that something was different. Normally, as he moved along the ranks with his adjutant behind him, he would attempt to make conversation. This time, no one responded.

After he had passed twenty or thirty columns of men, he broke out in a sweat and appeared to be really disturbed. He must have felt that he was in a precarious position, but he didn't know why.

The prisoners were acting in remembrance of the previous Easter Sunday when a Nazi guard killed a prisoner who had inadvertently stood in a doorway during an air raid.

No explanation was given to the Nazi Captain, and as far as I know, he never realized what had prompted our behavior. Roll call proceeded as usual on the following days, and we could tell that he was very relieved. This German Captain had been an officer in World War I. He was short and stocky, he wore riding breeches, and carried a swagger stick. When I was in London I had attended the play Arsenic and Old Lace. This Captain reminded me of the British actor who tried to portray a Brooklyn traffic cop. He told us that he had lived in the United States during the late 1930s. He had made the mistake of returning to Germany in 1939 for a vacation, and was drafted into the German army.

He bragged about the fact that when he lived in the United States he had sold insurance and had driven a new Buick. He said that he had always been constipated then, but he had never experienced that problem since his return to Germany. The prisoners replied that they never had enough to eat in Germany to be constipated.

Since he spoke English fairly well and he knew a little about life in the United States, one of his jobs was to try to recruit American pilots to fight in the German Air Force against the Russians. Needless to say, his efforts were fruitless.

BETWEEN NUERNBERG AND MOOSEBURG

As the American Seventh and Third Armies pushed into western Germany we were again forced to evacuate the camp, dashing any hopes of immediate liberation. We left on foot on April 4, heading

south toward the Munich area. In contrast to the weather conditions of our first march, the balmy, spring weather and the scarcity of guards made our ten-day, ninety-one mile journey to Mooseburg more agreeable than our previous march. Bob Christie and I were able to leave the column of men, and go up into the hills where we camped and watched for the Red Cross trucks. When we saw them we went down and received our parcels. We were able to do some bartering with the farmers. I didn't smoke the cigarettes from the Red Cross, so I used them to obtain food and other useful things.

The following words are notes from my diary that I wrote on the march from Nuernberg to Mooseburg.

"1st day, Wednesday, April 4, 1945. Left Nuernberg for Neumarkt at 11:35 a. m. Stopped at Polling and spent the night in a barn."

"2nd day, Thursday, April 5, 1945. 21 kilometers. Arrived Neumarkt at noon. Drew soup and bread rations. Waited until dark and left Neumarkt at 7:00 p. m. Dropped out of the column and slept in the woods. It rained all night. Near Berching."

"3rd day, Friday, April 6, 1945. 24 kilometers. Via Barnsdorf, Reilwissieg, and Paulushfoffen. Soaking wet. Arrived at Berching and drew Red Cross food."

"4th day, Saturday, April 7, 1945. 24 kilometers. Walked away from column with Bob Christie to one kilometer from Pansdorf. Slept in a barn with several others including a British Captain and a Chinese-American doctor. Good food and eggs."

"5th day, Sunday, April 8, 1945. 23 kilometers. Had coffee and cake with a French farm laborer. Left for Pansdorf at 11:00 a. m. Walked to Neustadt and slept in a barn."

"6th day, Monday, April 9, 1945. Stayed in a deserted orphanage until 4:00 p. m. Bob and I left the column again and walked into Siegenburg. Also rode in a gypsy wagon and traded watches."

"7th day, Tuesday, April 10, 1945. Hiding out until guards had left Mooseburg. Acquired Belgian Red Cross food, 1/7th of a package and 1/7th of a loaf of bread. Acquired eggs, bacon and beer."

"8th day, Wednesday, April 11, 1945. Still hiding at Schiweinbach waiting for the guards to leave Mooseburg (Stalag VII-A). Bread and potatoes to eat. Stayed overnight. Four scrambled eggs with toast for breakfast. Lunch, bread and jam with coffee. Supper, boiled potatoes, canned salmon, boiled egg salad, and toast with wild honey. Guards gone from march."

"9th day, Thursday, April 12, 1945. Stew for supper. Leaving tomorrow at 9:00 a. m."

"10th day, Friday, April 13, 1945. Left at 9:20 a. m. 8 kilometers to Pfeffenhausen to rest stop, and then to camp at Mooseburg (Stalag VII-A)."

"April 13 to 29, 1945. Waiting for flight to Camp Lucky Strike."

CAKES AND COFFEE

April 12, 1945. The beautiful spring weather had begun and we were able to camp outside on the evacuation march toward Mooseberg. Our campsites were usually on large farms. Several French slave laborers did the farm work. There were many of these "volunteers" who were brought from various parts of France to work in German factories and on the farms.

Bob Christie and I usually tried to set up our campsite close to a barn and out of the sight of the guards. This made it easier for us to acquire small portions of grain from the storage bins. Most of the farms had a small mill, like a coffee mill, to grind food for the animals. I had learned to use a similar one when I ground coffee in my grandfather's general store. We ground wheat in the small mill to use for cooked cereal.

While we were turning the grinding wheel, a young farm worker appeared. We learned that he was a "volunteer" from France. I told him what we were doing and he was very sympathetic to our situation.

I still had a package of powdered coffee in my pocket that I had received in a parcel from my mother while I was at Sagan. In transit, the coffee and tooth powder packages had broken open and mixed together. This made an interesting drink: coffee with tooth powder floating on top. We skimmed off the tooth powder before we drank the coffee. I showed the Frenchman where we were camping and offered him a rare treat, a cup of coffee. He told us that he would come back after dark.

He came, and much to our surprise, he brought two generous slices of cake to go with the coffee. This was the first taste of home-baked goods I had eaten since being captured nearly a year earlier.

AROUND THE BEND, OR WHAT TO DO UNTIL THE WHITE COATS COME

There are many phrases to describe the effects of incarceration on a "Kriegie". A few examples are: "on the way to the funny farm", "around the bend", and "over the hill". Sometimes these peculiarities helped to relieve the tension as we tried to outsmart the guards.

In one particular instance, I had acquired (stolen) a machete from a farm in south central Germany. I have often wondered how this particular tool, that was generally used in the tropics, ended up in Germany.

It was early spring, the nights were cold, and I needed the machete for cutting wood, so I had hidden it under my French army coat.

Suddenly, we came to a roadblock. Each of us was being searched for contraband. As we stood in line, we worked out the details for smuggling the machete past the guards. The method, of course, was to create a diversion. A short time before it was my turn to be searched, I picked up a handful of pebbles and put them in my overcoat pocket. As I reached the guards, I acted as though I was very worried about losing the pebbles. I said, "Don't take away my stones!" "These are my stones." "You can't have my stones."

The prisoners in line behind me started shoving and complaining. They made motions, pointing to their heads, indicating to the guard that I was "around the bend". He gave me a shove and signaled to me to go on. I went on my way mumbling to myself, continuing the charade. It worked. I still had my machete.

GYPSY WAGON

April 9, 1945. Spring had finally arrived. The warmer weather and longer days made our trek easier. The blisters on my feet were finally healing.

Although we were walking away from Patton's Third Army, which was advancing from the north, it seemed to us that every step took us closer to freedom.

We accepted any opportunity to ride. Our chance came in the form of a gypsy wagon. We knew that the Nazis had condemned gypsies to death, and we were surprised that they had survived, undetected by the retreating Nazi troops. Of course, they knew of the impending danger if they were caught, so they were very careful.

The wagon was shaped like a huge barrel, painted in bright colors with pictures of flowers and vines decorating it. In the back a tailgate dropped down. Bob Christie and I were given permission to ride on the back of the wagon. Two old horses that had seen better days pulled the wagon.

By this time, we were in the foothills of the Bavarian Alps. The wagon made good time going downhill, but on the uphill haul, several of the gypsies got out of the wagon and we got off the tailgate to help push.

The door of the wagon was in front. In the back was a little window that opened from inside. I had placed my pack (a shirt with my belongings tied inside) on a small shelf below the window. While pushing, I glanced up at the window. Slowly it opened and a slender hand with several rings on the fingers quickly reached through the window and plucked a KLIM can from my pack. The can contained gruel (cereal) of cooked ground wheat that I had prepared for my supper. I'm sure that the contents of the can were a great surprise and disappointment to the pilferer. Of course, I had stolen the wheat from a farmer.

One thing the thief didn't find was my small container of dehydrated onions. I used a pinch of these in a cup of boiling water to make soup. It was especially nourishing when I added dandelion greens that were growing along the way. They were the first fresh vegetables that I had eaten in many months.

When the gypsy wagon stopped for the night in a sheltered area along the country road, we thanked the driver and his family for the ride.

The driver saw the gold watch, that I had received from my parents when I graduated from flight school. He wanted it. The watch had been confiscated by the German S. S. troops while I was in prison in Lille. I was very surprised when it was given back to me several months later at Sagan. The logo of the watch manufacturer was the cross of Lorraine, which was the symbol of the French underground.

The logo itself was very small and probably overlooked by the interrogators. If it had been a G. I. (Government Issue) watch, they would not have returned it.

The driver offered to trade a pair of highly polished leather Natal boots. They probably had been traded or stolen from another flyer, one that had flown the southern route to Europe by way of Brazil. I wanted the boots, but I was greedy. I wanted more. He offered me a small lady's lapel watch. I indicated I wanted it and more. He offered me a large chunk of fresh meat. That did it! We sealed the bargain by spitting on our right hands and slapping them together.

I'm not sure what kind of meat it was, but I didn't see any saddle marks on it, so I assumed it was beef. Bob and I moved on down the road where a group of prisoners were camping. We cut the meat into strips for broiling and shared it with the men who were camping with us.

The boots were very comfortable and I really needed them. I still have the lady's lapel watch although it no longer runs. I wonder where my gold watch is now.

MOOSEBURG

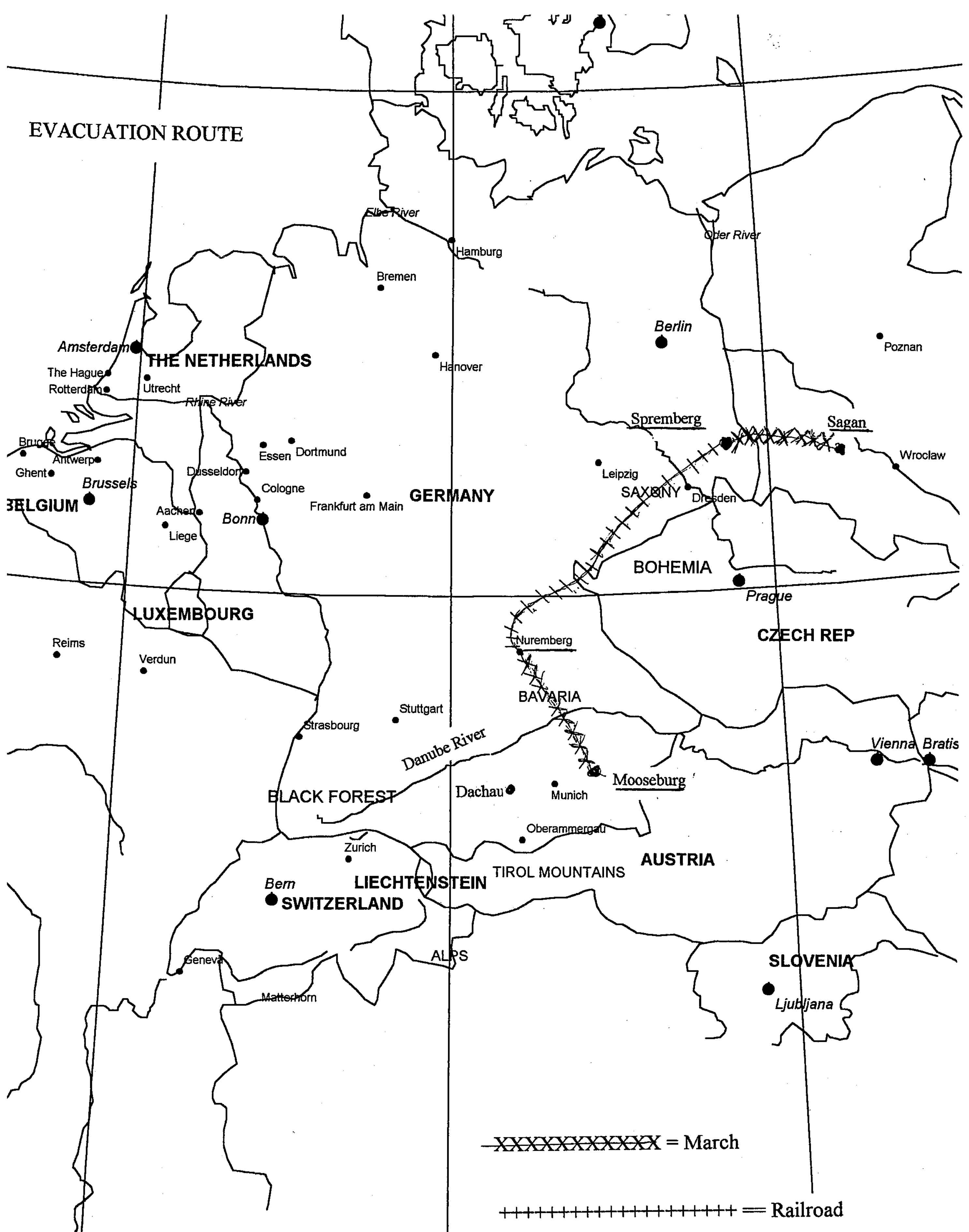
Mooseburg is located thirty miles east of Munich and about fifty miles east of Dachau, the infamous death camp where thousands of Jews and many other people were killed by the Nazis.

Upon our arrival at Mooseburg, we heard the sad news that our president, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, had died of a cerebral hemorrhage at his vacation home in Warm Springs, Georgia on April 12, 1945. That was the day before we entered the camp, and it was just three months after he began his fourth term as president. He was the only president of the United States to serve more than two terms. We were sorry that this great man had not lived to see the end of the war. Vice President Harry S. Truman succeeded Roosevelt.

There were no enemy guards at the camp. Incidentally, I forgot to say that I didn't see the guard who saved my life during our miserable two-month stay in Nuernberg, but I did meet him on the march from Nuernberg to Mooseburg. I thanked him for caring for me and wished him good luck. With tears in his eyes, he shook my hand. We never heard what happened to the guards, but I hope he survived all of the upheaval in Germany at that time and was able to return to his home in safety.

American officers were in charge of the camp. We lived in extremely crowded conditions. It was rumored that there were over 100,000 thousand men there. Bob and I were fortunate to find bunks in a crowded barracks. Many men slept in tents, and others slept outside on the ground. For our own safety we were instructed to stay in the camp and wait for our liberators. We could hear the sounds of battle getting closer.

On April 29th the 4th Armored Division of the Third Army with General Patton in the lead tank rolled into camp, greeted by the roar of ecstatic, grateful prisoners. The long-awaited liberation was at last a reality. I will never forget my feelings of pride and elation as I watched while the German Swastika (flag) was lowered and the Stars and Stripes were raised over the camp. As we crowded around the tank



From Sagan to Spremberg on foot, January 29 to February 4, 1945.
From Spremberg to Nuernberg by train, February 4 to 7, 1945.
From Nuernberg to Mooseburg on foot, April 4 to 13, 1945.

where he rode, General Patton showed us the ivory-handled revolver that we knew he carried into battle. At one time, he had owned two of these guns, but he had given one of them to Doris Day after she sang for the troops.

While we anxiously awaited transportation from the camp, the liberating troops shared their army rations with us. I was given a box of crackers and a large # 10 can of peanut butter. I knew I should be careful and not overload my stomach, but I was so hungry that I ate all of the crackers and peanut butter in two days. Then I was so sick I thought I was going to die. It was several years before I could eat peanut butter again.

LEAVING MOOSBURG

From my diary:
"May 8, 1945. The day for leaving Moosburg has finally arrived and a holiday spirit reigns throughout the camp. Our orders are to be ready to leave at 7:00 a.m. Food is plentiful but the excitement is too high for the enjoyment of a good breakfast. Coffee and toast are preferred. As I pack my haversack, (carrying bag), that I recently acquired through barter, I am discarding the KLIM-can utensils I made on the march. The wire gates swing open and I take my first step as a free man!"

"I wave and say my good-byes, in several languages, to less fortunate allies who must remain there, and who will be departing later. Flags of many nations stiffen in the breeze. I raise my head and shoulders in renewed pride and admiration. The column quicksteps to the waiting trucks. We retrace the route of our weary evacuation march. We speak of many memories and hardships we endured as we pass familiar landmarks and resting-places. The weather is pleasant and the mountains and valleys are resplendent with spring blossoms. I believe that Bavaria is the most scenic province in all of Germany."

"Niustadt, that was the scene of an important battle only two weeks ago, shows its scars of fatal resistance. The airfield is an old Luftwaffe base. It has been completely destroyed. German planes of all sizes and types are wrecked in the revetment areas. The hangers and other buildings are totally lost. The level of excitement rises as we approach the field, but it crashes suddenly when we see hundreds of prisoners of war from other camps waiting for army transports. We hear from them that they have been waiting for two days."

"Many C-47's fly over, but none stop. The trucks reload. We must stay at Ingolstadt, 15 kilometers away, until tomorrow. The old Citadel on the bank of the Danube River in the heart of the city will be our temporary quarters. Formerly a cavalry station, it is fully equipped for billeting. It is also full of guns and other supplies. The Citadel is three stories high. It is a round building with a courtyard in the center. Its battlements were used to protect the three bridges that crossed the Danube. The retreating Germans destroyed two of the bridges".

"The officer's quarters had been hastily evacuated, and many souvenirs of a lost cause were left behind. After a quickly prepared supper, we bed down for the night."

"May 9, 1945. Everyone arose very early and began "liberating" souvenirs to take home. Rifles, bayonets, saddle-bags, radios, and other military articles are being packed for transport. Our instructions

were to be ready to leave at 9:00 a.m. Transport planes are landing by the score. We are certain that we will leave by this afternoon. There are two thousand men ahead of us and we must wait our turn."

"An enemy JU 87 circles the field. It is carrying two 500-pound bombs. The Anti-aircraft guns are throwing up a barrage. We run for cover. The plane is hit, but it stays in the air, flying a white flag of surrender. On the second attempt, it is able to land. Three jerry (German) non-coms (non-commissioned officers) step from the ship carrying all of their clothing and personal items, unarmed and safe".

"The flight in a C-47 from Ingolstat to Camp Lucky Strike in the cathedral city of Reims took us over a part of France I had not seen before, the east central part. Looking down from the air, I saw the remains of World War I trenches, gun implements and forts, still visible more than twenty-seven years after the war."

Camp Lucky Strike was made up of squad tents that were set up in a park in the middle of the city. I was there for several days waiting to be processed and moved on. We stood in line for two hours for a "meal" consisting of a dab of mashed potatoes, a tiny piece of beef the size of a half-dollar, three or four green beans, and a cup of coffee. As soon as I ate this food I returned to the end of the line to wait again for another small meal. This arrangement was intentional to prevent us from overeating and becoming ill, as I had back at Mooseburg when I ate the crackers and peanut butter and was so sick.

While I was in Reims, the formal signing of the unconditional surrender of Germany took place. I saw the entourage of luxurious Benz automobiles, escorted by military police, headed for the surrender sight, a schoolhouse that had been General Eisenhower's headquarters.

At last, it was my turn to line up for "processing". The wait in line was twenty-four hours long, but it was worth it! First, my prisoner of war clothing went into a vat for de-lousing and cleaning for future use (but not by me). For the first time in four months I had a hot shower, shampoo, and shave. Then the barber gave me a very short, Army-style, haircut, and the doctor gave me a physical examination with emphasis on mental health. I then received a complete issue of uniforms with all of my insignias and awards, plus extra shirts, socks and underwear. At last, after fifteen months, I had a pair of shoes that fit! I was given an advance on my pay to use for my expenses. I felt as if I had joined the human race again.

We went on a C-47 for the short flight from Reims to Le Harve. It only took a few minutes to get there. We could see the results of allied shelling that had nearly destroyed the port of Le Harve. Very few ships were able to dock there.

Bob Christie and I stayed in the B. O. Q. (bachelor officer's quarters) while waiting for the ship to take us home. It was a relief that we were no longer required to wait in line for a few bites of food. We heard about an American Army Officer's mess that was several blocks from our room, where we could eat three meals a day. Each meal cost fifteen cents in American money. The building was on an upper level of the city. To get there we took the funicular (a slanting trolley car that only goes up and down the hill) to eliminate climbing the steep steps. This dining room served excellent American food.

Finally, on May 31, 1945, my orders came. I was to sail to New York City on the S. S. Marine Dragon on June 1st.

From my diary: "June 1, 1945: We boarded the S. S. Marine Dragon and I was assigned to quarters in the hospital ward due to lack of officers cabins. My room is excellent. The food is very good. Waiters serve us in the officer's dining room. Breakfast and dinner are large meals, and the lunches are light."

"We sailed at 8:00 p.m. bound for Southampton, England in a convoy of six ships and two destroyers. The English Channel was smooth. We arrived at Southampton during the night."

"June 3, 1945: We sailed in convoy, headed for the U. S. A. at 1:00 p. m. The convoy broke up and it's a race for New York. The estimated time of arrival is Monday night."

"June 4, 1945: Slightly seasick but still able to eat. We have plenty of fresh fruits and vegetables on board, also cigarettes and candy."

"June 5, 1945: Weather slightly stormy at times, but the sea is smooth. The ship rolls but not enough to spill the coffee. Eggnog for snack; movie, "Under Two Flags"."

"June 6, 1945: No boat drill today due to rough water. My seasickness seems to be o.k., but I'm hoping for a smooth crossing. Today, we have gone halfway. The race is getting close. We are now in second place after a tail-end start. The captain has been sailing the Atlantic for forty years and knows his navigation. He is farther north than the other ships and plans to utilize the winds and eddying currents of the Gulf Stream for extra speed. The movie tonight stars Olson and Johnson."

"June 7, 1945: Rough seas all day. Orders changed to go to Boston instead of New York. Movie "Nine Girls"."

"June 8, 1945. Rough sea. Sighted several freighters and an aircraft carrier."

"June 9, 1945: E. T. A. (Estimated Time of Arrival) is Monday morning. Sea is smooth and very blue. Bought a box of candy."

We landed in Boston on June 10th. There was a reception to welcome us. A band was playing. I went through processing and I received $50.00 for spending money.

After an overnight stay at Camp Miles Standish near Boston, Bob Christie and I parted. He went to New Jersey, and I boarded a troop train to Fort Sheridan, Illinois, and from there—home!

It was on Thursday, June 15th that my parents met me at the Grand Trunk Western Railroad Station in Lansing, Michigan. Home at last! How happy I was to see everyone. I was given ninety days of "temporary duty" at home with full pay.

THE END OF WORLD WAR II

The entry of the United States into the war slowly turned the tide in favor of the allied forces and against the "Axis" powers of Germany, Italy, and Japan.

In the spring of 1943 Germany had gained temporary advantage over the 8th Air Force. The Nazi fighter planes were successfully attacking our unescorted bombers causing many casualties. In July 1943, the addition of "belly tanks", filled with fuel, enabled the fighter planes to accompany the bombers deep into German territory, and in December the new, long-range P-51 fighters arrived in England. They escorted the bombers all the way to the target and back, greatly reinforcing their effectiveness.

During the summer of 1943 the allied forces began a campaign to destroy the areas where V-1 and V-2 rockets were being manufactured and tested. On December 24, 1943 the successful precision bombing by the 8th Air Force of sixty-one V-1 launching sites, delayed the Nazi V-1 attacks on England for six months. The first of the V-1 rockets (known as "flying bombs" or "doodle-bugs") fell in southeastern England on June 13, 1944. They were pilotless aircraft launched from occupied France and Belgium. Carrying two thousand pounds of explosives, they reached a speed of nearly four hundred miles per hour. In all, about eight thousand V-1s were launched against England, most of them directed at London. They caused extensive damage, killed 6,139 people, and injured 17,239 others

On September 8, 1944, the first V-2 rockets fell on London. These Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles were forty-six feet long and over five feet in diameter. They carried a ton of explosives, traveled over two hundred miles, at a speed of three thousand miles per hour. Unlike the noisy V-1 rockets, V-2s traveled silently. These rockets killed 2,855 people and severely injured 6,268. The V-1 and V-2 rockets ushered in the age of guided missile warfare.

At the peak of their strength the 8th Air Force and the 15th Air Force had three thousand heavy bombers and sixteen hundred long-range, fighter planes available for combat.

By the end of 1943, the war had turned, German troops were on the defensive, and the military leaders knew that Germany would be defeated. Albert Speer, the czar of German production, later said that the attacks on oil production during May of 1944 decided the outcome of the war. Hitler refused to admit defeat and the war continued for another eighteen months at a terrible cost of lives on both sides.

Prior to the invasion on D-Day, June 6, 1944, Allied bombers had destroyed transportation facilities and had isolated the Normandy beach area. German access by rail was blocked as far back as the Seine River. The D-Day attack involved the crossing of the channel from England and the landing of troops in German-occupied Normandy. During a twenty-four hour period, the allied air forces flew almost fifteen thousand sorties (individual plane flights). Transport planes and gliders dropped air-borne divisions into Normandy. The complete success of the landings was made possible by the overwhelming superiority of the allies.

By the end of August most of France, Belgium, and Luxembourg were occupied by allied forces, and by September, 1944 operational British and American airfields in France and Belgium had been established, for the use of smaller planes but not heavy bombers.

During the fall and winter of 1944 the effective bombing of transportation lines and the dislocation of people from urban areas caused German industry to grind to a halt, but Hitler persisted in continuing the war. He risked his last resources in an attempt to disrupt the allied front lines in the west. The Ardennes offensive was known as the "Battle of the Bulge". At first the Germans were successful, but they were later turned back with the assistance of allied air power. Many Germans died because Hitler refused to let them retreat or surrender.

In January 1945, the Russians broke into Germany from the east, and in March the British and American troops crossed the Rhine and poured in from the west.

Several attempts against Hitler's life were made. A nearly successful one was attempted on July 20, 1944. Hitler barely escaped a bomb explosion at his headquarters. The people implicated in the plot to kill him and many others were executed.

From January 1945, until his demise in April, Hitler never left his bunker in Berlin. In a state of extreme nervousness and exhaustion, prematurely senile, if not insane, aware of the inevitability of defeat, he prepared to take his own life. He made a statement justifying his career, appointed Admiral Karl Donitz as Head of State, and Joseph Goebbels as Chancellor. He blamed the outcome of the war on the German people, particularly the Jews, and expressed no remorse or regret for what had happened.

In the early morning hours of April 29, 1945, Hitler married Eva Braun, a shop assistant from Munich who had remained loyal to him. On April 30, he shot himself and Eva took poison. Their bodies were taken outside and burned in accordance with his instructions.

Goebbels poisoned his wife and their six children and then he committed suicide. Himmler died by biting into a vial of potassium cyanide he had hidden in his mouth before he had been arrested. He died in twelve minutes. Other Nazi leaders were tried as war criminals at the Nuernberg trials. Individual trials for lesser war crimes were held throughout Germany.

On April 16, 1945, the Royal Air Force discontinued their bombing attacks, and General Spaatz declared that the 8th Air Forces participation in the war was ended. The final missions flown were to drop food to starving people and to evacuate the liberated prisoners of war. The Luftwaffe, that had been the world's most powerful air force a few years earlier, was defeated. Germany surrendered to the allies on May 7, 1945, and General Dwight David Eisenhower designated May 8, 1945 as Victory in Europe day (or V-E Day).

The war on the Pacific was also drawing to a close. Two atomic bombs had been dropped on Japan. The first one took its toll on Hiroshima on August 6th, and the second one was dropped on Nagasaki on August 9th. The war was ended on August 14, and the formal surrender was signed on September 2, 1945, in Tokyo bay aboard the U.S.S. "Missouri".

AFTER THE WAR

A few days after I returned to Lansing I phoned Dorothy Leathers. We went on a picnic together at East Lansing Park. It rained. After graduating from Michigan State, Dorothy had gone to New York City where she had lived for a year. She worked at a Lord and Taylor department store as a management trainee. She returned home to attend her sister Mary Alice's wedding to Frank Kingsbury on September 4, 1944. She then decided to remain in East Lansing. She was working at the Michigan State Capital building and taking some post graduate classes at Michigan State College when I returned. Dorothy and I were married in the Mount Hope Methodist Church on September 4, 1945, on Mary Alice and Frank's first anniversary. After our wedding, we went by bus to Detroit.

The next day, we bought a car in Detroit, a 1940 Ford. No new cars had been built during the war years, and we just happened to be at the car dealers when this good car was brought in for resale.

I had elected to stay in the Air Corps, and was assigned to report to San Antonio, Texas. We took a ten-day honeymoon trip, and did a lot of sightseeing along the way. We often picked up hitchhikers. It was customary and quite safe. Some of them were servicemen with interesting stories to tell.

New tires were not available, so our car had "re-treads". About every hundred miles or so we had a flat tire that needed to be patched or traded for another re-tread. This situation was a minor inconvenience, but it furnished material for a lot of funny stories and jokes.

While we were in San Antonio awaiting an assignment we visited several tourist attractions, including the River of the Roses and the Alamo. We swam in the pool at the officer's club and met new friends there. One of the first couples we met was Jo and Dody Gehring. Bob Christie and his bride, Jane, were there too.

Housing was very difficult to find. Our "honeymoon cottage" was a motel room. Dorothy purchased a few dishes and pans. We used an orange crate for a cupboard, and she cooked on a second-hand two-burner hot plate that needed to be rewired nearly every time she used it. There was no refrigerator. The weather was very hat. An oscillating fan helped a little. We were there for a month.

My new assignment was at the Central Instructor's School for Navigation in Midland, Texas, where we were stationed for five months. I was being trained for a job that no longer existed. The war with Japan had ended on September 2nd, two days before we were married. After I graduated I was sent to Wright Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio to attend a school for public relations officers. This was at a time when defense spending was being cut to the bone, but the situation in Europe was still very chaotic. Public relations were very important.

As we stood in line to apply for housing in Dayton, a phone call came in for a duplex that had just become available. We were glad to leave a hotel room and live in a big furnished home because Dorothy was pregnant. The Tilghman family who owned the house and lived next door became very good friends. Our daughter, Susan was born while we were in Dayton.

My next assignment was in Rome, New York. We loaded our car. All of our dishes and other household items were in boxes on the floor of the back seat and in the trunk, suitcases and a baby buggy

Recent Bride

MRS. PAUL E. KENNEY

Mrs. Kenney was Miss Dorothy Leathers before her marriage September 4 in Mt. Hope Methodist church. She is the daughter of Mrs. Adelbert L. Leathers of 416 Park lane, East Lansing, and Lieutenant Kenney of the army air corps is the son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Kenney, 1139 River street.

Miss Leathers Weds Lieutenant Kenney

Wedding vows were spoken Tuesday in Mt. Hope Methodist church by Miss Dorothy Leathers, daughter of Mrs. Adelbert L. Leathers, 416 Park lane, East Lansing, to Lieut. Paul E. Kenney, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Kenney, 1139 River street.

Rev. Paul Boodagh officiated in the presence of the immediate families. Mrs. Frank W. Kingsbury, sister of the bride, and Mr. Kingsbury were attendants. The bride wore a brown broadcloth suit with pink accessories and a corsage of pink rosebuds. Her sister wore a green suit and a shoulder bouquet of cream colored roses.

The bride and groom are on a trip to Detroit and Chicago.

Lieutenant Kenney will report at Dallas, Tex., September 15. A member of the army air forces, he was a prisoner of war in Germany for one year. Both bride and groom attended Michigan State college.

Dorothy and Paul Kenney, September 1945

Dorothy and Paul, taken on our 32nd wedding anniversary.

were strapped to the roof. Susie rode in her bassinet on the back seat. (These were in the days before infant car seats had been developed.) In Rome, we had a great time sharing a big, rented, furnished house with our friends Jo and Dody Gehring. We had just become settled when I was sent on temporary duty to Houlton Air Force Base in Maine.

I was flown to my new assignment. My job was to supervise the closing of the Army Air Base there and to turn it over to the township for an airport. The base was built where the United States border adjoins the Canadian Province of New Brunswick. A heavy wire fence with a high gate separated the Royal Canadian Air Force Base in New Brunswick from our base in Houlton. Before the lend-lease agreement with England it was illegal to sell war materials to the combatants. In 1940, we secretly helped the British by parking Lockheed Hudson bombers on the airfield where they were pushed through the connecting gate at night. These planes were then flown to England to be used in the "Battle of Britain".

Jo and Dody helped Dorothy pack our belongings into the car. She took Susie and drove the six hundred miles to Houlton, Maine. We found a place to live on a potato farm owned by Virgil and Irene Adams. It had previously been the county poor farm. The huge house was ideal for a tourist home. Dorothy helped Irene with laundry and cooking in exchange for the meals we shared with them. We were there during the potato harvest. We watched as a mechanical digger turned the soil to uncover the potatoes. Children, who had been dismissed from school to help, picked up the potatoes, and put them into baskets for shipping to the market. The family's supply of potatoes was stored in a huge cellar under the house.

When we returned to Rome, New York after about three months in Houlton, we had already made the decision to go home to Lansing. I had been in the service for five years, and we were ready to settle down after all the moves we had made during the past year. It would be good to be a civilian and to be near our families again.

While looking for housing, we stayed with my parents in their small home on Beal Avenue, where they and my brother, Gerald, had lived for about a year. All of the big houses on River Street that had been owned by our family members had been sold and moved to locations nearby, making room for a big warehouse.

Many returning servicemen were looking for places to live, and it was impossible for us to find a house or apartment to rent. Some landlords rejected us because we had a baby. I returned to my old job at the Railway Express Company where I had worked part-time while I was in college. Having a job made me eligible to buy a home. I had accumulated enough money in back pay while I was a prisoner of war to make a down payment on a house and buy some new furniture. We also had some hand-me-down pieces of furniture from my parents. We bought a cozy little home on Frederick Street in north Lansing and moved there in November of 1946.

Several months earlier, in hopes of returning to college, I had applied and been accepted at Michigan State. After settling into our new home, I enrolled for spring term, 1947 at M. S. C., taking advantage of the G. I Bill of Rights. This law provided tuition, books and $90.00 a month for living expenses for unmarried veterans. I received $125.00 and month because I had two dependents.

We learned that barracks apartments had been built on the campus for married students. Our home was about ten miles from the campus, and we wanted to be closer, so we rented the house to some

friends for $60.00 a month and we moved into a two-bedroom apartment on campus where the rent for a month was $25.00. This was a good move for us. We made friends with our neighbors, played volley-ball, poker and other games together, and had lots of parties. There were lots of children for Susie to play with. Our second daughter, Sylvia was born while we were living there, in April 1948. She was named after Dorothy's younger sister. I worked for the college helping with the maintenance of the married housing. We were responsible for the upkeep of barracks apartments and mobile homes. I was allowed to work twenty hours a week, and the pay was eighty-eight cents an hour.

I graduated from Michigan State in December of 1949 with a degree in Business and Public Service. We sold our little home in north Lansing and bought a larger one on Lorraine Street. It was located just two blocks from the new Elmhurst Elementary school, about six blocks from my parents on Beal Avenue, and a mile from grandpa and grandma Lenon. Dorothy's mother lived on Park Lane in East Lansing and was still teaching Spanish at M. S. C.

My first job was with Associates Investment Corporation. We lived on Lorraine Street for nine years. Again, we had friendly neighbors and many good times together. There were twenty-six children living on our block. We were involved in community activities. During those years, I served as president of the P. T. A. (Parent Teachers Association), Treasurer of the newly formed Grace Methodist Church, and President of the Kiwanis Club that met in our church. Our son, Gary, was born in 1952, and Paul, Jr. was born in 1954.

. In 1959, I was offered a job at Motor Credit Corporation, a company that financed mobile homes, and was located in the Detroit area. Joan and John Baum were good friends, and Joan's father owned the company. We moved to Royal Oak, Michigan. A year later the company was sold and I took a job at Manufacturers Bank in downtown Detroit.

Dorothy had started teaching Kindergarten when Paul, Jr. was in first grade. I had always wanted to teach. With the assurance of Dorothy's income, I was able to return to Michigan State in the fall of 1967 to earn my teaching certificate. I worked as a janitor at our church and attended classes part-time.

In the fall of 1968 I accepted a position as a sixth grade teacher in the West Bloomfield School District. My pay as a first-year teacher was $6,800.00. This amount was less than I had earned as a church janitor.

When the West Bloomfield School system converted to the middle school concept, I taught 8th grade social studies for a year. I had been trained and certified to teach science, also. I preferred to teach social studies, but there was a shortage of science teachers so I taught 8th grade science until I retired in 1979, after eleven years in West Bloomfield.

From 1979 to 1982 I took a part-time job driving a fifteen-passenger bus that transported special education students to school, and I worked at several volunteer jobs. Through our church I helped with the relocation of twenty-five young Polish refugees who had escaped from the communist yoke of occupied Poland. I also volunteered at the Salvation Army Headquarters in Pontiac, Michigan where I assisted the social worker in passing out clothing and bags of groceries to the needy. My cousin, Major Ron Lenon, was the commander there. They were in the process of remodeling a large structure, formerly a Baptist church, in the center of the city. Everyone who knew Ron was very sad that he didn't live to see his work completed. He died of leukemia at Christmas time in 1981.

Our daughter Susan and her family were living in Atlanta, our son Paul and his wife Ilene made their home in Tampa, Florida, and Gary was in California. Having taught for twenty-two years in the Royal Oak School District, Dorothy decided to retire at the age of sixty so we could move and be nearer part of our family. In June of 1982, we sold our home on Benjamin Street in Royal Oak and bought a modern, new house on Post Road Pass in the Mainstreet subdivision of Stone Mountain, Georgia. We lived there for sixteen years. Wanting to be closer to Paul's volunteer work at the Veterans hospital and to be relieved of the upkeep of a house, we listed our home for sale on October 16 of 1998, and sold it the next day. Our next move was on December 10th to a large apartment in the Williamsburg senior citizen complex in Decatur, Georgia, where we are happily settled.

In 1974 I had seen an article in the Detroit Free Press newspaper about an organization called the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. This group, led by Ralph Patton, was made up of airmen who had bailed out or crashed behind enemy lines in Europe and been helped by the underground resistance fighters to evade capture. The members of A.F.E.E.S. have made several trips to European countries to visit the people who had risked so much to help them. They have also hosted yearly reunions in various cities in the United States to entertain these courageous people. We joined the group, have attended most of the reunions, and have made some very good friends. In 1982 I was elected to the board of directors, and in 1989 I accepted the position of treasurer of the Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society. Dorothy and I have planned reunions for the group in Atlanta, Dayton, Ohio, Memphis, Tennessee, and two in Savannah, Georgia.

We have made five trips to Europe, visited Madame Vancraeynest and Maurice Porez in 1975 and 1977, and Alexandre LeDieux and his family in 1977. In 1984 we invited M. Porez to a dinner party in Chantilly, France. A friend drove him there to participate in the celebration. He told us the sad news that Mme. Vancraeynest had died just a few months earlier. We have visited other resistance workers who helped our A.F.E.E.S. friends. We will never forget the great sacrifices all of these brave people made for me and for other airmen. Our most recent trip to Europe was in 1994 to celebrate the 50th anniversary of D-Day.

A few months after we moved to Georgia a chapter of the 8th Air Force Historical Society was formed here. I joined and have been active in the group since 1992, attending the monthly luncheons, serving on the board of directors, acting as president for two years, and also as chaplain. In December of 1982 I began my volunteer work at the Veterans Administration Hospital, where I work two days a week in Clinic One, the medical clinic. In May of 1999 I received a pin in recognition of the completion of five thousand hours of volunteer service. A friend and fellow volunteer at the V. A. hospital, George Reynard, encouraged me to join the Atlanta chapter of the American Ex-Prisoners of War, and I have served as a National Service Officer for that organization.

We are happy to be living near Susan's family. We wish that Gary's and Paul's families lived closer. We see them once or twice a year. When Aaron and Sarah were young, they often visited us on weekends and during the summer. Dorothy volunteered for two years at Cliff Valley School where Aaron attended pre-school. Later she taught classes of two-year-old children from 1989 until 1996. Dorothy enjoys making quilts, and is a member of the Yellow Daisy Quilt Guild, and the Georgia Quilt Council. In 1996 she was one of the four hundred Georgia quilt-makers who donated a quilt to the summer Olympics. She designed and made a quilt entitled "Peace, the Hope of the World". It was given to the flag bearer from the Island of Malta.

Paul and Dorothy with Mme. Vancraeynest, June 1975.

Paul, Jr., Mme. Vancraeynest, and Gary Kenney taken in June of 1975 in Auby, France.

Paul, Mme. Vancraeynest, and her little dog.

This picture was taken in front of Maurice Porez's bar in La Foret, France. From left to right, Dorothy, Mme. Vancraeynest, a young neighbor, Gary Kenney, Maurice Porez, Paul, Jr., and another neighbor. (See pages 26 and 27 of the story.)

This picture was taken in 1977, beside the LeDieu farmhouse in Haussy, France. Left to right, Paul, Mme. Vancraeynest, M. LeDieu's aunt, a young relative, Mme. LeDieu, Alexandre LeDieu, a grandson, and a neighbor. (See page 25.)

OUR FAMILY

At this point I would like to tell a little more about our grown children and their families. Happy, childhood memories that Susan recalls include Christmas eve with all of the Kenney cousins, watching the circus train unload near my parents' house and seeing the raising of the big top at the circus grounds, just as I did when I was a boy. She remembers the Sunday dinners at great grandpa and grandma Lenon's house, and picking strawberries in their garden. The feed that grandma Lenon bought for her chickens came in colorful, printed sacks that she gave to Dorothy to make little dresses for Susie.

Susan's also remembers scouting, summer camp, ballet lessons, and swimming at Moore's pool, where I swam when I was young. While we were living on Lorraine street Sue wrote and directed "productions" entitled "Puss in Boots", "Sleeping Beauty", "The Tooth Fairy Ballet", and a three-ring circus starring the neighbor children and her Kenney cousins, Judy, Tom and Sandy.

After attending Kimball High School, Sue went to Michigan State University and graduated from there in 1970. She was employed as a caseworker for the Ingham County Juvenile Court. In 1975 she met Dr Larry Baker. Larry and Susan were married on our thirty-second wedding anniversary, September 4, 1977, and Susan became a stepmother to Larry's seven-year-old son Andrew. A son, Aaron, was born to Susan and Larry on October 18, 1979, and a daughter, Sarah, was born on October 24, 1985.

In 1983 Susan (also called Suzanne) converted to Judaism, the family joined the Temple Sinai in Atlanta, and Susan studied Hebrew for her Bat Mitzvah on June 6, 1998. In 1991 Susan received her Ph.D. from Georgia State University. She is in private practice and teaches family therapy at the Georgia School of Professional Psychology. She is a fellow of the Georgia Psychological Association.

Shortly after they were married Larry returned to Emory University and completed his residency in child psychiatry. In March of 1997 he earned a Masters of Business Administration at Kennesaw State University. He is now in private practice in child psychiatry.

From age two until five Aaron attended the Cliff Valley School, where he enjoyed making many artistic creations, the wonderful music classes taught by Bonnie Lewis, and the Kindermusik lessons that she offered after school. Aaron was able to read when he entered Woodland Elementary School. While he was there he was in the talented and gifted program, and his special interests were music, math, computers, and especially computer games.

When he was six years old Aaron began his studies at the Hebrew School at Temple Sinai in preparation for his Bat Mitzvah at the age of thirteen on December 12, 1992.

Starting in sixth grade Aaron attended The Lovett School where he graduated in May of 1998. His interests include composing music for the keyboard, writing poems, and computer programs, and spending time with his school friends. At present his is employed as a manager at Johnny Rocket, a 1950s-style diner.

Sarah attended Woodland Elementary School through the 5th grade. She was in the talented and gifted program there. Just as Aaron had done, she began her studies in Hebrew school at six years of age in preparation for her Bat Mitzvah on December 5, 1998. For the 6th grade Sarah attended Sandy

Springs Middle School where she was in the gifted Math and Language Arts classes. She transferred to The Davis Academy (a reform Jewish day school) for her 7th grade studies in the fall of 1998. A few months later she was elected president of the student council.

Sarah is interested in acting. She has been studying at The Alliance Theater School for several years. She also likes to ride her bicycle, and play basketball and soccer. She has attended Camp Barney Medintz for four summers. Sarah enjoys spending time with her friends, she has a great sense of humor and likes to make people laugh.

Our daughter, Sylvia, loved math, music and sports. After taking piano lessons for several years, she also learned to play the string bass and the flute. While attending Kimball High School she was a member of the Thespians and took part in several plays, earned her Red Cross Life-saving certification, played basketball, baseball, and "Powder-Puff" football. She was a member of the National Honor Society when she graduated from high school in 1966. At Michigan State University she majored in Health, Physical Education, and Recreation. After graduation she worked at Interlochen Arts Academy as a dorm counselor, and in the summers as a waterfront director and sailing instructor.

Sylvia blessed our lives for twenty-six years before her untimely death of a malignant brain tumor on November 1st, 1974. She will always be lovingly remembered as a joyous, fun loving, courageous, hard working person.

This was a very sad time for us. My father died on the day of Sylvia's memorial service, November 4th. He was seventy-five years old. Grandma Lenon died about three weeks later on November 27, at the age of ninety-three. Grandpa Lenon had lived for eighty-one years when he passed away in 1955. Dorothy's mother died in April of 1981 in Deland, Florida where she had lived after she retired. She was ninety-two years of age.

Some of our son Gary's memories of our home on Lorraine Street in Lansing are the smell of bread baking at the Hostess Bakery nearby on Logan Street, the banging sounds of the Lindell Drop Forge, and the long hikes we took at "Trail's End", a large wooded area near our home. He also recalls the backyard sandbox shaped like a boat and the swing set that daddy built, and rescuing our cat, Bootsie, from the backyard elm tree, using a rope-slung picnic basket.

While living in Royal Oak our neighbors the Swaney family flooded their backyard in the winter-time for everyone to ice skate there. Gary learned to play the cornet while he was attending Oakridge Elementary School, and he was a member of the marching bands in junior high and in high school. He was active in Boy Scouts, and in the 6th grade he was a member of the safety patrol team, and he had his own newspaper route.

Gary joined the cross-country track team, and he broke the two-mile record in his Sophomore year at Kimball High School. He learned to play the guitar and formed a rock group with four of his friends. They practiced in our basement, and nearly every weekend they loaded their equipment into our old station wagon and went to play "gigs" at parties in Royal Oak and towns nearby. In the summer of 1972 Gary and Paul, Jr. hiked across the Grand Canyon.

We all breathed a sigh of relief when Gary missed going to the Vietnam War when the draft was ended by President Nixon just two weeks before he was to report for duty. Gary attended Michigan

State University, majored in Astro-physics, and worked at the observatory on the campus. Upon his graduation from college in 1978, his minor in Computer Science led to a position as a software engineer at the Hewlett Packard Company in Silicone Valley, California. At present he is an independent consultant working with the Xerox Company.

In 1987 Gary met Ann Coombs through mutual friends when he was participating in a jam session with a rock band. Ann, a classical musician, was a reluctant listener to the "noise and confusion" of their music. As a young girl Ann began her career as a violinist, proving a quick study on her grandfather Anton Hofstad's violin. Attending the prestigious Aspen Music Festival in 1976 Ann discovered her love for the viola and later rose to Principal Violist of the Six-State All Northwest Orchestra at the age of fifteen. Ann also enjoyed camping, hiking, and running the mile relay in the state track meet. In 1979 she attended the Conservatory of Music at the University of London, Ontario, and she completed the studies for her degree at the University of Iowa. Returning to the San Francisco bay area in 1983 she put her musical skills to work, auditioning and playing in operas, chamber music groups, and orchestras in the region. At present she plays with the San Jose Symphony, The San Jose Chamber Ensemble, and the Arioso Quartet.

Ann and Gary were married on September 19, 1988. The have a home on Littleoak Drive in San Jose. Two darling daughters were born to Ann and Gary. Erica was born on October 12, 1991, and Allison on June 8, 1994. The family enjoys weekend hikes, trips to California beaches, and tropical vacations on the island of Kuaui in Hawaii.

Erica's interests include story telling, drawing, ballet dancing, and ice-skating. An enthusiastic fan of the family's weekend hikes she would stuff her parent pockets with found treasures such as acorns, stones, and special leaves. For bedtime stories, she favored those about magic, and little people who live on the borders of our imaginations, often contributing long passages in an effort to stay awake a little longer. In the winter of 1998 Erica began reading chapter books, and has become a voracious reader, a prolific writer, and has shown her mother's talent for music, at the piano.

Allison, a happy, fun-loving little girl, enjoys playing with her dolls, is eager to start Kindergarten, and to learn to read. Born with a bone growth disorder known as Aperts Syndrome, Allison underwent numerous surgeries, to correct cranial problems, and to gain the use of her fingers. A courageous trouper, she has lit the lives of those around her. In the spring of 1998 Allison was given her first bicycle, and learned how to play children's computer games, for which she has shown a great appetite.

Our son Paul, an outstanding student, has always loved Math and reading. He and I were active in Indian Guides and Boy Scouting. After we moved to Royal Oak, we purchased an old fifteen-foot sloop that we repaired, covering the hull with fiberglass. The family spent many weekends sailing at Pontiac Lake and Lake Orion. While he was in high school Paul built a small sailboat in our dining room. (He wouldn't have been able to get it out of our basement, and there was no room in the garage.) He took classes in scuba diving and earned his diving certification. Paul, Jr. held several part-time jobs and often accompanied Gary's rock group on "gigs" helping with the equipment. After graduating from Kimball High School in 1973, he attended Oakland Community College in Farmington, Michigan. There he studied software design, became an assistant in the computer lab, and graduated with an A. A. degree.

Paul married Ilene Elson on September 17, 1977. Their son, James Paul (called Jim) was born on September 28, 1982. Paul's employment has taken the family from Michigan to Tampa, Florida, back to Michigan, Columbus, Ohio, Seattle, Washington, and Houston, Texas, where the family has lived for six years. Their home is in Missouri City, Texas, and Paul is employed by the Candle Corporation as a software engineer. He is a volunteer for the Friends of Literacy organization maintaining their computers, and as a member of the staff at Alvin Community College, he teaches computer science two evenings a week to prison inmates.

Ilene, a loving wife and mother, is independent and adaptable. She is continuing her college education at Houston Community College, majoring in English Literature. She is a talented writer, and has had several of her original pieces printed in the college newspaper. Her satire on "Gulliver's Travels" won for her the "Outstanding Academic Award" in English Literature at the college in the spring of 1999. During the school year, she has worked part-time at the cafeteria in the school that Jim attends, the Fort Bend Baptist Academy, and has learned a lot about the catering business.

Following in his parents' footsteps, Jim is an excellent student. A computer "whiz", Jim and his father have built their own computers. He is a fan of "alternative" music, a chess player, an avid reader, and a gifted writer of science-fiction, poetry, and his own journal. He, too, has done volunteer work for the Friends of Literacy organization, helping them with their computers as well as being a "go for" (errand boy). Jim will be a senior in high school this fall (1999), and he plans to go to college and major in computer science.

Dorothy and I celebrated our 50th wedding anniversary in 1995. The years have passed quickly since my difficult times in World War II. I don't want to give the false impression that our lives have been completely perfect. Throughout the years we have experienced joy and sadness, triumphs and difficulties. We have learned to listen and communicate with each other, to work together, and to solve problems. Our love and respect for each other has grown

Looking back I realize how fortunate I have been. In my early years I was guided by my loving, caring family, dedicated teachers, and friendly neighbors. It gave me the sense of what really matters to me, the people in my life. I am thankful for my many blessings.

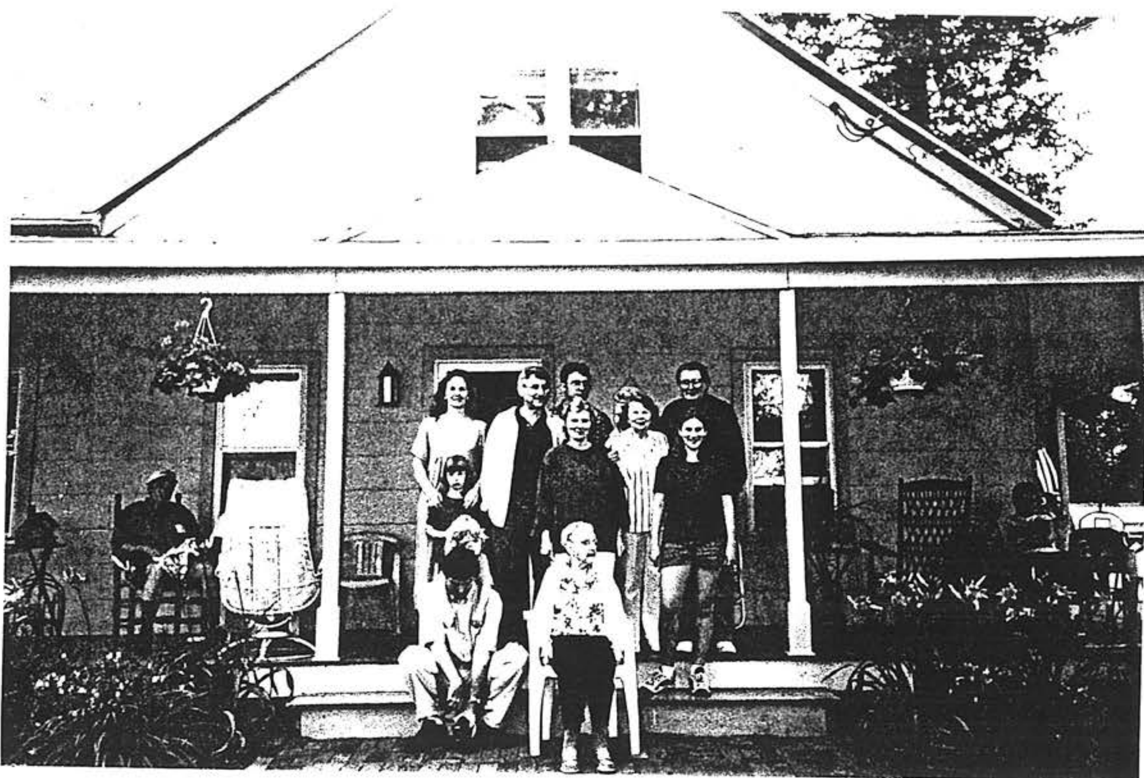
The United States is a great country, and I am proud to be an American. When the allied countries of Europe were losing the war, we went to their rescue. If it hadn't been for our part in World War II most of Europe and possible the United States would have been conquered and enslaved. Understanding our history helps us to learn from the mistakes of the past, and seek peaceful solutions to conflicts in the present.

As citizens of the United States we don't always live up to our highest ideals and aspirations, but we have the freedom to make our own moral decisions. We must support democracy with devotion and courage, in spite our flaws and failures. We are a part of one world and a global economy. Just as we honor each other, we must respect people of other cultures and races, recognize their worth, and work toward a world of peace, liberty, and justice, for all people.

The Kenney Clan Convenes -- The family of Paul Kenney, AFEES treasurer, got together August 1 at the Heritage Center near Savannah, GA. Paul says they all enjoyed lunch at the museum and spent five hours studying the exhibits. All were impressed with the warm welcome, the friendly staff and the knowledgeable volunteers. Shown standing, from left: Sandy Frincke, niece, Southfield, Mich.; Dorothy Kenney; Sarah Baker and Susan Baker, Dunwoody, GA.; Paul Jr. And Ilene Kenney, Missouri City, Tex.; AFEES member Sylvia Beall, Tampa Fla. Kneeling in front: Jim Kenney, son of Paul Jr. And Ilene; Gary Kenney of San Jose, Calif.; Allison and Erica Kenney, daughters of Ann and Gary; Ann Kenney, Gary's wife; Larry Baker (Susan's husband) and Paul Kenney of Stone Mountain, Ga. The 8th Air Force shirts were a gift from friend, Henry Hughey.

In November, 1988, I received the Prisoner of War medal.

From left to right, Ilene Kenney, and son Jim, Aaron Baker, Sylvia Beall (Dorothy's Sister. Paul, Jr., Gary, Sarah Baker, Allison and Erica, Ann Kenney, Mary Alice Kingsbury, (Dorothy's sister) Panl and Dorothy Kenney. December, 1998.



Back row, Ann Kenney, Larry Baker, Aaron Baker, Dorothy and Paul Kenney. Middle row, Erica and Allison Kenney, Susan Baker, Sarah Baker. Front row, Gary Kenney and Paul's mother, Bertha Kenney.

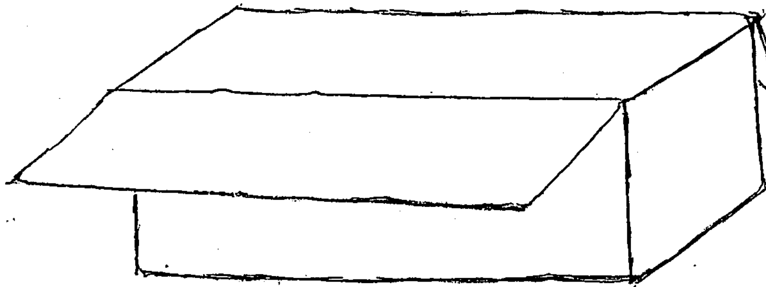
CLOSING

My fifth grade class from Christiancy Elementary School was well represented in World War II. Doug flew a dive-bomber. He "bought the farm" while fighting the Japanese in the South Pacific. Dive-bombers were very effective. They sunk four Japanese Aircraft Carriers that were headed for the invasion of Midway Island. Midway is located at the extreme western end of the Hawaiian Island chain.

In school, Mo fought the Red Baron on paper with his cartoons depicting the aerial dogfights of the Great War" (World War I). He was so eager to learn how to fly that he hitch-hiked rides to the Lansing Municipal Airport, where he worked washing airplanes and doing odd jobs to earn money to pay for flying lessons. Because of this experience, he became an accomplished pilot in the Army Air Corps. He served his country well. After the war, he spent his evenings and weekends building a small plane in his garage. It was nearly finished when he became ill. He passed away before he had an opportunity to fly his own plane.

George earned his flying lessons the same way as Mo did. He became a pilot for one of the major airlines. He didn't go into the Air Corps because his occupation was essential to the war effort.

Bob went into the Army Air Corps and became a navigator.



It started as a low hum and then the sound increased in volume until the whole building shook with the vibrations of the well-tuned Hispano-Suiza engine. The pitch of the sound rose and fell as the pilot buzzed the aerodrome. It was the German ace, the Red Baron, in his newest tri-wing fighter plane, challenging the "Hat in the Ring" squadron to come up and fight—especially Captain Eddie (Rickenbacker) who was the greatest of all the American aces. Captain Eddie rose from his bed, dressed hastily in his leather flying gear, dashed out to his French-built Spad, and was soon in the air for the "Dawn Patrol".

Now recess is over, V-J Day plus fifty years and our "toys" have been put away, but not in the janitor's storeroom. They are in places like the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio, the Warner Robbins (Georgia) Air Force Base, and The Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum near Savannah, Georgia.

GLOSSARY

Autobahn: a limited access highway that was used for moving troops and military equipment.

"Bought the Farm": killed in action.

B-24 Liberator: A heavy bomber in the United States Army Air Force..

B-17 Flying Fortress: A heavy bomber in the United States Army Air Force.

Dulag Luft: (Durchgangslager) A transit camp that was an interrogation center for Army Air Force prisoners of war. It was located near Frankfort on the Main River, Germany.

Evade: to hide out in German-occupied territories, usually assisted by members of a resistance group, or to escape to a neutral country.

Feather merchant: ground personnel.

Gestapo: Nazi secret police.

KLIM: milk spelled backwards. Klim cans were the containers in the Red Cross parcels that held powdered milk, and were used to make many useful items.

Kriegie: (Kreigsgefangenen) prisoner of war in the German language.

K. P.: kitchen police—people who are assigned to do menial tasks in the kitchen.

Louisville Slugger: a famous professional baseball bat that was made in Louisville, Kentucky.

League of Nations: an ineffective predecessor to the United Nations.

Lend-lease: A process the United States used to help provide England with war supplies.

Luftwaffe: the German Air Force.

Milk Run: an "easy, low-risk bombing mission. The term was taken from early railroad jargon. It referred to trains that stopped at numerous farms to pick up cans of milk.

Nazi: an abbreviation of National Socialist German Workingmens' Party (Nationalsazialiatsche Deutsche Arbeilerpartel)

Oxygen system: it was necessary to use "bottled air" when flying at an altitude of 12,000 feet or more in the daytime, and from the ground up at night.

P-51 and P-47: fighter planes that were used to protect bombers on their missions.

P-38: these planes were used to photograph bombing results, etc.

Roger: a French underground escape line named after its leader. The group helped downed airmen evade the Germans.

Rhineland: the river valley area between the Rhine River and the French border.

R. O. T. C.: Reserve Officers Training Corps.

Sabotage: the destruction of enemy fighting equipment.

S. S.: (Schutz-Stoffeln) Hitler's private army.

Safe-house: a place of refuge in the underground railroad to hide escaping flyers.

Stalag III: a prison camp for Air Force officers located at Sagan, Poland. (Stalag is short for Stanmlager)

Versaille Treaty: a treaty signed in 1919 ending World War I.

Windows or Chaff: these were strips of aluminum that were dropped from planes during a bomb raid to make the German radar inoperable.

THE FORMATION OF THE 8TH AIR FORCE
Written in the spring of 1946, by 1st Lt. Paul E. Kenney
For Public Relations Section
Wright Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio

At mid-afternoon on a gray day in February 1942, a Douglas airliner from Lisbon landed at an airfield west of London. Two hours earlier, far out in the Bay of Biscay, a plane presumable a German fighter had flashed in front of and slightly above the transport. Failing to spot the DC-3, the unidentified aircraft continued on its course toward the coast of France.

If the long-range fighter had come from Germany, the chances are it had been dispatched specifically to intercept and destroy the DC-3 that carried a party of seven American officers, the advance guard of an American bomber command en-route to England. The DC-3 had made a brief stop in Lisbon. From there spies had flashed to Berlin, and the Nazis had sent the fighter to intercept it.

It was a battered but defiant England that greeted Brigadier General Iva C. Eaker, commanding General of the new 8th Air Force. The great German Blitz was in progress, but the danger of invasion at this time seemed remote. Things were not going well for the allies in other parts of the world. They were retreating in Libya, making desperate last stands in Bataan and Singapore, and the Germans were advancing toward Stalingrad. The allies were tottering. This was the global situation when the 8th Air Force got its start on foreign soil.

The 8th Air Force had been activated on January 28, 1942 at the National Guard Armory in Savannah, Georgia. Under the command of Brigadier General A. L. Duncan, the staff consisted of seventy-four officers and eighty-one enlisted men. There were only four experienced pilots and no airplanes for them to fly.

Brigadier General Iva C. Eaker was designated "Bomb Commander Army Air Force in Great Britain". He set up his headquarters at High Wycombe, thirty miles west of London and near the Royal Air Force headquarters, thus facilitating cooperation in their combined operation.

The officers were housed in a building that had formerly been a girls' boarding school. During the first night, bells were ringing continually. The problem was solved when the posted notices left behind by the girls were removed. The signs read, "Ring twice for the mistress."

Major Carl C. Spaats, who was later promoted to General, became the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces in Europe. Brigidier General Eaker commanded the Great Britain detachment. It was not until May 11, 1942, that the first American soldiers under the Air Forces Command arrived. There were thirty-nine officers and three hundred and eighty-four men in this group.

At this time, the British were attempting to persuade General Spaats to give up daylight bombing, and to join the R.A.F. in mass night raids. The British had used our B-17's and B-24's earlier in the war for coastal patrol. They believed these bombers were not suited for aerial combat in Europe. In spite of

their two years combat experience, they still had much to learn. General Spaats and General Arnold decided to try daylight bombing.

ON OPERATIONS

Independence Day of 1942 marked the first operational mission of the 8th Air Force. It was a joint effort. Twelve A-20, twin engine bombers, six flown by Americans and six flown by Royal Air Force pilots took off at 7:30 a. m. for an attack on airdromes in Holland. Passing over Dekooy Airdrome, one R. A. F. leader said that the three miles of continuous flak was the greatest concentration he had seen in sixty operational missions. As they swept over the target one of the planes, with one engine out did battle with a flak tower. The plane returned to base flying at treetop level. The mission was not successful, but it was the beginning of American air power in Europe. The first heavy B-17 and B-24 bombers arrived in England that day.

It wasn't until August 17th that twelve B-17's were ready for their first raid. Colonel Paul Tibbetts, (who later helped to end the war in Japan by flying the B-29 that dropped the first Atomic bomb) led this mission. The target was the marshalling yards at Rouen, France. The planes were based at Grafton-Underwood (my old outfit). They all returned with slight battle damage. The mission took three hours and was flown at 22,500 feet. Three more successful daylight raids were flown in the next four days.

At this time, the 12th Bomber Command under General Doolittle was organized to give aerial support to the African campaign. Most of the new bombers and crews were sent to North Africa. Also, the buildup of our defenses against the Japanese in the Pacific delayed our strong support of the Royal Air Force by the 8th Air Force.

As the number of bombers in England slowly increased, and the range of the fighter escort lengthened, the operations of the 8th Air Force assumed definite outlines that divided them into separate phases. The primary objective at this time was the "destruction and dislocation of the German military, industrial, and economic system, and the undermining of the morale of the German people to a point where their capacity for armed resistance would be fatally weakened".

The priorities for future targets were listed in the following order: (1) Submarine construction sites and storage enclosures, (2) The aircraft industry and Luftwaffe bases, (3) Transportation, (4) Oil industries, and (5) Other industrial centers. The Nazi submarines were performing at their peak at this time, sinking many allied supply ships. This was a direct threat to the effective operation of the 8th Air Force.

FIRST PHASE- AUGUST 17 TO DECEMBER 11, 1942

During the first phase of operations, the 8th Air Force was limited to targets in occupied France, Belgium, and Holland. This was a period of testing equipment, gaining combat experience, and developing effective techniques. The operational radius was held down by the lack of long-range fighter escort and not by the range of the bombers. Royal Air Force Spitfires, with a tactical radius of one hundred and seventy-five miles accompanied the bombers. This limited them to targets in the Pas de Calais area, Lille, Brest and Rotterdam.

SECOND PHASE-DECEMBER 12, 1942 TO JULY 24, 1943

The second phase of operation was marked by the extended range of both fighters and bombers. Germany was hit for the first time by American aircraft. Continuous raids were flown over Bremen, Kiel, the Seine River Basin, and the submarine installations at Antwerp.

The 12th Air Force in Africa was slowly draining reserves from the United States, and also experienced aircrews from England, and the number of "aborted" and "scrubbed" missions was rising.

At the Casablanca Conference in January of 1943, General Arnold gave General Eaker a list of questions about the 8th Air Force. The future of daylight bombing over Europe depended on the answers to these questions.

General Eaker presented seven reasons for continuing daylight bombing:

1) Daylight bombing permitted destruction of small targets, individual factories, for example that couldn't be seen at night.
2) Daylight bombing was more accurate and required fewer planes to destroy a given target. Several targets could be hit at the same time, thus splitting enemy defenses and reducing the loss of our planes.
3) Daylight bombing kept the enemy defenses alerted twenty-four hours a day and reduced their productiveness.
4) The daylight bombing eased the nighttime traffic congestion over England.
5) The combat crews of the 8th Air Force were not trained or equipped for the different techniques of night bombing and switching might involve many training accidents.
6) Daylight bombing destroys enemy fighter planes in the air and is a strain on the Luftwaffe morale. At night, the Fortress (B-17) and Liberator (B-24) guns would be useless.
7) Daylight bombing offered great opportunities for cooperation with the Royal Air Force in planned joint operations.

THIRD PHASE-JULY 25, 1943 TO FEBRUARY 19, 1944

The third phase was marked by three important aerial battles. The first was a moral victory for the American Aircraft Industry. On July 25, 1943, P-47 fighter planes with "belly tanks" carrying additional fuel, escorted heavy bombers to an attack on Rostock, deep in Germany. This was the first time that fighter planes had gone all the way to the target.

On August 17, 1943, just one year after the first bombing mission, twin efforts were attempted on two of Germany's most important industrial centers. The ball bearing factories at Schweinfurt were hit, and at the same time, another force hit the Messerschmitt Aircraft Plant at Regensburg. These planes withdrew to Africa. Again, the addition of "belly tanks" or "Tokyo tanks" (so-called because these tanks, filled with fuel, were dropped on Tokyo, during the bombing of that city) enabled the fighter planes to accompany the bombers. This was the maximum penetration into enemy territory at this time.

The third important attack of this phase of the war was made by the 15th Air Force out of Africa. It was a low-level raid on the Rumanian oil fields near Ploesti. Each plane carried 3,100 gallons of gasoline and two and a half tons of delayed-action bombs. The bomb run was made at the altitude of two hundred feet. The flak and fighter attacks were severe. At this low altitude, while frantically attempting to knock out the bombers, several enemy fighters accidentally dove into the ground. The German 88-millimeter guns were firing through open sights with destructive results. Casualties were heavy but the target was hit.

A change in command was made on January 1, 1944. General Spaats became Commanding General of the Army Air Force in Europe, General Doolittle commanded the 8th Air Force, and General Eaker was the Mediterranean Air Force Commander.

FOURTH PHASE-FEBRUARY 20, 1944 TO JUNE 20, 1944

This period marked the downfall of the Luftwaffe and the allied invasion at the Normandy beaches. The 8th Air Force was assigned the job of defeating the German Air Force before the allied landings. This involved air combat and a series of knockout blows to aircraft factories and German landing fields. The targets were scattered throughout Germany. They extended from the Ruhr Valley to the eastern front. The V-1 rocket launching sights in the Pas de Calais area were extensively hit, thus eliminating the counter-invasion menace of rockets aimed at England. It was during this period that the war in the air was won.

When the first allied troops landed in France, they were covered by an aerial offensive that kept the Luftwaffe grounded for days. On D-Day General Eisenhower stated, "If you see any airplanes, don't worry, they'll be ours". The landings were unopposed from the air. For several years, the Luftwaffe had blazed a path for Hitler's Army in Poland, the low-countries and France. It was the force that nearly brought England to her knees. It failed because it just wasn't big enough, and good as it was, it was not good enough. It was the first German failure but not the last. The Luftwaffe had been planned for a Blitzkrieg war and not for a long, drawn-out one, involving changing tactics and aircraft. Basic German designs remained unchanged, for faster production of needed planes. The plans did not emphasize fighter planes. When the growing allied air power made fighters necessary, it was too late for research. The Germans had built a few new jet-propelled fighters, but they needed more.

On January 7, 1944 the 8th Air Force dropped bombs weighing a total of one thousand tons on Ludwigshafen, on January 29, bombs weighing two thousand tons were dropped on Frankfort, and on February 22, two thousand two hundred and eighteen tons were dropped on targets in central Germany. During the month of January nine hundred enemy fighters were shot out of the skies.

March brought a series of incendiary raids on Berlin. During the attack on March 8, two thousand tons of bombs were dropped. After three months of raids, Winston Churchill, Prime Minister of Britain, said. "Now those who sowed the wind are reaping the whirlwind".

FIFTH PHASE-JUNE 21, 1944 TO MAY 8, 1945

All of the industries in Germany were potential targets during the final phase of the war. Oil refineries were prime targets. As a result of these bombing attacks, fuel production was severely reduced. The Luftwaffe suffered from lack of fuel and trained men to fly in combat. They lost many planes while attacking 8th Air Force bomber formations.

Other 8th Air Force targets included Nazi troops fighting on the western front and their supply lines.

The American planes still had to contend with the rainy, overcast weather conditions and the flak that took a great toll. Flak accounted for battle damage to forty-eight thousand American planes. During bad weather, the use of "Pathfinder" radar helped by replacing visual bombing.

By the end of the war in Europe the 8th Air Force had flown 616,900 sorties and destroyed 15,439 enemy aircraft, both in the air and on the ground. "Germany was bombed to defeat."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

1) "Air War Over Europe", British Information Service, 1944

2) Henry Steele Commager, History of the Second World War, Pocket Books Inc., New York, 1945

3) W. B. Courtney, "Air Power Today and Tomorrow", Collier's Magazine, September 15, 1945

4) Hector Hawton, Night Bombing , Thomas Nelson and Sons, London, 1944

5) Reader's Digest, August, 1945

6) Target Germany, from Life Magazine, Simon and Schuster, Inc. New York, 1945

8th Hits Emden, Destroys 138 Fighters

Third Biggest Score Is Rolled Up in Blow At Vital U-Boat Base

Dec 11 1943

17 Bombers, Three Escorts Lost; N.J. Pilot New Ace

American heavy bombers struck their seventh blow of the war at the German port of Emden over the weekend, and at a cost of 17 bombers and three fighters blazed the way to their third biggest victory over Luftwaffe interceptors.

One hundred and thirty eight German planes were claimed as destroyed by the fleet of Fortresses and Liberators and their P47 and P38 escorts. The bombers' gunners claimed 117 enemy aircraft, with 20 probables and 12 damaged; fighter camera-guns showed 21 kills.

Bomb hits were registered on the big submarine construction yards, port facilities and other targets in the city area along the eastern edge of the Ems Estuary which is Germany's most western port. Emden, although comparatively small in pre-war days, has grown in importance since the extermination of Hamburg and the heavy pounding of Bremen and Wilhelmshaven.

In long duels with formations of virtually every type of Nazi fighter plane, the U.S. airmen rang up their highest score over a single target, and a mark exceeded only by the two-target battles of Schweinfurt-Regensburg, on Aug. 17, and Vegesack-Bremen, on October 8.

Third Raid of Month

The U.S. attack on Emden came after two straight nights of Mosquito penetrations of western Germany. It was the third raid this month for Eighth Bomber Command, which opened December with missions to northwestern Germany on the first and attacked military installations in France last Sunday.

A force of some 20 or 30 German bombers—mostly Dornier 217s—was over England Friday night. Four were destroyed, three by one Canadian Mosquito pilot, after bombs had caused casualties and damage.

The Forts and Liberators which went to Emden Saturday found spotty and intense flak over the target area, which includes the vast Nordseewerke submarine yards, where, reconnaissance photos had shown, eight subs were being built and two more were in process of fitting out. Port facilities, too, have been over-taxed with the influx of raw materials from Scandinavia, and the Dortmund-Ems canal system, beginning there, has shown intense activity.

Rocket Attacks Persistent

Rocket-firing Me 110s and 210s pressed persistent attacks against the bomber armada and the Lightnings and Thunderbolts providing cover. Two Eighth Fighter Command pilots scored triple victories. Capt. Robert A. Lamb, of Ridgewood, N.J., who thus became an ace, and Lt. Paul A. Conger, of Piedmont, Cal. Three other fighter pilots scored doubles.

Capt. Lamb, who got one "kill" without firing a shot and raised his total to five, told of the fighting:

"We were flying high when we rendezvoused with the bombers. I saw a group of Me110s flying formation at the right of the bombers, and dove on three of them at the right rear. I singled out an Me110 on the left and started firing at 400 yards, closing to 50 yards. I saw strikes on the plane and pieces fly off. Suddenly the two men bailed out and I broke off, almost running into a Ju88 which came up from behind. I went under him and pulled up in front. He

(Continued on page 2)

9 Heavy Raids in 10 Days

Date	Target	Losses Bombers	Losses Fighters	E/A Destroyed By bombers	E/A Destroyed By fighters	NOTES
Jan. 28	Pas de Calais ..	0	0	0	0	Liberators only, with fighter escort.
Jan. 29	Frankfurt ..	29	13	60	42	More than 800 bombers, 700 fighters.
Jan. 30	Brunswick, Hanover	20	4	46	45	
Jan. 31	Pas de Calais ..	0	0	0	0	
	Gilze-Rijen ..	0	6	0	13	Gilze-Rijen hit by P47 bombers, P38 escort.
Feb. 2	Pas de Calais ..	2	0	0	0	Liberators only, P47 escort.
Feb. 3	Wilhelmshaven .	4	9	1	8	Total force more than 1,100 planes.
Feb. 4	Frankfurt ..	21	1	4	8	W. Germany targets also attacked.
Feb. 5	Central France Airfields ...	2	2	4	6	Three fighter training bases, two operational bases, one depot hit.
Feb. 6	Pas de Calais ..	4	4	4	13	

Biggest U.S. Mission Hits 'Rocket Area'

Dec 24, 1943

1,500 Bombers, Fighters Raid France Without A Single Loss

Two thousand Allied warplanes seized air mastery over the invasion coast of France during the Christmas weekend and hammered targets which may have been the Nazi's secret rocket gun emplacements.

The raids, climaxing a five-day assault on installations in the German-held Pas de Calais area, were carried out Friday by some 1,500 bombers and fighters of the U.S. Air Forces, and more than 500 RAF, Dominion and Allied fighters and medium and light bombers.

Not one fighter or bomber was lost from the huge fleet which set up an air umbrella over a deep beachhead along the closest French coast. Luftwaffe fighter planes were unable to get past even the outer fringe of the cordon of Allied fighters surrounding the bombers, and crews in many instances were able to make two runs over the targets to insure accuracy.

1,300 Forts, Libs, Fighters

A force of more than 1,300 Flying Fortresses, Liberators and American fighters made up the heavy artillery of the armada. A big formation of Marauders also went out, while the RAF sent out Mitchells, Bostons and Typhoons to hit similar targets. RAF, Dominion and Allied fighters covered the medium and light bombers.

With good weather favoring the air fleet, crews reported precision bombing.

The assault on the invasion coastline targets came only a few hours after RAF heavy bombers returned from another major raid on Berlin, in which more than 1,000 tons of bombs were dropped on the Nazi capital to bring the total weight of bombs on Germany since last May 23 to 100,000 tons, a weight equal to the total of all bombs dropped on Germany from 1940 to the spring of this year.

Terror Raid, Says Berlin

Dispatches from Sweden said that the most recent Berlin raid, which once again brought from the Nazis charges of "terrorism," had struck most heavily in the industrial southeastern portion of the city. Seventeen RAF planes were reported missing.

Friday's Allied onslaught on targets in France was rumored as a "pre-invasion blitz" in neutral capitals and in unofficial circles in Washington. Authoritative observers in England discounted such stories.

Christmas Eve dusk was just falling as the last formations of bombers returned from the Continent to report the day's targets had been wiped out. Some group leaders reported the day's work was among the best jobs of bombing U.S. heavy bombers have yet done in this theater.

For the Marauders, the raids marked completion of almost 600 sorties in five days.

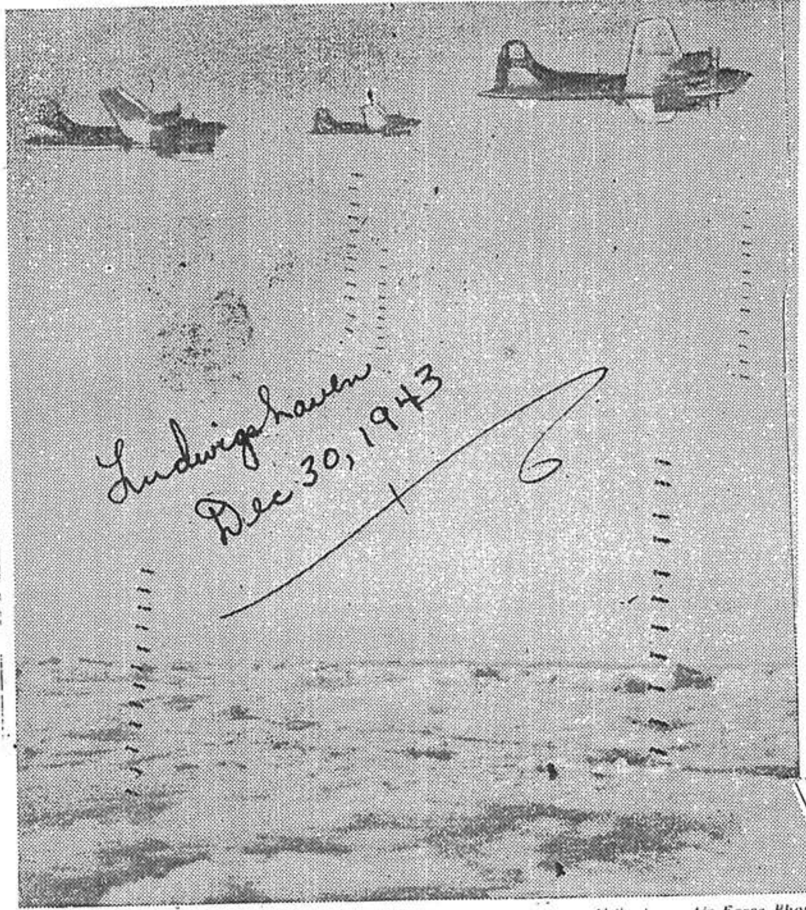
There were no raids on Christmas itself.

Vol. 4 No. 50 New York, N.Y.—London, England Friday, Dec. 31, 1943

Swarms of U.S. Bombers Blast Nazis

German Flight Becoming Rout

Bombs Away Through Ten-Tenths Cloud



U.S. Army Air Force Photo

U.S. bombers again loosed their loads of explosive through carpets of clouds yesterday as they struck targets in France and Germany, using the new secret technique which assures accurate bombing of invisible targets. Fortresses above were photographed during the attack on Emden Oct. 2.

Big Assault Follows RAF's 2nd Greatest Night Raid on Berlin

Green German Pilots Shown How in Combat

AN EIGHTH BOMBER STATION, Dec. 30—The Luftwaffe apparently is mixing veteran fighter pilots with inexperienced airmen to train interceptor squadrons, Flying Fortress crews reported after today's raid on Germany.

Formations of four or five German planes would hover outside the range of the bombers' guns, crewmen said, while one pilot, apparently a veteran from his skilled aerobatics, would barrel-roll into the center of a B17 group, where Fortress gunners could not fire at him without endangering other bombers.

Barrel-rolling back out, the leader then would bring the entire formation of Nazi fighters into the bomber group, firing as they came, according to 1/Lt. Mack G. Hemphill, of Jackson, Miss.

Fighters in Longest Escort Job Deep Into Germany

American bombers launched their ninth major attack of the month yesterday, hammering targets all the way from the French invasion coast to deep in southwestern Germany, to follow up the RAF's second heaviest raid of the war on Berlin.

Fleets of Eighth Air Force heavy bombers, covered all the way to their objectives and back by American fighters which made their longest penetration yet into the Reich, struck targets which had not been announced officially late last night.

Bombers attacking one German target made the entire trip across France and Germany without once seeing the ground and, far above a thick layer of ten-tenths cloud, loosed their bombs by the secret technique, only just revealed, which permits so-called precision bombing even when the target is hidden from view.

Heavy Flak, Few Fighters

Heavy flak was encountered over target areas as the bombers made their runs, but enemy aerial opposition to most groups was described as light, apparently due to the close-flying fighter escort.

P47 Thunderbolts covered the bombers on their way in, and twin-engined P38 Lightnings were waiting at a rendezvous to take the heavies over the target. Formations of P47s again picked up the heavies on their way home, and Spitfires rounded out the fighter support.

JAN. 11, 1943

4 EDITION

NO. 14.881 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 12, 1944

GIANT AIR BATTLE OVER GERMANY

Luftwaffe Sent Up in Full Strength

BERLIN CLAIMS 123 AMERICANS DOWN

While the heavies were striking the Reich, Marauder medium bombers carried out the largest of their 103 missions to date with a solid attack on military installations—believed to be emplacements for Hitler's secret rocket guns—along the northern coast of France. The mediums were covered by swarms of Thunderbolts, Lightnings and Spitfires and came home to report precision bombing without loss.

2,200 Tons on Berlin

The RAF's assault on Berlin Wednesday night, in which more than 2,200 (American) tons of high explosives and incendiaries started vast fires which still were blazing last night, came on the third anniversary of the Nazis' attempt to burn London in the great blitz of December, 1940.

In their eighth attack on Berlin since Nov. 18, the RAF heavy bombers spread new fires across the city while firemen and excavation squads were still working to restore order after the heavy attack six days earlier.

The heart of Berlin was a blazing mass, and great fires reddened the solid cloud layer above which the bombers flew, said a Stars and Stripes-American Forces Network reporter who covered the raid. Smoke columns from the burning city climbed three miles into the sky and were visible 100 miles from the target.

Twenty Bombers Missing

For the weight of bombs dropped it was one of the least expensive raids of the war for the RAF; 20 bombers were reported missing.

As the bombers came home from what was described as one of the most highly concentrated night raids in history, neutral sources already were putting out stories of the devastation.

Although telephone communication with Sweden was cut as soon as the assault started, Stockholm dispatches said it had been learned that the huge Tempelhof airdrome, nerve center of Germany's airlines, had been battered out of action, and that a large portion of the attack apparently had been directed

(*Continued on page 4*)

Raids - - - -

DEC 30, 1943

(*Continued from page 1*)

at the southern suburbs. The center of the city, it was claimed, was hit much more lightly than on the previous seven raids.

Observers in Stockholm suggested that possibly as much as 25 per cent of Berlin now had been completely devastated and that the city's effectiveness as the working capital of Germany had been virtually eliminated.

Except for the stories of the first travellers to reach Sweden, who left Germany before accurate assessment of the damage could be made, there was little reliable information as to just how hard the bombers had hit. A tight press censorship immediately was clamped on the Nazi borders.

The German version of the attack referred to the dense cloud cover in which the bombers flew and speculated on the use of the new technique by which bombardiers can hit targets they cannot see.

The assault carried to nearly 150,000 tons the RAF's total for the year.

MAIL, Wednesday, January 12, 1944.

FORTS IN GIANT BATTLES:

From COL. 7 PAGE ONE

BATTLES equalling in size and intensity those fought over Britain in the autumn of 1940 were joined over Germany in daylight yesterday between hundreds of American heavy bombers, hundreds of Allied fighters, and massed Luftwaffe squadrons.

For the first time the Germans put into the air every possible type of plane in an effort to stop the bombers reaching their targets.

For more than three hours Flying Fortresses, Liberators, escorted by Lightnings, Thunderbolts, and a new fighter, believed to be the latest P. 51 Mustang, battled their way over the Reich.

The Germans themselves, through their overseas radio, described the American assault as "an air engagement of unprecedented scale."

Reliable figures of losses are not yet available, but a special communiqué from Hitler's Headquarters early this morning claimed that 123 American planes had been shot down for the loss of nine German machines.

No details of the targets attacked have yet been released by American H.Q., beyond the bare statement that some were in north-west Germany.

Enemy announcements, however, located the targets in Central Germany, and reports from Sweden late last night said that Berlin was bombed by isolated planes around noon.

The same sources said that many war plants to the east of Berlin were hit, adding that the main assault was concentrated against Danzig.

ROCKETS

An outline of the battles was given by American H.Q. early to-day

The Germans threw in virtually every type of aircraft that could give battle in an attempt to stop the bombers getting through.

The enemy assault was vicious and determined.

Though they were escorted most of the long round trip by large formations of American fighters operating in shuttle relays, and were protected during their withdrawal by R.A.F. and Allied fighters, the great armada of bombers was subject to continuous attack by enemy aircraft during the entire time they were over Germany.

Brig Robert F. Travis, who led one formation, said: "The fighters started to attack us at the Zuider Zee despite our escort, and came in at us in bunches.

"Our first attack was from four FW 190's. The next was from 30 FW 190's, then 12, and then they just kept on coming. They attacked straight through the formation and from all angles without even rolling over.

"They seemed to let up just a little when we started our bombing run."

There was only one pause in the three-hours battle. It lasted three minutes.

BACK PAGE—Col. EIGHT

The multiplicity of targets split the German defences to some extent, and some of the bomber formations returned without seeing a single enemy fighter.

Others, however, met hundreds of fighters which attacked in formations of up to 30 at a time, smashing their way in towards the heart of the Fortress formations.

"We saw rocket flak, too," one crew man said: "The Nazis had three of everything in the sky including even a twin-engined job that looked like a transport."

Another crew man said: "We blew hell out of the target. We had about one and one half hours of fighter attacks both twin and single-engined jobs. They gave us the works."

A waist gunner said: "The flak was rough but the fighters were rougher.

"Me. 210's hit us first near the target and then all kinds came in from all over in all directions. We had repeated continuous attacks all the way back."

'SHUTTLING'

A B.U.P. correspondent at a base in Britain said that a new Allied long-range fighter was in operation yesterday.

The new fighters adopted the new shuttle tactics used by British and Allied fighters, escorting hundreds of heavy bombers against many targets of industrial and transport importance.

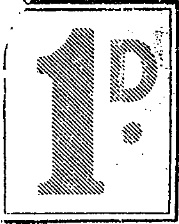
The heavy bombers were escorted part of the way by Thunderbolts and Lightnings. They were then picked up by the new long-range fighters which covered them over the last lap to the target and part of the way back, where Spitfires took over to see them home.

Several formations of Fortresses fought a three-hours battle of attrition against such new German defences as rocket flak, and long-range Me. 109's fitted with belly tanks.

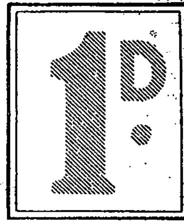
The German News Agency version of the day's operations, said that the German A.A. defences, "unhampered by weather conditions," succeeded in dispersing the enemy bombers during their inward flight and preventing them from carrying out "unified operations" by effective co-operation with the ground defences.

The attack on the bombers continued during the return flight of the American planes, 'which were scattered in all directions."

Bombs were said to have been dropped at points scattered over 100 miles.



THE STARS AND STRIPES



Daily Newspaper of U.S. Armed Forces in the European Theater of Operations

Vol. 4 No. 76 New York, N.Y.—London, England Monday, Jan. 31, 1944

Greatest Bomb Assault Passes 72 Hrs.

Brunswick Battered After Record Raid on Frankfurt Saturday

Over 800 U.S. Heavies in 1,800-Ton Smash, First of 2 Giant Attacks; Berlin Is Hit Second Straight Night

American bombers yesterday struck their second major blow in two days at Germany's war industry and carried the Allies' heaviest air offensive of the war into its 72nd hour.

Brunswick, 120 miles west of Berlin, was sledge-hammered by a force of Fortresses and Liberators almost as great as the record fleet of more than 800 heavy U.S. bombers which in daylight Saturday dumped a record 1,800 tons of high explosives and incendiaries onto Frankfurt, in the southwestern Reich.

The two American attacks, bringing the USAAF's total for the month to ten, were coupled with two successive RAF raids on Berlin, stretching the Nazis' overworked defenses toward the breaking point. The great assaults by the heavies were supplemented by endless relays of Allied medium, light and fighter-bomber assaults on other targets in Nazi-occupied Europe.

Greatest Aerial Drive Continues

U.S. Pounds Brunswick After Frankfurt Attack; 3rd Raid in 3 Days

(Continued from page 1)

Beckham for ETO second place with 14 destroyed Germans to date.

Brunswick is the site of factories turning out complete bomber and fighter units, as well as components for virtually all the Luftwaffe's machines. The Brunswick-Waggun plant making Me110 assemblies, severely damaged in the Jan. 11 attack, is one of the largest of a group including the Muhlenbau U. Industrie E.G., making fighter-bombers and trainer components, the Brunswick-Neupetriter plant, the Niederfachsische Motor Enwerg at Brunswick Querun, and other assembly factories. The city also was hit by the RAF on Jan. 14, when 2,200 tons spread devastation in a night attack.

The USAAF fighters escorting the bombers were taking up their second major battle in two days. They set a new record for enemy aircraft destroyed in Saturday's assault, shooting down 42

Missions # 7 + 8 continued

confirmed victims for the loss of 13, while the heavy-bomber gunners were destroying 60 enemy aircraft for the loss of 31 U.S. bombers.

While the heavies were flying against Brunswick, the German High Command issued a communique admitting "heavy damage" in the attacks on Frankfurt.

The attack on Frankfurt was being prepared even as Liberator groups were coming home from Friday's "milk run" attack on military installations in northern France. Bombed-up and briefed early, the heavy bombers were winging out to Frankfurt only a little while after RAF Lancasters came back from Berlin.

As the biggest force of American heavy bombers ever to fly a combat mission swung over the German coastline and headed for the industrial metropolis on the Main, 900 miles airline round trip from London, the Luftwaffe threw up major formations of interceptors.

Using tactics which apparently have become standard practice in the last two months, the Nazi fighters and rocket planes concentrated almost their entire attack against single groups and elements of the bombers, which apparently accounted for varying combat reports after the crews came home. Some groups met intense fighter opposition, as well as heavy flak; others had only the flak to bother them as the USAAF fighters kept off stray Luftwaffe interceptors.

As they approached the target some groups had to battle through head-on attacks not only by standard fighters but by rocket-firing craft, which usually stay ... at long range.

...furt, ...ief railway junction for ...many, some 500,000 persons ... directly or indirectly in trans... manufacturing chemical and ... for the Wehrmacht and in ... of supplies which funnel ...nland port at the juncture ...d Rhine rivers. Prime ...ufacturing communities ... city was a suburban ...ssibly half of the pro... Luftwaffe.

... Lightning fighter ...ge Mustangs escorted ...berators in relays to ...e way home. More ...ghters carried them ... of Allied Spitfire

...ere hitting Frank... ...as carried on the ...ry installations in ... The B26s now ... with the loss of ...rday's was their ...nth.

13th Massive Blow Again Fires Nazi Capital

Berlin, half in ruins, blazed yesterday with fires left by the RAF's 13th major assault since the Battle of Berlin began Nov. 18.

The RAF's major contribution to the most concentrated 72 hours of bombing attack in the war was pounded home on Berlin early Saturday morning by a fleet which probably numbered nearly 800 heavy bombers.

Smashing through night fighter defenses and then burying anti-aircraft batteries under nearly 2,000 tons of high explosives and incendiaries, the British bombers brought their total tonnage on the Nazi capital to approximately 25,000. It was the second major attack in as many nights on Berlin, the 13th since Nov. 18 and the 16th since Aug. 23.

47 Bombers Lost

Saturday's pre-dawn assault on the center of Berlin, at a cost of 47 bombers, followed a Thursday night attack in which more than 1,650 tons were dumped on the industrial suburbs. The Thursday attack cost 34 aircraft.

Although the Germans immediately clamped down their tightest censorship of the air war following Thursday night's raid, some stories began to come out of Stockholm indicating that the RAF had left fires out of control from the city's fringes—such as Spandau and Tempelhof—to the Goeringstrasse in the center.

Tempelhof airdrome, hub of Germany's air transport system, apparently was battered completely out of operation, with planes for Sweden forced to fly from Stettin, on the Baltic. The Germans announced officially that the field was not used because "it was too muddy."

The Berlin correspondent of the Stockholm paper Aftonbladet was permitted to wire: "We all have gone through one of the most horrible nights since the English raids of annihilation began." He confirmed earlier reports that "disastrous fires" were out of control in the city, but no detailed account was permitted to pass the censors.

Phrases such as "concert of hell" were allowed on the wires, and a general description said: "One felt the ground shaking as a result of the enormous air mines which crushed whole apartment-house blocks."

While Thursday night's blow came in major force just after Berliners left their dinner tables, the attack early Saturday morning followed a feint three hours earlier by Mosquitoes which apparently left the impression the night would see

(Continued on page 2)

Forts, Libs Ravage Plane-Building Center

The second major force of American bombers to strike the Reich in two days yesterday pushed deep into central Germany to bomb the already battered aircraft-manufacturing center of Brunswick.

The attack, covered all the way to the target and back by relays of American fighters, came before the Nazi defenses had recovered from the biggest daylight raid in history—Saturday's assault by more than 800 Fortresses and Liberators on the railway and manufacturing city of Frankfurt, in southwest Germany.

Bombing through clouds, yesterday's force flew in an overcast haze, through which German fighters slashed in desperate efforts to halt the aerial armada. Almost as many planes were in the attacking force, it was estimated, as in Saturday's 1,800-ton assault, which included more than 700 fighters.

At a late hour last night USAAF headquarters had not announced the losses.

German radio said at least 53 planes were shot down, 41 of them four-engined bombers. "Despite bad weather conditions," the German News Agency said, "the German air defense has been able to inflict another smashing blow at the American bombers which attacked southwest German territory."

Communique Names New Setup

The report on the Brunswick attack referred for the first time in a communique to the new administrative setup of the USAAF in the ETO—the U.S. Strategic Air Forces in Europe—official name for the heavy bombers whose task probably will continue to be the disruption of Germany's war manufacturing and transport machine behind the invasion walls.

Yesterday's raid, like Saturday's, involved a round trip of about 900 miles. It was the second U.S. blow at Brunswick, which first was hit by the Americans in the widespread attacks of Jan. 11, when 60 bombers were lost in successful attacks on aircraft factories throughout central Germany.

In the attack on Brunswick, Capt. Walker Mahurin, of Fort Wayne, Ind., leading ETO ace, boosted his total to 15 by shooting down a Ju88, and Maj. Walter C. Beckham, of DeFuniak Springs, Fla., second high scorer in the ETO, got an Me109, bringing his total to 14.

A Lawton, Okla, Thunderbolt pilot, 1/Lt. Robert S. Johnson, shot down two—an Me210 and an Me109—to tie Maj.

(Continued on page 2)

The following ten pages are copies of the original records for some of my crew's missions. This information is declassified now.

SECRET

November 3, 1943, Wilhelmshaven, Germany. Six of our aircraft were dispatched: Major Harris led the group in A/C 026, Lt. Wilson(pilot) in A/C 651, Capt. Kelly(pilot) in A/C 033, Lt. Ulrey(pilot) in A/C 636, Lt. MacPhail(pilot) in A/C 578, and Lt. Wolf(pilot in A/C 935. Weak fighter opposition and meager flak. PFF was used. Bomb load: 42 x 65 lb incendiaries. Altitude 23,000 feet.

November 5, 1943, Gelsenkirchen, Germany. Six of our aircraft were dispatched on the day's mission: A/C 651, Lt. Wilson(pilot), A/C 575, Lt. Jeter(pilot), A/C 848, Lt. Ulrey(pilot), A/C 935, Lt. Wolf(pilot), A/C 636, Lt. Reed(pilot) and A/C 404, Lt. MacPhail(pilot). Intense barrage in the target area. Bomb load: 42 x 65 M-47-A1 incendiaries and bombing on PFF. Altitude 28,000 feet.

November 29, 1943, Bremen, Germany. Seven of our aircraft were dispatched. ~~In addition~~ one aircraft No. 776, Lt. Wolf(pilot) aborted. Col. Smith flew with Capt. Algar in the lead ship No. 026, A/C 781, Lt. Taylor(pilot), A/C 058, Lt. Wilson(pilot), A/C 848, Lt. Ulrey(pilot), A/C 636, Lt. Jeter(pilot), and A/C 723, Lt. Markow(pilot). Bombs dropped on PFF. Bomb load: 8 x 500 lb GP 1/10 sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse and 20 M-47-A1 incendiaries. Altitude 27,000 feet. Moderate to intense falk. Few fighter attacks. Lt. Taylor reported one man killed in action(S/Sgt Kuspa).

December 1, 1943, Solingen, Germany. Four of our aircraft were dispatched and three aircraft were aborts. A/C 525, Lt. Rich(pilot), A/C 848, Lt. Ulrey(pilot), Lt. Markow (pilot) in A/C 935, and Lt. Reed(pilot) in A/C 723 were dispatched. A/C 058, Lt. Wilson (pilot), A/C 776, Lt. Moore(pilot), and A/C 211, Lt. MacPhail(pilot) were aborts. Bomb load: 8 x 500 lb Gp 1/10 sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse and 20 M-47-A1 incendiaries. Altitude 25,000 feet. Bombing on PFF. Moderate to intense flak was encountered. Meager fighters were engaged.

December 5, 1943, St. Jean d'Angeley, France. Seven of our aircraft were dispatched and one aircraft was abortive: Capt. Kelly led the group in A/C 441, Lt. Wilson(pilot) in A/C 058, Lt. Taylor(pilot) in 222 was abortive, Lt. Wolf(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. MacPhail (pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Moore(pilot) in A/C 045, Lt. Rich(pilot) in A/C 801, and Lt. Markow(pilot) in A/C 525. Bomb load: 12 x 500 lb GP 1/10 sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. Altitidue 22,000 feet. Turned back 75 miles away from target because of weather. Meager flak was encountered at Nantes. Capt Stroud, mediacal officer of the squadron flew with Lt. Wilson. Captain Kelly completed his twenty-fifth mission.

December 11, 1943, Emden, Germany. Sic of our aircraft were dispatched and one was abortive. Lt. Ulrey(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Markow(pilot) in A/C 045, Lt. Wolf(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. Jeter(pilot) in A/C 723, Lt. Rich(pilot) in A/C 404, Lt. Moore(pilot) in A/C 927, and Lt. MacPhail(pilot) abortive in A/C 838. Moderate and fairly accurate flak. Bomb load: 42 x 65 M-47-A1 incendiaries. Altitude 24,000 feet.

December 13, 1943, Bremen, Germany. Eight of our aircraft were dispatched and one was abortive: Lt. MacPhail flew with the PFF deputy ship, Lt. Ulrey(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Rich(pilot) in A/C 723, Lt. Decker(pilot) in A/C 054, Lt. Taylor(pilot)(abortive sortie) in A/C 222, Lt. Wolf(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. Jeter(pilot) in A/C 525, Lt. Markow(pilot) in A/C 935, and Lt. Rinne(pilot) abortive in A/C 051. Intense flak but no fighter. Bomb load: 8 x 500 lb GP 1/10sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. 20 x 65 M-47-A1 incendiareis. Bombed PFF. Altitude 25,000 feet.

SECRET

SECRET

December 16, 1943, Bremen, Germany. Five of our aircraft were dispatched and one was abortive: Col Smith and Lt. Ulrey led the group in A/C 429, Lt. Kinne(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Jeter(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. Moore(pilot) in A/C 222, Lt. Booker(pilot) in A/C 045, and Lt. MacPhail(pilot) abortive in A/C 935. Flak was moderate to intense and very accurate. Bombed on PFF. Bomb load: 8 x 500 lb GP 1/10sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. Altitude 25,000 feet. T/Sgt Gerow completed his twenty-fifth mission today.

December 20, 1943, Bremen, Germany. Seven of our aircraft were dispatched today: Lt. Ulrey(pilot) led the low squadron in A/C 848, Lt. Stier(pilot) in A/C 723, Lt. Taylor (pilot) in A/C 045, Lt. MacPhail(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Courtemanche(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. Carnes(pilot) in A/C 935, Lt. Wilson(pilot) in A/C 781. A/C 935 is missing with the follwoing crew: Lt. Carnes(pilot), Lt. Pue(navigator) Lt. Kahn(bombardier), Lt. Parsons(co-pilot), S/Sgt Wetherbee(radio), S/Sgt Meyer(top turret), Sgt Ross(ball turret Sgt McLain(right waist), Sgt Tragellas(left waist) Sgt Crow(tail gunner). Moderate to intense flak. Bomb load: 42 x 65 lb incendiaries. Altitude 28,000 feet. Bombed result unobserved.

December 22, 1943, Osnabruck, Germany. Lt. Markow(pilot) in A/C 211 joined the formation from the spare position and bombed an unknown target in Germany. He dropped his bomb load of 12 x 500 lb GP 1/10sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse at an altitude of 25,000 feet

4

December 24, 1943, Croisette, France. Nine of our aircraft were dispatched: Capt. Algar led the low squadron in A/C 026, Lt. Ulrey(pilot) in 848(A/C), Lt. Moore(pilot) in A/C 051, Lt. MacPhail(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Reed(pilot) in A/C 723, Lt. Taylor(pilot) in A/C 222, Lt. Wolf(pilot) in A/C 776, Lt. Jeter(pilot) in A/C 045, Lt. Wilson(pilot) in A/C 781. Bomb load: 16 x 300 lb GP. Altitude 12,000 feet.

5

December 30, 1943, Ludwigshafen, Germany. Four of our aircraft were dispatched and one was abortive: Lt. Markow(pilot) in A/C 725, Lt. Kinne(pilot) in A/C 222, Lt. Moore(pilot in A/C 211, Lt. Reed(pilot) in A/C 723, and Lt. Stier(pilot) abortive in A/C 848. Bombed on PFF. Moderate to intense flak was encountered. Bomb load: Maximum 500 lb GP 1/10 sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. Altitude 22,000 feet.

December 31, 1943, M/V Osorna of Bordeaux, France. Seven of our aircraft were dispatched on the mission today: Lt. Ulrey led the low squadron in A/C 848, Lt. Wilson(pilot) in A/C 758, Lt. Rich(pilot) in A/C 725, Lt. MacPhail(pilot) in A/C 211, Lt. Jeter(pilot) in A/C 045, Lt. Wolf(pilot) in A/C 776, and Lt. Stier(pilot) in A/C 073. Lt. Stier bailed his crew out over England and crash landed A/C 073 with his co-pilot at Whittlsey Lt. Rich bailed out with his crew near Ossham, Sussex. Bomb load: Maximum 500 lb GP 1/10 sec nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. Altitude 14,000 feet.

SECRET

SECRET

30 January, 1944.
Braunschweig, Germany.
The 546th Bomb Sq. put up ten aircraft and one spare. Captain Algar and Col. Beckett led the group, in A/C 026; Lt. MacPhail, A/C 211; Lt. Jeter, A/C 636; Lt. Courtemanche, A/C 045; Lt. Corcoran, A/C 991. Lt. Markow, four in the high squadron in A/C 014; Lt. Moore, A/C 005; Lt. Reed, A/C 222; and Lt. Wilson, A/C 776. Lt. Stier, spare in A/C 848. Insteadd of ten aircraft we send nine. Lt. Reed turned back and Lt. Stier joined the formation. The bomb load was 12 x 500 lb GP'S and the bombing altitude was 23,500 feet. Moderate to intense flak was encounter and few fighters were seen.

SQUADRON HISTORY
546th BOMBARDMENT SQUADRON(H)

OPERATIONAL MISSIONS

3 February, 1944.
Wilhelmshaven, Germany.
The 546th Bomb Sq. put up nine(9) aircraft on the mission. We flew the low positi in the low group and supplied the lead element for the high squadron in the low group. Lt. Taylor(leader of low squadron) in A/C 222; Lt. Rinne, A/C 058; Lt. Ree A/C 723; Lt. Jeter, A/C 636; Lt. Rich, A/C 991; and Lt. Decker, A/C 045. Lt. Wolf (leader of high squadron) in A/C 014; Lt. Stier, A/C 211; and Lt. Courtemanche, A/C 375. Bomb load is maximum x 500 GP 1/10 nose and 1/40 sec tail fuse. Altitud for the low group was 24,000 feet. Meager flak and no fighter opposition.

#9

4 February, 1944.
Frankfurt a/Main, Germany.
Major Harris led the high group in the raid. The 546th Bomb Sq. put up ten(10) aircraft. Major Harris, A/C 014; Lt. Taylor, A/C 211; Lt. Decker, A/C 045; Lt. Jeter, A/C 636; Lt. Rich, A/C 222; Lt. Reed, A/C 723. Four of our aircraft flew the second element in the high squadron: Lt. Wilson, A/C 776; Lt. Stier, A/C 005; Lt. Moore, A/C 375; Lt. Rinne, A/C 058. Bomb load was 42 x 65 IB's and the altitude was 25,000 feet. Intense falk at the target. Lt. Wilson turned back at the enemy coast.

#10

5 February, 1944.
Orleans/Bricy, France.
The 384th Bomb Gp. led the CBW with the 546th Bomb Sq in the low position. Lt. MacPhail in A/C 211 led the low squadron. Lt. Moore, A/C 005; Lt. Horton, A/C 058 Lt. Wilson, A/C 375; Lt. Corcoran, A/C 991; Lt. Reed, A/C 723; and Lt. Markow, A/C 014. Bomb load was 12 x 500 lb GP 1/10 nose and 1/100 tail fuse. Altitude of lead A/C was 16,000 feet. Meager inaccurate flak at the target.

#11

6 February, 1944.
Nancy/Essey, France. (Abortive Sortie)
The 546th Bomb Sq put up nine(9) aircraft. We put up the low squadron for the low group of the composite wing and also the lead element of the high squadron of the low group. Lt. Wilson in A/C 375 led the low squadron; Lt. Markow, A/C 014; Lt. Reed, A/C 723; Lt. Jeter, A/C 211; Lt. Corcoran, A/C 991; Lt. Decker, A/C 045. Lt. Taylor led the high squadron in A/C 222; Lt. Horton, A/C 058; and Lt. Moore, A/C 005. The bomb load was 12 x 500 GP or maximum 1/10 nose and 1/100 tail fuse. Altitude was 15,000 feet for the lead aircraft of the low group. Moderate flak was encountered near Chartres.

7

11 February, 1944.-
Frankfurt,a/Main, Germany.
The 546th Bombardment Squadron supplied the high squadron in the high group of th CBW. We put up seven Aircraft plus one spare. Lt. Decker and Lt. Courtemanche in A/C's 026 and 375 were abortive. Lt. Stier in A/C 723(spare) filled in the number three low position. Lt. Wilson in A/C 495 led the high squadron; Lt. Moore, A/C 0 Lt. Markow, A/C 991; Lt. Horton, A/C 848; Lt. Rinne, A/C 346. The bomb load was 4 x M-47A1's IB's. The lead aircraft bombed from 26,800 feet. Intense accurate flak was encountered at the target area. Fighter escort was very good and no enemy A/C attacked our group. We lost Lt. Moore over the target area. His crew consisted of the following men: Lt. Moore, pilot; Lt. Wise, co-pilot; Lt. Schmalzreid, navigator; Lt. Kenney, bombardier; S/Sgt. Puckett, radio; S/Sgt. Traynor, top turret; Sgt. Brown, ball turret; Sgt. Lee, right waist; Sgt. Wells, left waist; and Sgt. Humble, tail gunner.

SECRET

Daily Log 384th BG

Thursday, February 3, 1944.--

Germany received another battering today from mass formations of American four-engined bombers, with cloud-blanketed Wilhelmshaven as the objective. Primary targets at this often bombed port were five new submarines, which reconnaisance had revealed to be under construction. Absence of any enemy opposition whatsoever was countered by extremely uncomfortable weather conditions-- a dense overcast, rain, snow, cold and heavy winds. The bombs were dropped on the Pathfinder, consequently results could not be ascertained. All 36 planes including two PFF's, that went over the target, returned safely. However, one casualty was recorded when the ball-turret gunner on the Fortress piloted by 1st Lt. Joseph M. Herbert, T/Sgt. Donald I. Collins, fell out of his turret over Germany. He wore no parachute. Col. Dale O. Smith commanded the lead group while Capt. Mark S. Willing led the low group. For Capt. Willing and two members of his crew, 1st Lt. Bruce T. Paley, navigator, and T/Sgt. Durwood H. Holloway, engineer, the mission marked the completion of their tours of duty. Col. Smith had high praise for the fighter support which covered the aerial bombardment of Wilhlemshaven. "It was the best cover I ever saw," said Col. Smith who flew in the Fortress Battle Wagon. "Our fighters broke up the enemy defenses before we even got there, and that's the way it's good. We could see the contrail twisting and twining all around the route into the target, although we didn't see much of the fighters themselves. All in all, I think the job was well done and that the bombing was effective. We went through all kinds of weather--rain, snow heavy winds." Pilots of planes completing the mission were Capt. Lloyd Armstrong pilot for Col. Smith, 1st Lt. Archie T. Ashcraft, Jr., 2nd Lt. Harris C. Heffley, 2nd Lt. Raymond T. Pryor, 1st Lt. George Consentino, 2nd Lt. George I. Poole, Jr., 2nd Lt. James T. Lovvoll, 1st Lt. Joseph M. Herbert, 1st Lt. Joseph A. Hurley, 1st Lt. Lt. Randolph T. Jacobs, 1st Lt. Donald T. Morrison, 1st Lt. Royston W. Covington, 1st Lt. Jack W. Larsen, 1st Lt. Paul B. Knapp, 1st Lt. Henry Jorgenson, 1st Lt. Walter L. Harvey, Capt. Mark Willing, 1st Lt. Clarnece G. Stearns, 2nd Lt. Raymond L. McDonald, 2nd Lt. Hollie A. Lovvorn, 2nd Lt. William V. LaBeur, 2nd Lt. Philip H. Bennett, 1st Lt. Maurice A. Booska, 2nd Lt. Charles L. Cuten, 2nd Lt. Kendall Daskey, 1st Lt. Sidney P. Taylor, 1st Lt. Richard V. Wolf, 2nd Lt. Merlin M. Reed, 2rd Lt. Charles W. Docker, 2nd Lt. Austin A. Kinne, 2nd Lt. Ralph E. Courtemanche, 2rd Lt. Sydney A. Jeter, 1st Lt. George W. Stier, and 2nd Lt. John Rich. Planes aborting were piloted by 2nd Lt. Joseph E. Laboda, and 1st Lt. Earl T. Allison.

Friday, February 4, 1944.--

Frankfurt received its second pounding in less than six days, as hundreds of American four-engined bombers unloaded another tremendous cargo of explosives over the now well blasted city. Specific target of this latest visit was an aircraft component parts plant, the Alfred Teves Main Works. However, due to the solid overcast, the bombs were released on PFF and the extent of the damage wrought could not be ascertained. Enemy resistance as far as fighters were concerned were negligible, but the returning airmen reported encountering anti-aircraft defenses closely approximating the intenseness of the Rhur Valley flak barrages. The group sent 30 planes over the target area and all returned safely. A few suffered minor flak damage but no casualties among the personnel resulted. The "A" Group was led by Major W. Harris, Jr., commanding officer of the 546th Squadron, with 1st Lt. Lt. Richard V. Wolf, as his pilot. Major Alfred C. Nuttall commanding officer of the 544th Squadron, commanded the "B" Group, Capt. Thomas

SECRET

SECRET

Friday, February 4, 1944.-- (Cont'd)

J. Estes, serving as his pilot. Major Harris described the mission as well executed, considering the heavy winds and cold temperatures the were encountered. Many of the crewmen described the flak as the heaviest they have experienced on any penetration into enemy territory. Allied fighters prlvided their customary splendid support but they had little in the way of interference from defending aircraft. A number of men completed their tours of duty with today's operations. These included Capt. Estes and three members of his crew---Capt. John J. DuBois, navigator, T/Sgt. David L. Cochrane, Top-Turret, and T/Sgt. James M. Self, waist gunner. Lt. Wolf, piloting Major Harris, likewise concluded his combat tour, and the same held true for T/Sgt. Joseph F. Pisarski radio operator in the 547th Squadron. Pilots of planes completing the mission were Lt. Wolf, 2nd Lt. Charles E. Decker, 2nd Lt. John Rich, 1st Lt. Sidney P. Taylor, 2nd Lt. Sydney R. Jeter, 2nd Lt. Merlin . Reed, 2nd Lt. Austin D. Rinne, 1st Lt. George W. Stier, 2nd Lt. Clifford C. Moore, 1st Lt. Clarence G. Stearns, 2nd Lt. William V. LaSeur, 2nd Lt. Norman F. DeFrees, 2nd Lt. Charles L. Outen, 2nd Lt. Philip M. Bennett, Jr., 1st Lt. T.L. Carter, 1st Lt. Maurice A. Booska, 2nd Lt. Mollie . Lovvorn, 2nd Lt. Kendall Daskey, 1st Lt. Joseph R. Herbert, 1st Lt. Joseph A. Hurley, Capt. Thomas J. Estos, 1st Lt. Randolph . Jacobs, 1st Lt. Doanld S. Morrison, 2nd Lt. George . West, 1st Lt. Walter L. Harvey, Capt. Floyd C. Edwards, 1st Lt. George Cosentino, 2nd Lt. George I. Poole, 2nd Lt. James M. Mines, 2nd Lt. Joseph S. Laboda. Abortive sorties were credited to 1st Lt. Archie B. Ahcraft, Jr., 1st Lt. William . Wilson, and 1st Lt. Henry Jorgonson. Planes aborting were piloted by 1st Lt. Earl T. Allison, 2nd Lt. John E. Clayton, 1st Lt. Paul B. Knapp, 2nd Lt. Morris O. Coffley, and 2nd Lt. James M. Lovell.

Insert For Wednesday, February 2, 1944.

The following combat decorations were awarded: PURPLE HEART -- S/Sgt. John A. Pavlisko. AIR MEDAL--5 Missions--1st Lt. Paul B. Knapp, 2nd Lt. Herbert W. Small, 2nd Lt. Lloyd Horton, Jr., 2nd Lt. Ralph W. Alloway, 2nd Lt. Ellis L. Miller, 2nd Lt. Joseph K. Uniszkiewicz, 2nd Lt. Robert E. Hock, 2nd Lt. Ivan E. Moody, 2nd Lt. Charles L. Outen, Jr., 2nd Lt. Francis J. Bornhorst, Jr., 2nd Lt. Robert E. Maahs, 2nd Lt. Doanld R. Ackerson, 2nd Lt. Everett L. Bailey, 2nd Lt. Norman F. DeFrees, 2nd Lt. Gordon M. Welch, 2nd Lt. Charles S. Wood, 2nd Lt. K. Daskey, 2nd Lt. John E. Clayton, 2nd Lt. George . Marquardt, 2nd Lt. William J. Kew, 2nd Lt. James M. Lovell, 2nd Lt. James S. Miller II, 2nd Lt. Charles E. M. Hocklett, 2nd Lt. Irvan G. O'Hara, 2nd Lt. George I. Poole, Jr., 2nd Lt. Albert R. Rymer, T/Sgt. Virgil L. Wallace, T/Sgt. Miles F. Lisenby, T/Sgt. Jerome F. Watenpool, T/Sgt. Elbert L. Bazhaw, T/Sgt. Norman R. Adair, T/Sgt. Milford Marshall, T/Sgt. Thomas C. Farrow, T/Sgt. Edward F. Hill, T/Sgt. Loyd W.A. Moore, T/Sgt. William S. Wright, T/Sgt. James . Flynn, T/Sgt. Charles L. Anderson, S/Sgt. John F. Carvell, S/Sgt. Alfred A. Clark, S/Sgt. Arthur J. Osepchook, S/Sgt. L.E. Smith, S/Sgt. Elmer . Boydston, S/Sgt. Thomas . Lewardowski, S/Sgt. Clyde A. Koscheski, S/Sgt. Albert G. Cason, S/Sgt. Gordon . Connelly, S/Sgt. Howard M. Moore, S/Sgt. Timothy P. Flynn, S/Sgt. Glenn . Wheeler, S/Sgt. Robert J. Casey, S/Sgt. James . Grimmett, S/Sgt. Arthur . Madden, Sgt. Victor M. Duro, Sgt. L. . Van Horkom, Sgt. Louis E. Schekel, Sgt. Richard L. Wells, Cpl. Kenneth D. Goddard, and Cpl. Jack . Louden. AIR MEDAL--One Enemy Aircraft-- S/Sgt. Glenn M. Faust. OAK LEAF CLUSTER-- Five Missions-- 1st Lt. Clarence G. Stearns, 1st Lt. William . Price, 1st Lt. Philip . MacPhail, 1st Lt. T.L. Carter, 1st Lt. Kenneth . Oppenheimer, 2nd Lt. Leroy A. Arquette, 2nd Lt. James J. Lacroix, T/Sgt. Roman S. Soto, T/Sgt. David L. Parkhurst, T/Sgt. Warren . Martell, T/Sgt. Lawrence C. Schwandt, T/Sgt. . Heintzelman, S/Sgt. Lawrence L. Parsons, S/Sgt. Frank . Greene, S/Sgt. Gustave Gloss, T/Sgt. John . Robinson, S/Sgt. Albert C. Fulwider, S/Sgt. Wilburn . Camps. OAK LEAF CLUSTER --One Enemy Aircraft-- T/Sgt. David L. Parkhurst, S/Sgt. John Baron, S/Sgt. Fredrick . Plummer, S/Sgt. Joseph E. Burger, and S/Sgt. Jack Kushner.

10

In a shining example of precision bombing, this group's Fortresses demolished a German training and bomber base, the Bricy airfield, located nine miles northwest of Orleans in central France and south of Paris. The crews participating and the lead bombardier and lead navigator in particular, 1st Lt. Anthony Palazzo and 1st Lt. Vernon R. McKittrick, of the 545th Squadron, were congratulated by Col. Dale O. Smith upon the effectiveness of their efforts. Lt. Col. William E. Buck, Jr., 30-year old group deputy commander, led the group and wing to the target and upon his return stated that the field was probably destroyed. The crews were accorded perfect visibility in achieving their objective and the bomb run lasted 12 minutes. "We made a slight turn on the way out giving me an opportunity to look back at the target," said Col. Buck, a native of San Antonio, Texas. "We must have hit an ammunition dump for there were many explosions and a terrific amount of fire. Great clouds of smoke were billowing up as we left." Col. Buck described it as "the best mission I've ever been on," with everything proceeding according to plan. He said there were no enemy fighters in the air and the only flak was bursting far in the distance, in the direction of Paris. "The bombs went down in a perfect pattern," said S/Sgt. Edwin J. O'Leary, 2?, of New Brunswick, N.J., a ball turret gunner. "Buildings began jumping up and down like a Disney cartoon. Everything in a wide area was afire." Sgt. John Dudley, 20, of Staunton, Ill., a top turret gunner in the Damn Yankee II, climbed down to the waist to get a better look at the target. "Funny there was nothing up to meet us today," he said. "I counted 10 enemy planes on the ground before our bombs went away, and there probably were more than that. The bombs fell right into the big hangars. Every airfield I saw in France was burning today." "Things were exploding and blowing up for 20 minutes around there," said 1st Lt. Vernon R. McKittrick, 23, Lowell, Mass., navigator on Col. Buck's lead ship. "We must have hit an ammunition dump, the way things were popping off." 2nd Lt. Loyd Molsley, 24, of Kiowa, Kansas, who had his first taste of combat a week ago and already had been on five missions in seven days, said "it was the easiest mission I've been on yet." He described the fighter escort as excellent. "I saw smoke and fire and one hell of a big explosion down there," said Capt, Floyd C. Edwards, 24, Florence, Colo., pilot of the lead ship. "I even saw two planes on the field explode. Visibility was perfect over the target and we couldn't miss." "All of our bombs hit what looked like the main hangar," reported Sgt. William ?. Amstead, 21, of Terre Haute, Ind., ball turret gunner on the Irishman's Dream. "There were a number of planes parked around it and they and the hangar went up in one big gust of smoke. It was a perfect job of bombing I don't see how anyone could have done any better. The visibility was so good that you could pick the field out from a distance of five miles." The enthusiasms of the returning crews reflected a football championship atmosphere they were so eager to describe their day's activities. Another ball turret gunner, S/Sgt. George W. Stropek, 20, of ?, Texas, said his formation hit practically everything on the field. Stropek was riding in the Fortress piloted by 2nd Lt. Henry V. Markow, 24, 11? ? St., Brooklyn, N.Y. "Our planes hit everything but a couple of hangars, "Stropek related; "but as we were the first ones in I imagine the fellows behind us took care of them because that's all there was left for them to pick on. There was plenty of fire and a sea of smoke--two big black fires, one large white fire and smaller fires all over the place. The bombardier really hit the nail on the head this time." Stropek mentioned that on the return trip he observed three other enemy fields that had been attacked. Smoke and fires were also visible on these other targets, "It was a Lulu to finish us on," said 1st Lt. Archie ?. Ashcraft, Jr., 25, of Fairmont, W.Va., a pilot who completed his tour of duty with the attack of Bricy. "It was a one-sided affair today with us supplying all of the fireworks. It was a marvelous job and that place was just a junk heap when we got through with it." His bombardier, 1st Lt. Wallace ?. Fern, 2?, St. Petersburg, Fla., also recorded his 25th mission. Pilots of the planes completing the mission were Capt. Floyd C. Edwards (pilot for Col. Buck), 2nd Lt. Raymond T. Pryor, 1st Lt. George Constantino, 1st Lt. Archie B. Ashcraft, Jr., 2nd Lt. James M. Lovell, 2nd Lt. Joseph ?. LaBola, 1st Lt. Philip ?. MacPhail, 2nd Lt. Lloyd Morton, Jr., 2nd Lt. John J. Corcoran, 2nd Lt. Clifford C. Moore, 1st Lt. William ?. Wilson, 2nd Lt. Merlin ?. Hood, 2nd Lt. Henry V. Markow, 1st Lt. Joseph ?. ?erbert, 1st Lt. Earl ?. Allison, 1st Lt. Walter ?. Carpenter, 1st Lt. Donald B. Morrison, 1st Lt. ? ?. Larsen, 1st Lt. ?erry Jorgenson, 2nd Lt. George B. West. There were no abortions.

Our Fortresses made a penetration deep into France with the object of bombing a large aerodrome two miles east of Nancy, situated in the northeastern section of the occupied-country, but because of the bad visibility (coverage was 10 tenths) they returned with their bombs. No opposition was encountered and the 39 planes that participated in the flight all returned safely. Lt. Col. Thomas R. Jeckett commanded the "A" Group and 1st Lt. William M. Price led the "B" Group. The group received credit for an abortive-sorite, which is tantamount to a mission for the combat crews. The flight marked the conclusion of the tours of duty for Lt. Price and 1st Lt. Kenneth . Oppenheimer, navigator on 1st Lt. Archie B. Ashcraft's crew. Lt. Ashcraft finished his ops the previous day. Pilots of the planes completing the sortie were 1st Lt. James M. Merritt (pilot for Col. Jeckett), 2nd Lt. Eugene A. Roger, 1st Lt. Randolph G.E. Jacobs, 1st Lt. Henry Jorgenson, Jr., 1st Lt. Joseph . Herbert, Jr., 1st Lt. Walter L. Harvey, 1st Lt. Siguard Thompson, Jr., 2nd Lt. Joseph S. Laboda, 1st Lt. William A. Jones, Jr., 1st Lt. Walter R. Carpenter, 2nd Lt. George . West, 1st Lt. Earl T. Allison, 1st Lt. Joseph L. Bedsole, Jr., 2nd Lt. George I. Poole, Jr., 2nd Lt. James . Lovell, 2nd Lt. James . Hines, 1st Lt. George Cosentino, 1st Lt. William M. Price, 2nd Lt. Seth G. Widener, 1st Lt. Clarence G. Stearns, 2nd Lt. Maurice A. Booska, 2nd Lt. Charles L Outen, 1st Lt. Sidney F. Taylor, 2nd Lt. Clifford O. Moore, 2nd Lt. Lloyd Morton, Jr., 2nd Lt. William J. Kow, 2nd Lt. Hollie K. Lovvorn, 2nd Lt. Philip . Bennett, Jr., 2nd Lt. Kendall Daskey, 1st Lt. William M. Wilson, 2nd Lt. Merlin . Reed, 2nd Lt. Henry V. Markow, 2nd Lt. Sydney R. Jeter, Jr., 2nd Lt. Charles M. ecker, and 2nd Lt. John J. Corcoran. Planes aborting were piloted by Lt. Raymond T. Pryor and 2nd Lt. William V. LaJeur.

Tuesday, February 8, 1944.--

It was Frankfurt again today. Twenty-three of our aircraft took of at dawn, three of them returning as spares. Of the twenty which continued, 16 dropped their bombs on the target, according to the mission narrative. There was one abortion. The attackcost us 1st Lt. Royston T. Covington and his crew. Their Fortress, "Cabin in the Sky." was reported to have gone down over France. Another aircraft, that piloted by 2nd Lt. Norman F. eGrees, crashed-landed in Southern England and a full report of the episode has not yet reached here. Three others, including the lead ship, landed away. In spite of diffaculties, the bombing appears to have been successful. "Everything went according to the flight plan," said 1st Lt. Vincent J. McGovern, a bombardier. "We had a long bomb run and a good bomb pattern. I think we did a lot of damagetoday." This group provided many witnesses to an enemy attack on the preceding group, an attack under which two of the Fortresses went down, and possibly two of the attackers. "Before we reached the target a dozen Focke Wulf 190's made a pass at the group ahead of us," said S/Sgt. John Carvell, a ball turret gunner. "Two of the enemy planes went down, one of them blowing up, but two of our own bombers were in troubletoo." He said chutes came from both Fortresses. At the target swiftly moving clouds covered the city, but great gaps in the clouds allowed visual observation. "You could see the city sprawled out under the clouds," said S/Sgt. William Brown, a ball-turret gunner. "There were great gaps in the clouds and I saw one pattern of bombs fall directly in the center of some large buildings in the outskirts." The old Fortress "Cabin-in-the-Sky" was observed in difficulty over France. The missing crew: Lt. Covington, Pilot, 2nd Lt. James T. Geary, Co-Pilot, 2nd Lt. Floyd M. Ohlson, navigator, 2nd Lt. Thomas . McGuinn, bombardier, T/Sgt. Kenneth P. Christian, radio-operator, T/Sgt. John J. Younker, top-turret, S/Sgt. William W. Onstad, ball-turret, S/Sgt. Aleck M. Wasilewski, tail-gunner, S/Sgt. Stanley C. Whitney and Cpl. William F. Caine, waist gunners. Only fourteen planes came all the way back with the formation. The lead ship itself, carrying Major Raymond P. Ketelsen and piloted by 1st Lt. Siguard Thompson, landed at Hallchurch. Lt. Joseph Laboda and Lt. Paul Knapp also landed away (at Hawkinge and Bradewell, respectively). Other pilots participating in the mission: 2nd Lt. Raymond T. Pryor, Lt. William A. Jones, Lt. James . Hines, Lt. Clarence G. Stearns, Lt. Seth G. Widner, Lt. Hollie K. Lovvorn, Lt. Maurice A. Booska, Lt. Charles L. Outen, Lt. William J. Kew, Lt. Robert L. Robinson, Lt. Jack K. Larsen, Lt. Donald J. Morrison Lt. James E. Foster, Lt. William H. Lotz, and Lt. George Cosentino (Cosentino aborted after reaching enemy territories, and the mission is credited). The ball turret gunner in Major Ketelsen's ship (S/Sgt. Harry V. Olson) was slightly in- . . . of the plane also was damaged

Wednesday, February [illegible]--

The DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS was presented to the following combat men: Capt. James C. McClanahan, Capt. John J. DuBois, 1st Lt. William M. Price, 1st Lt. Wallace C. [illegible]orn, 1st Lt. Kenneth M Oppenheimer, S/Sgt. Carlyle [illegible] Ripley, S/Sgt. George [illegible]rsta, T/Sgt. Donald F. Gorham and 1st Lt. Archie S. Ashcraft, Jr., Other presentations awarded today: PURPLE HEART -- S/Sgt. Donald [illegible] [illegible]yman, AIR MEDAL --Five Missions--1st Lt. Francis J. Witt, Jr., 1st Lt. William M. Lotz, 1st Lt. Jack K Larsen, 2nd Lt. Robert L. Barad, 2nd Lt. Joseph A. Indost,
2nd Lt. John Heald, 2nd Lt. Raymond L. Austin, Jr., 2nd Lt. Alfred J. Colarusso, 2nd Lt. John [illegible] Lynch, Jr., 2nd Lt. John J. Fallon, 2nd Lt. John L. [illegible]eiss, 2nd Lt. Bruce [illegible] Rininsland, 2nd Lt. Walter [illegible] [illegible]abe, 2nd Lt. Lawrence [illegible] Mohr, 2nd Lt. Paul [illegible] Smith, Jr., 2nd Lt. Thomas S. Fornear, T/Sgt. Creig B. Crippen, T/Sgt. James W. Ross, S/Sgt. Arnold J. [illegible]ardtman, S/Sgt. James P. Traynor, S/Sgt. Charles R. Boksidge, S/Sgt. Leroy C. Jones, S/Sgt. Charles T. Whipple, S/Sgt. Francis A. Lenich, S/Sgt. Ralph [illegible] Baird, Jr., S/Sgt. Samuel [illegible] Smart, S/Sgt. James R. Hopkins, Sgt. Francis P. [illegible]ane, Sgt. Martin J. [illegible]uddy, Cpl. Richard A. Norton. AIR MEDAL -- One enemy aircraft -- S/Sgt. Louis J. Kardos (2nd), S/Sgt. Robert F. Schlouse. OAK LEAF CLUSTER -- Five Missions -- 1st Lt. Warren [illegible] Parmor, T/Sgt. Earl R. Beaty, S/Sgt. Albert [illegible] Conners, S/Sgt. Dale D. Peloke. OAK LEAF CLUSTER -- One Enemy Aircraft -- T/Sgt. Warren M. [illegible]artell, S/Sgt. Alfred G. Cason, S/Sgt. Albert C. Fulwider, Jr., and Pvt. Charles Van Riper, Jr.,

Friday, February 11,1944.--

Our planes went ot Frankfurt again today with the idea of blasting the foundry works, which produce a high percentage of Germany's finished propellars. Clouds moved over the city hampering the bombardiers as the target came in view through the clouds when our formation was almost directly overhaed, too late to get the bombs away properly. The bombs were alte and scudding clouds obscured results. Twenty-one of o r aircraft took off, including three spares, and sixteen attacked the target. Two of our aircraft (those piloted by 2nd Lt. Seth G. Widner and 2nd Lt. Clifford C. Moore), are missing. Moore's Fortress, the Salvage Queen was last seen 20 iles west of Frankfurt losing altitudebut under control. The other aircraft was with the formation almost to the channel, went out of control in a steep dive as the formation was approaching the French coast. The missing crews are Lt. Widener, pilot; Lt. [illegible]arvey [illegible] Reid, co-pilot; Lt. Alfred L. Wichman, navigator; Lt. Leonard Gerher, bombardier; T/Sgt. William [illegible] Smith, radio-Operator; T/Sgt. George [illegible] Cifelli, Topturret gunner; S/Sgt. James M. Losbey, ball turret gunner; S/Sgt. Walter A. Mize, Jr., tail gunner; S/Sgt. John P. Santosuosso, waist gunner; and Sgt. Howard [illegible] Boon, waist gunner; and Lt. Moore and his crew, Lt. J. W. Wise, co-pilot; Lt. [illegible] Schmalzried, navigator; Lt. P.E. Kenney, Bombardier; S/Sgt. [illegible].L. Puckett, radio-operator; [illegible]Sgt. J.[illegible].Traynor, top turret gunner; Sgt. J.M. Brown, ball turret gunner; Sgt. J.T. Humble, tail gunner; Sgt. D.R. Lee and Sgt. R.L. Wells, waist gunners. The group was led by Capt. Horace [illegible] Frink, Jr., for whom it marked the twenty-eighth mission. His aircraft was piloted by 1st Lt. T.L. Carter. Pilots of the 14 planes returning which went ove the target were, in addition to Carter; 2nd Lt. Raymond J. [illegible]rton, 1st Lt. Joseph L. [illegible]edsole, 2nd Lt. William J. Kow, 1st Lt. William [illegible] Wilson, 1st Lt. William A. Jones, 1st Lt. Melton A. Melvington, 2nd Lt. Henry V. Markow, 2nd Lt. Austin D. Minno, 2nd Lt. Lloyd Morton, 2nd Lt. George I Poole, 1st Lt. George W. Stier, 2nd Lt. Wendall Daskey, and 2nd Lt. Raymond [illegible] Pryor. Fuel shortage forced Lt. Pryor to land away. Three men concluded their tour of duty with today's mission. They were Lt. Carter and two enlisted men, S/Sgt. Clarence [illegible] Cion, a waist gunner, and S/Sgt. Robert E. Ott, a ball turret gunner. The following officers' promotions were disclosed: From second lieutenant to first lieutenant --Richard K. Crown, Carl A. [illegible]edin and Arthur L. Canziani, who is now missing in action. Promotion of the following officers from second lieutenant to first lieutenant was disclosed: Henry V. Markow and Earl [illegible] Mason. Other promotions: From 1st Lt to Captain--Eugene [illegible] Wilson; from 2nd Lt. to 1st Lt. --John [illegible] Berbrich, John W. Schweikart, Sydney R. Jeter, Jr., and Kenneth J. Swanson.

Aviation Cadet Paul E. Kenney enlisted October 20, 1941, and graduated April 1 from S. A. A. F. bombardier school at San Angelo, Tex., with a commission as second

Paul Robert

lieutenant. He was graduated from Eastern high school in 1937 and attended Michigan State college for two years. He was formerly employed by the Railway Express company. Pfc. Robert E. Kenney, now attending armored force school at Fort Knox, Ky., entered service October 20, 1942. He was graduated from Eastern high school in 1940 and was employed by the Michigan Bell Telephone company. They are sons of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Kenney, 1139 River street.

* * *

KENNEY — For "exceptionally meritorious service Second Lieut. Paul E. Kenney, 24, son of Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Kenney, 1139 River street, has been awarded the air medal, somewhere overseas, where he is a bombardier on a Flying Fortress.

* * *

TWO LANSING MEN LOST IN BOMBINGS

March 1, '44

Lieut. C. J. Prince, Pilot, and Lieut. P. E. Kenney, Bombardier, on Missing List

Two Lansing air men, one a pilot of a bomber and the other a bombardier aboard a bomber, have been reported missing in action in raids over Germany February 10 and 11 respectively, according to information revealed here Wednesday by the parents. Second Lieut. Charles J. Prince, 25, pilot of a "heavy" stationed at a United States army air forces base in England, disappeared in a raid, presumably on Brunswick, February 10, when the Allied air forces lost 29 big bombers, while Second Lieut. Paul E. Kenney, a bombardier, also stationed in England, was lost February 11, probably in a raid on Frankfurt.

Prince

Major Gen. James A. Ulio, adjutant general, said in telegrams to Mr. and Mrs. John Prince, R. 1, East Lansing, and Mr. and Mrs. Myron E. Kenney, 1139 River street, that details regarding their sons' disappearance were lacking, but explained to the families that any additional information received would be forwarded immediately on receipt. The Kenney family said they had received a telegram from the family of another member of their son's crew, promising that a crewman who was grounded on the day the "heavy" was shot out of the sky had been contacted in Eng-

Kenney

It so sad. I'm so sorry

See MISSING—Page 13

MISSING

Concluded from Page One

land and had promised to write a letter containing complete information about the bomber's ill-fated flight. This letter is expected within a few days.

Lieutenant Prince's father said his son's last letter, received about two weeks ago, informed him that the young officer had been engaged in 11 successful missions but described nothing about the battles. He was last home in September, 1943, and left shortly afterward for overseas service.

Lieutenant Prince enlisted in the air forces three years ago, severing connections with the Arnold Body shop where he was employed at the time. He graduated from East Lansing high school with the class of 1937. His training was received in Texas, where he was stationed at five different fields.

His Brother in Training

He has a brother, Pvt. Gordon Arthur, 18, who is stationed at Miami Beach, Fla., awaiting assignment to a pre-pre-flight school, such as the one at Michigan State college. He entered the air forces December 13, having graduated from Eastern high school with the June class of 1943.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenney, both employed by the American Railway Express company, said they last heard from their son, Paul, February 10. He was a student at Michigan State college from 1939 to 1941, enlisting in the army air forces in October, 1941. His commission was presented at graduation ceremonies held at bombardier school, San Angelo, Tex. Also formerly employed by the Railway Express, he graduated from Eastern high school in 1937.

rml

WAR DEPARTMENT

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE

WASHINGTON

REPLY
FER TO
AG 201 Kenney, Paul E.
(22 Feb 44) PC-N 054076-13

2 March 1944.

Mrs. Bertha M. Kenney,
1139 River Street,
Lansing, Michigan.

Dear Mrs. Kenney:

This letter is to confirm my recent telegram in which you were regretfully informed that your son, Second Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney, 0-676,227, Air Corps, has been reported missing in action over Germany since 11 February 1944.

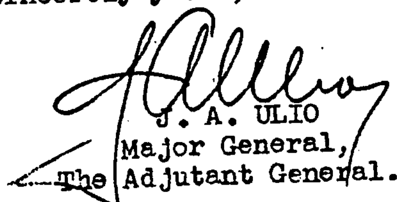
I know that added distress is caused by failure to receive more information or details. Therefore, I wish to assure you that at any time additional information is received it will be transmitted to you without delay, and, if in the meantime no additional information is received, I will again communicate with you at the expiration of three months. Also, it is the policy of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces upon receipt of the "Missing Air Crew Report" to convey to you any details that might be contained in that report.

The term "missing in action" is used only to indicate that the whereabouts or status of an individual is not immediately known. It is not intended to convey the impression that the case is closed. I wish to emphasize that every effort is exerted continuously to clear up the status of our personnel. Under war conditions this is a difficult task as you must readily realize. Experience has shown that many persons reported missing in action are subsequently reported as being prisoners of war. However, since we are entirely dependent upon governments with which we are at war to forward this information, the War Department is helpless to expedite these reports.

In order to relieve financial worry on the part of the dependents of military personnel being carried in a missing status, Congress enacted legislation which continues the pay, allowances and allotments of such persons until their status is definitely established.

Permit me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy during this period of uncertainty.

Sincerely yours,



J. A. ULIO
Major General,
The Adjutant General.

mao

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

31 May 1944.

IN REPLY REFER TO:
Kenney, Paul E.
PC-N 054076-13

Mrs. Bertha M. Kenney,
1139 River Street,
Lansing, Michigan.

Dear Mrs. Kenney:

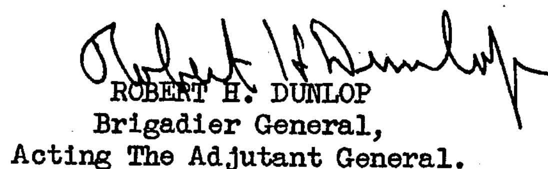
As promised you, I am writing again regarding your son, Second Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney.

It has been my fervent hope that favorable information would be forthcoming and that you might be relieved from the great anxiety which you have borne during these months. It is therefore with deep regret that I must state that no further report in his case has been forwarded to the War Department.

I want to again emphasize the fact that the Commanding Generals in all our theaters of operations are making a continuous effort to establish the actual status of personnel who have been reported as missing in action. However, as you were advised in my previous letter, the War Department must rely largely on the reports made by a belligerent government through the International Red Cross for information in these cases.

You may be certain that when any information is received, it will be promptly transmitted to you. In the event no additional information is received in the meantime, I will again communicate with you at the expiration of three months from this date.

Sincerely yours,



ROBERT H. DUNLOP
Brigadier General,
Acting The Adjutant General.

384th BOMBARDMENT GROUP(H)
SQUADRON HISTORY

MISSING CREWS AND THEIR STATUS TO DATE

Frankfurt a/Main, Germany 11-2-44

Crew 160-1
2nd Lt. Clifford O. Moore
2nd Lt. Joseph W. Wise
2nd Lt. George F. Schmalzreid
2nd Lt. Paul E. Kenney
S/Sgt. Noah L. Puckett
S/Sgt. James P. Traynor
Sgt. Jack M. Brown
Cpl. Joe T. Humble
Cpl. Donald R. Lee
Sgt. Richard L. Wells

Bremen, Germany 20-12-43

Crew 164-1	
2nd Lt. James B. Carnes	P/W AGCBE
2nd Lt. Jacob S. Kahn	P/W 1st Division
2nd Lt. William H. Parsons	P/W AGCBE
2nd Lt. Robert J. Poe	P/W AGCBE
S/Sgt. Robert O. Weatherbee	KIA AGCBE
S/Sgt. Mark A. Meyer	P/W AGCBE
Sgt. Frank E. Doss	P/W AGCBE
Sgt. Jerry A. Crew	P/W 1st Division
Sgt. Marvin D. McLain	P/W AGCBE
Sgt. William G. Treggellas	P/W AGCBE

Sorau, Germany 11-4-44

Crew 161-1
1st Lt. John(NMI) Rich, Jr.
2nd Lt. Gerege E. Wehry
2nd Lt. Joseph H. Indest
2nd Lt. William V. Marvin
T/Sgt. Henry J. Montagne
T/Sgt. Howard J. Eklund
S/Sgt. Norman(NMI) Henken
Sgt. Nelson M.J. Bishop
S/Sgt. Prescialiano S. Herrera
S/Sgt. Julius(NMI) Zoe

Preuseville, France 28-2-44

Crew 165-1
2nd Lt. Austin D. Rinne
2nd Lt. William E. Trees
2nd Lt. John L. Aegeter
2nd Lt. Francis J. Bernhorst, Jr.
S/Sgt. Thomas J. Edwards, Jr.
S/Sgt. Leroy C. Jones
S/Sgt. James C. Mickey
S/Sgt. Charles T. Hogan
S/Sgt. Robert H. Cooper
S/Sgt. William M. Page

Oberpfaffenhofen, Germany 16-3-44

Crew 167-1
1st Lt. Gerege W. Stier
2nd Lt. Harold J. Bertram
2nd Lt. Ralph O. Harvey
2nd Lt. Robert P. Heine
T/Sgt. John K. VanBeveran
S/Sgt. Francis P. Kane
S/Sgt. Alfred A. David
Sgt. Jack E. Louden
Cpl. Richard A. Norton
Sgt. Francis D. Klonowski

HEADQUARTERS
384TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H), ARMY AIR FORCES
Office of the Group Commander

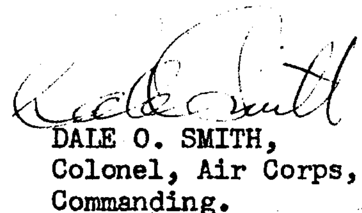
APO 634,
18 February 1944.

SUBJECT: Commendation.

TO : 2nd Lt. Paul E. Kenney, 546th Bombardment Squadron, 384th Bombardment Group (H), AAF.

1. Although you failed to return from our last mission over Germany on 11 February 1944, I take great pleasure in being able to commend you for your meritorious achievement on that date. Your performance of duty on that important mission was superior. In spite of heavy fighter and flak opposition you cooly accomplished your duties as Bombardier. By your skillful airmanship and courage you enabled our Group and Wing to deal a vital blow to the enemy. It is through such acts that we are able to continually press home our blows to the enemy and assures us of ultimate victory. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by you reflects great credit upon yourself, the 384th Bombardment Group (H), AAF, the Army Air Forces and the Armed Forces of the United States.

2. As Commanding Officer of the 384th Bombardment Group (H), AAF, I speak for its entirety in saying we are proud of you for your gallant action; we sincerely hope you are safe and that we shall again be able to fly with you wing to wing.



DALE O. SMITH,
Colonel, Air Corps,
Commanding.

THE STATE JOURNAL

SECOND SECTION — THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1945

MARKETS — CLASSIFIED — SPORTS — COMIC

Ten Heroes from This Area Listed For Awards in Rites at Selfridge

Next of kin of 10 army air force heroes from the Lansing area who either have been killed in action, are missing or were taken prisoners of war have been invited to Selfridge field, Mt. Clemens this Friday afternoon to receive the decorations awarded these fighting men for meritorious achievement in aerial flight over enemy-occupied Europe.

Seventy-six other Michigan heroes will also be honored at this time. Due to the large numbers of awards to be made, the program will consist of three ceremonies, beginning at 4:30 o'clock in front of base headquarters. Col. Bradford A. Shaw, base commander will present the decorations at ceremony No. 1; Lieut. Col. Joseph C. Quirk, director of maintenance and supply, at No. 2; and Lieut. Col. William P. Hall, jr., at No. 3.

Include Lansing Men

The men from this area to be honored at ceremony No. 1, are: Tech. Sgt. Raymond L. Brandis, 3415 Northdale street, and Staff Sgt. Louis J. Kain, of 535 North Sycamore street, both of Lansing; Sgt. James A. Rockafellow, R. 1, Mason, and Second Lieut. Ralph E. Maier, 309 South Lansing street, St. Johns. Those to receive medals at ceremony No. 2 are: Sgt. William M. Bensinger, 400 Dexter street, Ionia, and Staff Sgt. Maurice E. Chapman, 1211 North Kinney street, Mt. Pleasant. The following men will receive awards at the third ceremony: Corp. Gerald W. Herrington, 510 Beech street, and Second Lieut. Paul E. Kenney, 1139 River street, both of Lansing; Second Lieut. John L. Barden, 326 North Maple street, Ithaca, and Capt. Hugh E. Mosher, 655 Evergreen avenue, East Lansing.

Several Killed in Action

Sergeant Brandis, a turret gunner and radio man aboard a Flying Fortress, who has been a prisoner of the German government since August 8, 1944, has been awarded the air medal with one oak leaf cluster, which will be presented to his mother, Mrs. Inez Brandis.

Sergeant Kain, who was killed in action, has been awarded posthumously the air medal with one oak leaf cluster. The award will be presented to his father, William Kain.

The air medal has been awarded to Sergeant Rockafellow, aerial gunner, who has been a prisoner of the German government since September 11, 1944. The award will be presented to his father, Frank H. Rockafellow.

Gets Air Medal

Lieutenant Maier, a prisoner of war, has been awarded the air medal with two oak leaf clusters. The award will be presented to his father, Frank B. Maier.

Lieutenant Stewart, who was killed in action while serving with the 15th air force, has been recommended posthumously for the air medal, which will be presented to his widow, Mrs. Virginia L. Stewart.

Sergeant Bensinger, missing in action, has been awarded the air medal, to be presented to his wife, Mrs. Locena K. Bensinger. Sergeant Chapman, who was killed in action, has been awarded posthumously the air medal, which will be presented to his father, Earl Chapman of Mt. Pleasant.

Others are Listed

Corporal Herrington, who has been reported as missing in action, has been awarded the air medal, which will be presented to his mother, Mrs. Zella Herrington.

Lieutenant Kenney, a prisoner of war, has been recommended for the air medal with one oak leaf cluster. The award will be made to his mother, Mrs. Bertha M. Kenney.

Lieutenant Barden, a prisoner of war, has been awarded an oak leaf cluster to the air medal, which will be presented to his wife, Mrs. Lois E. Barden. Captain Mosher, killed in action, has been awarded the oak leaf cluster to the air medal, to be presented to his widow, Mrs. Hazel K. Mosher.

HEADQUARTERS
ARMY AIR BASE
SELFRIDGE FIELD, MICHIGAN

G/RLB/hmw

MEMORANDUM

6 April 1945

AWARDS OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS, DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, OAK-LEAF CLUSTERS TO THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS, AIR MEDAL AND OAK-LEAF CLUSTERS TO THE AIR MEDAL.

Name	Next of Kin	Par No.
1st Lt. WILLIAM R. PERKINS	Mrs. Mary H. Perkins	1
S/Sgt. ELMER E. FLOOD	Mrs. Marie Flood	2
S/Sgt. FRANCIS L. HEIM	Mr. Glenn D. Heim	3
S/Sgt. ANDREW DABROWSKI	Mr. John Dabrowski	4
2nd Lt. GEORGE M. COLLAR	Mrs. Lucy Collar	5
S/Sgt. RALPH R. STOKES	Mrs. Ida G. Stokes	6
1st Lt. GEORGE A. PRINCE	Mrs. Ethland M. Prince	7
1st Lt. CHARLES F. MEREDITH	Mrs. Catherine J. Meredith	8
2nd Lt. JOHN F. SYLVESTER	Mrs. Clara B. Sylvester	9
T/Sgt. WILLIAM S. HUMPHREY	Mrs. Betty J. Humphrey	10
Sgt. DAVID R. HOLLER	Mrs. Hazel P. Flannigan	11
2nd Lt. ROBERT V. COULTER	Mrs. Eva L. Coulter	12
2nd Lt. PAUL E. KENNEY	Mrs. Bertha M. Kenney	13
2nd Lt. HOMER W. SMITH	Mrs. Bertha E. Smith	14
T/Sgt. ARTHUR W. VANDER MEULEN	Mrs. Albertes M. Vander Meulen	15
Sgt. WAYNE J. CHARRON	Mr. Edward S. Charron	16
Pvt. JOHN J. CLARK	Mr. John J. Clark, Sr.	17
2nd Lt. PATRICK J. FLANAGAN	Mrs. Florine B. Flanagan	18
Cpl. GERALD W. HERRINGTON	Mrs. Zella M. Herrington	19
2nd Lt. ORLO J. HOYT	Mr. Clifford J. Hoyt	20
2nd Lt. LAWRENCE L. JENKINS	Mrs. Viola T. Smith	21
2nd Lt. FRANCIS F. MAURER	Mrs. Marjorie O. Maurer	22
S/Sgt. MARVIN W. NIEMAN	Mrs. Lillian Nieman	23
2nd Lt. NORMAN A. E. QUAST	Mrs. Martha L. Schutt	24
2nd Lt. MAYNARD R. KING	Mr. Jack M. King	25
2nd Lt. EDWARD F. SKUZINSKI	Mrs. Stephanie Skuzinski	26
2nd Lt. FRANCIS J. VILMINOT	Mrs. Ruth A. Vilminot	27
2nd Lt. WOODSON J. WILLIAMS	Mr. Alfred O. Williams	28
2nd Lt. JOHN L. BARDEN	Mrs. Lois E. Barden	29
Capt. HUGH E. MOSHER	Mrs. Hazel K. Mosher	30

\- - - - - -

1. a. Pursuant to General Order 267, 150, 134, 109 and 96, 1944, Headquarters 9th Air Force, the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Air Medal with four Oak-Leaf Clusters were awarded to 1st Lt. WILLIAM R. PERKINS for extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight against the enemy in the European Theater of Operations throughout the culminating phases of the Air Offensive over Europe and during the initial stages of the campaign in ***. As pilot of a P-51 type aircraft Lieutenant Perkins exhibited unusual flying skill and heroic devotion to duty throughout the course of a large number of exceedingly difficult and hazardous missions against the enemy, both as escort to bombardment aircraft in long range penetrations over enemy territory, as well as in sorties dispatched in direct support of the ground forces during the invasion

SYLVESTER for meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights in the European Theatre of Operations, he having participated in the required number of operational sorties against the enemy.

b. Lt. Sylvester having been reported as missing in action, presentation of the Air Medal with one Silver and one Bronze Oak-Leaf Cluster is made to his mother, Mrs. Clara B. Sylvester, Mullet Lake, Michigan.

10. a. Pursuant to General Orders 68 and 47, 1943, Headquarters 3d Bombardment Division and General Orders 102 and 71, 1944, Headquarters 8th Air Force, the Air Medal with three Oak-Leaf Clusters was awarded to T/Sgt. WILLIAM S. HUMPHREY for exceptionally meritorious achievement while participating in twenty separate bomber combat missions over enemy occupied continental EUROPE. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this enlisted man upon these occasions reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States.

b. T/Sgt. Humphrey having been reported as a prisoner of war, presentation of the Air Medal with three Oak-Leaf Clusters is made to his wife, Mrs. Betty J. Humphrey, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

11. a. Pursuant to General Orders 229, 187 and 142, 1944, Headquarters 2d Bombardment Division. the Air Medal with two Oak-Leaf Clusters was awarded to Sgt. DAVID R. HOLLER for meritorious achievement in accomplishing with distinction, several aerial operational missions over enemy occupied continental Europe. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this individual in the face of determined opposition, materially aided in the successful completion of these missions. His actions reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States.

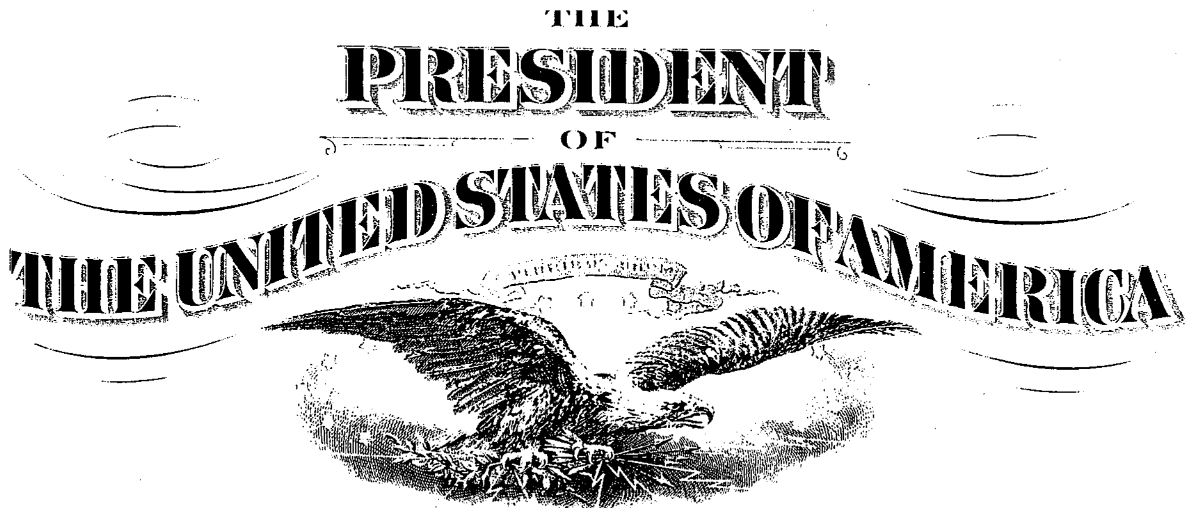
b. Sgt. Holler having been reported as missing in action, presentation of the Air Medal with two Oak-Leaf Clusters is made to his mother, Mrs. Hazel P. Flannigan, Lexington, Michigan.

12. a. Pursuant to General Orders 153 and 120, 1944, Headquarters 9th Bomber Command, the Air Medal with one Oak-Leaf Cluster was awarded to 2nd Lt. ROBERT V. COULTER in recognition of meritorious achievement while participating in aerial flights in the European Theater of Operations he having completed the required number of operational sorties against the enemy.

b. Lt. Coulter having been reported as a prisoner of war, presentation of the Air Medal with one Oak-Leaf Cluster is made to his wife, Mrs. Eva L. Coulter, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

13. a. Pursuant to General Order 13, 1944, Headquarters 1st Bombardment Division and General Order 57, 1944, Headquarters 8th Air Force, the Air Medal with one Oak-Leaf Cluster was awarded to 2nd Lt. PAUL E. KENNEY for exceptionally meritorious achievement, while participating in ten separate bomber combat missions over enemy occupied continental Europe. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by this officer upon these occasions reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States.

b. Lt. Kenney having been reported as a prisoner of war, presentation of the Air Medal with one Oak-Leaf Cluster is made to his mother, Mrs. Bertha M. Kenney, Lansing, Michigan.



To all who shall see these presents, greeting:

Know Ye, that reposing special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity and abilities of Paul E. Kenney
I do appoint him First Lieutenant, Air Corps *in the*

Army of the United States

such appointment to date from the first *day of* April, *nineteen hundred and* forty-six. *He is therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of the office to which he is appointed by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging.*

He will enter upon active duty under this commission only when specifically ordered to such active duty by competent authority.

And I do strictly charge and require all Officers and Soldiers under his command when he shall be employed on active duty, to be obedient to his orders as an officer of his grade and position. And he is to observe and follow such orders, and directions, from time to time, as he shall receive from me, or the future President of the United States of America, or the General or other Superior Officers set over him, according to the rules and discipline of War.

This Commission evidences an appointment in the Army of the United States under the provisions of section 37, National Defense Act, as amended, and is to continue in force for a period of five years from the date above specified, and during the pleasure of the President of the United States, for the time being.

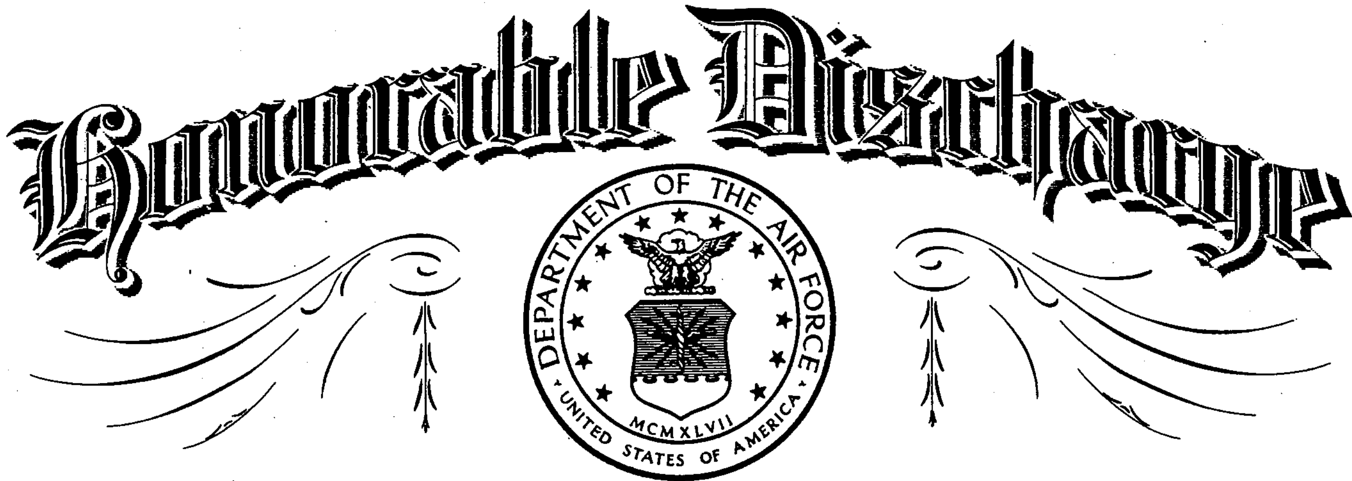
Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-fifth *day of* June, *in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and* forty-seven, *and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and* seventy-first.

By the President:

Major General
The Adjutant General.

W. D., A. G. O. FORM No. 0650 C.
15 OCTOBER 1946

Honorable Discharge



from the Armed Forces of the United States of America

This is to certify that

FIRST LIEUTENANT PAUL E. KENNEY, AO 676 227, AIR FORCE RESERVE

was Honorably Discharged from the

United States Air Force

on the EIGHTEENTH *day of* MARCH 1957 *This certificate is awarded as a testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service*

CHARLES W. BUCY
MAJOR, USAF

DD FORM 1 NOV 51 256 AF PREVIOUS EDITIONS OF THIS FORM MAY BE USED.

Moosburgers relive the memories and pain of 43 years ago

Dear Ann Landers: I was thrilled to see the letter in your column by Retired Lt. Col. B. McD. Jr. He recounted the events that took place Sunday morning, April 29, 1945, at Stalag VII-A in Moosburg, Germany, where he was a prisoner of war, along with 30,000 others.

The writer described his feelings when the first tank poked its nose over the hill and Gen. Patton's Third Army tanks made their way to the main gate of that prison camp. A huge roar went up from all of us who knew we were free at last!

I was the American security officer at the front gate when that skinny GI shinnied up the flagpole, tore down the ugly German swastika and replaced it with the beautiful Stars and Stripes.

ANN LANDERS

Capt. Dynamite Dunn commanded the tank company that took the camp. He was a fraternity brother (Kappa Alpha) from the University of Maryland, as were two other fellow officers, Lt. William A. MacGregor and Lt. Page B. Pratt. We were taken to headquarters and given royal treatment. What a day!

An interesting aside: Gen. Patton's son-in-law, Col. Waters, U.S. Infantry, was also interned in Moosburg and later in the day he was reunited with the general, who made a rousing speech to the newly freed prisoners of war.

Thanks, Ann, for bringing back some memories of that fateful day 43 years ago. — **Robert L. Hartman, Charleston, W.Va.**

Dear Robert Hartman: One of the most rewarding aspects of writing this column is providing the thread of humanity that binds us one to the other. I never know, when I print a letter, how many lives I will touch. When I receive feedback, such as the letter you wrote, it gives me a feeling of enormous satisfaction.

Space does not permit the printing of all the letters from "Moosburgers" who were on hand when Gen. Patton's Third Army came in and liberated the POWs, but here are two more.

Dear Ann Landers: When that great letter appeared from the lieutenant colonel from Irving, Tex., a whole host of memories flooded my mind.

I was 19 years old, a ball gunner on a B-17. We had been shot down just two months before, over Berlin, and considered ourselves darned lucky to be alive.

I was at Moosburg, Germany, on April 29, 1945, when Gen. Patton and his men came rolling down the road. I will never forget the smiles on the faces of his courageous men as they rode into our camp. What a fabulous-looking guy Patton was with his ivory-handled pistols gleaming in the sun!

Thank you, Ann, for the best column ever. — **Robert L. Copelin (Lubbock, Tex.)**

Dear Ann Landers: My husband was a POW at Stalag VII in Moosburg, Germany. Unfortunately, he didn't live to see Gen. Patton's Third Army come thundering down the road. My beloved husband died of tuberculosis just three months before. He wrote some wonderful letters that were sent to me, along with his medals and personal belongings after he died.

In one of his letters he said, "I hope to God this is the last war we will ever fight. It is such a cruel and senseless way to settle differences. I will never forget the face of a German lad I killed last week. He was handsome and young, somebody's son and maybe a husband and father — like me. War is hell." — **Nameless Please in Northern California.**

Where to write: Ann Landers
Los Angeles Times Syndicate
Times-Mirror Square
Los Angeles, Calif 90053

(Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a personal reply)

SHERI FINCH / DAILY NEWS

Paul E. Kenney proudly wears his World War II fighter jacket.

Vet tells of WWII adventure

By Mark Meltzer

Daily News assistant business editor

STONE MOUNTAIN – Paul Kenney was 22 years old and driving a truck part-time when he decided to enlist in the Army Air Corps, the predecessor of the U.S. Air Force.

REMEMBERING WORLD WAR II 50 YEARS LATER

Being a hero was the last thing on his mind.

But 50 years after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor plunged the United States into World War II, Kenney's courageous adventure seems all the more remarkable.

In the course of 15 harrowing months from February 1944 to May 1945, Kenney was shot down over Nazi-occupied France, hidden by the French Resistance and held in a series of prison camps before escaping and finding freedom.

Three months later, the United States dropped a pair of atomic bombs on Japan, and the war was over.

> "This woman came to the door and took us right in. She patched us up ... gave us a couple of loaves of bread and a few jugs of wine and told us where to hide out."
>
> **PAUL KENNEY**

Kenney, a Michigan native, was driving a truck for package shipper Railway Express when he first thought about enlisting. It was October 1941, two months before the Pearl Harbor attack.

"My idea was to get in a year's service and get out," said Kenney, a retired banker and science teacher who moved to metro Atlanta in 1982. "The problem as I saw it was I was earning the grand sum of $21 a month. I thought if I got in the cadet corps and got into flight training they paid you $50 a month. After you graduated you got hazard pay, flying pay, of $246 a month – which was more than some of the guys in the defense plants made all during the war."

Kenney spent 58 hours in flight training but washed out. He switched to bombardier/navigator training and completed that in April 1943. He was assigned as the bombardier on the 10-man crew of a B-17 heavy bomber, a rugged plane that could fly at 30,000 feet, cruise at 150 miles per hour and had a 1,000-mile range. The crew was stationed in Grafton-Underwood, in the Midlands section of England.

Kenney guided his bombs to their targets without problems on his first 12 missions. Typically, they were runs across the

Please see WWII, page 6B

WWII vet's memories filled with harrowing adventures

From page 1B

English Channel, over France and into Germany to bomb air bases, factories and targets in the central cities.

But the 13th mission, on Feb. 11, 1944, brought bad luck to the crew.

"Over the target we got hit by flak, anti-aircraft fire, and it knocked out our oxygen system. That's when we lost this fellow here," Kenney said, pointing to a photograph of gunner Richard Lee, who died quickly in the thin air.

"At 30,000 feet, you can live about two minutes without oxygen," Kenney said.

The pilot did the only thing he could – break out of formation and drop to an altitude that would allow the crew to breathe. That made the aircraft immediately vulnerable to attack by German planes.

Kenney, who was the first-aid officer, moved around the plane treating injuries. The pilot tried to get the aircraft home before an engine fire forced it down or caused an explosion.

"We were having a running battle with some FW-190 pursuit planes on our tail and trying to get back across the channel," Kenney said. "Either that or ditch in the channel so the rescue boats could get us out. We didn't make it."

The pilot executed a "controlled" crash landing at about noon, bringing the plane down in northeastern France, about a half-hour flight short of the English Channel.

"We wanted to get into France because we knew we could be rescued by the underground," Kenney said.

The crew survived the crash, although everybody was banged up, both from the crash and the shooting that preceded it. But there was no time to rest. Kenney was shot down less than four months before D-day, when Allied forces stormed the French beaches at Normandy and liberated Europe. Because Hitler knew an invasion was coming, there were hundreds of German troops near the crash site. The crew knew it would be only minutes before they were found.

Kenney, the pilot and the engineer, who was badly wounded, ran to a nearby barn, and stayed there until it got dark. After dark, the three were able to get to a village, and sought refuge.

FIFTY YEARS AGO TODAY

Dec. 4: Congressional approval is expected on an $8.1 billion supplement to the defense spending bill, the third addition to the defense budget in the year. If passed, it will bring defense spending for the year to $68 billion.

"We went to this schoolhouse, because in France a lot of teachers live in apartments right in the school, so we knew there was somebody there, and we knew that teachers usually would help if they could," he said. "This woman came to the door and took us right in. She patched us up – we were covered with blood – gave us a couple of loaves of bread and a few jugs of wine and told us where to hide out."

Kenney and his colleagues hid in another barn for the night. The next morning, the engineer was delirious and couldn't walk, and had to be left behind. He was taken prisoner the next day.

But Kenney and the pilot got away and within a few days, found refuge with the French Underground. He stayed with the Resistance for 81 days, hoping to get out through one of several established escape routes. Before he could do that though, Kenney was turned in by a counterespionage agent and taken prisoner.

The Germans took him to an interrogation center, where he stayed for four weeks. He wasn't beaten, but conditions were poor. A wooden slab was his bed, and there was little food.

"I got a dead fish one time," Kenney said. "I had to wait until dark to eat it because it was too ugly."

From there he was taken to Brussels, then Amsterdam, then Poland, just before D-day, June 6. After Europe was freed, Kenney thought he'd be home by Christmas. But it took almost another year.

By January, Kenney and his fellow prisoners could hear the big guns as Soviet troops took to the offensive. Patton's 3rd Army also was moving through Europe from the west and his captors forced the prisoners to march to Czechoslovakia, then to Nuremberg, where Kenney believed he was likely to be executed.

Instead, he escaped into the foothills of the Bavarian Alps. "I decided I wasn't going to go in the front door and out the chimney," said Kenney.

He remained in hiding until gaining real freedom in May, when Patton's troops stormed through the area.

Kenney finally made it home on June 15, 1945.

Savannah Evening Press
Wednesday, April 8, 1992

Group Remembers Perils of WWII

Escape and Evasion Society Holding Convention Here

By MARCUS HOLLAND
Staff Writer

They escaped from the horrors of prison camps and evaded capture through deception, help and luck.

That's who they are, and that's what they call themselves.

The Escape and Evasion Society, a group of World War II combat veterans, is holding its annual convention this week at the Radisson Hotel. The four-day meeting opens tomorrow.

Without a doubt, members have stories to tell.

"We have between 700 and 800 members," said Paul E. Kenney, 73, a B-17 bombardier-navigator, who helped arrange the convention. "We're growing in size all the time."

The Air Force, he said yesterday, has aided in locating fliers who either escaped a prison camp or evaded capture by enemy forces. Kenney did both – escaped from the Germans and evaded capture.

Resistance fighters who helped the Allied cause throughout Europe also provided numerous names, he said.

"The French would peel wallpaper from the wall and write names on the back. Then they would put it back up," he said.

Kenney said 49 guest resistance fighters from Europe will attend this convention. Many of the society's members also will be here.

"These resistance fighters are brave people. They laid down their lives to save ours," Kenney said. "More than 25,000 of the fighters died helping us. Many more disappeared and were never heard from again."

About every five years, Kenney said, the society takes its convention to Europe.

Only WWII veterans who were with the Army Air Corps are eligible to be members of the society, Kenney said. However, associate members are accepted.

Savannah Judge Lionel Drew, an 8th Air Force bombardier who was shot down over France, is the newest member of the society, said Kenney.

Kenney, a flier in the 8th's 384th bomb group, has vivid memories of his escape and evasion ventures in France.

"I flew 12½ missions," said Kenney, a native of Lansing, Mich., who now lives in Stone Mountain. "I didn't make it back on No. 13. But we dropped our bombs and hit the target before flak knocked our oxygen out."

The crippled B-17 dropped out of formation and was shot down by German fighters.

The plane went down near Calais, France.

"Once that plane hit the group I got out of there and ran like hell . . . me and the pilot.'

He evaded capture for 81 days before being picked up by French resistance fighters.

Kenney remembers that he and the pilot found comfort in a hay barn for three days. He then went down to talk to a 15-year-old youth – Alexander LeDeaux. LeDeaux lived with his mother and an aunt.

"That was in Haussy, France. The people were very poor. They killed a chicken to feed us. That was a real sacrifice."

Today LeDeaux is one of the wealthiest farmers in France, said Kenney.

Kenney also recalled being helped by Emiline Vancrayest, who lived in Aubey, France.

Kenney's wife, Dorothy, makes a quilt every year to be auctioned at the convention. This year's quilt has logos of resistance groups painted on it.

Kenney moved about France before an escort with the resistance group – a German spy – led the group into a German road block while supposedly on the way to Paris.

He was sent to Stalag 3 in Poland.

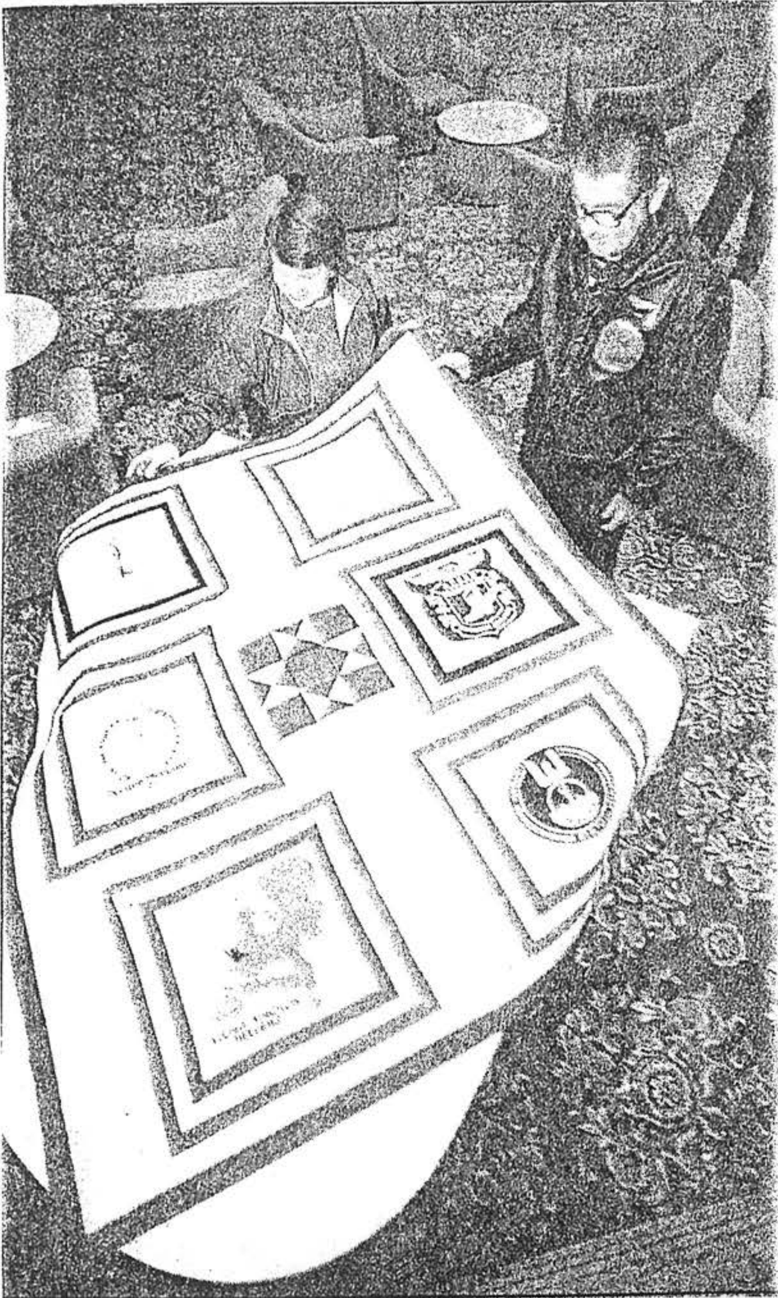
The Soviet army began moving closer as the war wound down in 1945. Kenney and another American escaped.

"Only one guard guarded 250 men, and he was a cripple," Kenney said. "During our run we traded cigarettes and soap for favors."

Once the war was over, Kenney returned to France.

"I stood in line for 24 hours to get a shower at Camp Lucky Strike," he recalled.

Kenney said most of the members spend each convention renewing old friendships.

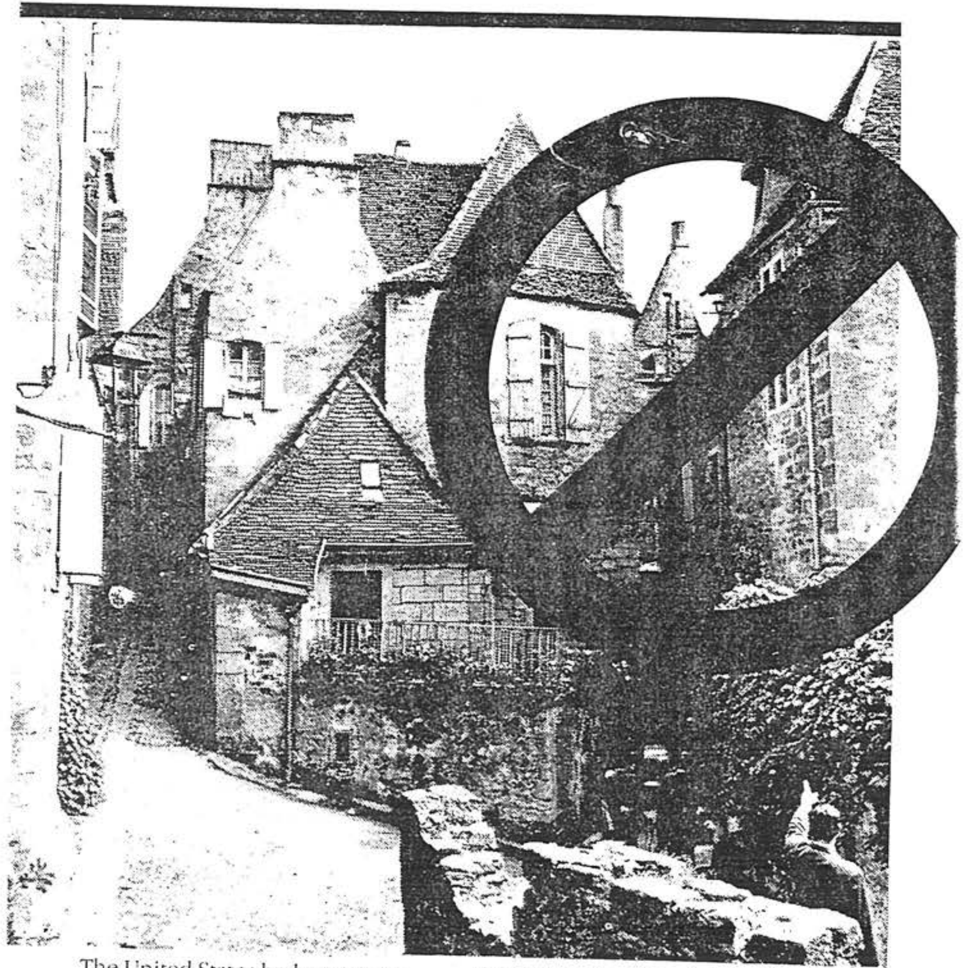


Staff Photo By JEFFREY M. McSWEE

Dorothy, Paul Kenney Show Off Society's Quilt

HEROINES and SAFEHOUSES

By Margaret L. Rossiter

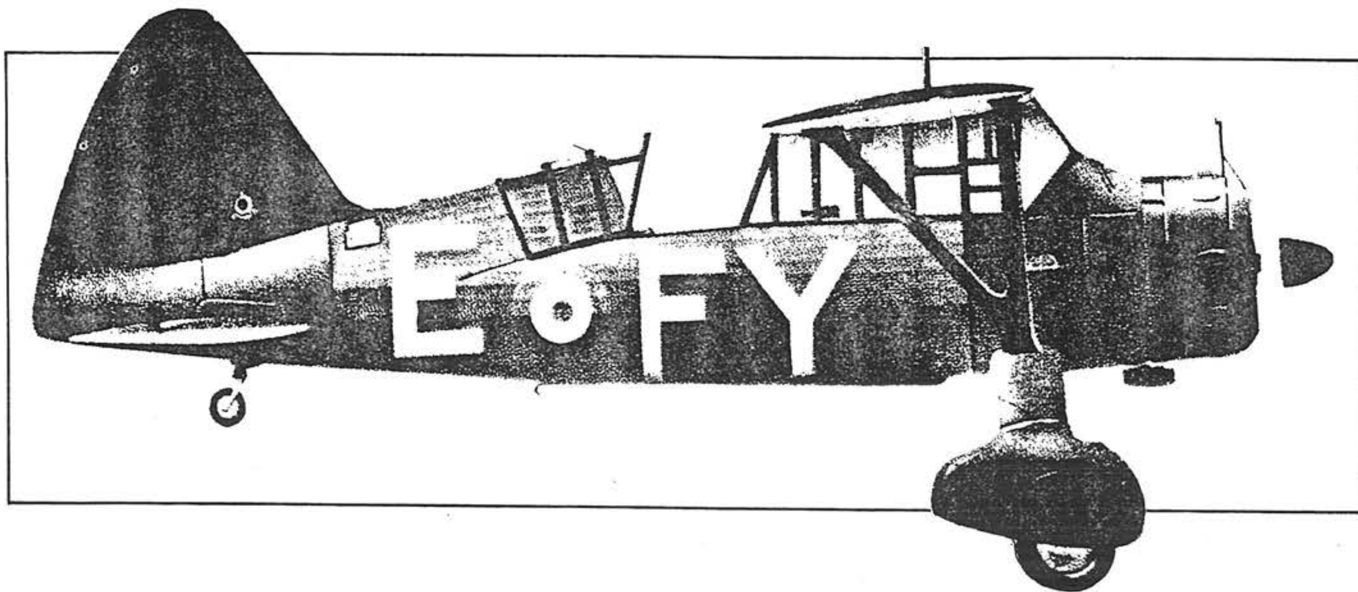


The United States had not yet entered World War II in May of 1940 when the German Panzer[1] divisions crashed through the French defenses and raced to the English Channel. The entrapped French and British armies were forced to withdraw to Dunkirk. Although 338,000 of these Allied soldiers were rescued in the ensuing "Miracle of Dunkirk,"[2] thousands of others were left behind. Among these were 40,000 French troops who were taken prisoner, as well as several thousand British soldiers some of whom evaded capture by hiding.

Many of those who were captured did succeed in escaping from the temporary prisoner of war enclosures where they were confined. The plight of these British and French servicemen, some in full uniform, trying to elude the enemy's grasp, posed an immediate challenge for French and Belgian patriots. They were faced with the choice of providing the men with civilian clothing, food and shelter, or allowing them to be captured by the Germans. Despite the risks involved in defying the terms of the armistice agreements with the Germans that prohibited any kind of assistance for these soldiers, thousands of patriots, many of them women, offered aid willingly. A substantial number of these heroines served as hostesses or safehouse keepers who provided shelter and food for the men traveling along the escape lines. The heroism of these women who assisted the soldiers stranded at Dunkirk and later some 5,000 downed Allied airmen is little known.

What motivated these women to ignore the decrees against resistance and risk reprisals from the Germans? Patriotism was the key incentive in Occupied France, for the presence of the hated German invaders — being endured for the third time since 1870 — raised the hackles of the resisters. For some adventurous women, the suspense and excitement inherent in the dangerous game of outwitting the Germans played a part in inducing them to act as safehouse keepers. All of them, including the wives and mothers of 1.5 million French prisoners of war in Germany, wanted to hasten the defeat of the enemy.

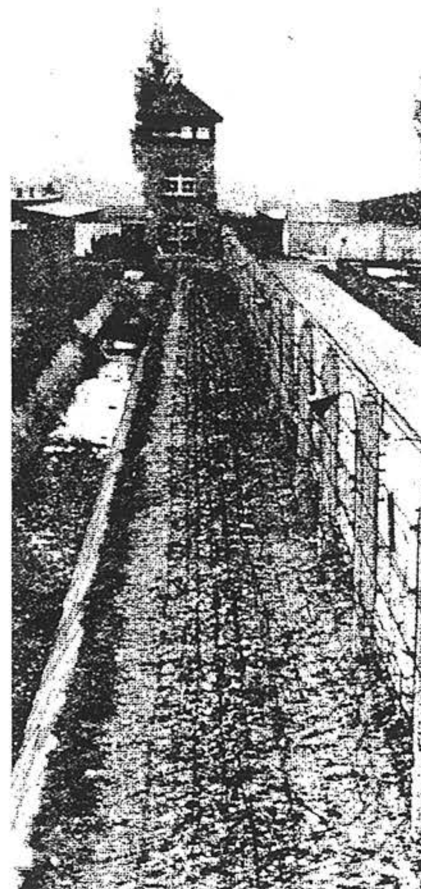
The role that safehouse keepers played in assisting Allied servicemen to escape from northwest Europe and return to their bases in England can be illustrated by the courage of the women



who lived along the escape line known as COMET. Founded by a 24-year-old Belgian nurse, Andrée de Jongh, the line extended from the Brussels sector of Belgium through Paris into southwest France and over the Pyrennes mountains into Spain. With the help of her father, the headmaster of a primary school in an industrial district of Brussels, Andrée recruited a group of friends to help launch the organization. Other Belgians who lived in various parts of the country assisted by collecting and sheltering downed aviators until they could escort them to the capital where they were placed under the protection of COMET.[3]

One of the safehouse keepers in the town of Hasselt in northeast Belgium, Mme Charlotte Lamquin, participated in this operation in an effort to aid the cause adopted by her son Francis, who left home to join the Royal Air Force (RAF) in Britain. The decision to become a resister was not an easy one for Mme Lamquin because her husband was director of the Foraky factories that supplied all the coal depots in Belgium. He informed her that it was out of the question for the family to lodge or help evaders because he was too well known to the Germans. Moreover, he argued plausibly that such activities would place their daughters, Simone and Marie Louise, in danger. Despite these misgivings, after much pleading Mme Lamquin won his consent to offer a haven to airmen forced down in Belgium. Both she and her 20-year-old daughter Simone became members of the Hasselt group of COMET. Simone, who also served as secretary for the group, often accompanied airmen on their train journey to Brussels where she turned them over to the main COMET line.

In the summer of 1943 a traitor, posing as a patriot, infiltrated the organization. The four Lamquins were subsequently arrested. During the ensuing interrogations by *Luftwaffe*[4] officers, Simone assumed full responsibility for lodging the evaders and was sentenced to death. After four harrowing months of waiting for execution, the Germans transferred her to Ravensbrück,[5] the notorious concentration camp for women. Later she was sent to the equally infamous camp at Mauthausen.[6] The other members of her family fared little better. Mme Lamquin, who suffered from a heart ailment, was imprisoned in Bel-



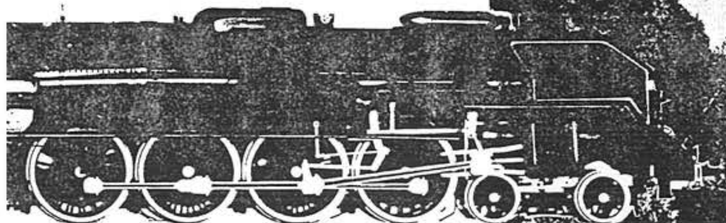
gium, but her husband was deported. Because of her youth, Marie Louise was released. Following the liberation of Brussels in September 1944, the Lamquins were reunited. This reunion, however, was marred by the absence of the son whose cause they supported, for he had been killed in an airplane accident.[7]

Although many Allied airmen were rescued in Belgium, Paris became the main collection point for aviators shot down over northern France. There they were equipped with false identity cards and work permits and given lodging in safehouses for days or weeks until they could travel with a guide to southwestern France. One of the hundreds of safehouse keepers in the capital, Anita Lemonnier, had been born in France but was educated at a convent near London. A bilingual secretary, she was a popular hostess with the men she sheltered for the COMET and SHELBURNE escape lines. Like other safehouse keepers, she sometimes doubled as a guide and escorted her "guests," who were wearing ill-fitting civilian clothes, to the Gare d'Austerlitz, a famous train station located in the southwestern section of Paris. There she turned them over to the guide who would accompany them on the night express train to Bayonne, a French town on the Bay of Biscay just north of the Pyrennes mountains.[8]

The guide who rode the train with the Allied soldiers always tried to reserve seats in a compartment so that she could answer any questions that might be posed by a conductor or gendarme. It was not unusual for German police to board the train at an express stop and demand papers and identity cards. If not satisfied, they would then question the passengers, including the disguised airmen. If the police discovered their true identity, the men were arrested, interrogated, and shipped to prisoner of war camps. Any guide who was caught was imprisoned and deported to a German concentration camp.

Despite such hazards, most evaders reached Bayonne where they were hidden by hostesses and couples recruited by the redoubtable Mme Elvire de Greef, chief of the southwest sector of COMET. From there, they moved south toward the Pyrennes. Because village outposts on the French side of the mountains were watched by the Germans, it required great courage for Basque women like 46-year-old Katalin Aguirre, the widow of a fisherman, to serve as a safehouse keeper in the village of Ciboure, a dozen miles south of Bayonne. During the last two years of the war she sheltered 119 servicemen in the small white house that she shared with her teenage daughter, Josephine. Mother and daughter also led this stream of "guests" to the guide who would take them across the mountains.

Another Basque widow, Francia Usandizga, paid with her life for her participation in COMET. Left with three young children, she made her living from a farm in the foothills of the Pyrennes, which became the last stop for guides and airmen before they set out to cross the mountains. During a six-month period, Francia sheltered 73 aviators before she was arrested along with Andrée de Jongh, founder of COMET, and three Allied airmen. Like Andrée, Francia was deported to Ravensbrück where she died shortly before the camp was liberated by the Allies. Andrée survived her long imprisonment but never ceased to be concerned about Francia's small children. After she was freed, she arranged for their education with money left in the



COMET treasury at the end of the war.

The final leg of the COMET escape line was the grueling and dangerous night crossing of the Pyrennes. The evaders were led by professional guides, most of whom were anti-Franco Basque[9] smugglers, who received a sizeable fee for each person in a group. Upon reaching Spain, the Allied soldiers were escorted to British consulates where officials arranged their transportation to England via Gibraltar. COMET, which became one of the largest escape operations in Europe, guided 355 service men, agents and refugees to safety in Spain. Among them were 288 Allied aviators. The return of these men to England boosted the morale of the airmen flying missions over France, Belgium, the Netherlands, and Germany. The presence of the evaders was concrete evidence that if the airmen were shot down, many people in occupied Europe would willingly help them.

Not all downed aviators escaped, however. Many were killed in combat or in planes that crash-landed, and those who parachuted were often ferreted out by German search parties. Still others, although hidden by safehouse keepers

Mme Emilienne Vancraeynest, a resistance leader in Auby, France.

OPPOSITE

a) Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney after his return to the United States in 1945. He was a bombardier on a Flying Fortress shot down by the Germans over France.

b) Mme Elise Dennetière, a safehouse keeper, who sheltered Lt. Paul Kenney for five weeks. Her picture is attached to her resistance certificate.

for two to three months, were later caught by the Germans. One of those whose luck ran out was Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney, who became a teacher in the public schools of Royal Oak, Michigan after the war. The bombardier on a Flying Fortress,[10] he escaped unharmed from his burning plane when it crashed in northeastern France on February 11, 1944. For 81 days he was able to dodge the Germans through the help of safehouse keepers who sheltered him.[11]

Most of his helpers were poor farmers or members of the working class who leaned politically to the Left. Elise Dennetière and her husband, a worker in a fertilizer plant, took care of Kenney for five weeks at their home in Auby near Arras. They had been asked to shelter the young American by the spirited owner of a cafe two doors from their home, who specialized in helping Allied airmen. Mme Emilienne Vancraeynest, a 52-year-old widow, provided a meeting room at the back of her Cafe de la Passerelle for the local members of the important LIBERATION-NORD resistance movement. Kenney, who attended some of these meetings, later remarked on the number of women who directed the local affairs connected with the Resistance.

The spring of 1944 found German troops concentrated around Arras in the Pas de Calais region in anticipation of an Allied invasion. This made evasion extremely difficult and Kenney found himself unable to advance along the escape line. Before long, Mme Vancraeynest was arrested while weeding her garden only yards from where Kenney was hidden. It was evident that his own arrest would be next if she could be forced to talk. Imprisoned at Loos, she was subjected to harsh interrogation and tortured with cigarette burns, but refused to name her colleagues. Betrayal of Kenney came instead from a German double agent posing as a guide for an escape line. He drove Kenney to a German roadblock and turned him over the *Luftwaffe* police on May 3, 1944.

A year passed before Kenney eluded his German captors. During that time he was imprisoned in several camps — the last one in Nuremberg. When General George Patton's Third Army drove towards that city, Kenney and his fellow prisoners were ordered to march south towards Munich. With only one guard for a platoon of 250 men, Kenney

Ordre de Mission
Mission's Order
BREVET DE COMMANDEMENT
(au titre de l'armée secrète)
DIPLOMA of COMMANDMENT
(for secret army)
Je soussigné L'Colonel F.F.I. alias JOL
I undersigned alias JOLY
Chef Départemental LIBÉRATION (Région A3)
Departmental chief LIBERATION (Region A3)
certifie que M alias est en servi
attest that M alias
dans l'Armée Secrète avec le grade de F.F
into the Secret Army with the grade of
Région A3 1er Janvier 1944

and a friend were able to slip away from the unit as night was falling. They walked into the nearby hills where they slept in a wooded area. Later, when they were sure that all the platoons had moved on, the two young men returned to the highway where signposts indicated that they were about 20 miles from Munich. They were soon stopped at a roadblock, but by bribing the guards with American cigarettes, they were allowed to pass. Hunger forced them to walk to the nearest town where they entered a restaurant, announced that they were Americans, and demanded food. No one challenged them for Germany's defenses were collapsing. Later, they were picked up by advancing American Forces.

Kenney has never forgotten the brave patriots who helped him during those harrowing weeks in France. He has kept in touch with many of them; he and his wife have visited them to underscore his deep appreciation.[12] He and other airmen are aware of the terrible price paid by hundreds of the helpers in the escape lines. Some were shot, but most were deported to German concentration camps where a high percentage of them died. The actual number will never be known, but an informed estimate is that for every successful evader the life of a French, Belgian, or Dutch helper was lost. ☐

NOTES:

[1]The German Panzer divisions deployed during World War II were mechanized units of the German Army that had been organized for rapid attack.

[2]The seaport of Dunkirk in northern France became the location of a mass evacuation of Allied troops, May 26-June 4, 1940. The "miracle" was that so many soldiers were rescued from a situation where they were completely overwhelmed by superior German forces. The success of this rescue may be attributed in part to the fact that many British civilians, in an odd assortment of fishing and pleasure boats, went to Dunkirk to assist the military in this operation. The Allied cause would have been dealt a serious blow if all those troops had been captured by the Germans.

[3]Intelligence reports about Andrée de Jongh, Elvire de Greef, and the French women included in this article are in the Washington National Records Center, Suitland, Maryland, in Record Group 332, MIS-X Files.

[4]The *Luftwaffe*, the elite Air Force established in 1935, was an independent equal of the German army and navy.

[5]It is estimated that some 123,000 women prisoners were processed through Ravensbrück, which is located 50 miles north of Berlin. The number who died there is unknown.

[6]In Mauthausen, Austria, it is believed that about 35,129 people died.

[7]Simone Lamquin, interview, Brussels, October 1976.

[8]Anita Lemonnier Hartman, interview, New York, March 1979.

[9]Francisco Franco, Spanish General and dictator of Spain from 1939 to his death in 1975, was unpopular with the Basque people because he threatened the autonomy of their region.

[10]The Flying Fortress was the American Boeing B-17 used during World War II. It carried a crew of ten.

[11]The information about Paul Kenney is from an interview, Ann Arbor, Michigan, February 1977, and from a telephone conversation, February 1985.

[12]Kenney, who is now retired, is a member of the Board of Directors of the Air Forces Escape & Evasion Society founded in 1964. He recently served as co-chair of the Atlanta meeting of the organization which sponsored the visit to this reunion of more than 40 French, Belgian and Dutch resisters who helped downed American airmen escape from northwest Europe.

Paul E. Kenney

Lieutenant Paul E. Kenney flew his 13th mission on 11 February 1944 as a bombardier in the 384th Bomb Group. Flak severely damaged the aircraft forcing the pilot to loose altitude. German fighters bore in the for the kill, raking Kenney's aircraft, the *Salvage Queen* with cannon fire. The pilot, Lt. Clifford Moore crash landed *Salvage Queen* in an open field enroute to the English Channel.

As he escaped from the plane, Kenney had a feeling of elation since he and crew had survived the numerous enemy attacks along with the crash landing. Paul and two other crew members ran to a nearby barn and stayed there until it became dark, then sought refuge at a school house. The school's teacher cleaned their wounds, gave them bread and wine, and told them where they could hide out.

The engineer became delirous the next day, and had to be left behind. Paul and the pilot Cliff Moore struck out down a highway which they thought led to Spain. Kenney remembered that... "then, the highway ended abruptly and a string of lights went on...we were on the runway of German airbase and that definitely did not lead to Spain." Luckily, the two hid on a nearby farm where the French underground contacted Paul and Cliff. The French underground transported Paul to Catenieres where he stayed huddled in front of the heater, cold and depressed for two weeks in a windowless attic. Fortunately, Paul was moved to Auby where Elise Dennetiere and her husband hid Paul for five weeks since further movement was very difficult with additional German troops stationed in the area. Steadily, the French resistance pushed Paul and Cliff along to Paris where an escape line would take over. Paul stayed on a huge farm outside of Paris waiting for a guide to take him into the city. Finally on May 3, 1944, a car pulled up outside the house. Paul and Cliff said goodbye to the family and made their way to the car bound for Paris. The driver set out down the road toward Paris. After several miles, the driver stopped at a German road block and turned the two airmen over to the Luftwaffe. "When I realized that it was all over for us, at the moment, I felt shock, anger, hatred for the Nazis, fear of the unknown which lay ahead and remorse for the brave people who were being betrayed," Kenney recalled. The driver was a Gestapo agent who had infiltrated the resistance.

After four weeks of interrogation, the Germans sent Paul to a prisoner of war camp. The Germans evacuated the camp, forcing the prisoners to march south to Munich. During the march, Paul and another man slipped away. Paul remained in hiding until May. Paul returned home on June 15, 1945.

This is the commentary that accompanies an Escape and Evasion exhibit at The Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Center Museum near Savannah, Georgia. The display gives information about the experiences of some of the men who evaded capture by the Nazis during World War II. The brave members of the underground sheltered and cared for the evaders.

This article was written by John Edwards, the archivist at the museum.

x-POWs gather to swap war tales

Concluded from Page 1D

The first part of this article is missing, but it is still an interesting story.

"I don't know ... maybe I did. Whatever, that film shook me up more than any other thing during the war."

PRINCE WAS ONE of several thousand combat airmen in the European Theater of Operations taken prisoner and sent to Stalag Luft 1, a POW camp near the village of Barth, Germany, on the Baltic Sea.

An East Lansing High School graduate, Prince enlisted in the Army Air Corps in March 1941. He went into cadet training and graduated as a second lieutenant. He was sent overseas with the 95th Bomb Group to Horam, England, in October, 1943.

Prince was flying a deputy lead position over the German-Dutch border in a 10-man crew on Feb. 10, 1944, when the right side of the brand-new B-17 was hit, forcing the steel bird into a spin.

"I turned around and tried to grab the turret gunner and fell down the passageway and landed on the escape hatch.

"THAT," PRINCE says, quietly, "is the thing that probably saved my life. There were only three of us that survived — me, the bombadier and the navigator."

Prince's parachute carried him into a water bog in the Netherlands where he worked quickly to bury the white silk. Within minutes, a friendly farmer approached, invited the young American G.I. to his home, fed him potato soup and gave him a change of clothing.

"Right after dinner, one of the English-speaking kids came to me and told me the soldiers were out there and if they didn't turn me over they would start shooting," Prince recalls.

"I got back into my clothes, took a bite out of a G.I.-issue chocolate bar, and gave the rest to the kid — along with my escape kit that was filled with money, maps, and some first aid equipment."

THE MEMORIES of his capture are still fresh in his mind.

Intense interrogation with the proverbial response of name, rank and serial number would bring solitary confinement in a 6-by-10-foot cell containing a cot and blanket. Soup would be passed through a flap in the door.

"If there's anything that softens you up and makes you want to talk, it's solitary confinement for a week," Prince says.

His one-way ticket behind the barbed wire into Stalag Luft 1 brought him meals of barley mixed with chocolate and raisins gleaned from American Red Cross packages, a daily "underground" newspaper and thoughts of escape.

"WE DUG TUNNELS under the stove for the better part of a year before we decided it was futile," Prince recalls.

"We'd get rid of the dirt by flushing it down the toilet, or putting it in the attic, or carrying it outdoors in our pants pockets and letting it drizzle out in the yard."

Though each POW was permitted to write two letters and three postcards a month, mail from home seldom got through. Prince received 11 letters during his 15 months of captivity, even though his parents, and his fiance, Virginia Hiatt, wrote nearly every day.

NO ONE CAN explain or prepare a soldier for life in a prisoner of war camp, Prince says.

"You're on your own once you're captured. And the main thing you think about is your own survival."

★ ★ ★

Liberation Day came to Barth, Germany, with the Russian troops on May 1, 1945.

The 9,000 liberty-hungry men were listening to the Hit Parade radio program over the loudspeakers when the program was suddenly interrupted with the news of Hitler's death.

Minutes later, the number-one song on the Hit Parade was played: "Don't Fence Me In." Someone had already fashioned an American flag out of some red flannel, a white bed sheet and pieces of a blue Royal Air Force overcoat — and communion wine was soon being passed around for a celebration.

DARLYLE WATTERS had lost 50 pounds on the 500-calorie-a-day diet, read countless books and recorded more than 10,000 cribbage games in his eight months of captivity.

Forty years later, he would meet Charlie Prince at the Central Michigan Chapter of American Ex-POW's. Prince had lived in the barracks just a few yards from his.

Watters had wanted to fly from the time he saw his first plane and went to college for two years so he could get into the cadets, he says.

At the age of 21, with a private pilot's license under his belt, he enrolled in the glider pilot program and soon began teaching. He was among the first in the United States to give instruction in cargo gliders.

WATTERS WAS SENT to England in January 1944 and flew two glider missions: the Normandy Invasion on June 6, and the Holland Invasion on Sept. 19 when he was captured.

"The weather was good in England but by the time we reached the (English) Channel, it was instrument weather," Watters recalls.

"Though I didn't know it until later, 40 planes returned home and 40 of us continued on."

Twenty-five miles into enemy-occupied territory, Watter's tug plane got "peppered" with hits by anti-aircraft and his glider was cut off. After two and a half hours of bad weather, he was so tired he didn't know what was happening, Watters says.

THERE WERE 14 airborne infantry in the glider; the lieutenant in the co-pilot's seat took 95 percent of the flak. As the anti-aircraft shells continued to explode around him, wounding four others, Watters began to take evasive action by making steep, erratic turns to be a difficult target.

"We landed next to a ditch and were surrounded by some young German paratroopers about 15 minutes later," Watters says.

"All I could think about for a long time was 'how did I let those little devils get me.'

"It makes you feel so ashamed. It's not really a descriptive feeling ... but damn it, to get captured ..."

★ ★ ★

As the history books tell us, Germany surrendered on May 7, 1945 — five days after the fall of Berlin.

Pushing the perils of aerial warfare to the back of their minds, these four men returned home to pick up their war-shattered lives and pursue their careers in quiet, peace-loving ways.

FLANNERY MARRIED a girl named Mary, who was raised on Gier Street, just like he was. Together they would raise two sons and he would spend the better part of his life working for Melling Drop Forge.

Maier would move to Lansing, also marry a girl named Mary, have six children and become president of his own roofing company.

Lansing State Journal 1985

continued

Continued from the previous page

Virginia Hiatt would wait for her Charlie and a month after his release they would marry and adopt two children. Prince would embark on a career in the construction business with William Mlejnek, and develop a friendship that has lasted 38 years now. He laughs now about the first house he built which was financed, in part, from 14 poker game debts written on scraps of paper from his days at Stalag Luft 1.

And, Watters would move to the Lansing area and earn a degree in police administration at Michigan State University. He and his wife Jean would have a son, and Watters would work for the State Department of Insurance for 34 years.

THEY SELDOM TALK about "the big one" anymore, except with members of their "second family," the ex-POW group with whom they share so much in common. And, then, the conversation generally falls into a lighter vein.

Several weeks ago, a man spotted Watters' POW license plate on his car and struck up a conversation saying he, too, had been a prisoner of war.

"I invited him to a meeting and come to find out we had been in the same POW camp in Germany. We had a great time reminiscing and talked about a lot of things," Watters says.

"But, the one thing I haven't been able to find out" he grins, "is whether he was one of the hungry guys who ate 'Gussie,' my pet cat."

STATE OF GEORGIA

OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR

ATLANTA 30334

Joe Frank Harris
GOVERNOR

November 15, 1988

To: Paul Kenney

This Nation has acknowledged the sacrifices you made in efforts to serve your country by approving this distinguished award which you are receiving. This Prisoner of War medal symbolizes the unwavering hope that sustained you through your captivity. I also want to commend you personally for your physical and mental strength and tremendous courage during those dark days of your past.

As members of the North Georgia Chapters of the American ex-Prisoners of War Organization, you deserve our highest praise and deepest gratitude, and on behalf of all Georgians, I want to express those feelings to you on this special day.

With kindest regards, I remain

Sincerely,

Joe Frank Harris

JFH/bmj