



December 2019

# 8TH AF NEWS

Volume 19 Number 4 Voice of "The Mighty Eighth"

## The story of DAY'S PAY



Dear Sgt. Purcell:

December  
1944

I'm sincerely wishing for you  
all the gladness and peace  
that cling round the Season  
of wonderful cheer,  
Old joys ever new,  
that grow and increase,  
and bring sweet contentment  
Year after year.

You're doing a wonderful job,  
and don't think for one  
minute, that we're not proud  
of you. A fellow American, and  
friend,  
Lucille

"THE SUNSHINE LINE"  
4408 Made in U. S. A.

**Also inside:**

**Photos from the 45th Annual 8th AFHS Reunion in St. Louis!**

*Wishing all of you peace, love, and joy  
this holiday season and always!*



# 8th AF News

Voice of "The Mighty Eighth"

December 2019

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## THE 8TH A F NEWS

The Eighth Air Force News is dedicated to the memory of Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, founder of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society in 1975, and Editor of the "News" for sixteen years. It is published quarterly and is the official news magazine of the Society, a 501(c)3. The 8th AF News is distributed to members of the Society and is not for public sale.

Home offices are located at:

**68 Kimberlys Way  
Jasper, GA 30143-4769**

# EDITOR'S NOTES

It happens every year.

Excitement and anticipation for our annual reunion builds. After months of planning and preparation, the day arrives. But, in the blink of an eye, it becomes yet another cherished memory.

Speaking for myself, these annual reunions become pivotal moments in time. There is the joy in reconnecting with old friends, yet an equal amount of heartbreak in realizing far too many are no longer able to travel or have sadly passed on. Truly an emotional roller coaster that, at times, can be pretty overwhelming for all of us.

In spite of it all, we keep planning. We embrace what I call a "Field of Dreams Philosophy": *'...if we build it, they will come.'* For the past 45 years, "they"—many of you—DO continue to come. The reunion experience has evolved into a sort of personal pilgrimage; hundreds of people celebrating the lives, legacies, and memories of hundreds...thousands of individuals. But not just those who served in WWII.

One of the most poignant memories during the St. Louis reunion for me, occurred during the waning moments

of the Saturday evening Gala. Beverly Tomb stood at the podium and invited all of those in attendance who had served from 1955 to 1971 to come forward and receive a special pin and certificate in recognition for their service. I was aware of a handful of "next gens" in attendance who were Vietnam vets, but to witness the crowd of folks



*A special moment with Bob Ford*

begin to stand up, and one by one, approach the front of the room, was indescribable. Several of our WWII vets continued on to serve in Korea and Vietnam, and their sons and daughters did as well. (Photo on pp.16-17) There were no dry eyes.

While there has been a lot of spec-

ulation among the members and Board as to when and/or where the Society will hold subsequent reunions, the word

"final" has faded into a faint whisper.

With YOUR continued support—both fiscally (dues and donations) and physically (attending reunions)—we will continue to celebrate the legacies and memories of ALL our heroes for many years to come.

I hope you will plan on attending our 2020 reunion in Memphis, TN. Watch for exciting news and details in the upcoming March 2020 issue of the 8<sup>th</sup> A F News!

My love and best wishes to ALL of you. May you be blessed abundantly during this season of Christmas and Hanukkah, and enjoy a wonderful and prosperous New Year!

*Deb*



**Please JOIN the Eighth Air Force Historical Society  
TODAY!!!**



First Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Middle Initial: \_\_\_\_\_ Last Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_ City: \_\_\_\_\_ State/County: \_\_\_\_\_

Zip/Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Country: \_\_\_\_\_ Email: \_\_\_\_\_

Phone: \_\_\_\_\_ 8th Affiliation/Interest [optional]: \_\_\_\_\_

**Membership Annual Dues: \$40 or £30 GBP**

Payment: Check /Credit Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date: \_\_\_\_\_ Amount: \_\_\_\_\_

*Visa, MasterCard, or American Express ONLY--A \$2.00 processing fee will be added to all credit card purchases!*

**PayPal: ManagingDirector@8thAFHS.org**

By renewing or requesting membership in the 8th Air Force Historical Society, I hereby grant permission for the Society to hold and maintain my information as contained herein, indefinitely, with the stipulation that my information not be shared nor be made public to any other entity without my expressed written permission.

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**JOIN ONLINE: [www.8thAFHS.org](http://www.8thAFHS.org)**



# PRESIDENT'S BRIEFING

**Anne Marek**  
**President & Treasurer**

The forty-fifth 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Historical Society Reunion is now in the history books. I have been elected to serve as your President for this coming year as well as continuing as Treasurer.

From the feedback I heard, it appears that everyone had a terrific time during Reunion, thoroughly enjoying the tours, seeing old friends and making new ones. In addition to the 24 Bomb Groups who came, we also welcomed some additional groups – 7<sup>th</sup> PRG, SAD III, and three fighter groups, the 56<sup>th</sup>, 91<sup>st</sup>, and 361<sup>st</sup>. For the first time, The Pilots of WWII officially joined our ranks. Also, we honored the veterans in attendance from the wars and conflicts of Korea, Iraq, Vietnam, and the Cold War. Mr. Lynn David, Executive Vice-President of AFEES (Air Forces Escape and Evasion Society) spoke at our general membership meeting and shared some fascinating statistics about those who aided the evaders.

We are now looking forward to our 46<sup>th</sup> Annual Reunion in Memphis from October 21 - 25, 2020. This site was chosen in a membership poll in Dayton last year as one of the top three locations attendees wanted to go. Savannah and San Antonio were the other two sites. The Board wanted to postpone Savannah to 2021 as that will be the Mighty 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Museum's 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary, and we wanted to acknowledge and honor this milestone.

Because the Board also wanted to add a few more years before we returned to San Antonio, we chose Memphis for 2020. Debra and I visited the hotel and found them to be able to meet all of our specific requirements. Plus, Memphis is a city that has not hosted a Society Reunion before. We are planning exciting speakers and programs which I'm sure everyone will enjoy.

If any of our members have specific items that he or she would like the Board to address, please email them to either me or Debra. Our email addresses appear at the beginning of the magazine.

***Remember, our focus is on the veterans  
and preserving their legacy.***

## **Treasurer's Report**

As Treasurer of the Society, I'm including the third quarter financial statements, both the Profit and Loss and the Statement of Financial Position, for your information. Please note that we continue to show a profit \$80,649.00 for the year. This also includes all income received for the Society Reunion later in October, much of which is designated to cover those expenses. However, we had another nice increase in our Oppenheimer portfolio. Since we



**SAVE the Date!**  
**46th Annual Reunion**  
**>> October 21-25, 2020 <<**  
**Memphis, TN**

# TREASURER'S LEDGER

switched our investment account to them in June, 2018, our portfolio has increased approximately 30%; and year to date we are up 16%. We have also saved approximately \$1200 in investment fees so far over what was charged by our previous broker. Our account executive, Mr. Gavin Natelli, continues to monitor our investments and discusses the account with me each month. If you have any questions, please feel free to contact me.

I wish to remind everyone that "It's never too late to remember the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Historical Society in your estate plan." This can be a major way to insure the continuation of our Society and to fulfill our legacy for not only the next gens but the second and third gens as well. The Society did receive notification recently that a member has done just that and remembered us when he modified his beneficiary designations.

Don't forget to "shop" at Amazon Smiles when you are purchasing on-line. We have received \$27 from them so far this year. The link is <https://smile.amazon.com/ch/59-1757631>. (See p.6) Please take advantage of it. Thanks to those of you who remembered.

In summary, I am pleased to report that your Society continues to enjoy financial security. Our portfolio continues to grow and has remained untouched to fund administrative costs and daily operating expenses since June of 2018.

Our reunion in St. Louis was a fabulous one. It was great seeing all of you there.

Looking forward to seeing all of you next year, in Memphis! Have a wonderful Holiday Season and a happy and healthy New Year!

*Anne*

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society Profit & Loss January through September 2019	
	Jan - Sep 19
Ordinary Income/Expense	
Income	
4000 - Income	
4001 - Amazon Smiles	26.82
4010 - Member Dues Annual	58,096.62
4019 - Donations	1,892.31
4057 - UK Account	287.35
Total 4000 - Income	60,303.10
4050 - Investment Income	
4058 - Portfolio Dividends & Interest	3,235.70
4059 - Realized Gain/(Loss) on Invest	784.93
4060 - Unrealized Gain/(Loss) on Invest	23,926.68
4061 - Investment Management Fees	0.00
Total 4050 - Investment Income	27,947.31
Total Income	88,250.41
Expense	
5100 - National Administration Expense	
5104 - Awards, Gifts & Grants	247.00
5106 - Membership Promotion	135.02
5111 - Corporation Charges	70.00
5121 - 8AF History Projects	189.72
Total 5100 - National Administration Expense	641.74
5200 - Magazine Expenses	
5210 - Printing Expenses	9,787.03
5220 - Postage Expenses	3,957.88
5240 - Layout/Design	1,295.33
5260 - Sales Tax	180.37
Total 5200 - Magazine Expenses	15,220.61
5300 - National Office Expenses	
5303 - Telephone/DSL	450.00
5304 - Supplies	349.85
5305 - Abila Software/ Computer Exps	1,574.98
5306 - Accounting Support	2,795.00
5307 - Office Rent	900.00
5308 - Insurance	310.00
5312 - FICA-8AFHS portion	2,495.79
5313 - Payroll/ Office Management	32,625.00
5315 - Postage & Shipping	876.43
5316 - Bank Charges/ Returned checks	155.58
5317 - Dues Collection Expense	421.02
5323 - Merchant Account Usage Fees	1,218.85
5325 - Miscellaneous Expense	20.00
5326 - Payroll processing fees	801.00
Total 5300 - National Office Expenses	44,993.50
Total Expense	60,855.85
Net Ordinary Income	27,394.56
Other Income/Expense	
Other Income	
6550 - Annual Meeting Revenue	
6551 - Event Registration	57,560.43
6550 - Annual Meeting Revenue - Other	5,170.00
Total 6550 - Annual Meeting Revenue	62,730.43
Total Other Income	62,730.43

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society Profit & Loss January through September 2019	
	Jan - Sep 19
Other Expense	
7100 - Annual Meeting Expenses	
7101 - Supplies & Items for Sale	1,137.44
7103 - Hotel Expense/Catering	775.60
7104 - Tours/Transportation	5,297.80
7105 - Staff Expenses	536.60
7106 - Reimbursements	1,096.00
7110 - Site visit	534.60
7111 - Rebates to Veterans	93.00
Total 7100 - Annual Meeting Expenses	9,475.84
Total Other Expense	9,475.84
Net Other Income	53,254.59
Net Income	80,649.15

The Eighth Air Force Historical Society Statement of Financial Position As of September 30, 2019	
	Sep 30, 19
ASSETS	
Current Assets	
Checking/Savings	
1017 - Oppenheimer & Co	182,474.64
1040 - Bank of America Checking Acct.	40,062.29
1042 - Bank of America Savings Acct.	32,522.78
Total Checking/Savings	255,059.71
Total Current Assets	255,059.71
TOTAL ASSETS	255,059.71
LIABILITIES & EQUITY	
Liabilities	
Current Liabilities	
Other Current Liabilities	
2050 - Payroll & Taxes Payable	2,896.57
2051 - Payroll payable	1,263.20
2052 - FICA & withhold taxes payable	
Total 2050 - Payroll & Taxes Payable	4,159.77
Total Other Current Liabilities	4,159.77
Total Current Liabilities	4,159.77
Total Liabilities	4,159.77
Equity	
3200 - *Unrestricted Net Assets	170,250.79
Net Income	80,649.15
Total Equity	250,899.94
TOTAL LIABILITIES & EQUITY	255,059.71

# NOTEWORTHY

## Support Eighth Air Force Historical Society Inc.

When you shop at [smile.amazon.com](https://smile.amazon.com),  
Amazon donates.

Go to [smile.amazon.com](https://smile.amazon.com)

amazon smile

Or, simply type the URL below into your browser:  
<https://smile.amazon.com/ch/59-1757631>

**Don't forget:  
Membership into  
the Society makes a  
great gift for ANY  
occasion!**

## In Search of: BOOKS

As many of you know, one of our UK representatives, John Gilbert, works with four of the schools in and around Norwich, sharing 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force history with the students and faculty alike.

All of the schools are in the process of growing and expanding their libraries on WWII history, but in order to do this, they need books. (Real books as opposed to the digital variety.)

Here is how you can help: If you have books on WWII history—they do NOT have to be specific to 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force—and would like to donate them to these students, simply send them to our office and we will get them to John in the UK. Check to see which shipping method is most economical in your area. Often, UPS ground is very inexpensive.

One of the best ways to assure the preservation of the memories and legacies of the men and

women of the 8<sup>th</sup> is to instill this knowledge in our youth.

Please feel free to contact me if you have any questions. Thank you in advance for your help!

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***UPDATE: I have received FIFTEEN [15] cartons of books so far with promises of more on the way! This is an awesome response. Thank you! Please, keep them coming.***

**\*Please submit ALL articles, etc. at least 30 days PRIOR to the date of the next issue of the 8th AF News! Remember: submission does NOT guarantee publication. Due to size constraints of the magazine, I am very limited in publishing non-solicited material, however, I will review for consideration. Please submit materials via email [preferred] with hi-res photos attached in jpg format. NEVER send originals—they may not be returned. If you have any questions, do not hesitate to contact me. I appreciate your help immensely. DDK**

## The 'tail' of Major Jerry

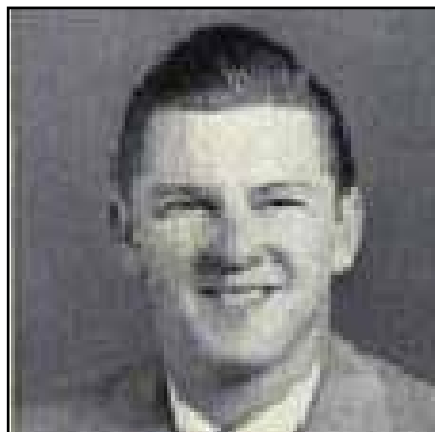
by Suzie Harrison

American Battle Monuments Commission  
Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial

**D**uring World War II, from 1941 onward, up to 3.5 million Americans passed through Britain, in what has become known as 'the friendly invasion.' Immediately before D-Day, 6 June 1944, 1.6 million Americans were based in the UK, poised and ready for action. In the weeks that followed, 1.2 million of them had crossed over to mainland Europe.

Everything had been building to that one point – the assault on Normandy - which is why the UK had become the largest logistical, medical and supply base in military history; but it didn't stop there. Many of those based in Britain continued to support not only the invasion, but the march to Berlin, and the aftermath. One

such was university graduate, Lewis Frederick.



*Above: Lewis S Frederick of Shelbyville, Kentucky, from his 1941 Duke University Chanticleer Yearbook photograph.*

Young Lewis described his

'civilian' occupation as actor, when he volunteered as a Cadet with the Air Corps in October 1941. He would go on to become a larger than life character during his service career.

After training, Lewis was assigned to the 14<sup>th</sup> Squadron, 61<sup>st</sup> Troop Carrier Group, rising rapidly through the ranks. By spring of 1942, he had teamed up with his best buddy Jerry, and they flew together via the southern Atlantic route, to take part in the campaigns of North Africa, Sicily and Italy. Jerry was an able observer, capable of spotting other aircraft well before anyone else.

Charismatic Lewis, nicknamed 'Freddy', soon came to the attention of newspapers and

# News from Across the Pond...

magazines, always accompanied by his friend, Jerry. Lewis Frederick was an excellent pilot, which might explain why the media loved him. One story goes, that after dropping paratroopers over Salerno, he noticed that the lead aircraft was in difficulties. A side hatch had somehow become lodged in the rudder structure, causing it to flap uncontrollably. Using the wing-tip of his C-47, Freddy attempted to dislodge the hatch. Unfortunately, his ploy was not successful. Ultimately, the damaged aircraft managed to land safely, the hatch being dislodged as speed was bled-off for landing.

However, it may not have been just his deeds that brought Freddy attention. His friend Jerry also made the limelight. The two buddies were featured in magazines such as 'Life' and 'Stars and Stripes'. Freddy always just one rank ahead of Jerry.

By the time they arrived in the UK prior to D-Day, Freddy and Jerry had logged well over a thousand flight hours.



*Left: Jerry wearing the parachute that had been specially made for him by squadron members.*

His faithful K9 had become squadron mascot, so when Jerry returned to work, aircrew still continued to rub his back for 'good luck'.

The highly decorated Lewis Frederick (Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with 2 Oak Leaf Clusters, Croix de Guerre), had become Squadron Commander and Lieutenant Colonel by October 1944; Jerry was promoted Major and wore

his rank badges on his collar. Still flying, Freddy continued to show his prowess, the first to pilot a glider, the cable of which was hooked by his colleagues in their C-47s, as an experiment to retrieve grounded gliders and return wounded. However, the Army Air Force had one more task for Freddy before he could go home.

It was probably his consummate flying ability that got Freddy picked to transfer to the

Unfortunately, the then, Capt. Jerry, was brought down to earth with a bump, when he fell afoul of the British Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, who ordered him quarantined!

Although Freddy flew and dropped paratroopers on D-Day, Jerry was not with him. Freddy was one of the first to land. During his de-brief on 6 June, and with a big grin, he is quoted as saying, 'Well...Europe's all invaded to hell'.



# News from Across the Pond...



more technically advanced B-24. These Liberators, re-designated as C-109s, were retro-fitted with huge fuel tanks; the precursors of the modern refuelling aircraft. When they took off on December 18, 1944, Major Jerry accompanied them, sitting between the two pilots.

This was to be a training flight, and the formation aircraft were all piloted by highly experienced air crew. Also, on board were a number of instructors, to train and monitor the pilots. Perhaps the crews were a little de-mob happy, but by all accounts, it was a rather light-hearted affair.

Shortly after take-off, a second C-109 in the formation (piloted by 1 Lt Daniel C. Wolf), dipped underneath Freddy's 'Lazy Lou', coming up on the port side and slicing through the propellers of the number 1 and 2 engines. Wolf's aircraft crashed immediately, but 'Lazy Lou' wobbled on in an attempt to make it back to the airfield. In a bid to avoid a cottage, the loss in air speed caused the aircraft to stall

and a wing tip hit the ground. Four of the 'crew' were thrown free, including Major Jerry; the remainder were trapped in the burning wreckage. Loyal Jerry crawled back into the debris to find his master.

Both Freddy and Jerry were badly burned. Lt. Col. Lewis S Frederick, 25, died of his injuries that day; Jerry was taken back to Barkston Heath and looked after in a special pen in the Supplies Armament tent by Cpl. Dorlac and Sgt. Cameron of Supply. They called in a young veterinary surgeon from Grantham, but Jerry succumbed to his injuries the day after Christmas. He is buried at Barkston Heath Airfield. Freddy is buried at Cambridge American Cemetery, D-2-48.

## Bibliography:

What ever happened to you Lazy Lou? Bristow, D. Barney Books: [www.barneybooks.co.uk](http://www.barneybooks.co.uk)

## What's On 2020:

2020 marks the 75th Anniversary of Victory in Europe Day, when hostilities ended in the ETO. Next year, in addition to our normal commemoration ceremony on Memorial Day, Cambridge American Cemetery will be marking VE Day with a special ceremony on Friday 8 May.

In order to honour those who sacrificed their lives fighting for all our freedoms, staff are planning to roll out our 'Faces of Cambridge' project. Since its inception in 2017, we and our volunteers have been researching to be able to put more faces to the names. Over 50% of those commemorated at Cambridge now have a photograph. These images will be displayed on the weekend beginning 8 May, so if you are coming to the UK, why not plan to visit us around May time?

## Victory in Europe Day 75

Friday 8 May 2020

Time: tbc

## Memorial Day

Monday 25 May 2020

Time: 11:00



**“Hitler’s Last Christmas”, A New Book About the Beginning of the End.**

**by Don Kilburg, Jr.**

This is a year of 75<sup>th</sup> anniversaries of multiple major events that changed the history of the world. Last June we marked that phenomenal D-Day invasion of Normandy by the Allies that preceded the dramatic push of the German war machine back to their country’s western border. This December 24<sup>th</sup> we mark the 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary of a pivotal mission of the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force--the entire 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force--that helped to turn the tide at a critical moment for the eventual defeat of Hitler. It has long been remembered as the mission that claimed the life of a promising and talented young General, Fredrick Castle.

About eleven years ago, at the annual reunion of the 487<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, the Group that led that Christmas Eve mission and suffered some of the greatest losses on it, a number of the then-surviving veterans of the 1944 event were complaining that, to the best of their knowledge, the detail of the day had never been

covered in print. They recalled vividly what they personally experienced that day, but were curious about the big picture, the stories of the more than 2000 heavy bombers, 800 fighters, and 20,000 plus airmen.

Before I knew what was happening, my Dad who was sitting next to me, grabbed my wrist and waived my hand to the sky. He was shouting “my son has done some writing; he’ll document the story!” I looked at him in dismay, but suddenly I was committed. What could I say to a war hero?

I was working full time running a manufacturing business at the time, but soon found myself researching and writing in my spare time. My Dad, who lived 3 time zones away was interested in a speedy completion of the project and consulted regularly by phone. He died in 2010.

Early on I was pleased to learn that the Air Force Historical Research Agency at Maxwell Field in Montgomery Alabama was the official custodian of the records of the Christmas Eve mission, Mission 760 of the 8<sup>th</sup> Army Air Force in World War II. I was also happy to learn that the specific records I was interested in had been microfilmed shortly after the war. My happiness dissipated quickly. The microfilm was mostly illegible. I traveled to Maxwell Field and the Research Agency. There I was told that, though the card file indicates they had the files for Mission 760, that file box was MIA. I was devastated. Though I had numerous eye-witness accounts in hand and the works of the master chronicler of the 8<sup>th</sup> Army Air Force, Roger Freeman, I really needed the official records of the mission. Eventually, I requested the files from Mission 759, a feint mission up the Channel to distract German Intelligence. The box for Mission 759 was quickly and easily located, but extremely heavy for such a small mission. Much to the surprise of the archivist AND me, the box contained one small folder for the labeled mis-

sion. The space behind it was packed tight with the files from Mission 760. They were crisp and neat, apparently misfiled shortly after they had been microfilmed in the early 1950s.

A number of things became clear, pouring through the documents. First the planning for this largest of all missions during the war (and since) was carried out to minute detail and long before the digital age. Soon I observed that not all the plans were executed exactly as planned for a variety of reasons. I also observed that after mission debriefing sessions ran the range of carefully crafted and documented to not so carefully crafted. Perhaps there were a number of reasons for the disparity. Some of the participants returned from their amazing day in the state of shock from the pounding they and their aircraft had experienced, others from the loss of comrades in arms. Some, detoured by rapidly declining weather at the end of the day, never returned to their home base for a day or two after the event.

Using personal accounts, the finally-located original documents, postwar analyses, and recollections recorded on Group websites and publications long after the original mission, I pieced together an account of Mission 760 and plugged it into an account that relies on published reports of Hitler’s Ardennes Offensive and the US Battle of the Bulge. The story, commissioned by my late Father and the men of the 487<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group—the story of the day when every fly-able aircraft of the Mighty Eighth was dispatched in the largest “maximum effort” mission ever--was published in May of this year under the title **“Hitler’s Last Christmas: The Day the Entire Mighty Eighth Air Force Joined the Battle of the Bulge.”** It is available through Amazon.com, Barnes & Noble, directly from the Publisher, Outskirts Press, and through other major book sellers.

**WESSELHOEFT  
Traded to the Enemy  
by Adolf "Wes" Wesselhoeft**

**Review by Debra Kujawa**

Adolf "Wes" Wesselhoeft was living the American dream. Born into a middle-class family of German immigrants in post-depression 1936 Chicago, young "Wes" lived in a nice home, wore stylish clothes, had plenty of toys, and a mother and father who doted on him. In 1942, nine months after the attack on Pearl Harbor, little "Wes's" life changed forever.

The first sign of a problem came when Wes's dad was simply *'...gone for a while. I was not sure how long or why he was away. For all I knew it was work-related. The first time I really knew that things were not OK was when several men showed up and ransacked our apartment... They must not have found anything because they left without taking anything with them.'* When his dad returned home, he brought three shipping trunks with him which the family filled mainly with clothes. Once again, his dad left, but this time upon his return, the family was taken by train under armed guard to Crystal City, Texas. The idyllic life Wes had known in Chicago came to a crashing halt as an internee at the Crystal City Family Internment Camp.

Less than a year later, February 1944, the family was once again uprooted in the middle of the night and taken by armed guard to a New

Jersey shipyard. It was there the threesome boarded an "exchange ship", the *SS Gripsholm*, for the 10-day voyage to Lisbon, Portugal. Soon after their arrival, they went by train into Hamburg, Germany, where Wes's father's family lived in Steinkirchen. The *Gripsholm* was called an "exchange ship" because unbeknown to the Wesselhoeft family at the time, they were being traded back to the Germans in exchange for Americans—POWs, diplomats, the list goes on.

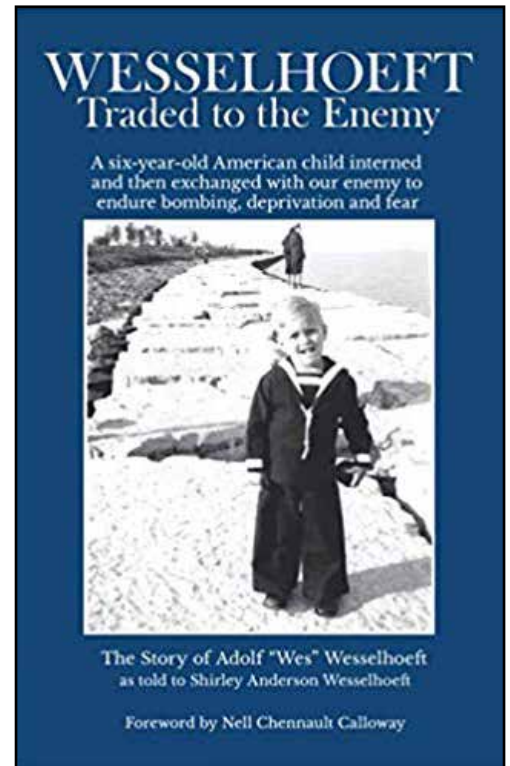
Wes chronicles his story from his American childhood in Chicago; internment in Crystal City; enduring the bombings in Hamburg; and his eventual return to the US to serve twenty-two years in the US Air Force.

It is a story told first through the eyes of an innocent child, then through eyes blinded by exposure to Agent Orange and war.

The dedication page reads: *This book is dedicated to all the children*



*who, although American citizens like me, were exchanged with our enemy and sent into an active war zone. The only satisfaction that I feel from this ill-fated trade is in*



*knowing it resulted in the return of wounded warriors and the other fellow Americans for whom we were exchanged.*

*I also hope this book honors my parents who immigrated to America and were interned without due process as "enemy aliens" during World War II. Despite this, they raised me to love America and encouraged me to return and serve this great country.*

A truly unique and engaging story of survival and resilience, **Wesselhoeft Traded to the Enemy** is available online through Amazon.com as well as other book stores.

To contact Wes directly:  
[ajwesselhoeft@hotmail.com](mailto:ajwesselhoeft@hotmail.com)  
or 318-254-1166.  
ISBN-13: 978-1725055919  
ISBN-10: 1725055910

Photo of Wes and his wife, Shirley, during the 8th AFHS reunion in St. Louis. His guide dog, Nealy, (not seen in photo) was resting at his feet.



Many thanks to our reunion photographers: Debbie Beigh and Craig Dubishar for these amazing photos!

























## The Story Behind DAY'S PAY and Those Who Loved Her

by Donald L. Sorenson

I have been researching Hanford history for over 35 years, and of all the fascinating stories I've uncovered the DAY'S PAY has always been my favorite.

In 2018 I invited Wyatt Wineinger and his wife Laura to visit Richland to provide the public insights of DAY'S PAY crew. The following week I had a conversation with Mike Mays of Washington State University's 'Hanford History Project', it inspired the effort to locate more children of the crew and invite them to Richland, WA. Richland was planning a 75<sup>th</sup> anniversary the next year and we thought it would provide a great vehicle for the idea. It was a slow start at first without much success, the real break came in January when Darren Jelley, 493<sup>rd</sup> BG Researcher at Debach Air Field U.K., contacted Hanford History's Robert Franklin who in turn gave me Darren's contact info. Thru Darren I was able to contact Robin Deutsch, daughter of navigator Seymour Deutsch. I asked Robin if she knew of

other children, she knew of one Jinny Purcell Apple, daughter of turret gunner Archie Purcell. After Robin sent two emails to Jinny, contact was made. The ball was rolling! Andy Cohen, radioman Allan Cohen's son, waist gunner Edwin Stewart, the last remaining crew member, James Piergies, tail gunner Chester Piergies' son, six of the 9 crew were found.

Of the 6 families contacted, Archie Purcell's grandson, Jake Apple and his wife Annie, Andy Cohen his wife Amy, Robin Deutsch, her brother, Jay, and Wyatt and Laura Wineinger, all confirmed they could attend. From that point I couldn't contain my excitement for their arrival. The following is an account of events beginning on the morning of September 12<sup>th</sup>.

I arrived at central badging early to find Wyatt and Laura waiting for me. Soon afterwards the rest of the family members arrived. The introductions began with, "Hi, I'm \_\_\_\_\_," followed by, "...my dad was the [crew position]."



Everyone was a bit nervous at first, however, that environment quickly evaporated as stories of their fathers were shared among them for the next several minutes. The ice was definitely broken and they were excited to begin their Hanford tour.

Upon entry, folks in badging were well aware who the guests were, and it took a bit to break up the party as we were running late for our B Reactor tour. B Reactor, the world's first full scale production reactor, is one of the 100's of facilities built by the workers who donated a day's pay to purchase their fathers' bomber. After our 20-minute ride, we arrived at

B and after introductions, somewhat lengthy, they entered the process area to see the front face. Like other visitors, they're struck by the 2,003 process tubes surrounded by graphite, Masonite and steel. At the end of the tour, I surprised them with delicious peach muffins made by Joyce Purcell, who had sent 3 dozen earlier. Afterwards, stops at the White Bluffs Bank and the ferry landing down the road were followed by the best stop, the airport where Katie Belle Harris christened DAY'S PAY on the nose boss of number 4.

Another special moment for them: standing on the jumping off point of their father's plane, watching the faces of Andy, Jay, Robin, and Wyatt. I witnessed a gaze in their eyes possibly imagining the crowds of workers admiring the results of their collective efforts in the hopes of a speedier end to the war. Jake hadn't joined them at this time (not enough vacation, he needed it all for his and Annie's honeymoon, as reasons go this one was great). I could tell the connected history of Hanford, DAY'S PAY and their fathers, was bringing them even closer.

The next day we visited with Ginger Sather, a former Hanford worker who donated a day's pay,

in her Kennewick home. Wyatt and the others had something special to share with her, the altimeter from DAY'S PAY. A small part of her bomber was in her hands. A connection made 75 years after the fact. I should mention she and Arlyss worked

at the same time in different departments at a Cessna Plant in Kansas. Ginger provided her insights of the Hanford Construction camp and what life was like during the war.

"In the beginning, everyone was in a big rush. They were hurrying to get people trained to fight. We were all pulling the same direction, unlike today, we all seemed to get along. And everyone

knew somebody who was serving and those who lost loved ones. I pinned my fiancé's wings after flight school graduation in Alabama, I lost him after a few missions in his B-24."

At one point during the afternoon, they each thanked Ginger for the lucky plane that brought their fathers home so they could be born. Ginger

replied, "You're very welcome! Just doing my part for the war effort." Our visit lasted way past an hour, ending up on the back porch with an invitation to take some grapes from her garden.

Later in the evening, at the Richland Library, people were arriving in the conference room complete with photos of the crew, DAY'S PAY, actual

letters and Christmas cards from Hanford workers to Archie Purcell (generously donated by Jinny Purcell Apple), a Christmas story, written by Archie, and Alan Cohen's diary.

After everyone was settled down, Robin shared Seymour's close call: "He was throwing chaff out of the plane to confuse radar. When he came back to his seat, he discovered a couple of small holes in his seat from flak that had also passed thru the plane!" Robin also had this to share: "My father was given a



ring made by one of their ground crew with the initials RD which stands for Red Deutsch. Red was his nick name. I'm wearing it tonight so a part of my father could be here with us."

Jay Deutsch added, "I didn't know much about my father's plane or his experiences from the war. However, these past few days I've come to learn and appreciate him so much more. My sister researched the plane for years and deserves much of the credit." My father wanted to become a pilot. Unfortunately, on one of his practice landings he wrecked the plane. His commanding officer told him he would never fly again. He kept a diary of his missions which was strictly forbidden. Had it been discovered he might have done time in Leavenworth.

I would also like to add, don't run away from your history. It's in the past but read it and learn from it."

From Andy Cohen, "My dad was the pilot, the crew called him "Skip." He trusted them, and they trusted him. One mission I recall him talking about was when they were down to one engine. He told the crew to bail out as he was going to get their plane back to base. 'To hell with you where're staying!' Dad landed that plane with a few gallons of fuel left. They came back on #4."

Wyatt Wineinger: "My grandfather was a strong believer in being prepared. Archie bought two hunting knives and put them inside his flight boots. On one mission the hydraulics on the turret were shot out during a fight with German fighters. To make matters worse, he could hear them but they couldn't hear him. Hydraulic fluid had sprayed the inside of the turret—the crew thought they lost Archie. The turret wasn't in the proper position to land the aircraft so he had to think of a way to get out. He used one of the knives to work his way free all the while listening to the rest of the crew talking about him! After a period of

time, he popped his head out to let the crew know he was alright. The words about him turned from kind to 'YOU \$%#^\*! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING!!' All the while feeling relieved that he was still with them."

Jake added, "...while the other air crews

received Christmas packages, the DAY'S PAY crew received an entire pallet of goodies and letters from the workers who purchased the B-17."

Ginger Sather, "We were proud of our bomber; it was a great morale booster for everyone involved."

Following everyone's comments, the group watched a taped interview of Edwin Stewart, the last DAY'S PAY crewmember, and a short film of the DAY'S PAY in



flight.

Through the very special efforts of Dr. Nancy Toombs, past president of the 8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Historical Society, and Debra Kujawa, Managing Director of the Society, the children received the French Jubilee of Liberty Medal for their fathers' participation in Operation Overlord.



The presentation of the Liberty Medal was a somber moment for the entire room; those in attendance witnessed on the faces of the children expressions of surprise, gratitude, memories of their dad/grandfather and a deepened appreciation of their willing sacrifice for America.

C. S. Lewis said,

*"Courage is not simply one of the virtues but the form of every virtue at the testing point, which means at the point of highest reality."*

I learned so much during this incredible journey. I experienced 8 people who share a common thread—the men who flew 36 missions—grow so close that when it was time to go their separate ways, they truly cried tears of joy for one another and decided they would have a reunion like their



fathers did 35 years ago. I believe it will be just like those 9 crew members in 1984, upon seeing each other since the war. They will pick up right where they left off.

Postscript: In July of 1945, Day's Pay was flown back to the United States, initially to Connecticut, then on to Independence Field, Kansas, for storage. In October, Day's Pay, along with thousands of other planes, was declared excess.

In December it was taken to Kingman Field, Arizona, for reduction to scrap. Day's Pay was crunched into scrap on December 4, 1947. A letter was sent to Hanford Engineer Works employees informing them of their airplane's demise.

*Editor's note: Don Sorenson has been a laboratory worker at the Hanford Site located in Southeastern Washington State for the past 42 years. The past 35 years he's studied Manhattan Project & Hanford history. The DAY'S PAY story is unique because it can trace its*

*and Richland, WA, a larger search resulted in finding 5 more crewmen, including one still living. Neither those two families nor their children could attend.*

*Of the three families that did, the additional history they learned*



*of their fathers' lives and that iconic B-17 became even more important and intimate to the adult children. In their words "This was one of the best times of my life." At the end, they truly loved one another.*



*roots to a secret atomic project where none, save a rare*

*few, of its workers knew the end goal. The idea, born shortly after D-Day, to raise money and purchase a bomber to directly help with the war effort is a towering example of patriotism. Two years ago, he searched the Internet for more information and was able to make contact with Laura Wineinger, the pilot's daughter in law, and new life was put into the story. After Wyatt and Laura's 2018 visit to Hanford*

Photos: p.18 celebrating DAY'S PAY christening. p.19 touring B Reactor and group pic. p.20 top: Andy Cohen holding French Jubilee of Liberty medal certificate for his father. Bottom: newspaper article on DAY'S PAY. p.21 top: DAY'S PAY ready for the war effort. Middle: DAY'S PAY ground crew, Lawrence Eighner, Michael Spear, and Salvatore Leto. Bottom left: Ginger Sather sharing her memories with crew family members. Bottom right (l-r): Patrick Janes, B Reactor Park Facilities Manager, Robin Deutsch, Don King, Jay Deutsch, Wyatt Wineinger, Laura Wineinger, Amy Cohen and Andy Cohen.

# CHAPTER NEWS

**NY Southern Wing Chapter  
8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Historical Society  
by David C. Levitt**

Irving Goldstein, 98, an enthusiastic 9<sup>th</sup> A F Veteran/8<sup>th</sup> AFHS member and lifelong New York Yankees baseball fan, was honored at Yankee Stadium on Tuesday, September 17, 2019.

At the top of the seventh inning during the game—Yankees vs the Los Angeles Angels—Irving, accompanied by his son, Mark, and two of his adult grandsons, David and Lenn, was escorted out onto the field amid deafening cheers from the crowd. “It was quite exciting,” he reflected. The stadium was filled with 41,000 cheering fans giving him a standing ovation. This honor didn’t happen overnight. It was over 90 years in the making.

In 1928, as a seven-year-old youngster from the Bronx, Irving went to his first Yankee game—in the original Yankee Stadium—which was near his family’s apartment. It was there he became totally captivated by the mystique of the “House that Ruth Built”—referring to the original stadium when legendary baseball player, Babe Ruth, was the main attraction when the stadium opened in 1923. Sadly, the stadium closed following the 2008 baseball season and the new stadium opened in 2009, adopting the “Yankee Stadium” moniker. The original stadium was demolished in 2010, two-years after it closed, and the 8-acre site was converted into a park called Heritage Field.



It was there that Irving found himself surrounded by thousands of cheering fans, electrified by the playing prowess and personalities of “The Babe” and others during the Golden Age of the Yankees (1920s and 30s). Irving was totally smitten with the love of baseball and his beloved Yankees.

“For just 50 cents for two games I had the thrill of walking to my favorite baseball stadium to cheer for my favorite ball team,” Irving fondly recalled. Now, as a resident of Boulevard HLP Assisted Living in Fresh Meadows, Queens, NYC, Irving again roots for the Yankees while watching TV and reading the New York Daily News sports pages. “I’ve been a Yankee fan for over 90 years!” Irving proudly says with a touch of humility. “That might be some sort of record.”

Irving has cheered for countless Yankee heroes through the years: Derek Jeter (1992-2014), Reggie Jackson (1977-1982), Yogi Berra (1946-1962), and

Joe DiMaggio (1936-1951). But Irving especially enjoyed cheering for “The Babe” (1914-1935) and Lou Gehrig (1923-1939). Of all the great Yankees, Irving particularly admired Lou Gehrig’s humility, reliability, and dependability. He felt Lou knew he had a job to do and he did it. Never missing a game. Irving certainly shared those attributes with his idol.

Many professional baseball players served in the military during WWII. Joe DiMaggio served in the Army and Yogi Berra in the Navy. Hank Greenberg, played for the Detroit Tigers and scouted locations to build B-29 bases in China. He served as the Physical Training Officer for the 58<sup>th</sup> Bomb Wing and was the Special Services officer of the 20<sup>th</sup> Bomber Command. Ted Williams, Boston Red Sox, was a WWII F4U Corsair Marine flight instructor. During the Korean War he flew F9F Panther ground attack combat missions with future astronaut and senator, John Glenn, as his wing man



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in the Marines. Jerry Coleman, San Diego Padres, while in the Marines during WWII flew SBD Dauntless dive bombers and AU-1 Corsairs in Korea. The list goes on.

Irving Goldstein is a decorated WWII hero. He was a C-47 crew chief in the 439<sup>th</sup> TCG who flew D-Day and many other combat missions. The C-47TC ground crew chiefs also functioned as flight engineers in air crews while keeping their crew chief title.

While Irving never met his idol, Yogi Berra, they both participated in the June 6, 1944 D-Day invasion. Irving flew as a volunteer replacement crew chief for the D-Day mission. Post-midnight the sky was filled with tracers as Irving's C-47 flew over the Normandy coast. "I heard the ping ping ping as German bullets tore through my aircraft" he recalled. Over the drop zone he assisted the paratroopers—careful not to fall out himself as the troops jumped! Irving also helped with the supply cargo drops.

Returning to England on that mission, the rudder control cable on Irving's C-47 was severed by German ground fire as they crossed the French coastline. Luckily, the pilot brought the plane back safely.

Later on, during the war, Irving flew additional combat missions dropping paratroopers and supplies as well as towing gliders; often filled with troops, ammunition, supplies, and equipment such as jeeps. Irving and



his group participated in airlifting gasoline for Patton's advancing army, as well as transporting wounded GIs, liberated POWs, and concentration camp survivors.



The war for Irving was deeply personal. As the son of Jews who fled the antisemitism and life long draft of Poland in 1918, he had close relatives trapped in Europe during WWII—many of whom perished in the Holocaust.

By the time WWII ended, Irving had been awarded the

Air Medal twice, along with the Croix de Guerre. The 439<sup>th</sup> TCG received a Presidential Unit Citation for D-Day. Irving also received the French Jubilee of Liberty Medal for his participation in Operation Overload (D-Day), and several medals from the State of New York as well as the 8<sup>th</sup> AFHS NY Southern Wing Chapter.

But of all the honors Irving Goldstein ever received, perhaps standing on the playing field in his beloved Yankee Stadium on that cool September evening, listening to thousands of voices singing "God Bless America", and hearing the crowd cheering for him—just like the cheers he heard as a child for his baseball idols—was undoubtedly one of the most amazing days he ever experienced in all of his 98 years. *Photos of Irving on the field with his family, and at home.*

# CHAPTER NEWS

**Oregon Chapter**  
**8<sup>th</sup> Air Force Historical Society**  
**Photo credit right: Tom Philo**

*The following article was written by president and CEO of the B-17 Alliance Foundation, Jayson Scott, after his May 2019 presentation to our Oregon chapter.*

On a chilly morning in December of 2014, the “Lacey Lady” B-17G aka the ‘gas station bomber’ in Milwaukie, Oregon, under the care of the B-17 Alliance Foundation, took another 2am low level flight down Oregon’s infamous I-205 freeway. This time, the ‘flight’ was on flatbed semi-trucks to a much-needed indoor hangar at the historic McNary Field in Salem, Oregon.

After enduring 68 years of



Oregon’s weather, 20+ years of public interior tours, and twice being crashed into by errant delivery trucks, the time had come to remove the plane from its once famous aerial perch and begin the long, arduous task of returning the lowest airtime B-17G “Flying Fortress” to the Air! Yes, that is correct, she is undergoing an **airworthy restoration!**

As you can imagine, it was no small task disassembling a WWII aircraft that hadn’t been apart since its last trip to an airport in Troutdale, Oregon, in 1947 by the original purchaser, Art Lacey. Taking most of 10 months

of daily work, the all-volunteer team of the B-17 Alliance slowly and carefully dismantled the once famous roadside attraction and prepared to transport the largest sections of the plane, the two inboard wing sections and

the entire fuselage, excluding the nose section, which had been removed and restored beforehand.

The “zero-dark-thirty” move was nearly flawless, the plane was installed into its new hangar out of Oregon’s weather and into a large climate-controlled museum, hangar, and restoration facility in Salem.

Sometimes you don’t know what you “don’t know” and even after months of planning, it became very apparent there would be an immediate need for new machine equipment, industrial shelving, and a custom “aircraft inventory management” system to help control the whereabouts of the soon to be thousands of parts awaiting the restoration process. Today, I’m proud to announce that all of those items have been checked off of the list and the actual restoration is well underway!

Make no bones about it, an aircraft restoration of this magnitude isn’t for the faint of heart, and it requires a large team of individuals with many different talents and skills to happen. Crewmembers have come to the B-17 Alliance from organiza-





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tions like Boeing, NASA, several airlines and a host of other well-qualified fields. The organization has literally grown from 10 people to a volunteer staff of over 120 members

In order to facilitate an air-worthy restoration, large amounts of planning needed to take place. Crew leaders quickly emerged, resulting in talented fabricators creating large steel structures to safely hold the individual component segments of the plane.

Teams were formed and are working on the completion of the bombardier/navigator compartment. It has been joined together with the cockpit in order to keep the airframe straight! The cockpit is nearly all disassembled and the process to restore it is under way.

Over the course of the past 18 months, the “Wing One” team, took the inboard part of wing number one and stripped it down to the spar cord area. The leading and trailing edges—all of the skins have been removed

in preparation for non-destructive mapping of the structure. So far, the internals of this area look very promising, and we believe between 85% and 90% of the original parts will be saved.

The “Cheyenne Tail Gunner’s” position has not fared as well as other areas of the plane, having been crashed into twice in the past. It will most likely need to be built from scratch; a team is already in place working on it.

Remaining equipment such as landing gear and other components have been removed from the aft fuselage in preparation for its ultimate rebuilding. Getting up close, it is evident that tourists walking through “7 sets” of original floorboards caused a lot of initial damage. Oregon’s rain and caustic bird droppings combined to create a vicious destructive cocktail. Most of the belly of this area is only usable for patterns to make new parts.

During the past 5 years, a lot of positive changes have taken place. Not only is the restoration in high gear with the “Lacey

Lady” but we also have a wonderful museum and education center telling the true-life tales of several WWII veterans. Now, with the recent tragic loss of one of our compatriot organization’s planes, “*Nine-O-Nine*”, it is even more imperative that our mission of sharing our nation’s important history of WWII, and returning this once mighty example of American history to the air, if not out of respect for the veterans of the “Greatest Generation” but for the future generations to come, continue!

For more information as to how you can help and/or join our crew member team:

Jayson Scott CEO

The B-17 Alliance Foundation  
3278 25<sup>th</sup> Street SE. in Salem,  
Oregon at McNary Field.

Museum and restoration  
facility hours:

**Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday**  
10am till 2pm

and by special appointment.

Hangar Phone # 971-803-2428

Office Phone# 503-654-6491.

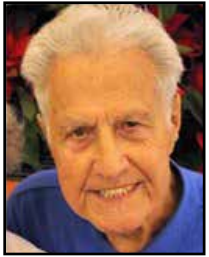
<http://www.b17alliance.com/>

The B-17 Alliance Foundation is a  
501(c)3 Non-profit organization



**Photos:** p. 24 top, Jayson Scott, photo credit Tom Philo, bottom: Bill D. tells guests about the Ball Turret, photo credit Terry Scott. This page: top: The Gibson Girl, photo credit Terry Scott. Bottom: Nose section married to cockpit with engine, photo credit Terry Scott.

**Bezer, Tony**, 97, of San Diego, passed away June 5, 2019, while vacationing in Sedona, AZ. Tony is survived by his sweetheart Sandy, and his son



Gary Bezer and Gary's wife Lise Fleury, Tony's son Brian Bezer and Brian's wife Laura Bezer with Tony's grandchildren Bradley Bezer and Briana (Bezer) Chavez and Briana's husband Gary Chavez and Tony's great-granddaughter Luna Chavez. Tony was born in Aberdeen, WA, in 1922, the youngest of 4 children of parents who emigrated from Croatia. Tony played basketball for Western Washington University and served in WWII and flew 35 missions with the 490<sup>th</sup> BG as a bombardier/navigator. Tony was awarded the French Legion of Honor for his service in liberating France. After the War, Tony attended the University of Washington and earned a BA degree in accounting. He married Constance Mae (Kane) Bezer who was earning her BFA degree in fine arts. They had three children: Sue Ellen Bezer (passed in 2016), Gary, and Brian. Tony worked as a Washington State auditor and then as an accountant for the City of Tacoma, WA, before moving his family to San Diego in 1961. Tony retired from the City of San Diego after 20+ years as an accountant. Tony enjoyed reading, swimming, rid-

ing his bicycle, dancing and travel, especially cruises.

**Klingensmith, Russell Stanley**,



99, of Camp Hill, PA, passed away on Sunday August 4, 2019, at his home. Born on July 13, 1920, in Roston, PA, he was the oldest child of the late Ernest S. (Sr.) and Margaret May (Cooper) Klingensmith, and he was the widower of Bernadine "Penny" (Bucko) Klingensmith. He was a 1937 graduate of Ford City High School, a civil engineering graduate of the former Carnegie Institute of Technology and an environmental engineering graduate of UNC in Chapel Hill, NC. He was a registered professional engineer in PA. He served during WWII with the 303<sup>rd</sup> BG, "Hell's Angels" as a navigator. He was a life member of the 303<sup>rd</sup> BG Assoc., and VFW Post 4843 in Ford City, PA. He enjoyed rabbit, grouse, and especially deer hunting, and playing cards at Cooper's Camp and the farm in West Virginia. Reading was his passion.

He is survived by three sons, Mark (Wanda) Klingensmith, Kevin (Marti) Klingensmith, and Kurt (Amy) Klingensmith, a son-in-law, Thomas Stewart, a daughter, Kim (Karl) Lewis, eight grandchildren, four great-grandchildren, two sisters, Ruth Sulava, and Helen Boarts, a sis-

ter-in-law, Susan Klingensmith, and numerous nieces, nephews, and cousins.

In addition to his parents and wife he was preceded in death by a daughter, Mary Beth Stewart, and two brothers, Ernest "Snuffy" Klingensmith, Jr., and Meade "Jeep" Klingensmith.

**Lettenmaier, James Arthur**



**'Jim'**, 94, passed away July 30, 2019. Jim and his wife of 68 years, Eileen, lived in Canby, OR. Jim served with the 461<sup>st</sup>

BG, 15<sup>th</sup> AF, completing 35 missions. In the final years of his life, he was celebrated for his service, appearing in parades, speaking engagements and on television to support and raise money to recognize retired veterans. After the war, he started working as a plumber. In the latter half of his career, he supervised work in high-tech manufacturing facilities.

Jim loved to fish and for many years, he kept a boat near the mouth of the Columbia for regular deep-sea fishing trips with family and friends. After retirement, Jim and Eileen traveled overseas, including two tours through Europe, two trips to Brazil and one trip to the Orient. They bought an RV and traveled throughout the Western U.S. with the Bounders RV Club. After spending a few winters in

Arizona in their RV, they purchased a manufactured home in a park outside Phoenix where they spent their winters for nearly 20 years. Jim helped start a computer club and a digital camera club at the park and was a frequent instructor in weekly classes. An avid card player, he was always up for a game with family or friends. He enjoyed golfing with Eileen, playing games and watching movies, particularly with his children and grandchildren. Jim is survived by his wife, Eileen; his children, Arthur, Douglas and Sandra; 13 grandchildren; and seven great-grandchildren.

**Massaro, Fred, 97**, passed away June 27, 2019.



Fred was born in San Francisco to Leo and Agnes Massaro. The family soon moved to Oakland, where

Fred grew up and graduated from Oakland High School. Following the lead of his father, he and his brother Ralph, worked as welders in the Oakland shipyards building Liberty Ships in preparation for and during WWII.

Despite deferments, Fred and Ralph enlisted in the Army Air Corps during the spring of 1943. Fred flew 30+ missions as a bombardier/navigator with the 458<sup>th</sup> BG. He returned home in June 1945. Sadly, Ralph, who was stationed in Guam, died in June 1945 with his B-29 crew flying a

mission over Japan.

While stationed at Tyndall AFB in Florida, Fred met his future wife, Sarah, who was a 1LT Nurse on the base. He married his "little red-haired girl" in February 1950. Fred and Sarah spent 62 years of wonderful married life together mostly in Walnut Creek. After over 33 years, Fred retired from Crocker Bank (Wells Fargo). He and Sarah enjoyed their retirement years playing bridge and traveling. Their favorite trips were to Oregon to visit their daughters, grandson and great grandchildren. Following Sarah's passing Fred moved to Salem, Oregon to be closer to his daughters and their families. Fred is preceded in death by his parents, his wife, his brother, his son Ralph, and his niece Janice. He is survived by his daughters Treva Hunter and Cindy (Massaro) Queer and her husband Tom, grandson Ryan Hunter and his wife Mykal, and great grandchildren Whitney and Ty Hunter.

**McCallon, Lynn G., 94**, passed away October 10, 2019, in St. George Utah.



Lynn was born in Dallas, Texas. In WWII he was a B-17 Tail Gunner with the 401<sup>st</sup> BG

and was awarded the air medal with 3 oak leaf clusters among others. After the war he married Shirley Nelson and became a motion picture and television film

editor in Hollywood, California. He is survived by his son, Gregory McCallon, grandson, Sean McCallon, and granddaughter, Megan Powell. He is preceded in death by his wife Shirley.

**McGuire, Charles Whitney,**



97, of Vienna, VA passed away peacefully surrounded by his family on August 24, 2019, in Virginia Beach, VA.

Charles was born in Denver, CO. He graduated with a BS in Engineering from UC Berkley and MBA in Engineering from George Washington University in Washington, DC. His long career as an engineer began in 1948 and continued until his retirement in 2005. From 1962-1971 he was employed as a NASA engineer where he worked on the Apollo Space Program. Then from 1971-2005, he worked as an executive for the Department of Transportation in the Office of the Secretary. During World War II Charles was in the U.S. Air Corps where he rose to the rank of Major. He served as a navigator with the "Carpetbaggers" [492<sup>nd</sup> BG] on 35 night missions over Europe and was recently awarded the French Legion of Honor. Charles was a devoted father and husband. He was active in the Cub Scouts and the Boy Scouts for many years, worked with the Vienna Youth



Soccer League, volunteered in the DC school system and local library, taught Sunday school and served as an elder at his family church. He was very active at the Department of Transportation in fundraising to benefit senior citizens. Charles was an avid reader and a gifted storyteller. He and his wife Donna, who predeceased him in 2014, loved to travel the world and to spend time with their children and grandchildren. He is survived by two sons, Bruce W. McGuire, Kevin C. McGuire, and three daughters, Leslie A. McGuire, Kimmi S. Kearney, and Diana J. McGuire. He has five grandchildren, Jake, Micaela, Christy, Duncan and Lily; and three great-grandchildren, Calissa, Kendrick, and Kai.

**McKinney, Ivan L., 89, passed**



away August 9, 2019, after a long and courageous battle with Alzheimer's disease. He was born in Sophia, WV, son of the late

Henry B. McKinney and Malinda R. McKinney. In Sept. 1949, after completing a year of college at West Virginia University, he enlisted in the USAF. He completed Control Tower Operator training in June, 1950, and was selected as Honor Graduate. He was then sent to Ground Control Approach (GCA) School, completing his training in July, 1951. Upon graduation, he was

assigned to the 1805th AACS Group.

In September 1952, then-Corporal McKinney stationed in Thule, Greenland, was responsible for the "GCA save" of a British RAF aircraft with 12 crew aboard, after the air crew's two abortive attempts to locate the airfield in inclement weather and with insufficient fuel remaining. For his valor, Cpl. McKinney received Letters of Recommendation, a spot promotion Staff Sergeant and the opportunity to attend and complete Officer's Candidate School (OCS) in March, 1954. After graduating from OCS, he was promoted to 2LT and returned to Newfoundland to wed Mary B. Mulrooney on March 28, 1954.

Surviving with his wife Mary of 65 years are their six sons, Leonard C. McKinney, Blaine P. McKinney and his wife Becky, Mark L. McKinney and his wife Rhonda, Paul D. McKinney and his wife Teresa, Douglas J. McKinney and his wife Maria, and Matthew J. McKinney and his wife Amy. Ivan has 17 grandchildren; Justin Carland, Evan McKinney, Austin McKinney, Connor McKinney, Lucas McKinney, Rachal McKinney, Allison McKinney, Sophia Head, Paul McKinney, Noah McKinney, Isabelle McKinney, Lidia Simpson, Aaron McKinney, Stephanie McKinney, Nicholas McKinney, Alec McKinney, and Lauren McKinney. Ivan also has two great-grandchildren; Sonja

Simpson and Leia Simpson. Ivan was preceded in death by his brother, Sherman McKinney and his sister, Eva McKinney.

Ivan earned a Bachelor of Arts in History from Eastern Michigan University and a Master of Arts in Public Administration from the University of Oklahoma. He graduated from the Air War College in 1974. In 1981, he earned a Master of Arts in Counseling from Louisiana Tech University. During his military career, Ivan instructed as an Assistant Professor at various colleges and universities.

A Master Navigator, Ivan accrued more than 4,000 hours of flight time in twelve different types of aircraft, mostly KC-97 and KC-135 aerial refueling "tankers". During the Vietnam War, he flew more than 100 hours of combat or combat support missions, serving as Air Operations Officer, Instructor Navigator, War Plans Officer, Director of Logistics and in various Wing, Squadron, Crew and Base Operations Staff leadership positions.

During his distinguished military career, he was awarded many medals and citations.

Upon his military retirement, he began a 22-year career as an Investment Advisor in Shreveport, LA, for EF Hutton, Dean Witter Reynolds and later co-founded a private firm. He fully-retired in 1998 but remained an active volunteer in many community organizations. He joined

the Retired Officer's Association (TROA), served on the Board of Directors for the Ark-La-Tex Chapter of the Military Officer's Association (MOA), served as Treasurer and President of the 8<sup>th</sup> AF Historical Society (8<sup>th</sup>AFHS) and was both President of the Louisiana Chapter and Southeast Regional Vice President of the Air Force Association (AFA). He was deeply involved in the awarding of numerous scholarships to young men and women of character, with many recipients currently serving as military officers. In 1989, he was named AFA Member of the Year. He was a charter member of Bossier City's Krewe of Gemini and served as the first Duke of Texas. For more than 20 years, he volunteered as a member of the Bossier Parish Sheriff's Posse and was an avid RC model aircraft builder, enthusiast and member of Sharks RC Club of Shreveport. He and Mary raised their sons in the Jesuit tradition of the Roman Catholic Church and were parishioners of St. Jude Catholic Church.

## **Scott, Kenneth J., Jr. (Scotty),**



99, passed away August 5, 2019. He was born in Sylvania, GA, to Kenneth Jordan Scott and Bertha Lee Scott and was the 3rd of seven children and the first son.

His dream was always to fly planes, and he made that happen

when he and his brother Winfield joined the US Army Air Corps on February 8, 1944. After basic training he was sent to Aviation Cadet training in Alabama, where he met the love of his life, Betty Jean Mitchell. He was assigned to fly fighter planes with the 361<sup>st</sup> FG where he flew a total of 62 missions in his P-51 Mustang named "Curiosity Betty". He returned home to marry Betty, in 1945.

During his military career of 29 years, he worked in many different positions, radio operator, military police, flying on the acrobatics team, test pilot, special advisor to the Spanish Air Force, teaching, and as Aerospace Maintenance Director at the time of his retirement in Colorado Springs, CO in 1971.

He loved his time in the military and had many stories to share. Ken was actively involved with the planning and building of the National Museum of the Mighty Eighth Air Force, in Pooler, GA, where he volunteered, sharing his experiences while giving tours of the museum.

He was a loving and devoted man to his wife Betty of 73 years, to his country, and to his family and friends. Ken was predeceased by his wife Betty Jean Mitchell Scott, his parents, Kenneth and Bertha Scott, his siblings, Hilda Bazemore, Margaret Harley, Winfield Scott, Lina Lee, Mollie Bragg and Anthony Scott.

**Sterler, George T.,** 98, passed away August 17, 2019. George was born in Ashton, IA, the son of Henry and Helen (Miller) Sterler.



He graduated as

valedictorian from Ashton High School in 1938, enlisted in the U.S. Army Air Corps in 1942, and went to flight school training to become a B-17 bomber pilot. He served with the 96<sup>th</sup> BG. On his 29th mission, his aircraft was rammed by a German fighter plane, causing a mid-air explosion. He parachuted out and he, and his tail gunner, were the only survivors. Upon capture, he was held in three different German POW camps. George was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with Four Oak Leaf Clusters, Purple Heart, POW Medal, and European Ribbon. He was a member of the Irvin Air Chute Caterpillar Club (successfully using a parachute to bail out of a disabled aircraft).

George married Norma Kimmel on Nov. 22, 1945. He worked at the Council Oaks grocery store and Montgomery Ward, and spent 36 years as a rural mail carrier, all in Sheldon. He was a beloved mail carrier who helped patrons out in all weather conditions. Norma preceded him in death on April 27, 1995. After Norma died, George continued living at home until 2005, when he entered the Christian Retirement Home.

In 2018 he went into Fieldcrest. After retiring he did volunteer work and was on various boards. He and his wife, Norma, were active members at the Sheldon United Methodist Church. George was a member of American Legion Post 145, VFW Post 7354, Prairie Queen Kiwanis, Ex-POWs, Rural Letter Mail Carrier Association, Avenue of Flags and was also on the board of directors of BEECIN Hospice. A highlight in 1991 was when he and Norma were parade marshals for the Sheldon Celebration Day parade.

He is survived by a son, Lowell (Susan) Sterler, a daughter, Rita Sterler, a sister, Dorothy (Ray) Brink, sister-in-law, Donna Sterler, and several nieces, nephews and many friends.

George was preceded in death by his wife, Norma; parents, Henry and Helen Sterler; brother, Merrill Sterler, and brothers-in-law, Loren (Ruby) Kimmel, Dayton (Delores) Kimmel, and Richard (Clare) Kimmel.

## **Storey, Colin D. ("Dee"), 97,**



passed away April 5, 2019. Born in 1921 in South Bend, Indiana, Colin's family relocated to Syracuse during the Great

Depression. Colin attended Onondaga Valley Academy High School where he was a member of the Onondaga County championship tennis team. He was attending Syracuse University School of Journalism when World War II began. Colin enlisted in

the Army Air Corps in July of 1942. After completion of his training, he departed for Europe in November 1944. Colin and his crew were assigned to the 94<sup>th</sup> BG.

Commanding a B-17G, he flew 35 combat missions from December 1944 through April 1945. This included a crash landing in Belgium in March 1945 after sustaining severe battle damage to his aircraft. Colin was fortunate to never lose a member of his crew during the war. He retired from the Air Force Reserves in 1981 as a LTC after 30 years of service. He accumulated numerous service awards including the French Legion of Honor.

After the war, Colin returned to Syracuse and married Harriett in 1945. He resumed his education at Syracuse University, where he was a member of the Sigma Delta Chi and Sigma Phi Epsilon fraternities. He graduated in 1947 from the journalism school. Following several positions in advertising throughout western New York, Colin joined Gannett Newspaper's Rochester Democrat and Chronicle as an advertising sales representative. He later served as the metropolitan advertising manager and then the co-op advertising manager for both the Democrat and Chronicle and Times Union newspapers, and was also a past president of the Gannett Newspaper 25 Year Club. He retired from Gannett in 1986 after 32 years of service.

Colin was one of the original founders of the Penfield Little League in the early 1950's, as well as Boy Scout and Cub Scout

Pack Troup 270. He served on the Penfield School Board from 1973 to 1976; was a member of the Fairport Veterans of Foreign Wars Post; the Penfield American Legion Braman Post; President of the 94<sup>th</sup> BG Memorial Association; and a member of the Geriatric Pilots Association of Monroe County. Colin was an active member of the Penfield United Methodist Church for 63 years and was a regular at the "Wednesday Guys" meetings. Colin is predeceased by his beloved wife of 60 years, Harriett, and their daughter, Suzanne Storey Secor. Survived by his devoted children, Gregory (Mary Therese) Storey, Deborah (John) Dingess, David (Rhonda) Storey, Thomas (Gillian) Storey, Meg (Otis) Simpson and son-in-law Bruce Secor; brother Douglas Storey; grandchildren Jeffrey (Kristen) Storey, Elizabeth (Justin) Harbinger, Kyle Storey, Paul Secor, Kevin (Stefanie Anderson) Storey, James (Jill) Storey, David Dingess, Johnny (Rachel) Dingess, Glen (Brittany) Storey, Katelyn Storey; and great grandchildren Zachary Harbinger, Tyler Harbinger, Camron Storey, Mariah Storey, Caleb Storey and Harper Storey.

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# HOW ABOUT IT!

## Christmas at Barth

*Earl Wassom 466th BG, Chaplain 8th AFHS*

Folks who lived in the camp called the place HELL!!!! The Germans who resided outside the camp called it BARTH. Barth was a prisoner of war camp located only a few miles south of the Baltic Sea in Northern Germany. It was the place where downed aircrews were interned after having been shot down and captured by the enemy. This experience was one which was dreaded by anyone who flew combat.

Barth had 10,000 airmen interned there, divided into four administrative compounds of 2,500 each. These were elite and quality men, leaders and brave American youths. The German authorities took pride in the fact that they held captive three outstanding American fighter pilot aces with a combined total of 63  $\frac{3}{4}$  enemy aircraft destroyed ("kills") by these three men alone, and a bomber pilot who had received the highest military award his country could confer, the Medal of Honor. There were thousands of other internees who were equally brave and effective in their adversarial role in the war. Each was held in high honor and regard by his country. One of these "guests of the Germans" at Barth was Kenneth Powell of Nashville, Tennessee. More about Kenneth later.

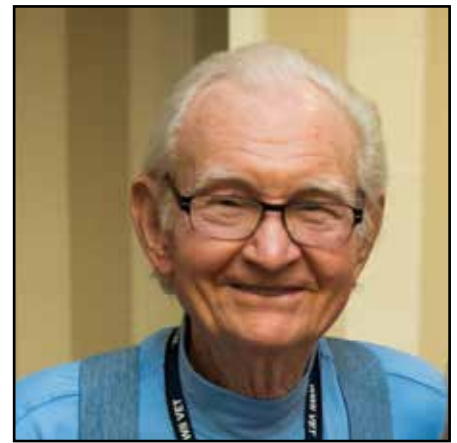
Internment brought suffering beyond belief; the unending frigid weather, the unpredictable behavior of the guards, inadequate food, lice, sickness, boredom, death by starvation or by exposure. Yet there were times when the spirits of the prisoners of war were lifted. It was always through their own methods of creativity and ingenuity that this happened.

One ongoing "high" was when each new contingent of

"guests" arrived in the camp. Up-to-date information became immediately available. It was true that the illegal radio, smuggled into the camp piece-by-piece, was a source of information from BBC (British Broadcasting Company). But the reports brought in by new prisoners of war gave fresh, unbiased running accounts of how the war was progressing on both the Eastern Front with the Russians and the Western Front. Reports from eye witnesses of D-Day, the Normandy landings, the liberation of Paris, the deliverance of the Lowlands, Patton's rapid dash across Europe towards the Rhine River, the increasing numbers of new bombers and fighters appearing on the British bases and in the air overhead, brought silent but exuberant joy and hope to Barth's imprisoned guests.

As optimism flourished, small group conversation centered on the war's end and freedom. Liberation was on everyone's lips. The war was indeed winding down! Talk of being home for Christmas became a utopian dream. Although all embraced the dream, not all were optimistic. This difference in opinion brought about the "bet at Barth." A wager was on. New life came to the camp. But what was there to wager? There was no money, no freedom or three day passes to London, no material possessions for the loser to forfeit, no points or promotions to be gained or lost.

Kenneth Powell, from Nashville, Tennessee, was shot down on his third mission. After a brush with death, a series of internments in different prisoner of war camps, interrogations and threats by his captors, he eventually ended up in Barth. He was one among many who were



always speculating on how long the war would last. He tells the following story with relish because he was an eyewitness to the whole event:

In a heated conversation, two men got carried away in their claims. An optimistic airman bet a pessimistic one on the following terms, "If we aren't home by Christmas, I will kiss your ass (not the mule kind) before the whole group formation right after head-count on Christmas morning." They shook hands, the bet was on! Well, the optimist hadn't counted on the Battle of the Bulge in early December. Consequently, the war was prolonged and they were still in Barth on Christmas Day 1944.

Christmas morning was cold, there was snow on the ground and frigid air was blowing in off the Baltic Sea. The body count for the compound began, each man was counted off, *ein, zwei, drei, vier, funf, sechs, sieben, acht...* Under ordinary circumstances, when the counting is completed and the German guards are satisfied that everyone is accounted for, the group splits up and everyone goes to their barracks. But this time, everybody stayed in formation. The two betting "Kriegies" walked out of the formation and went into the barracks. No one else moved! The guards were puzzled. They didn't know what was going on. Soon, the two men came out of the barracks. One was carrying a bucket of water with a towel over his other arm. The second one,

*story continues on back cover*



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### ***Christmas at Barth continued***

marched to the front of the formation, turned his back toward the assembled troops and guards, pulled down his pants and bent over. The other took the towel, dipped it in the soapy water and washed his posterior. The whole formation was standing there looking and laughing. The German guards and dignitaries of Barth stood gazing in amazement; they didn't know what was going on! Then the optimist bent over and kissed his opponent on the rear! A mighty cheer went up from over 2,000 men. Then the puzzled guards joined in on the fun.

Nothing changed on Christmas Day, the same black bread and thin soup, sparse as it was. Yet it was a good day. As evening fell, the weather worsened, the barracks were cold, the last of the daily allotted coal briquettes were reduced to nothing but ash. Boredom was settling in for another long miserable night. Suddenly, the door opened, and a voice shouted, "The curfew has been lifted for tonight! We're going to have a Christmas service over in the next compound." The weather was bitterly cold, the new fallen snow crunched under the feet of the men as they quickly shuffled toward their congregating comrades in the distance.

The nightly curfew always kept the men inside, this Christmas night's reprieve allowed them to be outside, after dark, for the first time. Above, the stars were shining brightly and high in the northern skies the dim flickering of Aurora Borealis added a magical touch as the troops assembled. Gratitude was felt in their hearts, a lone singer led out with one of the world's most beloved and known carols. Others joined in and soon there was joyful worship ringing throughout the camp.

*Silent night! Holy night!*

*All is calm, all is bright...*

The German guards marching their assigned beats stopped in their tracks. They turned their heads toward the music. The words were unfamiliar but they recognized the tune, after all, Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht was composed by a German. They loosened up, smiled and joined in the celebration; the praise became bilingual.

*Round yon virgin mother and Child*  
***Cinsam wacht nurdas traute hoch heilige Paar***

*Holy Infant, so tender and mild*  
***Holder Knabe im lockigen Hojar,***

*Sleep in heavenly peace, sleep in heavenly peace.*

***Schlaf in himmlischer ruh', Schlaf in himmlischer ruh'.***

The bet at Barth had paid off. Everyone had won! As the words of the carol rang in their hearts, there was literal fulfillment. Tonight, they would sleep in peace. War and internment did not have the power to destroy the meaning and beauty of this special day.

It was Christmas.

They were not at home. But they declared, "Next year we will be! All of us!"

And they were!