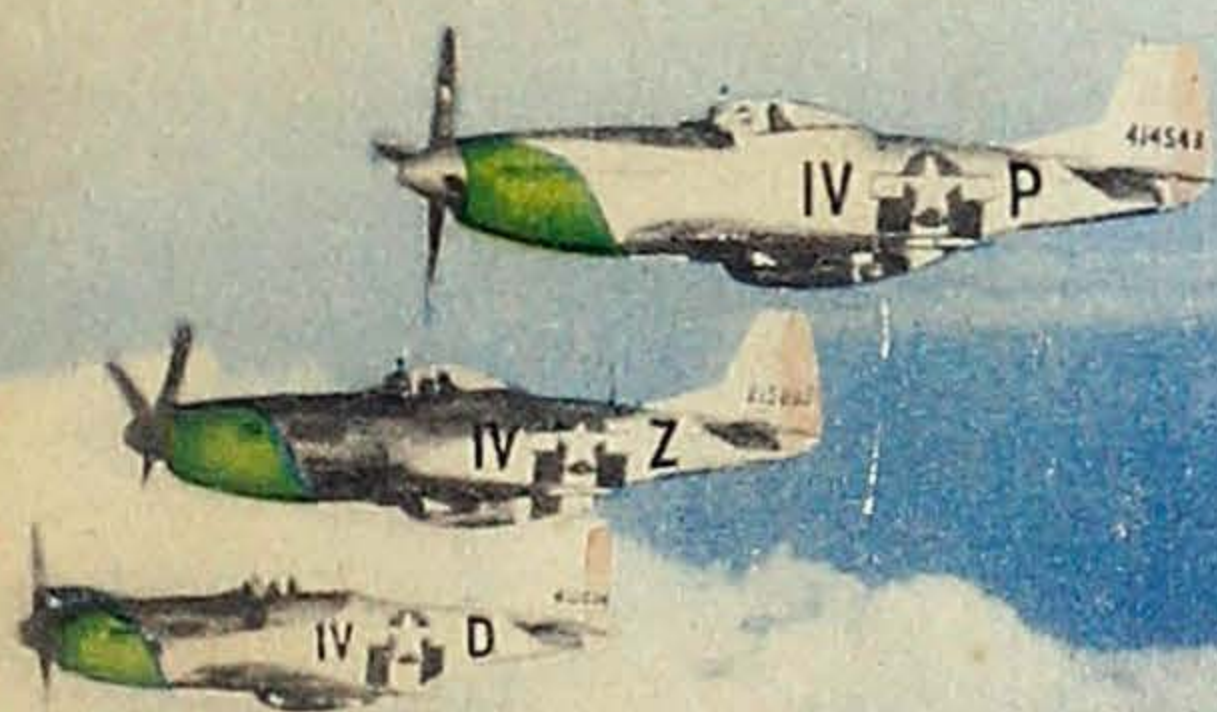


09-RF-30320





WRETHAM - MAY, 1944.



359th FIGHTER GROUP

(Hq. Sq., 368th, 369th, 370th Fighter Squadrons)

448th AIR SERVICE GROUP

(Headquarters and Base Service Squadron)

824th AIR ENGINEERING SQUADRON

648th AIR MATERIEL SQUADRON

3rd GUNNERY, TOW-TARGET FLT.

'These were the Americans: nearly 2,000 of them'

There was a husky apprentice plasterer from Philadelphia who flew a fighter. His seven-ton Thunderbolt was last seen in a dive over the Zuider Zee, an Me 109 close behind with its nose-cannon blinking. He was the first to die from "enemy action."

There was a lanky, red-haired Crew Chief who lived in grimy fatigues. His brain and back were weary from doctoring the fuel-pressure pump, tracing a wild rise in the manifold, the endless engine checking. He was grief-stricken when his pilot—"like a kid brother to me"—didn't return from the day's do over Munich.

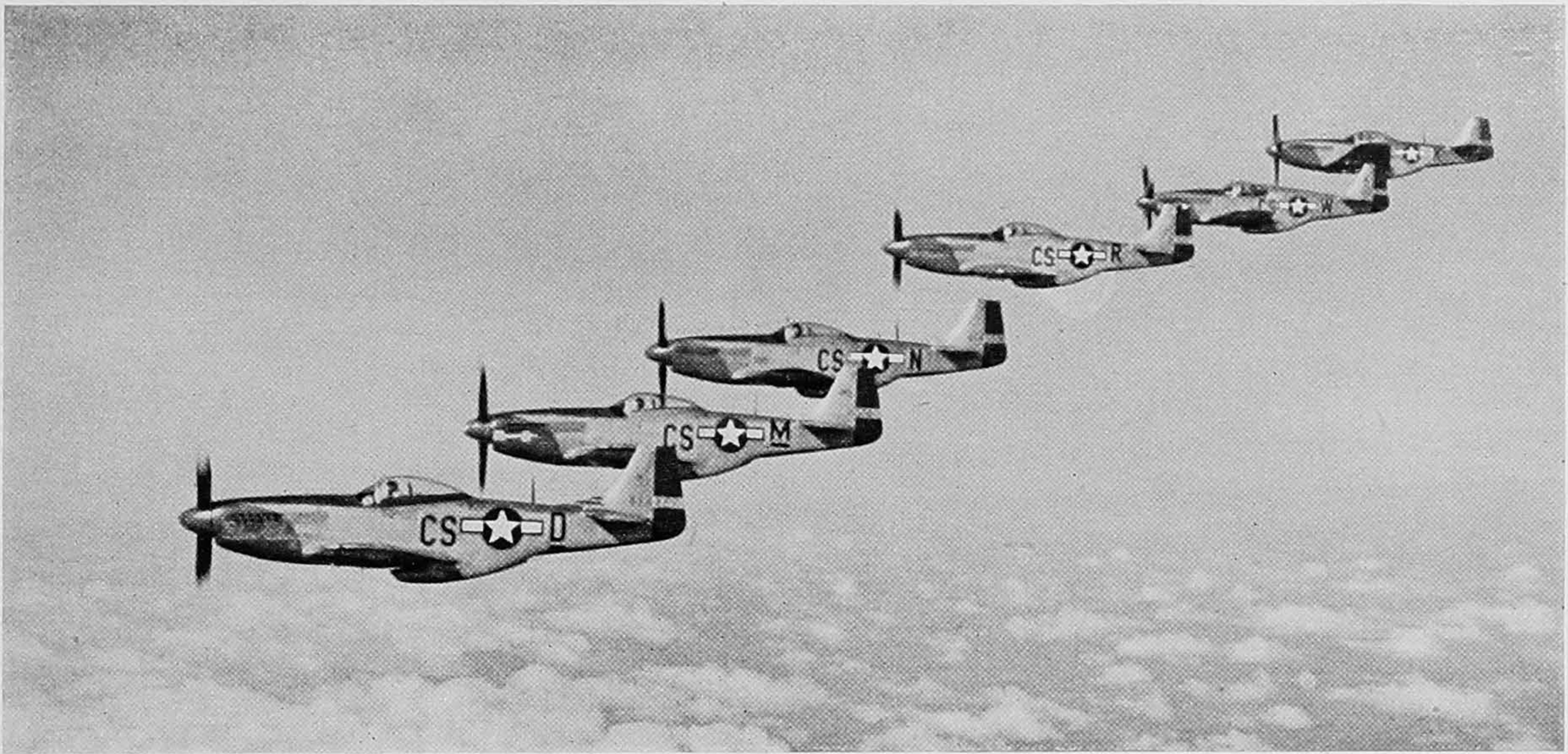
There were the clerks who typed and filled the long days through A-1 reports, special orders, rosters, mission summaries, Form 5's on and on through the mountains of paperwork.

There were the men who drove two-and-a-half-tonners hauling supplies, meeting trains at Thetford and rushing the pilots to chow to briefings to alert shacks to the planes.

There were the armorers who swabbed the wing-guns and laced the ammo belts cooks who labored over field ranges communications men ordnance men gun-crews Quartermaster boys

Flying control staff adjutants and execs Link trainer finance section Air Corps supply technical inspectors weathermen refuelers medics Red Cross girls the Chaplain and the M.P's and the KP's.

These were the Americans nearly 2,000 of them who in civilian life were as diverse as the stars, but who in war were forged into a springboard for fleets of fighter planes which played so vital a role in the air action of World War II.



Our Job

Any story told of a military unit is mainly an account of its action against the enemy. There are periods of activation, organization and the long, tedious months of training and rehearsal. Yet the real drama unfolds when battle is joined—

This is an account of an American fighter group and its ground-support team, forming a fighter station of the famed Eighth Air Force, which were based at East Wretham, a country estate in Norfolk County, England, for two years.

The combat element of the station was the 359th Fighter Group, composed of a headquarters section of staff and command, and three fighter squadrons—the 368th, 369th and 370th. On the ground-support team were the 448th Air Service Group, consisting of its headquarters section and Base Services Squadron; the 824th Air Engineering Squadron; the 648th Air Materiel Squadron; and the Third Gunnery and Tow-Target Flight (Special).

The role of the station in the general air war strategy was to operate and maintain its fighter aircraft against the enemy for a three-fold purpose:

To provide escort and support to the huge formations of U.S. bombers striking at strategic and tactical targets within Germany and the Nazi-occupied countries of Europe.

To destroy the German Air Forces, both in aerial engagements and by low-level attacks on enemy airdromes.

To furnish close support to advancing Allied troops by strafing and dive-bombing enemy rail and motor transport, equipment and personnel; and by flying offensive patrols over the battle lines.

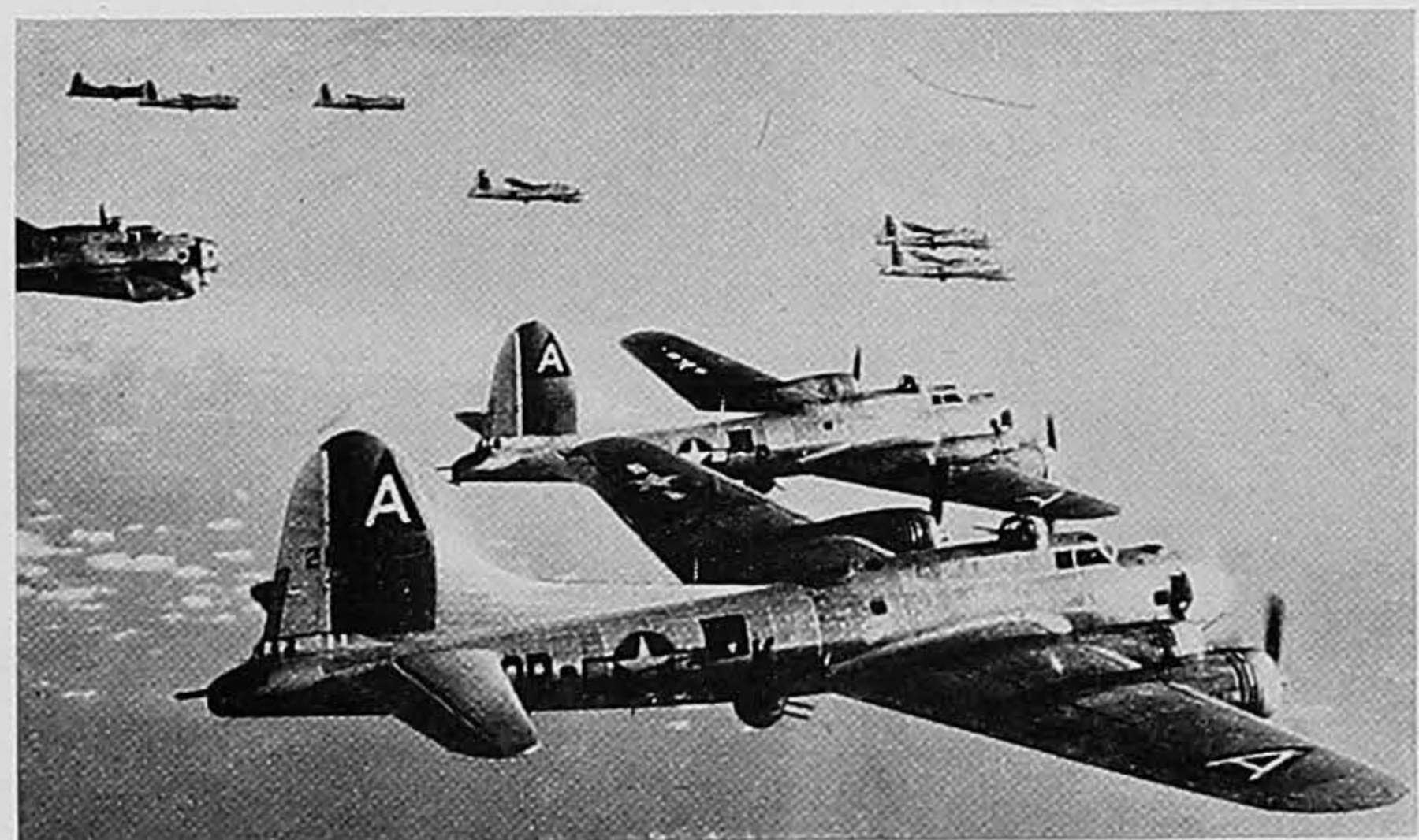
Operating P-47 Thunderbolts and then P-51 Mustangs, the station sent its aircraft on 346 missions over continental Europe during the period from 13 December, 1943, until 20 April, 1945.

During more than 17 months combat operations, the group's fighters participated in six major engagements of the European war—Air Offensive, Europe; Normandy, Northern France, Rhineland, Ardennes and Central Europe.

When hostilities in the European Theater of Operations ended 8 May, 1945, our fighters had been credited officially with the destruction of 373 Nazi aircraft in aerial duels and strafing attacks; probable destruction of 23; and damage to 185.

Strafing and dive-bombing prior to the Allied invasion of 6 June, 1944; and then spearheading the ground troops advance from the Normandy beach-heads, on through France and Germany to the Elbe River, our fighters:

Destroyed 364 locomotives and more than 1,000 box-cars, hundreds of them laden with war material.



'BIG FRIENDS TO PORT'—was familiar report on 'RT' as our Mustangs took up escort on long hauls deep within Germany.

Severed vital railway bridges and blocked railway tunnels on the approaches to Paris.

Disabled large concentrations of battle equipment and dozens of small war plants of the enemy.

Destroyed and damaged hundreds of motor transport vehicles, ranging from mobile aircraft-detecting units and fuel-carriers to light tanks, troop-trucks and staff cars.

Attacked coastal steamers and nearly 200 canal-barges.

Harassed military personnel of the enemy wherever they were sighted—from the coastal gun positions along the English Channel to the anti-aircraft defenses east of Berlin.

These were the blows rained directly upon the enemy by attacks of our aircraft during the critical days of invasion; the break-through of St. Lo; the sweeps through northern France; stemming the



WING CO.—Brig.-Gen. Anderson, 67th Fighter Wing Commander, often flew to Wretham for talks, mostly to award medals. L. to R., 'Teepie' Smith, Windmiller, Doersch, Gen. Anderson, Cranfill, Cox. Big map was in 'Group Ops'.

German tide in the Ardennes and the drives through central Germany.

But in a larger measure, the day-by-day job was to escort and support the Flying Fortresses and Liberators whose deluge of explosives crippled Germany's power to wage war.

And bomber-escort, in all of its varied phases of penetration, target-support and withdrawal, was the tactic faithfully developed by our fighters. Of the total of 346 missions, more than two-thirds of the time our planes were either furnishing close escort to the bombers or lending them protective support in sweeps along the bombers' track and over the targets.

Flying as shepherds to the bombers, our pilots prowled over every major target area the length and breadth of Germany and came to know Bremen, Kiel, Berlin, Munich and Leipzig as aerial ports-of-call more familiar than Boston, San Francisco, New York, Washington and Philadelphia. They sought the

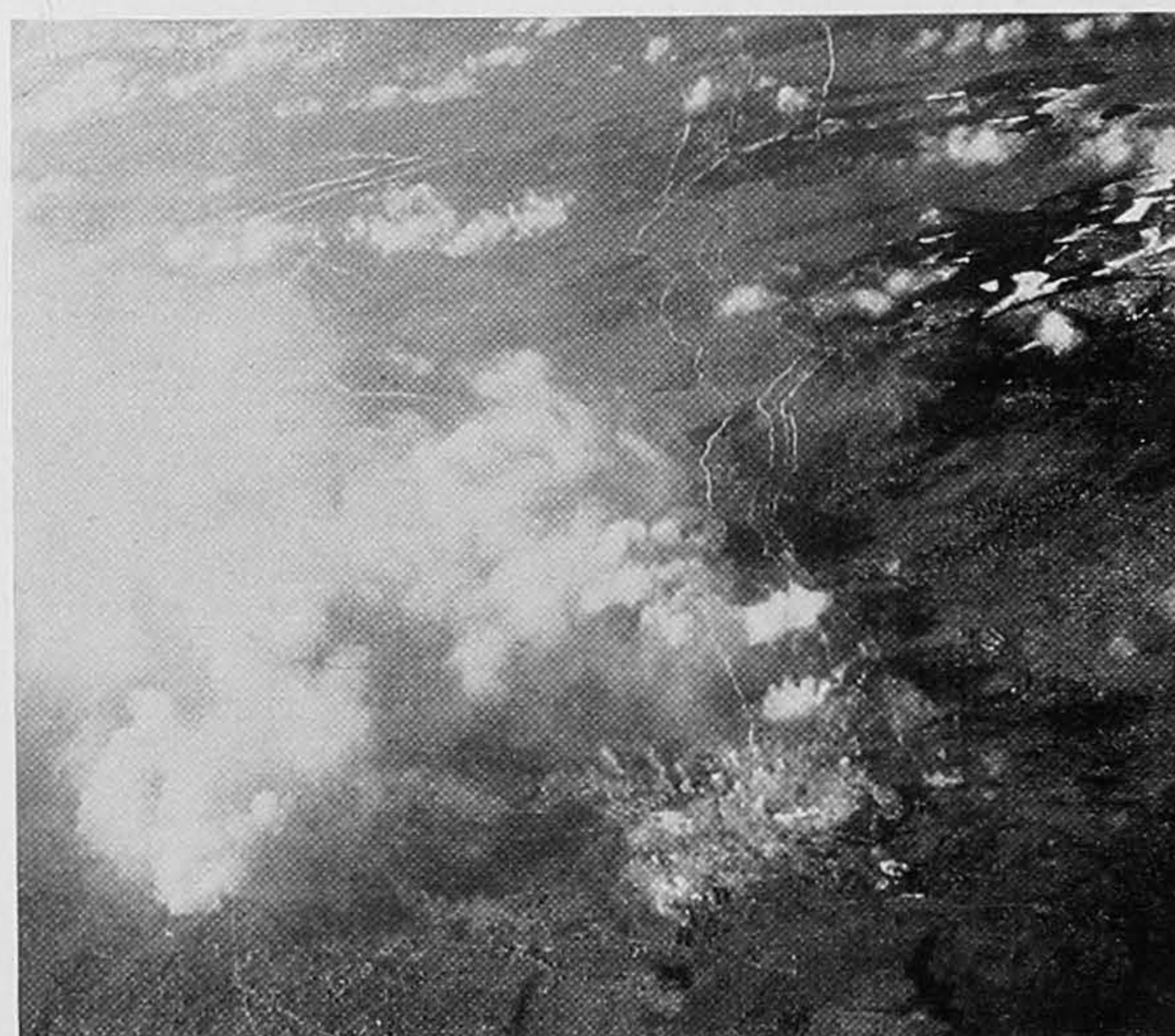


CLOSE ONE—Capt. Burgsteiner, 370th, lost wing-tip while strafing ahead of Allied troops invading France. Pulling up from firing on a train, Burgo's Mustang nipped tree, but he brought plane on back to Wretham.

Luftwaffe from the Baltic Sea to the Swiss Alps and from the North Sea eastward to Stettin on the Oder River.

And though the enemy fighters were reluctant to engage U.S. fighters on escort, our group's greatest three-day series of engagements resulted from bomber shows to Stuttgart, Merseburg and Brux on the 10, 11, 12 September, 1944. During those three missions on successive days our pilots destroyed a total of 52 Nazi aircraft; probably destroyed 4, and damaged 28.

For the action over Merseburg area on 11 September, 1944, the 359th was cited for "extraordinary heroism, determination and *esprit de corps*," after seeking out the enemy both in the air and on the ground and destroying 35 enemy fighters; probably



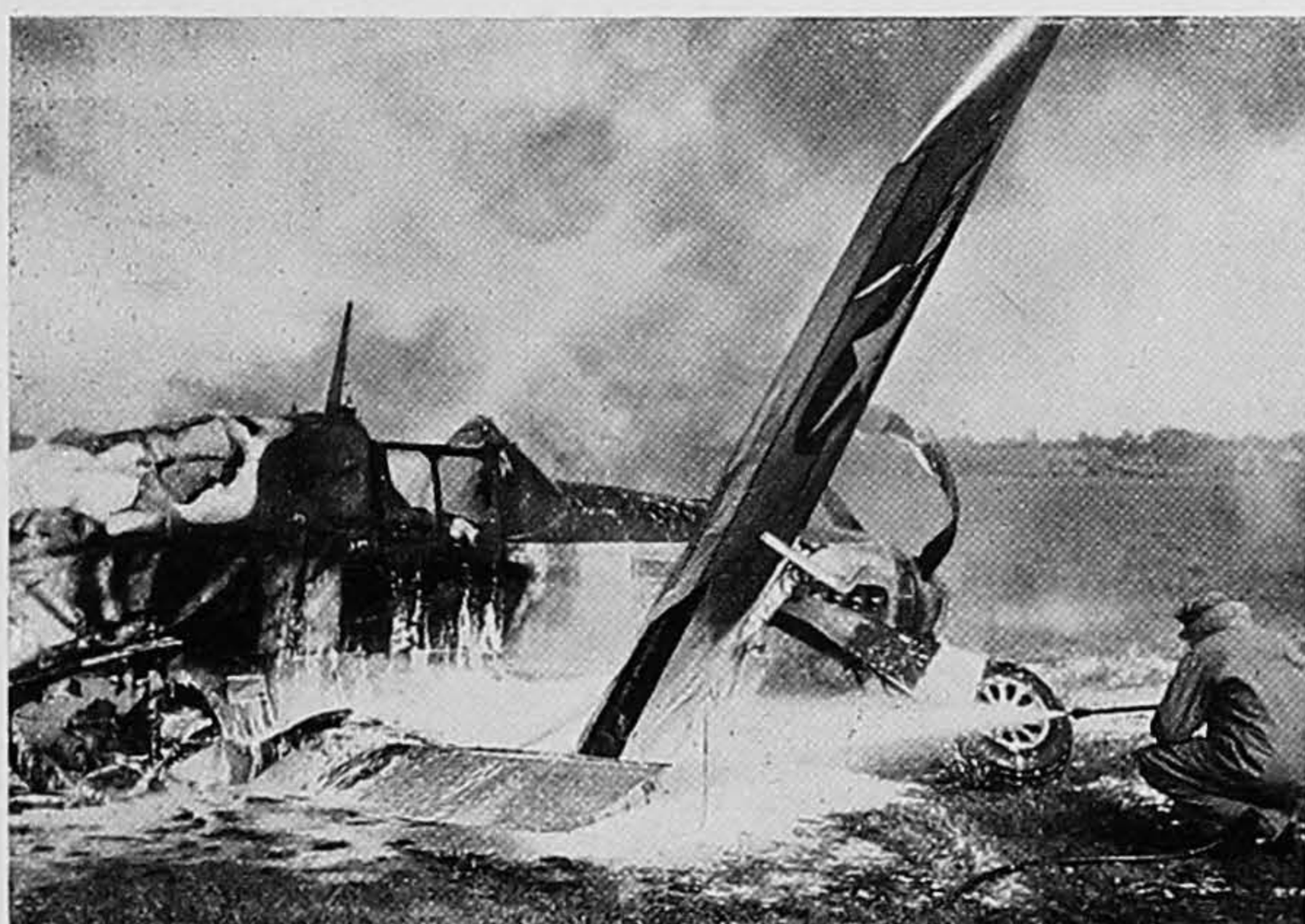
FIGHTER-VIEW—Weaving around bombers, fighter pilots seldom saw target plastered by explosives. Wetmore snapped this photo over Kassel. Ribbon-like smoke streamers are target-markers, target lies to right, bomb-smoke drifting to left.

destroying 4, and damaging 18, in a single mission. (See Our Greatest Day.)

There were other great days when our fighters split up gaggles of enemy fighters seeking to attack the bombers. On 27 November, 1944, Maj. Ray S. Wetmore, Kerman, Cal., and Capt. Robert M. York, Old Orchard Beach, Me. (both 370th) tracked an estimated 200 Nazi fighters for hundreds of miles deep within Germany, radioing the foe's position to the group. Unable to obtain support, Wetmore and York attacked at odds of 100-to-1 and bagged seven of the enemy.

And there were always the scores of favorite stories told of how our pilots exceeded their normal escort duties and aided the crippled "Big Friends" to navigate safely the long way out of Europe and over the North Sea back to England.

There was the day Capt. Robert Callahan, Cleveland, Ohio (370th) inspired the Eighth Bomber



MID-FIELD CRASH—Capt. Charlie Kruger belled this Mustang in and leaped out as it exploded on 24 May, 1944. Wise-cracker Kruger: "Hope I'm as lucky at Black-Jack tonight."

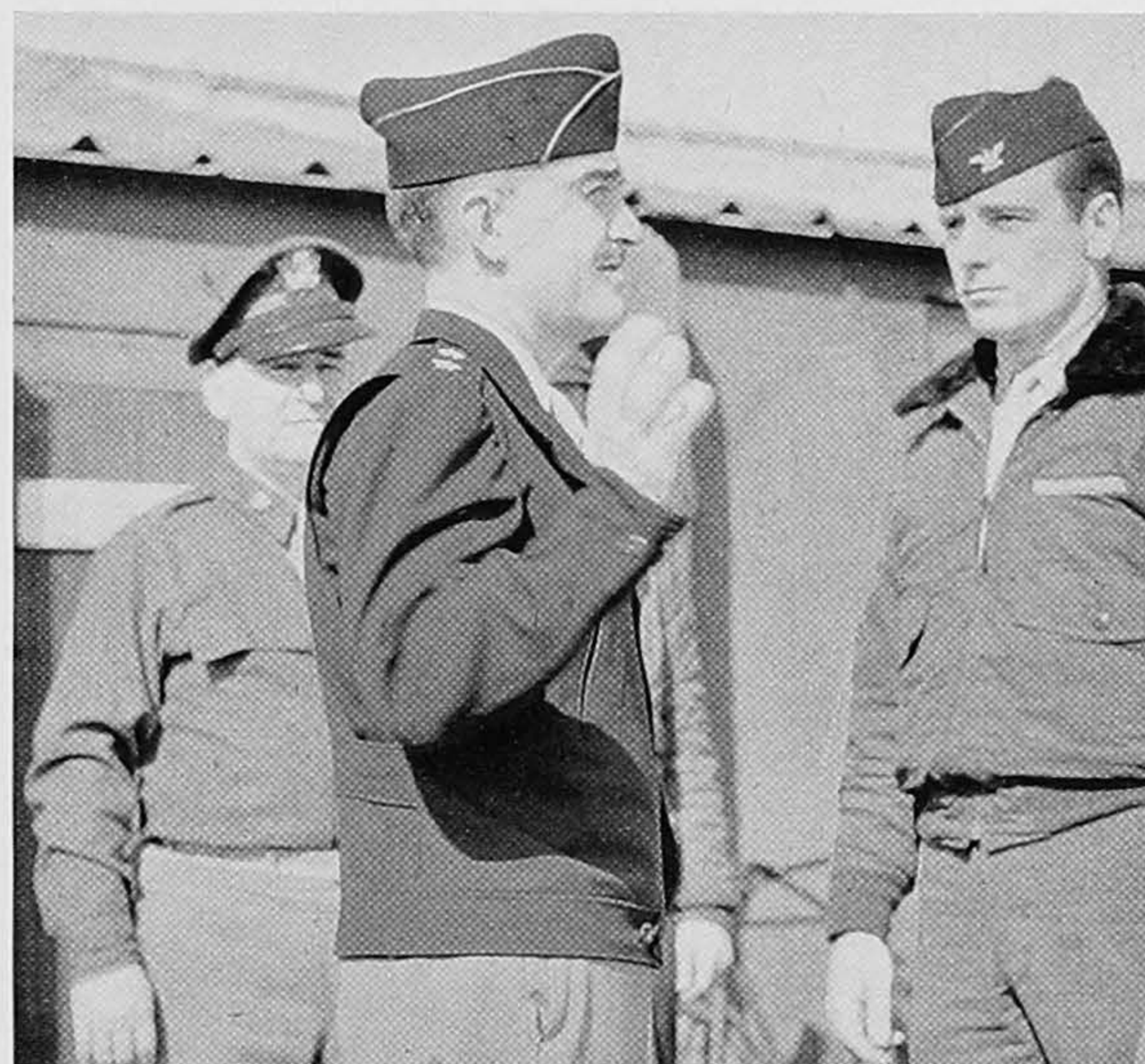
Command to describe him as a "sitting duck for Nazi flak."

A B-17 Flying Fortress had been hit badly by enemy fighters. Its navigator was wounded and its compass was smashed. One of the heavy plane's engines had gone out and it was flying at 11,000 feet, alone and lost.

"My flight of three planes peeled off to help the cripple," Callahan reported. "One stuck to the side of the bomber, another got above it and I flew out ahead. We gave the bomber a radio fix to guide it and then things began to happen.

"Flak began to pop around us. We flew far ahead and below to attract the gunners on the ground. Our aim was to help our cripple to avoid the spots where flak-puffs showed."

The Fortress made it home safely to England and its crew said Callahan's serving as "flak-bait" was the "damn bravest thing we ever saw a man do."



MAJ.-GEN. WILLIAM E. KEPNER, Eighth Air Force commander at war's end in ETO, visited Wretham when Col. Tacon was our CO. Behind Gen. Kepner is Lt.-Col. Grady L. Smith, group exec.

Another account was told of 1st Lt. David B. Archibald, Suffield, Conn. (368th), who spotted a disabled bomber under attack by an Me 109. Diving on the Nazi fighter, Archibald chased the enemy away and then flew to within a few feet off the Liberator's wing-tip and signalled to the bomber-pilot to "Follow me."

With two engines gone and another flaming, the bomber followed the green-nose Mustang while its crew began throwing equipment overboard to lighten



CAPT. ROBERT CALLAHAN, Cleveland, Ohio, who once served as "flak-bait" to protect bombers and won DFC, feeds "Flak," the 370th mascot.



MAY SWAP-OVER—On eve of D-Day in May, 1944, the 359th swapped its Thunderbolts for lighter Mustangs. 1st Lt. Harold D. Hollis, Holton, Kan., turns his P-47 over under the shadow of the Mustang.

the load. Through a soupy overcast and at tree-top height at times, Archibald led the crippled Lib toward an advance Allied airdrome in France.

Once beyond the battlefield, the bomber managed to gain altitude and reassured by "Archy" that they were over friendly territory, the crew bailed safely. Archibald landed and minutes later met the bomber-pilot who hugged him thankfully.

In addition to the unofficial commendations that came from the appreciative bomber-crews, there was official thanks for the escort jobs the group had done. On 10 February, 1944, when the group escorted bombers across central Germany to blast at a Nazi aircraft plant, a swarm of Nazi fighters arose to attack and our pilots intercepted to destroy six and damage one without loss to themselves.

The mission was highly successful from the bombers' point-of-view and later a commendation came from Lt.-Gen. Carl Spaatz, then commanding general of the United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe.

"Beyond a doubt the operation of Feb. 10 was one of the major steps toward accomplishment of our first objective—the breakdown of the German Air Forces ability to resist," Gen. Spaatz teletyped.

"... actual resulting injury to last remaining German Air Forces far exceeds that which we normally could have expected."

And in the low-level field of attack by strafing and dive-bombing, our group was commended many times. As Allied invasion forces consolidated their beachhead positions, this message reached Wretham:

"The following from the Air Commander in Chief of the Allied Expeditionary Air Force will be brought to the personal attention of all members of your command.

'I would appreciate it if you would convey my heartiest congratulations to the VIII Fighter Command for the magnificent efforts they have made since the beginning of the battle.

'I am certain they have made a great contribution in delaying the German Army by their low-flying attacks in the strategical area, especially in the area west of Paris and the Brest peninsula.

'I wish to thank them for their magnificent response and wish them the best of luck in their future operations.' (Signed, Leigh-Mallory).

Then down through channels from our own Eighth Air Force:

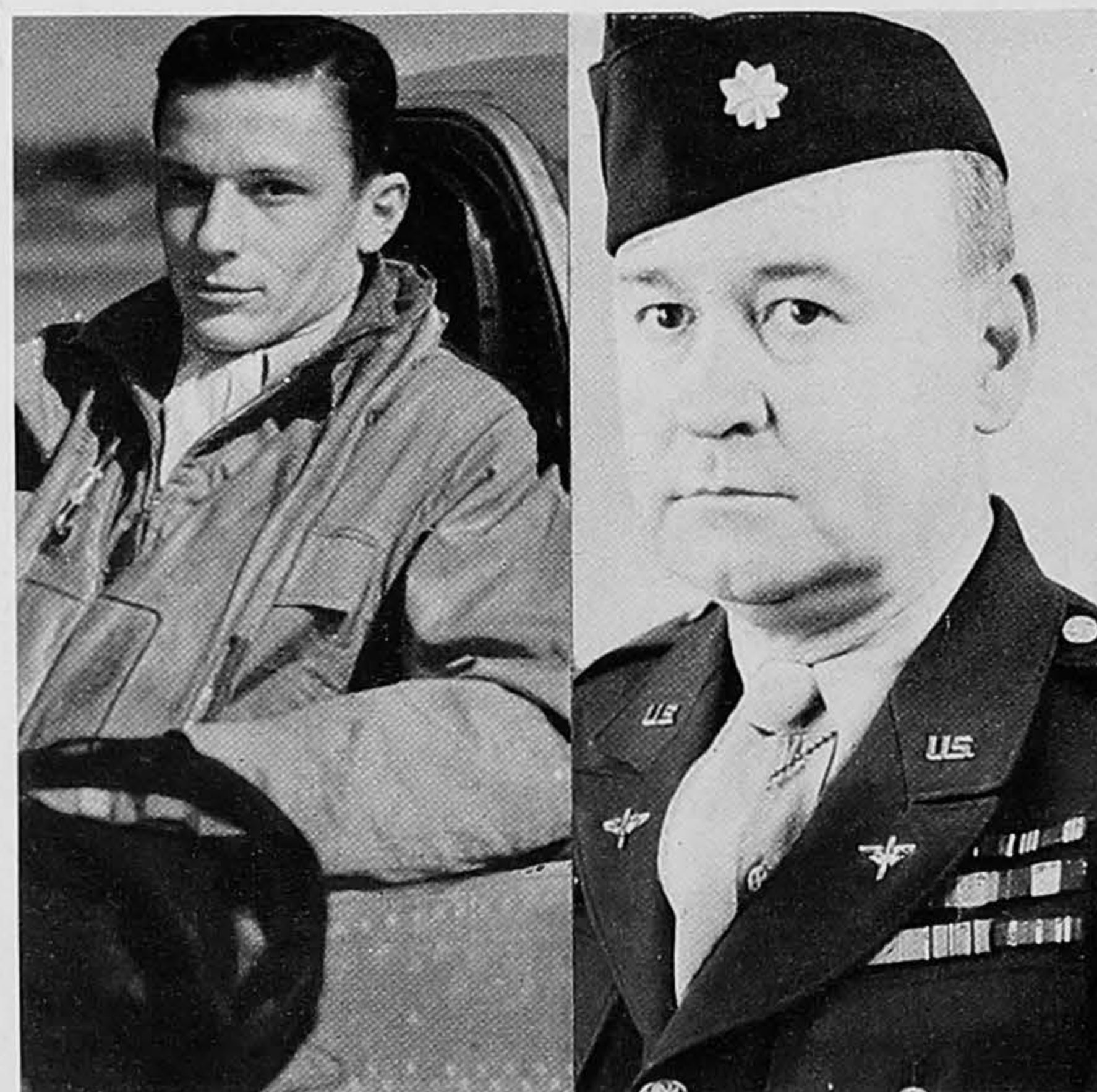
"I am pleased to relay the above message and add my own appreciation for such superior performance." (Signed, Lt.-Gen. James A. Doolittle.)

Through the VIII Fighter Command:

"I add my personal commendation and am extremely proud of every member of this command for their tremendous contribution to the invasion effort." (Signed, Maj.-Gen. W. E. Kepner.)

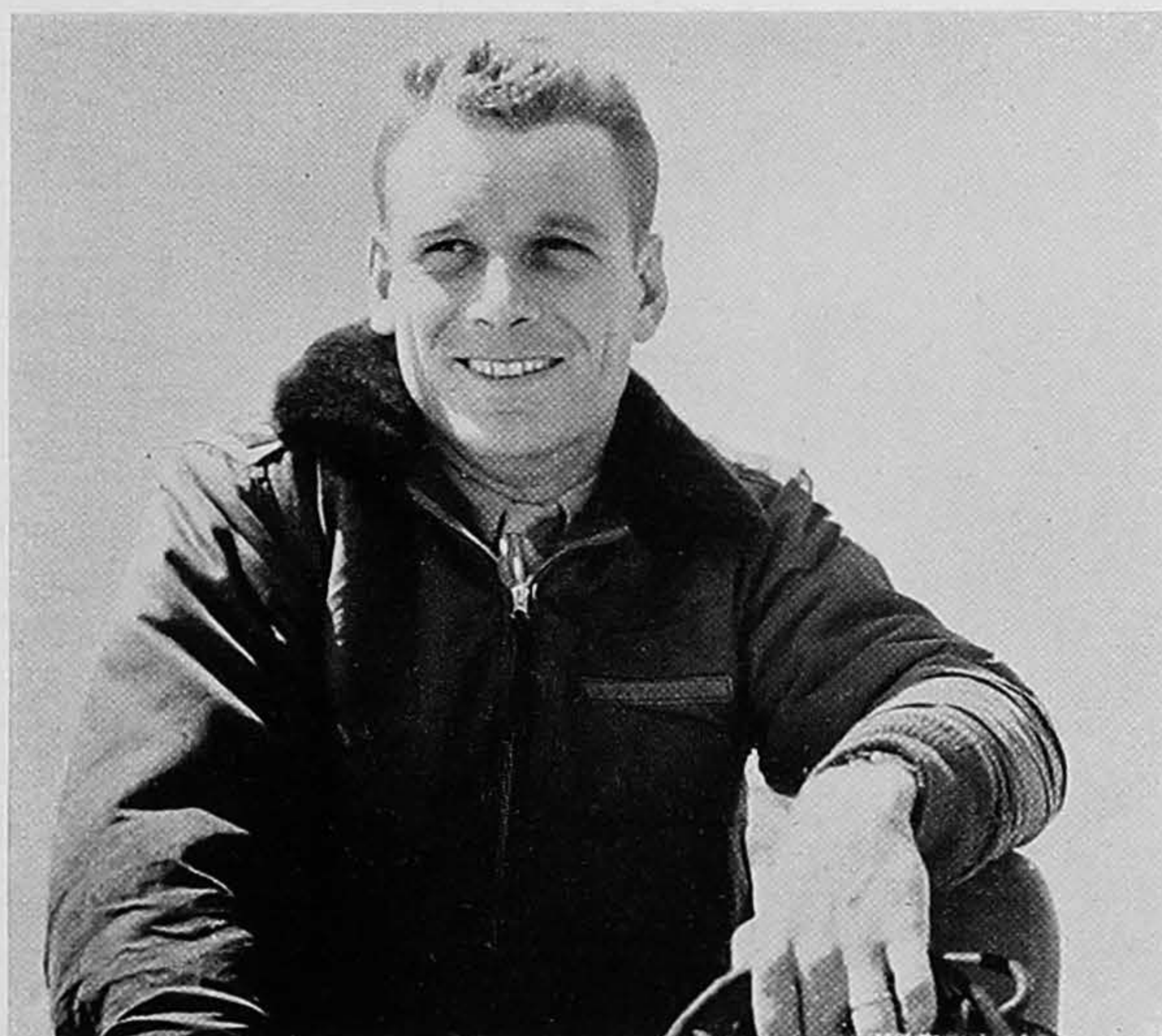
And to us through the 67th Fighter Wing at Walcot Hall:

"A well-deserved commendation for a job well done and I personally would like to add my own. Keep after the bastards." (Signed, Brig.-Gen. Edward W. Anderson.)



MISSISSIPPI WHEELS—Lt.-Col. Daniel D. McKee, left, Greenville, Miss., served as 370th CO, gp. deputy; Lt.-Col. Grady L. Smith, Columbus, Miss., remained station executive throughout 359th's history.

Group CO's



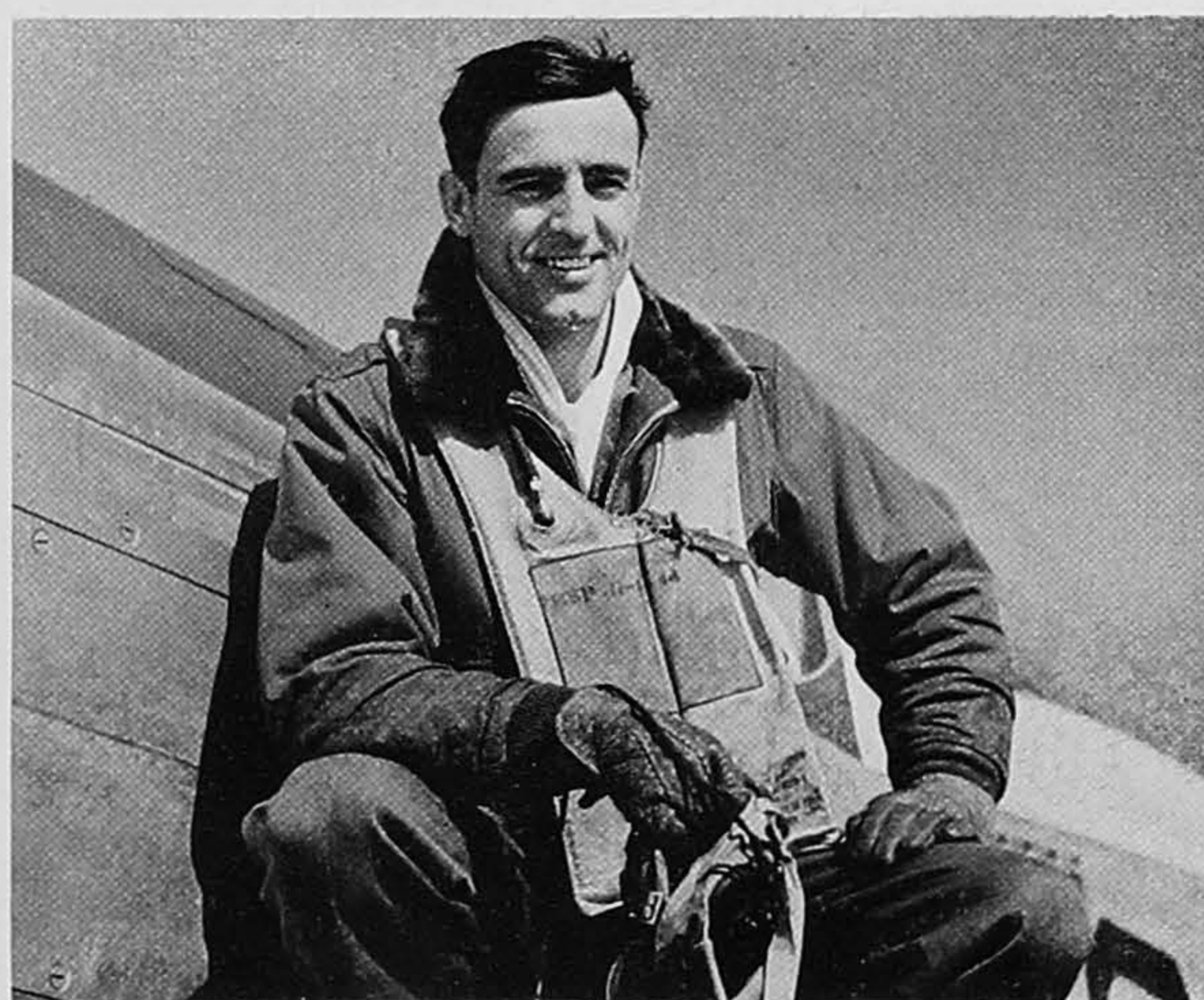
COL. AVELIN P. TACON, Jr., Shreveport, La., executive officer of 67th Fighter Wing on VE-Day, was original commander of 359th. Col. Tacon served from January, 1943; until Winter, 1944; flew complete combat tour and began a second before joining Wing.



LT.-COL. WILLIAM H. SWANSON, Chicago, Ill., deputy commander during greater part of 359th operations, served as station commander during two-month period in late Summer of 44 when Col. Tacon returned to U.S. on leave. Bill finished tour upon Col. Tacon's return and was assigned to duty in U.S.



Successor to Col. Tacon was **COL. JOHN P. RANDOLPH**, Schertz, Tex., a former deputy CO of 11th Fighter Group. A survivor of Bataan, Col. Randolph bagged five Jerries with 20th. He served as station commander until April 1945, returned to U.S.



Vexing problems of VE-Day fell to **LT.-COL. DONALD A. BACCUS**, Los Angeles, former squadron commander in 356th, who succeeded Col. Randolph as our station CO. "Doc" Baccus shot down nine Nazis (5 in air) while with 356th.

'Never had it so good!'

Our ETO-home was like a chunk of the good old U.S.A. set down in an English countryside. For though we lived and worked in the isle of England for two world-shaking years, the English way of life touched us little.

Exact location of our fighter station (strictly a top military secret until VE-Day) is listed by the British General Post Office as—East Wretham, Thetford, Norfolk.

The scattered rural village of East Wretham (pronounced by its residents as East 'Rettam) was spread around and among us. It consists of about 100 dwellings, the largest of which is the countryplace of Wretham Hall, an imposing three-story home of 75-odd rooms, complete with the usual English-estate attachments of servants' quarters, tenant houses, gardens, stables and historic landmarks.

Before the war most residents of East Wretham were employed on the estate growing crops of wheat,

oats, barley, potatoes, turnips, beet and some flax. Mrs. Rich was a racehorse owner and breeder and this activity also provided employment for many of the locals.

Sir John Durance rebuilt Wretham Hall in the early 1900's and was succeeded by his daughter, Mrs. A. Rich, wife of Col. Rich. Just before our time the estate was purchased by a syndicate.

Thetford is the nearest large town to East Wretham and lies six miles south-southeast along a winding road that passes a farmplace known as the Gayford Plantation (moved into by the 85th Service Group) and bisects the hamlet of Croxton. Neighboring village to Wretham is Hockham—a cluster of houses, school and a pub. The railroad station combines both villages into a stop of Wretham-Hockham. Northeast of us was Attleborough, Wymondham



SETTING COURSE—This was one of the most familiar scenes at Wretham as take-off time unwound. Ground crews glued eyes skyward, checked watches and commented on 'how they were stacked in there'. Helen with tea-wagon was always there.

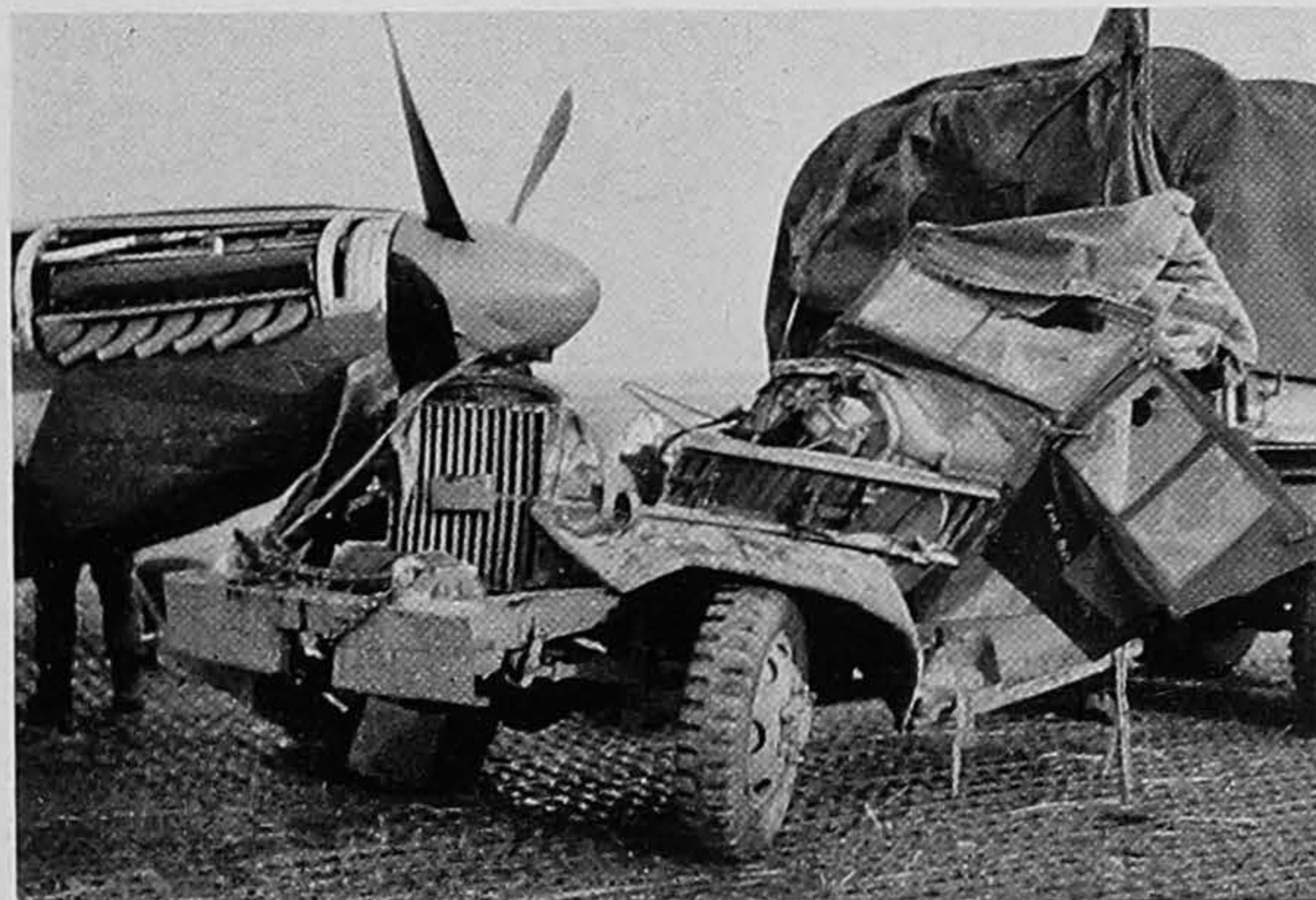


WHEN A P-47 radial engine shed its cowl, it was easily gotten at.

and Norwich, the latter of city-size and countyseat of Norfolk which in turn is the largest county in the East Anglia bulge stretching north of London to the shores of the North Sea and The Wash.

Directly east of us lay East Harling, a village on the road to Diss and Ipswich. South through Thetford is Bury St. Edmunds of the Abbey ruins and the Angel Hotel; to the west, Brandon and Ely leading into Cambridge. Straight north of us was Watton, one of the oldest villages in England.

East Wretham was converted into a Royal Air Force 'drome late in 1940 when twin-engine Wellingtons (British medium bombers) used the sod runways. In 1941 the RAF installed a group of Lancasters, comparable to B-29's in bomb-loads. For a brief



TAXIING MUSTANG nipped nose into truck. Driver escaped serious injury, pilot got Hell.

period in 1941, the station commander of Wretham was Group Captain Pickard, one of England's greatest heroes of the air war and pilot of "F for Freddie" in the film, "Target for To-night." (A part of the film was screened at Wretham and Pickard later won the Victoria Cross in a spectacular dive bombing of a German prison camp which released scores of French Maquis, but cost him his life.)

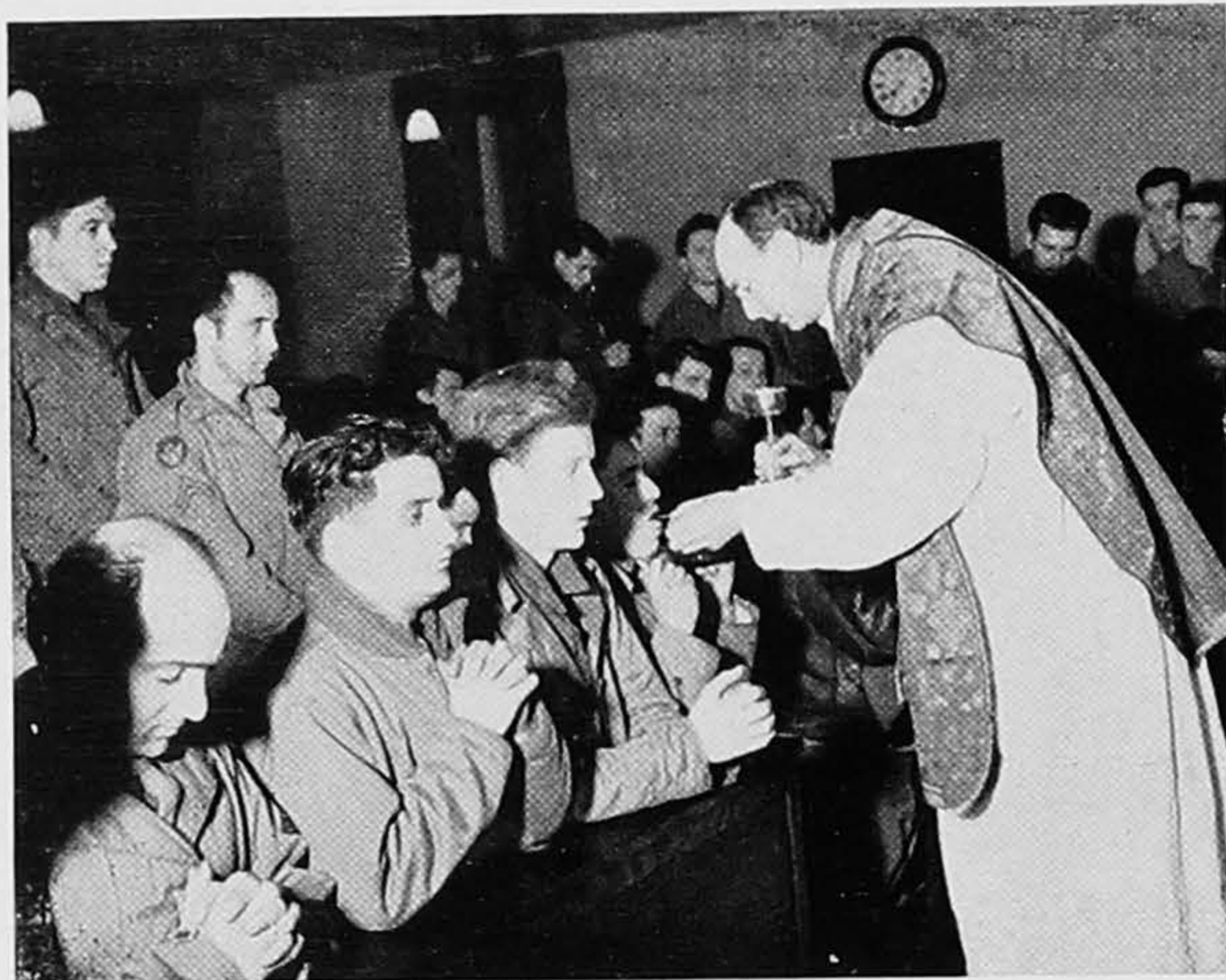
It was in August, 1943, that the Yanks arrived. Men of the 85th Service Group, under command of Lt.-Col. John Bloodworth, moved on to Wretham to prepare it for a fighter group. Support outfits in the service group included the 1833rd Ordnance Supply and Maintenance Company; 1065th Quartermaster Company; 49th Station Complement Squadron; 395th Service Squadron and the 1101st Signal Company.

About six weeks later, back in the U.S., the 359th Fighter Group, activated on 15 January, 1943, and trained at the fields of Grenier, Bedford, Farmindale and Mitchel in the East, embarked on its overseas assignment from Westover Field, Mass.

The main body of troops and flying personnel left Westover by train on 2 October, 1943, at dawn and arrived at Camp, Kilmer N.J. on the afternoon of that day. On 7 October, the group travelling in four separate units of headquarters and three fighter squadrons, boarded transports in New York harbor.



GOERING'S SURPRISE—Luftwaffe Chief Hermann Goering said he sensed doom when U.S. fighters began to soar for hours at a time over Fortress Germany. Pfc. Anthony Rago shows you the reason—those extra-light, extra-range tanks that spelled Wretham to Berlin and return.



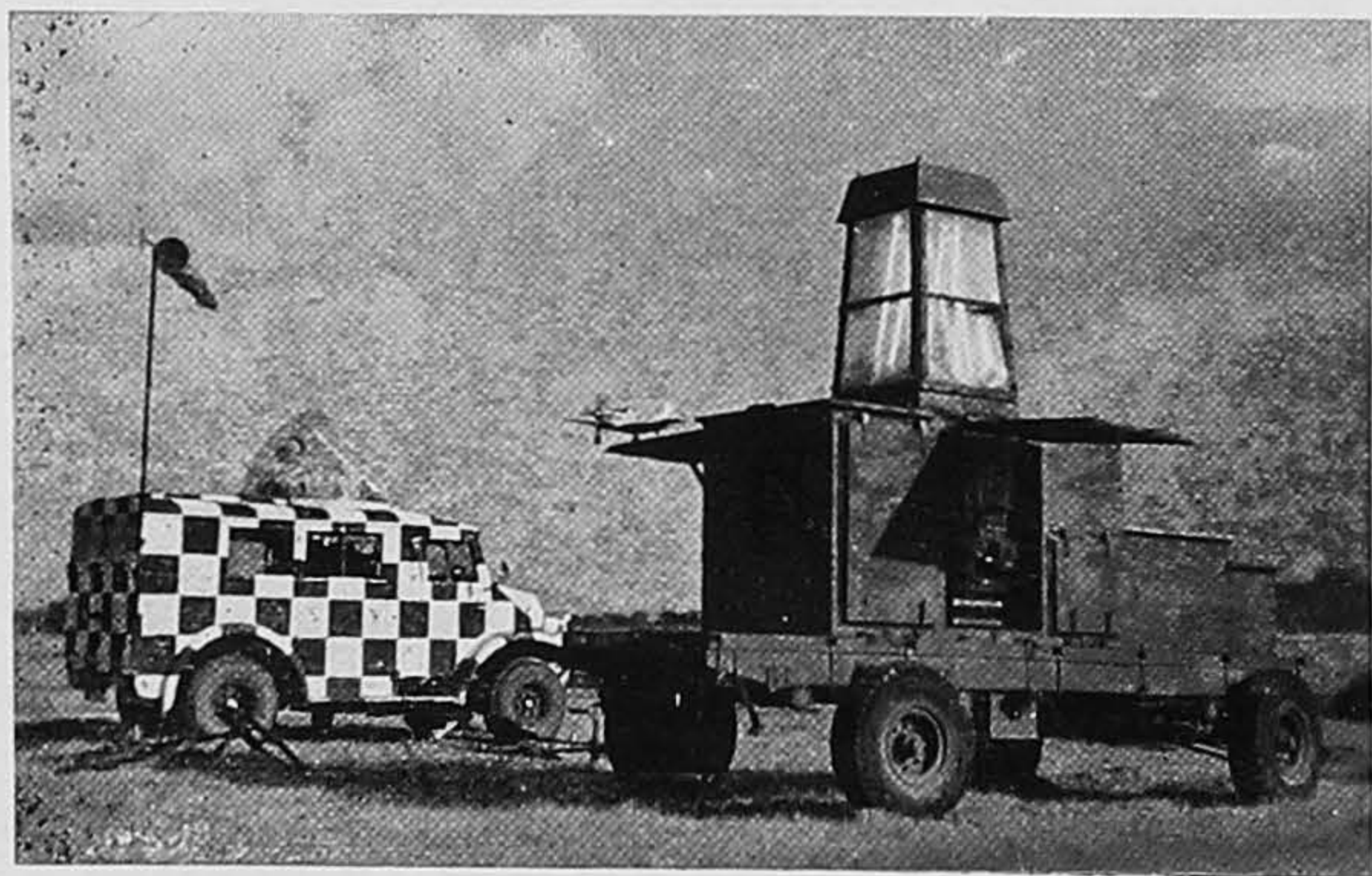
FATHER HEWITT conducts Catholic communion service in Station Chapel.

Headquarters and the 368th Squadron were assigned to the USAT *Argentina*, a former Good Neighbor liner; the 369th boarded the *Thurston*, a converted freighter; and the 370th embarked on the *Sloterdijk*, a former Dutch "motor vessel." The convoy, one of the largest of the war up until that time, sailed shortly before dawn of 8 October.

Men of headquarters and the 368th debarked at Liverpool on 19 October, at once entrained and arrived at Wretham (listed by the Army as Station 133) the same day. The 369th debarked at Glasgow; the 370th left ship at Gourock, Scotland, on the Clyde.

On 19 October, the day of his arrival, Col. Avelin P. Tacon, Jr., fighter group commander, assumed his duties as station commander. Lt.-Col. Grady L. Smith, group executive, became station executive, and a station staff, including personnel both of the fighter group and the service group, was formed.

A new U.S. fighter station in England was complete with personnel and the indoctrination period began. There were few drills and little close order marching. There were no parades, no spit 'n polish



'**FLYING CONTROL**' directs landing of Mustang, barely visible between light and checkered van.

of an infantry outfit, only work to organize the station services for the first mission.

Our fighters made their debut in combat operations on 13 December, 1943, an uneventful fighter sweep over the northern coast of then Nazi-held France. And by the end of the year, seven missions had been run off which produced no aerial victories, but gave our boys a chance to accustom themselves to the technique of the VIII Fighter Command which was soon to deliver unprecedented support to the world's greatest bombardment of an enemy from the air.

Life on the station for ground crews and pilots alike revolved around the weather upon which missions hinged; the mounting air blows; chow; and the Cook's Tours of England by virtue of the nightly Liberty Runs or the 48-hour sojourns to London. We were issued bikes and pedalled through the countryside in all directions. We were awed by the chapel ruins near Wretham Hall which dated back to the thirteenth century; the left-hand driving amused us; we gaped at the thatch-roofed homes; griped over the quality of the "Mild and Bitter"; and wondered about the British complacency. It surprised us that such a quiet, modest folk had got on with the war so well.

We watched air raids during the clear Winter nights as Ju 88's struck at Norwich and Ipswich and occasionally the Hun could be heard droning overhead as he sped back to Nazi-held fields in France, Belgium and Holland. We saw London, already racked from the blitz of 1940, hit again and again during the



ERNIE DEGRAVE shows how most GI's converted barracks-corner into an 'ETO-Home'.

Anglo-American



EARLYWEDS—Capt. and Mrs. Charlie Mosse snapped by Chapel ruins at Wretham Hall. Charlie was first 359th officer to arrange Anglo-American wedding.



BRITISH KIDDIES often came on the base for celebrations like this group of special guests for Christmas, '44.



WAAF'S ENJOYED THE DANCES, made the trip in trucks from nearby RAF dromes.



CUPID SCORED—When Sgt. James R. Underwood, Fabius, N.Y., wed Miss Freda Newton, Thetford, April 8, 1944. Underwoods had daughter before group sailed for U.S.



'DOC' DUNNEBIE, 368th flight surgeon, served as guest-judge in English baby contest in Summer, 1944, to cement Anglo-American relations.



HEADQUARTERS, 359TH FIGHTER GROUP

"Baby Blitz" of early 1944; and later we dodged the V-1 flying bombs of Spring. We talked of the V-2's that plopped into London without warning and once a Lancaster was shot down near our field, its rear-gunner still gripping his brace of four 30-cal. guns.

Yet the life around us affected us only slightly. We were on an isle within an island with our own duties, recreation, friends and the letters from home. Our speech changed a little. We were more patient and stopped griping after a while over the: "Queue up, please." We began to say "laid on" and not planned; things were "wizard" or "smashing" and we took a "dim view" of food scarcity on our travels and the English weather. It was a "good show"; some of us "didn't have a clue"; we were "crowded" instead of busy; we were "sharp" instead of smart; life was "rugged" and we "sweated out" everything.

And during the icy Winter while we prodded the slow-burning stoves in the Nissen huts and the fog settled in over the field, we gave out with the wisecrack supreme: "Chum, you never had it so good."

We chided the British about everything, mainly their leisurely way of life; the weather and because they drank warm beer. We argued they needed a Roosevelt New Deal and their political writers pointed out two years later this American criticism had a lot to do with the Socialist landslide which swept Churchill out of office.

Our life in England followed the pattern of the war in the space of keeping time with the months.

We arrived during the early stages of strategic bombing; in the prelude to D-Day of 6 June, 1944, our aircraft escorted the heavies all over Germany and on the highly concentrated raids to blast the V-1 and V-2 sites on the coast of Europe.

Then D-Day itself and we saw thousands of bombers, fighters, transports and gliders airborne in steady parades. Three and four missions were flown in the space of twelve hours, day after day until the Allied beach-heads were secure. Then the breakthrough at St. Lo, the sweeps across France; the pull-up at the Rhine and the critical days of the Ardennes offensive.

Then in the Spring of '45, the Allied armies crossed the Rhine and we counted the weeks that followed in the terrific drives that tore the heart out of central Germany.

On 8 May, 1945 the word came that the war in Europe had ended. We maintained the organization, took up sports to pass away the idle time; attended schools.

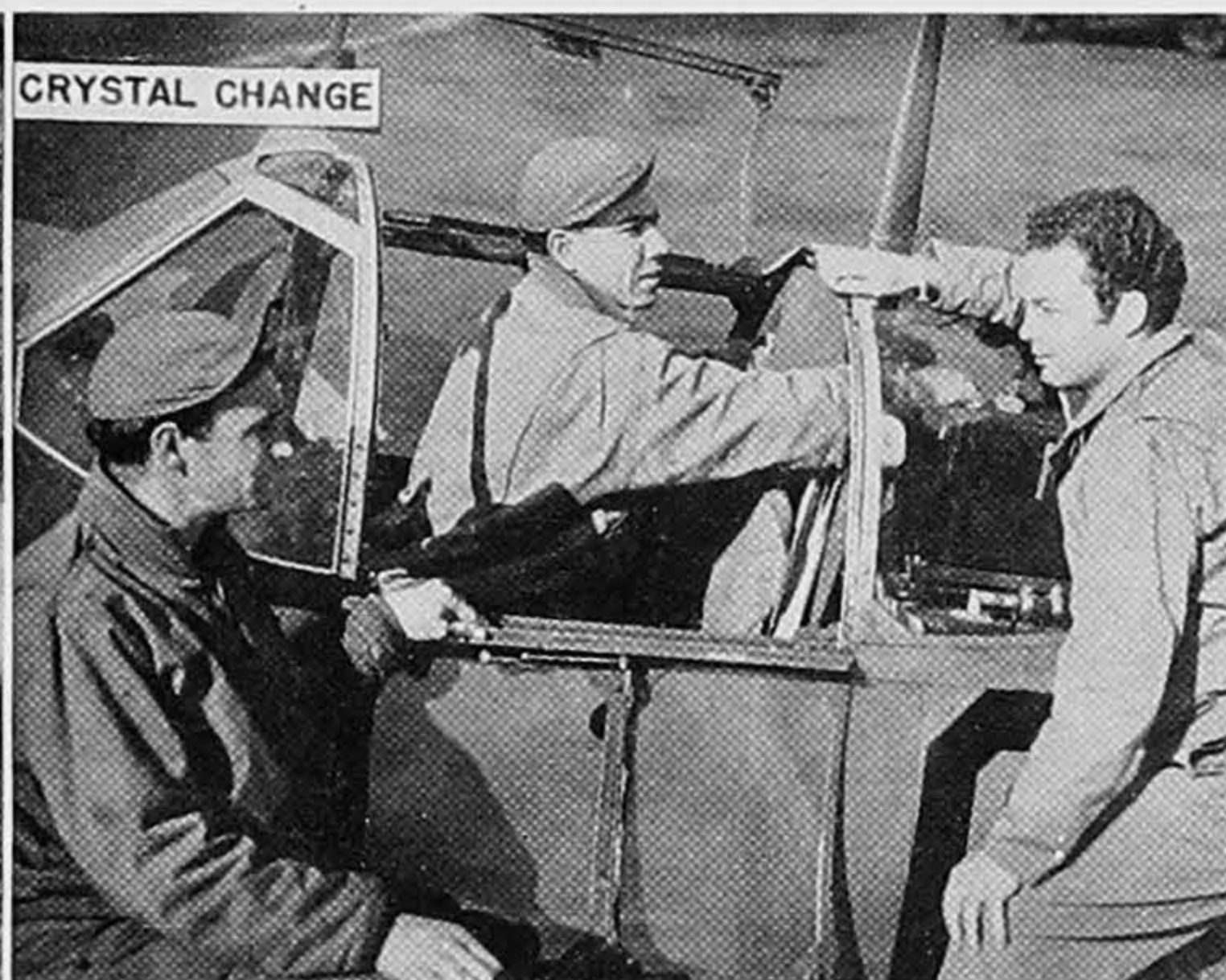
And while we "sweated out" going home—the atomic bomb and the Russian declaration of war against Japan brought the end of fighting everywhere.

On 1 September 1945, President Truman declared peace reigned throughout the world.

We were already packing, counting our points, figuring where the *Queen Mary* and the *Elizabeth* were; ready, as our British friends said, for "Civvie Street".



TWO PER MUSTANG



CRYSTAL CHANGE



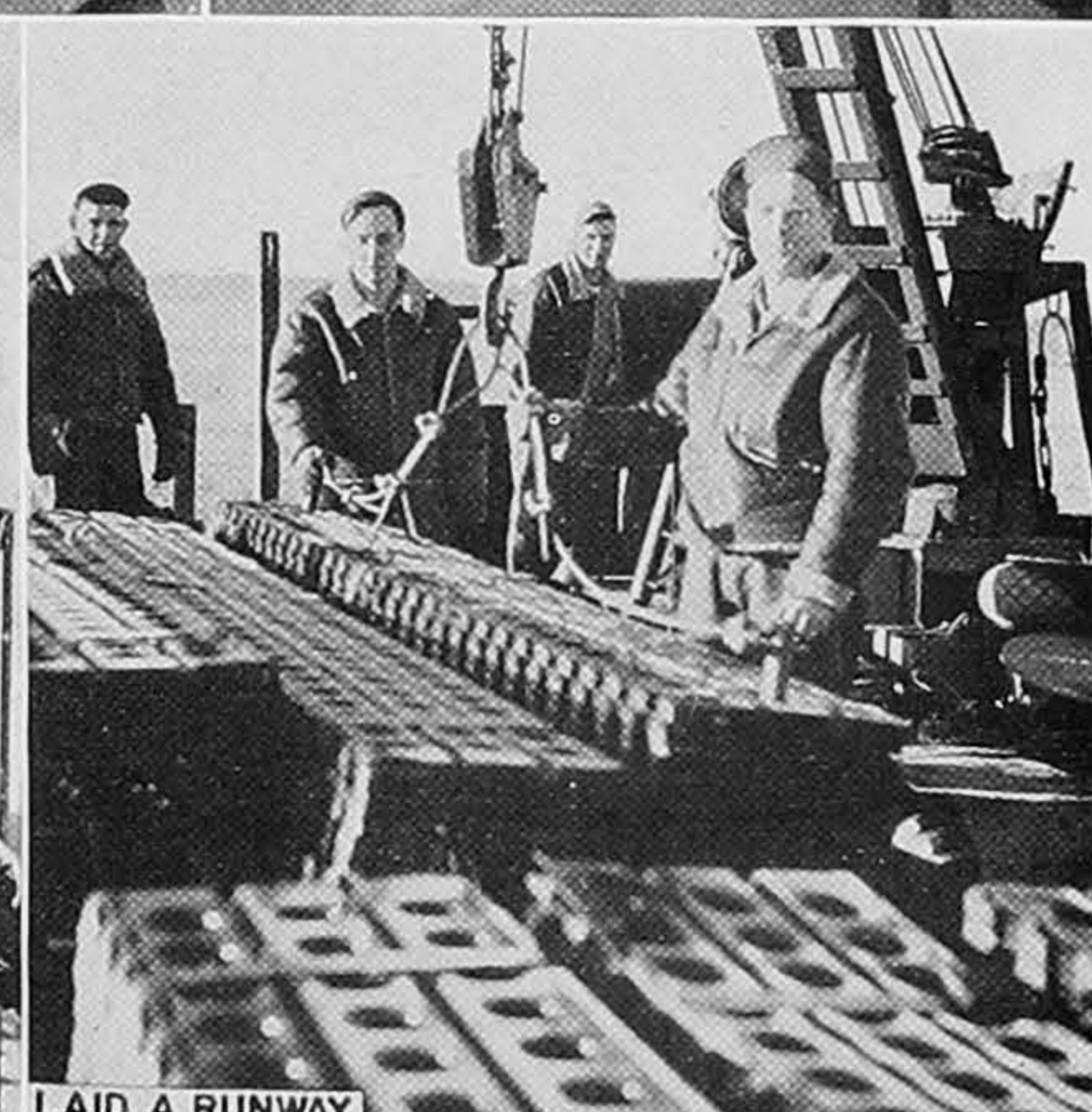
SIGNALS BOYS



WHAT'CHA NEED?



ENGINE-CHANGE



LAID A RUNWAY



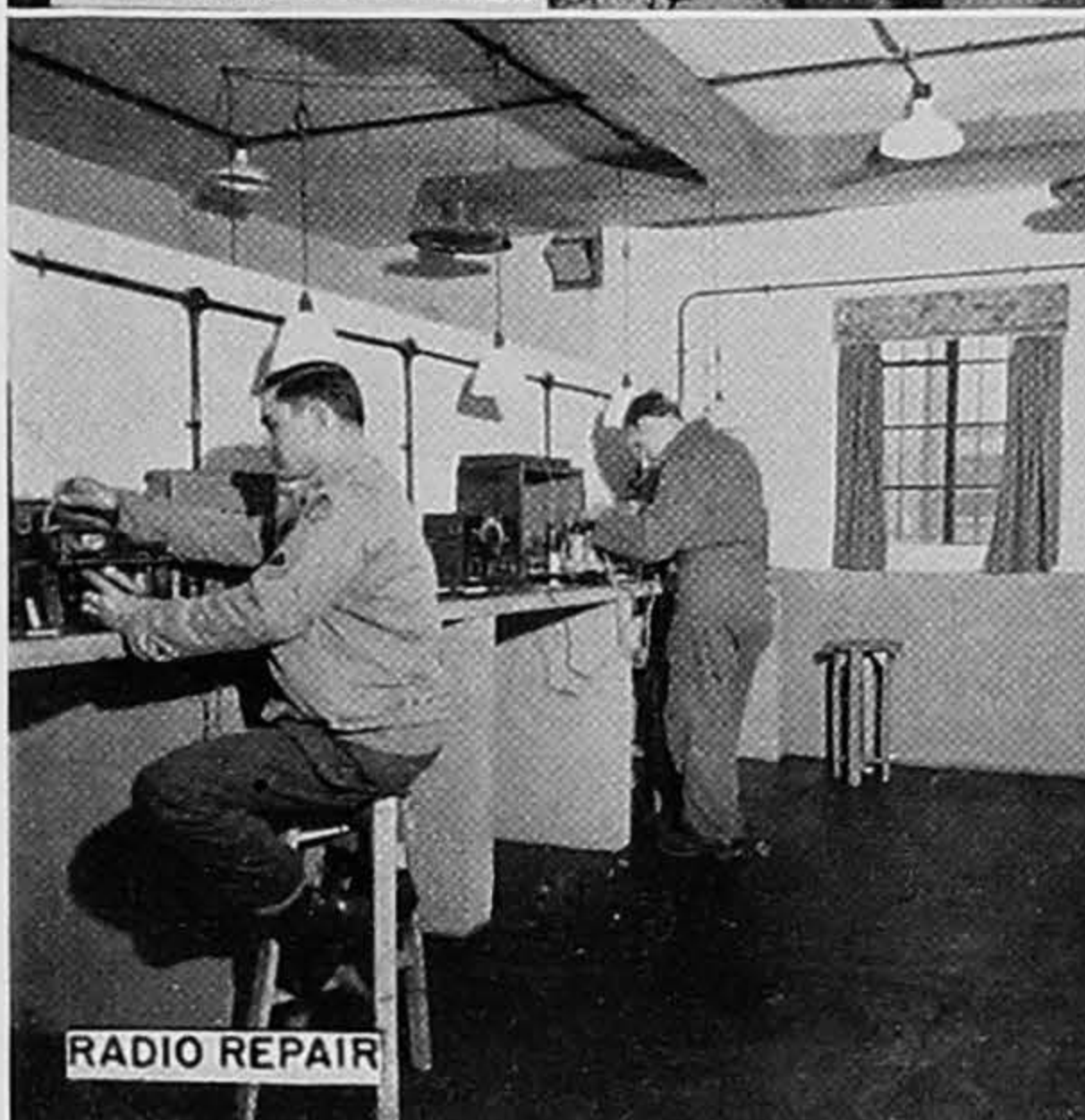
ANYTHING FOR FIRES



HOMING-TOWER



SHEET METALISTS



RADIO REPAIR



TANKS AGAIN



STATION SMITHY

395th Service Squadron



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 395TH, PART I



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 395TH, PART II

Bill's Buzz Boys

Highlight of the combat record of the 359th while it was equipped with P-47 Thunderbolts will always be the account of "Bill's Buzz Boys."

This quartet of 369th pilots volunteered in early March, 1944, to fly as members of a special strafing squadron organized by the VIII Fighter Command to develop low-level attack methods for the eight-gunned fighters.

The four were led by Capt. Charles C. Ettlesen, 24-year-old West Pointer, of Summit, N.J., considered one of the most expert flyers of the 359th and a flight leader of long service. His three fellow volunteers were: Capt. John H. Oliphint, 22, Shreveport, La.; Capt. Robert M. Thacker, 23, Sioux City, Iowa, and 1st Lt. Clifford E. Carter, 20, Los Angeles.

Here's the official account of the four, written by Capt. Ettlesen:

"On 17 March we four were ordered to report to Colonel Glenn E. Duncan, Commanding Officer, 353rd Fighter Group, with our planes and crews. On 18 March the squadron was formed.

"It was comprised of four flights, one from each of the following Fighter Groups: 353rd, 355th, 359th, and 371st, and placed under my command. At a meeting on the 19th of March the reason for the squadron being organized was revealed and was as follows:



DAISY-CUTTERS—Here's three of Bill's Buzz Boys, l. to r., Ettlesen, Thacker and Oliphint.

"The German, in hopes of conserving his Fighter strength for the invasion of Europe, was refusing to give battle to daylight bombers except under the most favorable circumstances.

"In order to insure the success of the invasion the Eighth Air Force had as its objective the destruction of the Luftwaffe. The German Air Force was not to be found in the air, and therefore had to be sought out and destroyed on the ground at its airdromes.

"Several fighter groups had tried attacking airdromes with little or no success. It was up to this



SIX THUNDERBOLTS in 368th were labeled after 'Lil Abner' and the Yokums. One at far end was named 'Lonesome Polecat.'

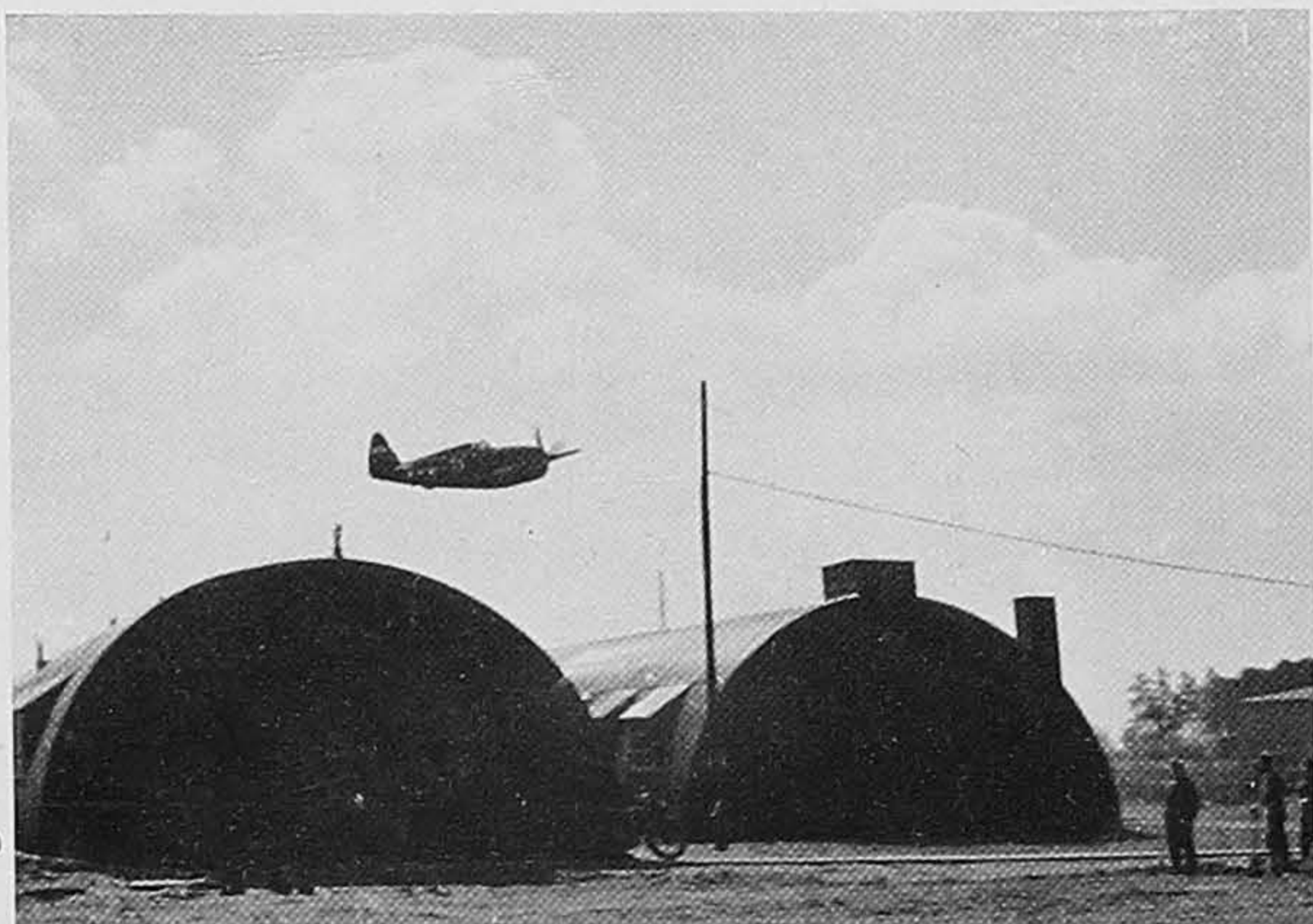


DIDN'T RETURN—Fourth man on the buzz team was 1st Lt. Clifford E. Carter, Los Angeles, who Ettlesen believed bailed out when his P-47 struck a house. Carter remains **MIA**.

squadron to discover a means of attacking airdromes that would insure success yet cut casualties to the minimum.

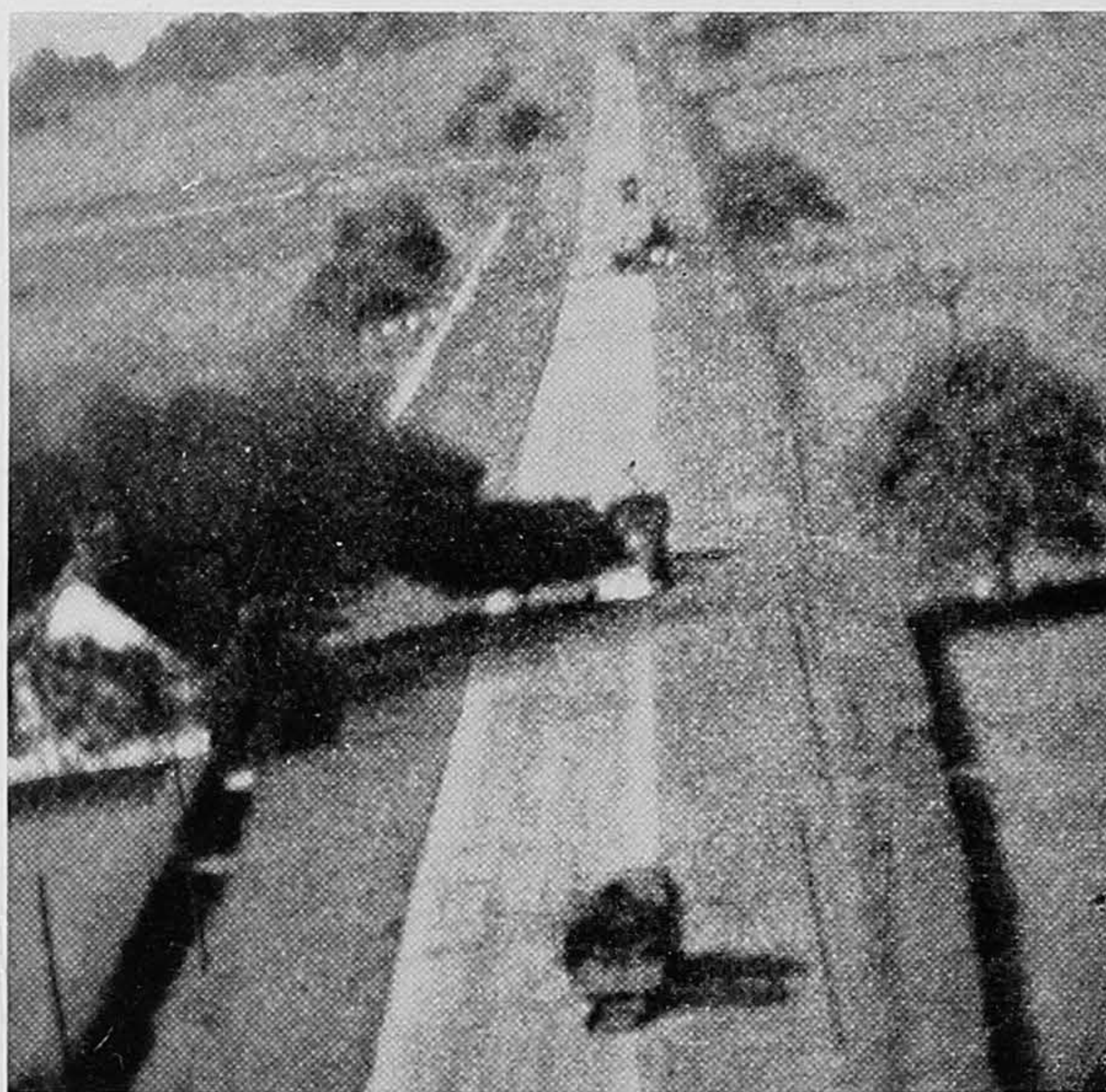
"In the days to follow every form of attack that had been heard of, and many that hadn't, were tested and discussed. Dive bombing was discarded as inaccurate, glide bombing as suicide, low-altitude navigation as impossible, and so on.

"It became apparent that the P-47's eight machine guns must be brought to bear in order to destroy an enemy aircraft, and, in order to do this without being shot out of the air by the enemy's ground defences, Surprise, Cover, and Evasive Action must be utilized to the utmost. At length a form of attack encompassing these elements was hit upon and practiced to perfection.



ROOF-HIGH—Thunderbolt practising strafing-attack on Wretham, pulls up over group headquarters buildings.

"The squadron would enter enemy territory properly briefed on specific enemy airdromes as to installations, cover, routes of approach and withdrawal, flak, dispersal areas, etc. On reaching an initial point some 20 miles from the airdrome one flight would split-S from 15,000 feet, pick up some 400 or 500 mph and hit the deck about five miles from the airdrome. With some excellent check point such as a road leading to the airdrome the flight in line-abreast would hit the installations, etc., exactly as briefed. Dropping down so that the props were cutting the grass, the flight would proceed to shoot up everything in sight. Only by the time the ships had reached the far side of the enemy airdrome were the ground defences alerted and for a few seconds, as the ships pulled up to clear hangars, etc., they were the center of converging 20 mm fire. Dropping down behind some form of cover, as briefed, the attack was



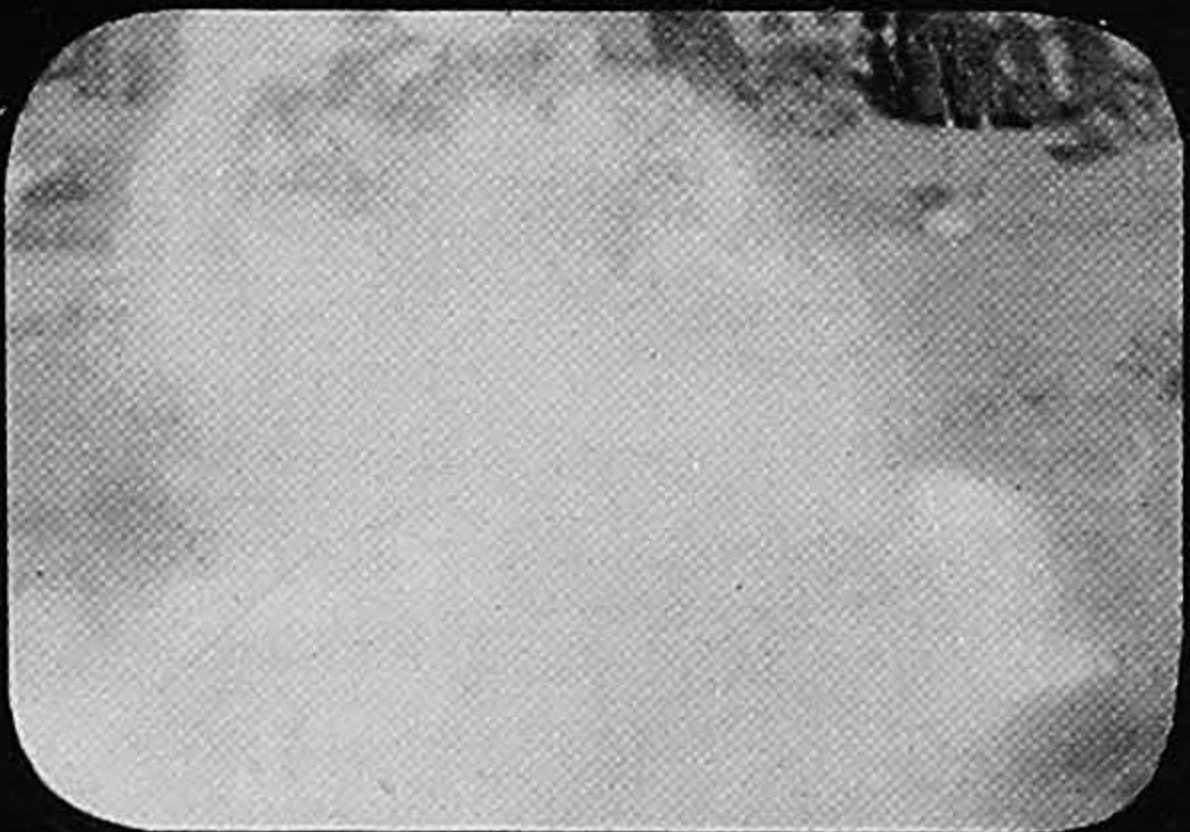
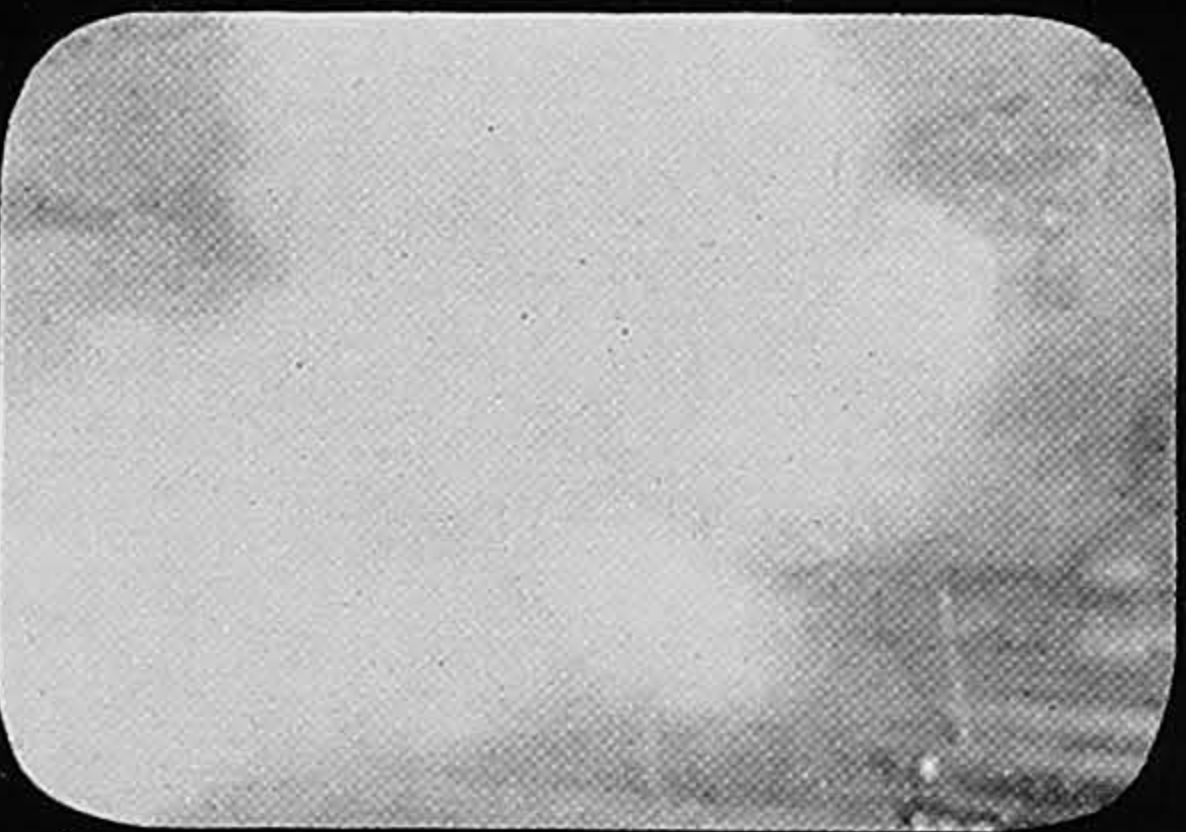
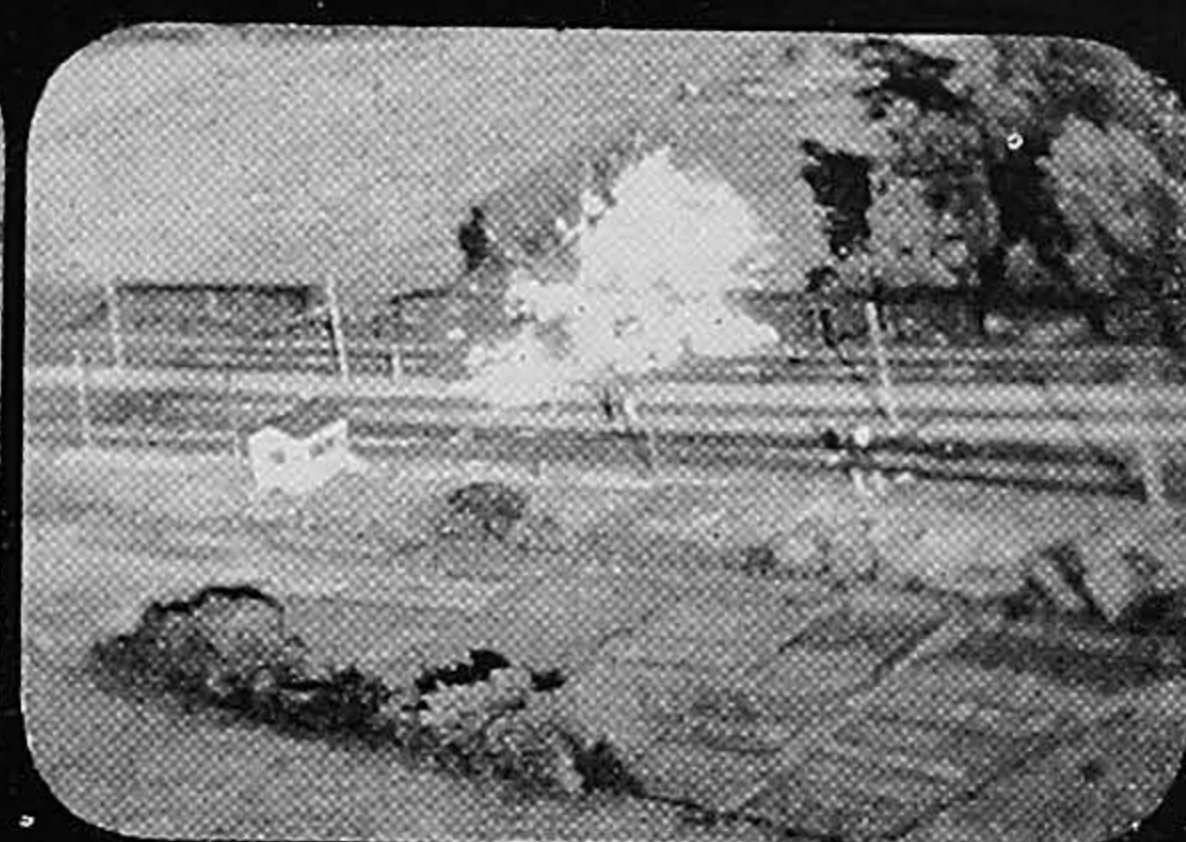
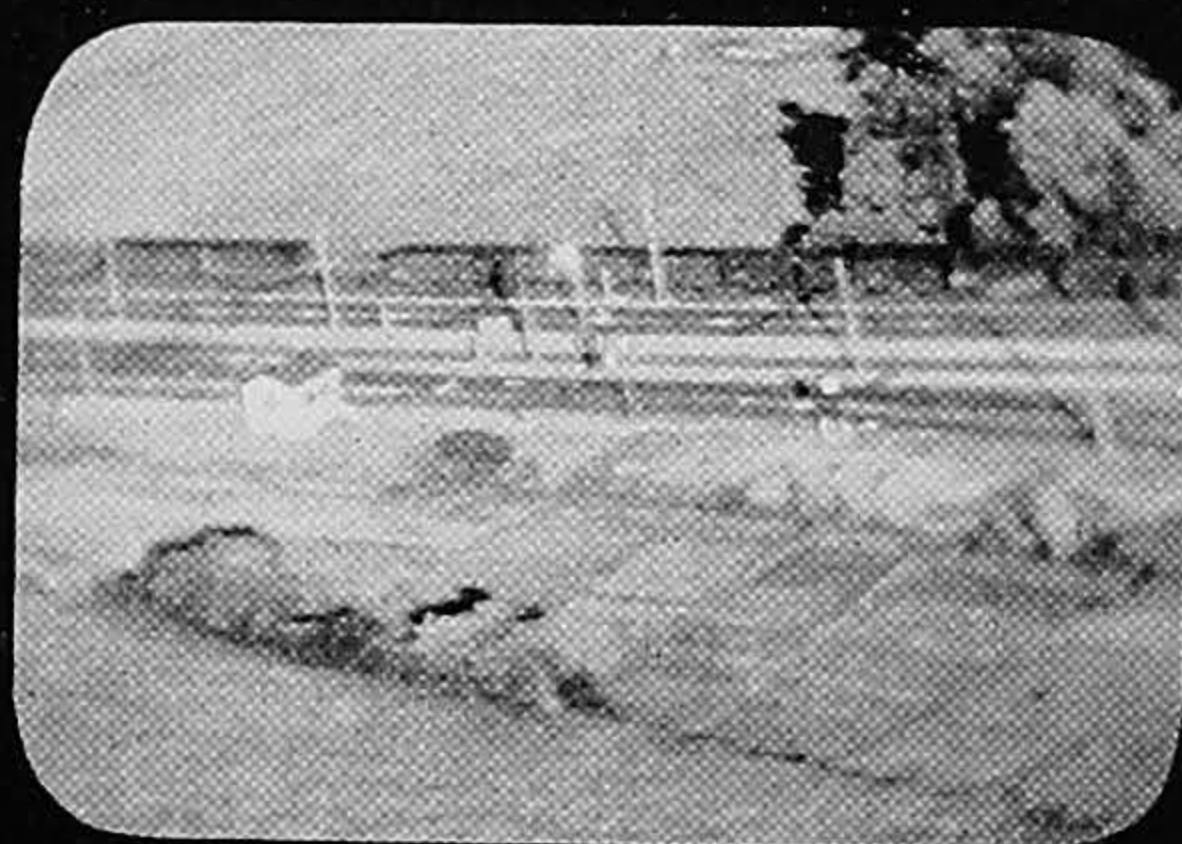
REICH ROAD HAZARD—Strafing Mustang sets truck aflame in enemy convoy.

finished and the flight safe. Arriving at a flak free area the flight would regain its altitude or strafe other ground targets such as locomotives, tugboats, etc.

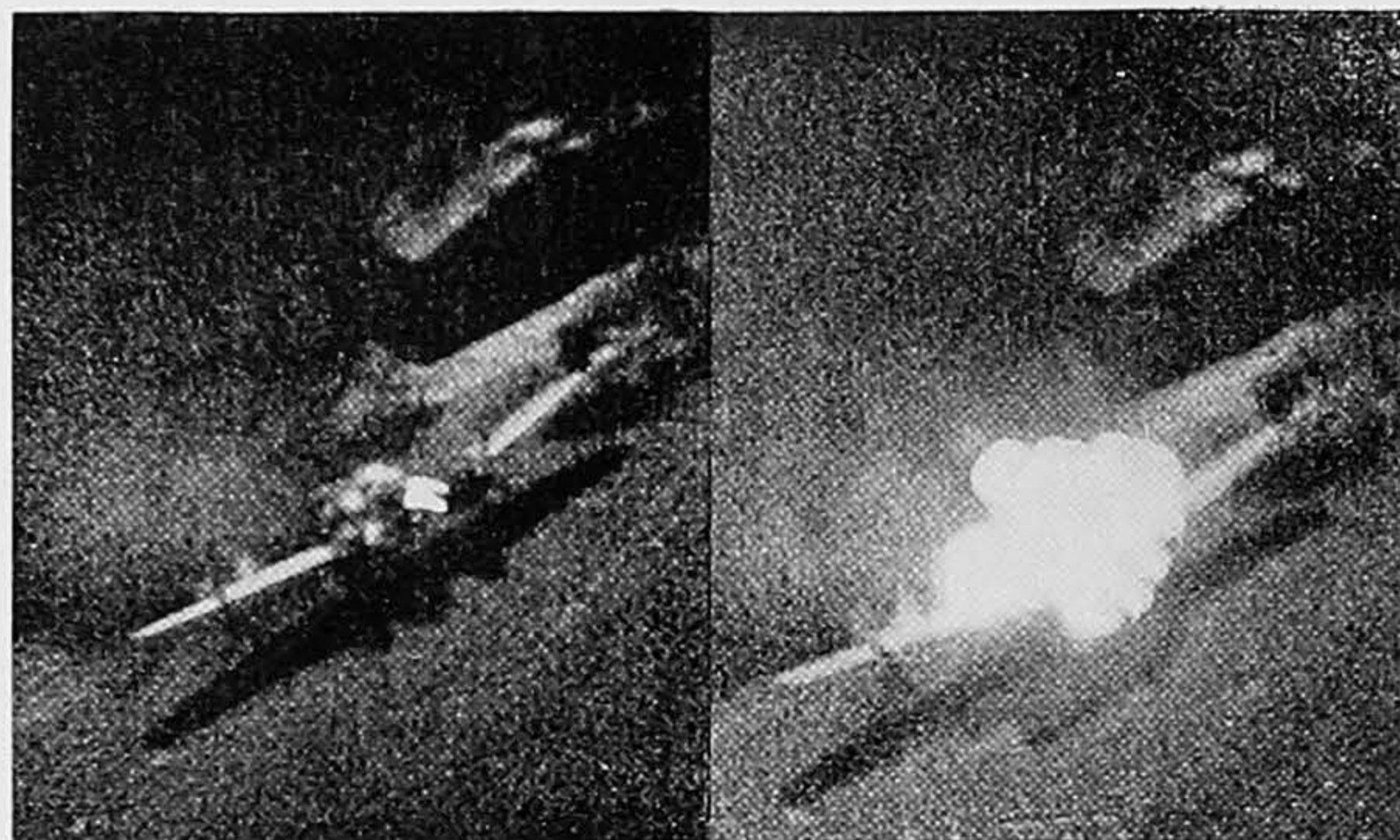
"It was deemed inadvisable for a flight to hit more than one airdrome for the reason that after the first attack the entire area would be alerted.

"The squadron performed six such missions on enemy airdromes and succeeded in destroying thirteen enemy aircraft, probably destroying ten, and damaging fifteen, for the loss of one due to error in briefing. Lt. Carter was responsible for two destroyed and two probables, Lt. Oliphint for one destroyed and one probable, and I got one probable. Much damage that was not assessable such as two hangars that I and Lt. Oliphint succeeded in blowing up, and buildings strafed by Lt. Thacker added to the enemy's grief.

VIII FIGHTER COMMAND
COMBAT FILM No. 5925
1st LT. J.H. OLIPHINT 369 SQDN.
6 JUNE 1944 359 F.G.
ATTACKING
GROUND TARGETS



D-DAY SUPPORT ON THE FIELDS OF NORMANDY



JU. 88 EXPLODES—A twin-engine Nazi fighter bomber, left, is struck by burst into nose section, gas tanks. Right photo shows explosion.

On top of this, we destroyed 20 locomotives, six tugboats, numerous barges, railroad coaches, etc.

While strafing a tugboat Lt. Carter, evidently hit by flak, put a wing through the side of a house but was heard on the radio some three minutes later and was believed then to have bailed out.

"Lt. Thacker, on one mission to Amsche Airdrome, was hit seriously by flak. His engine would quit every few minutes and oil was streaming back over his canopy, goggles, and face. Although far in Germany, he stuck with the ship and managed to bring it as far as an advanced airdrome in England where he landed. He ran out of gas while completing the landing roll."

"Crossing the airdrome at Chateaudun, Lt. Oliphint was hit in the main tank with a 20 mm projectile which miraculously failed to blow the ship up.

"While crossing this same airdrome, I hit a high tension pole which cut halfway through my wing before it broke.

"And I returned to England with some 30 feet of cable as a souvenir!

"On 30 March, Colonel Glenn E. Duncan, who had made most of the missions with the special squadron, was detailed by the Commanding General to command a special strafing school in Scotland, carrying with him the tactics which had been demonstrated as highly successful. The flights were ready to return to their home stations.

"On 5 April the following teletype was received by the special squadron known as Bill's Buzz Boys in honor of General Kepner from the Commanding General himself:

"UPON COMPLETION OF TODAY'S MISSION THE FLYING UNIT KNOWN AS BILL'S BUZZ BOYS WILL BE DIS-SOLVED AND PILOTS AND PLANES RETURNED TO THEIR PROPER STATION. THE COMMANDING GENERAL EXPRESSES HIS SINCERE APPRECIATION TO EACH PILOT AND TO THOSE SUPERVISORY

PERSONNEL CONTRIBUTING TO THE SUCCESSFUL DEVELOPMENT OF NEW FIGHTER TACTICS."

'On 7 April the flights returned to home stations, each plane bearing the scars of every known caliber of German flak and each pilot with the knowledge of a duty well done."

Lt. Carter is listed as MIA, despite Ettlesen's belief that he had bailed out when his Thunderbolt struck a house near Chateaudun, France.

Capt. Oliphint, shot down by flak while strafing a train in France on 8 June 1944, was injured and confined to a German hospital. He escaped his captors, joined advancing Allied troops and returned to the U.S. in September, 1944.

Capt. Thacker completed his tour of operations with the 359th, and returned to the U.S. after a brief period as an operations control officer at 67th Fighter Wing Headquarters, Wolcott Hall.

Capt. Ettlesen bailed out of his Mustang over north eastern France on 25 May 1944 after the plane was struck by heavy flak at 20,000 feet. Evading Nazi patrols, "Chuck" joined the French Maquis and aided them in their underground fight against the Germans. When Allied troops swept through France, Ettlesen reported to the Third Army.

Returning to England, Ettlesen was placed in command of the 368th and given leave in the U.S. Upon his return to the group on 31 December, 1944, Ettlesen resumed combat flying.

He failed to return from a mission 9 February, 1945, and his Mustang was last seen in the vicinity of Gotha, Germany, while he was strafing a locomotive.

At war's end "Chuck" Ettlesen was still listed MIA.



FLAK AT SIX O'CLOCK—This Thunderbolt took a direct flak hit in vertical fin, but flew on home to Wretham.



TOP-RANKING U.S. fighter ace still flying over Europe at the war's end was Maj. Ray S. Wetmore, 22-year-old commander of the 370th. Described as "X-Ray Eyes" for his ability to spot the wary Huns, Ray amassed a total score of $24\frac{1}{2}$ destroyed (21 air ; $3\frac{1}{2}$ ground).

Those who scored

Three main factors determined the success of a fighter group in Europe to pile up an impressive total of victories as its share in the destruction of the German Air Force.

First, there was the all-important decision whether to remain in close escort position to the bomber formations as a safeguard against attacks of enemy fighters ; or whether to fly in a wide search through the sky to seek out the enemy fighters before they came within range of the bombers.

Second, there was the reluctance of the Luftwaffe to engage U.S. fighters flying on escort with the bombers. Nazi fighter pilots had direct orders to evade the Allied fighter-escort and to concentrate on

the bombers. And throughout the air war in Europe, the German Air Force departed from this policy only on rare occasions and even then as a desperate effort to draw our fighters from within supporting distance of the Forts and Liberators.

Third, there was the constant factor of weather conditions—an odds-leveller in aerial warfare over which no one had the slightest control and which invariably decided tactics.

A favorable combination of these three factors during a bomber-fighter mission to which there was enemy reaction nearly always resulted in our pilots scoring heavily against the foe—and usually without loss to ourselves. Yet a proper balance was rarely



SOON AS YANKS began breaking into Germany, fighter pilots became souvenir hunters, too. After landing in Belgium for refueling, Crenshaw, left, and Judkins, both 369th, picked up Nazi helmets and these portraits from enemy airdrome.

the case and as many a pilot mused: "It's a case of being at the right place at the right time with flying conditions right—but that sky is a big place to find something in."

And as missions mounted in which our pilots failed to even sight the enemy, they often dropped to tree-top level to "find something to shoot up." This impromptu strafing paid off, yet was costly when inexperienced pilots often flew too long above a ground target before attacking and gave time for the ground guns to shower up clouds of flak.

Choicest targets for strafing on dull days when the escort-flying at 30,000 feet failed to find the enemy were German airfields. But as soon as the Germans were aware our fighters were roaming over the countryside, gun-crews made it extremely hazardous for a buzzing Mustang.

On the matter of bomber-escort, the enemy fighters always dodged the batches of bombers over which the Mustangs were weaving steadily in support. And as close escort and support to the bombers was the 359th's speciality, the enemy often elected to attack bombers ahead or behind us on the bombers' track.

Scores of times the enemy was sighted far out of range and chose to ignore us completely. This caused great disappointment to our eager pilots, yet gave great comfort to the bomber crews who realized why the enemy had decided so.

As for the weather, it worked both ways. Either the English weather souped up our fields and cancelled missions, or the Luftwaffe was grounded when the English weather drifted on over there. (No matter the location of bad weather—our pilots claimed it was 'English weather' when it grounded aircraft.)

Despite the 359th's assignment to pursue the less spectacular course of remaining close to the bombers, thereby passing up many a vicious engagement reported by the 'roving groups,' our tactics proved highly successful. We destroyed 373 enemy planes and earned the undying gratitude of the slower, more vulnerable bombers that had waded through walls of flak, but had always been heartened by the nearness of the green-nosed Mustangs or white-nosed Thunderbolts that were flying close to ward off prowling FW-190's and Me-109's.

Our group's total of enemy aircraft destroyed ranked us in fourth place in the 67th Fighter Wing. Totals released on 1 September 1945, showed the five groups of fighters in the Wing had destroyed 2,316 enemy planes. With the exception of the 364th Fighter Group, the 359th was the last in the Wing to begin combat operations—which meant we started later in our search for the enemy (first mission on 13 December 1943), yet bagged a formidable share.

Wing totals follow:

AIR	Dest.	PD*	Dam.
352nd FG	500½	29	104
364th FG	261	24	106
20th FG	207	11	81
359th FG	254	23	74
356th FG	201	24	80

GROUND.	Dest.	Dam.	Total Dest.
352nd FG	274	182	774½
364th FG	194	176	455
20th FG	228	133	435
359th FG	119	111	373
356th FG	78	109	279

*Probably destroyed.



THIS CHUMMY GROUP was celebrating return of Lt.-Col. Roy Evans, deputy group commander, after his release from Nazi hospital by Yanks in Germany. L. to R.—Jennings, Lt.-Col. McKee, Col. Evans, Helen Moore (our favorite tea-girl) and Maj. Fred Hodges.



SECOND-RANKING 359th ace was Maj. George A. Doersch, ops officer of the 368th, seen at right above with 1st Lt. Robert J. Booth, 369th, an early ace of the group who bailed out in June, 1944, and returned to the U.S. after his release as a PW. "Pop" Doersch bagged 12 (10½ air ; 1½ ground). "Posty" Booth knocked down 8 Jerries, all in the air. Both are Wisconsin boys.

Our group S-2 figures, prepared under direction of Maj. James R. Fitzpatrick, show that 167 of our pilots scored while flying with our group.

Twenty of those 167 developed into "Fighter Aces," led by Maj. Ray S. Wetmore, 22-year-old commander of the 370th, of Kerman, Cal., who became the leading ETO ace still flying at war's end with a total of 24½ enemy planes to his credit.

Second-leading 359th ace is Maj. George A. (Pop) Doersch, 23, of Seymour, Wis.; who bagged 12. Others who climbed into the ace-brackets were:

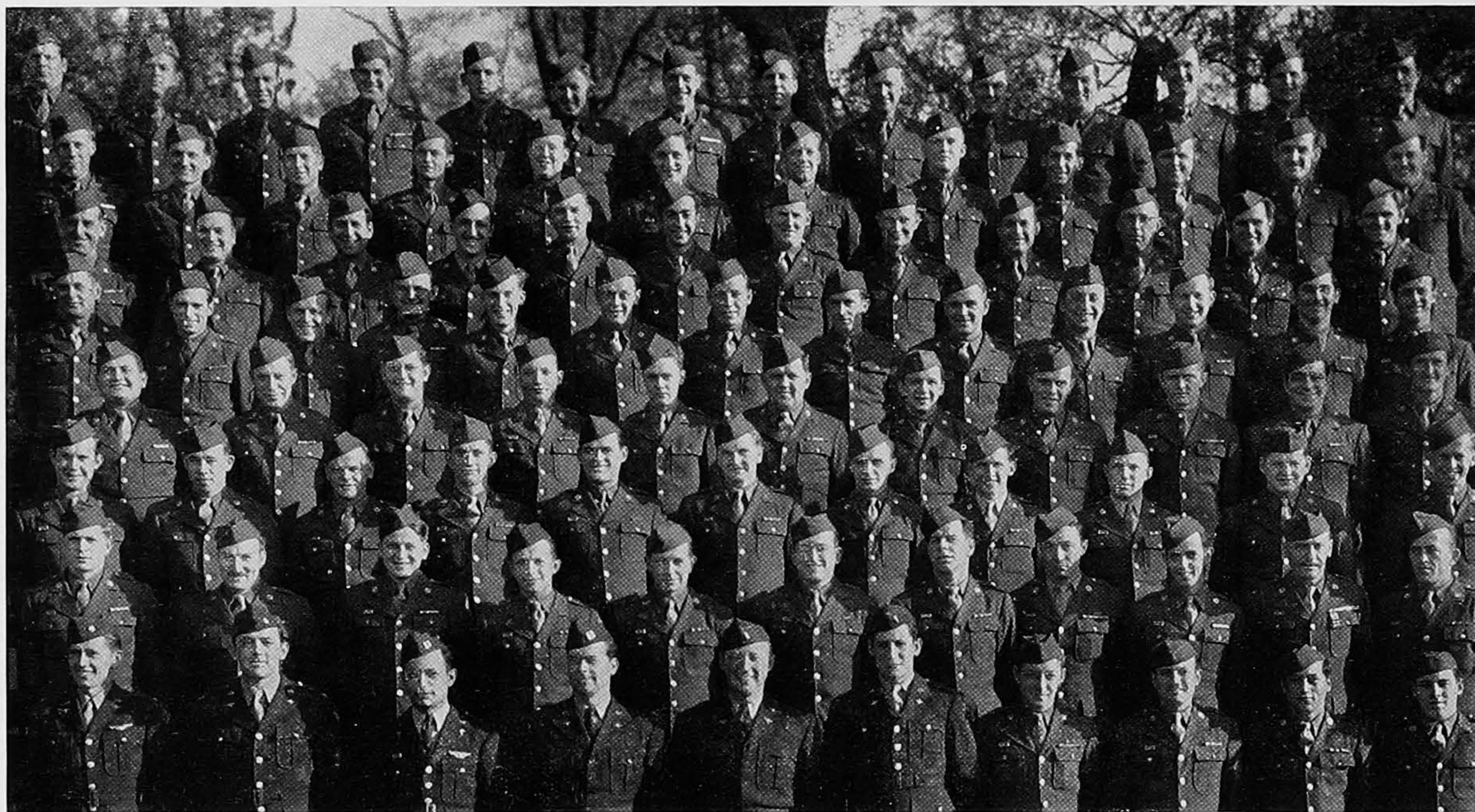
1st Lt. Cyril A. Jones, Athens, Tenn., 11.
 Capt. Claude J. Crenshaw, Monroe, La., 10.
 Capt. Robert B. Hatter, Ottawa, Ill., 9.
 Lt.-Col. Donald A. Baccus, Los Angeles, Cal., 9.
 1st Lt. Robert Booth, Waukesha, Wis., 8.
 Lt.-Col. John B. Murphy, Darlington, S.C., 7½.
 1st Lt. Joseph E. Shupe, Bristol, Tenn.-Va., 7.
 Capt. Leslie D. Minchew, Miami, Fla., 7 (Assgd. after VE-Day).
 Maj. Benjamin H. King, Oklahoma City, Okla., 7.
 Capt. William F. Collins, Janesville, Wis., 7.

1st Lt. David B. Archibald, Suffield, Conn., 6.
 Lt.-Col. Roy W. Evans, San Bernardino, Cal., 6.
 Capt. Robert M. York, Old Orchard Beach, Me., 5.
 Lt.-Col. Niven K. Cranfill, Temple, Tex., 5.
 Capt. George F. Baker, Jr., Fulton, N.Y., 5.
 Col. John P. Randolph, Schertz, Tex., 5.
 Maj. Ralph L. Cox, Robstown, Tex., 5.
 1st Lt. Paul E. Olson, McKeesport, Pa., 5.
 Lt.-Col. Albert R. Tyrrell, Fresno, Cal., 5.



RENE L. BURTNER, flight leader in the 369th, named his CV-D after his favorite cartoon character in "Yank"—the rotund 'Hubert.'

368th Fighter Squadron



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 368TH, PART I



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 368TH, PART II

For the Record

368th FIGHTER SQUADRON.

The following are the complete S-2-approved records of the men who scored, broken down to air and ground claims and totalled for individual pilots as well as squadron totals.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Squadron and group totals do not take credit for aircraft shot down while pilots were assigned to other theaters or with other groups. Nor are claims of group commanders totalled in with squadrons.

(Fractional credit resulted from VIII Fighter Command policy at early part of air war to allow sharing between pilots involved on single kill. This system was discontinued, however, and many scores have been recomputed.)

359th FIGHTER GROUP H.Q.

	AIR			GROUND	
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT.-COL. DONALD A. BACCUS	0	0	0	1	1
(356 Gp.)	5	0	0	3	0
COL. JOHN P. RANDOLPH	0	0	0	0	0
(20 Gp)	1	0	0	4	0
COL. AVELIN P. TACON JR.	0	0	1	0	1

359TH GROUP TOTALS.

AIR.			GROUND.	
Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
254	23	74	119	111



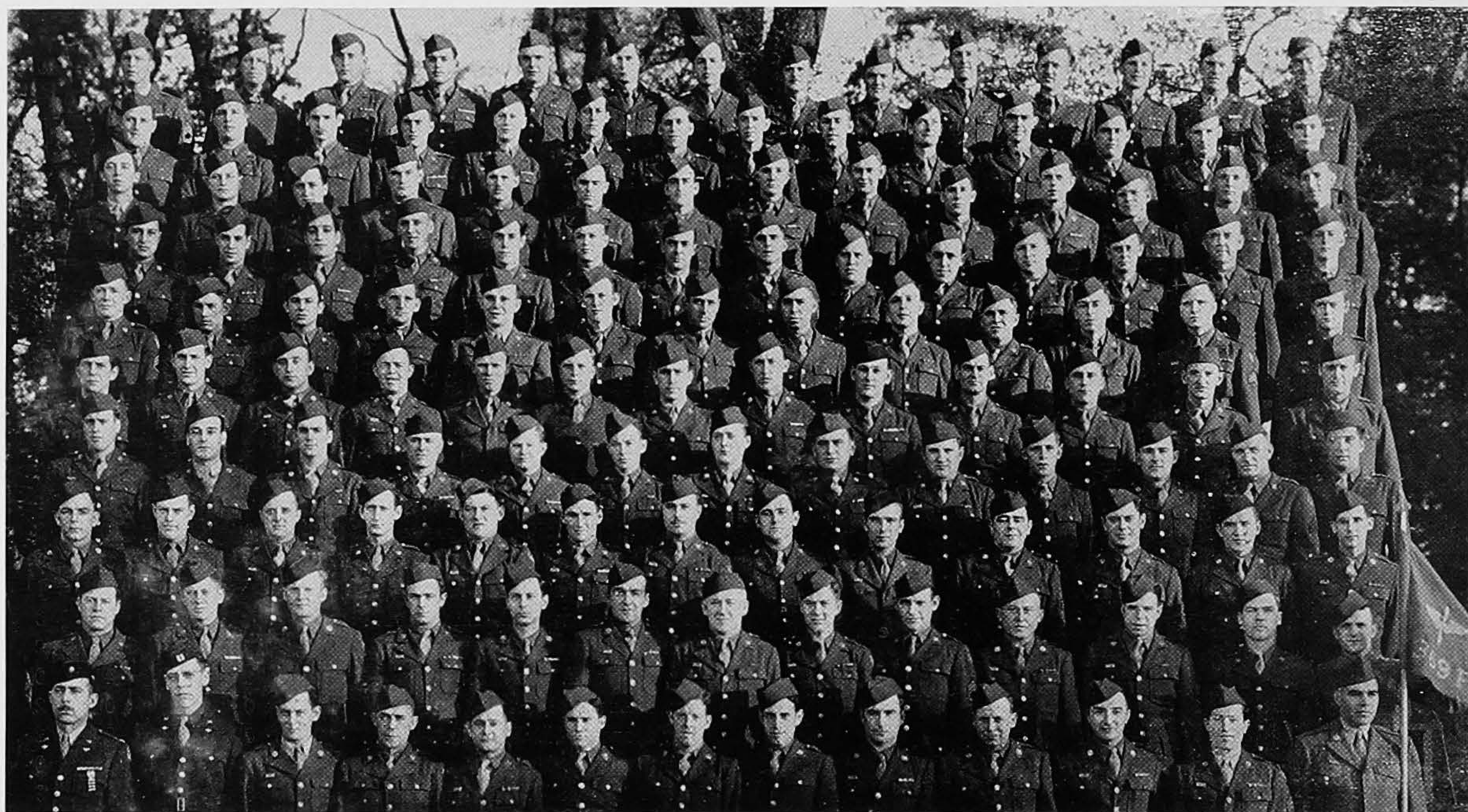
RUSSIAN GENERAL visiting Wretham climbed into Mustang cockpit, was impressed with 'so many instruments'.

	AIR			GROUND	
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT. BOYD ADKINS	2	0	0	0	0
LT. DAVID B. ARCHIBALD ..	5	0	0	1	0
LT. JOSEPH M. ASHENMACHER..	0	0	0	1	1
LT. GLENN C. BACH	0	0	0	2	4
LT. GEORGE F. BAKER, JR. ..	4½	0	1	½	0
LT. KENNETH E. BARBER ..	½	0	0	4	0
LT. LOUIS E. BARNETT ..	2	0	1	0	0
LT. MERLE J. BARTH	2	0	0	0	0
CAPT. ELBY J. BEAL	3	1	0	0	0
CAPT. ROBERT E. BENEFIEL ..	1	0	2	½	0
LT. GEORGE H. BLACKBURN ..	0	0	0	1	0
CAPT. WAYNE N. BOLEFAHR ..	2	0	1	0	0
CAPT. MARVIN F. BOUSSU ..	0	0	1	0	1
LT. RAY A. BOYD	0	0	1	0	0
LT. LEONARD D. CARTER ..	1	0	2	0	0
LT. EIMER H. CATER	1	0	1	0	0
LT. CORNELIUS J. CAVANAUGH	0	0	1	0	0
LT. DONALD W. CHATFIELD ..	0	0	0	0	2
LT. EMERY C. COOK	1	0	1	0	0
LT. ALBERT A. COWIE	0	0	0	0	1
LT.-COL. NIVEN K. CRANFILL..	5	½	2	0	0
LT. RICHARD H. DANIELS ..	0	1	0	0	0
LT. JOHN H. DENMAN	0	0	0	4	0
LT. OLIN P. DRAKE	2	0	0	0	2
LT. ROBERT H. ELLIOT.. ..	0	0	0	0	2
LT. JACK O. FLACK	½	0	0	0	0
CAPT. OSCAR R. FLADMARK ..	1½	0	0	1	0
MAJOR WILLIAM C. FOREHAND	1	0	0	0	0
CAPT. CHESTER R. GILMORE ..	1	0	0	1	0
2ND LT. JAMES H. HAAS ..	1	0	0	0	0
St. LT. BENJAMIN M. HAGAN III	1	½	0	1	2
CAPT. ROBERT B. HATTER ..	3	0	0	6	3
LT. ROBERT W. HAWKINSON ..	½	0	0	0	0
LT. JOHN HERB	0	0	0	4	0
CAPT. ALBERT G. HOMEYER ..	0	0	1	2	1
CAPT. JOHN B. HUNTER ..	1	0	0	2	2
CAPT. RAYMOND B. JANNEY II ..	1	0	2	1	1
CAPT. BILLY D. KASPER ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. JOHN S. KEESEY	1	1	4	0	0
LT. JOSEPH P. KELSEY ..	0	0	0	0	1
MAJOR BEJAMIN H. KING ..	4	0	0	0	0
PACIFIC TOUR	3	0	0	0	0
LT. ARNY F. KYSELY	0	0	1	0	0
CAPT. CLARENCE M. LAMBRIGHT	½	0	0	0	0
LT. THOMAS S. LANE	0	0	0	2	3
CAPT. WILBUR H. LEWIS ..	0	0	1	0	0
LT. JAMES E. LUBIEN	0	0	0	0	2
LT. JAMES H. MACDONALD ..	0	0	0	1	2
LT. GARLAND E. MADISON ..	0	0	0	2	0
LT. JOHN T. MARRON	0	0	0	2	0
CAPT. THOMAS J. MCGEEVER ..	2	1	2	2	0
LT. ALLEN G. MARTIN	0	0	0	1	0
F/O. RAYMOND C. MUZZY ..	0	0	1½	0	0
1ST LT. PAUL E. OLSON ..	5	0	0	0	0
CAPT. GASTON M. RANDOLPH..	0	0	0	0	3
LT. FRANK REA, JR.	0	0	½	0	0
LT.-COL. ALBERT R. TYRRELL	2	0	0	3	0

*SQUADRON TOTALS.

AIR			GROUND	
Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
58	5	27	45	34

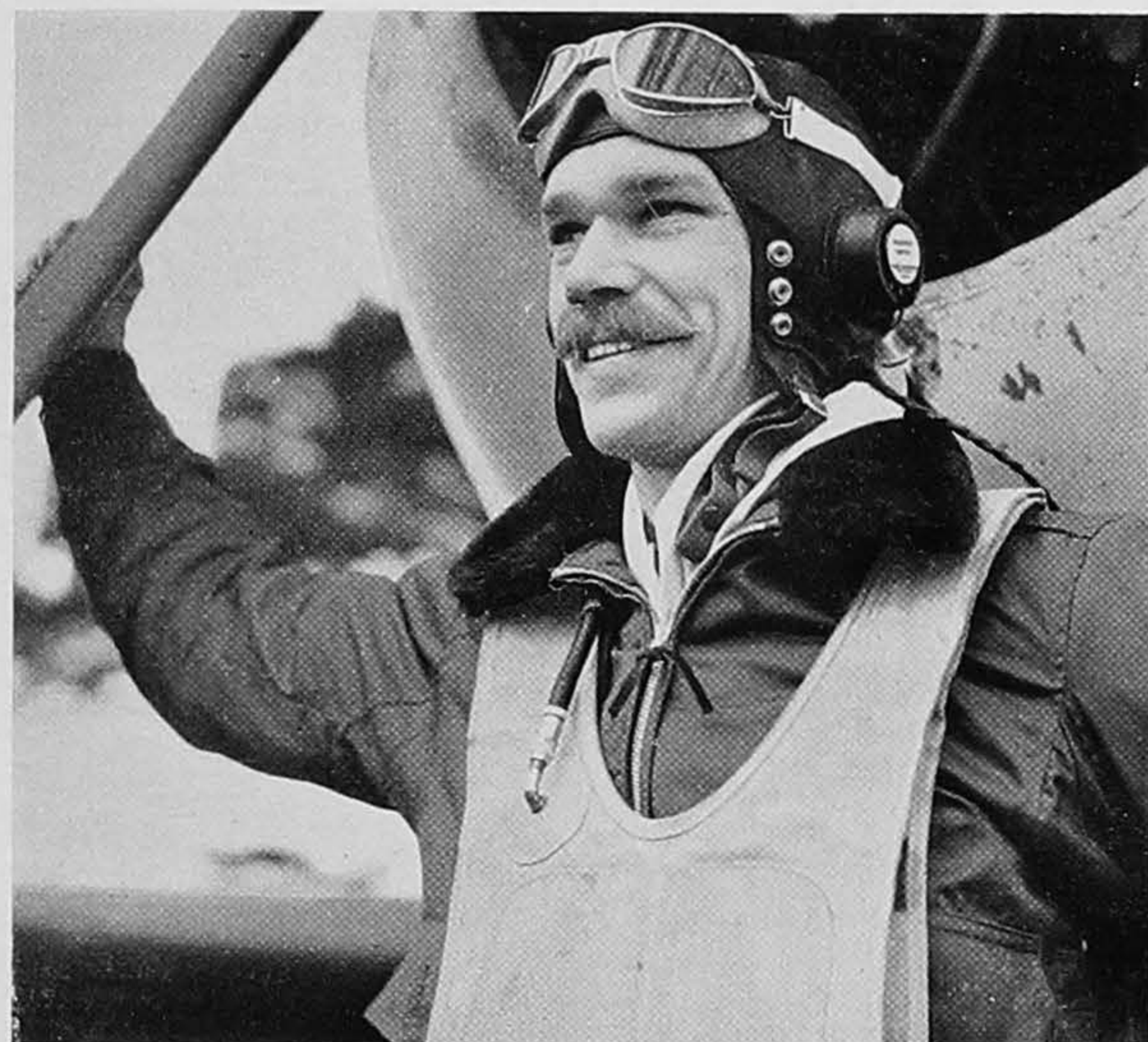
369th Fighter Squadron



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 369TH, PART I



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 369TH, PART II



HEAVIEST MUSTACHE was bushy, light tan one grown by 1st Lt. Virgil Sansing, Bay City, Tex. Virgal was shot down in France, evaded and returned to England, then U.S.

369th FIGHTER SQUADRON.

	AIR		GROUND		
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT. HARLEY E. BERNDT ..	0	0	1	0	0
LT. ROBERT J. BOOTH..	8	0	0	0	1
CAPT. RICHARD H. BROACH ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	1	0	0	0
LT. HAROLD R. BURT ..	2	0	0	0	0
LT. RENE L. BURTNER ..	0	0	0	3	2
LT. HERBERT C. BURTON ..	$3\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. CLIFFORD E. CARTER ..	0	0	2	2	0
CAPT. WILLIAM F. COLLINS ..	4	0	0	3	1
CAPT. CLAUDE J. CRENSHAW ..	7	1	0	3	1
LT. GROVER C. DEEN ..	2	0	0	0	0
CAPT. CHARLES E. ETTLESEN..	$2\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	2
LT. COL. ROY W. EVANS ..	1	0	1	0	0
(4TH FIGHTER GROUP)	5	0	0	0	0
LT. FRANK S. FONG ..	1	0	0	0	0
CAPT. ROBERT M. FRANCIS ..	0	0	0	0	1
CAPT. ROBERT S. GAINES ..	1	1	0	0	0
MAJOR ROCKFORD V. GRAY ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. ROBERT J. GUGGEMOS ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	2	0
2ND LT. LEROY D. HESS ..	2	0	0	0	0
LT. KENNETH L. HOBSON ..	1	0	1	0	0
MAJOR FRED S. HODGES ..	0	0	0	0	1
CHINA—BURMA—INDIA TOUR	2	4	0	0	0
LT. FRANK W. HOLLIDAY ..	0	0	0	2	0
MAJOR CHAUNCY S. IRVINE ..	0	0	0	0	1
LT. DALE F. KELLY ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. JOHN J. KELLY, III ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. JOHN E. KEUR ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	1	0	0
LT. RALPH R. KLAFFER ..	0	0	0	0	1
LT. THOMAS J. KLEM ..	0	0	1	0	0
LT. CHARLES H. KRUGER ..	2	1	0	0	0
LT. D. H. LAING ..	0	0	0	1	0
LT. ROBERT T. LANCASTER ..	2	1	0	0	0
LT. HOWARD A. LINDERER ..	1	0	0	0	0
CAPT. HARRY L. MATHEW ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. FRED S. MCGEEHEE ..	2	0	0	1	4
LT. JOSEPH W. MEJASKI ..	0	0	0	2	3
LT. ARTHUR B. MORRIS, JR..	2	0	0	1	1
LT. JOHN H. OLIPHINT ..	$1\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	1	1

	AIR		GROUND		
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT. EUGENE R. ORWING, JR.	0	0	0	1	1
LT.-COL. JAMES W. PARSONS..	2	0	0	0	0
LT. JAMES R. PARSONS ..	1	0	0	2	3
LT. LEE PATTON ..	0	0	2	0	0
LT. GRANT M. PERRIN ..	$2\frac{1}{2}$	1	0	0	0
MAJOR EDWIN F. PEZDA ..	1	0	1	1	2
LT. ROBERT L. PHERSON ..	2	0	1	0	0
LT. LUSTER H. PREWITT ..	0	0	2	0	0
LT. GILBERT R. RALSTON ..	2	0	0	0	0
LT. ROBERT S. SANDER ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. VIRGIL E. SANSING ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
MAJOR CLIFTON SHAW ..	0	0	0	0	1
LT. EDWIN L. SJOBLAD ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. CHARLES STALEY ..	0	0	1	0	0
CAPT. LESTER G. TAYLOR ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. HAROLD TENENBAUM ..	$3\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	1
CAPT. ROBERT L. THACKER ..	2	1	0	$\frac{1}{2}$	0
MAJOR ROBERT C. THOMSON..	4	0	0	0	2
LT. BRYCE THOMSON ..	2	0	0	0	0

* SQUADRON TOTALS.

AIR.		GROUND.		
Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
79	7	14	26	30

*Does not include claims of pilots in other Theatres, with other organizations in this theatre, nor claims of Group Commander flying with Squadron.

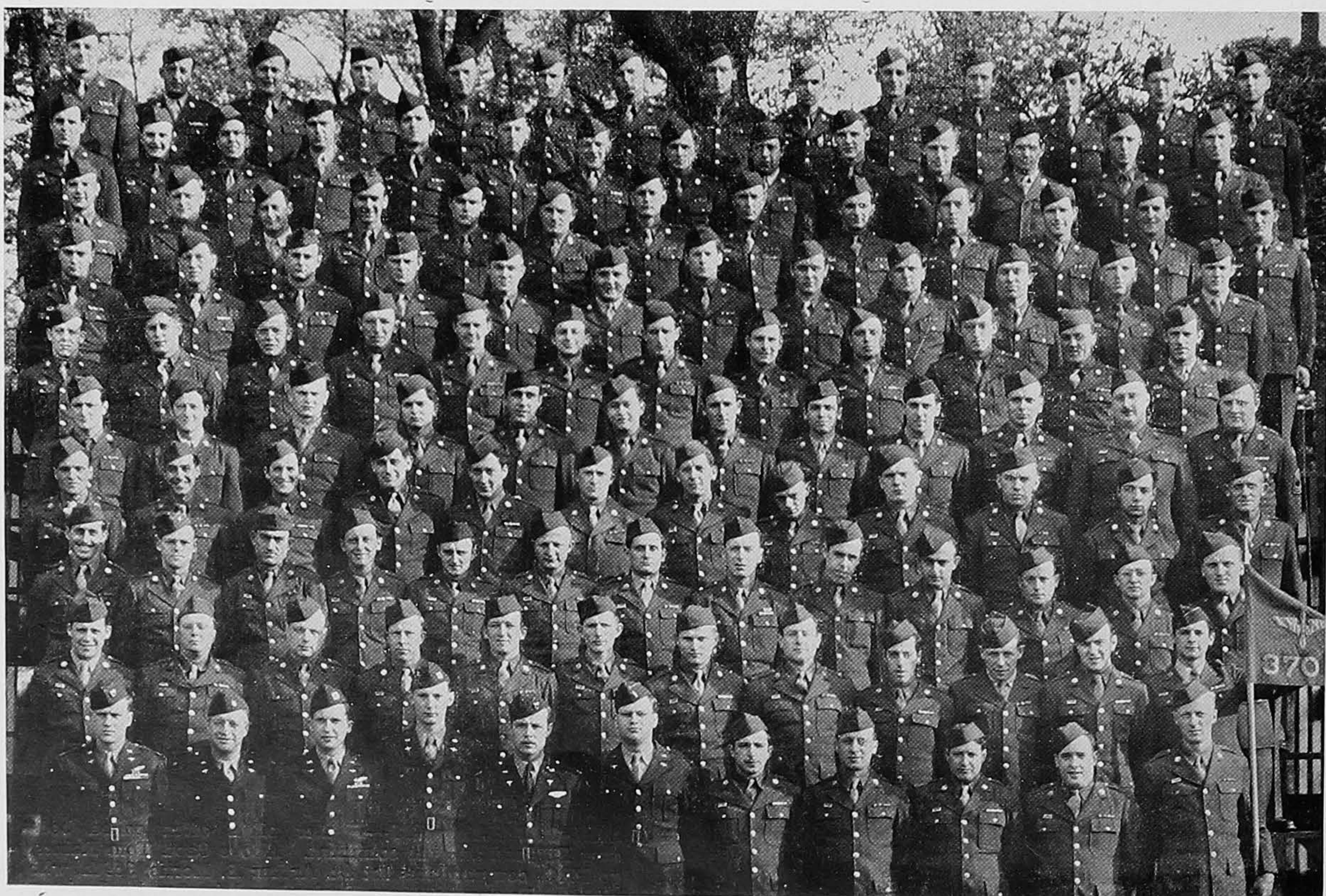


BAIL-OUT CASUALTY—Fighter pilots often bailed both over England and the continent. Above Capt. Tom Raines, gp PRO, congratulates 1st Lt. Arthur B. Morris, 369th, who hit the silk over southern England and fractured a leg-bone when he landed.

370th Fighter Squadron



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 370TH, PART I



OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE 370TH PART II

370th FIGHTER SQUADRON

	AIR		GROUND		
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT. VINCENT W. AMBROSE ..	0	0	1		0
LT. WILSON K. BAKER ..	2	0	1	0	0
LT. PAUL H. BATEMAN ..	13 $\frac{1}{4}$	0	0	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	0
LT. ROBERT M. BORG ..	0	0	0	0	2
CAPT. CAREY H. BROWN ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. WILLIAM D. BURGSTEINER	0	1	0	4	1
LT. WILLIAM E. BUCHANAN ..	1	0	0	0	1
LT. VERNON L. CAID ..	2	0	1	0	0
CAPT. ROBERT M. CALLAHAN	1	0	0	3	6
LT. DICK D. CONNELLY ..	3	0	0	0	0
MAJOR RALPH L. COX ..	5	0	0	0	0
LT. CHARLES V. CUNNINGHAM	0	1	0	0	0
MAJOR GEORGE A. DOERSCH	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	3	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
LT. ELMER N. DUNLAP ..	1	0	1	0	0
LT. CHARLES W. HIPSHER ..	*	0	1	0	0
LT. HOWARD E. GRIMES ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
CAPT. WILLIAM R. HODGES ..	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	2	1	0	0
LT. HAROLD D. HOLLIS ..	1	0	1	2	1
LT. SAM J. HUSKINS, JR. ..	$\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. EMORY G. JOHNSON ..	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	2	0	$\frac{1}{2}$
LT. CYRIL W. JONES ..	6	0	1	5	4
LT. RALPH E. KIBLER ..	3	0	1	0	0
LT. JOHN W. LAMONT ..	0	0	1	2	0
CAPT. RAYMOND B. LANCASTER	2	1	1	0	0
CAPT. ANDREW T. LEMMENS ..	3	0	0	0	0
CAPT. FRANK O. LUX ..	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0
LT. ROSS O. MAJOR ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. FRANK R. MARSHALL ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. JACK E. MCCOSKEY ..	1	0	1	$\frac{1}{2}$	0
CAPT. ROBERT L. MCINNES ..	1	0	1	3	4
LT.-COL. DANIEL D. MCKEE ..	1	1	2	4	4
LT.-COL. JOHN B. MURPHY ..	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	1	2	0	0
(ALEUTIANS) ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. WALLACE C. MURRAY ..	1	0	0	2	1
LT. WARREN R. NEWBERG ..	1	0	0	0	2
LT. MADISON H. NEWTON ..	0	0	0	2	0
LT. ALBERT T. NICCOLAI ..	0	0	1	0	0
LT. ROBERT G. OAKLEY ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. JAMES H. O'SHEA ..	1	0	0	0	0
LT. ALLEN C. PORTER ..	$\frac{1}{4}$	0	0	1	1



"DADDY'S GIRL" was Mustang flown by Maj. Ray S. Wetmore, Kerman, Cal., who led operational ETO aces at war's end with 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ destroyed.

	AIR		GROUND		
	Dest.	PD	Dam.	Dest.	Dam.
LT. GALEN E. RAMSER ..	0	1	0	0	0
F/O. LUTHER C. REESE ..	9	0	1	1	0
LT. WERNER J. RUESCHENBERG	1	0	0	0	0
LT. ROBERT W. SILTAMAKI ..	1	0	0	2	1
CAPT. JIMMY C. SHOFFITT ..	0	0	1	0	0
LT. JOSEPH E. SHUPE ..	2	0	0	5	4
LT. THOMAS P. SMITH ..	2	0	2	0	0
LT. HOMER A. STAUP ..	2	0	0	0	0
CAPT. SAMUEL R. SMITH ..	0	1	0	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	0
LT. ELBERT W. TILTON ..	2	0	0	0	0
MAJOR RAY S. WETMORE ..	20 $\frac{3}{4}$	0	1	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	2
F/O. WALTER W. WILEY ..	0	0	0	1	10
LT. JOHN W. WILSON ..	2	1	1	0	0
LT. DONALD L. WINDMILLER	2	0	0	0	1
CAPT. ROBERT M. YORK ..	5	1	0	0	$\frac{1}{2}$
LT. LAWRENCE A. ZIZKA ..	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	0	0	0	0

*SQUADRON TOTALS.

AIR		GROUND	
Dest.	PD	Dest.	Dam.
115	11	48	48

*Does not include claims of pilots in other theatres or with other organizations, nor claims of Group Commanding Officer flying with Squadron.



VOLLEYBALL was played viciously. 'Doc' Crouse is seen at right, alert but inactive on the play at the net.



ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH of English weather at its worst would have been impossible. Howard Fogg's cartoon above gives graphic idea with scene of Col. Tacon advising Lt.-Col. Tyrrell on plans for take-off.

The Men Who Flew . . .



Addleman, Robert H., 1st Lt.,
South Bend, Indiana. **CT**



Adkins, Boyd N., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Stiltner, West Virginia. **CT**



Alexander, Robert S., F/O,
Brooklyn, New York. **OD**



Allen, John C., 2nd Lt.,
Prichard, Alabama. **MIA**



Albertson, Benjamin H., Capt.,
San Antonio, Texas. **PW**



Ambrose, Vincent W., Capt.,
Baltimore, Maryland. **CT**



Anderson, Carl M., 2nd Lt.,
Boston, Massachusetts. **MIA**



Archibald, David B., 1st Lt.,
Suffield, Connecticut. **PW**



Ashenmacher, Joseph M., 1st Lt.,
Hartford, Wisconsin. **CT**



Aunspaugh, Merle G., 2nd Lt.,
Gothenburg, Nebraska. **KNO**



Baccus, Donald A., Lt.-Col.,
Los Angeles, California. **OD**



Bach, Glenn C., Capt.,
Olympia, Washington. **CT**



Baker, George F., Jr., Capt.,
Fulton, New York. **CT**



Baker, Wilson K., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Atlanta, Georgia. **I (Sweden)**



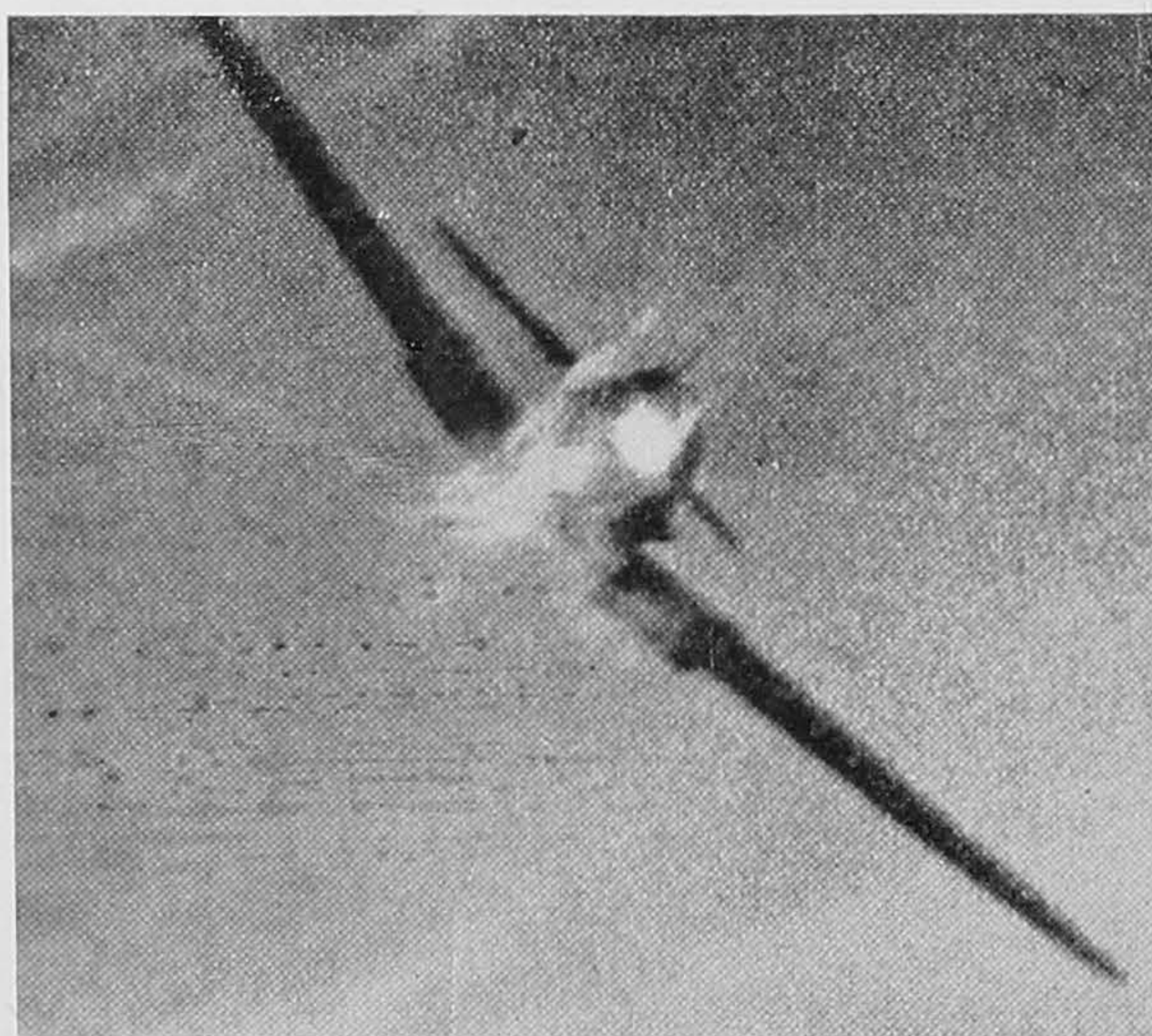
Baldrige, Arlen R., 1st Lt.,
Poca, West Virginia. **MIA**



Barber, Kenneth E., 1st Lt.,
Turner, Oregon. **OD**



Barnett, Louis E., 2nd Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. **MIA**



DEAD ASTERN—A batch of hits catches this FW-190 in
fuselage.



Barth, Merle B., 1st Lt.,
San Leandro, California. **KIA**



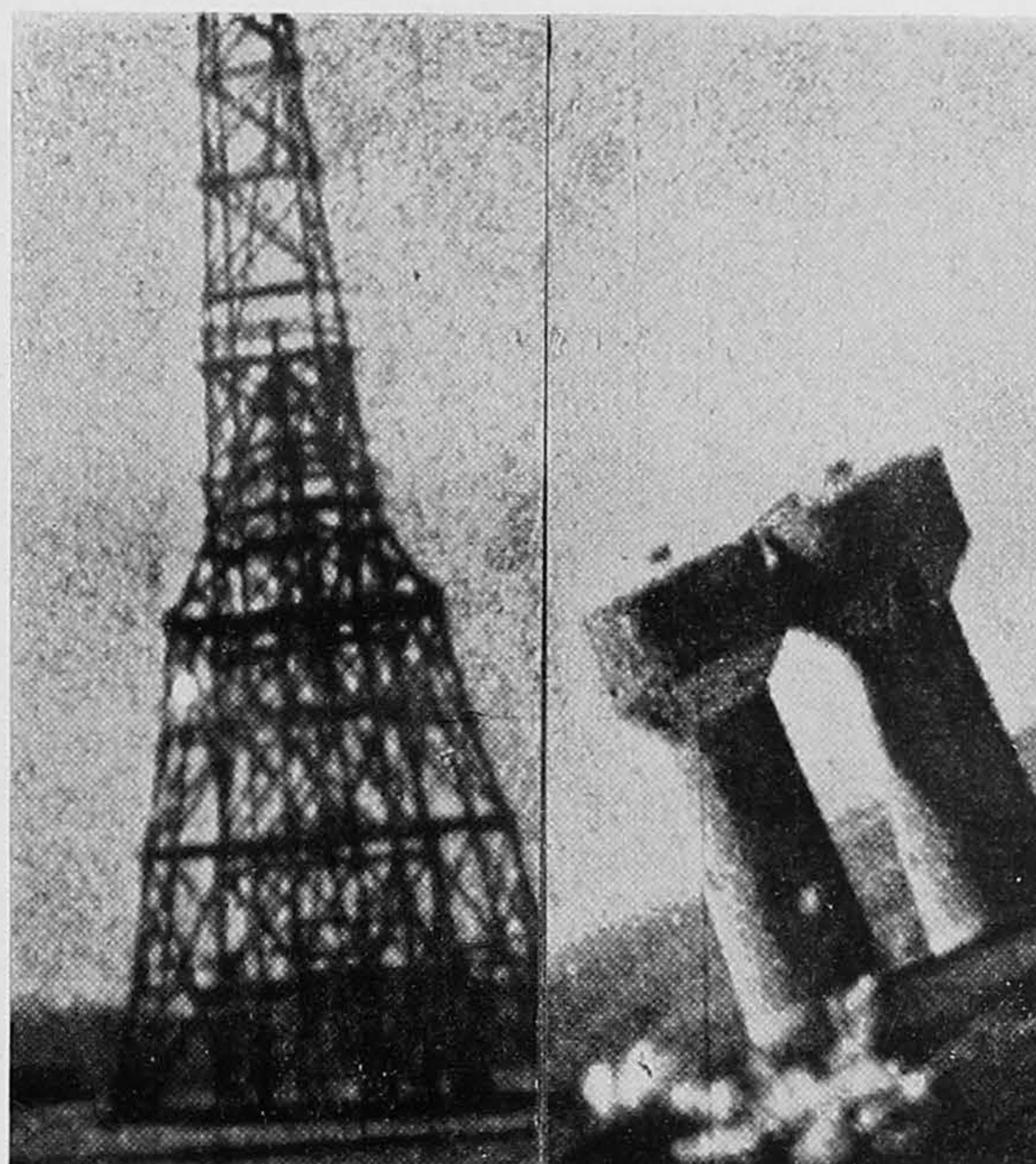
Barlett, Clifford L., 2nd Lt.,
Manchester, New Hampshire. **MIA**



Bateman, Jack H., 1st Lt.,
McIntosh, Florida. **TRFD**



Bateman, Paul H., 1st Lt.,
Rockingham, North Carolina. **CT**



PULL UP !—Grass-skimming Mustangs blazed away at radar tower, left; and twin flak-towers at right.



Beal, Elby J., Capt.,
Angleton, Texas. **CT**



Bearden, Lawrence A., 2nd Lt.,
Greensboro, North Carolina. **KNO**



Beaupre, Robert V., 1st Lt.,
North Attleboro, Massachusetts.
KIA



Becker, Claire A., 2nd Lt.,
Moline, Illinois. **OD**



Bell, Gwyn W., 2nd Lt.,
St. George, South Carolina. **OD**



Bell, John E., 2nd Lt.,
Louisville, Kentucky. **OD**



Bellante, Emidio L., 2nd Lt.,
Easton, Pennsylvania. **TRFD**



Benefiel, Robert E., Capt.,
Walla Walla, Washington. **CT**



Benneworth, Albert F., 2nd Lt.,
Nashville, Tennessee. **OD**



Berndt, Harley E., F/O,
Wausan, Wisconsin. **TRFD**

1ST LT. EMORY C. COOK, Waterford, Conn., rammed a locomotive near Fulda, Germany, while strafing and smashed his tail-section. He brought ship to France for inspection, then came on home to Wretham safely.



Blackburn, George H., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Abilene, Texas. **KIA**



Bolefahr, Wayne N., Capt.,
Grosse Point, Michigan. **KIA**



Booth, Robert J., 1st Lt.,
Waukesha, Wisconsin. **PW**



Borg, Robert M., 1st Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. **CT**



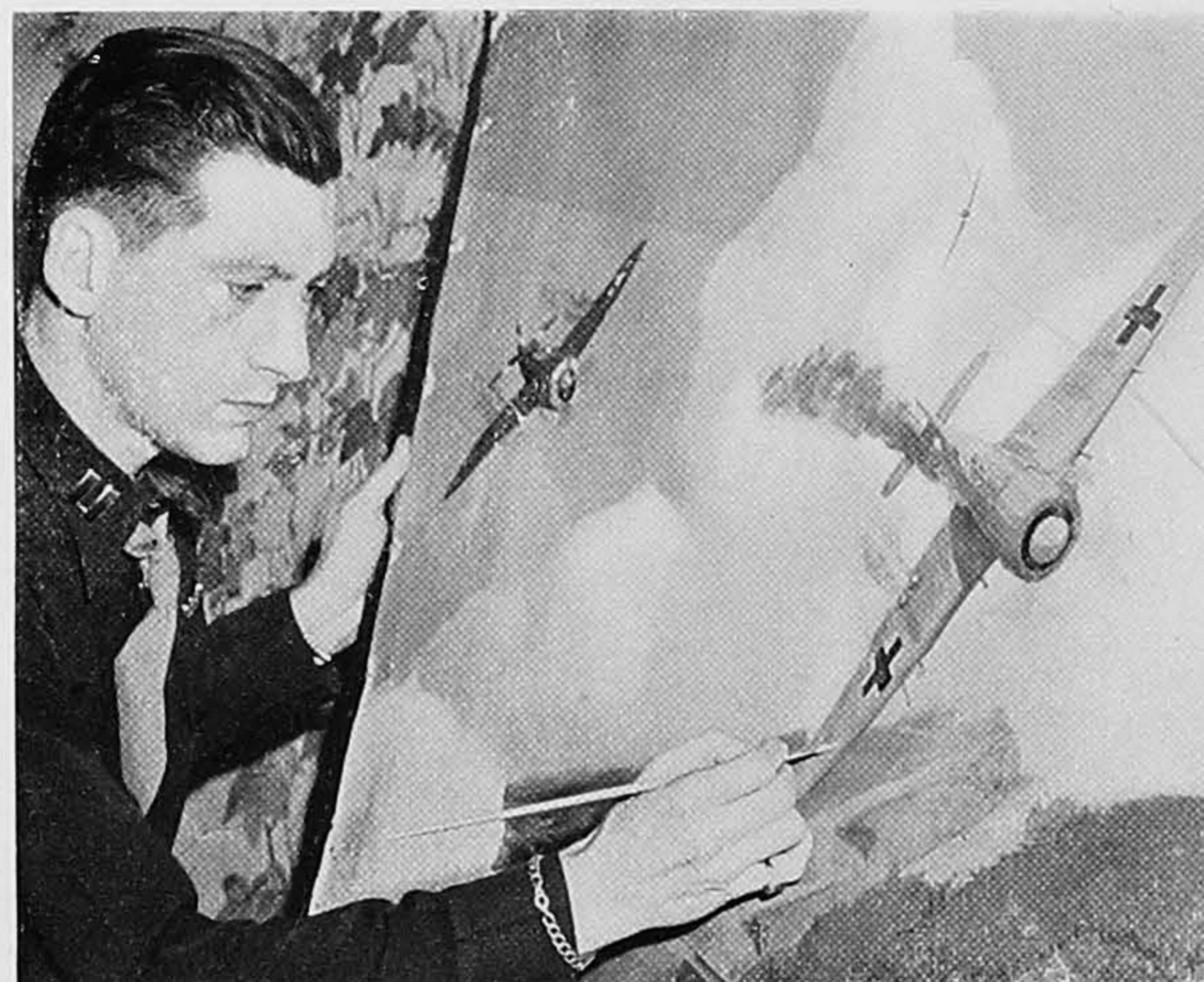
Botsford, Raymond L., 1st Lt.,
Puyallup, Washington. **KNO**



Bouchard, Lawrence W., 1st Lt.,
Ogdensburg, New York. **TRFD**



Boussu, Marvin F., Capt.,
Frederick, South Dakota. **OD**



FIGHTER-ARTIST—Capt. Howard L. Fogg, Summit, N.J., whose comical sketches are printed elsewhere in this book, also went in for more serious art work—like this painting of a Thunderbolt finishing off a Focke-Wulf 190.



Boyd, Ray A., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Oak Ridge, Louisiana. **PW**



Braymen, Kenneth M., 2nd Lt.,
Shenandoah, Iowa. **OD**



King, Herman E., 2nd Lt.,
Cairo, Illinois. **TRFD**



Breuning, Charles R., F/O.,
San Antonio, Texas. **MIA**



Brickner, Albert C., 2nd Lt.,
York, Pennsylvania. **OD**

PILOTS' STATUS

CT.....Completed Tour.

MIA.....Missing in Action.

KIA.....Killed in Action.

KNO.....Killed on Training Mission.

TRFD.....Transferred.

PW.....Prisoner of War.

I.....Interned in Neutral Country.

OD.....On duty 1 September, 1945.

(Editor's Note : Pilots' status changed many times unknown to group. Those listed PW are presumed safe, while many listed MIA are believed dead. These listings are information contained in files of the 359th.)



Brinkmeyer, Jack W., 2nd Lt.,
Cairo, Illinois. **OD**



Britton, Eugene F., 1st Lt.,
Mansfield, Massachusetts. **CT**



Broach, Richard H., Capt.,
Otisville, New York. **PW**



Brown, Carey H., Capt.,
Kingsport, Tennessee. **KNO**



Brown, Clarence R., 2nd Lt.,
Aberdeen, Mississippi. **OD**



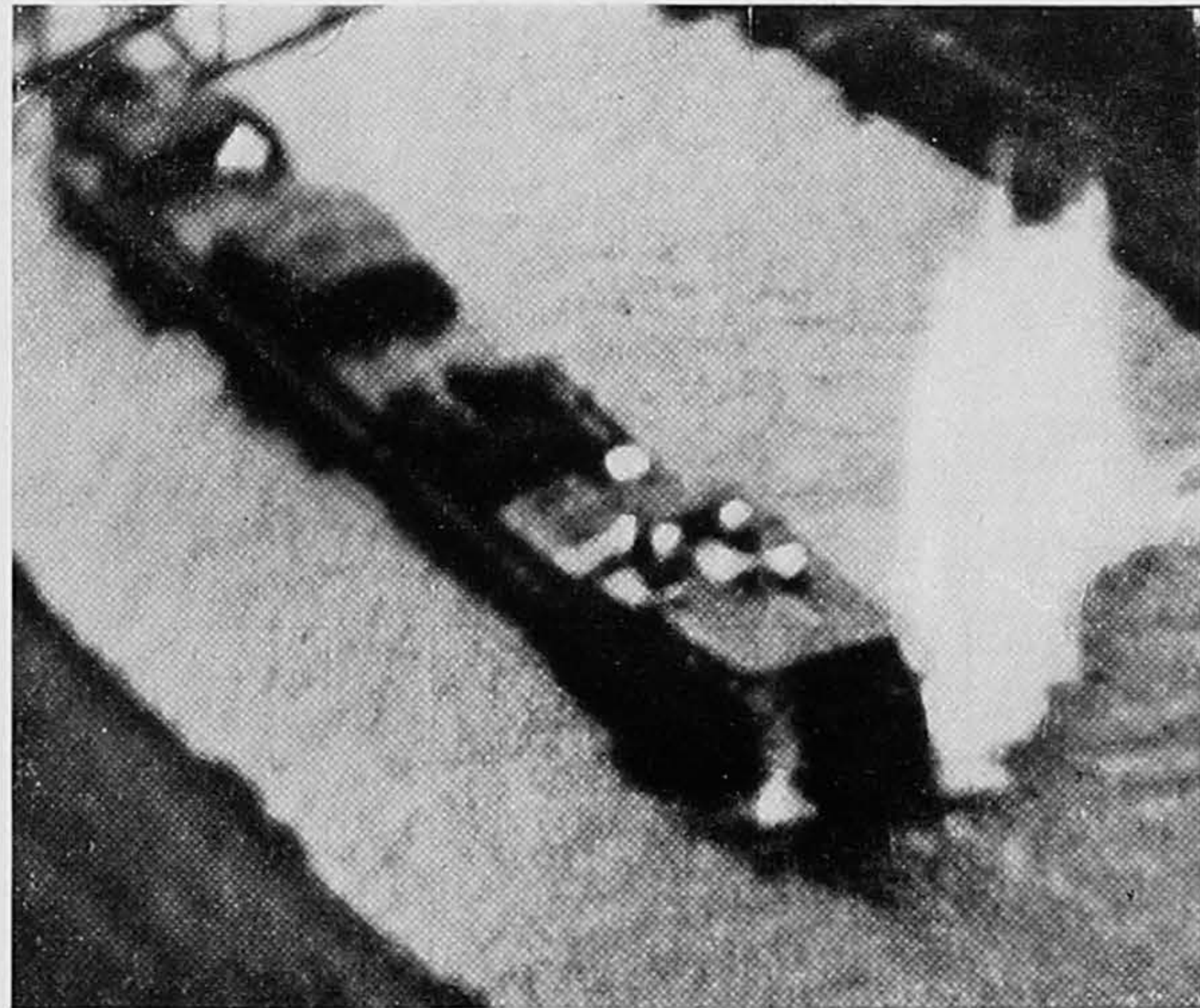
Brown, Grover W., 1st Lt.,
Hickory Grove, South Carolina. **OD**



Brown, Ralph L., 2nd Lt.,
Richmond, Virginia. **CT**



Brown, Wayne W., Major,
Neillsville, Wisconsin. **KNO**



CANAL SHOOT—Laden with war materiel, this enemy barge is raked from stern to stern, white dots in photo showing hits from incendiaries.



Brundae, Lowell W., 1st Lt.,
Spokane, Washington. **KIA**



Buchanan, William E., 1st Lt.,
Royal Oak, Michigan. **CT**



Buckley, James E., Capt.,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. **KIA**



Buniowski, John F., Capt.,
San Pedro, California. **CT**



Bur, Thomas G., 2nd Lt.,
Green Bay, Wisconsin. **TRFD**



Burgsteiner, Will D., Capt.,
Voldasta, Georgia. **CT**



Burt, Harold R., 2nd Lt.,
Bremerton, Washington. **MIA**



SURE-KILL—This FW-190 had half of left wing sheared away from burst fired by 369th pilot over Merseburg.



Burtner, Rene L., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Washington, D.C.
MIA-EVADED-OD



Burton, Herbert C., Capt.,
Crawfordsville, Indiana. **TRFD**



Burton, Robert E., 1st Lt.,
Wilmar, California. **CT**



Byron, George J., 2nd Lt.,
Waterbury, Connecticut. **OD**

'The Men Who Flew'—continued



Caid, Vernor L., 1st Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. **CT**



Callahan, Robert M., Capt.,
Cleveland Heights, Ohio. **CT**



Campbell, Robert W., 1st Lt.,
Syracuse, New York. **CT**



Cannon, Donald E., 1st Lt.,
Hebron, Nebraska. **CT**



Carroll, Walter J., 1st Lt.,
Teaneck, New Jersey. **OD**



Carter, Clifford E., 1st Lt.,
Los Angeles. **MIA (Presumed KIA)**



Carter, Leonard D., 1st Lt.,
Ehrhardt, South Carolina. **CT**



Carter, Richard G., 2nd Lt.,
West Newton, Massachusetts. **OD**



Cater, Emer H., 1st Lt.,
Manchester, New Hampshire. **MIA (Presumed KIA)**



Cavanaugh, Cornelius J., 1st Lt.,
Royal Oak, Michigan. **CT**



Chaffee, Vernon E., F/O.,
Waycross, Georgia. **TRFD**



Chatfield, Donald W., 1st Lt.,
Waycross, Georgia. **CT**



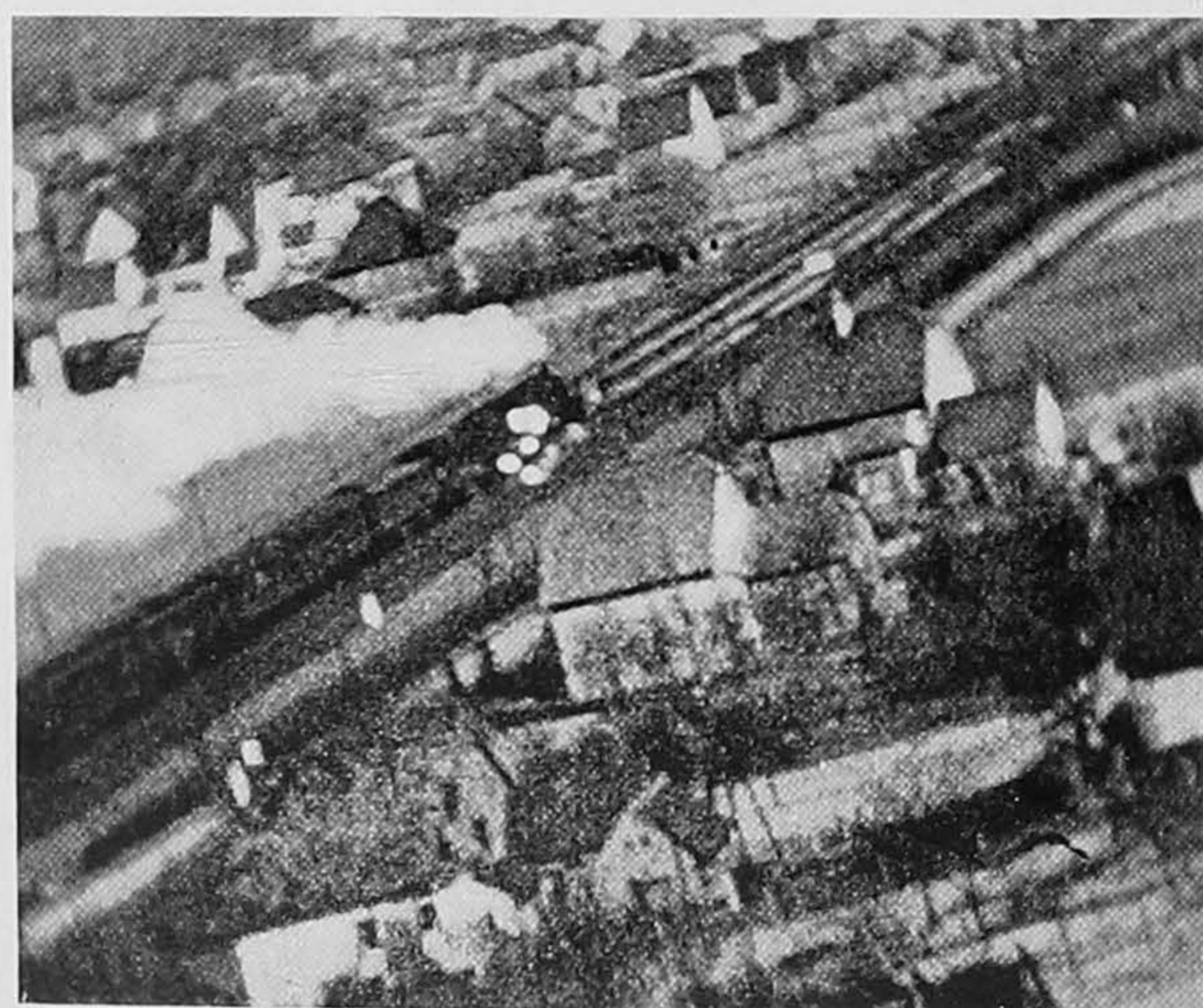
Cherry, Willis J., 2nd Lt.,
Cleveland Heights, Ohio. **PW**



Cimino, William L., 2nd Lt.,
Houston, Pennsylvania. **OD**



Clark, Buell R., 2nd Lt.,
Winchester, Indiana. **OD**



PERFECT HIT—German train speeding through village is
pot-shot by Mustang for perfect hits on engine.



Clark, Edward L., 2nd Lt.,
West Allenhurst, New Jersey. **OD**



Collins, Cornelius J., 1st Lt.,
Binghamton, New York. **TRFD**



Collins, John F., Jr., Capt.,
Hartford, Connecticut. **TRFD**



Collins, William F., Capt.,
Jonesville, Wisconsin. **OD**



Connelly, Dick D., 1st Lt.,
Pensacola, Florida. **KIA**



Cook, Emory C., 1st Lt.,
Waterford, Connecticut. **CT**



Cooley, John D., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Aberdeen, Maryland. **OD**



Cosmos, Alexander M., 1st Lt.,
Antioch, California. **KNO**



RAF-TYPE often dropped in at Wretham. Lts. White (kneeling), Baldridge, Drake and Botsford learn about the Hawker Typhoon from a Canadian pilot.



Cowie, Albert A., 2nd Lt.,
Glendale, California. **MIA**



Cox, Ralph L., Major,
Pasadena, California. **OD**



Crane, Lewis G., Capt.,
Auburn, New York. **CT**



Cranfill, Niven K., Lt.-Col.,
Temple, Texas. **CT**



Crawford, Cecil W., 1st Lt.,
Demopolis, Alabama.



MIA (Presumed KIA)
Crenshaw, Claude G., Capt.,
Monroe, Louisiana. **CT**



Cunningham, Charles V., Capt.,
Revere, Massachusetts. **CT**



Cuzner, Harry F., 1st Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. **CT**



Daniels, Richard H., 1st Lt.,
Ticonderoga, New York. **KIA**



Dauchert, Eugene F., 2nd Lt.,
Appleton, Wisconsin. **TRFD**



Davison, Robert W., Capt.,
Roselle, New Jersey. **CT**



Deen, Grover C., 2nd Lt.,
Austin, Texas. **PW**



Denman, John A., Capt.,
Houston, Texas. **OD**

CAPT. GEORGE F. BAKER, Fulton, N.Y., took an accurate squirt at FW 190 and saw pilot bail, then watched plane glide into landing in ploughed field. Bouncing across furrows, pilotless plane took off again under open-throttle and Baker took another squirt, by now being joined by two more Mustangs of another group. Pilotless 190 finally crashed in woods as all three Mustangs opened fire.



We speak not in sorrow

. . . . that he died,
Though we miss him sorely. There are some who cried
Because they liked the man. They knew
His quirks, his laughter, and the way he flew.

His was not a gesture to vain strife.
He died pursuing that which filled his life ;
He loved to fly and to his flying gave
A mastery that made the sky his slave.

He knew the breathless beauty of the air,
Towering clouds the heavens fashion there.
He rolled and tossed o'er fleecy stratus fields
And drank the flaming glory flying yields.

His heritage was but a pilot's right
Outsoaring mighty eagles in their flight ;
To zoom and play mid sunset's golden mirth,
High beneath the wispy roof of earth.

And though his taste for life was justly sweet,
He laid this precious gift at freedom's feet ;
And when he left, he went still in the fight
To keep intact all that he held as right.

The least we owe is faith, the best a smile ;
A faith at what he did was worth the while.
A smile we owe because he left us one,
A living tribute to the job he's done.

This untitled poem was written by 2nd Lieut. John Edward Kerns, 22, of Kansas City, Mo., as a tribute to 1st Lt. Lynn W. Hair, 27, of Dallas, Tex., killed in action Jan. 11, 1944.

Lt. Kerns, who joined the 370th after Hair had gone down, was assigned Hair's equipment locker. He said he was inspired by the "sad beauty" of Hair's sacrifice and wrote the poem as a message to Mrs. Hair and her two daughters.

On March 27, 1944, over Chartres, France, Lt. Kerns was reported shot down in a dog-fight with Me 109's. He is listed officially as "missing in action—presumed dead."



D-DAY EXHAUSTED PILOTS. McPherson, and Addleman, slept between shows. Note McPherson's 'British Mae West'.



Doersch, George A., Major,
Seymour, Wisconsin. **OD**



Downing, John L., 1st Lt.,
Atmore, Alabama. **CT**



Drake, Olin P., 1st Lt.,
Palisades Park, New Jersey
TRFD



Dunlap, Elmer N., 2nd Lt.,
Victoria, Texas. **PW**



Dunmire, David P., 1st Lt.,
Niagara Falls, New York. **MIA**



Enoch, Clifton Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Princeton, Kentucky. **MIA**



Elliott, Robert H., 1st Lt.,
Forest City, North Carolina. **OD**



Erwin, Robert D. 1st Lt.,
Woodward, Oklahoma. **OD**



Ettleson, Charles C. E., Capt.,
Summit, New Jersey. **MIA**



Evans, Roy C., Lt.-Col.,
San Bernardino, California.
TRFD



Everhart, Olin C., 2nd Lt.,
Wenatchee, Washington. **TRFD**

COL. AVELIN P. TACON, JR., Shreveport, La., was first U.S. fighter pilot to engage Me-163's—the Nazis last-hope fighter of the rocket-propelled type. Col. Tacon spotted two of them over Merseburg on 28 July 1944, reported the rocket blew smoke-rings and disappeared in split-seconds.



Ferris, James J. III, 1st Lt.,
Englewood, New Jersey. **KNO**

LT.-COL. JOHN B. MURPHY, Darlington, S.C. and 1ST LT. CYRIL W. JONES, Athens, Tenn., bagged first Me-163's 16 August 1944 near Leipzig. He and Jones shared first one and Murphy exploded second after he had cut Nazi off from attack on straggling B-17.



Flack, Jack O., 1st Lt.,
Palmetto, Florida. **CT**



Fladmark, Osca R., Capt.,
Sioux Falls, South Dakota. **CT**



Fogg, Howard L., Capt.,
Summit, New Jersey. **CT**



Fong, Frank S., 1st Lt.,
Miami, Florida. **TRFD**



Ford, Marlyn C., 1st Lt.,
Jacksonville, Florida. **OD**



Forehand, William C., Major,
Kokoma, Indiana. **CT**



Foster, William B., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. **TRFD**



Francis, Robert M., Capt.,
Chicago, Illinois. **OD**



Fraser, Lewis L., 1st Lt.,
Lakeland, Florida. **TRFD**



Freeman, Albert S., 1st Lt.,
Hendersonville, North Carolina.
OD

LT.-COL. NIVEN K. CRANFILL, Temple, Tex., plopped two delayed-action bombs in the mouth of a railway-tunnel west of Paris, for a better-than direct hit.



Gaines, Robert S., Jr., Capt.,
Edgerton, Wisconsin. **CT**

CAPT. HARRY L. MATTHEW, Park, West Virginia, bagged an FW-190 in a low-level dogfight during which the Nazi suddenly appeared from behind trees, dragging a section of wire fence from his tail.



Garrett, Roy C., 2nd Lt.,
Tallahassee, Florida. **MIA**



Garth, Horace E. III, 1st Lt.,
Huntsville, Alabama. **TRFD**



Gates, Harold R., 1st Lt.,
Binghamton, New York. **TRFD**



Giese, Arthur J., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. **TRFD**



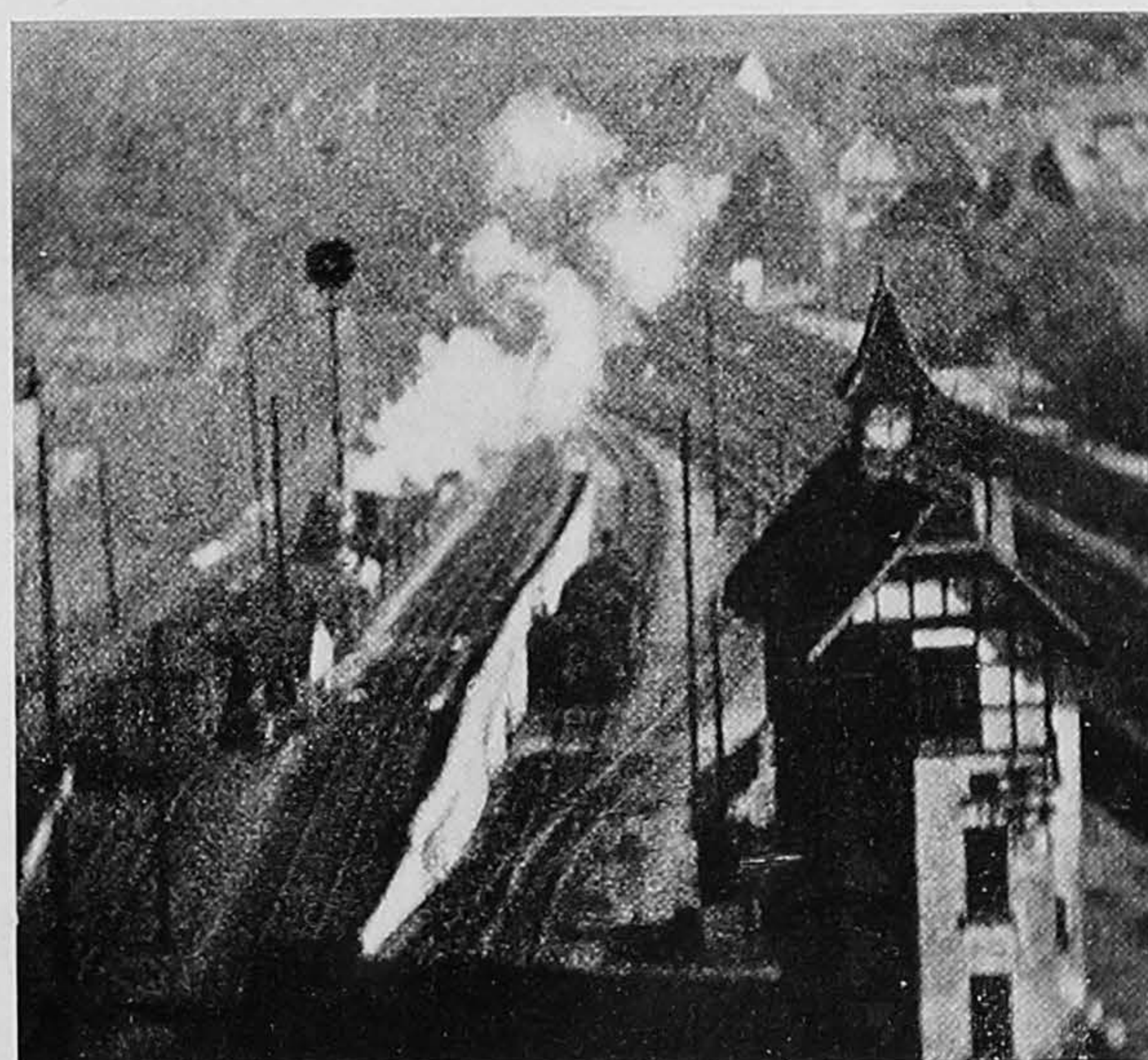
Gilmore, Chester R., Capt.,
Medway, Massachusetts. **CT**



Givan, George M., 2nd Lt.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Gordon, John T., 1st Lt.,
MIA (Presumed KIA)



RAILYARD VISIT—Low-flying Mustang rakes sidings in German marshalling yard, dipping below switch-tower at right.



Gray, Rockford V., Major,
Dallas, Texas. TRFD—KIA (9th AF)



Grimes, Howard E., 1st Lt.,
Bedford, Massachusetts. KIA



Gugemos, Robert J., 1st Lt.,
Lansing, Michigan. OD



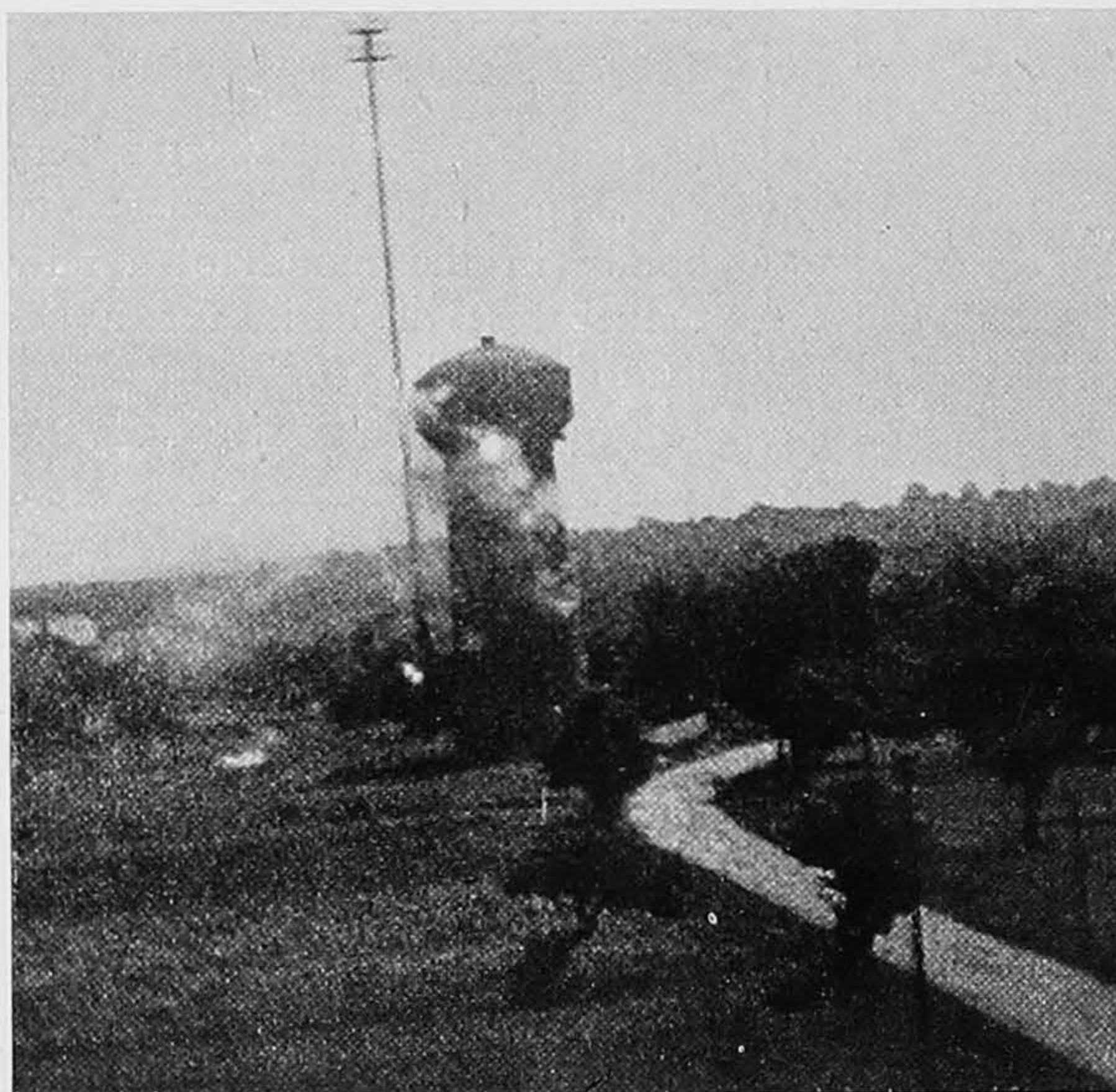
Haas, James H., 2nd Lt.,
Phillips, Wisconsin. PW



Hagan, Benjamin M. III, 1st Lt.,
Chattanooga, Tennessee. PW



Haines, Maurice N., 2nd Lt.,
Camden, New Jersey. PW



FLAK-STAND—Enemy guard airdromes with flak towers like one seen above drawing direct fire during strafing.



Hair, Lynn W., 1st Lt.,
Dallas, Texas. KIA



Hanzalik, Frank, 1st Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. CT



Hastings, William, 1st Lt.,
Texarkana, Texas. CT



Hatter, Robert B., Capt.,
Ottawa, Illinois. CT



Hawkinson, Robert W., Capt.,
Chicago, Illinois. PW



Heim, William J., 1st Lt.,
Oakland, California. OD



Herb, John W., 2nd Lt.,
University Heights, Ohio. MIA



Hess, Le Roy D., 2nd Lt.,
Tulsa, Oklahoma. PW

1ST LT. ROBERT G. OAKLEY, Lakewood, Ohio, used brogans to fly. Said he had used shoes as ice-man while working Summers in Ohio and they were his "good-luck charm."



Highfield, Jack D., F/O,
Greenville, Michigan. TRFD



Hill, Joseph M., Jr., F/O,
Logansport, Indiana. OD



Hipsher, Charles W., Capt.,
Allendale, Illinois. CT



Hobson, Kenneth L., 2nd Lt.,
Birch Run, Michigan. FW



Hodges, Fred S., Major,
Memphis, Tennessee. OD



Hodges, William R., Capt.,
Winston-Salem, North Carolina.
MIA-EVADED-CT

CAPT. JOHN W. MCNEILL, JR., Red Springs, N.C., piled up 153 hours combat after being at Wretham total of 51 days. Though flying constantly, Mac never engaged Nazi, actually spotted only one or two during complete tour and extension.



Holliday, Frank W., 2nd Lt.,
McCook, Nebraska.
MIA (Presumed KIA)



Hollis, Harold D., 1st Lt.,
Holton, Kansas.
MIA (Presumed KIA)



Hollomon, Ivan B., 1st Lt.,
Newport News.
MIA-EVADED-OD



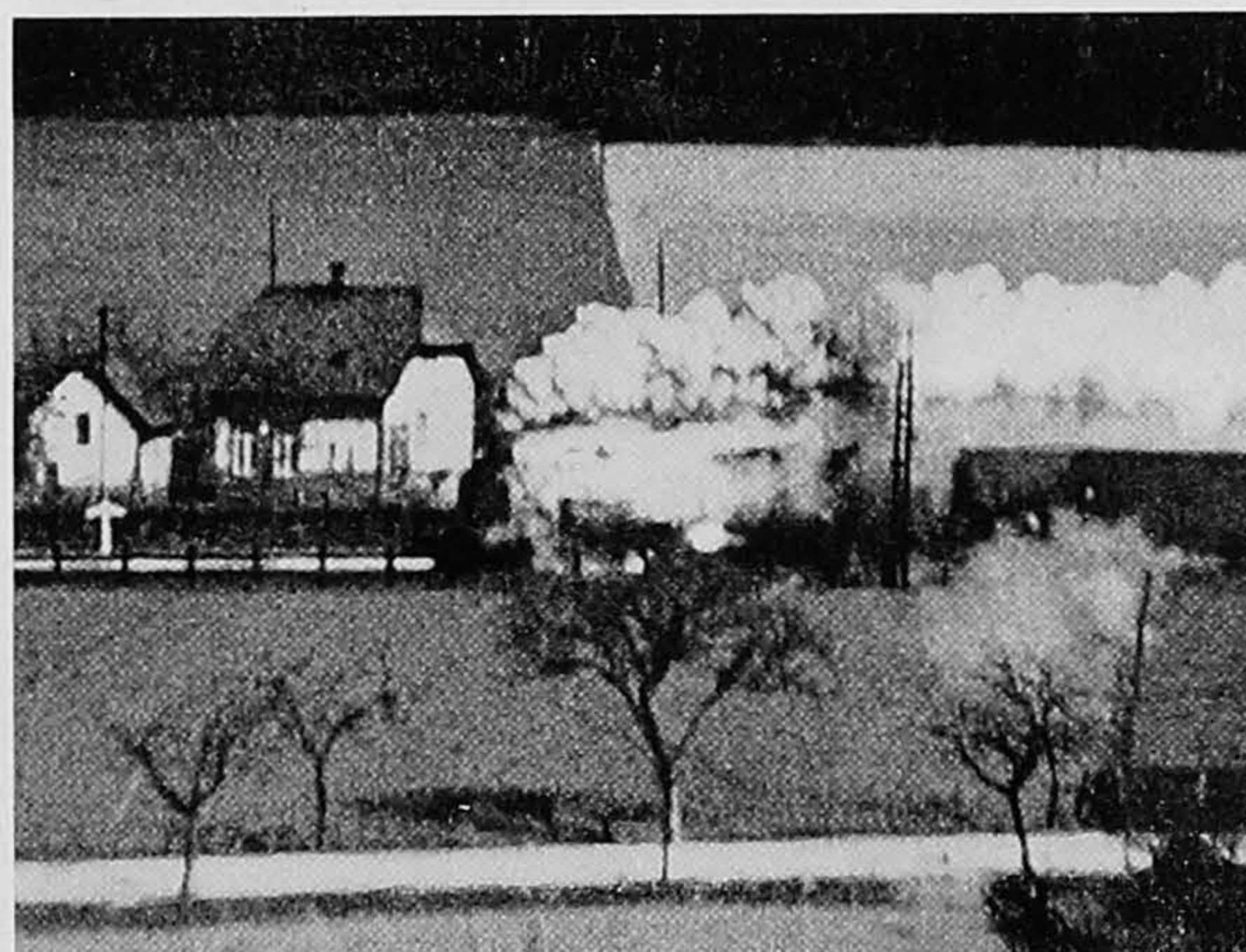
Homeyer, Albert G., Capt.,
Burton, Texas. CT



Hopkins, Robert W., Capt.,
Leesburg, Virginia. OD



Hovden, Lester W., 2nd Lt.,
Ridgeway, Iowa. MIA



CLOBBERED—Nazi locomotive above is hit heavily, billowing steam from boiler sides.



Howard, James A., Major,
Minot, North Dakota.
MIA (Presumed KIA)



Hruby, Conrad Z., F/O.,
Sloan, New York.
OD



Hudelson, Clyde M., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Modesto, California. KIA



Hughes, John E., 2nd Lt.,
Mobile, Alabama.
MIA (Presumed KIA)



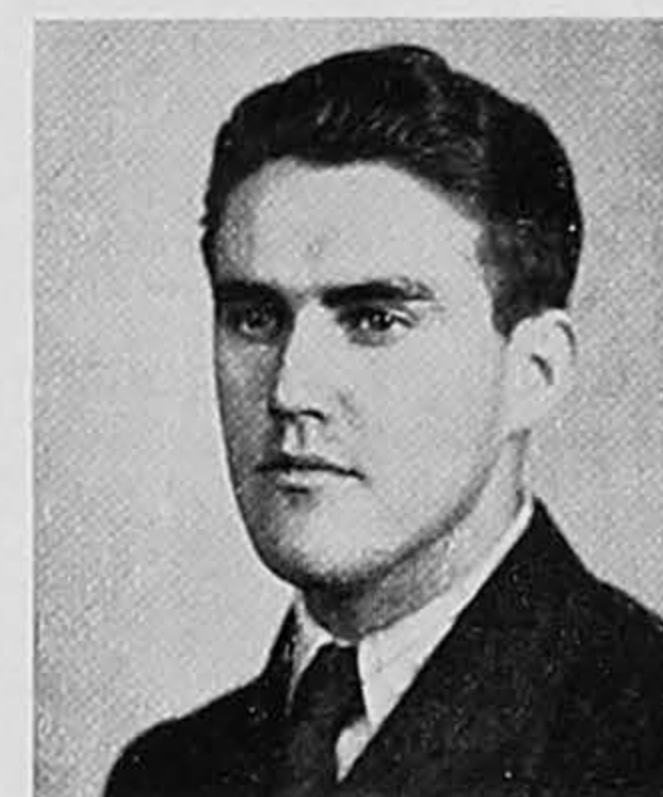
Hunter, John B., Capt.,
Mansfield, Ohio. CT



Huskins, Sam J., Jr., Capt.,
Burnsville, North Carolina. CT



Hutton, James F., 2nd Lt.,
Jones, Michigan. MIA



Hylland Edward J., 2nd Lt.,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. KIA

1ST LT. FRANK HANZALIK, Chicago, Ill., flew 34 missions in Libs, transferred to Mustangs and piled up nearly 200 more combat hours. Frank once drove a Chicago taxi—which might be the answer.



Irvine, Chaunney S., Major
San Francisco, California. CT



Janney, Raymond B. II, Capt.,
Norristown, Pennsylvania. CT



Jenner, Russell H., 2nd Lt.,
Lakewood, Ohio. KIA



Jennings, Warner C., 1st Lt.,
Benton Harbor, Michigan. OD



Johnson, Emory G., 1st Lt.,
Centre, Alabama. CT

1ST LT. JAMES H. O'SHEA, New York City, fired a burst into Nazi fighter and pilot promptly bailed. Jim then had to dogfight a couple of turns with pilotless plane.



Jones, Cyril W., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Athens, Tennessee.
MIA (Presumed KIA)



Judkins, Vernon T., 1st Lt.,
Prosser, Washington. OD



Kaloski, Edward G., 2nd Lt.,
Long Island, New York.
TRFD



Kasper, Billy D., Capt.,
Springfield, Ohio. CT



Keesey, John S., Capt.,
Pine Grove, Pennsylvania.
CT



Kelly, Dale E., 1st Lt.,
Centuria, Wisconsin. OD



AFTER VE-DAY, Mustangs could be parked in neat rows and Wretham took on the atmosphere of a U.S. training base. During hostilities, aircraft were well dispersed to thwart any attacks by Germans.



Kelly, John H. III, 1st Lt.,
Lyons, Colorado. OD



Kelsey, Joseph P., Capt.,
Cincinnati, Ohio. CT



Kerns, John E., 2nd Lt.,
Sol Pasadena, California.
MIA



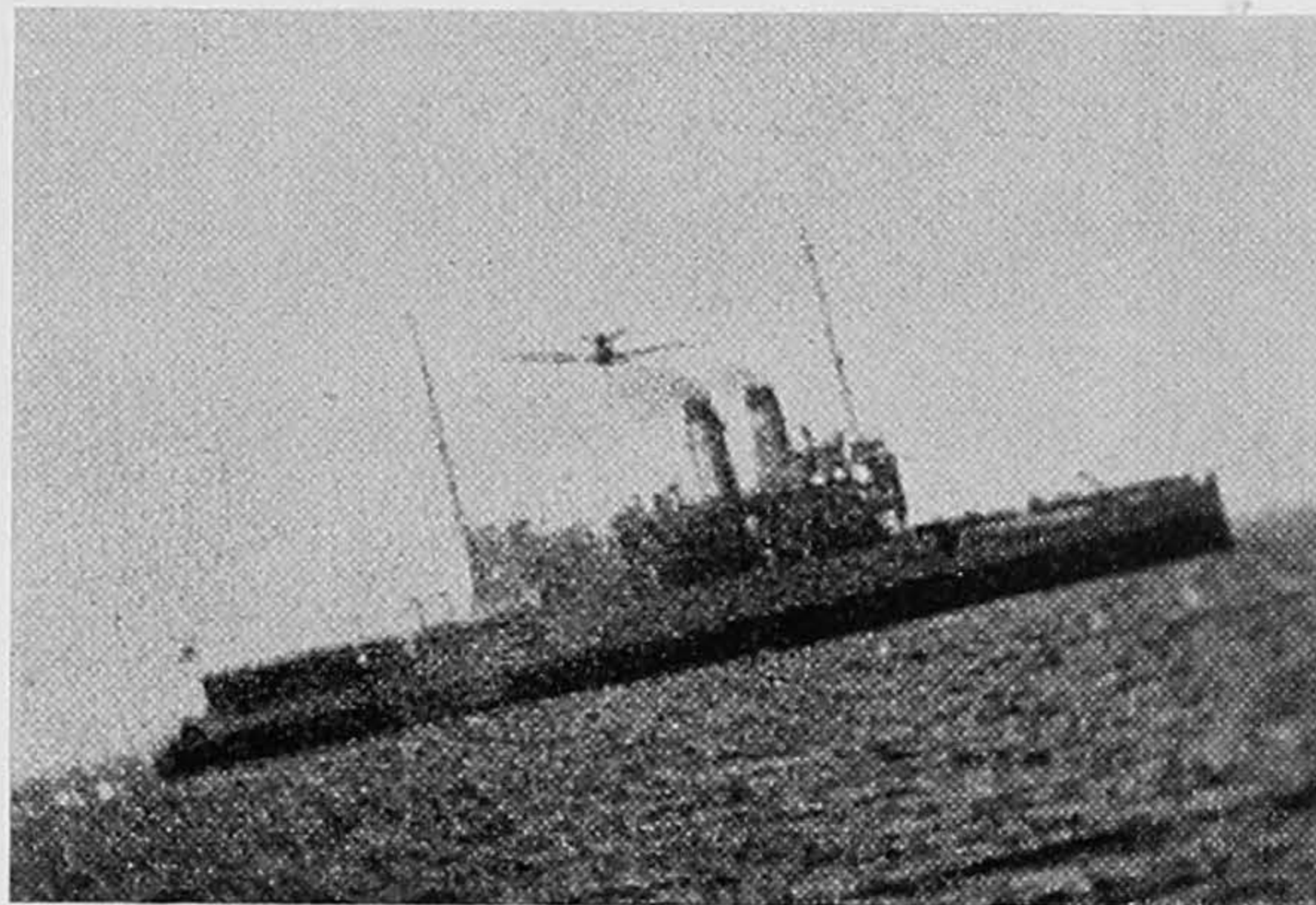
Keur, John E., 1st Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. CT



Kibler, Ralph E., Jr., 1st Lt., Morganton, North Carolina. KIA



King, Benjamin H., Major, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. CT



MUSTANG ON STARBOARD—Enemy steamer ambushed off Danish coast was raked heavily, lost its aerial when plane seen above dropped too low across its decks.



Kirk, Karl H., Capt., Warren, Ohio. TRFD



Klaver, Ralph R., 1st Lt., Palmyra, New York. OD

MAJ. CLIFTON SHAW, Gainesville, Tex., once outfought seven Nazis from north-west of Berlin nearly to Sweden before he could break for home across the water-route of the North Sea.



Klem, Thomas J., 1st Lt., Glen Lyon, Pennsylvania. TRFD



Klock, Richard E., F/O, Binghamton, New York. OD



Klug, John H., Jr., F/O, Chicago, Illinois. KNO



Koenig, Harold E., F/O, Akron, Ohio. OD



Kosc, George J., 1st Lt., Long Island, New York. CT

CAPT. THOMAS J. MCGEEVER, Birmingham, Ala., once shot Nazi transport plane landing at German field and reported huge plane "bounced." "I got another burst into it before it hit a second time," he reported.



Kreuzman, Henry B., 1st Lt., Cincinnati, Ohio. OD



Kruger, Charles H., Capt., Willoughby, Ohio. CT



Kysely, Arvy F., 1st Lt., Knowlton, Wisconsin. CT



Laing, D. H., 2nd Lt., Montgomery, Alabama. PW



Lambright, Clarence M., Capt., Houston, Texas. CT



Lamont, John W., 1st Lt., Seattle, Washington. CT



Lancaster, Raymond B., Capt.,
Galveston Texas I(Sweden)



Lancaster, Robert T., 1st Lt.,
Bangor, Maine. OD



Lane, Thomas S., Capt.
Lockport, Illinois. CT



Lanier, John T., F/O,
Forest City, Arkansas. OD



Lauesen, John F., 2nd Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. MIA

CAPT. MILTON S. MERRY, Detroit, Mich., led the station band when he wasn't flying. He played the sax or cornet equally as well.



Leathley, Eric H., F/O,
Detroit, Michigan. TRFD



Lemmens, Andrew T., Major,
Canandaigua, New York. OD



Levitt, Leon J., 2nd Lt.,
Villa Ridge, Illinois. TRFD



Lewis, Wilbur H., Capt.,
Long Branch, New Jersey. CT



Linderer, Howard A., 1st Lt.,
Enid, Oklahoma. MIA-PW



Lindsey, Douglas G., 1st Lt.,
Alexandria, Virginia. OD



Long, George W., 1st Lt.,
Mason County, West Virginia
OD



Lovett, James K., Major,
Red Bay, Alabama. CT



Lubien, James J., 2nd Lt.,
Berwyn, Illinois. TRFD



Lupton, Graham, 2nd Lt.,
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina.
MIA

(Missing photographs are those of
2nd Lt. Russell E. Masters, Ander-
son, Ind., MIA; 2nd Lt. Malcolm
C. Paulette, Granite City, Ill., KIA;
and Cecil R. Brown, San Antonio,
Tex., MIA.)



Lux, Frank O., Capt.,
Albany, New York. CT



Lyon, Washington D., Capt.,
Durham, North Carolina.
MIA



MaGee, Raymond E., Capt.,
Mulberry, Kansas. CT



Maclean, Douglas A., 2nd Lt.,
Iron Mountain, Michigan. KIA



Madison, Garland E., 1st Lt.,
Gadsden, Alabama. OD



Maiorano, Anthony D., 2nd Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. PW



Major, Ross O., 1st Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. TRFD



Marcinkiewicz, John S., 2nd Lt.,
Bondsville, Massachusetts.
MIA-PW



Marr, John M., 2nd Lt.,
Columbus, Indiana. TRFD



Marron, John T., 1st Lt.,
Crawfordsville, Indiana. OD



Marshall, Frank R., Jr., Capt.,
Burlington, Kansas. CT



Marshall, William J., 1st Lt.,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. OD



ONLY CHINESE-AMERICAN fighter pilot active in ETO for
a long time was Frank Fong, of Newark, N.J., seen demon-
strating how he got his first kill while with 369th.



Marson, Alfred D., 1st Lt.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. TRFD



Martin, Allan G., 1st Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. OD



Martin, James C., 2nd Lt.,
Atlanta, Georgia. OD



Maslow, Edward J., 1st Lt.,
Plymouth, Pennsylvania. PW



Mason, Robert G., F/O,
Jacksonville, Florida. OD



Matthew, Harry L., Capt.,
Wilsonburg, West Virginia. CT



McAlevey, John F., 1st Lt.,
Brooklyn, New York. CT



McAlister, John W., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Greensboro, North Carolina.
TRFD



McCluskey, Paul E., 2nd Lt.,
Edgerton, Kansas. MIA



McCormack, James W., 1st Lt.,
New York City, New York
MIA (Presumed KIA)



McCormack, Robert E., 1st Lt.,
Oswego, New York. OD



McCoskey, Jack E., 1st Lt.,
Mishawaka, Indiana. PW



McDonald, James H., 1st Lt.,
St. Pauls, North Carolina. OD



McGeever, Thomas J., Capt.,
Birmingham, Alabama. KIA



McGehee, Fred S., 1st Lt.,
Marianna, Florida. OD



McGregor, Garland J., 2nd Lt.,
Greenville, South Carolina. KIA



McInnes, Robert L., Capt.,
Massillon, Ohio. CT



McIntosh, Robert W., 1st Lt.,
Jackson, Michigan. OD



McKee, Daniel D., Lt.-Col.,
Greenville, Mississippi. OD



McNeill, John W., Jr., Capt.,
Red Springs, North Carolina. CT
Attn.: BARRY—PIY may be
missing)

LT. JACK E. MCCOSKEY, Mishawaka, Ind., spun in while dog-fighting above a Nazi airdrome and crashed violently, his Mustang exploding. Several months later Jack reappeared at Wretham after release from German hospital by Allied troops. Only wound from crash: two-inch laceration on forehead and fractured jaw.



Mejaski, Joseph W., Capt.,
Tucson, Arizona. CT



Melrose, Don S., 1st Lt.,
Kirkwood, Missouri. MIA



Merry, Milton S., Capt.,
Detroit, Michigan. CT



Mettel, Arnold F., 1st Lt.,
Aurora, Illinois. CT



Meyer, Lawrence F., 2nd Lt.,
Apalachicola, Florida. MIA



Miller, George D., 1st Lt.,
Fountain City, Tennessee. OD



Millis, Tracy E., 1st Lt.,
Saratoga Springs, New York. OD



Minchew, Leslie D., Capt.,
Miami, Florida. OD



Montague, Bert M., 1st Lt.,
Raleigh, North Carolina. OD



Morrill, Myron C., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
South Plainfield, New Jersey.
MIA



Morris, Arthur B., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Cordele, Georgia. OD



Morris, Thomas W., 1st Lt.,
Miami Beach, Florida. OD



Mosse, Charles W., Capt.,
Phoenix, Arizona. PW



Murphy, Donald L., 1st Lt.,
Grand Blanc, Michigan. MIA



Murphy, John B., Lt.-Col.,
Darlington, South Carolina. CT



Murray, John J., 1st Lt.,
Cooper Plains, New York. OD



Murray, Wallace C., 2nd Lt.,
Phoenix, Arizona. MIA



Muzzy, Raymond G., F/O,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin. OD



Newberg, Warren R., 1st Lt.,
Brockton, Massachusetts. CT

CAPT. I. BROOKS HOLLOMON, Newport News, Va., gave ground-crews and pilot-pals thrill when he sat a Mustang down on one wheel at Wretham. Only damage to plane was nicked prop and scratches on wing-tip.



Newcomer, Earle S., 1st Lt.,
Reading, Pennsylvania. TRFD



Newton, Madison H., 1st Lt.,
Anton, Texas. OD



Nicolai, Albert T., 1st Lt.,
Kenosha, Wisconsin. MIA
(Presumed KIA)



Oakley, Robert G., 1st Lt.,
Lakewood, Ohio. CT



Oliphint, John H., Capt.,
Shreveport, Louisiana.
PW—Escaped



Olson, Paul E., 1st Lt.,
McKeesport, Pennsylvania. PW



Orwig, Eugene R., Jr., Capt.,
Los Angeles, California. CT



O'Shea, James H., 1st Lt.,
New York City, New York. CT



O'Shea, James J., F/O,
Lynn, Massachusetts. MIA



Page, Donald G., 1st Lt.,
Taft, California. OD



Painter, Jefferson C., 1st Lt.,
Spartanburg, South Carolina.
TRFD



Parsons, James R., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Norfolk Virginia. MIA
(Presumed KIA)



Parsons, James W., Lt.-Col.,
North Hollywood, California.
OD



Patton, Lee, 1st Lt.,
Winnetka, Illinois. OD



DIVE-BOMBING—Rails and box-cars are left in twisted wreckage after Mustangs loosed 500-pound wing-bombs.

"The Men who Flew"—continued



Perrin, Grant M., Capt.,
Geneva, Ohio. CT



Perkins, Earl P., Capt.,
Frederick, Oklahoma. CT



Pezda, Edwin F., Major,
Hamtramck, Michigan. PW



Pherson, Robert L., Capt.,
Volant, Pennsylvania. KIA



Pino, James R., 1st Lt.,
Whittier, California. PW

1ST LT. CYRIL W. JONES, JR., Athens, Tenn., downed a Nazi on his first mission. He flew a total of 16 missions to chalk up an incredible score of 11 destroyed and five damaged in less than 75 combat hours.



Porter, Alan C., 2nd Lt.,
Greenwood, Delaware. MIA



Porter, Roger W., 1st Lt.,
Brockton, Massachusetts. CT



Prewitt, Luster H., 1st Lt.,
Malaga, New Mexico. CT



Rabb, Richard, O 2nd Lt.,
Augusta, Georgia. I (Sweden)



Ralston, Gilbert R., Jr., Capt.,
Buechel, Kentucky. CT



Ramser, Galen E., Capt.,
Elyria, Ohio. CT



Randolph, Gaston M., 1st Lt.,
Asheville, North Carolina. CT



Randolph, John P., Col.,
Sckertz, Texas. CT



Rea, Frank Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. OD



Reese, Luther C., F/O,
Brunswick, Georgia. MIA



Rodeheaver, Homer L., 1st
Jellico, Tennessee. MI

CAPT. RALPH G. KIBLER, Morganton, N.C., dog-fought down the streets of Hamm, Germany, until he forced an FW-190 to crash head-on into a three-story building. Kib. nearly got the Nazi as he pulled up to avoid the buildings.



Ruggles, James J., 1st Lt.,
Flushing, New York. OD



Rueschenberg, Werner J., 1st Lt.,
Westphalia, New York. CT



Sackett, Stanley E., 1st Lt.,
Fort Collins, Colorado. KIA



Sander, Robert B., 2nd Lt.,
Newton, Massachusetts. MIA



Sansing, Virgal E., 1st Lt.,
Lexington, Massachusetts.
MIA—Evaded—TRFD



Schecter, Harry L., 2nd Lt.,
Bronx, New York. **TRFD**



Schulte, Jack R., 2nd Lt.,
McDonald, Ohio. **TRFD**



Schwartz, Benjamin D., 1st Lt.,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. **OD**



Seller, Wilbur W., Jr., Capt.,
Terre Haute, Indiana. **OD**



Semple, Harry D., 2nd Lt.,
Meadville, Pennsylvania. **TRFD**



Shaw, Clifton, Major,
Gainesville, Texas. **CT**



Shearer, Karl K., Capt.,
Vandalia, Ohio. **KIA**



Shoffit, Jimmy C., Capt.,
Ft. Worth, Texas. **CT**



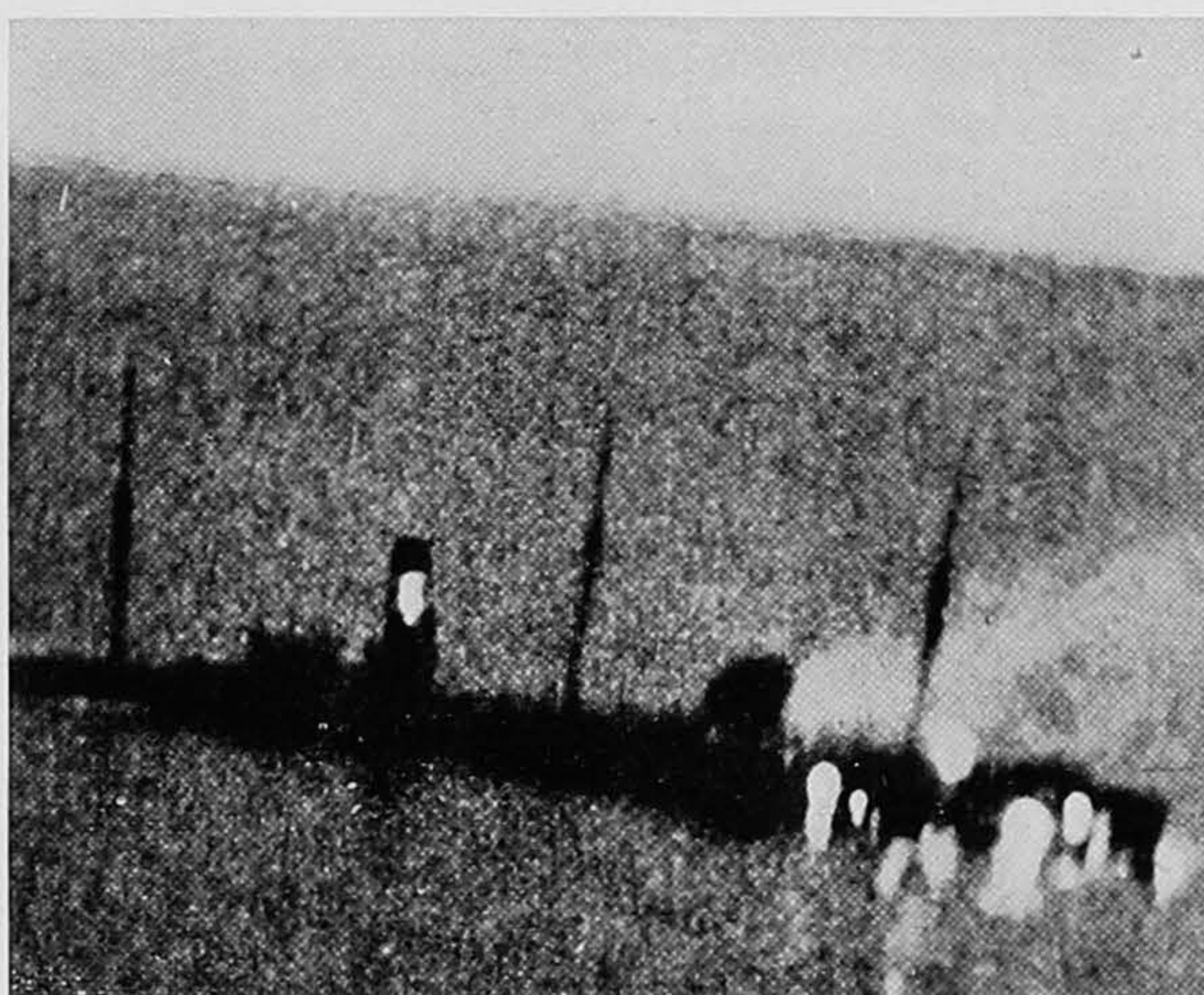
Shortness, Gordon M., 2nd Lt.,
Dearborn, Michigan. **MIA**



Shouse, Russell E., 1st Lt.,
Jasonville, Indiana. **OD**



Shupe, Joseph E., 2nd Lt.,
Bristol, Tennessee. **MIA**



SHIPPING STRIKE—Nazi coastal steamer is splashed with
direct hits. Note heavy strike directly on stack.



Siltamaki, Robert W., 1st Lt.,
Hanna, Wyoming. **PW**



Simmons, William R., 1st Lt.,
Norfolk, Virginia. **MIA**



Sjoblad, Edwin L., 2nd Lt.,
Chicago, Illinois. **MIA**



Smith, Alma R., 1st Lt.,
Salt Lake City, Utah. **CT**



Smith, James B., 1st Lt.,
Georgia. **MIA-PW**



Smith, Samuel R., Capt.,
Wichita Falls, Texas. **TRFD**



Smith, Seymour, 2nd Lt.,
New York City, New York.
TRFD



Smith, Thomas P., Capt.,
Moodus, Connecticut.
PW-Escaped-OD

"The Men who Flew"—continued



Soderman, Byron N., 1st Lt.,
El Campo, Texas. OD



Staley, Charles W., 1st Lt.,
Brooklyn, Wisconsin. TRFD



Staup, Homer A., Capt.,
Dayton, Ohio. TRFD



Stegnarski, Stanley F., 2nd Lt.,
Chester, Pennsylvania. MIA



Stepp, William F., Capt.,
Allison Park, Pennsylvania. OD



Steussey, Howard E., 2nd Lt.,
Port Arthur, Texas. MIA



Stevens, Jack D., Capt.,
Inglewood, California. CT



Straub, Richard P., 1st Lt.,
Erie, Pennsylvania. OD



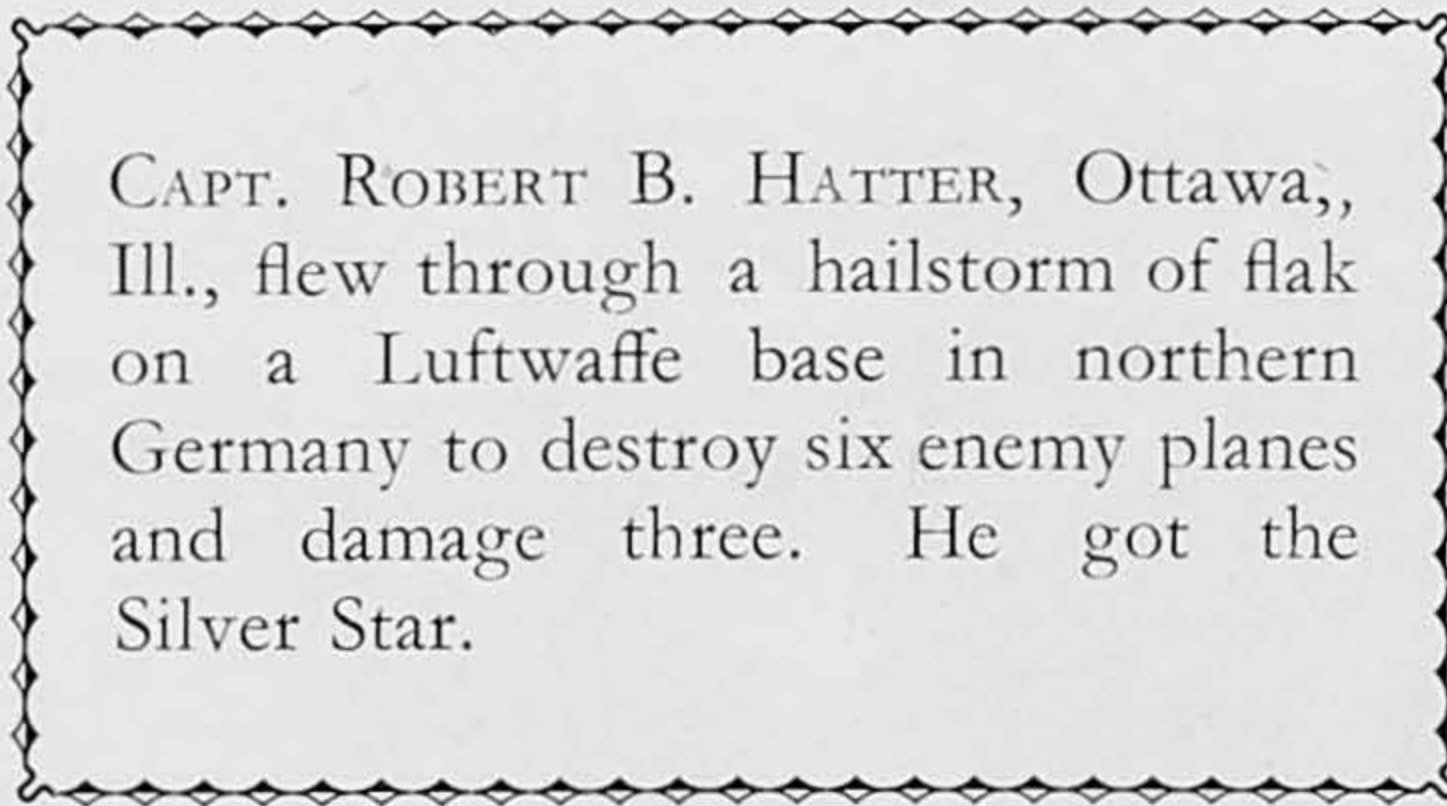
Stubblefield, Charles E., 2nd Lt.,
Whittier, California. MIA
(Presumed KIA)



Sundheim, Paul E., 2nd Lt.,
Buffalo, New York. MIA



Surowiec, Eugene L., Capt.,
Albertson, Pennsylvania. OD



Suttle, Ferris C., 2nd Lt.,
Lancaster, South Carolina. MIA



Sutton, Thomas C., Capt.,
Santa Ana, California. OD



Swanson, William H., Lt.-Col.,
Chicago, Illinois. CT



Tacon, Avelin P., Col.,
Shreveport, Louisiana. CT



Taylor, Lester G., Jr., Capt.,
Kansas, Missouri. CT



Tenenbaum, Harold, 1st Lt.,
Detroit, Michigan. OD



Thacker, Robert L., Capt.,
Sioux City, Iowa. CT



Thomas, Earl W., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Binghamton, New York. MIA



Thomas, Wendel G., 1st Lt.,
San Antonio, Texas. TRFD



Thompson, Henry L., 2nd Lt.,
Tyler, Texas. KNO



Thomson, Bryce H., 1st Lt.,
Flint, Michigan. TRFD



Thomson, Robert C., Major,
Bellmore, New York. CT



Thorne, Edward J., 1st Lt.,
Swisvale, Pennsylvania. PW



Tilton, Elbert W., 1st Lt.,
St. David, Arizona. CT



Tuchscherer, Daniel R., 1st Lt.,
Menasha, Wisconsin. CT



Tucker, William N., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Hertford, North Carolina. KIA



Turinsky, George 1st Lt.,
Luzerne, Pennsylvania. TRFD



Tyrrell, Albert R., Lt.-Col.,
Fresno, California. PW



Vos, Benjamin J., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Lafayette, Louisiana. MIA



Way, James L., Jr., Capt.,
Lincoln, Nebraska. OD



Welch, Edward L., 1st Lt.,
Dallas, Texas. CT



Westall, Frank E., Jr., 2nd Lt.,
Columbia, Ohio. MIA



Wetmore, Ray S., Major,
Kerman, California. OD



White, Bennie F., 2nd Lt.,
Alexandria, Louisiana. MIA

MAJ. GEORGE A. (POP) DOERSCH,
Seymour, Wis., flew back to Manston
safely with his prop blades bent
square a foot from their tips after
scraping a concrete runway of a
Nazi-held airdrome in France.



White, Samuel A., Jr., 1st Lt.,
Hammond, Louisiana. CT



Wiley, Walter W., F/O,
Washington, Pennsylvania. PW



Wilson, James V., Lt.-Col.,
Elwood City, Pennsylvania. PW



Wilson, John W., 1st Lt.,
Trenton, New Jersey. CT



Williams, Harvey C., 1st Lt.,
New Freedom, Pennsylvania.
TRFD



Williams, Theophilus A., 1st Lt.,
Sonora, Texas. MIA



Windmiller, Donald L., Capt.,
Slater, Mississippi. OD



Wolfe, Albert E., Capt.,
Nanticoke, Pennsylvania. CT



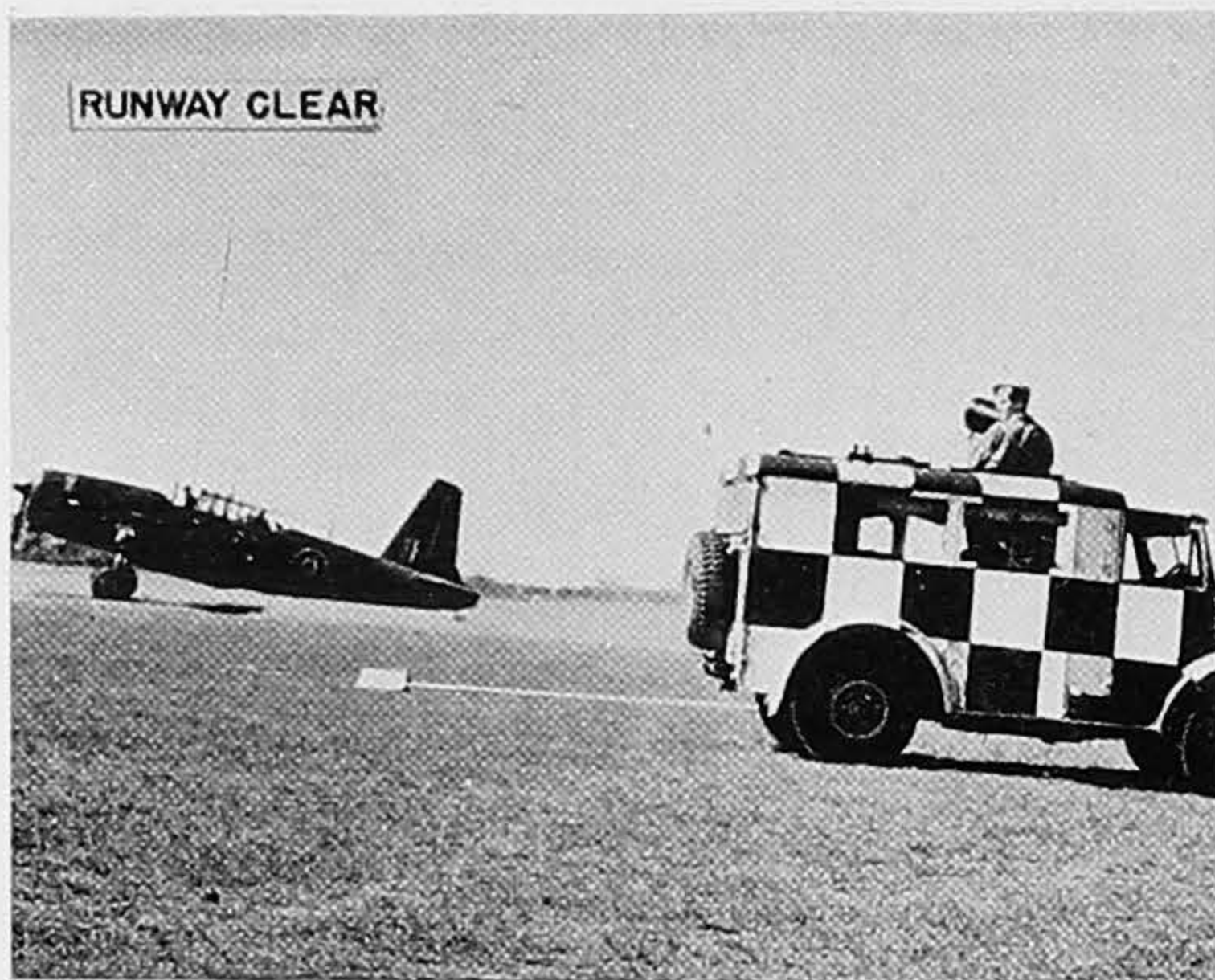
York, Robert M., Capt.,
Old Orchard Beach, Maine. CT



Zizka, Lawrence A., 1st Lt.,
Howell, Michigan. KNO



Stanley, C. L. 1st Lt.,
Parks, Texas.
TRFD



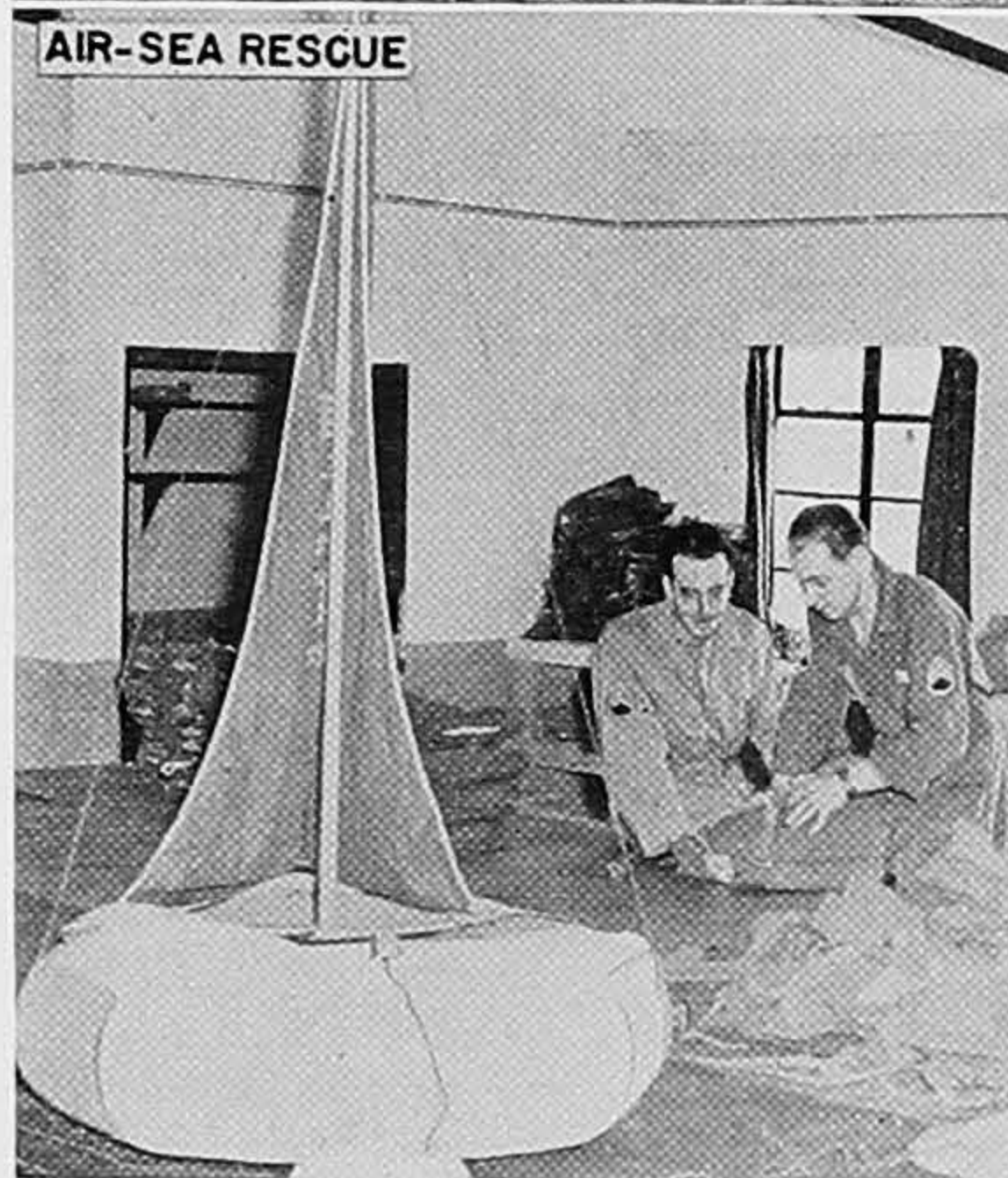
RUNWAY CLEAR



LET'S LOOK...



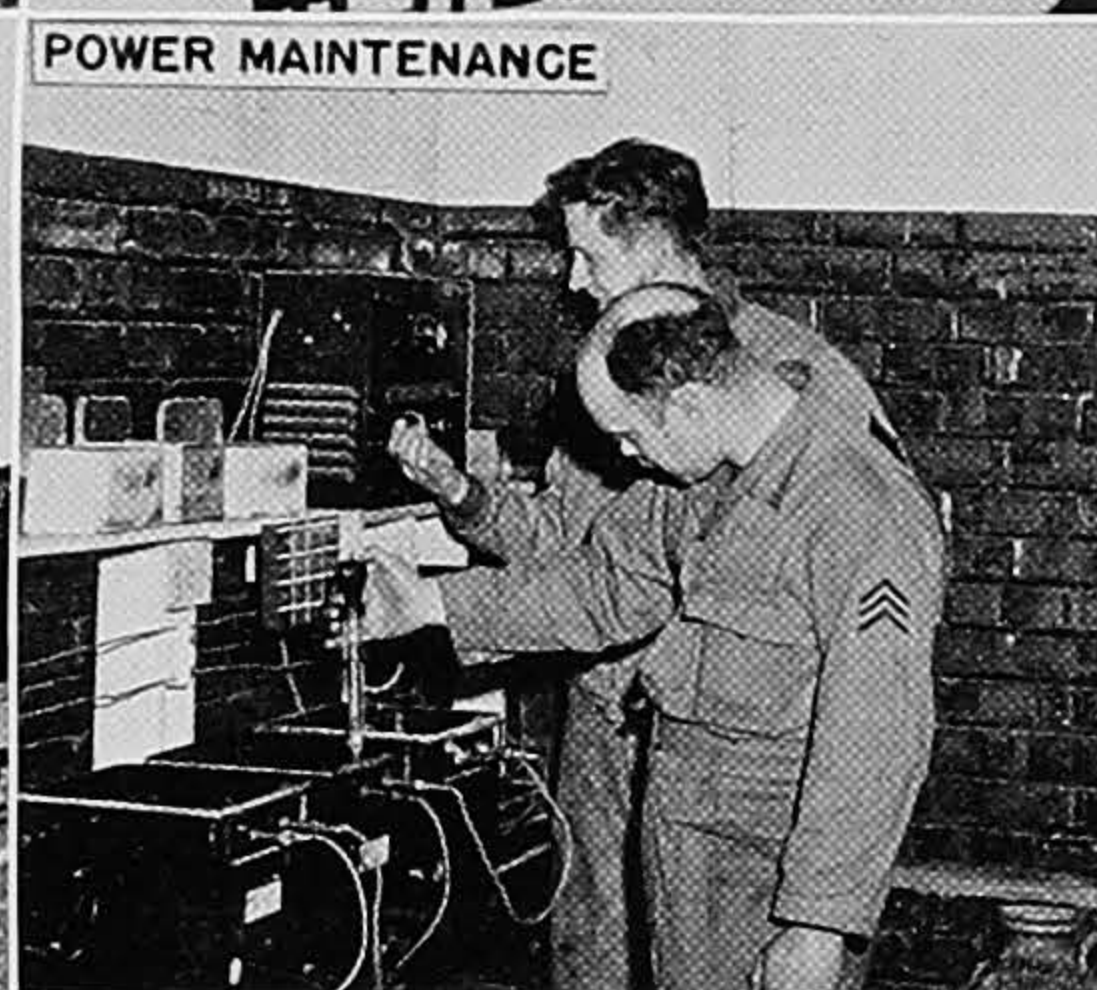
THE CO. RETURNETH



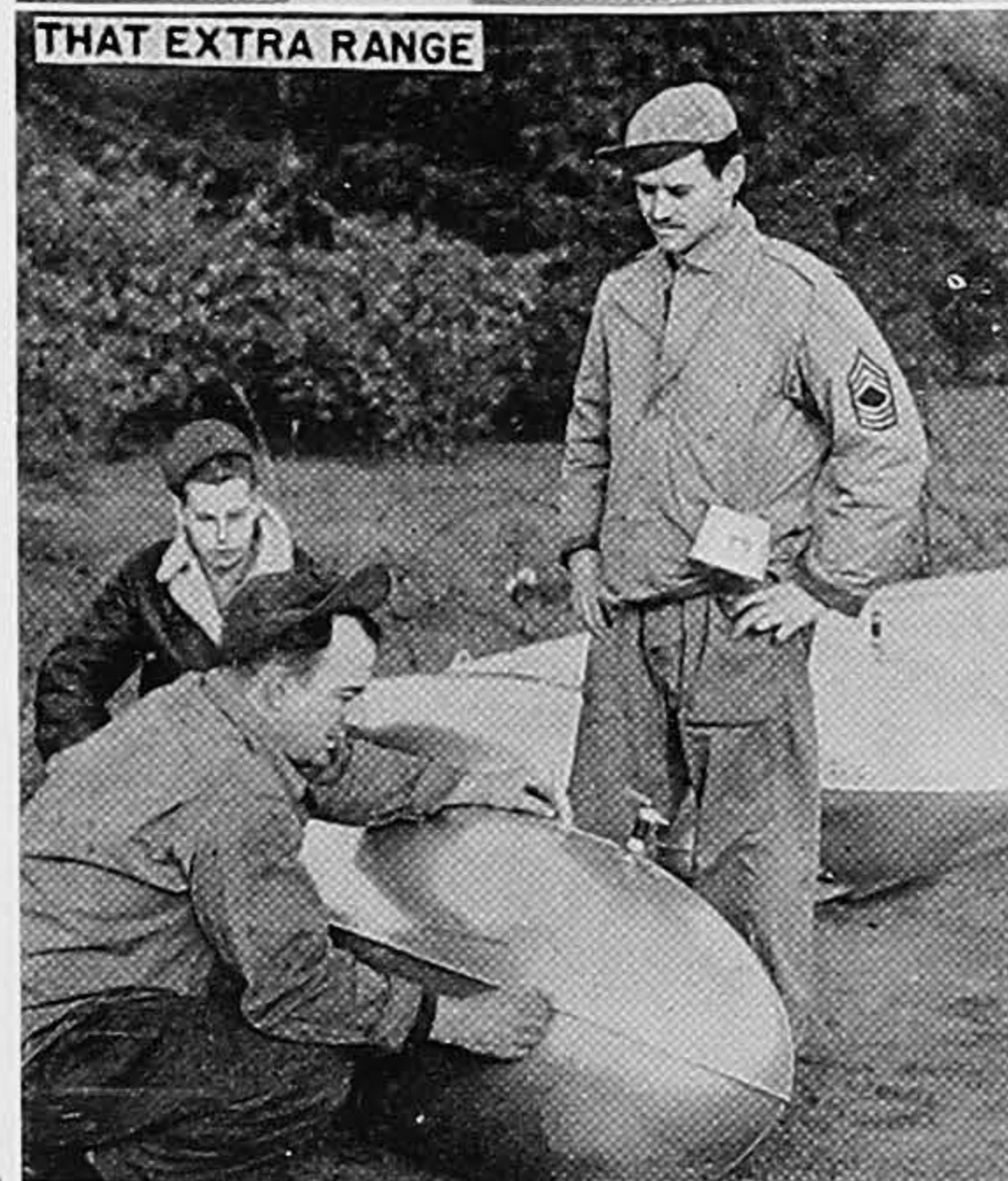
AIR-SEA RESCUE



PILOT JUMPED CLEAR



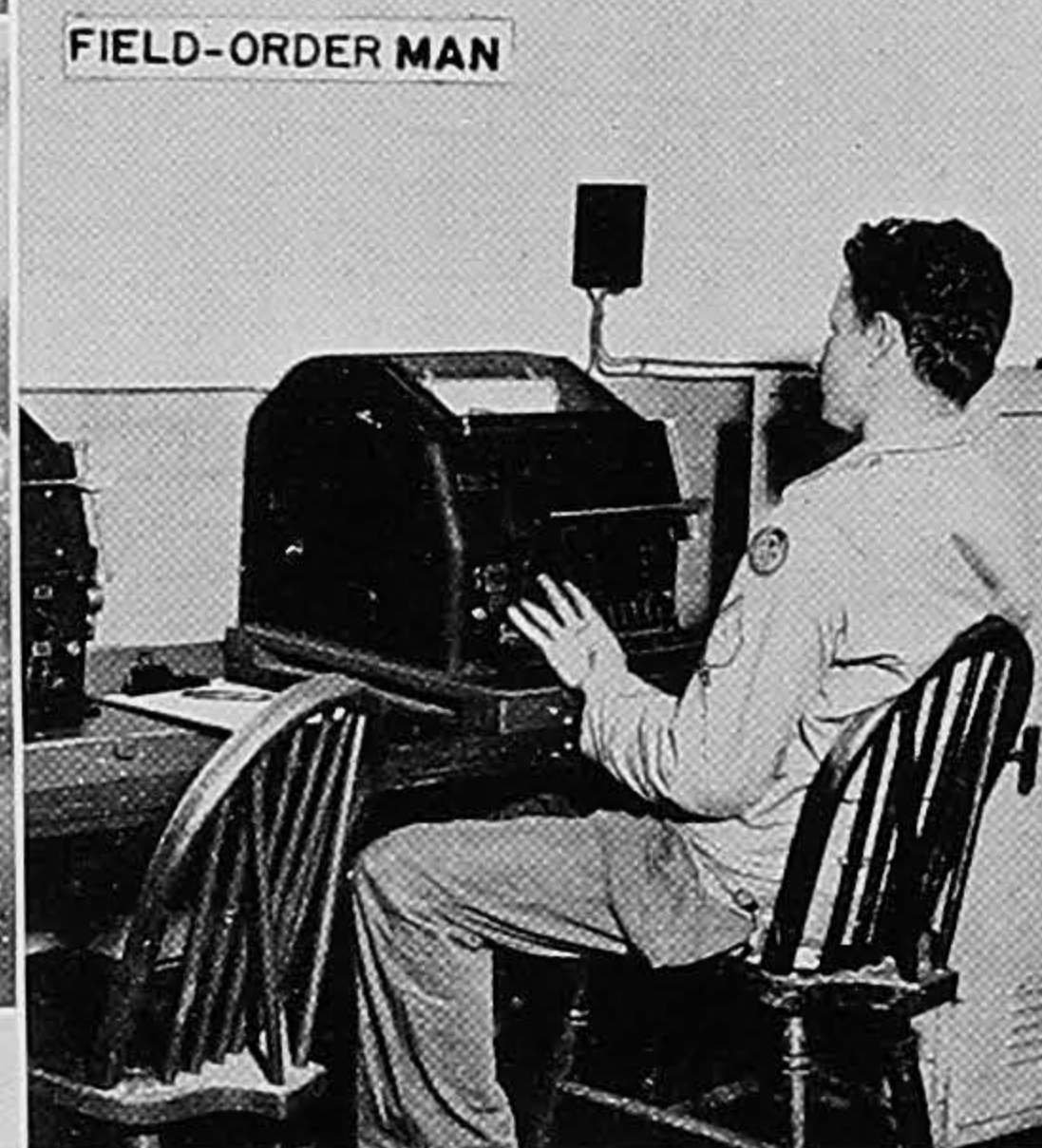
POWER MAINTENANCE



THAT EXTRA RANGE



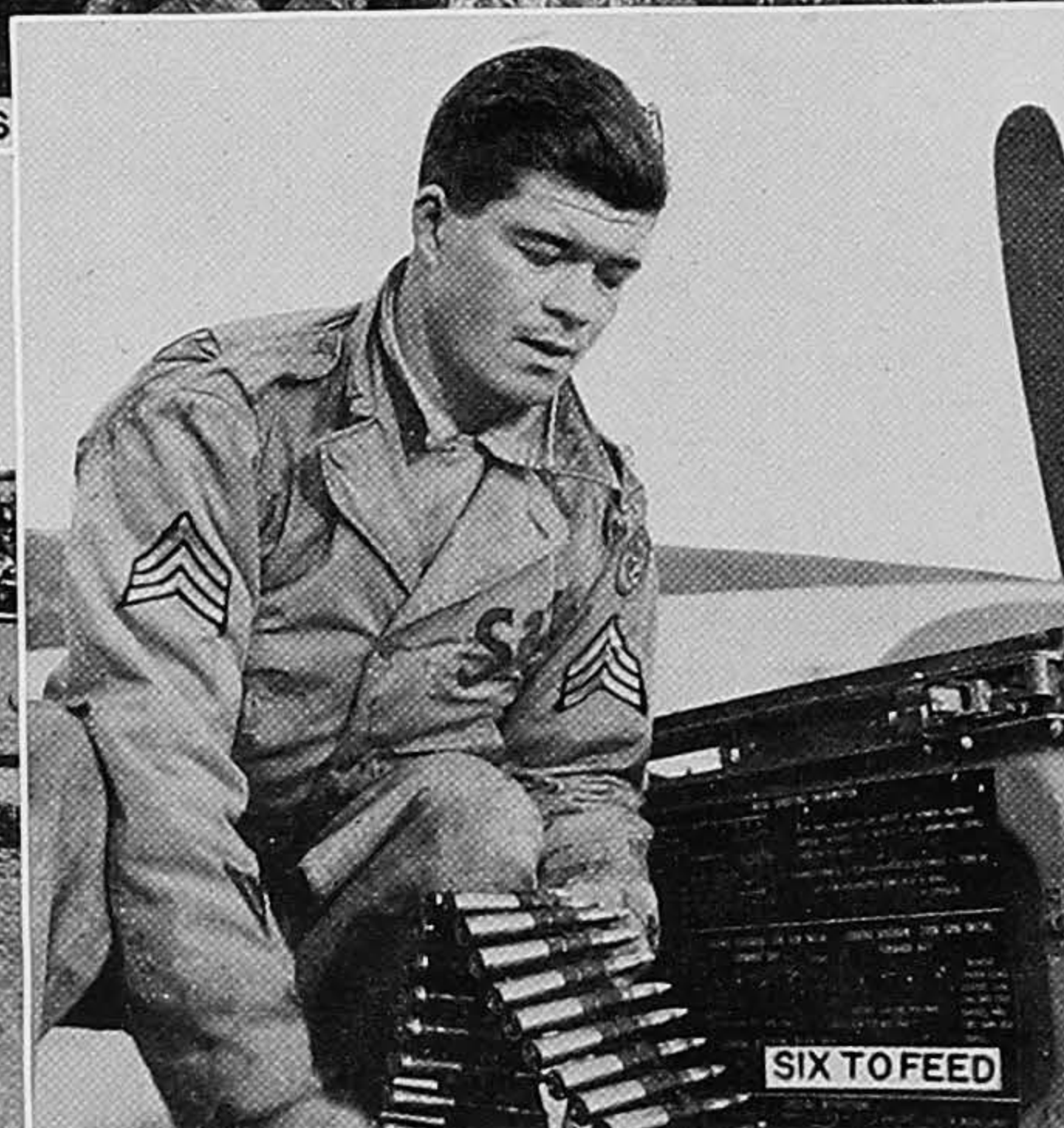
FOAMY
FIREFIGHTERS



FIELD-ORDER MAN



TECH ORDER CHANGES



SIX TO FEED



OUT TO THE PLANES

No Braver Deed

Though daring deeds were the order of the day, no single act of heroism in the annals of the 359th surpasses the last flight of Capt. Wayne N. Bolefahr on 10 June 1944.

A mild-mannered man with brown hair and brown eyes, Capt. Bolefahr was the 23-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bolefahr, Grosse Pointe, Mich. He was a graduate of West Point and had joined the group 13 April 1943 while the 368th was in training at Grenier Field, N.H.

Promoted to captain 17 August 1943, Wayne came overseas to combat as a flight commander in the 368th. He had flown on the group's early missions in Thunderbolts and had been credited officially with destruction of two Me 109's and damage to a third.

He had flown 60 missions when he took off on his last flight—an exploit that served as an inspiration to the entire personnel of the group and added the Distinguished Service Cross to his decorations that already included the Air Medal with Oak-Leaf Clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Here is the official account of Capt. Bolefahr's deed, contained in the citation of the DSC:



ON ESCORT with bombers over Germany, this photo shows Mustangs with wing-tanks. Planes spread out to provide widest cover for slower-flying bombers.

“For extreme gallantry in action and at known risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty.

“On 10 June 1944, Captain Bolefahr was assigned to lead the second section of a P-51 Fighter Squadron supporting four Photo Reconnaissance Unit Aircraft, ordered to secure photographs of important military installations at Antwerp, Belgium.

“Owing to the nature of the targets it was necessary that the photographs be taken from an extremely low altitude. Several previous attempts to secure pictures there had resulted in heavy casual-



BRIEFING PRAYER—“ . . . we are not alone, God . . . for Thou art always with us . . . ”

ties, due to very intense and accurate light calibre flak in the area.

"The briefed plan of the mission was to cross the enemy coast at Breskens at 1,500 feet, then hit the deck and proceed to the vicinity of Antwerp, using a canal as a landmark to the target area.

"Light calibre flak positions, especially effective against low-flying aircraft, were known to exist all along the course from landfall inward, and to be heavily concentrated in the target area. This intense flak made it difficult for the P.R.U. aircraft to find the target, and a period of approximately twenty (20) minutes of flying at tree-top and power-line level was spent in the area before the target, a marshalling yard on the Antwerp—Roosendaal railway, was located.

"With the whole section flying close escort and blanketing the flak positions with a steady stream of fire, the P.R.U. aircraft made several runs on the target, but each approach was driven off by the concentrated ground defences.

"Captain Bolefahr sensed at once that as long as the many guns were directing their fire at the reconnaissance planes they would not be able to maneuver into a position favourable for taking the photos.

"With utter disregard for his own personal safety, and in full knowledge of the fact that his chances of escaping the resultant fire were negligible, he pulled up to a height of 100 feet, flying directly towards the marshalling yard's main gun positions.

"Captain Bolefahr's tactic of making himself the most obvious target in the area succeeded in diverting the fire from the P.R.U. planes to his own, and the former were consequently able to accomplish their mission. But by so doing he made his aircraft an easy target and it received many vital hits. The plane crashed through a row of trees, disintegrating as it struck the ground, Captain Bolefahr doubtless perishing in the wreckage.



IMPRESSIVE SPIRE of Norwich Cathedral. Structure is handiwork that rose from continual building of nearly 1,000 years.

"The coolness and daring with which Captain Bolefahr executed this feat, and his outstanding gallantry in the face of overwhelming odds, were an inspiration to his fellow flyers.

"His action reflects the greatest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."



THIRD GUNNERY AND TOW-TARGET FLIGHT (SP.)

Throttle Full Forward

Tense, thrilling moments for the hundreds of men who worked near "The Line" were the take-offs . . . when the lumbering Thunderbolts and later the lighter, bobbing Mustangs, raced down the sod-runways and lifted themselves into the air.

Tenser still were the pilots and in the following Capt. Howard L. Fogg, Summit, N.J. (368th), who flew 65 missions before returning to the U.S., relates the experiences of the man in the cockpit—from briefing-notice to bomber-rendezvous.

It is 0700. The door to our room squeaks open suddenly and S-2 sticks his head through the opening.

"C'mon, you're goin' flying fellas, briefing at 0800," he bellows—loudly enough to be heard over at Bodney.

We wake up—resentfully. Still this isn't so bad. Yesterday it was 0415. Our first fully conscious act is to check the weather out our windows. Never knew a pilot yet who didn't do this immediately when he crawled out of the sack. We dress after a quick splash in the wash bowl. Most of us shave before going to bed. Saves precious minutes in the morning.

A couple of the gang still sleep. They'll miss breakfast and catch the truck for briefing half-way down the drive. Most of us prefer a good hot meal and allow just enough time to gulp down eggs, toast, and lots of coffee. Others are already queued up at the toilet. Most of us can always relieve ourselves before a briefing. We won't admit it, but it could be nerves. There's never enough time, however.

The usual thoughts run through our minds at breakfast and on the truck to the briefing room. What position am I flying? Is my ship O.K.? Where are we going today? I guess, mostly, we wonder where we're going. It's old stuff to many of us.

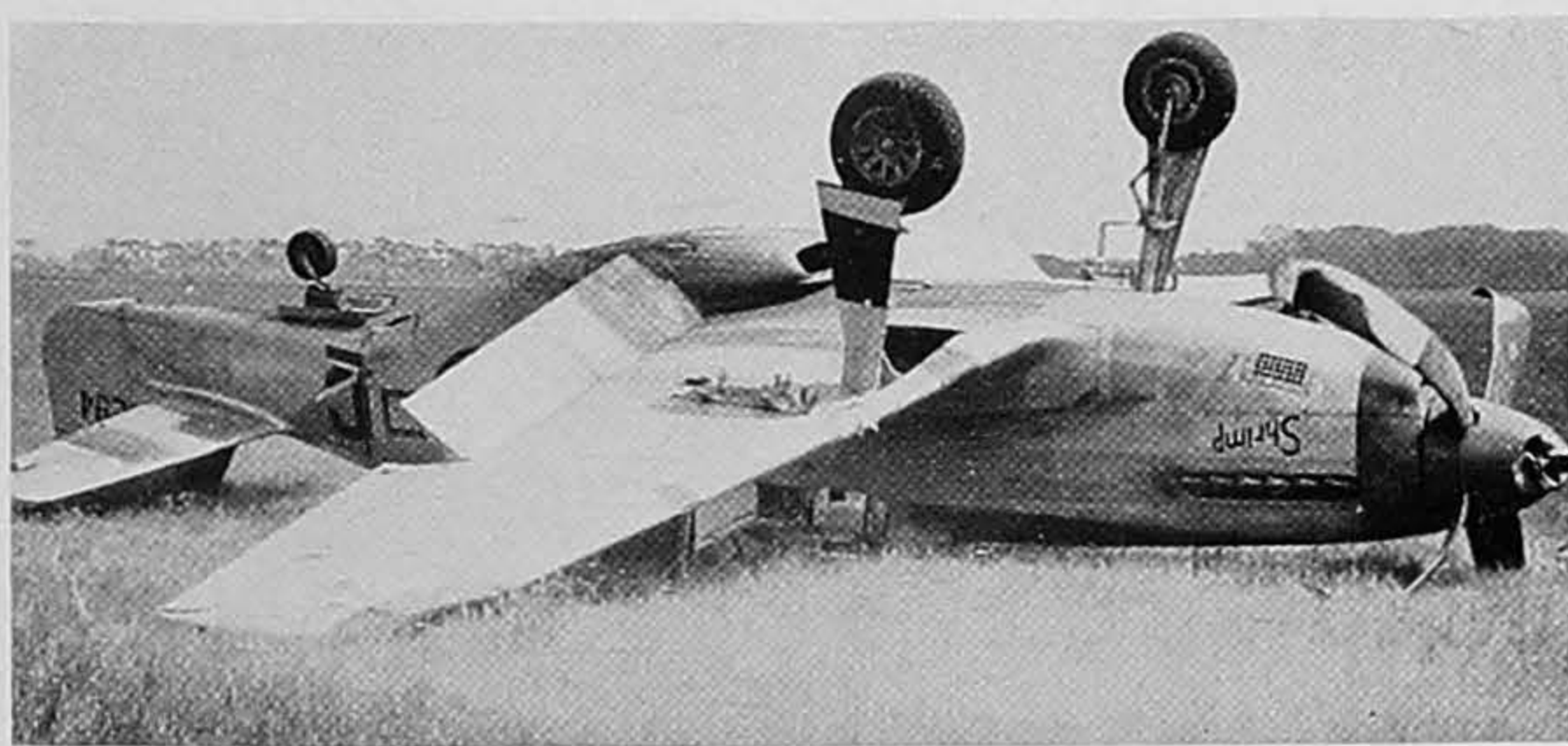


FLYING AT 30,000 FEET above Germany offered pilots little chance to describe the countryside. Here a Mustang pulls a contrail over Naziland during January, 1945.

Some have been across—70-odd times. Yet still the same questions in everyone's mind.

Still the same little "bubbles" in the stomach—perhaps we ate too fast or aren't quite awake. Maybe we shouldn't have slept those extra ten minutes and gulped that egg so fast. But we always do—and anyhow—the "bubbles" always vanish in the briefing room. Nerves?

Most of us talk a lot at breakfast and on the truck. "Gonna get one today . . . hope it's a short haul—hope it's long, I need time . . . better fly in closer today, Joe. Oh, my God, is he leading the Squadron . . . Pass the coffee . . . where's that waiter . . . wo't time is it . . . gimme a light . . . Damn, I forgot my dogtags (this is serious when rushed) . . . Boy, what a swell day . . . yeah, only 9[10ths heavy cloud . . . nuts . . . boy, my butt is still sore from yesterday . . ." etc. Much of the chatter is superficial, forced. We're trying to wake up, get a clear head. Talking helps.



A CRIPPLED BIRD is this Mustang that flopped over from locked brakes. Andy Lemmens was extracted from cockpit uninjured.



RAF TRAINING PLANES of this type hovered around Cambridge, occasionally fluttered over Wretham.



'SWEET SUE' dug in at nearby Croxton one day from engine-failure. No one in crew was hurt.

Then we're at briefing. As we file in through the war room every guy tries to look at the plotting map. Where are we going? How much time have we got 'till start engines? or Is this another lousy milk run?' Finally, everyone is seated. We all watch "Stormy" and his weather board. That is important to every man. If there is an overcast our first thought is always—how thick is it? We pay close attention to Stormy. He finishes and our eyes wander to the map—noting the courses, the flak, the apparent size of the show, subconsciously figuring on the chances of a fight along our route, how much water we'll have to cross, and the damn flak!

As for the show—we're impatient. Forget the other task forces—what's our? What is it going to bomb? How many are there? Any other fighters on our bombers? How about that flak? Top cover 32,000 feet—and wing tanks to boot. It's gonna be rugged.

We glance around the room. Who's leading the 369th? The 370th? They only have three flights. Have to watch aborts.

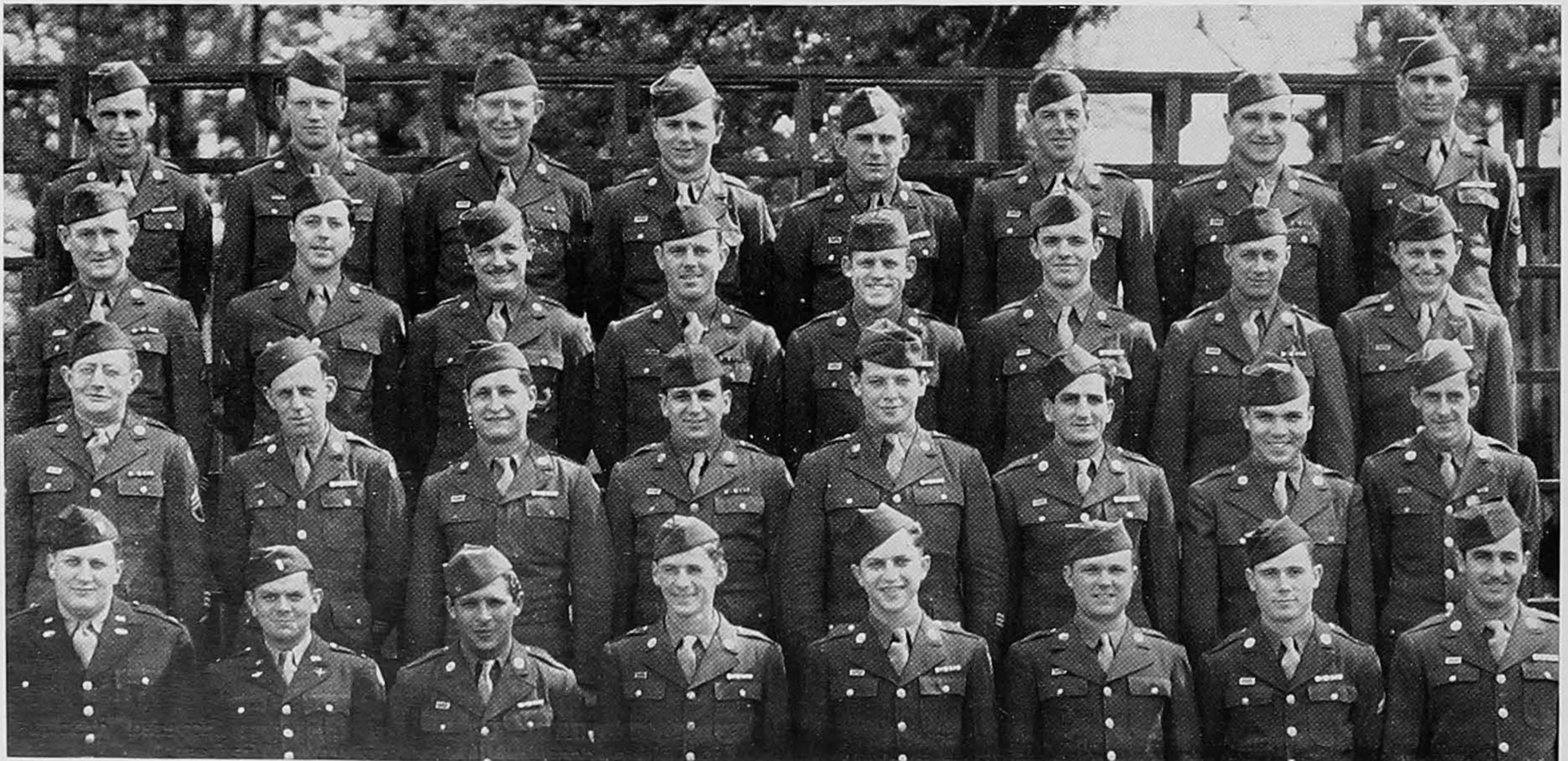
"In 45 seconds it will be 0816"—that's it. Briefing's over. We know where we're going, what we're doing. Now let's get going. "Hurry up, I want to check my Mae West—clean my goggles—get to the latrine." But first we have to catch Chappie's prayer—a solemn, very sincere moment when most of us realize as much as at any time that this is a serious business we're engaged in. That moment with Chappie is good. No more "bubbles" "And let's get something today."

Unloading from the truck at the pilot's shack our first thought is of flying equipment. Coveralls, helmet, Mae West, parachute.

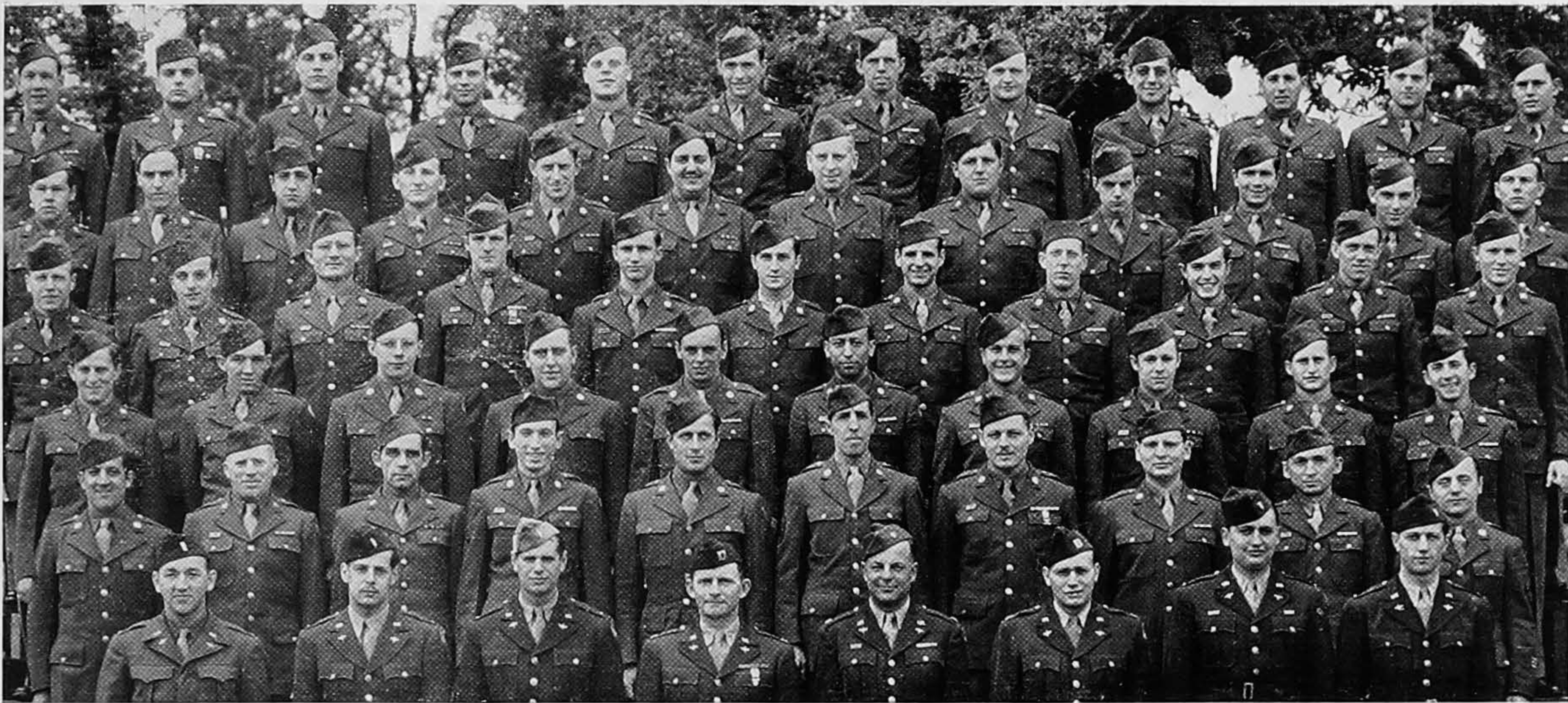
Next stop is S-2—a careful checking of all pockets. Some of us leave our rings, bracelets, wallets, pens, letters. Nothing written must go with us. "Gotcher dog tags?" "Hell yes! Do we look that dumb?" Then we duck without waiting for a caustic reply, escape kits in our pockets. S-2 hands us course cards and maps. We check the times again and stuff the maps in our overalls.

We note what plane we're flying; where it's parked, and mentally calculate our taxi procedure to the marshaling area. Important is to note which plane we're to follow.

Somebody reminds us that our formation has been lousy and we should 'stick 'em in tight.' We promise this to ourselves. We have an unfortunate attitude of considering ourselves to be above instruction—w'ot the Hell—we're combat pilots, not OTU students.



1101ST SIGNAL COMPANY



49TH STATION COMPLEMENT

Among many faults this shows up in nearly every one who's crossed the Channel. It doesn't help anything but our ego.

Flying equipment—escape kits—maps—schedule of planes—O.K. We check the time again. Hell—let's have another cigarette. We've smoked a dozen already. They taste lousy, but it's relaxing. Some of us chew gum—makes your mouth feel better for those uncomfortable hours ahead with an oxygen mask creasing your face and parching your throat. Many grab wads of cotton from Doc. It helps the noise in the ears which can be as disconcerting as anything that happens in an airplane.

A couple of last drags on the cigarette. Time to go out. No use rushing. Everyone hates tearing out of his ship at the last minute. We run over the take-off procedure mentally, check the weather for the thousandth time, grab our stuff and head for the plane after a final wise-crack or so at Doc or S-2.

Never say goodbye—just leave the shack casually. No fuss. Pilots hate any show of sentiment, emotion, even a handshake would be fiercely resented at the moment. After all, since 0700 we've been telling ourselves the idea that this is just another job. There's nothing to worry about.

We stop for a leak outside—then we go to our plane. Don't run, walk—take your time. Check the weather. "Damn, the wind's cross tee." Reaching the plane we hand our helmet to the waiting crew chief, look the ship over, noting the position of the tail-wheel. We usually chat flippantly with the crew chief if we know him well. "Think she'll run?" "Yessir, how many you gonna get today?" "All depends on who cleaned the guns," we reply.

Five minutes to go. We climb up on the wing and wriggle into the cockpit. First thing is to fasten those dinghies to the backtype chutes. The dinghy is already in the cockpit. Next, fasten the Mae West lanyard. Then come shoulder-straps and safety-belts. Assisted by the crew chief, we squirm and twist into as comfortable a position as possible. It's important to get set right now. Then the straps can be tightened if necessary. Finally we're as comfortable and secure as possible.

There follows a routine which no two pilots probably do alike. It includes: clamping the Oxygen hose to our harness—putting on our helmets—plugging in radio; connecting and testing our



GRAVE in Cambridge National Cemetery of Douglas A. Maclean, 21-year-old fighter pilot of Iron Mountain, Mich., who was killed on the take-off for his first combat mission from Wretham.

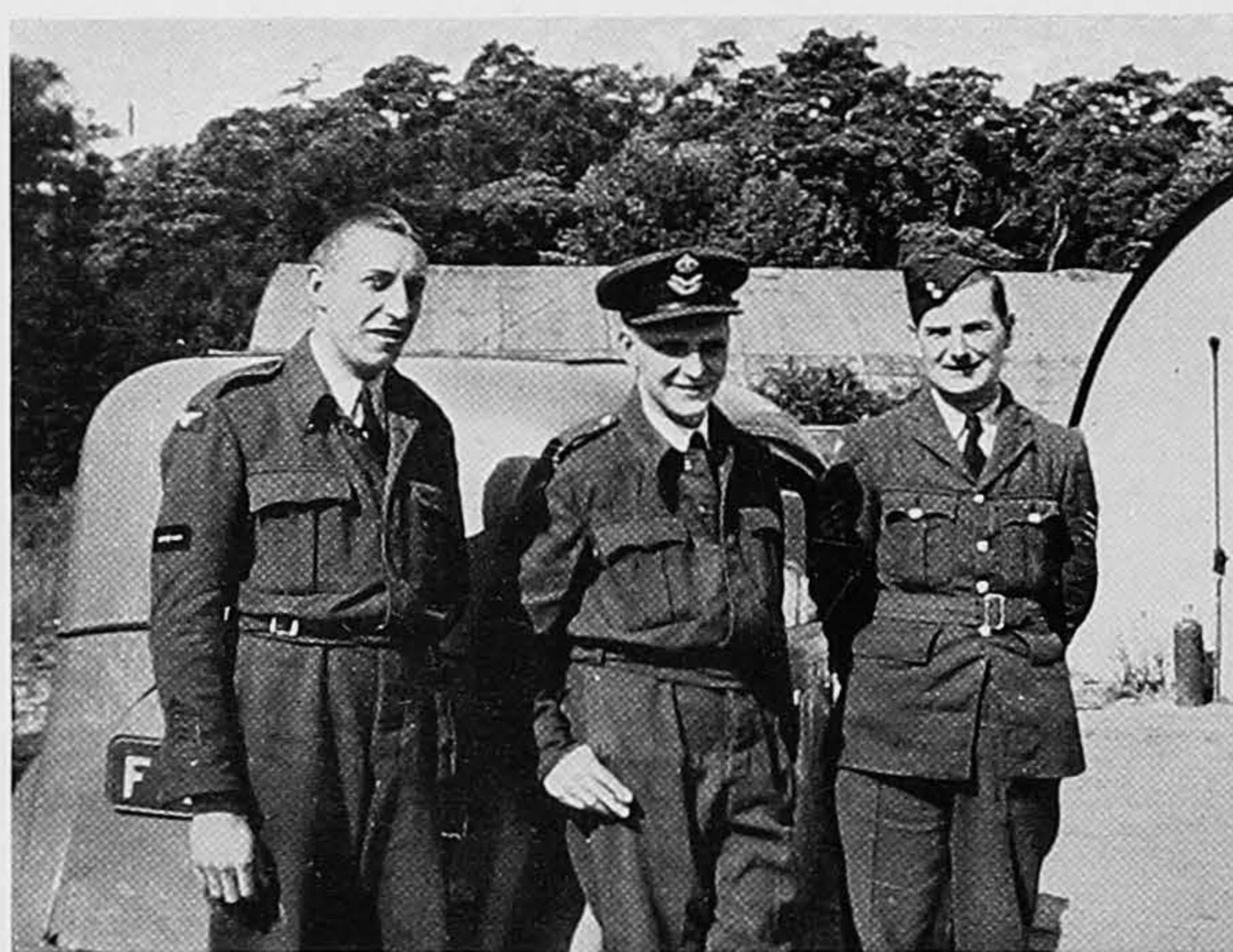
Oxygen masks—trimming the crate for take-off; turning on radio, gun heat, often the pitot heat; setting the gyro compass, setting the altimeter; checking the ship's clock with our watch.

A minute to go. "Is she cold, Sergeant?" "Brakes on?" We check them anyhow. Flap handle is placed in "up" position. They'll come up as soon as the engine starts. The crew chief closes the canopy. We lock it.

"Chocks are out—whenever you're ready," shouts the crew chief. We look over the switches and instrument panel again mentally rechecking all previous moves. It's time!

"Clear!"

We flick on battery and ignition switches; the fuel boost pump, main gas line. Suddenly the awakened radio makes noises in our headset. We prime the engine, at the same time flicking the starter



LIAISON-TEAM—Co-ordination between the Royal Air Force and us was handled by F/Lt. H. Smith and his aides, Sgt. L. E. Steeples, right, and LAC E. S. Pegler, left; (LAC spells out Leading Aircraft Hand.)

button. The prop turns over reluctantly, shaking the crate. She spits, dies, we shoot the primer again. She coughs and comes to life in a whirlwind of noise and vibration. Lock the starter-switch off, flip that mixture control down—RPM 1300, O.K. She's running smoothly now.

Brakes off and we start to taxi out with quick glances at all engine instruments and a check of the flaps. The brakes feel good, but take it easy. They won't hold long against too heavy a foot. Watch the coolant temperature.

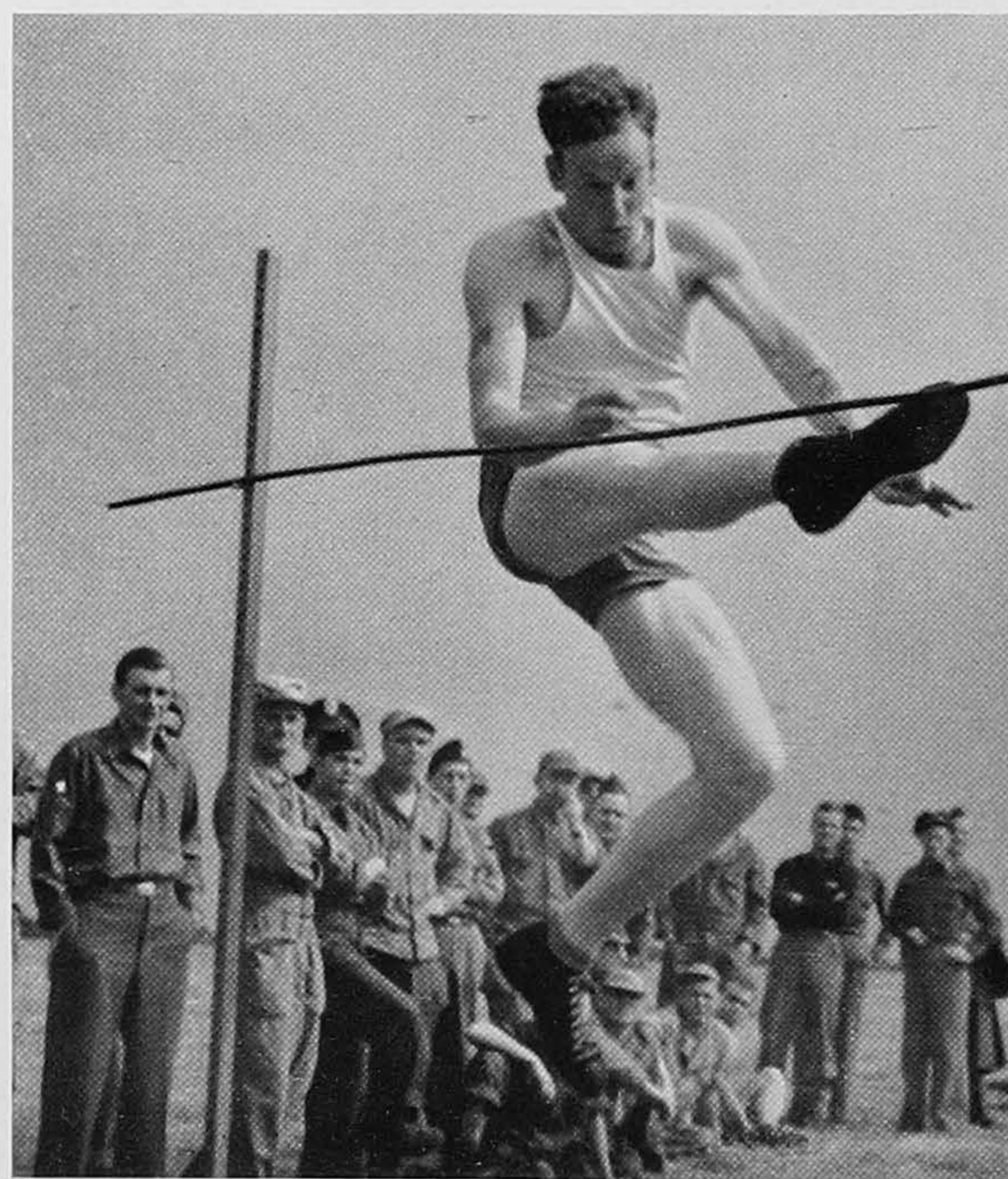
At the marshalling point there is usually a delay of several minutes during which time "mags" are checked, blower checked, fuel selector valve handle turned to all positions. The ammeter is read at high RPM (2000). Another final glimpse at the instru-



BOB AND RONNIE WALLACE were couple who helped so much at Wretham Hall parties. Bob commanded tow-target outfit; Ronnie was Nottingham girl he wed while serving as U.S. pilot with RAF, in 'Eagle' Squadron.

ment panel. We roll into actual take-off position. Flick the fuel boost switch to emergency. Push shut the sliding window of the canopy.

We're ready. No nervousness, no idle thoughts; everything is focused on the moment of take-off, getting her in the air, shipshape, and into good formation as quickly as possible. We feel confident and at home in the cockpit—it's our office and we feel the best we have since waking.



SGT. PAUL E. RULE clears high-jump bar to win the event during Field Day of August, 1945.

Throttles go full forward. There's the roar, the dust, the rough bouncing and jolting. Suddenly we're in the air. That is the moment when our day, our job really starts. All else has been in preparation for this—all our thoughts, conversation.

Uppermost now in everyone's mind will be thoughts of flying good position; watching gas consumption on the long climb to altitude, checking and rechecking oil and coolant temps, RPM., manifold pressure,—little else enters our minds until we're

CAPT. RENE L. BURTNER, Greensboro, N.C. and Washington, D.C., was shot down by flak over St. Dizier, France, joined a U.S. tank regiment and fought as top-turret gunner until he returned to England and resumed combat flying.

well out past the English Coast. We check our radio transmitters by calling without pressing the throttle button. If anyone answers, the set is faulty and we return to base.

We have varying amounts of pride in the appearance of the group as it heads out, whether the squadrons set course together and held good position throughout the climb. We hate to hear the "aborts" start leaving the formation.

And as we get under way, there begins that peculiar practice which is common to most fighter pilots alone in their ship—talking aloud to them-



THREE LIGHT ARMoured-CARS were operated by station defence unit during early days when Nazis were not yet invaded themselves, might have taken a wild lunge at England with paratroopers.

selves, muttering, humming, often ranting and raving like maniacs at some trite detail particularly if the going is difficult. Many talk to their planes—cursing them, praising them. It would make fascinating reading to record a five-hour mission in the cockpit of a Mustang—but it would be unprintable. Just let the leaders drop their air-speed too much and we start swearing. Let the weather be bad, let us get slipt up, the oxygen masks nearly melt with the heat of invective. This talking business is an odd yet satisfying outlet, a regular safety-valve.

We check our altitude and times and courses on the way out. Once to the English Coast we begin searching for other planes, the Big Friends, other fighters and possible contrails. We wonder if the "damn bombers" will be "late as usual"—and listen with interest to "Blue Two's report" to



1833RD ORDNANCE SUPPLY AND MAINTENANCE COMPANY

"Chairman." Radio chatter is a sort of diversion on the monotonous run to the enemy coast and eventual rendezvous.

Approaching that same coast our first thought is of flak and we almost automatically put on a couple more inches of manifold pressure—"let's get up some speed and get by the coast" is the feeling.

We go on until rendezvous—switching to wing-tanks as we burn down the fuselage tank to 30 gals., watching for the bombers (and all other planes); studying the ground, if visible, for possible land marks or recognition features.

Actually it's all pretty business-like and de-glamorizing. The details of flying proper formation, constantly checking the cockpit, listening to the radio, looking about—there are few if any divergent or idle thoughts. Details and facts follow the same general pattern on each mission and allow for very little individual reaction.

The big point of change in thoughts comes when we enter the cockpit. 'Til then there have been the questions—where, when, how long—the hurry of dressing, eating, getting to briefing—then the rush to get flying equipment, escape kits—last minute instruction by flight and squadron leaders. All this creates a nervous tension in the oldest pilots as well as the new—we can't escape it.

Once aboard the Mustang, heads clear, nerves relax—and the real job begins with no distractions. Forgotten then are the sleepy eyes, hurried breakfast, and anxieties born of anticipation tumble one by one as we go on (save for the ever-present gremlin who makes a magnetor start running rough or causes the oil pressure gauge to wobble distractingly).



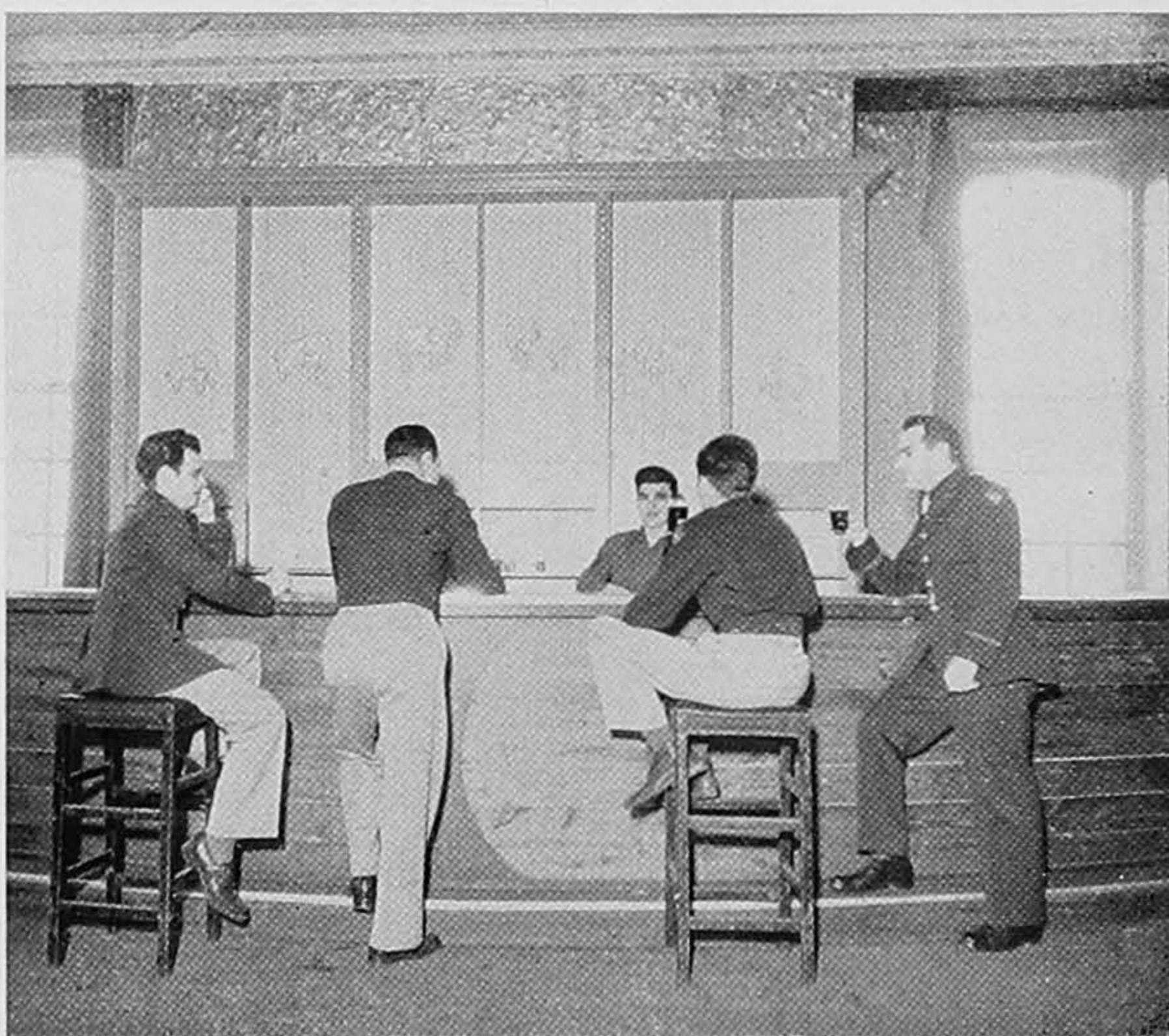
A-BIKING WE WENT—Enlisted men cornered bikes after first few months. Officers thumbed rides in passing Jeeps and Trucks.



SOFTBALL was played constantly on off-duty hours, anywhere there was room enough to choose up sides.

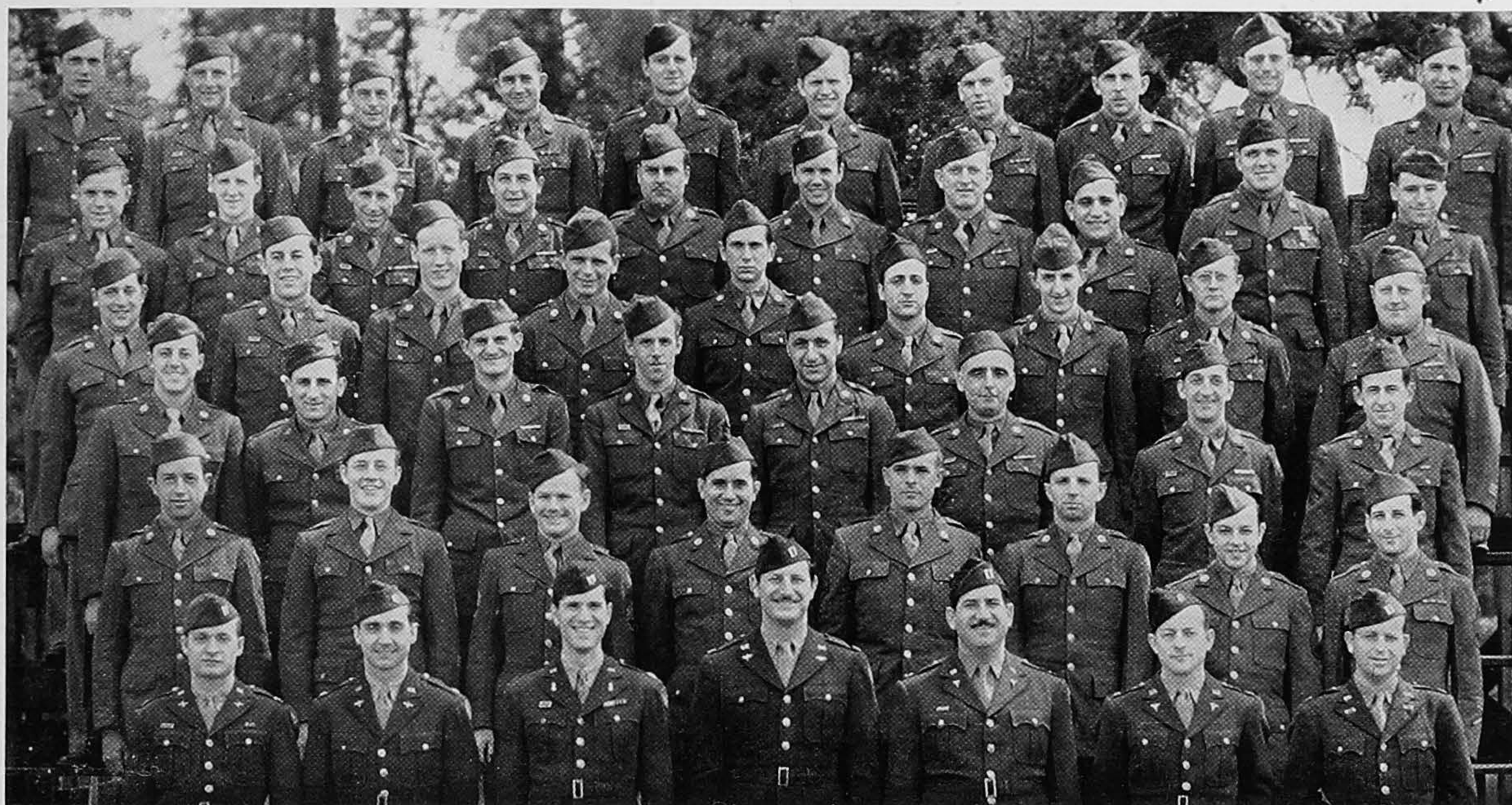


OFFICERS' first organized softball team included:—Front row, l. to r.—Col. Tacon, Pezda, Major Swaney; second row, Fogg, Cranfill, Rankin, Platt; standing, Wiley, Fraley and Englund.

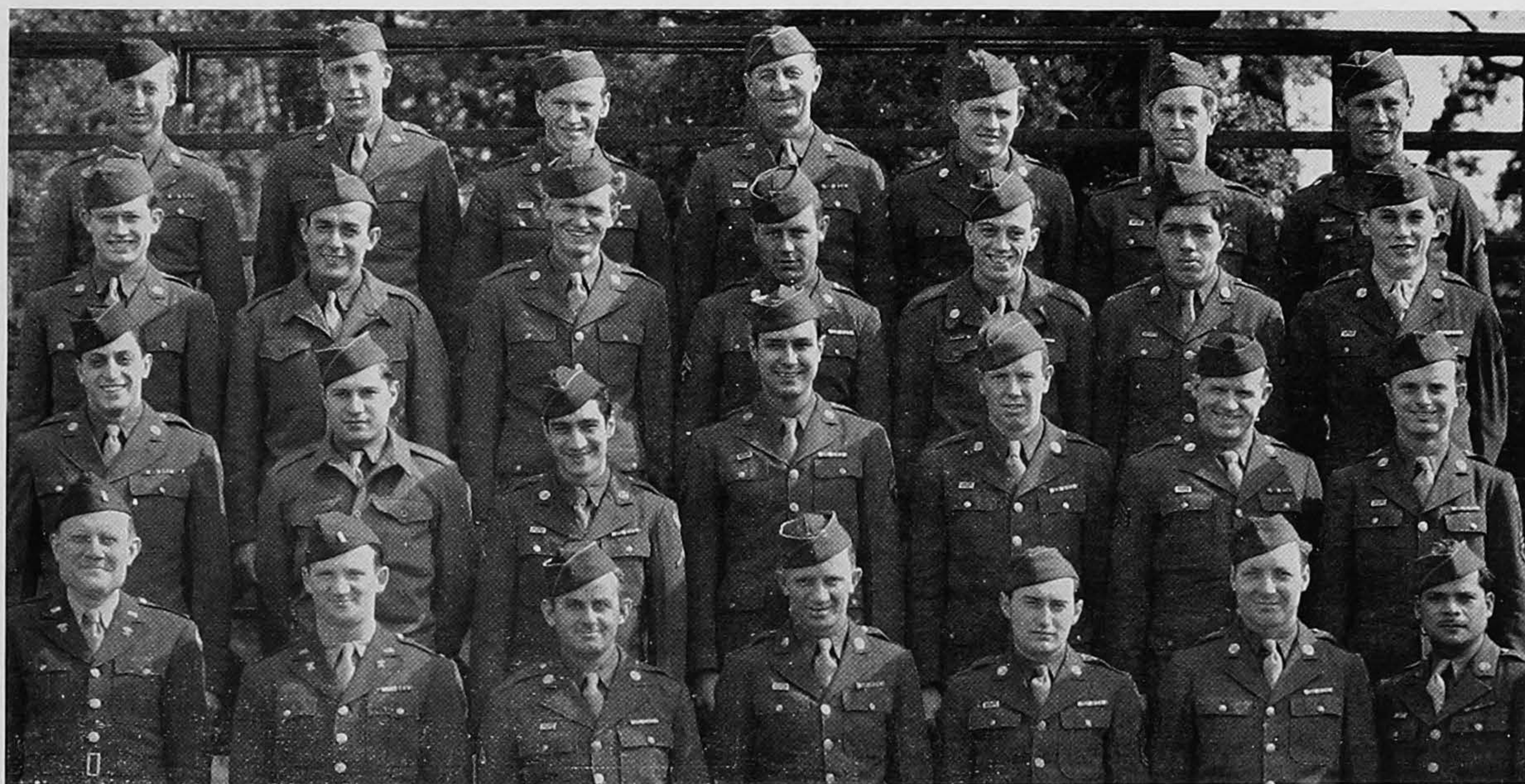


WRETHAM BAR was once library. Pink elephants above bar shook some imbibers. Left to Right—John Kelly, Dave Steine, Olje Olsen and J. C. Boyd.

Services and Supplies



HDQ. AND HDQS. SQUADRON, 85TH SERVICE GROUP



1065TH QUARTERMASTER COMPANY

Relaxing



CHEERS !—When the 368th threw a party in the station gym. The girls didn't go for the beer.



PARTY NIGHT—Maj. Ben King cuts a cake at 368th squadron party.



BASEBALL TEAM of station hit full stride after VE-Day. Standing, l. to r., Lt. Payton, Capt. Major Moore, outfield; Purcell, outfield; Kiebazk, infield; Fayjack, outfield; and Col. Don Baccus. Kneeling, l. to r., Marquart, lb.; Moresco, ss; Neri, c; Chowanic, 3b; Rathushy, lb; White 2b.



GI WOLVES—This USO trooper posed graciously with howling types.



MID - WESTERNERS—T/Sgt. Harry Davis, Toledo, Ohio, signs plaque on one of Aero Club's state nights.



'OPEN HOUSE,' on 38th anniversary of USAAF, Aug. 1, 1945. Free jeep-rides for kiddies was a hit of show that attracted nearly 4,000 English folk from nearby communities.

Our Greatest Day

It began normally, as so many other missions had begun.

The Forts were to bomb the oil plants in the Merseburg area and our Mustangs were to pick them up at 22,000 feet in the Blankenheim area at 1050. Maj. Ben King and Maj. Bill Forehand were leaders.

Rendezvous was perfect . . . and 25 minutes later battles raged that resulted in our greatest day. The score: 35 enemy planes destroyed; four probably destroyed; 18 damaged.

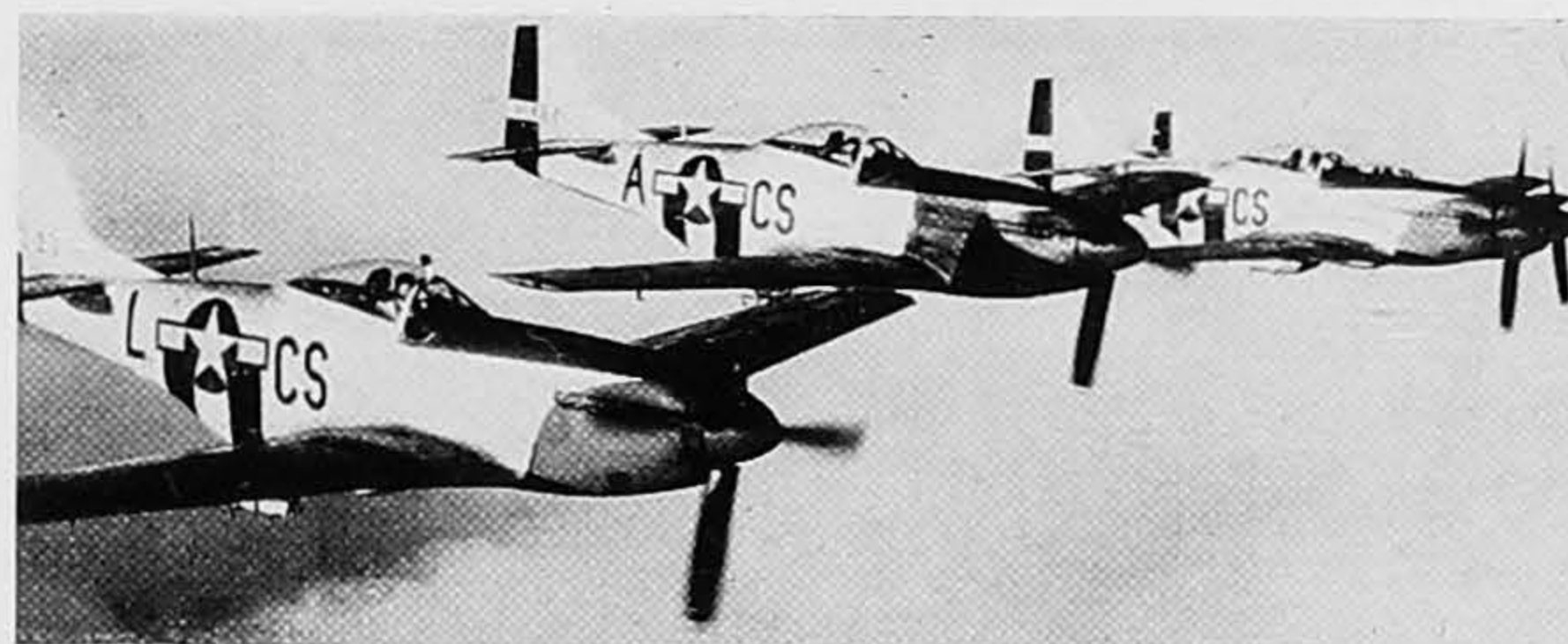
Here's the official citation issued from Headquarters, First Air Division, 2 June 1945, that tells the story:

"The 359th Fighter Group is cited for extraordinary heroism, determination, and *esprit de corps* in action against the enemy on 11 September 1944.

"On this date the 359th was assigned at the task of providing penetration, target and withdrawal support to bombardment forces attacking objectives in Germany. At 0921 hours a total of 49 P-51 airplanes took off from home base in England and proceeded to rendezvous points and assumed escort positions.

"At 1115 hours in the vicinity of Gissen, Germany, 50 Me-109's and FW-190's were sighted at 32,000 feet preparing to attack the trailing bombardment formation. Pilots of the 359th Fighter Group immediately dispersed and drove the hostile fighters to the deck destroying one and damaging two.

"Constantly on the alert for possible interception this unit observed a number of enemy aircraft taking off from an airfield near Gotha, Germany, at 1130 hours and aggressively dived to attack. Exhibiting the highest degree of courage pilots outmaneuvered and destroyed five (5) Me-109's in the air and then in



A QUIZ PICTURE would be this showing a flight of four Mustangs 'tucked in so closely' it appears there are only three. Vertical fin on tail of fourth is visible beyond third aircraft to right.

the face of anti-aircraft fire strafed and destroyed four (4) Ju-88's and Me-210's and damaged four (4) others.

"Shortly thereafter an estimated thirty (30) Me-109's and FW-190's were sighted heading east at 30,000 feet on the bomber track. Although outnumbered an element of the 359th determinedly attacked the enemy and in close combat destroyed two (2) and damaged another.

"At 1150 hours over 100 hostile fighters were seen at 30,000 feet, north of the bomber formation, and pilots of this unit immediately proceeded towards the enemy. Opening fire with vigor and determination they destroyed four (4), probably destroyed two (2) and damaged one (1) and then in individual dog-fights destroyed an additional four (4) of the enemy.

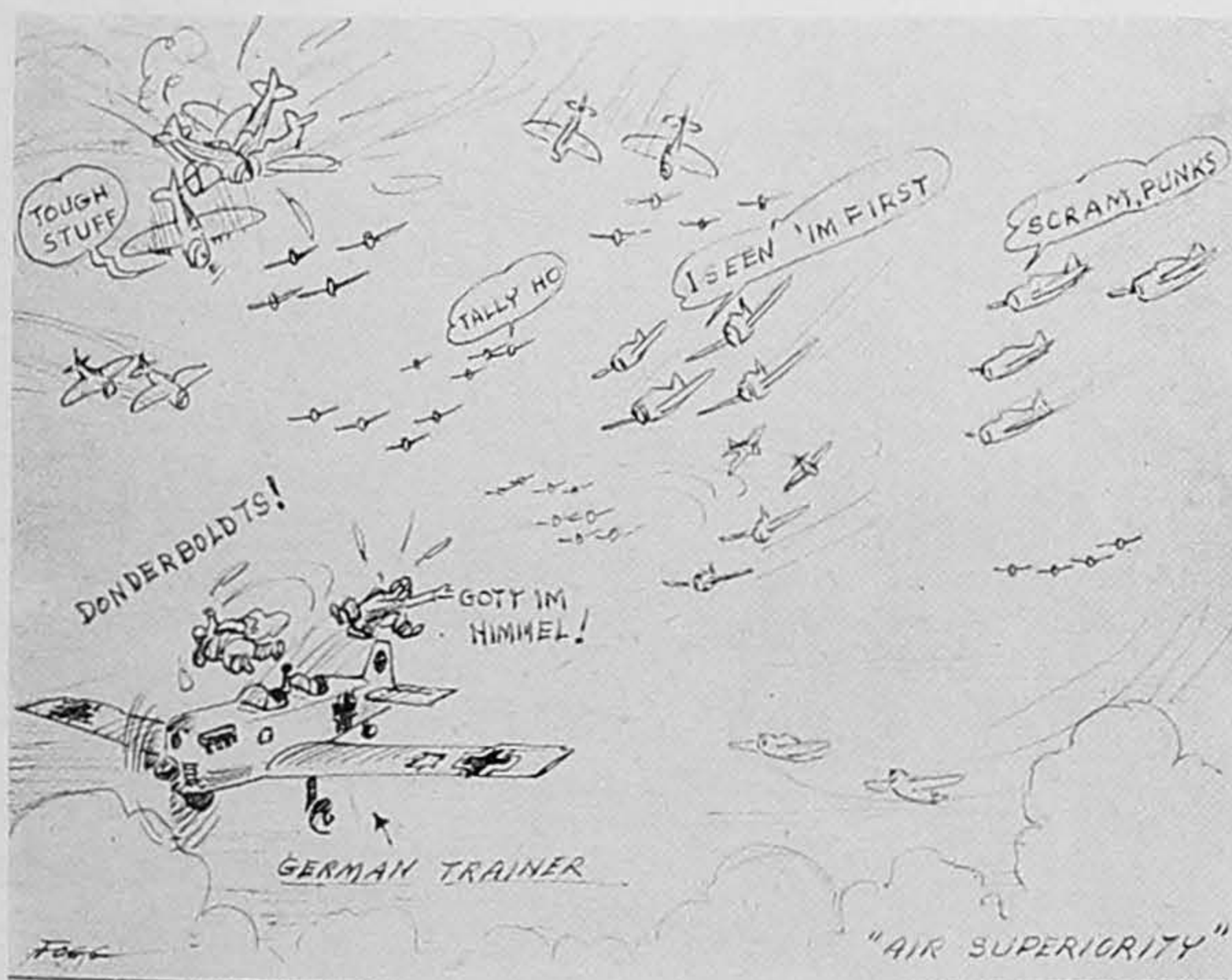
"Meanwhile other pilots of the groups descended to a grass landing ground in the vicinity of Kelleda, Germany, and in dividing offensive tactics destroyed four (4) and damaged nine (9) parked aircraft.

"At 1205 hours in the vicinity of Eisleben, after the target had been bombed, 15 FW-190's executed vicious attacks on the bomber formation. The 359th aggressively moved to the scene of this action and in daring offensive tactics destroyed six (6) of the enemy aircraft, probably destroyed an additional two (2) and damaged one (1) other.

"On the return to home base this unit destroyed seven (7) locomotives.

"The conspicuous intrepidity, aggressive tactics and *esprit de corps* displayed by pilots of this unit on this occasion accounted for the destruction of thirty-five (35) enemy aircraft and contributed to the safe escort of the attacking bombardment formations."

"The actions of this unit reflect the highest credit upon the 359th Fighter Group and the Armed Forces of the United States."



TACTICALLY and technically outclassed Luftwaffe had extremely hard time dodging U.S. fighters escorting the bombers. Fogg's cartoon shows eagerness of Yanks who tired of uneventful escort-flying and swarmed over enemy at any opportunity.

CAPT. RAYMOND B. JANNEY II, Norristown, Pa., once crashed a Nazi tank with his Mustang belly-scoop while strafing an enemy column in France. "I must have scared Hell out of them," he said. "They stopped firing at me."



'48 To London'

Brandon, Lakenheath, Shippea Hill, Ely, Cambridge, Audley End, Bishop's Stortford, LONDON

There was the time you stood from Thetford all the way to London, your feet numb in the draughty corridor, the windows steamed so that even the bleak Suffolk landscape was hidden in the November curtain of cold. There was the jerking, stopping, backing, starting, and there was the inevitable twenty-minute stop at Ely. You cursed the heat-lever over the seat; it never worked.

But then it was April, a half year later. You left your overcoat behind in the belly-tank crate that served as a wall-locker, stuffed some shaving articles in your musette bag and hopped the 5.50 or the 9 or the 11 o'clock bus from the M.P. Gate. You were taking off on a "48 to London." It was Spring and you felt eager.

No tickets now at 14-bob-round-trip. In April, '45 you began getting reverse lend-lease in travel warrants to any point in the U.K. You waited on the platform for the train to pull in from Norwich, buying a "Daily Express," "Sketch," "Mail," "Post," or "Illustrated." Then you read the signs: "There'll Always Be Mazawattee Tea" and watched a Thetford farmer herd two goats off the Bury train through the passengers. And you looked over the local civilians, the British officers, and the scores of American airman, a few of them with all their gear starting the trip back to the States.

Local trains from Swaffham and Watton arrived with school-kids in shorts and high wool stockings, clutching their books like the school-kids in all countries. The British Indian soldiers looked up from the freight-cars they were unloading and silently



CONSTABLE RAYNER, our police-link with the British, guided local MP's in giving out directions for motoring G.I.'s.



'14-BOB ADVENTURE'—Round trip to London cost fourteen shillings. Ticket-buyers l. to r.—Mason, Fraser, Crane, Hanzalik, all 368th.

watched the trains. Thetford is a small town, but its station carried life in and out by day and night: Girls from Knettishall, Scotch officers in kilts, G.I.'s starting on pass clean-shaven and returning unpressed, unshaven and unwell; goats, dogs, bicycles, and boxes of aromatic fish.

And there was the morning a few months after D-Day when your train was an hour late and then you saw why: A hospital train steamed in to pick up a score of U.S. wounded, casualties headed for the States. There was no ceremony, no coffee and doughnuts or brave smiles; the wounded stared back at those who stared at them, their eyes dull and tired

You sat in the compartment and slept most of the way. That is you sat when there was a seat, one of the eight that could be crowded into each compartment. Opposite you was a minister who smiled in a kindly, professional way; three gunners from the B-17 field near Bury, invariably sleeping; two civilian women next to you reading a cheap-covered book and holding boxes and babies; a civilian smoking steadily, his pipe acrid and penetrating, tobacco shreds sprinkled unnoticed on his well-worn overcoat.

Again you read the signs in the train: "If danger seems imminent, lie on the floor," advised the poster next to the water-color of the cathedral. "It is dangerous for passengers to put their heads out of carriage windows," warned the message over the door with its window you opened by working the heavy leather strap.



1141ST MILITARY POLICE COMPANY (CENTRAL)

The Italian P.O.W.'s were standing and sitting around the freight-cars at Brandon, smoking and waving but mostly just watching and joking with each other. The civilian next to you explained that the land around Ely was all under water a long time ago, and that the Cathedral was raised a bloody long time ago on the only high ground in the vicinity. The town was named after the eels. Dull country, Suffolk but best bloody farmland in England, he went on, only place you get three bloody crops a year. He told you other things, but even after a year-and-a-half you couldn't catch all he said. You see planted fields slipping by, replacing the acres of young trees planted by England around Thetford to provide lumber for English generations yet unborn . . .



85th HQ. MEN snapped pictures of chummy groups like this one. Kneeling, l. to r.: 'Polecat' McCollum, Vince Brazil, 'Ike' Rogers, Clarence Gray, Elmer Goldberg and Stanley Perkelita. Standing: 'Ding' Quaglini, Jack Keith, Sid Sutton and Tom Ford.

"Careless Talk Costs Lives" . . . You reach Cambridge and know your trip is two-thirds done, only two stops now and you reach Liverpool street station—London. The train picks up speed through the canals and pastures the other side of Cambridge and finally you pass the unit-houses, each with its vegetable garden facing the railroad track, with its air-raid shelter in the garden, and each with its laundry out on the lines. Ten minutes now . . . you are in and out of tunnels until suddenly you are up on an elevated track banked on both sides with the ruins and debris of bombed-out apartment houses, churches, factories and office buildings. You know then you're in London.

Liverpool Street station . . . "Tickets, please!" The station is noisy with hissing steam from your train, the familiar voice of the girl announcer, and the crowds of people heading for the tube. It is unlike any Ameri-

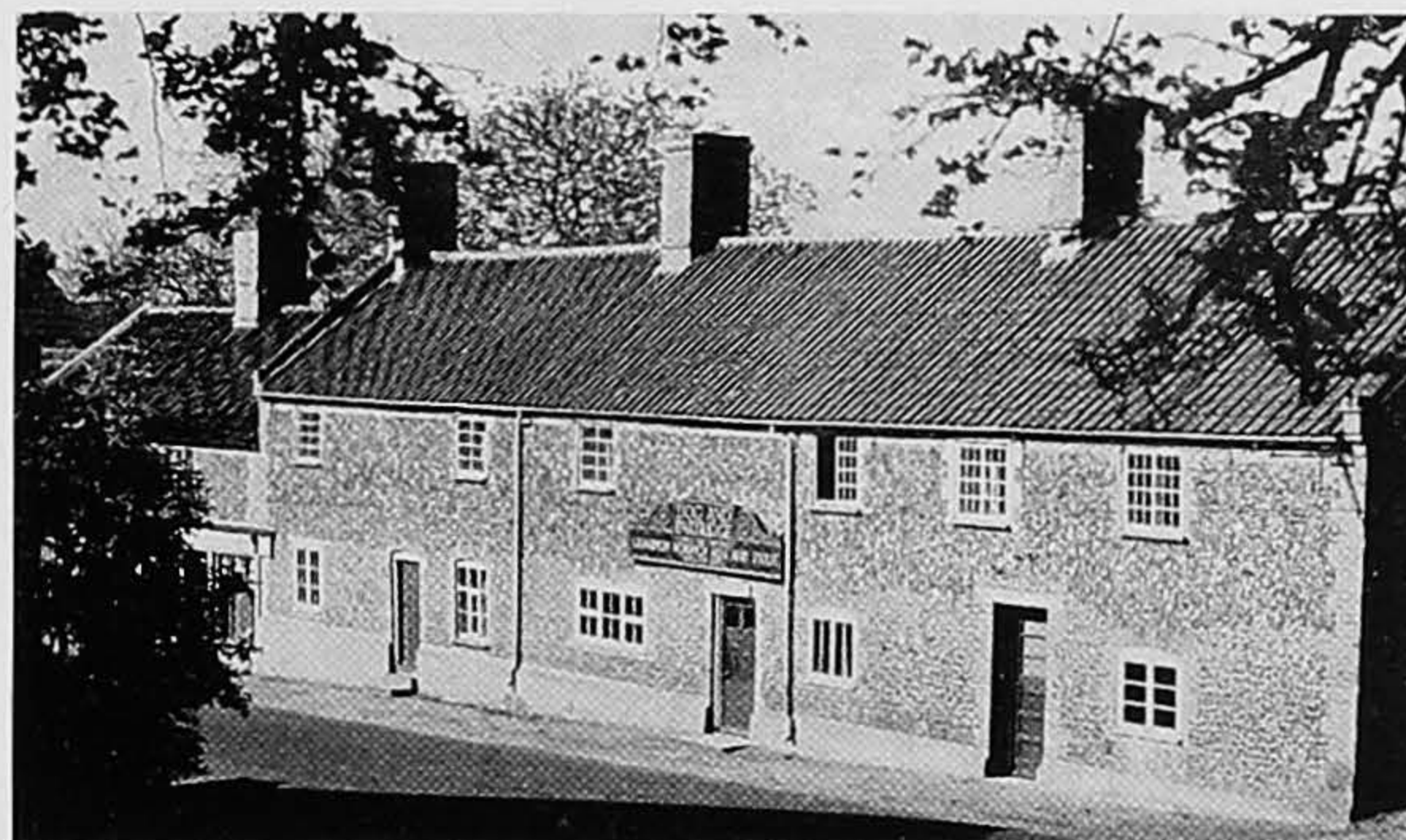


RED CROSS (God Bless 'Em) furnished Aero Club like 'Home Sweet Home'. Edith and Jean are in this picture of the EM's lounge.

We'll Ne'er Forget



DOWNTOWN THETFORD with Bell Hotel on the right, St. James Congregational Church straight ahead. Anglo-American Club was on street round to right. Norwich lay ahead on Highway 11.



'DOG AND PARTRIDGE,' rendezvous nightly on bike-missions for strong men who drank 'Mild and Bitter.'



ROAD TO MESS HALLS. On the right was the field and thatched-roof houses lined the road clear up to the 'gate'.



ENGLISH SNOW varied from American type. It appeared in foggy clouds, tinsel trees like glistening frost. You're looking down main road to Hall from the Line. It's the 'Main Gate'.



"CASTLE HILL" was one of Thetford's points of interest. GI's and girls often climbed curling path up mound for 'view of English countryside.' Mounds were said to be primitive fortifications.



HIGH-RANKING French officer pinned Croix de Guerre on Col. Tacon after Colonel became 67th Wing executive officer.

can train station for there are no hilarious meetings or emotional goodbyes. Everyone is intent upon his own journey; to the London man or woman the train is not a novelty, it is a God-sent chance to get away to the country for one night of solid sleep away from bombs, V-1 and V-2. To the G.I. arriving, the train also is no novelty, it has been a boring, uncomfortable means of getting to the city where he wants no solid sleep.

Your pass is almost up. You get to the station at 8 o'clock and find a seat. Then you joke with the girl you met or brought along, and maby try a cup of scalding tea in the canteen. You're on the 8.20 out of Liverpool Street . . . Now you find sleep easy, and you no longer have to keep your uniform pressed or clean. You are unshaven and tired, and you smoke and read the London papers . . . Lakenheath, Brandon . . . Thetford, and you head for the stairs and Mr. Wilby takes your ticket and Taylor drives you back to camp.

Your 48's to London were different each time you went. You remember some of the sights and

Squadron commanders changed swiftly during combat.

In the 368th, CO's were RAY TYRRELL, CLIFF SHAW, BILL FOREHAND, CHUCK ETTLESEN, BEN KING, NIVEN CRANFILL and JIM PARSONS.

In the 369th there were ROCKY GRAY, BILL SWANSON, CHAUNCE IRVINE, JIM HOWARD, FOX PEZDA, FRED HODGES and RALPH COX.

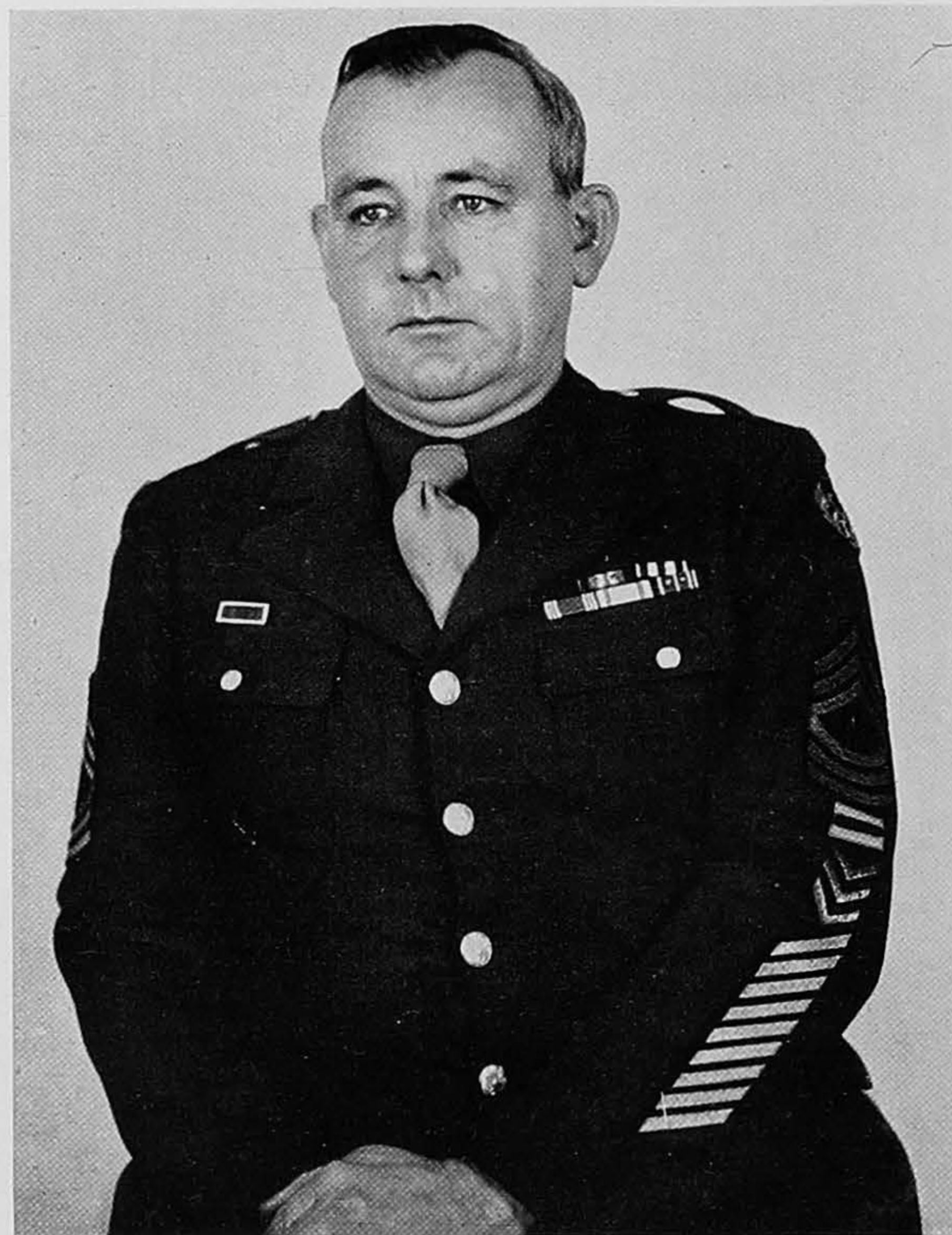
In the 370th, the chain was fairly stable—MURPHY, MCKEE and WETMORE.

sounds of England's capital city, but they grow dim and lost in the procession of time and events. Probably forever you will remember the English train that took you there, with its smell of pipe tobacco, its windows and lights shielded for blackouts, its passengers who slept or read the "Mail," its platforms with their posters for "Bovril" and its flat surrounding country divided by trees, stone-hedges and waterways. Probably you will never forget the voice of the girl calling trains at Cambridge, the shafts of light cutting through the mist in Liverpool street station, the old lady with the kid from London shouting "Aye, Mom, see the rabbits out in the field," and stubby old Thomas Wilby waiting for you at the Thetford platform.

*Sgt. Joseph Schoeninger,
Carmel, Calif.*

*Edited by Capt. Thomas H. Raines,
PRO-Intell., 359th.*

*Photography directed by 1st Lt. Norman J.
Johnson, Photo Officer, 359th.*



MULTI-STRIPED—M/Sgt. Herman F. Senter, top-kick of the 368th, carried on his left sleeve to wit: 8th Air Force patch; master-sergeant stripes; two Hershey bars; three overseas V's of World War I; and nine hash-marks.

Odds and Ends



SNOW CARPETED the field several times during Winter '44. Work-details found thin layer of ice beneath, chipped and shoveled for days.



WE WERE AMAZED to learn Thomas Paine, a wheel in the American Revolution, was a native son of nearby Thetford where this plaque was erected in his honor by a neighbouring bomb group. Before we left England, Paine was voted American citizenship by Congress.



HALF-A-PINT—Soonest fellows got used to 'mild and bitter,' they even held parties with the stuff. Ape-head in picture frightened nearby residents.



'COKE BAR'—Maj. Dave Steine, CO of the Hqs. 448th Air Service Group, christens the station's popular 'Coke Bar'. A former Coca-Cola man in civilian life, Dave enjoys a cold one jerked by Cpl. Jerome Johnson.



'NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD.' Here's the inside of a Laing Hut that GI's converted into their ETO-home.

My Service Record:

Entered Army at..... on.....
Basic Training at.....

PROMOTED

To..... on.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

ARMY SCHOOLS ATTENDED

..... at..... date.....
.....
.....
.....

UNITS SERVED WITH

..... at.....
.....
.....
.....

Shipped Overseas.....
date..... Transport.....

Landed at..... on.....

Stationed at.....

BATTLE PARTICIPATION

.....
.....

AWARDS and DECORATIONS

.....
.....

Sailed from ETO.....
date..... Transport.....

Arrived in U.S.A. on..... at.....

Discharged on..... at.....

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AIR SUPPORT FOR THE ARDENNES

