THE FIRST CENTURY OF POWERED FLIGHT

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

This is the story of the life of a pilot during eighty-six years

of the first century of powered flight—1903-2003.

By CLARK THORNTON

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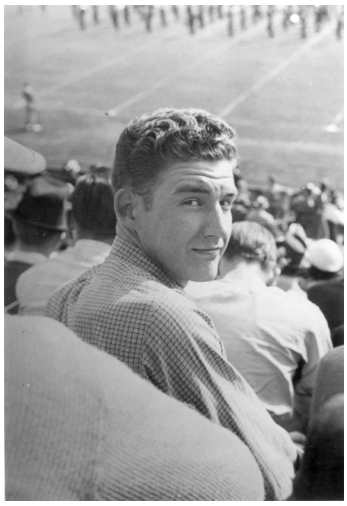
THE STORY OF THE LIFE OF A PILOT DURING EIGHTY-SIX YEARS OF THE FIRST CENTURY OF POWERED FLIGHT



1938, U of Akron Football Game

May, 1942, Moody AFB, Valdosta, Ga., Newly-commissioned 2nd Lt.

1968, U of Ala, USAF ROTC Parade

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY
BY
CLARK THORNTON

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FOREWARD

This is the story of the life of Clark Thornton during eighty-six years of the first century of powered flight (1903-2003). He served thirty years in the US Air Force, piloted a variety of Air Force aircraft, and has flown over the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the Mediterranean Sea, the Caribbean Sea, and over North and South America, Western Europe, North Africa, and Asia.

The author served in the military during World War II, from before the Pearl Harbor attack until after the victory in Japan. He served in the war in Europe from the first day until after the last day—from Sicily to North Germany near the Baltic Sea, eighty-five miles from Berlin. He participated in four major airborne invasions; into Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and Holland. He flew into Holland in a large glider, flying eighty miles deep over enemy-held territory at 1500 feet altitude in daylight hours, to land at Nijmegen.

Col. Thornton was awarded ten battle stars, for participating in ten major battle campaigns in Europe. He received two battlefield promotions, to Major and to Lt. Colonel. He flew many miles over enemy-held territory, in daylight and at night, in un-armed and un-armored aircraft. He served as Air Advisor to Maj. Gen. James Gavin, CG of the famous 82nd Airborne Division—during the Holland invasion, the Battle of the Bulge, and to the meeting with Russian forces in Northern Germany, well to the east of the Elbe River, in May, 1945. His story relates his many daring and exciting adventures during the war.

Post-war, the author was one of seven Division Directors of the Air Force Air Tactical School at Tyndall Air Force Base, Florida. At the Air Force Air Proving Ground, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida, during his five years there, Thornton held a series of important positions: Director of Inspections, Commander of a Technical Test Wing, Air Proving Ground Director of Technical Development, and Director of Development of the Eglin Gulf Test Missile Range.

Thornton served two tours of duty at the Pentagon, Washington, DC: in the office of the Secretary of Defense (Weapons Systems Evaluation Group), and in the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (Special Assistant for Military Assistance Affairs). There he participated in a number of military studies. These included: a war game of American Forces in Europe; an Airborne-Troop carrier evaluation; a Strategic Air Forces examination; an Air Transport study; a study of American Forces in Turkey; an evaluation of the Greek Armed Forces; an economic comparison of the USSR to the USA; and a logistics study of the US Forces in Vietnam.

Two overseas assignments included: Executive Officer of the Joint United States Military Assistance Group, Greece, and Advisor to the Republic of Korea Air Force. His overseas assignments totaled six and a half years, not including time involved in overseas studies. His final active duty military assignment was as Professor of Aerospace Studies (head of the Air Force ROTC) at the University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama. It was one of the largest Air Force ROTC units, with 1700 cadets in 1966. He was retired from military service in 1970.

Colonel Thornton was a Command Pilot, a permanent US Air Force Colonel, and has earned the degree of Doctor of Philosophy (PHD). He and his charming wife, Klickie, have four children and eight grandchildren. They live in Northport, Alabama.

(s) Dr. C. T. Sharpton
Vice President Emeritus
The University of Alabama

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[Clark Thornton compiled eight Appendices in paper form that may appear here in a future edition.]

SUB-HEADINGS

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PART I THE WORLD WAR II YEARS

For ages and ages man wished that he could emulate birds in their graceful and carefree flight, however he could not overcome the force of gravity except in lighter-than-air balloons. But on Dec. 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, the Wright brothers from Dayton, Ohio flew the first flight of a powered heavier-than-air craft. This was immediately recognized by many as a magnificent achievement, and the Wrights and others proceeded in the following years to make major improvements in the structure, controls, power, etc. of aircraft to improve stability, maneuverability, dependability and speed. Thus began the First Century of Powered Flight.

In fact only about eleven years later there were hundreds of aircraft, and most major world powers had large fleets of aircraft to be used in conjunction with ground forces in WWI. Remember Eddie Rickenbacker, the WWI air ace, head of the Indianapolis Speedway, and CEO of Eastern Airlines? After the war, much progress was made in development of larger, passenger and freight-carrying, and faster aircraft. The International Air Races in Cleveland and other places attracted great attention. Also, distance, cross-country and other races were conducted, as well as over-water flights, and even "round-the-world" flights, using large, multi-engine aircraft with crews of two or more.

The aviation event, though, which excited and inspired the world, was the solo, non-stop, single-engine flight of Charles Lindbergh across the Atlantic Ocean, from Roosevelt Field, New York, to Le Bourget Field, Paris, France on May 20, 1927. People everywhere were buying "Extra" newspapers, hoping for the latest telegraphic reports on the flight. He made it successfully, and became a hero to the world. That was twenty-three years plus since "Kitty Hawk."

As the -30's progressed I was in high school and then college, and was busy with such things as a paper-route, glee club, musicals, and honor society, plus a lot of academics. I liked math and science and sports, and didn't enjoy literature and history as much. I worked late afternoons and evenings while in college, and didn't do as much studying as I should have. So, the thought of flying didn't occupy many of my thoughts. However, the Goodyear Aircraft company built a huge hangar at the Akron Municipal Airport, and over several years built two very large dirigibles, capable of long-distance over-water flights. Ultimately neither was successful, being unable to cope with violent weather conditions, and ponderous ground handling requirements. Still, these lighter-than-air ventures caught the attentions of most Americans, and especially of Akronites.

In the middle- to late-30's, there was much unrest in the world. The Japanese over-ran much of Asia, including Manchuria, China, Korea, etc. The Germans were over-running Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc. Both were threatening other areas of the world, as well, and of course Britain, France, Canada, Australia, and the United States were concerned and determined that they must take counter-actions. They built up their armed forces, and the Congress passed the Draft Act.

I was in accord with the necessity to build up our preparedness for war. I had great sympathy with the over-run peoples, and was angered by the brutal treatment of many innocent people, including the Jewish people in Europe.

After graduating from the University of Akron in June, 1940, I taught school at Greensburg High School near Akron. My field was science and math, and I had the senior homeroom. (That was a challenge!) I also had taken the Civilian Pilot Training Program through the University, flying some seventy hours at the Akron Airport in Piper Cubs, so was a qualified pilot. I especially remember doing "tailspins," in which you pulled up into a stall and fell off into a spin straight down.

So it was that 36 plus years after Kitty Hawk, 21 years after WWI, and 13 years after Lindbergh's solo trans-Atlantic flight, I joined the ranks of those adventurers who "have slipped the surly bonds of earth," and could fly as a pilot. Those ranks increased quickly to the thousands as WW II rushed upon us.

MY PREPRATION FOR ENTRY INTO WORLD WAR TWO

Although we were engaged in arms buildup and assistance to our allies, the war started for us with the dastardly attack on Pearl Harbor by the Japanese on December 7, 1941. At that date I was already in the Army as an aviation cadet in Primary Flying School at Ocala, Florida, and enjoying it. It came about like this: I had received my draft notice while teaching during spring, 1941. I requested and received a deferment until the semester was over. In May I applied for flight training in the Army Air Corps. I was given my flight physical at Cleveland, Ohio, and passed with a "B" rating. Upon inquiry I found that my problem was a deviated nasal septum. This I had corrected the next Monday, and within three weeks a re-examination found me qualified. I was then told that I would be called to active duty as an aviation cadet in due course. Following a confusing series of correspondence, I was sent orders to report to Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, in October.

On October 9, 1941, I was sworn in at Fort Hayes. Then I was sent to Maxwell Field, Alabama, to join the first class of Pre-Flight, training in military procedures, flight-related academics, psychological testing, and physical training. After six weeks we were sent to Ocala, Florida, for Primary Flight training. We had only 45 cadets in our class there, and some of them soon "washed out." We flew the Stearman PT-17 open-cockpit biplane. We received fur-lined boots, trousers, jackets, helmets and gloves, and we soon

found out that even in Florida, at 4000 feet it was very cold in December and January.

The Stearman was a good aircraft for aerobatics, so we all took turns getting "wrung out." Since I had had the CPT flying course in Akron, I was at somewhat of an advantage over most of the other cadets, who were younger and less experienced. On to Basic Flying training at Shaw Field, Sumter, South Carolina, in February and March, 1942, where we flew the BT-13, Vultee "Vibrator." It looked like a fighter plane but had fixed landing gear. There we did some night flying and some cross-country flying. At this time I put in for Advanced training in fighters, but was told that I was too tall, so I was sent to twin-engine Advanced, at Moody Field, Valdosta, Georgia, in April and May. Coincidently, we graduated there exactly 15 years after Lindbergh's flight!

At Moody we flew the Cessna AT-17 twin-engine "Bamboo Bomber," and did formation, night cross-country and other advanced training. On May 20, 1942, we were graduated from Air Force Flying School, rated as Air Force pilots, and commissioned as Second Lieutenants in the Army Air Corps. We had previously ordered and received summer and winter uniforms, caps and insignia, and were "ready to go!" (We paid the first enlisted man who saluted us a dollar bill.) And we were given our orders to report to Battle Creek, Michigan, to receive training in flying Douglas C-47s, following a short leave. Our aircraft were primarily DC-3s, called up from the Civil Reserve Fleet from the Airlines. So we had a variety of configurations of doors, radios, engines and instruments, not to mention the remaining airline paint-jobs. We also had some C-47s and a C-39. Our training instructors included airline pilots called up from the reserve, and some Army pilots who had been in the Service for a few years. They were all capable and conscientious, and we learned a lot in the six weeks at Battle Creek.

I was ordered from Battle Creek to Pope Field, No. Carolina, as a pilot (for the next two years) in the newly organized 53rd Troop Carrier Squadron of the 61st Troop Carrier Group, part of the Troop Carrier Command. At Pope we dropped paratroops, flew large formations, and practiced various invasion tactics, day and night. At Lawson Field, Ga., we dropped would-be paratroops in day and night qualification jumps. Then in July, my squadron flew to Shaver Summit, California, to take part in a large exercise. We made stops in New Orleans, San Antonio, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, etc. As I was co-pilot for our squadron commander, Major Carr, it fell to me to make out the clearances for the whole squadron for most legs of the trip—a good experience for a new pilot. One day I got permission to take a plane to Palm Springs for the evening. I quickly got a load of squadron members who would be happy to leave the windy desert floor for a few hours. On flying to Palm Springs (60 mi.?) I found the field had no lights or radio. Still, I lined up and came in for a perfectly smooth landing, impressing the "troops."

After returning to Pope, we flew many training missions until late August when we were ordered to Stuttgart, Arkansas to prepare for glider training there. I flew the "advance party" to Stuttgart for the move. The base wasn't completed, so some of us lived in town. It was a nice place, and I met a lot of friendly people there, including a pretty young lady named Hester Dews. I had a number of interesting flights from there, including one to my hometown, Akron, for a large load of tires, and one to Detroit in very cold weather to pickup some gliders for Stuttgart. Interestingly too, in October we moved to Dalhart, in the Texas "panhandle," for about a month, to tow gliders.

ICE AT LITTLE ROCK; SNOW AT STUTTGART

There were also memorable, if harrowing, flights from Stuttgart and from Dalhart. At Stuttgart, the base had received several Lockheed C-60 aircraft, to be used after our departure, for glider pilot training. I got checked out in one, and had about four hours in them. On this particular day, I was planning to fly to Little Rock to do a radio range landing procedure. Before takeoff, I was asked to take along an airman who needed to get to Little Rock. I agreed, took off, and proceeded to Little Rock where I landed and dropped the man off. This had the effect of letting me know the wind and runway in use at Little Rock.

I entered the radio range procedure (using Morse code, mainly the letters "dit dah" and "dah dit" to orient myself relative to the procedure which would enable me to find the direction for letdown to the landing runway). While approaching the airfield heading, I started getting rain on my windshield, so I turned on my windshield wipers, only to get a smear of ice there, which greatly reduced my visibility. I quickly asked the crew chief about alcohol for the windows, props, etc. He informed me that there wasn't any! The freezing rain, and my windshield, were getting worse, and I decided that I should get on the ground post-haste. I cancelled my range clearance, and got landing instructions from the base tower.

By that time, I was already entering the downwind leg (parallel to the runway), for landing. On the downwind leg I could see the airfield through my side window, and when I turned on the base leg, I still could use the side window to orient my position. But, when I turned on the final approach I could not see the field through my windshield! My co-pilot was Elton Young, a Staff Sergeant, newly promoted to Flight Officer.

He and I quickly agreed to take turns opening our side windows and hurriedly sticking our heads out far enough to see the field, and thus keeping our approach to the field properly lined up. The freezing rain on our faces was like needles, and it was hard to keep our eyes open. However, we managed to get to the end of the runway, and I landed, with a bounce. Taxiing in was slow and difficult, but we made it to park near operations. There I closed my clearance, sent a message back to Stuttgart about our delay, got a hotel reservation, got a taxi, and had a slow and slippery ride to the hotel. While there, Young was able to order a uniform appropriate to his new status.

The next day, clear and blue, we got to the airport to find much of the ice gone. But there was enough on the plane to cause us to try to knock it off with brooms. And the crew chief poured warm water over the windshield to remove the remaining ice there. (I didn't learn until later that he was using salt-water!) On takeoff the water on the windshield evaporated, leaving a film of salt! However we flew on back toward Stuttgart, about a 40 minute flight. But our problems were not over. As we approached Stuttgart, we noted that the field was covered with a good layer of snow! It looked like a huge white blanket. Where were the runways?

I knew that if the plane left the runway it would get mired in about 12 to 14 inches of mud, and would be stuck. So I had to find a runway. Thus, I flew over the field at very low altitude, and was able to see small humps in line, which were the reflectors for the runway lights. So I came around and by lining up with the reflectors was able to land safely on the runway. (Oh, Happy Day!)

INAUGURATING THE PAMPA, TEXAS, AIR BASE

At Dalhart, our Personnel Officer asked me if I would fly him to his home in Chickasha, Oklahoma. I agreed, if I could get an airplane. I was able to get the use of a BT-13 which was available for administrative use. The plane I got was serviceable, but had several instruments missing. We headed off in fairly good weather toward Oklahoma, but as we progressed, the cloud ceiling got lower, until it was only about 300 to 400 feet. Since I did not have an instrument capability, or clearance, I concluded that I would have to turn around and return to Dalhart. As I was making a great sweeping 180 degree turn, I noticed a huge airfield ahead. My passenger, 1st Lt. Bernet, and I agreed to land, check the weather, and have lunch. Approaching the field, though, I saw no aircraft, and few signs of life. Still, there was a truck or two there, and I decided to land. The runways were clear, and so was the big parking ramp. So I landed on the ramp, and taxied to the operations building, and parked. Incidentally, I was a 2nd Lieut.

I had barely finished filling out my Form 1 flight report when an army sedan drove up, and two officers got out. They were a Lt. Colonel and a Major, and they didn't look very happy. They loaded us into the sedan and took us to the Base Headquarters building. There they told us to wait in a small room. Pretty soon, one of them returned and told us that the Base Commander had been planning for weeks to be the first one to land at the field, and that he was overhead right now! Of course we really started worrying then.

Well, he turned out to be Col. Danny Campbell, the new Base Commander, and he didn't really get very upset with us. (I worked and flew with him years later, and thought that he was a great person.) So, Lt. Bernet and I flew quietly(?) back to Dalhart!

Dalhart was very cold, windy, and uncomfortable. But it did have a great long runway. And we did get a lot of practice making cross-wind landings. (Good practice for North Africa flying!) Back to Stuttgart for a few weeks, then back to Pope Field, where we did many more training missions and started to prepare for our overseas movement.

The experience and training we had undergone in the "States" was a profound advantage for the conditions we were to encounter overseas—especially in North Africa. The long day and night "dead-reckoning" navigation flights using compasses, maps, and timing; the landings at strange airfields; the instrument flights in stormy and cloudy weather; the practice in carrying various loads of cargo and people; all helped us when encountering the even more strange and rigorous conditions overseas. While some troop carrier units were sent overseas soon after being organized and equipped, the 53rd Troop Carrier Squadron had flown their C-47s over much of the United States before departure.

OVERSEAS TO NORTH AFRICA; INVASIONS OF SICILY AND ITALY

After receiving overseas equipment and briefings, we flew from Pope Field to West Palm Beach, Florida, in early May, 1943. We had no experience in long distance flights over water, and were assigned some equally inexperienced navigators. We departed W. Palm Beach for Natal, Brazil, landing at Borinquen Field, Puerto Rico; Georgetown, British Guiana; and Belem, Brazil. To reach Belem, at the mouth of the Amazon, we had to fly through the most torrential downpour of rain imaginable for about 45 minutes. We quickly loosened up our formation and flew on, hoping that our engine temperatures didn't drop too low, causing shut-down. From Belem, on to Natal, which is at approximately the easternmost point of South America.

After several days of preparation we “hopped off” for Ascension Island, a tiny dot in the Atlantic Ocean, some 900 miles east of Natal. All we had for navigation were time and compass headings until, after many hours, we came within range of the Ascension radio range station. This enabled us to “home in” to the island, and needless to say we were greatly relieved! The island, a British possession, is barely large enough for a small airfield. We landed there, and stayed overnight. It was a very depressing place, especially for the relatively few people who were assigned there.

Having refueled, the next morning we departed for Africa. We had been scheduled to fly to Roberts Field, Liberia, but were advised that they were short of fuel, thus we were diverted to Dakar, Senegal, 900 miles from Ascension. At the Dakar airfield, we encountered a very strange sight. We were almost surrounded by a number of black persons, small and large, dressed in clothing ranging from a minimum to a heavy overcoat. They proceeded to beg from us any thing we would give them, fighting among themselves even for empty ration cans we were trying to throw away.

The next morning we flew northeastward over the desert of Mauritania toward the Atlas mountains and thence to Marrakech, Morocco. There was apparently a desert storm which caused an overcast of brown sand-colored clouds to rise high into the sky. We couldn’t get above this, even at 18,000 feet. Marrakech has long been a trading center, for goods being brought from as far as Asia. There is a huge open-air market there, and there were hundreds of camels, and a boisterous camel auction.

We stayed overnight in Marrakech, and flew the next day to Oujda, at the Morocco-Algeria border, where we stayed several days. There were several hundred C-47s there,

"staging through" to other bases, all landed and parked in various parts of a very large field. When we arrived, the field was ablaze with a myriad of colorful poppies—red, yellow, orange, etc.—waving in the breeze. In two days, though, the hot sun and the movements of all those aircraft served to destroy all the flowers, leaving a sea of brown dust.

Our squadron flew on to Lourmel, at the edge of a 25-mile long dry lake (beyond the other end of which was the city of Oran, Algeria). There we set up a tent city and remained for about a month. We began a series of individual flights to Casablanca, Morocco, the main African military port, where we picked up equipment and personnel that arrived there by ship. One interesting flight I was able to make from Lourmel was to Fez, Morocco. Fez had a small, fence-enclosed airport, grass, about 1500-2000 feet across. I had been told that our group commander had to ground-loop in landing there, but I "dragged it" in slowly, and had no trouble.

The French field commander at Fez was rotund and cheerful—probably glad to have visitors. He loaned us his large Peugeot sedan and driver to go into Fez. We found a very capable guide, wearing a burnoose, who stated that he had attended Oxford. So, we visited the pretty French part of town, and the crowded, narrow-streeted Arab part of town, and ate lunch at a restaurant in a former Prince's Palace, which had lots of nice blue and white tile. On our return, the crew was slightly wine-snockered! Following about a month at Lourmel, we moved to Kairouan,Tunisia, in June 1943, to prepare for the July invasion of Sicily. Kairouan, on the desert, was hot, dry and windy in summer. Our field had two long, parallel landing strips and from the air looked like a large figure eleven—easy to navigate to from a long distance in daylight!

While in North Africa I had lots of opportunities to fly to important places. I got to Casablanca, Algiers and Oran, and to Bizerte, Bone, and to Philippeville. Also, one day we diverted to Constantine, a good-sized city inland from Philippeville and situated at the edge of a 1500-foot-high cliff. A river ran through the cliff, effectively cutting the city in two. A bridge, high over the river, connected the two parts of the city. (We were informed that a fighter pilot had "looped" through and over the bridge!) Constantine was large enough to have street-cars and good-sized hotels. We stayed overnight there, and ate at a good restaurant. A very picturesque place.

In Tunisia we visited Tunis. We spent several days practicing towing gliders at a high, cliff-side bluff facing the offshore resort island of Djerba, where "Wally" and the Prince of Wales spent part of their honeymoon. Sadly, one of our pilots and his co-pilot were injured in crash-landing their plane. (He had forgotten to remove the elevator-lock before takeoff.) I flew them back to Kairouan as quickly as I could. (The pilot was later evacuated to the States, where he got a half-dollar-sized plate in his head.) Also, from Kairouan, the squadrons of the 61st Group took turns flying to an icehouse at Bizerte with a ¼-ton trailer and jeep aboard, and getting a load of ice, flew quickly back to the base. So, this enabled us to have ice cream every week or so!

One planeload of our crew-members was authorized to fly to Cairo for an R&R. We landed at Tripoli, Benghazi and Alexandria, en route to Cairo. We stayed at the National Hotel, beside the Nile. We visited the Egypt Museum, rode camels, and climbed up the steep, slanting stairway into the heart of Cheops (Khufu), the gigantic pyramid.

The proprietor of a fine leather, perfume and jewelry store greeted us and stated that he had made 400,000 pounds (Egyptian?) at the Chicago World's Fair. Interestingly, he owned a female slave, and said that he had three wives. (He was looking for a fourth!) His slave served us limeade and Turkish coffee. He invited me to go out with him that evening, for a night on the town, etc. I politely declined.

THE INVASIONS OF SICILY AND ITALY

Our preparation for the invasion of Sicily having been completed, we were ready for takeoff on the night of July 9, 1943. I was to lead a flight of three in a serial of 36 planes. A decision had been made to fly low to avoid radar, so the leader flew just above the water, and the rest of us were "stacked up" to the rear, with the last planes probably not over 400 feet high. We flew from Tunis to the southeast tip of Sicily, then turned and flew along the southern coast of Sicily toward our destination of Gela. Unfortunately, we had a strong headwind, from the northwest. That, and the props from our lead planes, threw up a great lot of mist from the Mediterranean, and spoiled our vision through the windshields. The net result was that we couldn't see, and for safety the pilots had no alternative but to break up the formation. This resulted in scattered drops of the para-troops, sometimes at a distance from the designated "drop zones."

Flying alone, I managed to find my drop zone, but in slowing down for the jump-signal, near-disaster struck! I turned on the green "jump" light, and the first of my fifteen paratroops started jumping out. This was in the vicinity of Gela, Sicily. Suddenly, I heard and felt what I thought was a 37mm shell hitting my airplane.

I quickly tested my controls, moving the rudders and the wheel, and found that they were all right. By this time I saw a low rise in the ground ahead, and had to pull up from my low altitude of about 600 feet to go over the rise. On the other side, I made a steep 180 degree turn, went back over the rise, and headed out to sea. These maneuvers kept my crew-chief from making his way forward to inform me what had happened. At the cockpit he informed me that the number eight trooper had "frozen" on the sides of the door, whereupon the following men behind him pushed him and the door, so that they could get on the ground quickly and not too far from the first jumpers. (I should explain that the jump-door is an insert in the regular passenger door. When the jump-door is removed, it leaves the outer part of the passenger door in the shape of an upside-down "U." Aft of the passenger door is the huge cargo door-maybe 5 or so feet wide.)

My crew-chief, Sgt Wilson, then said that the "U" of the passenger door had come loose, and the big cargo door had come open, swinging back on its rear hinges, and banging against the rear fuselage! And, amazingly, Sgt. Wilson had been able to grab the "U" frame and pull it into the plane! I had never known of a C-47 being able to fly with such a large "hole" in its fuselage, so I quickly slowed down. I proceeded on my course to return to Kairouan. Another strange coincidence was that the full moon was reflecting its moon-path at exactly the same heading as my return course. So, finally, but slowly, I was able to return and land at Kairouan, with great relief. The strong northwest winds also played havoc with the British gliders trying to land on Sicily's East coast.

The wind blew many of the gliders offshore, resulting in many casualties, due to landing in the water. Another tragedy also occurred on a succeeding night of the invasion. Then a large number of American C-47s were shot down by Naval forces because of a failure in identification procedures.

The American troops under Gen. Patton quickly overran most of Sicily, making it possible for our 61st Group to move from Africa to Licata, in Sicily. We were then involved in a number of flights to Kairouan and back, to complete our move. And I was involved in a rescue flight to drop supplies and ammunition to an Army unit in danger on a hilltop in Northeastern Sicily, near Mt. Etna. The drop was successful, and we saw troops running to get the supplies.

On Sept. 13th and 14th, American troop-carrier forces dropped paratroops and later landed glider troops of the 82nd Airborne Division at Paestum, Italy (site of a Parthenon-like Greek temple). On the night of the 13th paradrop, there was a large cargo ship on fire just offshore, lighting up the whole area. On the 14th, we approached a fighter airfield, thick with dust (maybe 6 inches). It was obvious that the fighters were taking off down-wind, because great clouds of dust were following them. So our flight leader proceeded to "peel off" and go in to land. It turned out that the taxi strips and parking areas were blocked, so that the first three landing C-47s had nowhere to go, and sat at the end of the runway, churning up clouds of dust!

I was fourth to land, and saw the danger of running into that cloud of dust, so I "dragged it in" slowly, and was able to pull off at the side of the runway. I winced as I saw landing planes enter the cloud which was full of dust-and airplanes!

OUR AIR-ECHELON MOVES TO NAPLES, ITALY

Luckily no one was hurt, although we did leave several airplanes behind to be repaired. The 82nd Airborne Division forces attacked northward, and were able to take Naples, Italy, in early October, whereupon our 53rd Squadron (air echelon only) was ordered to move to Pomigliano Airport, Naples, to support air transport operations there. Fighting was raging north of Naples, toward the Monte Cassino area. This resulted in our flying many loads of wounded troops to Bizerte, Tunisia, and other places. On one occasion, I led a flight of five planeloads of British wounded to Malta, They were to have gone to Catania, Sicily, but weather prohibited that. They parked my five airplanes very close to Operations—just a courtesy, I assumed. About that time, Air Vice-Marshal Sir Keith Park (hero of the Battle of Britain), came driving up, thinking that we had brought General Eisenhower, who was expected! I pointed out that we had delivered five loads of British wounded from Naples. Well, we managed to get some lunch and get on out of there. But we did get to see Gen. Eisenhower, riding in a limousine.

One weekend, two navigators (Lts. Wrang and Worobey), and I went to the nearby Isle of Capri, in an open-air excursion boat out of Naples. We had a good time seeing the sights there, but when it came time for our return, it turned out that the weather was too rough, and no more boats until tomorrow! I quickly made a survey of how much money we had in total. It turned out to be only $10. But we “lucked out,” because the Army was setting up an R&R camp there, and we helped to inaugurate it. So, we got rooms in a delightful small luxury hotel, and had a good dinner in a lovely dining room, (with about a dozen tuxedo-clad waiters)! The next day, we could get a boat only to Sorrento, but from there we got rides back to Pomigliano, just east of Naples.

While at Pomigliano I made several interesting flights. One involved flying dozens of Thanksgiving turkeys to combat airbases on the eastern side of Italy. That gave me a good feeling. Another such task involved flying to Bari, Italy, which was an important logistics port for the Allies, in bringing in weapons, ammo, food and other supplies for use by the military units. A drastic blow occurred when a very large force of German bombers flew across the Adriatic and dropped bombs on the Bari harbor, sinking a number of ships, and setting a number of others on fire! I was scheduled to fly loads of foamite to Bari on successive days. The gallon cans of foamite were stowed along the walls of the plane cabin. While constituting a heavy load, they left the airplane looking relatively empty. The first day, I saw quite a number of ships on fire in the Bari harbor, but by the second day the fires had been pretty well subdued. Another flight out of Pomigliano was to fly a very large aircraft engine to Algiers for overhaul.

Our Group had been moved from Licata to Sciacca, Sicily. So, after two months in the Naples area, we returned to Sicily. The field at Sciacca was on a good-sized plain, inland several miles, and at the foot of a 3,000 foot mountain. One night after we had completed a night training mission, we saw a British night-fighter plane crash into the mountain. The pilot was killed, and the navigator was injured. It fell to me to fly the two night-fighters to Malta, only about 70 or so miles from Sciacca. The wounded navigator was loaded in an upper tier stretcher, with the pilot's body loaded directly below him. This was so the navigator wouldn't know his pilot was dead. (Sciacca, by the way, is pronounced "she-ah-ka.")

A GROUND-LOOP IN THE MUD AT SCIACCA, SICILY

The field at Sciacca was dirt, with no paved runway. After a rain it was somewhat muddy and slippery. It was about 3,000 feet long, and had quite distinct drop-offs at either end. This made it imperative not to land short, and to stop well before the far end. At this stage we were making flights to the Sicily capital, Palermo, on the north coast, and on this particular day I had a large load, including a jeep and about eight men, with their baggage. “A routine flight,” I thought.

Not so, however! At Palermo there was a large thunderstorm over the city and the airport. I flew several miles out to sea, to let the storm drift away, while I circled. And then the hydraulic oil pressure tank in the compartment just aft of the co-pilot seat exploded, spraying oil everywhere there, including on my billed-cap and my leather jacket. But, much worse, I now had no hydraulic pressure for my landing gear, for my wing flaps, for my engine cowl flaps, for my brakes, nor for my windshield wipers!

After considering my situation, I decided not to try a landing at Palermo but to return to Sciacca. When I got there, I noted that the field was wet, and that there was a strong cross-wind, blowing down from the mountain top. I quickly concluded that I had to ground-loop, to keep from going over the drop-off at the far end of the field. Further complicating things was the fact that there was a slight up-slope to midfield, and a down-slope after midfield, which meant that prior to midfield the pilot couldn’t tell how much field he had remaining. I quickly decided on a clockwise ground-loop, rather than counter-clockwise which would have gotten me into quite a fast spin, with the strong wind forcing my large tail (vertical stabilizer) around.

My gear handle allowed the gear to fall into the "down" position, where I "locked" them. I then got on an approach for a west- to- east landing. On touchdown, I seemed to really rush down the field, with no wing flaps or brakes to slow me down. (The mountain was up the hill to my left.) Past midfield I felt that the end of the field was fast approaching, so with hard right rudder, and hard left throttle, I swung my tail into the wind. When I'd made a quarter-turn (my tail now being directly into the wind), I quickly reversed both rudder and throttle (applying left rudder and right throttle), and the plane came to a halt facing west! (Sigh of relief!) No one was hurt, the plane was undamaged, and we were all glad to be safely on the ground, and thankful for the muddy, slippery runway!)

Following a Sciacca Christmas and New Year's, we moved into the year 1944—little knowing what it would bring us. We proceeded through January and into February, and were ordered to be prepared to fly to England, to get ready for the invasion of Western Europe.

WE FLY TO ENGLAND AND PREPARE FOR THE NORMANDY INVASION

The air echelon left Sciacca, Sicily, on February 17, 1944. The ground echelon was to follow by sea. So we flew to Marrakech, our "jumping-off" place, stayed a couple of days, and left for our long overseas flight at 2AM. It should be pointed out that the Germans held France and the Bay of Biscay, and had agents in Spain and Portugal, so those places had to be avoided. We had had four 100 gallon fuel tanks installed in the cabins. That gave us a total of 1200 gallons, or about 14 hours of flying time.

After several hours of flying in loose formation over the dark ocean, we noticed a brightly lit city well to our right, ahead of us. It could only be Lisbon, Portugal—so we

quickly turned farther out to sea. It was obvious that we had an unexpectedly strong westerly wind. We got very sleepy as we flew on into the early morning hours, and had to struggle to stay awake. Finally we saw a faint glow to the east, and as we flew on, we saw what turned out to be the southern cliffs of Ireland. They became very bright in the sun—and very welcome. Ultimately we flew north up the Irish Sea, and landed at Valley Air Field, an RAF base in Northern Wales, having flown more than 13 hours. It was snowing at Valley, and we had left Marrakech wearing khakis with short sleeves, so we quickly got our winter uniforms out of our baggage in order to warm up!

We stayed overnight at Valley, and left there in a loose squadron formation the next day, being escorted by a bomber aircraft, because the weather was quite murky, and we were completely unfamiliar with England. Our new station was Barkston Heath in the Midlands, and it was to be our home station for about seven months. Our new objective was to prepare for the invasion of Western Europe, at Normandy, France, although we didn't know our exact destination until much later.

We were kept quite busy flying cargo and people within England, and conducting various kinds of practice missions. So we became fairly familiar with places in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. Southern Ireland was neutral, so we couldn't go there for fear of having our planes and crews impounded. One interesting flight I had was taking a load of psychiatric patients and nurses to Prestwick, Scotland, so they could be flown back to the United States. We also got to London, and to a crew R&R center at Salisbury, where we ate well, saw movies, and went to a horse-race.

Barkston Heath airfield was at Grantham, England, in the Midlands. Grantham was a fairly small town, and a friendly, pleasant place. I learned much later that it was the hometown of "Maggie" Thatcher, who was to become the Prime Minister. (And I figured that she was 14 years old when we were there.) Nottingham was west of us, and Lincoln was north of us, and was the base of the 7th General Hospital, which came from Massachusetts. I learned that because I developed something akin to the measles, and spent nearly a week there. Of course I met some nurses while there, and I also learned some interesting uses for hospital alcohol! (With coca cola, for instance!)

Many of the young English men were off stationed in North Africa, India, and other faraway places, and many young women were in the Women's Land Army, the WAAF, etc., or were detailed to work in industry or businesses necessary to the war effort. And, of course we met some young ladies and took them to movies, dances and parties. So it was a much more enjoyable place than North Africa, Sicily or Italy. I recall that Glenn Miller's band was touring the larger military bases in England in those days, and they drew large crowds. I later learned that Miller went down in the English Channel in a C-64.

Most of southern England was fairly level, and offered few obstacles to low-level flight except for some very large coal piles, some radio towers, and some enemy-deterrent balloons. The balloons issued radio warning signals, which our planes received. Much of our flying was at low level, in practice for night paratroop drops, so we had to be careful. There was a lot of cloudy weather, there were no radio range homing signals because of the war, and there weren't any radar landing systems, so we learned to navigate carefully.

There were good facilities at Barkston Heath, including many round-topped Quonset huts for the troops. These had small pot-bellied stoves which burned coal or charcoal, and were a challenge to us to operate. The airfield was good-sized, with paved runways, and had a circumferential taxiway all the way around the field. This allowed planes to be taxied out to the assigned runway for takeoff, and landing craft to taxi to their parking areas, which were outside the circumferential. The longest runway was about 7,000 feet long, and had a drop-off beyond the southwest end. There was also a drop-off to the north of the field, which resulted in the traffic controller being unable to see, from the tower, planes landing or taxiing in that area. This caused me to have a "close one" one day, when I was taxiing my plane in that area. As I approached the end of the north runway, I managed to see, and hear, a plane on takeoff bearing down on me! Needless to say, I applied my brakes suddenly, and managed to stop in time to avoid a terrible collision.

And another time, I was scheduled to tow a huge Horsa glider for a check-out ride. This Horsa had a load of about 8,000 pounds which turned out to have been loaded improperly, making the glider out of balance. As I took-off I noticed that the glider was not lifting off first, as it should. By this time I was nearly at the end of the runway, and couldn't stop. So, just beyond the end of the runway I pushed the nose down to try to gain some speed. The glider pilot had not been able to raise the glider above and out of the airplane's prop-wash, causing it to be a serious drag on the plane. I pulled more power and slowly tried to climb. I could never climb above 200 feet, nor fly faster than about 95 mph. I made a long gentle circle back to base, and was able to release the glider and we both landed safely. (Whew!!)

PRE-INVASION DAYS

In March, 1944, I was able to visit London for several days, and stayed at a nice hotel with some 53rd crew members. The hotel was not far from Piccadilly. It had a large lounge in front, just aft of the lobby, so we were sitting there, drinking and watching the "traffic." It was very dark out, I recall. Then a German air raid began, with much noise, and sirens were heard everywhere. About that time we looked up and noticed that the lounge had an expansive glass ceiling, and that the separator between the lobby and the lounge was also largely glass. Not wanting to be struck by falling shards of glass in the event of a bomb falling close by, we hurriedly went outdoors. The sky was aglow with tracers from anti-aircraft weapons and from fires that had resulted from bomb explosions, in various parts of London.

We were instructed to seek out an air-raid shelter, so we went down onto a subway platform, where we saw an unusual sight. The platform was nearly covered with hundreds of people, there to escape the bombs. They had brought blankets and some food and water, and had prepared to sleep there, with their blankets spread out, back out of traffic. The subways were about ninety feet underground, we were told. Also, we learned later that this was one of the worst of the German air raids on London. (The "buzz bomb" and V-2 rocket bomb attacks using London as one of their main targets did not begin until June of 1944.)

The late spring of 1944 was spent in practicing for the invasion of Western Europe. We flew courses at night which approximated the courses we would fly for the invasion. We were given classes in "Escape and Evasion," which would help in the event that we parachuted or crash-landed in enemy territory.

We were also given intelligence information as to probable location of enemy anti-aircraft and small arms fire. Further, our planes had three wide, white stripes painted on the fuselage and the wings. We were instructed to lower our landing gear when in the vicinity of the coastal landing areas. All this was to identify us as "friendlies" to Allied forces on the ground and aboard coastal shipping.

Various evidences indicated that the invasion was imminent, but there was no official indication of the exact date. Radio and newspaper reports speculated as to the date, and told of tremendous buildup of Allied forces in Southern England, especially in the vicinity of good-sized ports. (A common expression among the British was that, "The Yanks are overpaid, oversexed, and over here!").

So we stayed close to our radios, read the "Stars and Stripes" (the military news-paper), reviewed our procedures and instructions, talked it over, and speculated about not only when but also where. And those who had British girl-friends, and the few who already had British wives, spent time getting ready to say goodbye, and trying to make plans for the future. The combat soldiers were cleaning their equipments and sharpening their knives. The aircraft maintenance people were checking and rechecking engines, radios, instruments, etc. And lots of expectant combatants were busy writing letters home!

All this was in preparation for history's greatest military invasion. While the invasion of Sicily was the largest in history in July, 1943, the invasion of Normandy on June 6th, 1944, far surpassed it, with more than 4,000 ships, and 157,000 troops landed on D-Day, versus 3,000 ships for Sicily.

THE INVASION OF NORMANDY—June 6, 1944

The planning for the invasion of Europe had proceeded for many months prior to the date finally selected for D-DAY by General Eisenhower and his Allied staff. An early summer date was desired in order to allow the invading Allied forces good weather during which to make as much progress into Europe as possible. Favorable tides would expose enemy obstructions in the coastal areas selected, yet be deep enough to allow landing craft to make headway toward their target beach areas. And the English Channel waters must not be rough enough to endanger landing craft. So early June, 1944, was selected as the desired date. The "window" for favorable tides in early June was only two or three days. Continued bad tides and weather in the possible invasion "windows" could put off the date into July, or even August. Thus, good weather for June 5th was strongly desired.

Unfortunately, the Allied weathermen, in England, and over the Atlantic as far west as Iceland, reported on June 4th that a storm would hit the Channel during June 5th. This caused Gen. Eisenhower to postpone the landings. The weather was indeed quite bad on June 5th, and caused much anguish as to whether June 6th could be suitable. However the weathermen had found an opening, and predicted improvement for June 6th, and Gen. Eisenhower made a decision to "go" for the 6th, and the invasion fleet was on its way.

The American beach target areas, called "Omaha" and "Utah," were on the west, toward the Cherbourg peninsula. We were to drop the 82nd Airborne Division inland several miles from the beach, to disrupt German forces there, and to facilitate the Utah Beach landings. Our "Drop Zones" (DZs) were in the vicinity of St. Mere Eglise.

The Utah beaches were favorable, compared with Omaha, which had some high cliffs and narrow beaches. And defenses, including long-firing cannons, were worse at Omaha. Unfortunately, for the 82nd Division, their DZs were in the vicinity of the Merderet River, which had been flooded by the Germans, and many paratroopers landed in the water.

Our course from the Midlands led us well to the west of our destination, and we flew between the channel isles of Guernsey and Jersey, and thence across the Cotentin, (Cherbourg), peninsula toward the DZ. I noted in flying across the peninsula that the tracer fire was in fact mainly in the areas predicted in our intelligence briefings. As I dropped down to about 600 feet above the ground, and slowed down for the paradrop, I was startled to see red tracer fire just outside of my left window, leading my left engine by only about two feet! Fortunately we were not hit, and I proceeded to give the red warning light to the paratroops, to be followed as we approached the DZ with the green "jump" light. After the jumpers were gone, we turned left and picked up our return route for Barkston Heath in the Midlands.

Interestingly, England is so far north that the nights in June are very short, And I remember that it was nearly like daylight as we went across the field to our planes for take-off at about eleven PM. After we dropped our troops, at about two AM, and returned to base, it was beginning to show daylight. We were of course "debriefed" as to the drop. We were "hyped up" from our flights, naturally enough, and didn't get to our beds and to sleep until sometime after we had talked things over with our fellow crewmen at breakfast.

The weather in Normandy was, in fact, good for D-Day. On our next flight to Normandy, we took off at night in formation and climbed out, reaching some broken clouds at about 800 feet. This caused our formation to break up (dangerous to fly close together). I was on the right wing of the serial leader, and was able to stay in a loose formation, and we resumed the formation and proceeded en route, along with most of the planes. The rest of the flight encountered no weather. Some planes, I learned, were not able to make it, and returned to base.

Also, later in the month, a severe storm struck the Channel area, causing havoc, and damaging a number of ships in the beach areas. A "mulberry" was badly damaged at Utah Beach. (The mulberries were docking facilities, fabricated in England of thick concrete and floated over to the Normandy Beaches, where they were sunk in places that enabled supply ships to offload. Smaller craft then brought the supplies ashore.)

Although the two American Airborne Divisions, the 82nd and the 101st, suffered high losses, they were both able to fulfill their missions, and greatly facilitated the success of the beach landing forces. They seized St.Mere Eglise and Carentan, and opened the way to the port of Cherbourg, which fell relatively quickly, leading in turn to the great breakout of Gen. Patton's tank forces toward Paris.

The Channel and the Beach areas remained remarkably free of German submarines and fighter and bomber planes, thanks to the Navy and Air Force actions. This enabled the invasion to proceed with almost no enemy air or sea attacks. An aerial survey of the Beach areas, though, made it clear that only Allied Forces with tremendous resources could have endured these losses to the enemy and weather and continued the assault.

The magnitude of the Normandy invasion was immense. Not only were 157,000 soldiers brought ashore on D-Day, but a total of approximately one million were to be landed within the first month. Thus, the facilities had to be in place to land them and their equipment, and also to land all their needed ammunition, replacement equipments and other supplies, vehicles, communications, etc., for weeks to come.

The Army Engineers brought ashore, in an early lift, rolls of what were called "square-mesh track." On the bluff above Omaha Beach, they bulldozed landing strips, and proceeded to unroll the square-mesh track, and fastened it together, and to the ground. These strips were to be our runways for the next few weeks, as we airlifted in all sorts of supplies and people. One load I had consisted of 150mm shells, which were bound to the sides of the cabin so that they wouldn't roll. That constituted 5,000 or so pounds of weight, but still the cabin looked empty! Another load I recall was several huge boxes, which I was told contained medals to be awarded to the troops.

Great credit has to be given to the Navy for bringing in this tremendous mass of men and equipment; to the Army for organizing, training, and making available, ready to go, the large number of Divisions and specialized units necessary to achieve a successful attack; and to the Air Force for achieving almost absolute air superiority over the Channel and beach areas, as well as for attacking German trains and marshalling yards in the hinterland, greatly reducing German reinforcement and resupply capabilities.

Evacuation of wounded constituted our return loads to England. Each air base had a Medical Evacuation Team, consisting of doctors, nurses, and corpsmen. Several of these accompanied each flight, and administered to the wounded as we flew back to England.

Shortly after D-Day, I was assigned to 61st Group Headquarters as Assistant Group Operations Officer. Although I didn't realize it at the time, this was to make a significant impact on my future. One of the first things I did in my new job was to monitor for the Group the flights to deliver cargo to Normandy, and to evacuate wounded from there. A central base had been established to receive cargo and to load it on planes for the invasion area. This was at Aldermaston. We would receive messages as to how many planes to send there each day. Our squadrons were given their requirement, and would send the prescribed number of planes to Aldermaston. However, I found that some squadrons would arrive and want to leave immediately, sometimes using unfair tactics to do so, causing earlier arriving squadrons to be delayed.

I was able to solve that problem by arranging for the loading facilities personnel at Aldermaston to load, first, the planes of the squadron that arrived first. This was called "first in, first out." This eliminated any further squabbling as to who was first, and had the further effect of getting them off the ground earlier from Barkston Heath, in order to make the turn-around and get back to home base sooner.

A few days after D-Day, I went to London and stayed in a hotel operated by the Red Cross for transient military personnel. This cost only a nominal sum, and provided meals as well as lodging. The German missile attacks had begun, with V-1s (Buzz-Bombs), and V-2s. The V-1 looked like a small airplane, flew low (400 to 1000 feet), made a terrible roar, which stopped when the engine cut off at its target, then spiraled down to blast its target on the ground. They were not very accurate, but caused great apprehension because of the roar, and the knowledge that when the roar stopped, something below was going to be blasted.

The V-2s were supersonic, flew a high arcing pattern, and were unstoppable in the air. They were dreaded because they could cause much damage. While the V-1 could destroy part of a building, the V-2 could take out a large block, or more.

The Red Cross ladies at the hotel were mostly middle-aged volunteers, and ran a good operation. But with the onset of the German missiles, they were nearly petrified. (Of course, no bombs hit nearby while I was there, or I might not be here today!)

Another duty involved the celebration of our victory at Normandy with a parade of all the members of our Group, and with the presentation of medals. I was chosen to lead the formation of officers. This included several hundred officers from all four squadrons, and we were first in line. (So, I led the parade!) It was a pretty day, and it went off well.

After Normandy we were advised that the 82nd Division G-3 Section had been able to plot a chart of the actual landings of each "stick" (planeload) of jumpers. I thought that it would be very helpful for us to have a copy of such a chart for the landings of the planes in our group. So, I arranged to drive over to Division Headquarters at Leicester, England, and to meet the G-3, Lt Col. Norton and his staff. They gave me the chart I requested. I also met the Commanding General, Brig. Gen. Gavin, and the Chief of Staff, Col. Wienecke. They were proud to inform me that the Division was made up entirely of volunteers, and equally proud of their accomplishments in Sicily, Italy, and Normandy. All were new at their positions, having been moved up when the former Commanding General, Maj. Gen. Ridgway, left to become C.G. of the new XVIIIth Airborne Corps.

I JOIN THE 82nd AIRBORNE DIVISION; INVASION OF HOLLAND

Some days after my visit to the 82nd Headquarters, I received a message stating that the 82nd was interested in having me transfer to the 82nd to become the Division Air Advisor, and was I interested? I stated that I was interested. I realized that this would be no easy task, and would involve some danger. Also, I would be entering an entirely different lifestyle, would have much to learn, and would be separated from my Troop Carrier friends of several years, the 53rd T.C.SQ., and the 61st T.C. Gp. But this was a challenge that I couldn't resist. I was then a Captain, having been promoted from 1st Lt. in Sept., 1943.

No response to this situation evolved for several weeks, and I was somewhat on tenter-hooks, awaiting a reply. In the meantime, Gen. Patton's tank force, driving toward Paris, was outrunning the supply lines, and needed fuel. Thus, the troop-carrier planes were used to fly fuel into grass fields in France, where the tankers could refuel, and I participated in that effort.

Ultimately, my transfer orders came through, and I became a member of the 82nd Air-borne Division. Inasmuch as the Air Force was still a part of the Army, I was not placed on temporary duty, or "seconded" to the Division, but became an integral part of the Division. So, in mid-August, I loaded my gear into a vehicle and moved to the Division Headquarters at Leicester. I was checked in, issued a pistol, compass, etc., and got a room in the Head-quarters area. On one of my first evenings there, I went to the bar, to pass the time and to meet some Div. HQ. personnel. I recall that there were three officers from the Division Reconnaissance Platoon there. I'm sure that I didn't know what their duties were, though I learned later that they roamed out ahead of the front line areas, to get intelligence and to

capture prisoners to interrogate later. Dangerous work!

Well! So these were some of the "toughest" troopers in the whole Division! And it was apparent that they didn't care much for Air Force officers. Needless to say, I played it pretty cool, and avoided any difficulties. I later found that they were very conscientious, courageous, and really very friendly and capable people. I also met a number of Division personnel during the next few days, and learned to find my way around Leicester.

Shortly afterward, the 51st Troop Carrier Wing Headquarters proceeded to let me have use of a small British-made aircraft. It was single-wing, and had several peculiarities. For one thing, it had a momentum-driven starter. While the pilot sat in the front cockpit, a corps man stood on the wing and used a crank to build up momentum, to "turn over" the engine so that hopefully it would start when the ignition was engaged. Unfortunately, it was a pretty rainy season, and I would feel sorry for the man cranking away in the rain, while the engine failed to start. But, even worse, the brakes were activated by pushing buttons, left and right, on the control wheel, to activate the left and right brakes, respectively. With these, it was next to impossible to taxi in a straight line, consequently zig-zagging along the taxiway. Further, the plane would not carry more than one passenger. So, it was unsuitable for my needs.

Fortunately, after a week or so, the 51st Wing found me a C-64 Norseman aircraft, which could carry eight passengers in low "bucket seats," or three litters for wounded, in addition to pilot and co-pilot positions. The Norseman had a high wing, and fixed landing gear, and had a 600 hp radial engine. (The story went that it would take off, fly and land at 120mph!) But it was fast enough for my needs, and in the next ten months or so, I flew it 300 flying-hours over Northern France, Western and Northern Germany, and England.

Soon I got myself "checked out" in the C-64, and shortly thereafter was asked by the G-3 (Division Operations Officer), Lt. Col. Norton, to fly him to an air base in the Sussex area. When we arrived there, it became apparent that there was a gusty cross-wind. It is necessary to point out, here, that the C-64 has a large, high vertical stabilizer (tail), and that winds tended to turn the aircraft toward the wind. Also, the plane was single-engine, so it didn't have the directional control two engines would provide. That left the rudder(s) and the brake(s) to counter the force of the cross-wind. Well! On landing, I found myself heading toward the side of the runway, and only valiant effort enabled me to straighten the plane out! That put me in store for some good-natured ribbing!

LOST IN THE FOG AT NIGHT OVER ENGLAND

Several days later, I was asked to fly the Division Commander (Brig. Gen. James Gavin), and the G-3, to London for a meeting concerning an airborne operation which was in the planning stage. We landed at an airfield in the vicinity of London, and I waited while they left in a sedan for their meeting. After some time I received a message that they wanted me to fly the plane to another airport, because they had gone to another place that was closer to the second airport. So, I did. Upon arrival, I found out that they had already arrived. And, in fact, Col. Norton told me that he had already made out our flight clearance for the field at Leicester, and that the weather was OK. Well—not checking the weather for myself turned out to be a terrible mistake. If I had checked the weather, I would have examined the temperature-dew-point spread at several places en route. A spread of only two or three degrees would indicate the likelihood that ground fog would form (and it did)!

We had been in the air only about twenty minutes when it became apparent that a thick ground fog was covering the ground. The procedure in England during the war in event of

low visibility was to call "Darky," on the radio, whereupon the ground controllers would maneuver very bright searchlights in such a way that the lights would point in the direction of the desired field. Unfortunately, they didn't help me in this case. (I figured later that the industrial smog from Leicester caused the fog to be too thick and dense to enable the searchlights to help.) I should point out that the General and the G-3 were eager to get to Leicester to start planning for the proposed airborne mission.

SAVED BY "DARKY" AND THE CIRCLE OF LIGHTS

What to do? Going back to London would take a lot of time, and it too might be foggy. The General and the G-3, being paratroopers, had 'chutes and could jump. But where would they land ? And how would they get back to Leicester? Well, there was a solution—if it worked! Around certain British airfields there were what were called "circles of lights." These were very bright lights (mounted on quite-high poles about 100 yards apart, making a circle around the field), which could shine through the fog. And other lights could be turned on, which curved around toward the runway in use. All the pilot had to do was to follow the circle of lights around, counter-clockwise, at about 1000 feet above the ground, until he came to the curving lights, which he would then follow, while "letting down" to the field elevation. There were bright green lights, indicating the end of the runway, and the pilot could then land on the runway.

I found such a circle of lights, not too far from Leicester, called the tower, stating that I had a "code six" aboard, and wished to land. (A code six is a general officer.) I followed the lights around, took up the curved path to the runway, let down, and finding the green lights, proceeded to land and slowed down quickly. The base provided a sedan to take the General and the G-3 back to Leicester, while I stayed overnight at my "refuge" on "Terra Firma!"

This proved to be the only time that I needed to make use of the circle of lights for a low visibility landing. And, in fact, in talking with other pilots I never heard reference of any of them doing so, either. However, I am sure that the night-fighters, reconnaissance pilots, and British bomber pilots, who flew mainly at night, were glad that the lights were available, and made good use of them. I do not recollect any comments from the General and the G-3 about our foggy landing, but I believe that they thanked their lucky stars, as I did, to have faced another harrowing situation, and survived. Incidentally, that mission was called off!

PREPARATION FOR THE INVASION OF HOLLAND

In early September, General Gavin again asked me to fly him and Lt. Col. Norton back to London for another planning conference. This time I accompanied the General to the meeting, which was held at Gen. Brereton's Headquarters, west of London. Gen. Brereton was the newly-appointed Commanding General of the First Allied Airborne Army, and was an Air Force officer. He conducted the meeting, which was the planning meeting for the invasion of Holland. At the meeting were many generals and a few colonels—and a lone captain, sitting back in a corner—me! General Brereton looked at me and asked, "Who is that Captain?" Gen. Gavin quickly answered, "Sir, he is my Air Advisor." (And, of course, I felt pretty conspicuous!)

The invasion, code named Market-Garden, was too ambitious. It had the desirable purposes of crossing the Rhine River, and thus turning the German right flank on the north, and overrunning the Western Holland islands and low country, and thus destroying the German missile-launching bases. However, the targeted areas for the airborne invasion were 100 miles or more deep in enemy territory. Further, there would be many thousands of Germans who would be bypassed, west of the landing areas, and additionally, there were

three rivers to cross –the Maas, the Waal, and the Lower Rhine, not just the Rhine River.

Not only that, but the invasion was depending upon the arrival of the British Guards Armored Division, by about the second day, coming north up the road from Belgium, giving the Germans time to reinforce their defenses. At the meeting, it became clear that the British Airborne Division Commander had selected drop-zones which were up to eight miles from their objectives (primarily the bridge at Arnhem), and in fact, had no plans to drop troops on the south side of the bridge. As we left the meeting, we shook our heads.

The invasion was planned to occur on Sept. 17, 1944, flying from England, over the Channel, across the Walcheren Islands, and deep into Holland, with principal landing areas at Eindhoven (the 101st Airborne Div.), Nijmegen (the 82nd Airborne Div.), and Arnhem (the British 1st Airborne Div.). Additional units, reinforcements, and resupply were to follow on succeeding days. In all there were 450 airplanes and 450 gliders used in the invasion. And 90 American bombers were used for resupply. The glider pilots had received training in infantry weapons and tactics, and could be used if needed to reinforce the airborne troops. Each glider pilot had a carbine for that purpose.

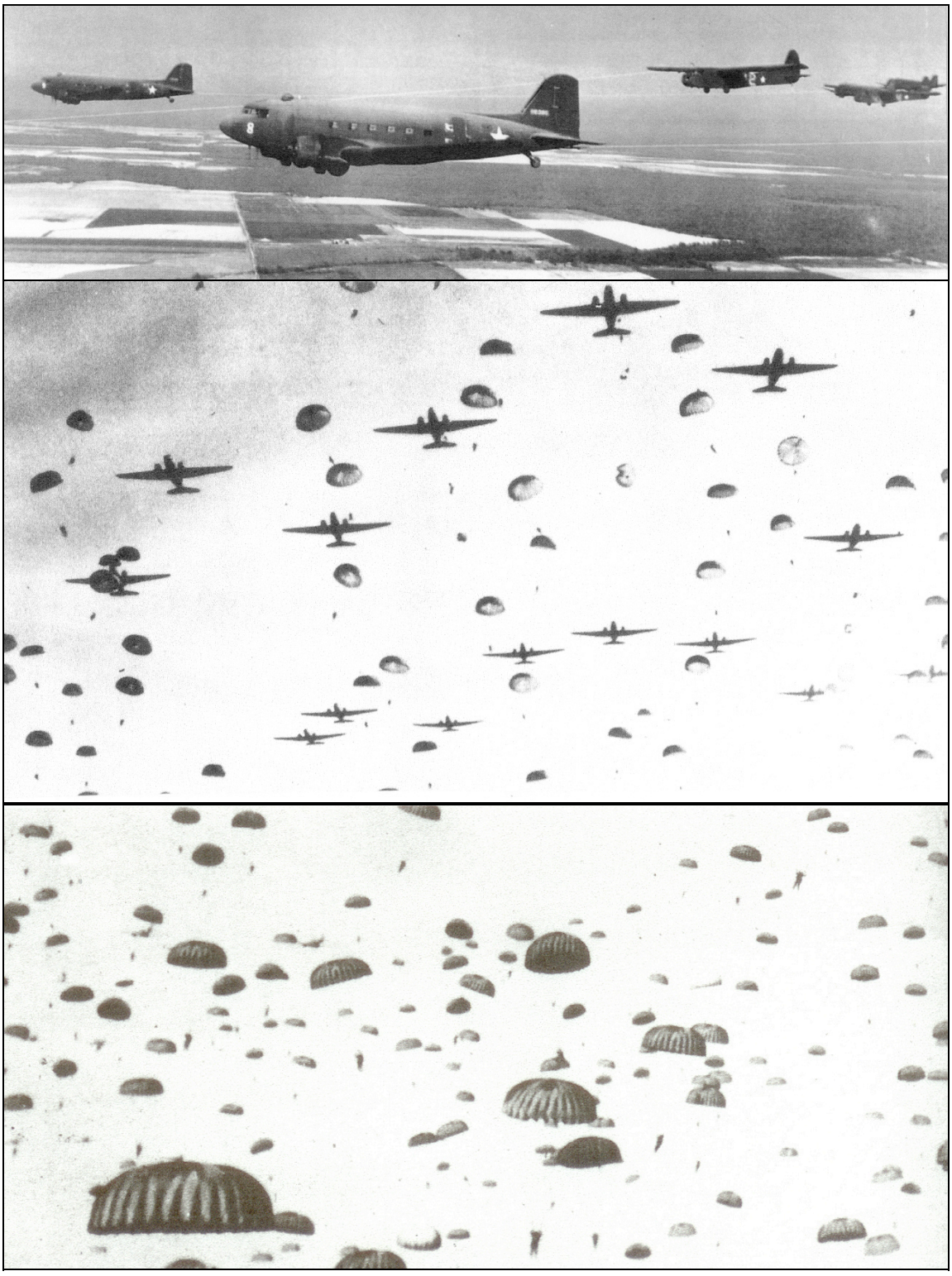
I had volunteered to jump with the troops, but Gen. Gavin said no, since I hadn't had jump-training, so I planned to go in a glider. I arranged to fly in as co-pilot in a glider of the 53rd TCS, from Barkston Heath. Our flight was to land in a field just south of Nijmegen, where paratroops had landed the day before. My glider would be first to land there. Since the weather would be turning colder as days followed in September and later, I would need appropriate cold-weather clothing. I took my winter shirts and trousers, a sweater, my helmet, pistol and belt, my Air Force sleeping bag, and my musette bag with extra handkerchiefs, socks, writing materials, shaving gear, etc. My B-4 clothing bag would come later. Then I flew my C-64 to Barkston Heath, and parked it there.

BY GLIDER INTO NIJMEGEN, HOLLAND

The day after the paratroops jumped into the Nijmegen, Holland, area, the gliders were lined up alongside of the runway at Barkston Heath, ready for the C-47 "tug" aircraft to tow them away. An artillery battery constituted the unit that our gliders were to deliver to Nijmegen. It had jeeps and light artillery pieces, as well as the artillery men. I entered the first glider found a jeep and eight men. I took my place in the co-pilot seat. This was on Sept. 18, 1944.

The takeoff was scheduled for 9AM, but was delayed. We learned that the delay was due to fog in the lowlands of Holland. The sun began beating its hot rays through the glider windshield, and we all got very warm. (I should mention that, in addition to the woolen clothes, sweater, etc., I was also wearing long-johns underwear. I fully intended to stay warm during the cold days in Holland!) Apprehension grew as the heat and the delay bore down on us, and we were relieved when we finally started rolling on takeoff at about 11:30 AM.

The flight was uneventful until we reached the Walcheren Island at the Dutch border. There, it was apparent that we were being fired on, as we could hear the machine-gun fire, which sounded like sewing machines! We appeared to receive no damage, but couldn't be certain, because the gliders were clad in painted canvas, not aluminum. We were now flying at 1500 feet on a clear day, and certainly constituted wonderful targets! We flew on, and upon reaching the vicinity of the city of s'Hertogenbosch, we saw puffs of clouds near us, and we realized that we were being fired on by anti-artillery guns. We didn't believe that we were hit, but I looked out at the right wing and saw a hole there, somewhat larger than my fist. We flew beyond the "ack-ack" and soon we saw the Nijmegen area ahead of us, and identified the green field that was to be our landing zone.



World War II. C-47s, CG4A Gliders, and Parachute Jumps were widely used, especially the major invasions of Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Holland, and at the Wesel. Top, above - C-47s tow CG4A gliders. Middle - C-47s in formation make a large-scale paradrop. Bottom - the sky is filled with parachutists in a massive parachute jump.

At the appropriate time, our C-47 pilot gave us the cut-off signal, so we cut loose, let down, and went on to land on the landing zone field. The field turned out to be turnips or sugar beets, rather than grass, and the soil was quite loose. Consequently, when our nose came down, the skids dug in, and we came to a sudden, jolting stop! Fortunately, the jeep was well tied down, but a number of loose items came flying forward, and something hit me on the back of my helmet. This didn't do much damage, but it caused my head to come forward, and my chin hit my captain's bars, causing a small cut. Also, my right ankle was twisted, but not enough to disable me.

We quickly got out of the glider, and the artillery men unloaded the jeep. We had noticed that some of the gliders had tipped up on their noses, and almost overturned. This happened to the #3 glider, near us, and it was damaged. So, several of us ran over to it, to try to release the glider nose and swing it up. We couldn't open the nose more than about two feet (at the bottom). This enabled the glider co-pilot to get out, but the pilot, Wayne Ray, was unconscious. Someone broke the windshield, enabling a trooper to reach in and release the seat-belt. Then the rest of us were able to maneuver the injured man out. The 82nd Div. Chaplain was also hurt, similarly, with a rather bad face injury. Both of the wounded were placed on litters, and carried away by the medics.

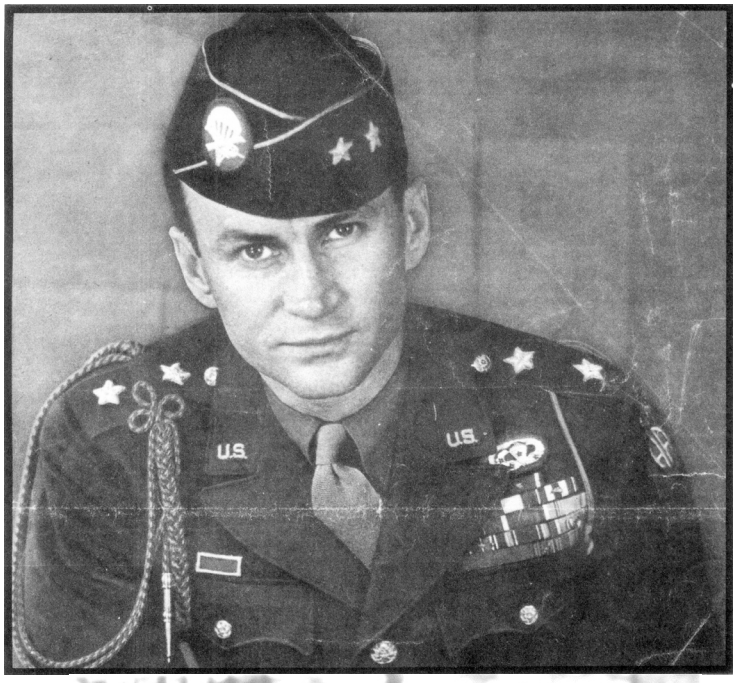
During this time, we were being fired on by Germans, who were trying to disrupt the landings. They had lots of targets, with many planes overhead and lots of gliders landing. Some planes were hit and went down. We ran for a small glade of trees ahead, and met up with a number of troops who had a jeep and trailer. Whereupon, we piled on and drove away down a dirt lane toward the artillery battery objective.

At the intersection of the lane and the road toward Nijmegen, we saw a number of Dutch people waving and cheering us. The men were wearing orange armbands, and the women had orange ribbons in their hair. After four long years under the oppressive control of the Germans, the Dutch were almost deliriously happy to be freed! They were also handing out cold bottles of beer, which we were pleased to receive on such a hot day.

We continued toward Nijmegen a mile or so to an intersection with a large open lot, where the Battery set up their artillery pieces. Most of the men began to dig foxholes. One of the artillery Lieutenants had received a wound on his forehead in the landing, and I walked over with him to a nice-looking large house nearby to ask for help. The Dutch residents (named Smulders, I believe) were very helpful. There were five or six people there, including a mother and her two children and an aunt and uncle. The daughter was about eighteen, and pretty. The son was about fourteen. (I learned that he had become a pilot in the Dutch Air Force, when our family was at Nijmegen on our 1962 tour of Europe.)

I needed to check in with the Division Headquarters, but it was already getting toward evening. And of course everyone was busy, getting organized. So I decided to stay there overnight, and find the Div. HQ. the next morning. Later, that evening, the son (Jon?) came over and stated that they had a small furnished room in their third floor, if I wished to stay there overnight. I agreed, though I later had second thoughts about the possibility of German artillery shells being dropped in from across the small ridge to the east.

The next morning I got a ride to the Division Headquarters area. I dug a foxhole, because we did expect artillery fire. Strangely enough, artillery fire did come in every day, at about 6:45PM. We were not hit, though the motor pool did get some damage.



Nijmegen, Holland. Upper left – Maj. Gen. James M. Gavin, CG of 82nd Abn. Div.
Right – Gen. Gavin making early morning reconnaissance and inspection.
Lower Left – Gen. Gavin stands in front of his tent in the woods at Nijmegen.

TO THE VALIANT MEN
OF THE EIGHTY-SECOND
AIRBORNE DIVISION
WHOSE DESTINY LAID
THEM TO REST IN THE
FIELDS OF
SICILY
ITALY
FRANCE
HOLLAND
BELGIUM
&
GERMANY

When we heard the artillery shells coming in, we jumped into a foxhole. (Occasionally the foxhole was already occupied. Any port in a storm!) My foxhole was four feet deep, and was perpendicular to the line of incoming shell-fire. And at the bottom, I made an indentation into the side-wall, on the side toward any incoming fire. This gave me more protection, especially from tree-bursts, which could cast shell fragments down into foxholes. By the second day, I had retrieved some torn parachute nylon, and lined my foxhole. (I later learned that this was against policy—the chute materials were to be salvaged.) On the other side of my foxhole, I had cut a long shelf, which I used to place my clothes, boots, musette bag, etc. I must say that I slept very well in that foxhole! Oh yes, I also had two shelter-halves, which had been issued to me, and with these I made a tent over my foxhole, which I "trenched" all around the outside, to keep out the rain, and later, the snow. Most of this I did of an evening, because there was a lot going on during the daylight hours.

Too many things to remember happened during the next days. For one thing, the Division was practically surrounded, and the fighting by the three Parachute Infantry Regiments (504th, 505th, and 508th), was intense. The glider pilots, who had been congregated into a central area, were sent into the combat line. (They really enjoyed this, strangely, because this was what they had been trained to do.) The Guards Armored Division was delayed getting up the two-lane, 100 mile road from Belgium. The British First Airborne Division was having to fight desperately to keep from being destroyed at Arnhem. They were attacked by several German Divisions that had not been known to be there. Therefore the British could not seize and hold the Arnhem bridge.

Gen. Gavin knew what difficulties were befalling the British at Arnhem, and urgently desired to take the Nijmegen bridge. This would give easier access to forces which could help to relieve the British. German forces with 88mm artillery were still helping the Germans hold the bridge. So Gen. Gavin determined that it was necessary to send a battalion of troops across the Waal River to take the north end of the bridge. Part of Col. Reuben Tucker's regiment was selected for that purpose. About 500 German troops and some mobile 88mm guns were still holding the south end of the Nijmegen bridge.

That was the situation developing on Wed., Sept. 20th, 1944. The 82nd was able to get nearly 30 canvas assault boats from the oncoming Guards Armored Division. Fighter-bombers were scheduled to bomb and strafe the north side of the Waal River, where the 504th battalion was due to cross. About 30 Guards tanks were lined up on the south side of the river where they could support the river- crossing and also fire on the German forces holding the Nijmegen bridge. All this was happening while the 504th, the 505th, and the 508th Regimental troops were fighting off attacks by German troops trying to seize bridges and high points. After grueling attacks, the 504th river-crossing troops attacked and seized the north end of the bridge, and troops of the 505th were able to seize the south end of the bridge, with the help of the Armored tanks and the Grenadier Guards. The Germans were also defeated in their attacks on the south and east sides of our assault area, and reinforcements were being provided.

A British Brigadier arranged for me to accompany him and examine a possible landing field in a cut-off loop of the Maas River. We concluded that it was suitable, and the 325th Regiment was landed by C-47s on the 23rd. The C-47s then flew the glider pilots to the UK.

The First British Airborne was almost wiped out at Arnhem. Of about 9500 personnel, the Division lost all but about 2000 men, killed, wounded, missing, and captured. The Division did not achieve its objective of capturing and holding the Arnhem bridge. The 2000 men were aided in crossing the Lower Rhine River, and were brought to the 82nd Division area, where they were given blankets and food.

The 82nd Airborne Division achieved all its objectives, including the Nijmegen bridges, other area bridges, and the original drop-zones and landing zones in its assault area. The Division was assisted valiantly by various units of the Guards Armored Division, especially in the river crossing of the 504 Regiment, and in the final seizure of both ends of the bridge at Nijmegen. The 82nd was one of the first divisions to attack and seize areas in Germany. All the areas and bridges seized by the 82nd were held in Allied hands throughout the war.

There were several interesting things that happened in conjunction with the battle for Nijmegen: a) A tank was driven up to a Dutch bank, and several troops went in and robbed the bank of 100,000 guilders; b) A junior finance officer illegally exchanged $1500 in fake guilders from Nijmegen, for American money, at the Army Finance Office in Paris; c) Some allied troops seized a warehouse full of Dutch “geneva” gin, and passed it around (I got a liter, in its ceramic bottle); d) The only casualty I knew of artillery fire, was a young girl, whose arm was badly injured; e) The troops of the 82nd were proud to say that Gen. Gavin had jumped first from the first plane in four 82nd invasions—Sicily, Italy, Normandy, and Holland; and f) On my first day at the Division Headquarters “in de voods’ (in the woods), south of Nijmegen, I received a phone call from Lt. Cox, a pilot from Barkston Heath. He said that his plane had been shot down and he landed, “wheels-up”

in a field in or near the German lines. Hearing gun-fire, he and his crew crept across the ground toward some woods, until, in looking up, he saw a large pair of brogans. He thought that they were being captured by German troops. But it turned out the boots were worn by a Dutch farmer. The farmer led them to a unit of the 82nd, and Cox was ultimately able to call me. I arranged to get them a ride to the Div. HQ., where I was able to get them some blankets and sent them on to the bivouac area of the glider pilots. Incidentally, years later, at his request, I wrote a letter substantiating his Nijmegen experience, and he wrote me back that it resulted in him being awarded a medal.

I flew back to England from the "Grave loop" airfield on Sat., Sept. 23, 1944, with the C-47s that were taking the glider pilots back. The flight leader was Lt. Col. Ed Cullerton, and he let me fly with him in the lead plane. My purpose was to get my C-64 from Barkston Heath, and fly it back to the Nijmegen area. At Troop Carrier Wing headquarters, I briefed Col. Dick Petty, Wing Chief of Staff (and later a United Air Lines vice-president), on the progress of the war, especially in the 82nd Div area. Then I got my C-64 from Barkston Heath, and returned to Nijmegen.

I landed and kept my aircraft for the next weeks at a strip used by the Division Artillery planes. It was just southeast of Nijmegen, parallel to a rail depot. To the east of the strip was a ridge which is the highest place in Holland—at 300 feet! The German artillery that fired at our Headquarters was just east of the ridge. Therefore, to avoid alerting the Germans that we were landing there, we flew in and out of the strip at a very low altitude. In the ensuing weeks, as the weather got cooler and foggier, I made a number of flights to Belgium, France, and England from this strip.

AIR EVACUATION OF SERIOUSLY WOUNDED TO BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

The 82nd Division Medical Battalion, I learned, was operating in a Dutch convent, with assistance by nuns as nurses. There was a large number of wounded soldiers to care for, and some were in need of a higher level of care than the Medical Battalion was capable of providing. I discussed this with the Division Surgeon, Lt. Col. Lindstrom, and told him that my C-64 could accommodate three litters, and that I would be willing to evacuate the most needy ones. (For whatever reason, the Troop Carrier planes were not coming to the Nijmegen area—other missions, insufficient patients, too dangerous to fly the 70 miles or so from Belgium up a route that Germans could cut at will?) Col. Lindstrom accepted my offer, and thus, for the next few weeks I flew three litter patients per day, about three days a week, or as needed, to Brussels, Belgium.

The patients were in desperate condition, with head wounds, stomach wounds, chest wounds, etc. I would have my crew chief, Sgt. Palmer, and a medical corps man with me. My route was south, just above tree-top level, above a two lane road to the Meuse Escaut canal, then west to Brussels. (From a Brussels medical holding-point, the patients would be flown by MATS planes to a general hospital in England.) Along the Dutch two-lane road, I believed that I would be safe even from rifle-fire, while flying so low. And I never was fired at, that I knew of, although I was "buzzed" by a fighter plane, one day. (It made a terrible roar, and of course I didn't know if it was a "friendly," or not! It was friendly!)

On one occasion, I was flying three patients, including a Capt. Van Poyck, a parachute company commander. He had been holding a meeting with his company officers, when an enemy mortar shell exploded amidst them, killing several, and badly wounding Van Poyck. His legs were severely injured, and had to be amputated.

After I had flown south to Belgium, I turned right (west) toward Brussels. But I didn't get far before the cloud level started lowering so much that I could not safely fly below it. I believed that the top of the cloud level would be about 6000 feet, or so. However, I did not think that it would be wise to fly unannounced over the vicinity of Brussels, inasmuch as the Germans were targeting Brussels with "buzz-bombs." So I felt obliged to turn around and look for another landing field. I considered that I had three alternatives: I could fly back to Nijmegen, but that didn't make much sense, especially with an ambulance ride of about 150 miles to Brussels. I could fly to Eindhoven, possibly 110 miles to Brussels, another long ambulance ride. However, I remembered seeing an American Field Hospital near the Belgian town of Bourg-Leopold, to my east. (Bourg Leopold was an old Belgian military camp.)

So, I flew east and found the hospital area, with a number of large tents with huge red crosses on top. And I found a small airfield, with one hangar. The airfield was cratered with a great many shell-holes—but a makeshift runway had been created by filling in shell-holes in a line, and placing long, white-painted boards on each side to make the runway visible from the air. I then let down and flew over the runway at about ten feet, to see whether the runway was smooth enough to land on. I decided it was, so I came around and landed slowly, then taxied to the hangar. There was a truck there, and I explained to the driver that I had three badly wounded soldiers, and would need ambulances. He drove Sgt. Palmer and me to the hospital, where ambulances were arranged for, and then Sgt. Palmer, the corpsman and I had some lunch, and flew back to Nijmegen. Much later I learned that Capt. Van Poyck had reached the United States safely, and was residing in California.

FLIGHTS FROM NIJMEGEN TO ENGLAND

Another day, I was scheduled to fly the Asst. Div. Surgeon to London, along with several others who were on leave. We took off on a cool, foggy day from Nijmegen, and headed south. But we hadn't gone far before I found that the fog was so thick that it wasn't safe to fly. So, I turned around and headed back towards Nijmegen, hoping that I would be able to find the town, and I did. The flight was re-scheduled later, and we went and returned in good weather.

The chief of staff, Col.Wienecke, needed to make a flight back to our base camp in Leicester, England. We started out one morning in fairly good weather. As we were flying a few miles south of Antwerp, The "Chief" spotted some flashes from artillery fire coming from that area, We concluded that there was still a fire-fight being conducted there, We diverted enough to be safe. We flew on, and crossed the English Channel. (At its narrowest, the Channel is only about twenty miles across. I've flown it several times, and it took only about 35 minutes in the C-64.)

We flew into England, the clouds got lower, and were nearly on the ground as I headed toward the London area. I turned around and looked for an airfield. I had flown over that area before, and knew that there was an RAF field at Lympne, on a large headland above the lowlands, near the Channel. (There were several British fighter units at Lympne, used to knock down German buzz-bombs in "buzz-bomb alley" by tipping their wings up, so that they would spiral down and crash.) Whereupon I landed at Lympne, a big grassy field.

Lympne, I was told, was the huge estate of Sir Phillip Sassoon, a multi-millionaire. (Lympne is pronounced "limb!") He had turned over the use of his estate to the RAF for the wartime duration. Sir Winston Churchill was known to have gone there to paint and rest.

Col. Wienecke obtained a ride to the local train station, to get a train for Leicester, while I stayed overnight, until the fog would clear. I was given a room in the Officers' Mess—(which was the estate mansion.) It was a large room, and impressively, in the large bathroom, had a bathtub carved from one huge piece of marble! I had been directed to the room by a WAAF, who worked in the Mess. She was blond, and pretty, and seemed concerned when I told her how much better this room was compared to the foxhole I had been using in Holland. Her name was Hazel Bowling.

I enjoyed a warm bath, and got dressed to go to dinner in the dining room, downstairs. As I walked out of my room, there was the WAAF! Perhaps she had been waiting for me. She spoke to me and stated that, since I had been living under such rough circumstances in Holland, maybe I would like to take her to the base movie that evening. I quickly agreed, and arranged to meet her at the WAAF barrack in time for the movie. The barrack was about a block away, with the movie theater nearby. She told me that she had to be back in her barrack by ten PM. We did have time to talk a little, and she told me that she was from Wales, and that her Welsh boyfriend was in the service overseas.

The next day I was able to fly to Leicester, pick up the Chief, and go back to Nijmegen. Soon thereafter, I was asked to fly the XVIIIth Airborne Corps CG, Maj. Gen. Matt Ridgway, from Nijmegen to Eindhoven, where Gen. Maxwell Taylor was the CG of the 101st Airborne Division. The flight was routine—except that, looking back, I was quite impressed that Ridgway was a real hero, being in charge of our fighting forces in Greece at the time of the communist uprising there, as well as in Korea, where he succeeded MacArthur. And Taylor was later to become the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the Pentagon!

TO LIVERPOOL AND BLACKPOOL

On this occasion, en route from Nijmegen to Aldermaston Field in England, with Col. Wienecke, again, the weather was good enough to fly past Antwerp, across the Channel, and beyond London to Aldermaston. There, it was raining in a steady downpour. I landed, and started to taxi on the circumferential, when I came to a large, round pool of water in the center of the taxiway. I viewed the pool, and concluded that it wouldn't be more than three to four inches deep, and that I could "straddle" the pool with my main gear. I did that, but when my tail wheel came to the edge of the pool, it fell, "kerplunk," into a hole about 12-14 inches deep! I managed to taxi slowly to Operations, and parked. Examination there revealed that the tire was blown, and that the wheel and strut were damaged. I found that the parts needed to repair the tail wheel were available at the Air Depot at Liverpool, England.

Aldermaston provided a sedan, and Col. Wienecke and I were driven to Leicester. I had decided to try to "borrow" a C-47 from Barkston Heath and fly to the Liverpool Depot. Col. Wienecke generously suggested I take the sedan on to Barkston Heath, which I did. At Barkston Heath the next morning I was able to borrow a C-47, with co-pilot, crew-chief, and, importantly, a Tech-Sergeant supply specialist. Thereupon, I took off and flew toward Liverpool. I had to cross the Pennine Mountain range, and found low clouds there, which forced me to climb above them, to about 4000 feet. I flew on (time, heading, and distance), but in the Liverpool vicinity there were no breaks in the clouds. What to do?

I decided to fly out over the Irish Sea, to try to find a hole in the clouds, and let down through it. Sure enough, I found a hole, and let down to about 400 feet over the water. Then I flew back, and referring to my map found Liverpool, and the Mersey River.

I had noticed that the Airfield at the Depot was near the river, so I flew up the river, being careful to avoid radio towers, bridges, etc. It was really quite murky, but fortunately, there were some bright lights at the airfield, so I was able to land safely. The supply sergeant we had with us was a "life-saver," which enabled us to get through piles of red tape and get some of our needed equipment. However, we found that we still had to go to another Depot, at Blackpool, to get the strut we needed for the C-64. The weather brightened, we flew to Blackpool, overcame more red tape, got the strut, and flew back to Barkston Heath without further event. Of course I thanked the C-47 crew and the supply tech. for their help.

After an overnight at Barkston Heath, where I enjoyed visiting with some of my old Sicily, Italy, and Normandy cohorts, I got a truck that delivered the C-64 parts, and me, to Aldermaston. The Aldermaston maintenance personnel proceeded to put my C-64 back into flying condition. Finally, I was able to pick up the Chief at Leicester, and fly back, uneventfully, to Nijmegen.

During the month of November, Brig. Gen. Gavin was promoted to Major General. We were told that he became the youngest Maj. Gen. in the Army. And I was promoted to Major. It was a "battlefield" promotion, which was very meaningful to me. As a "field-grade" officer I would have more authority, prestige, and money (and would eat in the field grade Officers' Mess).

THE 82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION MOVES TO SISSONE, FRANCE

About this time, we learned that the Division would be moving to a base camp in France. Most of the Division would go to Sissone, north of Reims. The Division Artillery would go to Suippes, east of Reims. (Sissone is pronounced See-sone, Reims something like Rahnss, and Suippes is Sweeps!)

The movement of the Division to the new base camp in France involved flights in the next several weeks to Sissone. The Division was scheduled to move out from Nijmegen on Nov. 13, 1944, and was busy preparing for the move. At about this time I encountered a veteran paratroop major at Division Headquarters. He was Major Piper, who had been through combat in Sicily, Normandy, and Holland. We started talking about our experiences in Sicily. I told him that the 53rd TC Sq had lost a C-47 the first night (July 9, 1943), of the invasion, to a German night fighter plane. It was the only case I knew of such a loss to a night fighter. Our plane went down, from low altitude, and I had heard that everyone aboard was killed except the paratroop jumpmaster, who had been standing at the jump door and was able to get out.

To my surprise, Major Piper said that HE had been that jumpmaster! What a co-incidence! And he had survived many months of combat since then. I told him that I knew the pilot and co-pilot (Lieutenants Froom and Ehnot) very well, and really missed them.

The 82nd Artillery Commanding General, B. G. "Andy" March asked for a flight to Suippes from Nijmegen, so I flew him there on a rainy day. The strip at Suippes was paved with PBS (petroleum-based surface). This was a black, shiny and slippery surface, and turned into a real menace for me. I landed in the rain, and with a fairly strong cross-wind. I had a terrible time staying on the runway, because the only controls I had were rudder and brakes. I couldn't use the brakes to much effect because the wheels would lock and slide on the slippery runway. The wind was blowing the plane closer and closer to the edge of the runway, and to possible disaster if I got off into the mud. However, by judicious use of rudder and brakes, I barely managed to stay on the runway!

SISSONE

Sissone was a huge French Army training base, about 25 miles north of Reims, France. It was large enough to accommodate most of the 82nd Division, in at least a minimal way. It was indicated that the Division would stay there in a retraining and recuperation status for perhaps two months. The Headquarters area had some good staff buildings, a large building for the Div. HQ., a theater, chapel, mess halls, etc. The parade ground was large enough for me to land and takeoff, and to park my C-64, as well as to use for parachute training drops for newly assigned replacements. I was given a room in the Field Grade Staff Officers building. (A great improvement over a foxhole in the woods at Nijmegen!)

But the really impressive thing about Sissone was that there were not one, but two, US Army Hospitals stationed there! The troopers of the 82nd Division had a "field day!!" The hospitals were in a training status, and rotated field units to forward areas, as required. (I don't know if they were called MASH Hospitals—military advanced surgical hospitals—in those days or not?) There were many nurses there, and we met and dated a number of them. Some told us of what terrible experiences they had had in forward combat areas.

While I dated a few blondes, brunettes and red-heads, I did not get serious with any of them. But, the one I saw most often was a Lt. Jeanette Reichenbacher, who came from Kansas. She was a very sensible, hard-working, and pretty young lady. There were a number of dances, parties, etc. So it was easy to meet them. I especially remember a beautiful, tall red-head from Austin, Texas. You can be sure that she did not have any difficulty in getting all the dates she wanted!

No doubt the reason that I did not get more serious with any of these young ladies was that I had become engaged to Betty Lantz, in Akron, not many days before I left for overseas. As time progressed, it became apparent that the engagement had "cooled off." Our letters had become fewer and cooler, and it was evident that our feelings had changed. (We did not call off the engagement, however, until just after the war, when I had come home.)

One day, General Gavin asked me to fly him to Epernay, a small village south of Reims, to meet Gen. Ridgway at the XVIIIth Airborne Corps Headquarters. He needed to get there quickly. It was a distance of about 70 miles. A sedan ride would take an hour and a half or more; an artillery "cub" would take about an hour and a quarter; whereas my C-64 could make it in 35 or 40 minutes. Of course I agreed, thinking that, surely at a Corps Headquarters there would be a reasonable airfield. I took off with Gen. Gavin shortly.

I LAND "UNDER THE WIRE" WITH GENERAL GAVIN

Upon arriving at Epernay, I found that the field was on a slope, and was only about 500 yards long. A wind-sock indicated that the wind was west to east. But at the east end there was a dirt road with small ditches on either side. And also, there was a telephone line on poles along one side of the road, with the wire strung about twenty feet high. I concluded that it would be dangerous to land down-wind on that short field, and that I would have to cross the ditches at the road if I couldn't stop in time.

So I decided to land from east to west, into the wind. That would mean that I would have to come in low and slow, across the road and under the wire! Therefore, I made my landing pattern, and came in as I planned, to cross under the telephone wire. On the final approach, as we were nearing the wire, Gen. Gavin raised his hand, and looked at me. But I indicated my confidence, and proceeded to cross the road, fly under the wire, and land as

slowly on the short field as possible—and of course into the wind. That enabled me to stop in plenty of time. Later I took off to the west, from the road side, for Sissone.

On succeeding days I made several flights to Paris, France. One was to fly Martha Gellhorn, a well-known war correspondent. She had visited our camp to obtain information preparatory to writing an article about the Division. I ordinarily landed at Le Bourget airfield, the one used by Lindbergh. The administration building there was quite large, and had many shops, offices, etc. I took time to walk through the building, and found an office for Traffic Control of military flights in Europe. Surprisingly, on a board listing "missing," I found my name and plane number. On inquiry, I was told that a clearance for one of my flights had not been closed out. Since many of my flights were to or from fields where there were no operations or communications facilities, that was not surprising. I told the personnel there that I was no longer missing!

One evening I was invited to a small party given by the Red Cross girls at their office. I was especially taken with Dottie Davis. She was a very pretty brunette, quite outgoing and friendly. So, I was able to spend some time with her, and enjoyed it. She was from Boise, Idaho, or Butte, Montana, I forget. Later, she flew to Ludwigslust, Germany in my plane. And on an un-forgettable trip we visited the Russian 385th Infantry Division, nearby. She was a great gal, though she did have a frequent giggle!

About this time, Gen. Gavin got a C-47 and crew, for Division use. I was able to fly it locally for training purposes. I remember a flight, on a foggy day, when I flew over Reims and found the Reims Cathedral, seemingly sitting alone atop a cloud bank, brightly shining in the sun. Beautiful! One other time, at Suippes, I could see outlines of WWI trenches!

THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE, BELGIUM

In the Fall of 1944, the Germans were being hard pressed on the eastern and western fronts. Then Hitler made a daring decision—to launch a major tank thrust into the Ardennes Mountains of Belgium, with the hope of driving through the Western Allied Forces all the way to Antwerp, thus splitting the Western Allies in two. This decision was made on Sept. 17, 1944. The attack forces were built up with tank and other units, and manned with some of the best leaders and troops of the Germans. The German forces were trained and deployed secretly, and were ready for the attack in early December, 1944. A desire to wait for poor flying weather caused a delay until Dec. 16th. The Germans wanted to avoid counter-attacks by the air forces of the West, which had overwhelming air superiority. In this they were gratified, in that the weather in the Ardennes was very cold and snowy in mid-December, and the airplanes were, indeed, largely grounded until Christmas day.

Gen. Gavin had heard a radio report telling of an attack on Dec. 16th. He also learned that Gen. Ridgway was in England, making Gen. Gavin the Acting Commanding General of the XVIIIth Airborne Corps (as well as CG of the 82nd Div.). Also, he learned that Gen. Taylor, CG of the 101st Airborne Div., was on leave in the United States, making General McAuliffe the acting 101st CG, reporting to Gen. Gavin, as Acting Corps Commander.

The afternoon of the 17th, Gen. Gavin had phone calls from the Chief of Staff of the XVIIIthAbn. Corps alerting him to the danger in the Ardennes, and indicating that the 82nd and the 101st should be prepared to move out for the battle area by the next morning. Gen. Gavin was told that he should proceed without delay, and meet General Courtney Hodges, CG of the US First Army, at Hodges' Headquarters in Spa, Belgium.

On Dec. 17, 1944, most of the Headquarters staff of the 82nd were watching a movie after dinner in the theater. Before long, someone would come to the door and call out, "Col. Smith (for example), please go to the Headquarters building." Similar calls went on for the next 45 minutes or so. Then my name was called, and I left. At the HQ. Col. Wienecke asked me whether I could fly in this weather to Belgium in the Ardennes. The General needed to get to Spa, Belgium. I had checked the weather, which was almost on the ground at Sissone, meaning that the Ardennes mountains would be "socked in" in and impossible for flying.

It developed that the Division would have to "move out" by 5AM the next morning for Belgium. The regiments already had four days ammunition and food on hand, but all units had to prepare their weapons, cold weather clothing, etc., for an extended stay in the cold and snowy mountains. This caused most of the Division personnel to work all night preparing for the early departure. They did, in fact depart at 5AM on the 18th. (The Division had about 17,000 personnel.) The General, I was told, had left in a jeep at 11:30 the night before.

By 9AM on the 18th the weather at Sissone was up to 200 feet or so. I took off and decided to check the weather in the Ardennes foothills, and look for the Division trucks on the highways. Near Sedan I saw the long lines of 82nd Div. trucks moving steadily along toward the Ardennes. The Division would go through Bastogne, Belgium, to a small town, Werbomont, twelve miles southeast of Spa. The 101st Div., following the 82nd, would stop in the area around Bastogne. The Ardennes clouds being on the ground, I returned to Sissone.

At Spa, Gen. Gavin was advised of the situation. He then did an area reconnaissance, and found deployments for the 82nd. He surveyed the number and location of bridges, then returned to Bastogne and ordered the arriving 101st to seize and hold the Bastogne area.

The fighting in the next days was severe in intensity, and the weather was very snowy and cold. After several days at Sissone, I got a ride on a large truck hauling artillery, etc., and joined the Division at Werbomont, Belgium. Several days later, the weather showed signs of improvement. I had examined possible landing sites for my C-64, with no success—too mountainous. This led me to decide to fly it to Liege, where there was a good field that had a small U.S. air force unit to maintain and fuel the plane.

At this juncture, it developed that the Germans had trained and organized 300 men who would wear US uniforms, speak English, and drive American jeeps, etc. They were to infiltrate American lines to disrupt our forces, blow bridges, and especially, try to assassinate high-level leaders such as Eisenhower, etc. We had been advised of such enemy plans.

Gen. Gavin's sedan had been brought forward from Sissone for his use. He concluded that the terrain, the snow (24 inches) and the fighting conditions made it unnecessary. Thus, I was told, the General's Aide, Capt. Olson and a driver, would take it back to Sissone. So, I got a ride with them, through Belgium to the Meuse River, across the bridge at Dinant and on through Belgium and France, to Sissone.

In heading toward the bridge at Dinant, we were driving along a straightaway with a large field on our left. Upon looking down the field, at quite a distance, we saw six or eight tanks! Just ahead on the road, an American officer waved us down, and told us that those were German tanks which could probably reach us with their cannons, so we should hurry along (which we did!) This, we learned later, was the farthest advance of the Germans in the Battle of the Bulge. They had run out of gas, and could go no further!

We were stopped at the bridge for identification, and at Dinant. The interrogations were thorough. But eventually, we proceeded to France, and to Sissone—with three or four more stops before arriving. At Sissone, I went into the "War Room" to get the latest on the war. Imagine my surprise when I read a dispatch which stated, "Be especially alert for a US sedan with a major, a captain, and a driver aboard." (They were!)

On Monday, Dec. 25th, I flew my C-64 to Liege, and got a ride to Div. HQ. I was late for Christmas dinner, but borrowed a mess kit and a fork, and ate what was still available. The situation was fluid, and the Division would move every few days. The Headquarters would usually be in a chateau, and had room for me. One time, though, I was in an upper room in the gatehouse—which was better than you'd suppose. Thank goodness for my sleeping bag!

I'll never forget the first clear day there. The sky was full of US bombers and fighters, and some enemy fighters were out after them. We could see the tracer bullets flying. All day long, it seemed, there was a continuous hum in the air. Of course everyone was glad to have air support, after so many cloudy, foggy days.

Early in January, the Division was going to go on the attack, and I was asked to fly to some U.S. air bases in France and Belgium to help coordinate our plans for air support. On Dec. 26, 27, and 28, I visited air bases in France, and was well received. On Sat., Dec. 29, I flew to the field at Asch, near Liege, Belgium. There they had two groups—a group of P-47 tactical fighters, and a group of P-51 bomber-escort fighters. Each had three squadrons, for a total of six, plus the two group headquarters. Of course, I didn't finish calling on them until the late afternoon of Sun., Dec 30. Each unit was planning a BIG New Year's Eve party, and they all invited me! But I felt that I had to return to the Division Headquarters.

Incidentally, it turned out that it would have been VERY exciting, and even dangerous for me to have stayed at Asch on New Years Eve. At about 9 AM on Jan. 1st, a flight of 36 fighter planes, flown by Germans, came over the field and started strafing. (No doubt they thought the Americans would be still in bed, sleeping it off.) The German flight included fighter planes with US markings, which the Germans had obtained somehow. However, one squadron of our US planes was, in fact, overhead, on alert. And, another US squadron was on the ground, on ground alert. Therefore, in short order, there was a tremendous air battle going on overhead. An Asch fighter pilot who recognized me told me about this at Liege a few days later. He went on to say that the Americans had shot down 35 of the attackers, and lost only one of their own! So began the year 1945!

Well, back to the evening of the 31st. I was being driven by a driver in a jeep from Liege airfield to the 82nd area. It was terribly cold. We were wearing winter clothes: a sweater, a topcoat, a muffler, gloves, overshoes, and, oh yes, a woolen helmet liner. And still the driver and I were shivering. We had to go through the area of the XVIIIth Abn. Corps en route, and there, in a low, very dark place by a small bridge, we were stopped by a trooper on guard duty. The guard called, "Halt," and told us to dismount, which of course we did. He appeared to be unusually nervous, as he asked us to identify ourselves. We ultimately had to place our ID cards on the hood of the jeep, and back off. (We were using the jeep's "blackout" lights, which provide very little light.) The guard examined our IDs, and asked us questions, such as "What is the name of the Brooklyn baseball team?" Well, we passed the test. I then asked the guard why he was so nervous? He replied, "Sir, only about five minutes ago I stopped a jeep, which had two Germans aboard; I disarmed them, and called the guard troops who took them away." We shook our heads, thanked him, and drove on to Div. HQ.

In January, the weather got even colder, and the snow got deeper. The Chief of Staff wanted to get Air Force hooded, heavy winter hip-length jackets for the General and his

senior commanders who had to spend a lot of time outdoors. He asked me to fly to England to get the jackets. Of course I agreed to do that. It involved a flight to the Midlands.

A MIRACLE AT LYDD, IN THE LOWLANDS OF KENT, ENGLAND

At Liege, my crew-chief and I had to sweep snow off the plane, before takeoff for Sissone. A Medical Services Corps officer, Captain McAlpine, was going with us. Before we arrived at Sissone, a small engine-exhaust collector ring burned out, and had to be replaced. Sergeant Palmer got a stand and went to work on the replacement, at Sissone. He found that the burned-out ring was very hot, but solved that problem with snow off the ground!

All this delayed us, of course, but with a new collector ring installed, I took off and headed for the English Channel. Over the Channel, I found that the cloud level was lowering, and soon I was flying not far above the waves. Over England, I headed for the RAF airfield on the headland at Lympne, in Kent. I reached the headland, but couldn't find the airfield, due to the low clouds. I flew back and forth several times, without success, and decided that I must leave the headland because it was too dangerous, what with radio towers, high-tension lines, etc. (I learned later that airfield personnel were firing flares into the air, to no avail.)

I then headed down toward the lowlands of Kent. I remembered an airfield at Lydd, which had been used by the RAF during the "buzz-bomb alley" days. Lydd was not far away, and I reached it without delay. But, much to my surprise—and shock—the field was covered with hundreds of sheep! (The field was "paved" with square-mesh track, and the grass grew between the meshes. There must have been a sheep for every square yard!)

I flew over the field at very low altitude, several times. This scared the sheep, who ran in all directions, but did not open a path for me to land. To make matters worse, there were three shepherds sitting by the road on the north edge of the field. Although I waved to them and hoped that they would try to move the sheep, they waved back, but did nothing! This was all very discouraging. I flew off to examine the surrounding countryside, and to determine

what to do next. I was on my last tank of gas, and darkness was approaching. I figured that I had only about fifteen minutes left to do something. I decided that there was no chance of flying back across to France, or of flying down the English coastline, looking for another airfield.

The Channel coast was not far away. But I knew that it had been mined, and was unsafe to try to land on. That left the fields of the Lowlands, and I looked them over. Sadly, they were quite small, and had hedges and draining ditches around them. But, I concluded that they could be my last resort. I felt that I could land on one, with great care, but that it would then not be possible to get the plane out—and of course I might crash on landing.

In desperation—and maybe just to delay the inevitable—I flew back to Lydd airfield, and made a pass over it once more. There was no change, but, for whatever reason, I tried one more last low–level pass over Lydd.

I got one-third of the way across the field—when the MIRACLE occurred! Ahead of me there was a long path with no sheep—not a single one! The path went about ten degrees to my left. With no delay, I kicked the rudder a little, shoved the nose down, pulled back on the throttle, cranked down some flaps, sat the plane on the ground, and pressed on the brakes. I was safely on the ground! What a relief! And praise The Lord!

At this point, I should state that I never believed much in miracles, though in my career, I've probably had a series of minor ones. However, this episode was different, and I still regard it as one of the most impressive situations I've ever encountered.

The rest of the story goes like this: I taxied back toward the road. (The sheep scattered.) In a few minutes, the owner of the sheep arrived in a tiny Morris Minor containing his small daughter, a huge dog, and several bales of hay! Upon hearing our story, he offered to take us to the Lympne air base, after dumping the bales of hay. We got aboard the Morris Minor, with his daughter sitting on my lap in front, and the dog in the rear, between Sgt. Palmer

and Captain McAlpine. He took us first to his home. There we greeted his wife and young son. The wife served us some tea and cake. From our musette bags we managed to find some oranges and candy bars, which we gave to the mother and her two children. (She was utterly delighted, especially with the oranges.) The home, by the way, was not palatial, but still roomy and nicely furnished. The sheep-farmer then drove us up the hill to Lympne in his larger car. We thanked him graciously.

At Lympne, we explained our Lydd adventure, and were given overnight quarters. We were told that they would send me in a lorry, with a can of gas, to the field at Lydd in the morning, which they did. And so, we poured the gas, cranked up, and flew up to Lympne. There we got the plane refueled, picked up Captain McAlpine, and flew off to the Midlands, where we picked up the winter coats. I also stopped at the Troop Carrier Wing Headquarters and briefed Brig. Gen. Clark and Col. Petty on the situation in the Ardennes, as well as my experiences at Lydd. We then flew, un-eventfully, to Sissone, and from there to the Div. HQ. in the Ardennes, by way of Liege, Belgium.

The war in the Ardennes, at this stage, was fairly well under control. The fighting still raged, but the Allies were at about the point of going well into the offensive. Several actions of the Germans caused our forces to get upset, and made them to want to retaliate. One such act was the massacre at Malmedy. In this situation, the Germans had been able, with a large force, to surround American troops who had been overrun by panzer tanks on the attack. The Americans had been concentrated in a small valley, where German forces proceeded to shoot them all down, even giving “coup de grace” shots in the head to those who did not appear to be dead.

The Division moved into the Huertgen Forest area, near Aachen, Germany. This was a difficult area, but the Division made some progress until withdrawn on Feb. 17, 1945. The 82nd then returned to base camp at Sissone.

Thus, the Division went to Sissone for the second time. The troopers were no doubt glad to be out of the cold and dismal Ardennes, where they had spent precious few safe and comfortable hours. I really had great admiration for all the soldiers, from our northern European front to the south who suffered and bled with devotion to duty, in the advancement of our cause, during "The Winter War," as Gen. Gavin referred to the Bulge.

One of the activities I remember at Sissone was visiting the city of Reims, not far away. Reims is noted especially for its beautiful, large cathedral. It has a very large round rose window in its front, which is spectacular, whether viewed from the inside or out. The window was badly damaged during WWI, and is of particular interest to Americans because, after that war, American children raised one million dollars worth of pennies, to rebuild the rose window!

Also, I found a good restaurant, where one day I got up my courage to try snails—for the first (and last) time! In walking along a main street, I came upon a concert in progress in a small hall. I went in, to find a balalaika orchestra, probably direct from Russia. The orchestra had about 25 musicians, who were obviously professionals. The music was very pleasant, and I stayed to enjoy it.

As an aftermath of the "Bulge," I developed a severe sore throat, and was sent to the infirmary for several days. I was placed in a large room with the Division Provost Marshal and two Paratroop First Lieutenants. The Lieutenants had been through the Sicily, Italy, Normandy, Holland, and Bulge campaigns, thus were quite experienced. We were given sulfanilamide pills, and recovered quickly. We had interesting discussions about the war. I asked the Lieutenants, "When you were on the ground, not long after a combat parachute landing, and captured one or more enemy soldiers, what would you do with them?" One answered, "I would turn them over to one of my soldiers, to try to take the prisoners to a holding location." The other replied, "In the hazardous, night-time conditions, when we were trying to find and organize our platoons, we couldn't tie ourselves down with prisoners, so we shot them."

The first time I went to fly my C-64, after getting out of the infirmary, I found that the residue of the drugs I had been taking made me feel jittery, and I proceeded to land right away. I recovered quickly from that condition—in a couple of days—and was as good as new.

The Division spent the next several weeks giving jump training to the newly assigned paratroop replacements, and had a mass formation jump. Also, the experienced troopers just out of the Battle of the Bulge were given a few days leave. Naturally, many of them went to Paris. (Ooh la la!) I renewed my acquaintance with some of the nurses at Sissone.

TO OCCUPATION DUTY AT COLOGNE, GERMANY

On March 25, the Division was ordered to go into occupation duty along the west bank of the Rhine River at Cologne, Germany. By now, the Allied forces were across the Rhine River at three places, in large numbers, and were driving onward into Germany. The 82nd proceeded to Cologne, and took up positions eight miles north and south of the city. At this juncture, forces of the US Ninth Army, in the north, and the First Army, in the south, were driving to encircle the "Ruhr Sack," surrounding a huge area containing approximately 325,000 Germans. (They were forced to surrender within a few weeks). This encirclement was completed shortly after the arrival of the 82nd at Cologne. With such a large force of Germans on the east side of the Rhine across from us, it made good sense to have an experienced Division on the west side, to counter any possible raids across the river for the purpose of disrupting Allied lines.

The occupation duties of the Division involved collecting and destroying any German armaments which were found, in house-to-house searches and elsewhere. Unfortunately, a Technical Sergeant of the Ordnance Battalion was gravely injured in dis-arming a panzerfaust, a German hand-held rocket, similar to our "bazooka." (The panzerfaust can disable a tank, artillery piece, etc., from close range.) The Tech-Sergeant had a brother, also in the 82nd Div., and his mother was in the US Army, stationed in Paris! I was asked to fly to Paris for the mother, and bring her back to Cologne. I did this, but sadly, the Tech-Sergeant lived only a few days.

The city of Cologne was badly damaged by Allied aerial bombardment. The streets near the downtown area were filled with rubble, and had been cleared only enough for one lane of traffic. Most of the downtown area was utterly destroyed. The Rhine River bridge was demolished, as was the large rail station. Amazingly, the Cathedral, at the center of the downtown area, suffered little obvious damage. (One side of the roof had been hit.) Credit must be given to the bomber pilots who undertook to avoid the Cathedral, while attacked by anti-aircraft fire, and while nearly pulverizing the rest of the downtown area.

The airfield at Cologne was only about a mile from the river, therefore the enemy artillery across the river could hit it at will. For that reason, it was necessary for me to fly at very low altitudes while approaching or leaving the field. The field was all grass, and had been pock-marked with shell craters. A runway had been created, by filling craters in a line, and placing white-painted boards along both sides of the runway. This runway could be seen easily enough from a reasonable altitude, but required a little care in finding it while just off the ground!

A number of flights back to Sissone were made from Cologne, to transport personnel, mail, etc. The weather was generally good. I found that, when I returned to Cologne, I could see the twin towers of the Cologne cathedral from about twenty miles away, so I was able to navigate using the twin towers to approach the city and the airport!

The Division Headquarters was established in the mansion of a wealthy German industrialist. The Division staff members were assigned rooms in houses nearby. Some German tanks had been left in Cologne by retreating Germans, and it was determined to test the vulnerability of the tank to various weapons. A tank was sitting in the vicinity of the Cathedral, and it was decided to fire bazookas, panzerfausts, anti-tank artillery, etc., at

the tank, at close range. The German panzerfaust was found to be the best weapon!

The 82nd regiments north and south of Cologne made raids with small units across the Rhine. While successful, the raids were met with considerable resistance, and were recalled. The German forces in the "Ruhr Sack" were under continuous attack by US First Army and Ninth Army units, and on April 18, 325,000 German forces there surrendered.

THE 82nd DIV. MOVES TO THE ELBE RIVER AND ON TO LUDWIGSLUST, GERMANY

WW II was drawing rapidly to a close. The Western Allied Forces had 90 divisions, and a total of four and a half million combat troops in Western Europe, on April 1, 1945. The divisions were pushing eastward on all fronts, and resistance was at a greatly reduced level. In mid-April, Gen. Gavin was alerted to an impending move to the Elbe River, as the XVIIIth Airborne Corps was being transferred to the British Second Army in Northern Europe. On April 29, the Division was on the move, by truck and by train, to a small town, Bleckede, Germany, on the Elbe 30 miles southeast of Hamburg.

A message was sent to Reims for me to fly several staff members to Bleckede, and I did so. But in reaching the area I couldn't find a suitable airfield. There was a German field 20 miles to the south, but I didn't know whether it was in our hands. In looking around, I found a farm field, perpendicular to the road, and I went in and landed there. It turned out to be soft, and my wheels sank in three or four inches. We were taken to the Division Headquarters by jeep, and I stayed there over-night.

By morning, I was concerned that I might not be able to fly my C-64 out of that short, muddy field, especially if it rained. So I determined to fly it empty (if I could), out of the field, and return to Reims. Upon reaching the field, I noted a second, parallel field, across a farm lane, which started a little farther from the road, but which extended farther than the one

I was on. The trees at the end of the field where I landed were about twenty feet high, but the trees at the end of the longer field were about thirty feet high. I started my engine, warmed it up, held the brakes while I revved up the engine, released the brakes, and started, slowly, to move down the field. I finally got the plane off the muddy ground, but saw that I wouldn't be able to clear the trees at the end of that shorter field. What to do? I pressed the rudder, moving the airborne plane across the lane and over the longer field. There, I kept the nose down to build up speed, and, finally, at the last moment, pulled the plane up strongly… Sure enough, I was able to clear the higher trees, but barely! I heaved a sigh of relief, and headed back to Reims.

Meanwhile, the Division, with some boats and some attached units, made a crossing of the Elbe River, with little opposition, and drove rapidly eastward toward Ludwigslust, Germany. There, Gen. Gavin accepted the surrender of General von Tippelskirch, CG of a complete Army Group, with 150,000 troops. The surrender of the Germans took place at The Palace of Ludwigslust, a most impressive building. This was on May 2, 1945.

The Russian 385th Infantry Division was adjacent to Ludwigslust, at the town of Grabow. The 82nd made contact with them on May 3rd, and visits were exchanged by senior officers of both Divisions on succeeding days. These visits involved appropriate toasts to the victorious Armies, and vodka flowed freely. One senior officer, upon reaching the cool weather at the front door, after such a "liquid" visit, fell down the steps and broke his arm!

The Division troops were saddened by the death of President Roosevelt on April 12, and ceremonies were held when possible. But the impending war end was a cause for celebration. One event that occurred was a horse race. The horses had been "freed" and a race was scheduled. The race was ironically called "The Sour Kraut Downs!!"

TO LUDWIGSLUST, GERMANY; TO REMEMBER, MAY 4, 1945; WE VISIT THE RUSSIANS

On May 3, 1945, I received a message to fly to Ludwigslust, Germany, and to bring six HQ. personnel. The Division had "closed in" there, the day before. Ludwigslust is a small town, about 90 miles from Berlin, about 40 miles from the Baltic, and about 30 miles east of Bleckede, on the Elbe. I found it on a map, but had no knowledge whether it had an airfield that was free of Germans. I decided to fly to Luneburg, where I believed British air units were operating, and inquire. Luneburg is about twenty miles west of the Elbe.

I took off to fly to Luneburg on May 4th. It turned out to be a truly unforgettable day! My six passengers included Dottie Davis, the Red Cross lady, whom I knew. I wasn't too happy about taking Dottie to the forward area, but she insisted, and after all, I guess that was the nature of her job. Upon arriving at Luneburg, I was surprised at all the activity going on there. There were two fighter units there. One was British, and the other was Canadian. In the parking area, there were aircraft, vehicles, fuel trucks, maintenance and ordnance personnel and equipment, etc.

I queried personnel in the tower, and others, whether they had any knowledge about the condition of the field at Ludwigslust, to no avail, until someone pointed out a squadron-leader (major) nearby, and stated that he had been in that vicinity yesterday. He then told me that, yes, he had flown over Ludwigslust, and that the airfield appeared to be all right. Then I told my passengers what the situation was, and suggested that they wait at Luneburg while I flew to Ludwigslust, checked out the field, and returned for them if it was OK. They all said that they would take their chances, along with me, so I took off for Ludwigslust, and flew east toward the Elbe River.

Across the Elbe, I saw one of the most amazing sights that I will ever see. There were thousands of people, both military and civilian, making their way west along the two-lane road, toward the river! Obviously, they were fleeing the oncoming Russians. Deserted beside the road everywhere were all sorts of vehicles, military and civilian, which had run out of fuel. Some people were on bicycles, some pulling wagons, and some had baby-buggies. At the Elbe, all these people were being turned off, by American guards, into the fields on both sides of the road. There were already hundreds, if not thousands of Germans in those fields! I felt sorry for them, and wondered what their future lot was going to be?

Continuing toward Ludwigslust, I looked for and found the air field. It was a large grassy field, with two hangars on the east side. But, as I came closer, I saw an astounding sight! The grassy field had been plowed in concentric circles, from the center to the outer perimeter! No doubt that was an effort to keep the conquerors from being able to use the field. I concluded right away that if I hit one of those furrows while at any speed, I would tip over, and at least ruin my propeller. I judged that there was no direction in which I could land without hitting three or more furrows. There were fires and smoke over in the direction of the Russian Division, as well as a windsock at the field, so I knew the wind for landing direction.

After due consideration, I lined up to land in what I felt was the best area. I came in slowly, touched down softly, and rushed toward the first furrow. At the furrow, I pulled back on the wheel a little … and jumped the furrow! This maneuver also worked for the second furrow, but I could not avoid the third one. However, I braked, and turned a little so that I was able to cross the third furrow with no damage. Glad to be down! I requested the local 82nd Engineers to fill furrows and prepare a runway for future use, then got a ride to

Ludwigslust, Germany. Above - The Palace of the Grand Duke, where Lt. Gen. Von Tippelskirch surrendered the 21st Germany Army to Gen. Gavin of the 82nd Abn. Div., where the Division maintained its headquarters, and where I had a suite. Below - Lt. Col. Jack Norton and Maj. Clark Thornton don jackets after a flight in the C-64 bearing the 82nd insignia on the door, and in which I flew over 300 hours in Europe during the war.

Division Headquarters. To my surprise, it was in a big, beautiful palace! And to my astonishment, a "suite" had been reserved for me! What an improvement from my Nijmegen foxhole! My suite included a parlor, a library, a bedroom, and a modern bathroom! It was all very tastefully furnished, with nice drapes, carpets, etc.

You can imagine that I slept very well that night!

The next day, Lt. Col. Norton told me about a German concentration camp that had been found not far from Ludwigslust, at Wobelein. He asked me to accompany him to go see Wobelein. We drove there in a jeep, and we toured the Camp. It was awful! It is hard to believe that any humans would treat other humans in such a fashion. Just inside the gate was a stack of dead bodies, in a pile about the size of a cord of wood. They all wore the usual striped prisoners' uniforms. Inside the poorly constructed buildings were row after row of bunks, made of wood, three bunks high. Some bunks contained a small amount of straw. A few had small pieces of raw potato. There were a few living prisoners. They, and the dead, were skin and bones. They had obviously been starved. Almost all of the living prisoners had been taken to one of the hangars at the airfield, where they were fed, given cots and treated.

I was told that the people of nearby towns were forced to walk through the Camp, and observe the inhumane conditions. One old person came out smiling, after her first and second walk-throughs, but by the third time, she was in tears. I also learned that the mayor of Ludwigslust, who had control of German food distribution there, and his wife and daughter, had committed suicide, after the 82nd arrived. A really despicable situation!

JACK NORTON HAS APPENDICITIS; DOTTIE DAVIS AND I VISIT THE RUSSIANS

Lt. Col. Norton was invited to a luncheon at Patton's Third Army Headquarters in

Nurnburg, Germany, where his girl friend was with the Red Cross. So, I flew him there, in bumpy weather. The young lady was Maryann Shallabarger. The luncheon was good, and we subsequently flew back, with some puffy clouds and, again, bumpy weather. Norton stated that he didn't feel very well, after we landed, and went to his room. It was time for dinner, so I went to the Mess and ate. A little later, I wondered how he was doing, and I went to his room to check on him. He was in considerable pain.

I found the Division Surgeon, Lt. Col. Lindstrom, and told him about Norton. Lindstrom immediately checked Norton, had him transferred to the Dispensary, and operated on him without delay, for appendicitis! Luckily, Norton recovered and was soon up and around.

The Russian 385th Division Vice Chief of Staff had been to lunch at our HQ., and there asked Dottie Davis to visit the 385th for lunch the next day. I decided that, if she was going, I should escort her. Thus, we headed out for Grabow in a three vehicle convoy. In the lead was the Russian, a Lt. Col. He drove like mad! Next was our interpreter, then I was third, driving a Mercedes convertible (which the Ordnance chief had "given" me). At the 385th it was thought that Dottie was a nurse, due to her Red Cross pin. So we visited their hospital in several houses, and after some dancing, had lunch in the dining room of what could have been a mid-western home. Our tumblers were filled with vodka, the Russian General made a toast, and we drank it all down! (Whoops!) The tumblers were immediately refilled. Then it was my turn. I toasted our victorious forces and, again, we drank it all down! (Dottie got wine.) The Russian Vice-Chief violated his gabardine tunic. The General was upset!

Needless to say, I was concerned about our return trip, especially whether the Russian could drive safely. We made it back to Ludwigslust, a little the worse for wear! And, I must say that I upheld the American reputation! (But, never again!!)

THE WAR ENDS; I RECEIVE A BATTLEFIELD PROMOTION TO LIEUT. COLONEL

The war in Europe ended officially on May 7, 1945, with the signing of the German surrender at the Allied Headquarters in Reims (the "little red schoolhouse"). It was expected, and the celebration was subdued, although everyone felt a sense of relief. Co-incidentally, five 82nd Div. troopers who had been captured in Sicily or Italy completed a 500-kilometer march from deep in Germany, by meeting up with the 82nd at Ludwigslust! The Germans were marching them west, until the Russians overtook and released them.

At this stage, I had, on some occasions, flights back to Sissone. When I did, I usually stopped on my return flight at Magdeburg, to refuel and have lunch. Magdeburg was former site of a German Air Division, and had fine buildings and facilities. Our Air Force had moved in there, and provided good services. On this day, I was sitting in the Officers' Mess having lunch, when I noticed, several tables over, a pretty young lady surrounded by about nine young air force officers. Upon a second glance, I thought that she was Maryann Shallabarger. To the chagrin of the air force officers, she got up and came to my table, having recognized me from our Nurnberg luncheon.

She told me that, sadly, her brother had been killed on one of the last days of the war, and that memorial services were to be held in several days at Munster, Germany, just north of the Ruhr. She would like for Jack Norton to join her there for the services, and gave me a note for Jack, which she asked me to take to him. All very ironic, and co-incidental, to see me there at Magdeburg. After I delivered the note to Jack, he got permission from the Chief of Staff, and we subsequently flew to Munster. We returned the same day.

In late May, Gen. Gavin pinned my new Lt. Col. leaves on me, and I was promoted. This was my second battlefield promotion with the Division. It was effective May 18, 1945, two days less than three years since I had become a 2nd Lt.! A nice way to end the war!

The war was over, and we knew that we would be leaving Ludwigslust before many days. The Division needed to train replacements, and requalify paratroops and glider troops, and would need to have C-47 rides for this purpose. I volunteered to fly to Troop Carrier Headquarters in Reims to request their assistance in providing airplanes. General Gavin approved, and signed a letter addressed to the CG of the Troop Carrier Command, for me to take to Reims. The Troop Carrier Command was located in the "little red schoolhouse," where the German surrender took place. The 82nd Engineers had gone to work and filled in all the furrows, etc., so the C-47s could land at Ludvigslust.

At Troop Carrier Command, General Williams looked favorably on Gen. Gavin's request, and gave me a message to that effect to take back to Gen. Gavin. Thus, the training and requalification flights started within several days at Ludwigslust. The Division got movement orders before the flights were finished, and therefore the flights were continued on a field at Laon, France, near Sissone, until they were finished.

The 82nd learned that they would be going to Berlin for occupation duty. After careful thought, I concluded that I should be going back to the Air Force, and so requested. My orders came through, and I was ordered to Le Havre, France, to be in command of the Headquarters Squadron of the 52nd Troop Carrier Wing, for their travel by ship back to the United States, and to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, by train.

I sadly turned in the C-64, said goodbye to my 82nd friends, and proceeded to the railhead at Suippes, to get the train to Le Havre. The train was laughable, with ancient wooden cars. It spun its wheels, but gradually, and slowly, got us to Le Havre overnight. There we were put in tents for a day or two, until our ship, the Marine Panther, loaded us, and we were on our way back to "the good old USA!"

SOME WW II FACTS AND FIGURES

WW II in Europe was fought from the invasion of Sicily, July 9, 1943, until May 7, 1945. I was present on every day of it, having arrived in Africa on May 5, 1943, until leaving Le Havre on July 20, 1945. I also served in the Army during all of WW II, having been sworn in at Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio, on October 9, 1941, and having been placed on inactive reserve duty, in November, 1945. (Pearl Harbor Day was on Dec. 7, 1941, and Japan surrendered on Aug. 14, 1945.) It was calculated that, in all, from Dec. 7, 1941 until the Japanese surrender, there were 27,000,000 Americans engaged in WW II. The maximum, at a given time, was 15,000,000 in service. So I was only one among millions. And I do not regard myself as a hero. But I was there, and I did my part.

During the war in Europe and Africa, I served in Morocco, Algiers, and Tunisia. I covered North Africa from Marrakech and Casablanca to Oran, to Algeria, to Tunis, to Tripoli, and to Alexandria and Cairo. I was in Sicily, Malta, and Italy to above Naples. I covered a large part of England, as well as parts of Scotland, Northern Ireland, and Wales. I also covered most of Northern France, much of Holland, most of Belgium, and a considerable amount of Western and Northern Germany. Over all of that, I flew in C-47s and the C-64.

I was awarded 10 Battle Stars. They were: Sicily; Rome-Arno; Naples-Foggia; Normandy; Ardennes-Alsace; Rhineland; Ground Combat Europe, Africa, Middle-East (EAME) Theater; Northern France; Central Europe; and Air Combat EAME Theater.

In the European Theater, there were over 2000 Troop Carrier airplanes, and nearly as many gliders. There were 60 American Divisions and 27 British, French, Canadian,

and Polish Divisions. There were approximately 10,000,000 Americans serving in Europe at the end of the war. Needless to say, there were also millions serving in the Far East and the Pacific areas, as well as in many other parts of the world. And, on the Home Front, millions were engaged in industrial production and a myriad of other efforts in support of the War. Without these good works—many volunteered—the War could not have been won.

The 82nd Division had 40 intelligence specialists, originating in all parts of Europe, all volunteers, speaking various European languages, and with close, first-hand knowledge of practically every city and country in Western Europe. Some of them had lost relatives to the Germans, in Concentration Camps and elsewhere. They had compelling reasons to want to see the Germans defeated. I recall, in Holland, such a volunteer listening in to the Dutch telephone system, during our first few days there, and getting valuable intelligence information by overhearing Germans talking about their units and plans!

General Eisenhower praised the C-47 as being instrumental in helping to win the war. Every one believed that the jeep was indispensable—a "sine qua non" to our war effort. General Gavin stood in the snow one morning and said, "Clark, the M-1 rifle is the only weapon we have which is better than the equivalent weapon of the Germans." We overwhelmed the Germans with the sheer quantities of our equipments and the capability of transporting them to the battlefield.

The normal wartime strength of the 82nd Division was 17,000 men. It was calculated that more than 60,000 men had been assigned to the Division at some time from No. Africa to No. Germany. Many white crosses and wounded veterans unfortunately also resulted.

PART II POST-WAR; THE CIVILIAN YEARS

BACK TO THE USA!

The Marine Panther had been a cargo ship during the war. It had been converted to carry passengers to help take returning service personnel back to the States. Probably, the conversion included mainly the installation of bunks in the holds. The principal unit aboard our ship was an Artillery Brigade, commanded by a Brigadier General. The General told me that, as the senior Lt. Col. aboard, I was the Commander of Troops! He quickly relieved me of any apprehension by stating that I need have no concern, because all the sub-units had commanders who were in charge of their units. Additionally, of course, we were all on our way home, and no one was in a mood to cause to be delayed.

The trip to New York took eight days. The first four days were somewhat rough, and a number of passengers, including me, were queasy, and didn't feel like eating the good food turned out in the Mess. (We got only two meals a day.) The seas were like glass for the remaining four days of the trip, and much enjoyed. Upon approaching the New York harbor, we all cheered the Statue of Liberty! Then we steamed up the Hudson River to Camp Shanks, New Jersey, where we got a rousing reception, and debarked.

We had a welcoming and "Thank you" speech at the huge dining hall, and were served tremendous steaks—although the fresh milk and the ice cream almost stole the show! The next day we boarded a train for an overnight trip to Camp Atterbury, Indiana. Again I was told that I was Troop Commander. That proved to have few complications, except for a few GIs who tried to sneak to the head of the chow line. But, when we got to my hometown of Akron, which I hadn't seen for several years, it was all fogged in, and I didn't see a thing! Then, when we got to a few miles from the Camp, the train jumped the track! (The men moaned!) A sedan picked me

up, and I was taken to the Camp, where I got a thirty day leave, and headed to Akron, Ohio.

Of course I was greeted with open arms by my mother and sisters, and their husbands. My brother would not be home from his three-plus years in the Pacific for several weeks. I retrieved my car, and had reunions with friends. Everyone was electrified by the announcement of the explosion of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, on Aug. 6, 1945, and by the one at Nagasaki on Aug. 9, 1945. There was dancing in the streets, for joy, for it was expected that the war with Japan would soon be over.

We all loaded into cars a few days later, and went to the railroad station in Cleveland, to meet my brother, Clyde, on his return home. Eleanor Brodt, with whom Clyde had corresponded all through the war years, was with us. It was a little shocking at first to see him, because he was quite yellow from the atabrine pills he had taken in the Pacific to ward off malaria! But in a few days, he was his old self again.

After my post-European-war leave, I was fully expecting to be sent to the Pacific, to participate in the invasion of Japan. With the surrender of Japan on Aug. 14, 1945, I was relieved, but then had to consider what my post-war direction should be. I decided to stay in the Air Force for a while, and see what transpired.

Upon the expiration of my leave, I was sent to Battle Creek, Michigan, to rejoin the 52nd Troop Carrier Wing Headquarters. There, in the Officers' Club, I met Janet Vass, who was an executive secretary for a steel company. We, and some 52nd Wing officers, had a good time, celebrating the end of the war. She seemed to like me, and offered to arrange for me to get a good job in the steel company, but I declined. A flight I took, from Battle Creek to Santa Anna, California, proved interesting. When I made my return flight from Los Angeles, I cleared from LA to Denver, direct, across the Rockies. (This couldn't be done today,

due to instrument clearance requirements.)

I climbed away, in my C-47, and headed for Denver, in good weather. As I ascended into the mountain areas, I had to fly higher and higher. In the cooler atmosphere, I began to run into clouds, sitting on the mountain-tops. Finally, I had to climb to 18,000 feet altitude, to stay above the mountain-stuffed clouds! At 18,000 feet, the air is only half the density as at ground level, We had no oxygen masks, so, if I recall, I sucked occasionally on the oxygen tube, and had no trouble. (Some people would turn white and pass out, with the insufficient oxygen at that level.) After about 45 minutes at that level, I was able to let down into the Denver area, for landing. The rest of the trip was un-eventful. (But, no I wouldn't do it again!)

The 52nd Wing was demobilized and I went to Stout Field, Indianapolis, for a new assignment. The Troop Carrier Command, there, was subsequently moved to Greenville, South Carolina. I was given orders to Pope Field (at Fort Bragg), North Carolina. At Pope I was placed in Command of the Glider Detachment at Maxton Field, N.C., staying there only a short time, because the Air Force eliminated the Glider program, much to the regret of the remaining glider pilots.

I considered getting out of the Service and going to medical school. I even went so far as to discuss this at Ohio State University, but found that, if accepted, I would have to be in the program for about eight years. That, I decided, would be too much.

Also, from Pope, I phoned Betty Lantz, my fiancee, who was in the Coast Guard as a SPAR at Charleston, So. Carolina, and arranged to drive down to see her. Neither one of us was very enthusiastic about remaining engaged, so we decided to terminate it, though remaining friends. (We hadn't seen each other for 2 ½ years.)

ON INACTIVE DUTY WITH THE AIR FORCE RESERVE

I discussed my Air Force future with the Wing Commander at Pope, who offered me the command of a Troop Carrier squadron at Austin, Texas, but I decided to leave the military service, and return to civilian life. So, I was ordered to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I was mustered out of the service by my old friend, Major Joe Griffith, on Nov. 26, 1945. I did retain my Air Force Reserve status, and rank as a Lt. Col., and was appointed Commander of a Troop Carrier Reserve Group, which was located in Cleveland, Ohio. In that capacity I was able to fly AT-6 aircraft, and get some Air Force flying time.

Back in Akron, Ohio, I applied for several different jobs, and was offered a job at the B. F. Goodrich Company, as Assistant Personnel Officer. I was also offered a position as Training Director at the M. O'Neil Co., a very large department store, which I accepted. At O'Neil's I was in charge of veteran's affairs, was the company advisor for the O'Neil "MONCOs" (a semi-pro basketball team), was the head of the store safety committee, etc., as well as being in charge of the Training Department.

Being at O'Neil's was pleasant. I had many friends there; it was rather "low-key" after military service, and I kept busy. In early January, 1946, I was sent to New York City to be the Company representative at a convention of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. To get a room at the Pennsylvania Hotel, I had to request a reservation as a military officer. (I was on "terminal leave" until Mar. 4, 1946.)

And that's when I met Klickie! She was a United Airlines stewardess, and was representing United at the NRDGA convention. United had a booth, where they were telling people about United's plans for Air Freight. Co-incidentally, the 82nd Airborne Division was in New York, and was going to parade down Fifth Avenue later in the week.

NEW YORK; WE MET; WE WED!

The Division was royally entertained by New York, and I attended most of the events. As I recall, there was a boxing match one night, and there was a rodeo another night. The banquet for the NRDGA convention was Wednesday night, with a large crowd there. We sat at large round tables, and the 82nd Chief of Staff, Col. Wienecke was at my table. The speaker was Eddie Cantor, the famous vaudeville star and radio entertainer. He was very funny. At each place setting was a shiny tube with a ball-point pen inside, with an imprint on the pen that read, "Stolen from Milton Reynolds." (Ball-points were in their brand-new infancy in those days, and had a long way to go before they reached the current, dependable, state of the art.)

The Hotel, the Pennsylvania, was very large. The elevator bank had four elevators on each side of a wide aisle. After the banquet, the attendees walked out, carrying their gift—ball-points. I went to an elevator on the left side, and was waiting there, when a young man, who was with a small group on the other side, approached me. I was in uniform, and he thought that I was a former instructor of his. I wasn't, but he said that his group was going to a cocktail party given by the New York Mirror on the 22nd floor. He asked if I would like to join them, and I agreed. As we walked to the other side, their elevator arrived. So, we all got on, and there is where I was introduced to Klickie, and to the others! At the Mirror party, we talked, and Klickie and I learned that we were both from Ohio. (Her basketball team, at the Univ. of Toledo, had just beaten my previously undefeated team, the Univ. of Akron, so she ribbed me about that!) We talked more, about our backgrounds, and the war-years.

Later, we went down to the main floor lounge, to have a drink, and to dance. The orchestra was the famous Les Brown, and the singer was the very young and slim Doris Day!

We agreed to meet the next day for lunch, meet some 82nd staff officers, and see the town. I learned that the Division banquet was that night, and that I had a seat reserved for me, next to Dottie Davis, the Red Cross gal. To this day, I don't know who arranged that! (But not me!) Klickie and I went to Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe. Incidentally, in our walks around New York City, we came to Jack Dempsey's restaurant, and he was outside, greeting people. He shook my hand with his huge paw! (He was the former famous boxing champ.)

The next day the Division marched down Fifth Avenue. I could have marched with them, but, instead, Klickie and I watched part of it. It was really a great show. The 82nd was the only Division to be so honored.

Klickie and I reviewed our schedules, and we agreed to see each other in Chicago in a few days. And we agreed to write each other often. Her flight out wasn't until Sunday but my train departure was on Saturday. So she saw me off, and I returned to Akron, to tell my Mom and family what a great gal I had met in New York. My Mom wasn't too sure what kind of person I'd met in NYC, until I told her that Klickie also came from Ohio. Then she figured Klickie must be OK! Mom also wondered whether Klickie could cook. I said that I didn't know, but that she could read!

In a couple of weeks, my store sent me to Indianapolis to visit a large store there. I took the occasion to go to Chicago to see Klickie. I asked her to marry me, and presented her with an engagement ring. She introduced me to some of her friends and the people she stayed with on the South Side, not too far from Lake Michigan. We visited some of the better restaurants, and important places in Chicago. Klickie stated that she would come to Akron to meet my folks as soon as she could arrange her United flight schedule, and I planned to drive from Akron to Port Clinton, Ohio, to meet her family and friends.

Klickie phoned me in Akron to tell me that she would arrive at the Akron airport, on Sunday. I immediately made plans for my family to gather and meet her, and I drove out to pick her up. It so happened that the store was conducting their annual inventory that day, and I was elected to play a large part in it, but I managed to work around it, somehow. When I got Klickie to the house, I wondered if she would be overwhelmed to be the object of scrutiny by all my folks. But she was very charming, and carried it off very well. Of course I was very proud!

My visit, later, to meet her family also went well. In addition to her mother, step-father, and grandfather, I met several uncles, aunts, etc. (But not all in one place!) It turned out that she had lots of relatives, on her mother's side as well as on her father's side. So, naturally, I didn't meet them all. Klickie's hometown, Port Clinton, Ohio, is a resort town, partly because it is at the entrance of the Portage River into Lake Erie. There are a lot of water sports, boating, fishing, offshore islands, parks, etc. Also some gypsum mining and processing, and much good farming land thereabouts. She had lived on a farm until she went off to the University of Toledo, about 35 miles away.

Klickie and I made plans to be married on March 2, 1946, just over seven weeks since we met in New York! I started looking for housing in Akron, which was very scarce at the end of the war. The best I could find was the main floor of a large brick home, near my mother's home. Our home had several other tenants, so it was somewhat "cozy." It was furnished, with a large parlor, a bath, a smallish kitchen, and a dining room complete with an in-a-door type bed that folded up into a wall! Not too great, but we made do, for the next fifteen months.

The wedding was a great success, in the United Brethren Church in Port Clinton. The

church was full, with 90 percent or more being Klickie's relatives! My Akron relatives were there, as well as a number of Klickie's friends. There was a big reception in the large hall, in the downstairs of the church. After meeting and talking with many folks, including aunts, uncles, and cousins, we got away, and went out the side door to my car. The really funny thing was that a number of our male "friends" had searched everywhere for several blocks around for the car, and couldn't find it—not dreaming that it would be just outside of the side door of the church! So, it wasn't all painted up, but we did get a lot of rice thrown at us, and we found rice in the seats, engine, etc., for months to come!

We drove to Detroit, where we had reservations at the Statler Hotel. (We were treated like newlyweds!) The next day we had invitations to visit friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rudd Otto, for lunch, which was sumptuous. I knew Rudd in the 82nd Airborne Division, where he was a public affairs officer. After a good visit we went to the home of my good friend from college days, Sam Shobert and his wife. Well, to our great surprise, they had a delayed luncheon all ready for us! We were already stuffed, but we tried to avoid causing them to think that we were unappreciative, and ate what we could. (Sam later told me that he thought that we had lost our appetites because we were newlyweds!)

We continued on, driving to several interesting and pleasant towns in Canada, and to the capital, Ottawa, where we saw the changing of the guard. Then on to Niagara Falls, where we stayed for several days. We saw the Falls, from both Canadian and American sides, and from observation platforms.

Our weather, throughout, had been beautiful, as if heralding a happy and prosperous marriage. The temperatures in the Niagara Falls area were in the 70s, almost too much to expect in Canada in early March. We really enjoyed it. Then we drove back to Akron.

AKRON; AT M. O'NEIL COMPANY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS

The M. O'Neil Co. was a department store. It was part of the May Co. chain. O'Neil's building was six stories high, plus a basement and a sub-basement. And it had a very large parking area, in back. The company employed about six hundred people. My office was on the sixth floor, along with another office and some training rooms. Several others and I trained all the new employees.

The Company was grateful to all the employees who were WW II veterans, and had a program to show their appreciation. It was my duty to monitor this program. We had nearly one hundred such veterans, as I recall. One of the first events was a "welcome back" dinner, with speeches by the President, Mr. Cabell, and me. We had monthly meetings, and decided to organize an American Legion Post. In due course we got chartered, and had an election of officers. I was elected Commander, and my friend, Larry Manship was elected as Vice-Commander. Our Post was named The Four Star Memorial Post, in honor of four former O'Neil employees who were killed in WW II. The Post was a big success. We had our meetings in the store, until several years later, when a large house was bought to become the Post Headquarters.

The "MONCOs" was a semi-pro basketball team, sponsored by the store. It had great success in previous years, and in the post-war years achieved further successes. I was the store representative for the team. This was a duty which I enjoyed a lot. Most, but not all of our players were employees at the store, and they were not only very good players, but also really enjoyed playing. We won a lot of games, and several championships, and the players became my friends. The store bought nice uniforms for the team, and paid for incidental expenses. The MONCOs gave the store a lot of good publicity.

As Chairman of the Safety Committee for the store, I was responsible for finding and eliminating any hazards in and around the store. Safety was regarded as a number one requirement, and I was given much support in carrying out this responsibility. Slips and falls, and fire were the primary dangers. My committee and I made regular inspections of the whole store, from roof to sub-basement, from store department areas to storage areas, from the parking area to the delivery department. It was surprising what we found, including a ladder left "temporarily" in a stairwell, piles of paper, and sweepings which a janitor "forgot" about, to an air conditioner running "hot," etc.

Sales were the "name of the game" for the store. The various departments all had sales at different times, but the big sales were the store-wide sales. These included the Annual Sales, the Semi-Annual Sales, the Easter sales, Fourth-of-July sales, etc. But, of course, the Christmas Sales were the really big ones, and brought in the most customers—and the most money. For the really big sales, I would be designated as Floor Supervisor for the main floor. My duties were to circulate, be available to resolve problems, and to approve "charges" to purchasers' accounts in sums larger than modest amounts. Oh, and incidentally, store employees received a twenty percent discount on their purchases.

After our marriage, Klickie participated with me in all sorts of store activities, and soon got to know many of the people in the store. We went to parties, meetings, dinners, and were invited to friends' homes. She was well-liked, and I was proud! At a pre-Thanksgiving party, she won the lottery for a huge turkey—live, in a box! We got it dressed, and she cooked it for our Thanksgiving Dinner, to which we had invited my sister Bessie, her husband Wally Offutt, and their family. Wally was not known to enjoy social outings, but he obviously enjoyed the turkey dinner, which was quite good, and was complimentary to Klickie and me.

Klickie's uncle, Riegel Fetterman, was an Ohio district civil engineer. He was in charge of the development of a new park on what was known as Catawba Island. Riegel arranged for Klickie and me, and our friends Larry and Vivian Manship, to use a cabin on the island for a week's vacation. Catawba Island lay on one side of the Marblehead Peninsula, which jutted out into Lake Erie, not far from Klickie's hometown of Port Clinton. So we rented a rowboat, bought a lot of provisions, gathered together bedding, clothing, etc., and drove up there from Akron with all our gear. We parked, and transported the gear to the island in several trips of the rowboat.

The weather remained good, the beach was inviting, the barbecues were quite tasty, and the wine was really pleasant. Of course we had no running water, no electricity, no radio, no roads, etc. We got a big laugh when Vivian Manship, after a plentiful consumption of wine, deplored the primitive conditions there, and said, "I'm gonna take the first darn train out of here!" All in all, it was a memorable vacation, in a beautiful place.

Dr. Phil De Maine and his wife were friends of ours in Akron. He had been an M.D. with the medical air evacuation team at my air base, Barkston Heath, in the midlands of England, during the war. His medical practice in Akron was only a few blocks from our house. When Klickie found that she was pregnant, in the fall of 1946, she went to Dr. De Maine for pre-natal treatment. Klickie was in great health, and we were delighted to be starting a family.

Since we were not very far from Port Clinton and Toledo, we could visit relatives, go to reunions, etc., and I got to meet a large number of Klickie's uncles, aunts, cousins, friends, schoolmates, etc. And in Akron, Klickie got to meet many relatives, classmates of mine, and various others. Thus, we learned where and how we grew up, went to school, and worked.

My duties as commander of the Troop Carrier Reserve Group were not arduous. I had a staff of seven or eight officers, and we met regularly, and did some planning. We had exercises and critiques. I got my required flying time in an AT-6, flown down from Cleveland. I flew out of the Akron Municipal Airport, about four or five hours per month, and enjoyed it. The AT-6 was the advanced trainer for the Air Force. It had a sliding canopy, a 600 HP engine, and retractable landing gear. It was a good performing aircraft, and was a pleasure to fly.

My work continued to be interesting, if not demanding. I became a member of the Akron Junior Chamber of Commerce, and attended their meetings. I also became a member of the Akron YMCA, and sometimes worked out in the gym, or played volleyball during the noon hour.

We had parties and concerts at Christmas and New Years, and celebrated the birthdays of Klickie's mother on Christmas Eve, and of my brother, Clyde, on New Years Eve. It was a pleasant time. And so we moved into the new year, 1947. In January I became aware that the Army was going to offer regular commissions to those who applied and fulfilled the qualifications.

Klickie and I discussed the question of whether I should apply. I was not unhappy at O'Neil's, but I recognized that the work was not very challenging, and did not offer great chances for advancement. I missed the responsibilities and challenges of service life, the flying and travel, the camaraderie within the military, the pay and other perquisites which the service had to offer. (If I were to return to service as a Lt. Col. on flying pay, I would receive twice as much pay as I received at O'Neil's!) Klickie had worked at Camp Perry, Ohio, and had experience with Army procedures, so she approved my wish to apply.

A NEW SON; A REGULAR COMMISSION IN THE AIR FORCE

My application for an Army regular commission as an Air Force officer was sent off in a few days, giving my name and address, rank and serial number, telephone number, and other military particulars. Inasmuch as an appointment was uncertain, I did not advise any persons at O'Neil's. Within several weeks, I received a communication instructing me to report to Camp Atterbury, Indiana, on a date in early March, 1947, to undertake written, physical and oral testing leading to a possible appointment as a regular Army officer.

At the prescribed date, I took several days leave from O'Neil's, and drove to Atterbury. The written and physical tests, while voluminous and thorough, were not extra-strenuous, and I believed that I passed them satisfactorily. Then I was required to meet a board of officers. It was interesting, in that none of them was an air force officer! They were an infantry colonel, an artillery colonel, a judge advocate colonel, a signal corps colonel, a services of supply colonel, and a medical colonel, if I remember correctly. Therefore, I wasn't very sure what reception an air force officer would be given by them.

All the colonels were friendly, and put me at ease. They asked me many questions, which I answered to the best of my ability. Of course the questions were general, and were not particularly relevant to air force operations. However, when I told them of my experiences as Air Advisor to General Gavin with the 82nd Airborne Division, in Holland, in the Battle of the Bulge, and in Germany, their faces lit up. That put me in a different light, and I felt that I had "made the grade!" And so, I returned to Akron to await a decision.

Klickie and Dr. De Maine had a friendly disagreement as to her "due date." She stated that the baby wouldn't be born until after the first of May, 1947. The doctor stated that if the baby weren't born by the middle of April, he would buy us a steak dinner! Time dragged on,

and no baby, well after the middle of April. The De Maines, Klickie and I drove out to a nice restaurant in Orrville, Ohio, in early May, for a steak dinner. The restaurant was in a relatively small building, and I recall that it had shelves on both sides, with many kinds of jellies and preserves. The steaks were very good. The restaurant had a somewhat strange name—it was "Smuckers!"

About May 16, my Troop Carrier Reserve Group staff and I were ordered to Baltimore, Maryland, for an Army Exercise involving units from the Eastern United States. I was asked to plan and later, brief, some high-level officials there, about an exercise for a large-scale parachute invasion upon a certain "enemy" target. My briefing went well. Later that day, we drove on the Pennsylvania Turnpike, returning to Akron. Needless to say, I was apprehensive as to Klickie's condition, so I drove quite fast. We finally arrived back at two AM, May 19. When I walked in our front door, there was Klickie's bag, ready to take to the hospital!

Klickie managed to wait until daylight that morning, May 19, and I got a few hours of sleep. We checked her in at the Akron General Hospital at about nine o'clock. She was progressing slowly, so I went to work. I communicated with Dr. De Maine every several hours as the day went along. At about five PM, when I talked with the doctor, I noted some concern in his voice. He stated that he felt that he should call in a specialist, and I agreed. As the evening progressed, I sat in the hospital lobby with Henry Bolka, my friend who was a "livewire" guard with the O'Neil MONCOs. His fiancee, Rhoda, was a hospital nurse in Maternity, and she had volunteered to stay on duty with Klickie.

At ten-forty PM, May 19, we were told that Klickie had given birth to a son! I saw her shortly afterward, and she was tired, but OK. And our son, whom we had agreed to name William Clark, was healthy, though his head was misshapen for several days. A BIG DAY!

On the first Saturday of June, 1947, I was sitting in my office at O'Neil's, when I got a phone call from Larry Manship. He said, "Congratulations, Clark!" I said, "What for?" He said, "I just saw the morning newspaper, and your name is on the list, for Summit County, of those who are being offered regular commissions in the Army." I thanked him, and hurried down to buy a paper. Sure enough, there was my name, along with two others. It stated that I was being offered a regular commission as a First Lieutenant, and would receive a message to that effect. within the next few days. I immediately called Klickie and told her. We agreed to talk it over that evening.

In our discussion, we wondered whether, upon call to active duty, I would be "busted back" (as the expression went), from my Lt. Col. rank to the rank of 1st Lt. I didn't think I would. I thought it more likely that I would go on duty as a Major, or possibly as a Captain, but might in fact go on duty as a Lt. Col. The impact of this was of course quite significant, in terms of responsibilities and pay.

In a few days, I received a telegram advising me of my selection, and requesting me to answer within three days, with my acceptance, or refusal. I wired back an acceptance. About a week later, I received orders to report for active duty on July 12, 1947, which I did. I went back on duty as a Lt. Col., and never was reduced below that! I had ample time to submit my resignation to O'Neil's, and to say goodbye to relatives and friends. Oh yes, I traded my old pre-war Plymouth for a new Studebaker Champion, which wasn't very fancy, but cost only $1750! So, back to military life.

MY ANCESTORS AND MY YOUTH

My Thornton ancestors came to newly chartered Summit County, Ohio, in 1840, from Snyder County, Pennsylvania. They came from the vicinity of Selinsgrove, on the banks of the Susquehanna River, in East-Central Pennsylvania. My great-great-grandfather, John Thornton, Jr., 1787-1846, was the son of John Thornton, a Revolutionary War veteran, and may have settled on a Federal land grant given to his father, in the area of Green Township, Ohio. David Thornton, my great-grandfather, was one of four children of John Thornton, Jr. (Another son was Samuel, who also settled in Summit County, Ohio, and, incidentally, had eleven children. Many farming families had lots of children.)

David Thornton had four sons, one of whom was Levi Thornton, my grandfather. Levi Thornton was married to Phoebe Ritter, my grandmother. Levi and Phoebe had four children, Will, Charles (my father), Cora, and Ida. My father was born in a brick house (which still stands in Green Township), on Jan. 9, 1871. He attended Buchtel College in Akron, Ohio, for one or two years. Buchtel College is the predecessor of Akron University. He also "read law" in the offices of a local attorney, and became a lawyer.

My father moved to Indianapolis, Indiana, after the turn of the new century, 1900, presumably to practice law there. He and my mother met at a church there.

My mother, Corabel Olmsted, was born on March 3, 1879, at the small crossroads town of Bernie, Indiana. Her father was Joseph Olmsted, a Civil War veteran. (He told my mother that to be able to enlist in the Civil war, he marked "16" in each shoe, so that he could swear that he "was over 16!") Mother's father and mother had a total of seven children.

They were Molly, Joseph, Corabel, Sadie, and Fred, plus two older ones who each died of tuberculosis at about age twenty. Corabel's mother also died from TB, when my mother was only five.

My mother lived with an aunt, and later her grandmother, until she was thirteen. She then went to live with friends named Doll in Indianapolis, Indiana. She lived with "Ma and Pa" Doll until she was married. (Possibly the name was Dahl.) The Dolls had a daughter named Alice Lyndon Doll who was a well-known singer and stage performer. Corabel said that Alice had a beautiful voice.

The Olmsted family took up residences in Edinburg and Columbus, Indiana, 35 miles south of Indianapolis. My cousin, Joe Olmsted, became a vice-president and plant manager of the Cummins Diesel Engine Company, at Columbus, Indiana. Another cousin operated a bus line which served Camp Atterbury and local areas.

Joseph Olmsted, my grandfather, married a second time, and had four more children. The earlier children were on good terms with each other and with the later four. My mother visited her family members in Indiana fairly often, and her sisters and brothers also came to visit us in Akron. So I got to know them, but not really well. My mother did take me, and two sisters, as I recall, to Indiana to visit our relatives there, and we got to see where they lived, went to school, and worked.

Columbus, Indiana is a really interesting town. The Cummins Diesel people established a competition, with sizable awards, for outstanding church designs. This resulted in the building of many absolutely beautiful church buildings, glorifying all of Columbus.

My mother grew up in Indianapolis, in the neighborhood where the "Hoosier Poet," James Whitcomb Riley, lived. Riley wrote "The Little Orfant Annie Book," "When the Frost is on The Punkin," etc. Riley would wave to her when she walked by his house as he was sitting on the porch. His poem, "The Girls of Lockerbie Street," was about Corabel, my mother, and other girls she knew there.

Bicycles were "big" in the early 1900's. Improved versions were fairly recent, and my mother had one. It has to be remembered that there were no cars in those days. She told me about riding a bicycle down a steep ramp, and doing a "loop," at the bottom. It sounds daring! (I have no idea how the bicycles were raised to the top of the ramp, nor how the "loop" at the bottom operated.)

My mother was talented with sewing, materials, decorations, etc. and worked in a millinery shop, making and trimming ladies hats. Wearing of hats by ladies was "de rigueur" in those days, so it was fashionable and desirable to be a milliner.

My mother and father, Charles, were married Dec. 23, 1903. They went to Akron on their honeymoon, to visit his mother and father and other relatives. After Grandfather Levi died in 1905, my mother and father moved back to Akron to live with, and take care of Grandmother Phoebe. They lived in an old farm house, complete with barn, etc., although the neighborhood had grown around it, and it was on a busy street—South Main Street. My Thornton uncles and aunts lived nearby, on Archwood Street. This was in a suburb of Akron called Firestone Park. On April 29,1908, my sister, Olive, was born in the old family home. She was the only girl among the Thorntons, and got lots of attention from nearby relatives!

My parents and sister moved in 1909 to a brick house in a new development on West Exchange Street. My brother, Clyde, was born there on Dec. 31, 1910. In 1913 they moved to a large house at Stow Corners, Ohio, a few miles north of Akron. My sister, Bessie, was born there on April 18,1913, my sister Marie was born there on July 3, 1915, and I was born there on Jan. 18, 1917. I don't really remember the house, but I did see it years later. It was a big house, with a basement, two main floors, and a finished attic. It had a large lot with grape arbor, berry bushes, and many flowers. (Years later, it was torn down to make more room for the Stow library, next door).

Stow was situated on the Cleveland road, and my mother told me that during the WWI years many big military trucks drove by, on their way south. We had a number of good friends at Stow, some of whom I remember, vaguely. My mother and father were instrumental in the founding of the Stow Community Church. All I remember of the church is the big, round brick front, and the fact that it had a baptismal font just to the right inside the front entry. I've been told that my father had a large "Pathfinder" touring car, but I don't remember it.

My sister, Olive, has told me that the day I was born, the house was "quarantined," because two of my siblings had some communicative disease, which I've forgotten. So, my mother and I stayed in the bedroom, and the others, except my father, could not enter. Thus, my curious siblings could not see their new brother for several days! (Everyone recovered.) Serious diseases were very common in those days, such as scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, mumps, whooping cough, polio, etc. We had them all but polio, and were quarantined for each of them.

My father, Charles Arthur Thornton, grew up in Green Township, Ohio, and lived later in South Akron. He owned the house on W. Exchange St., where my brother was born, and also the house in Stow. I believe that he was left some money by his father, Levi Thornton, who died in 1905. My mother told me one time that he was worth about a half-million dollars, but I cannot vouch for that. I was also told that he had a real-estate allotment, which involved the borrowing of a large amount of money. He evidently put up the houses and other property as collateral against that loan. Unfortunately, the depression of 1921 was unexpected and severe. Father was unable to cover the costs of the loan, and as a result lost everything he owned in the crash.

He was then fifty years old. (I was only four years old at that time, and consequently do not remember any of this firsthand.) This loss was a terrible shock to him, and he was never the same. He blamed the persons who ran the lending institution for his losses, although it would seem that careful actions on his part could have reduced the losses. At any rate, the family went into a financial decline, which was only made much worse by the great depression of 1929.

The “big depression” got worse as time went by, and reached its lows in the early -30s. People generally, living today, can hardly conceive of how difficult economic times were. Banks were closed, and people could not withdraw their savings. Unemployment reached as high as forty percent. I have seen lines of men stretching several blocks long, for the sole purpose of submitting job applications. Men really did stand on street corners trying to sell pencils or shiny apples for a nickel apiece. And men came to rear doors, offering to do household jobs or just begging a “handout” of a sandwich or anything to eat.

Olive and Clyde had jobs, but lost them. Bessie and Marie had part-time jobs from time to time. My father worked at a few odd jobs, but produced little money. My mother worked for somewhat-well-to-do ladies, making dresses or revising expensive gowns to keep up with styles. She also got a contract to make Halloween costumes for a large department store. Later, my mother, Clyde, and one or two other people ran a cafeteria for students at a large high school. Finally, my mother became upset at my father for not doing his part to support the family, and he left and took up residence in an old hotel, downtown.

Olive worked in the office of a rubber-tire company, and Clyde worked at least part-time for a bicycle sales and repair shop, as times recovered somewhat. Olive married John D. Smith in 1933. Bessie and Wally Offutt were married in 1934 (I think), but couldn't afford to live together until Sept. 13, 1935, when they opened a dry cleaning shop. Marie ultimately got a job in an office at the B. F. Goodrich Company. The Depression staggered along, and didn't really get much better until production of war supplies started in the late thirties.

My memories of my early days are not well-remembered. The farm on Merriman Road had tall trees in front that Marie and I climbed in, and my father had a great garden there, of maybe two acres. I do recall the strawberries and the huge, flat cabbages. The summer at Long Lake, one of the Portage Lakes south of Akron, is memorable. We kids enjoyed the canoe, the swimming, and the picking of berries—mainly elderberries and blackberries. We also found a big black-walnut tree, and picked up many nuts from the ground. We ripped off the husks—which we used to rub on our hands and arms, turning them dark brown. I also remember going to a one-room schoolhouse for a short time. And I remember President Harding's untimely death, because it upset my mother.

During my youth, I had chicken pox, measles, and mumps, at different times. With the chicken pox, I coughed and coughed, until I finally got better. With the measles, I broke out in a terrible rash, had a fever, etc., and with the mumps, the glands in my throat swelled up, terribly. (I was kept in a darkened bedroom, because the belief was that the mumps caused me to be sensitive to bright light, which could damage my eyesight.)

I attended several different elementary schools, briefly, but went to Margaret Park school, from about the second or third grade until I graduated in June, 1930. School was easy for me, and I did well. In the eighth grade, I was elected president of my graduating class. The class made money, by bringing old newspapers to school and selling them, and by other such efforts, and raised enough money to buy a beautiful walnut conference table and six chairs. (They each had a little metal plaque, which stated, "Gift of the Class of 1930!) Oh, yes—for the graduating class party I dated a pretty girl named Harriet Stark. My reward for this was to walk her home, afterward—a distance of about two blocks!

Margaret Park school was situated in South Akron, near Summit Lake. The old Ohio Canal ran from Cleveland, originally, through the Portage Lakes, to the Tuscarawas River, and thence to the Ohio River. The canal made Summit Lake accessible to the Portage Lakes, and was wonderful for canoeing. The Portage Lakes originally got their name from the Indians, who came from Lake Erie, along the Cuyahoga River to the lakes, where they portaged their canoes overland to the Tuscarawas River, and ultimately, via the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, to the Gulf of Mexico. For several years, I had a raft, which I could hide away in a reedy swamp. With the raft, I paddled around the lake, swam, caught gold-fish, little turtles, etc.—and got sunburned!

My parents were instrumental in the founding of another church—The Margaret Park United Presbyterian Church. They met in the auditorium of the school, after a start in peoples' homes. After a few years, they saved enough money to build a good-sized basement for a large church, and met there for a number of years until they could afford to complete the building. We were all active in various affairs of the church, and my father was Superintendent of the Sunday School. I well remember the "ice cream socials" at strawberry time in late spring, and the corn-roasts and wiener-roasts in the summer and fall. I remember Dr. E.E. Campbell, our learned and friendly pastor, and our friend Mrs. Woods, who played an enthusiastic piano at all church affairs.

I was "double-promoted" from class 6A to 7B at Margaret Park school. This served to place me in a graduating class in June, rather than in December, both for grade school and for high school. This was an advantage for me, in several respects, and I was glad for that.

In the fall of 1930 I started as a "freshman" at South High School. South was on Thornton Street, near South Main Street, and was a long walk from our home on "Summit Hill," three miles or more, I guess. (Rain, snow, hot or cold. There were no school buses in those days.) I "followed" my brother and two sisters at South, and had their reputations to uphold. At South I engaged in many activities, and made many friends. I especially enjoyed mathematics, and science. Contrasted with today, the instruction was somewhat rudimentary, but the teachers were conscientious and thorough, and I liked them all. I was selected as a member of the National Honor Society, and was elected president of the Society. This entailed several duties, including presiding at "Chapel" meetings in our vast (750 students) auditorium.

In 1932 we moved from Summit Hill to a house on East Avenue, close to the corner of Bowery Street, which led directly to downtown Akron. I believe our house, at 1057 East Avenue, was closer to the bus system routes for my mother. It was a great place to live, with a sidewalk, nice front yard, a wide front porch, and a vacant lot at one side. There were two huge pear trees at one side of the house, and there was a large back yard with plenty of garden space at the rear. I was then about fifteen, and it fell to me to make the garden. This involved spading it all up, inasmuch as mechanical garden equipment were not yet available. I can't remember what all I planted, but probably lettuce, tomatoes, beans, corn , and oh, yes, turnips. Everything grew well, and we enjoyed it. I especially remember the turnips, because at times we didn't have much to eat in the house, and could always depend on the turnips! (You might not like them, but you'd never starve!)

In the early fall, the pear trees had a bounty year. They were about thirty feet high, and grew pears like you couldn't imagine! Great-tasting pears, too. I was able to borrow a very tall extension ladder from a neighbor, and with some struggle was able to use the ladder to pick pears at the very highest level—by holding onto a limb, and stretching a little. As I recall, we got thirty bushel baskets of pears from those trees. My sisters, Bessie and Marie, put up (canned) fifty-two quarts of pears, and we had plenty left to sell at the front of our yard for a dollar per bushel! We also had a grape-arbor. I guess the grapes were made into jelly.

In the course of my youth I had two different newspaper routes, and I even sold papers on the sidewalk in front of the O'Neil Co. store, downtown. That kept me busy every day after school. The distances were considerable, and I decided I needed a bicycle.

A $2 BICYCLE AND A HALF-INTEREST IN A $10 MODEL 'T' FORD

After asking around, I was told of a man who had an old bicycle in his basement which he would sell me for two dollars! I wheeled it home. The old tires were all cracked and flat. The wheels were wooden, and warped. The chain was broken. The mud-shields were broken or missing, etc. But the frame was OK, the seat was usable, the handle-bars were a little rusty, but usable, the sprocket and pedals were minimally usable, and the "New Departure" brake was OK after cleaning and oiling.

Each week after that I was able to spend my earnings from my paper-route to buy a new part for my bike. It was a chain one week, a steel wheel the next, spokes for the two wheels, another, and so forth, until after about two months, I had put together a useful bike. (And, even after that, I would continue replacing old parts for new, and eventually had a top-notch bicycle.) Did I ever learn a lot about mechanics and repair from that experience!

In a way, that bicycle changed my life. I rode it to school (with a lock). I delivered papers, and "collected" on Saturdays. But, best of all, my friends and I rode our bicycles everywhere within miles of Akron, mainly on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. We explored the Portage Lakes, North Akron, East Akron, South Akron, West Akron, Firestone Park, Kenmore, Barberton, and Cuyahoga Falls. One of the most interesting and beautiful areas was the Akron-Cleveland Metropolitan Park system. It had roads and streams, parks with cookout places, and the most wonderful trees you could ever imagine. It was delightful, and over several years, we explored most of it. It was healthy, riding up and down Akron area hills. We filled up on ten-cent milkshakes, and enjoyed it all!

My bicycle-riding friends and school classmates were Karl Hermann, Johnny Becker, Ed Plueddemann, Harold Holtom, Porter King, John Deremigio, and Hilliard Harrison. They were really a very diverse group, but we got along well, and enjoyed our bicycle riding. Karl Hermann lived about three blocks up East Avenue from me, and we spent a lot of time together. We learned of a Model T Ford for sale, and went together to buy it in 1933 for the munificent sum of ten dollars!

The car had a 1926 body and a 1922 engine. It had a crank at the lower front of the radiator—no electric starters in those days. The windshield wiper was hand-operated, with a little handle at the inside top of the vertical windshield. The gasoline tank was under the windshield area, and the "gas" cap was centered, outside, just in front of the windshield. The steering wheel was made of hardwood, and had two thin steel handles emerging below it. The "spark" control was on the left, and the accelerator handle was on the right. On the driver's left floor-front was a long handle (15 inches), which was the emergency brake Next were the clutch pedal, the reverse gear pedal, and the brake pedal. Yes, it had headlights and taillights, which were mounted in bulbous projections, front and rear.

The car looked somewhat like three boxes, for the engine, the passenger compartment and the tail section. It was a two-door, but had a "rumble-seat," built into the tail section, with a metal cover, complete with seat-back, to close when it was not in use. (Ooh-la-la! What a delight, when with someone of the opposite gender—except when it was raining! The cold you could handle with a warm blanket!)

VIGNETTES OF MY LIFE WITH A MODEL 'T' FORD

Karl sold me his half of the Model T in about 1934, and I sold the car to Johnny Deremigio the next year, so I owned it for about a year. I was age 17 in 1934 and 18 in 1935.

The Model T had two-wheel brakes, on the rear wheels. They were mechanical brakes, rather than the later hydraulic brakes. Whereas the hydraulic system applied pressure to all the brakes evenly, the mechanical brakes applied unevenly most of the time. That meant that the wheel with the most braking action would pull the car in the direction of the most braking action. (Mine were never evenly adjusted.)

One rainy day I was driving on Bowery Street which had recently been repaved with shiny asphalt. This was before the days of non-skid paving, and this asphalt was wet and slippery. Although I wasn't going fast, something ahead caused me to suddenly apply my brakes. The left rear brake grabbed, and before I knew it, I made a complete 360 degree turn! Fortunately, I wasn't near any other car, so I took a deep breath, and continued on my way!

My Model T's wheels had wooden spokes. The tires were most unusual, in that there were two tires on each wheel! The inner tire had the "beads" at the inside cut completely off, while the outer, larger, tires were mounted over the inner tires, with the "beads" seated on the wheel. All these tires were mounted over heavy-duty inner tubes. The reason for this very unorthodox situation was because both sets of tires had large holes at various places along the sidewalls. Therefore, the tires were mounted, with respect to each other, so that the inner tires' holes were well separated from the outer tires' holes!

One warm day, I happened to notice a big bulge on the outside of the right rear wheel. In fact, it was the inner tube sticking out like a lemon, through holes in both tires! It seemed that braking action had caused the outer tire to slide over the inner tire, until the tube could

protrude through holes in both tires! Needless to say, this caused some quick action to correct the large gap.

I was working part-time at a chain of dairy stores, Isaly's, usually at the downtown store. On this occasion, I was asked to drive to Wadsworth (about fifteen miles) to work that evening at the store there. It was winter, and bitterly cold. In late afternoon, I had considerable difficulty cranking the car to start, but it finally did, and I headed out toward Wadsworth. Between Barberton and Wadsworth is a very steep and long hill. When I got there, the car just didn't have enough power to climb the hill. I thought about it for a short time. Then I turned the car around, pressed in the "reverse" pedal, and backed all the way up the hill!

In January, Long Lake froze to a depth of ten to fifteen inches of ice. One of our great pleasures was to drive out there and onto the lake. We would accelerate slowly to about fifteen or twenty miles per hour, turn the steering wheel, and "clamp" on the brakes. That would cause the car to spin around on the ice. It was especially good if there had been some melting, and there were two or three inches of water on top of the ice!

After Johnny Deremigio bought the Model T the next summer, we were invited to go to Michigan to visit Ed Plueddemann and his family. They lived in Bay City, where Ed's father was a minister. Their church had a cottage on the Au Sable River, farther north. We arrived with no problem, and had a great time with them, swimming, boating, etc.

On the way back, near Detroit, the car started running very rough, and lost power. We luckily could pull into a nearby gas station. On raising the hood, we found that one spark-plug was completely out of its socket, hanging by the wire! (What a car!) Incidentally, we were not required to register the car, or get driver's licenses. But we got $3 license plates!

Bowery Street crosses West Thornton Street at an angle. This results in a large intersection. One day I was driving my Model T on W. Thornton St., going home, and was stopped by the light at Bowery and Thornton. The light changed, and as I started up, slowly, I was surprised to see a car wheel rolling along, outside of my right window. "Oh, oh," I said to myself, "some poor sucker has lost a wheel!" About this time, the right rear of my car slowly sank to the pavement, and I came to a quick halt in the middle of the intersection! (Was I embarrassed!)

I got out and retrieved the wheel, and rolled it to the far right side of the intersection. Then I called Mr.Hermann, Karl's father, to ask for help. Mr. Hermann worked nights, as stage manager of the Colonial Theatre, so he was home, and said that he would come right over and pull my "flivver" out of the intersection. He brought a chain, and quickly pulled the Model T to the far side of the intersection, alongside the curb. Fortunately there was a "gas" station right across the street, and I went over there to borrow a large hydraulic lift, to raise the right-rear of my car so I could remount the wheel.

It was a quick job to raise the car, and remount the wheel. But—I needed "lug nuts" to attach the wheel so it would stay on. It took four such nuts, per wheel. My solution to this problem was to remove one nut from each of the other three wheels, and use them to attach the right rear wheel! (I tightened them good!) So, I returned the hydraulic lift, with thanks, and drove off home, with THREE nuts on each of the four wheels. (And one "nut" in the driver's seat!)

The "lug nuts" on that wheel had obviously been loose. But whether they had come off through rough roads and vibration, or whether some of my good "friends" had done it, I'll never know. Of course that taught me a lesson on what to do to keep the wheels on my car!

I GRADUATED FROM SOUTH HIGH, I TRAVELED, AND I STARTED AT AKRON 'U'

In June, 1934, I graduated from Akron South High School. My ranking was eighth, academically, in a class of 232. I remember sitting on the platform, and introducing the "Athlete of the Year," Ed Plueddemann. We celebrated with a trip to Cleveland in a PACKED 1932 Chevy!

In 1934, Karl and I took several trips. One was to Washington DC, which, with a population of only 300,000, was a much different city than it is now. But it had the Rock Creek Park, the Zoo, the Capitol, the Memorials to Washington, Lincoln, and Jefferson, the Mall, and the Smithsonian and National Art Museums. We really enjoyed it.

We also visited the Chicago World Fair (A Century of Progress). It was very big, and had been built on land that was especially prepared for the Fair. Much walking, but we enjoyed it. Then there was the trip to the upper peninsula of Michigan. We camped overnight at Houghton Lake on our way, crossed at the Straits of Mackinac, visited the Sault Ste. Marie Locks, and then went on to Lake Manistique. We rented a boat and stayed there several days.

My mother had moved us to 633 W. Market Street, where she operated a dry-cleaning agency, as well as continuing her sewing projects. We all pitched in and helped. In fact, I drove a sedan belonging to the Dry Cleaning owner, Mr. Penny. I would solicit, pick up, and later deliver clothing from his plant in East Akron. I did not go to the University that year.

Somehow, I managed to save up enough money for tuition at the University of Akron, and was able to start there in the fall of 1935. (The tuition, as I recall, was thirty-five dollars per semester!) I took lots of mathematics, chemistry and physics, English literature, ROTC, and a physical education minor. I soon got into the National Youth Administration (NYA), program that required me to work a few hours per week, and paid toward my tuition. My most expensive book cost four dollars, others were two or three dollars!

In high school I engaged in many activities, including the Glee Club, the National Honor Society, Sports Editor on the school newspaper, and Master-of-Ceremonies at the Chapels. In addition, I was on the School Safety Patrol, controlling traffic at the main street corner. My senior year, I was in charge of a one-hour study hall, with perhaps forty students. (Today those last two tasks would be in charge of paid school employees, but for lack of money in those depression days, I was given the traffic control and the study hall duties, and was unpaid!)

At the University I did not engage in as many extra-curricular activities, mainly because I worked late afternoon and evening hours. My brother-in-law, John Smith, lent me twenty dollars, which enabled me to continue for my second year. He also got me a job in the Delivery Department at O'Neil's, where he worked. My duties were to sort packages and other deliveries by street addresses to the bins where drivers would load them for delivery the next day. For this, I was paid thirty cents per hour. On a good week, I made about fifteen dollars, and on a "sale" week I could make as much as twenty dollars, but wouldn't get home after work until nearly midnight. My studying suffered!

My first year, I usually rode my bicycle to the University, and later, to work, and home. When I'd saved enough money, I bought a 1926 Chevrolet for $35. It was difficult to start, but we lived on West Market Street hill, and by letting it roll down the hill a little, I could get it started. It was undependable ("threw" a connecting rod, etc.), but the O'Neil truck maintenance employees helped me keep it running. Interestingly, I especially enjoyed driving it home late at night in the snow and ice of winter. The streets were abandoned, and I could slide, skid, go in circles, to my heart's desire. I learned to drive on snow and ice that way!

Inasmuch as I was working six evenings per week, I didn't have much opportunity for dating. But I could sometimes manage a Saturday night or Sunday movie. Akron had three large movie houses, beautifully decorated, and with Wurlitzer organs. There was a young coed named Violet Stanford I dated, and there were a few others whose names I don't recall.

A great source of enjoyment and entertainment was the YMCA Saturday Niters. As the name implies, we met at the "Y" ballroom on Saturday nights. We danced, and did a lot of dance-games, like, "Women circle left, and men circle right." Our music was from a record player, and we would play our favorites. The attendance was primarily "singles," and turned out to be fairly evenly split between men and girls. Believe it or not, I was "volunteered" to "call" the dances. After the dancing, we might go somewhere and have hamburgs, milkshakes, sundaes, or the like, and we might or might not ask some girl to take her home. One very pretty redhead was named Mary Munro, and was an especially good dancer.

The same persons who attended the Saturday night dances also belonged to the YMCA Hiking Club. We met every other Sunday, just after lunch, and went to some interesting area around Akron for a hike. These places had been "scouted out" earlier by a member, and might be a set of ledges, a lake area, one of a number of great places in the Metropolitan Park, or the like. Sometimes afterward we would go to Peninsula, where there was a lounge with a great dance floor, where we could "swing it out" a little, and maybe have a sandwich. We really had a very pleasant time. I was elected President of the Hiking Club, which gave me some responsibility for keeping it active, which I did until I joined the Military Service.

My academic record at the University of Akron was not as good as at South High School, where I was an honor student, and was among the top ten graduates. Nor was it as good as at the George Washington University for my Master's degree work, nor at the University of Alabama for my Doctor of Philosophy degree. The reasons were the facts that I was working six late afternoons and evenings per week, and that I carried too heavy an academic load several semesters. Also, I was carrying a lot of chemistry, math, and physics, which were difficult and required a lot of study and memory work.

After two years I decided that I didn't care as much for chemistry as I had, so I changed my major to Secondary Education. The change required an extra year, but I wound up with 156 credit hours, with majors in Education and Science, and minors in English, Physical Education, and Mathematics. It wasn't time wasted, as all those areas of academic work proved useful in later life, especially in the military service.

My father died on March 9, 1940, when I was in my last semester at the University. The funeral was a large one, with many relatives and friends there. He was 69 years old. I am not sure, but I think that he had pneumonia, contracted after he became very wet while walking in a drenching rainstorm. He was buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, amid Thornton relatives.

U. OF AKRON GRADUATION; TEACHING AT GREENSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

In June, 1940, I was graduated from the University of Akron with a Bachelor of Arts degree. The commencement ceremony was held in the huge Akron Armory, with a crowd of several thousand people. I remember walking across the very long stage to receive my diploma and my handshake, in front of many relatives and friends. I was the first member of my immediate family to become a college graduate.

The rest of June was spent looking for a teaching job for the 1940-1941 school year. The placement office referred me to three school systems needing teachers with my qualifications, and I arranged to apply and to go for interviews. At each of the first two, I was shocked to find that my interview was really just a formality, in that each board had already determined to employ someone else! In each place a person told me, in confidence, that the board members, then meeting in the board-room, had decided to hire a relative of a board member! (And they kept me waiting for hours, just to give me the bad news.) How depressing!

In the end, though, it all turned out well. I was employed by the Greensburg Township school system, to teach math and science, starting in Sept., 1940. Greensburg was in the vicinity of the Portage Lakes, about halfway between Akron and Canton, and had two elementary schools and a 7-12 junior-senior high school. The area was partly agricultural, and partly industrial, with many of the workers employed in Akron or Canton. The School Superintendent was friendly, well qualified, and helpful, and the staff members the same.

It was time for me to get a more dependable car. My brother loaned me $500, and I bought a 1937 four-door Plymouth in good condition. I agreed to pay Clyde $50 per month until it was paid for. I believe that car was the only one, of the many I bought, that I didn't pay cash for. The Plymouth covered many miles over seven years, until I finally traded it.

During much of the summer of 1940 I worked at the O'Neil Co. furniture-warehouse, helping to fill orders. And I also worked with driver, Dick Geul, on a large truck, making deliveries. (Dick was 6 feet 6, 250 pounds, and believe it or not, could carry a regular size bedspring under one arm, and the mattress under his other arm!) I enjoyed the work.

In late August, I went with a large group of young people from Akron to a "Retreat" at a camp on the Lake Erie beach east of Cleveland. It was inspirational, and entertaining as well. Karl Hermann was there, and we met a number of fine people, including an Akron girl named Marie Cartwright. After we got back to Akron I dated her for awhile.

When school started, two other teachers, both young ladies, rode with me to and from school. I would pick them up in the morning and drive to school. When school was out, I'd pick them up at the elementary school, and drive home. They both lived in apartments on West Exchange Street, only a couple of miles from where I lived. It was a good arrangement, and helped cover my gasoline costs.

At Greensburg I taught chemistry, physics, algebra, and 9th grade math. And I was the senior class home-room teacher, with about forty students. They kept me on my toes with their antics. For example, someone smeared Limburger cheese on the back of the radiator used to heat the room. When we arrived at the room in the morning, the smell was terrible. I knew that I would never identify the perpetrators, so I kept a low key. (Limburger cheese originated in Limburg, Belgium, and has a pronounced odor. It is hardly ever seen, today, for obvious reasons.) Several students helped me clean up the mess, and we carried on.

The students seemed to have unparalleled intelligence about my activities. After I dated some girl, even from miles away, they would have a whole blackboard covered with her name, in extra large block letters! All I could do was laugh with them … . They were great kids, though, generally. There were a few girls who were really cute. However, I had decided that it was not a good policy to date any students, so I didn't.

There were several other duties associated with my job as a teacher. During the football season I was expected to help out by taking tickets, managing crowds, etc. And for basketball I did the same for the county playoffs, in a big arena.

My relationship with students was very good, but I do have a couple of recollections that turned out all right, but could have been worse. I had to discipline one student for some fairly minor infraction, the specifics of which I do not remember. At home I received a telephone call from the student's brother about the incident. He wasn't belligerent, but he was upset. I listened to him carefully, then asked him if he wished to hear my view of the incident. He did, so I told him. He said, "Oh. Thank you very much. No problem. You did what needed to be done."

The other problem involved a son of the School Board Chairman. The student was really a very good lad, a talented musician, but was having great difficulty with Chemistry. (He probably shouldn't have been taking it in the first place.) I felt that I had to give him an "F" for the grading period, and did so, but I did give it a lot of thought. The boy had a good friend, an athlete and an outstanding student. So I had discussions with both the "delinquent" and his friend, and suggested that the friend spend time tutoring the lad. Both readily agreed, and to my great satisfaction, the arrangement worked out exceedingly well. Of course I did keep the principal advised about the case, and he was pleased. I never heard anything from the father—for which I was well pleased!

The Selective Service Act (the draft) was passed on Sept. 16, 1940. The registration of 17,000,000 men occurred on Oct. 16, 1940. The men received a random number which would determine the order in which they would be drafted. My number was relatively high,

possibly 368, if I recall correctly. My brother Clyde's number was much lower, and he was drafted not long after the start of the new year of 1941. I received my draft notice in about March, 1941, to report soon thereafter.

My Selective Service Board acted favorably on my request for a deferment until I was able to complete the school year. I thought it over, and decided to apply to enter into the aviation cadet program of the Army Air Forces. This resulted in my going to Cleveland and taking tests to determine my qualification to join the program. As I earlier mentioned, I was placed in Category 'B,' but learned that if I had my "deviated septum" corrected, I would qualify for flying training. I had the operation on my nose within two or three days, and was back in the Cleveland testing office, three weeks to the day after I learned I needed the operation. Although my nose was still somewhat swollen, I passed, and was told that I was qualified.

By then it was June, and the draft board deferred me once again, pending my receipt of orders for flying school. Then in July, August, and September, I was involved in a series of correspondence with the Air Force, telling me, first, that I was qualified for training as an Air Force navigator. After my return letter stating that I wanted training as a pilot, they then said, "Yes, you're qualified for pilot training, and will receive orders to that effect in early October." In September I received a letter telling me that I would receive orders to report within several weeks for Navigator training! At that, I was ready to do whatever came first. Fortunately, I soon thereafter got orders to report to Maxwell Air Base on October 9, 1941, for flight training. As I described in my earlier manuscript, I proceeded with my military career.

PART III POST-WAR; THE MILITARY CAREER YEARS

TO GREENVILLE, S.C., AS A REGULAR AIR FORCE OFFICER

My first assignment as a regular Air Force officer was to the Troop Carrier Command at Greenville, South Carolina, on July 12, 1947. I reported there and was assigned to the Operations Division (A-3). Due to my wartime travels and encounters with various Troop Carrier units, I knew a lot of the officers assigned to Greenville. One in particular was Col. John Oberdorf. He was kind enough to offer to recheck me in a C-47, which I hadn't flown for two years. On my first flight, I was a little jittery, but still, it was very familiar, from my four war years in C-47s, so I quickly accommodated with no difficulty.

After only a week or so, and before I had "settled in" at Greenville, I learned that the Command had a quota for four officers to attend the fall session at the Air Tactical School, at Tyndall Air Base, Panama City, Florida. I applied, was approved, and was put on orders to report to Tyndall in early September, 1947.

Incidentally, although I had applied to the US Army for a regular commission, and was accepted, I was on active duty for only six days (from July 12 to July 18, 1947), when the Air Force became a separate, autonomous, Service. These were somewhat "heady" days for Air Force people, and of course began a long period of planning and reorganization. So, it turned out to be a propitious time for me to attend the Air Tactical School, and to learn a great deal about the Air Force. I drove down to Tyndall, checked in, and set about finding a place to rent, so I could bring Klickie and three-month-old Bill there from Akron. Housing was "tight" there, but I found a temporary place in Panama City, about ten miles from Tyndall. It wasn't much, but had the necessary facilities to stay in, on an austere basis.

In fact, the rental was a converted garage, which had a bedroom, a small kitchen, a bath, and a small sitting room. We also had a bedroom in the house of our landlord. The Fogels were very nice people. He was called "Tiny" Fogel, because he was so BIG!

Klickie arranged to fly down from Akron to Tallahassee, Fla., on a very warm day. I drove over to meet and greet her and Bill. She had brought lots of baby-handling equipment by air freight. So we loaded up and drove the 100 miles across the somewhat swampy area of the panhandle of Florida, to Panama City. I'm sure she was a little discouraged to see our living facilities, when we got there.

In a short time, I got into a car-pool with several officers stationed at Tyndall, and then she could have the car three days out of four. And we got to meet a number of friends—young people in our category, not married long, and with a young child. Before many weeks, we managed to find a house to rent, when the tenants left. It was the main floor of a large brick home in the attractive "Cove" area of Panama City. Our landlady lived upstairs, with a separate outside stairway. We really enjoyed Panama City, with its large bay, beautiful sandy beaches, good restaurants and stores. The seafood was outstanding! The flowers which grew there were profuse and colorful. Tyndall had a good Officers' Club, which we enjoyed.

The Air Tactical School had several hundred students. It had seven Divisions, including Strategic, Tactical, Seminar, Logistics, Operations, Administration, and New Developments. The classes were all well-presented, useful, and interesting. The School and Base were commanded by Brig. General J.C. Lacey. He was well liked, and ran a good operation. The students, with all their world-wide war experiences, were also most interesting. I enjoyed the classes, and did well at the school.

The course at the Air Tactical School was for four months, and would be completed in mid-December. Although I didn't know until about the 1st of Dec., the school had authority to retain three percent of the graduates, to be assigned to Tyndall and become instructors there. My name was listed as one of the selectees. We liked Tyndall, and I was pleased.

After graduation, and a short leave, Klickie, Bill and I drove to Greenville, keeping our house in Panama City to live in upon our return. I didn't know how long it would take for my reassignment orders to come through. It turned out to be about a month. Klickie and I checked in at the Joel R. Poinsett Hotel in Greenville—named for a former US ambassador to Mexico. (The beautiful red Christmas flower, poinsettia, is named for him. He brought it back from Mexico.) The hotel was a true institution of the "old South," a delight to stay in.

The holidays at Greenville were a great joy, full of parties and other activities. We enjoyed celebrating with our "old" military friends, at the base and at the homes of friends. Then, after the New Year's, I drove Klickie and Bill back to Panama City, Fla., and got a flight back to Greenville.

Activities were slow for me at Greenville, inasmuch as it was known that I would soon be transferred. One assignment, though, I'll never forget. The Commanding General was retiring, after long service, including the war years in Africa and Europe. So, who should be chosen to lead the officers' battalion for the parade in his honor? Me, that's who. The timing was terrible—it was held on a very cold and windy morning in mid-January. The participants lined up on the windswept parking ramp—and stood there—probably while the General and his party were having "refreshments" in a nice warm room.

I don't think that I was ever so cold and miserable, for so long. Standing at attention in

front of all those officers, I couldn't keep from shaking, try as I might to keep a good military posture and set a good example! (No doubt all the other participants were equally miserable.) Finally the reviewing party came out to the reviewing stand, and the parade got under way. (Never was a group of parade-marchers happier to start moving and finish the parade!)

My orders to Tyndall came through, and I got a flight from Greenville to Tyndall. There, I found that my new assignment was to be the Deputy Director of the New Developments Division, one of the seven Divisions at the Air Tactical School. The Director of the Division was Lt. Col. William "Red" Shepherd. He was a very thoughtful officer, with a great background in science. I learned a lot from him. We covered all the new post-war developments in airplanes, atomic energy, rockets and other missiles, space efforts, electronics, communications, personal equipments, and more. It kept us busy, trying to keep abreast of such things, and passing it on to our students in an understandable way. We made use of movies, well-qualified speakers, and a small museum, with demonstrations. A large effort was producing handouts, and in developing, administering, and scoring intelligent and thorough tests.

We made lots of friends there, and did lots of interesting things. Several couples of us went to New Orleans for a weekend. We went to Atlanta with the Slugas, and bought some furniture. I flew some of my instructors to the Navy-Tulane game in New Orleans in a C-45. We drove to Ohio at Christmas to visit Grandmas and other relatives. We drove around the local area of the Florida "panhandle," seeing the inland waterway, Apalachicola, Port St. Joe, etc. We went to Tallahassee to see a Florida State football game. We joined the St. Andrews Bay Yacht Club, on invitation, met a number of Panama City people, and ate lots of great seafood! Of course we went swimming at the beautiful white sandy beaches. A great place!

In the spring of 1948 a house became available for sale by a colonel from Tyndall who was leaving. We looked at it, and liked it. It was reasonable, had three bedrooms, a large lot with trees and flowers, and was in a good neighborhood. We bought it, and moved in. It cost us $7500 - $7200 after return of the "escrow" account of $300! We owned it for eleven years. We had a number of friends who lived in the area—the Hughes, the Hallams, the Slugas, the Bolenders, and others. Outdoor cooking was popular there, especially shrimp boil, oysters on the half shell, broiled redfish, steak, etc. We enjoyed living there for two years. I did have to dig out a patch of sand-spurs from the front yard. I did it on my hands and knees, with the "help" of Bill, who rode "piggyback" on my back!

A lot of storms hit along the Gulf Coast, and an occasional hurricane. When a hurricane approached, we had to evacuate families and aircraft to a safer place. On one occasion, when it had already gotten pretty windy, Klickie, Bill and I drove to Montgomery. There, a friendly family, the Hollingsworths, took us in overnight. (Bill slept peacefully in a dresser drawer!)

DIRECTOR, NEW DEVELOPMENTS DIVISION, AT USAF AIR TACTICAL SCHOOL

"Red" Shepherd was reassigned in the summer of 1948, and I was designated as the Director of the New Developments Division. Inasmuch as I had been at the Air Tactical School for nearly a year, and had been at the Division as Deputy, I was well indoctrinated into the systems and procedures, and had no difficulty taking over. As one of seven Division Directors, I participated in Gen. Lacey's staff meetings, along with Col. Wilson (plans), Col. Perry (operations), and the other six Division Directors.

To have the responsibility of helping to manage an important Air Force school was an opportunity and a pleasure to me. I met a considerable number of Air Force people there

whom I encountered later in my career. In January, 1950, I was assigned to a five month course, the Air Command and Staff School at Maxwell AFB, in Montgomery, Alabama. We flew back and forth on Sundays. The Air Tactical School students from Maxwell flew a plane from Maxwell to Tyndall, and the Command and Staff students flew the same plane back to Montgomery. The procedure was reversed the next week!

DUTY AT THE PENTAGON

When I was due for reassignment in July, 1950, I was ordered to Hq. USAF in the Pentagon, for a job with the office of the Deputy Chief of Staff for Development (DCS/D). I reported there on July 26, 1950.

The Pentagon was built in 1941-3. It houses the Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Headquarters of the Army, Navy, and Air Force, and the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. As many as 30,000 or more people can work there. Of course it has five sides, like a pentagon. There are over 10,000 parking spaces at the periphery of the huge building.

My assignment to DCS/D was in the field of personnel. This was an area in which I had little previous experience, and it was not easy for me. While there, I did write a lengthy report on use of transport aircraft in wartime, and I also produced a proposal for expanding specialty codes in the areas of research and development, which was well-received. In January, 1951, I was requested for reassignment to the Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, (WSEG), a unit of the Office of the Secretary of Defense, and was assigned there on Jan. 25, 1951.

This Group had an abundance of “brass,” with high-level civilians as well as military. Our military “boss” was Lt. Gen. Keyes, and our Air Force senior representative was Maj. Gen. Barnes. My former WW II commander, Maj. Gen. Gavin, was the Army senior

representative. Our purpose was to conduct studies in various areas of military warfare, including nuclear and other strategic, airborne, and the like. Col. Bill Savoie was one of my counterparts, and he and I had several occasions to fly a General in a B-25 on a visit to some destination for meetings, demonstrations, etc. In the course of my time there, I got to Los Angeles, White Sands, Seward, Tenn., Omaha (SAC), and to an aircraft carrier at Norfolk.

During this period I was sent to Europe several times to participate in conferences and studies. Visits to Wiesbaden, Heidelberg, Paris, etc. were highlights. One study involved an effort to repel a tactical nuclear attack on Western Europe.

We were preparing for the birth of our second child in December, 1950, hoping for a tax exemption, if born before the first of the year. I helped to celebrate by buying a new Mercury sedan, just before Christmas. (Klickie was too big at that stage to fit behind the wheel!)

Miss Mary Louise was born on Jan. 7, 1951. (No tax exemption!) She was born at Fort Belvoir Army Hospital, Virginia, about ten miles from where we lived. She was a very sweet and pretty little baby, and we really enjoyed having her. We were living at that time at the Donna Lee Apartments, located near the intersection of Leesburg Pike and Columbia Pike. A number of our friends lived near us, and I could car-pool to the Pentagon with three other officers. Also, a new elementary school had been opened just a short distance from us, and Bill started there in the fall of 1952.

The Washington area was a great place to live, with the many monuments, government buildings and sights. We went to the Rock Creek Park and the Zoo, the Lincoln, Washington, and Jefferson monuments, the Smithsonian, the Capitol, the White House, and to Mount Vernon. We even heard Sir Edmund Hillary speak about climbing atop Mount Everest!

MY FLYING TO AND FROM WASHINGTON

There were three airports alongside the Potomac River, just south of the Pentagon; Washington National (now Reagan), Anacostia (Navy), and Bolling (Air Force). They were too close together for safety, and were dangerously close to the Capitol, the White House, and to the downtown Washington area. The airports had been built when airplanes were smaller, slower, and easily maneuverable. Subsequently, larger airports were built farther out from Washington - Andrews, in Maryland, and Dulles, in Virginia.

In the -50s I flew mainly out of Bolling, primarily in C-47s, C-45s, and B-25s. Bolling was adjacent to and south of Anacostia, and the north-south runway of Bolling was connected to the equivalent runway at Anacostia, but at a small angle. Anacostia was directly across the Potomac River from Washington National airport.

One day I arrived at Bolling to land, in a C-45, and was told that a strong wind was at a due crosswind to the Bolling airstrip, and that I couldn't land there. Instead, they cleared me to land on the runway to the west (270 degrees) at Anacostia. That runway was very short, ending at the river, and was directly in line with the Washington National airport. Further, the approach to the west Anacostia runway was from a high bluff to the east, over two very high smokestacks at St. Elizabeth Hospital, steeply down the hill, over a four-lane expressway with high fences on either side, then quickly to touchdown at the east end of the runway, to avoid overrunning and going into the Potomac River! Well, with some trepidation and great care, I managed to land and stop in time, then taxied back to the Bolling airport. My, my! What a life!

On another occasion, I had agreed to fly Col. John Hussey to Biloxi, Mississippi, where he was being assigned. On a very rainy day, I was authorized to taxi my B-25 to the south

end of the north-south runway at Bolling, and park there while I checked my engines. While parked there, I was advised that there was a Navy plane on a long approach to Anacostia. The tower operator then radioed and stated, "Air Force 1234, you are cleared for takeoff if you can expedite." I replied, "Bolling, this is Air Force 1234. Will expedite. Rolling." I proceeded to take off. When I was about 75 feet up, and picking up speed, Hussey grabbed the wheel, turned and dived our B-25. I quickly looked over at him, wondering what on earth he was doing, when I saw through the right window a Navy Super DC-3! The Navy plane was slightly above us, and just to our right. We barely missed each other.

I reported this near-miss to the tower, corrected my position, and continued my takeoff. On takeoff from Bolling, it was necessary to make a left turn to avoid the Pentagon, which I did, then headed for Biloxi. We congratulated each other on our near-miss. I must say that John Hussey's quick action may have saved our lives. Upon returning to Bolling, we reported the episode to the Bolling Base Commander. It was obvious that the tower operator should not have authorized us to take off while the Navy plane was on his final approach over us to Anacostia.

On a less ominous occasion, I was again taking off to the north from Bolling, this time in a C-47 headed for Eglin Air Force Base, Florida. The weather was murky, and I estimated the visibility to be only about a mile. My co-pilot, a young Captain, was very nervous, and asked on several occasions, "Shouldn't we be on instruments?" I replied, "No, the visibility is OK." The procedure called for me to climb out, after turning away from the Pentagon, toward the Springfield beacon, crossing it at 8000 feet, and proceeding on course. At 8000 feet, the air was clear and blue, and I relaxed and looked around. It was then I saw that the co-pilot was wearing very dark sunglasses! No wonder it looked so dark to him!

On April 21, 1953, our son Thomas Lee was born. Like Mary Lou, he was born at the Army hospital at Fort Belvoir, Virginia. He was healthy and cute, and was a lot of fun. The hospital at Ft. Belvoir was in the old wooden, barrack type buildings. I'll never forget taking Bill and Mary out there to see their new brother. They couldn't go in, so Klickie brought Tom to a large side window, to show them. Mary had a big smile, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure. Bill threw his stick up in the air, and caught it!

That led to trips to Ohio, to show our growing family to grandmothers and other relatives. We got to know the route pretty well, up through Maryland, and over the Pennsylvania turnpike to Ohio. We also brought Grandmother Corabel to stay with us at the Donna Lee apartment for a three month period. We showed her some of the sights around Washington, and she even got to experience the tail-end of a hurricane that came through. In the "early" days, we could see horses and other "country" features out of our windows, but as time went by, the area all got built up, even with high-rises.

Our building had a large, light, open basement. There were several families with young children living there. The basement became a great place for games, parties, etc., when the weather was inclement. And, of course, it was useful for hanging clothes to dry. Bill continued in school, and Mary attended a pre-school which she enjoyed. We took several trips to the Blue Ridge Mountains for picnics, and Bill and I camped up there several times. As 1954 proceeded, I was alerted that I would be going overseas to Japan or Korea. Klickie decided that the Donna Lee apartments would be a desirable place to stay with the children during the one-year period while I was gone. And so, I departed for Korea on about 15 August, 1954.

At Travis Air Force Base, I met three other officers who were going to Japan or Korea. We weren't scheduled out for several days, and one of the officers hadn't turned his car in yet, so we drove into San Francisco. There we looked around town, had lunch, and later wound up at the "Top of the Mark', which was a lounge at the top of the Mark Hopkins Hotel. It was full, except for some space at the oval bar in the center of the large room, so we sat there. Looking out, we could see the whole room, and the views through the large windows. We ordered our beers, or whatever, and sat talking. We had four seats in a row, but I was on the left, and on my left was another officer who had been sitting there when we arrived. That officer called my attention to a table where four ladies were seated near a window. There were three older, white haired ladies, accompanying a young lady who could have been about 20 or so. The young lady was wearing a topless velvet gown, was beautiful, and had "peaches and cream" complexion. (She gets prettier every time I tell this story!)

I soon noticed that all eyes were on that table. I went back to talking with the man on my left. Something was said which made us smile, and I was looking at the young lady, by chance, as I smiled. I thought no more of it. However, shortly, the three older ladies and the "pretty young thing" got up and walked around back of us to go to the elevators. As they walked toward the elevators, everyone took one last look, and much to my surprise, the maitre-d' came and tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're the lucky one. She said to tell you to meet her in the Dining Room on the third floor." Now all eyes were on me! My friends urged me to go meet her, but I refused. I did agree for us to go check if she was there. Sure enough she was. We looked and left, and drove back to Travis.

ADVISOR TO THE REPUBLIC OF KOREA AIR FORCE

We left Travis on a contract carrier DC-4, for Hickam, Hawaii. We arrived there in good time. I learned that five or six passengers would be "bumped" from the ongoing flight to Japan. I quickly "volunteered" the four of us who had been in San Francisco together, and we were bumped. We were told that the next flight to Japan would be in four days. We asked for a "military discount" on hotel rooms, and got a suite on the fourth floor of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel!

The next few days we saw Honolulu, and also visited Hickam Air Base. We swam and enjoyed the beach. And we attended a luau at the "lanai" party of a friend. On the fourth day we boarded a Navy Constellation (the plane with three rudders). It went to Japan, by way of Midway Island, to Tokyo's Haneda International airport. We were taken by bus to Camp Fuchu (foo-choo), a former Japanese camp. It was notable for having low doorways, small rooms, and short beds! From there we were flown, a couple of days later, to South Korea.

At Korea I was assigned to the 6146th Air Force Advisory Group, and sent to become the Commander of a Detachment at Kangnung. Kangnung is at the edge of the Sea of Japan, about 100 miles east of Seoul, the capital. My main duty there was advising the Tenth Fighter Wing of the Republic of Korea (ROK) Air Force. I was also responsible for the feeding and safety of the personnel of a large radar, of a platoon of infantry, of a squad of military police, and of a large number of Swiss, Swedes, Czechs, and Poles. The latter were members of a "Neutral Nations Inspection Team," called NNITS.

The NNITS were at Kangnung as a result of the Armistice Agreement between North and South Korea. There were four "Ports of Entry," one at Kangnung, and I was designated as Armistice Agreement Officer, Port of Entry, or AAOPE (pronounced Ape!)

The ROK 10th Fighter Wing was commanded by Brig. Gen. Kim Shin, and numbered some 3000 ROK personnel. Gen. Kim Shin and I got along well from the start. The Wing had a complement of F-51 prop-type fighter planes, and was hoping to receive F-86 planes to replace them.

The NNITS, or at least the Czechs and Poles, were hated by the South Koreans, as communists who supported the North Koreans. Especially bitter were the war veterans, many disabled. Such veterans, many living just outside of the air base gate, had "rushed the gate" on several occasions, trying to get at the Czechs and Poles. So, I was responsible for protecting the safety of the NNITS. (In this, I had lots of support from Gen. Kim and the 10th Wing personnel.) The NNITS stayed in a compound-within-a-compound. Their buildings were inside a barbed-wire enclosure, which, in turn, was inside a larger barbed wire enclosure. As it turned out, they were never really endangered. Our threat came from another source.

Our base had a theater, a chapel, a mess hall, maintenance facilities, a headquarters building, an operations building at the flight-line, etc. Our personnel were housed in tents with wooden floors, and some Quonset "huts." My Quonset was divided in two. I had half, and two of my staff officers had the other half. I also had an L-20 aircraft, in which I could fly to visit the 6146th Group Headquarters at Taegu.

The radar was situated on a hilltop, with their buildings, etc. The hill was separated from the base proper by a dirt road. Halfway up the hill was a building used to house air police for site protection. All this was "off-limits," and air base personnel generally had no reason to go there. Thanks to the forces of nature, our base was soon going to see some drastic changes!

THE HIGH DAM, THE TYPHOON, AND THE FLOOD AT KANGNUNG

Kangnung was only about two miles from the Sea of Japan, if that. Although low, it was a suitable place for an air base, being level, and with adequate approaches for landings and takeoffs. In the other direction (west), toward Seoul, however, the ground rose steeply to some mountains. (In fact, the road to Seoul was very steep and precipitous, until beyond the mountains.) Four miles west of the Base was a high, earthen dam. I was told that the surface of the water in the dam was 200 feet above the level at the Air Base.

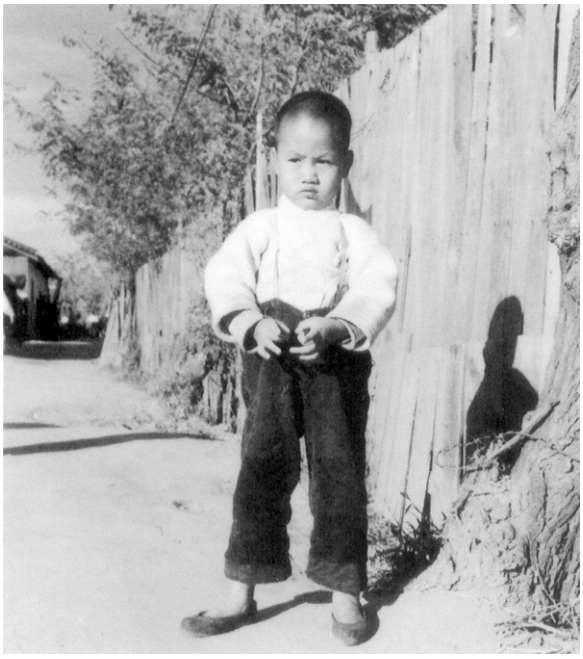
I had been at Kangnung only one week when a typhoon over the Sea of Japan started affecting Kangnung with rising winds and rain in gusts. I observed these conditions for a little while at my office, then decided to go and discuss the situation with the ROK Wing Commander, Brig. Gen. Kim Shin. Major Doughty, my Operations Officer, accompanied me on the short walk to Gen. Kim's office. Gen. Kim informed me that he was concerned about the weather, and especially about the threat of the strong winds and heavy rain to the dam above us. He stated that if the dam gave away, the Air Base could be covered to a depth of four feet, and that the surge of rushing water could wash away tents and buildings.

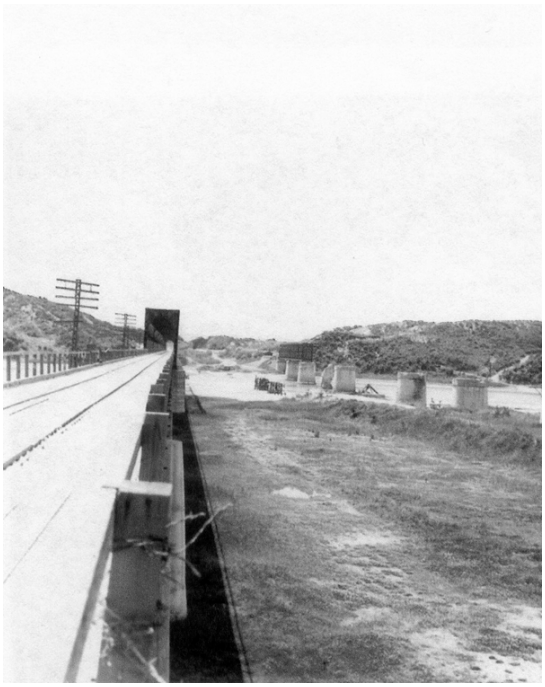
Gen. Kim stated that he had a man, stationed at the dam site with a radio, who would keep him informed as to the situation there. If the dam burst, there would be a minimum amount of time to take any action. The General stated that he would evacuate his troops to a hill south of the Base, if that were indicated. We went on to discuss actions to take to tie down the airplanes, with tails into the wind, and to observe wind directions carefully to take appropriate measures if the typhoon winds changed, as they might.

I walked back to my office with Maj. Doughty and saw that the water level was up to about four inches, and that the rain and winds were getting stronger. I concluded that I had to evacuate the Base personnel, and that the only place available was the radar hill. So I put out an order to place possessions in as high a place as possible, and to prepare to evacuate. We notified the radar personnel that we would take our personnel up to the buildings at the higher part of the hill, and that we would take the members of the NNIT team to the Air Police station which was at a lower level. I arranged for some Air Police to remain behind, at the Base, to safeguard from looting, and planned to stay there myself.

The water and wind kept getting higher and stronger. We arranged for some large trucks to take the men to the radar hill. The dirt road to the hill was a little lower than the Base, and had some drop-offs at the sides. So I got a hooded poncho and some hip-boots, plus some broomsticks, and went down to the road. There, the water was almost up to my hips. I stuck the broomsticks into the ground in places to indicate where the road went. As it left the Base, the road made a right hand turn, and I stood there, directing the trucks. One man was heard to say, “The first I saw of the new Commander, he was directing traffic in a sea of water!”

Overnight, at the Base, the wind howled and the rain poured, but the dam withstood the strain, and toward morning the weather began to let up, and the water began receding. At about ten AM I started bringing the troops back to the Base, and left instructions to clean the mud out of the tents and Quonsets, so that it wouldn’t harden there. I asked the Mess Officer if his walk-in refrigerators survived the storm He assured me that they did. I then asked him if he had anything special to serve for supper, to reward the men for putting up with the hardship. He said, “Yes, Sir, I have some steaks I’ve been saving for a special occasion.” He served the steaks, and we all felt much better about surviving the typhoon!





South Korea. Upper left - Seoul, small Korean boy. Upper right - Freedom Bridge to Panmunjom. Lower left - Papa-san with A-frame, and Mama-sans doing roadwork. Lower right - "The Han River Laundry," near Seoul.

South Korea. Airplanes we flew: Top - C-47; Below left - C-20; Below right - C-19 owned by South Korea.

After the storm, activities settled down, and returned to more of a routine. I sent a report to our Group Commander, to assure him that we did not sustain any injuries or damages to equipment. The 6146th Group had moved to the ROK Air Force Hq. area, on an island in the Han River, near the capital, Seoul. There was a good set of runways there, plus hangars, and sufficient buildings for the ROK personnel and operations, as well as for those of the Group. Following this, I made a number of trips across the mountains from Kangnung to Seoul, and back, in our L-20. The one-way distance to Seoul was only about 100 miles, versus 150 miles to Taegu, so it was quicker.

My duties as Armistice Agreement Officer, Port of Entry caused me to have several periods of temporary duty within Korea. One was an inspection, at North Korean insistence, of an area in South Korea where they charged imports were being made, in violation of the Armistice Agreement. We thought it to be a ruse, for intelligence gathering purposes, but the Agreement did provide for it, and although it was ridiculous it was done, and nothing came of it

The other trip was to Panmunjom, the only site located on the Demilitarized Zone, (DMZ), where a given number of North Koreans and the same number of South Koreans and their Allies had strictly separated areas but could provide for meetings, complaints or consultations, if and when desired. Along the DMZ, on both sides, was a "no-man's land," of perhaps fifteen kilometers, which could not be used or populated. I remember crossing the "Freedom Bridge" and entering the no-man's land. It was eerily quiet! In Panmunjom we had to be cautious, stay carefully on the South Korean side, and avoid antagonizing gestures, etc. It was all deadly serious, and uncomfortable, and I was glad to leave there!

THE ROK 10th FIGHTER WING MOVES TO K-13 AIRBASE, AT SUWON

Several months later, it was learned that the US 51st Fighter Group would be leaving Suwon, and that the ROK 10th Fighter Wing would be moving there. This also would entail moving my Detachment from Kangnung to Suwon. Suwon was a medium sized city, only about forty miles south of Seoul. It had imposing oriental city gates, was on the route from Seoul to Pusan, and obviously had a significant history. The Base, K-13, was large, with very good facilities, and would be a good base for the ROK 10th Fighter Wing.

We got the orders to move, and prepared to load up equipments and personnel in large trucks, and make the trip over the mountains from Kangnung to Suwon. I left Maj. Doughty to head the closing and clean-up detail, and flew on to Suwon. It took several weeks to "settle-in," for both the 10th Wing and the Detachment, but soon operations were well under way, again.

The L-20 was still my principal aircraft at Suwon, and was convenient for trips to the Group Headquarters at Seoul, only about thirty minutes away. I did also have access to the Group's C-47, and the C-45. The weather in Korea that fall was generally beautiful, with sunny, blue skies. However, the temperature dropped a little, from day to day, until it became very cold. Our rooms had space heaters, and we were able to stay good and warm.

Our Special Services unit had shotguns and ammunition available for hunters to use in their spare time, and this really paid a great dividend to our mess-hall operation. There were lots of pheasants and doves available, probably due to the plentiful rice-paddy operations in Korea, and our hunters would get lots of birds. Cleaned birds were stored in a freezer until sufficient for the whole Detachment, and then we would have a feast! Really good! The mess hall also regularly had fresh fruit, and other good food, which we enjoyed.

Fifth Air Force (Advance) was situated at Osan, about fifty miles south of Suwon. My friend Col. Bolender was A-3 (Operations) there, and I had occasion to fly there and see him. Also, it was necessary for me to fly at least four hours per month, and if I had no especial destination, I would fly over various parts of South Korea, and thus became more familiar with it. Another task was to "check out" other flying officers in aircraft available to us, so that they would be qualified to fly them. One late afternoon I flew our Group Commander, Col. Slayden, and another officer to Osan for a meeting with Brig. Gen. Momyer, the Fifth Air Force (Advance) Commander. The meeting progressed, then dinner, with a few drinks, until, well after dark, it was time to fly back. I had refrained from having any alcoholic drinks, and offered to fly back. To be truthful, I wanted to fly back, since it would be at night, and I had confidence in my ability to fly and navigate at night.

Flying north in Korea at night, toward Seoul, was somewhat hazardous, for fear of over-running Seoul, in bad weather, and then flying over North Korea. Radio navigation aids were weak and undependable. On this occasion, it was clear enough that I could see the ground well enough to navigate, and reached Seoul without difficulty.

Dean Hess was a fighter pilot during the Korean War, and he was also an ordained minister. Further, he had established an orphanage in Seoul, and solicited support for it. The orphanage had been moved to a remote island, Cheju-Do, off southern Korea. (Hess also wrote the book, "Battle Hymn".)

One day in January, 1955, I got a phone call from the Special Services Colonel from Far East Air Forces advising me that Col. Hess had arranged the collection of a number of Christmas presents from New York donors. They were in a number of cartons which could

be delivered to Suwon, if I could arrange to fly them on down to Cheju-Do, for presentation. I agreed, provided that I could get permission from Col. Slayden to do so. It was agreed, and the cartons were delivered to Suwon.

ORPHANS RECEIVE PRESENTS IN THE SNOW AT CHEJU-DO ISLAND, KOREA

The day I was to leave, there were news and cameramen present at Suwon. I had gotten the C-47 from Seoul, and it was loaded with the cartons. I was delayed with Detachment business, and didn't take off until about 2:30 PM. The distance to Cheju-Do was about 200-plus miles, and there were mountains to the east of my course. I reached Cheju-Do with no delay, and found the airstrip—which was a large, grassy field. I landed in a light snow-fall, and taxied up to where a large truck was parked. The truck was filled with the orphans; boys in white shirts and blue pants, and girls in white blouses and blue pinafores. I was photographed handing out the presents to the orphans, who were most photogenic and attractive, with the white snow accumulating on their very dark hair!

We had dinner, and the truck driver shined his lights down the grassy field to assist my takeoff. It was very dark, and I climbed out on course, mindful of the westerly wind and of the up-to-9000 feet mountains on my right! It seemed like hours, but we finally reached Suwon and landed safely.

But, there's more to the story! Klickie was watching television at our Falls Church, Va. apartment one evening, when the announcer said, "It's a late Christmas at Cheju-Do, Korea!" They then rolled the pictures taken of me presenting gifts to the slightly snow-covered orphans. Was she ever surprised! She called the station, and arranged to have them show the pictures to our children the next day. She wrote me a letter, telling me all about it. And so it turned out that everyone was happy!

TO GROUP HQ AT SEOUL: MY YEAR IN KOREA ENDS IN JULY, 1955

In early Spring I was transferred to Group Headquarters at Seoul, to become the Group Deputy Commander, and Group Operations Officer as well. Not long after, Major Doughty was also transferred there, to become Group Logistics Officer. We both replaced officers who had completed their one-year tour of duty. The Group Commander and his staff officers each had a room in a house-like building that had been constructed at the behest of a prior Commander. The men had comfortable barracks, and the Group offices were mainly in Quonsets. The Mess was nearby, and the ROK Headquarters buildings were mostly within walking distance. All this was at the "Seoul City Air Base," on an island in the Han River.

We got our water supply from the Han River—which sounded appalling, based upon the stories of what was seen floating in the river! However, the water was filtered through some thirteen filters, and was regularly tested and found to be very pure. It tasted good, too! There was also a temporary bridge from the island to the mainland in the vicinity of Seoul. The bridge was very useful in good weather, but in the rainy season it had to be dismantled, so that it wouldn't wash away in high water and strong currents.

Syngmon Rhee was the long-time President of the Republic of Korea, and was well-regarded worldwide. A military parade was held in his honor at the Air Base, at the time of his retirement. The military units were well disciplined, and the parade was colorful and impressive. The Commanding General of the ROK Air Force was Lt. Gen. Kim Chung Yul, who played a major part in the honors and the parade.

The large US Air Base, Kimpo, was located only a few miles west of Seoul. It had a number of US Air Force units, and provided various services to us, including MATS long-distance air transportation.

Only about twenty miles west of Kimpo lay Inchon, with the famous bay where General MacArthur's invading forces landed during the Korean War. The bay has tides as high as twenty feet, making it usable for ships just a few hours per day, with only mud-flats seen extending out to sea at other times. I visited Inchon one day when the tide was out, and only a few small boats were seen lying tilted on the mud. It was obvious, though, that the fishing fleet had been in—white fish lay everywhere, drying in the sun! No doubt the fish would be used to sustain the Korean diet, especially in the winter. (And of course they would be used for the Korean national dish, kimchi, made with garlic, onions, fish and vegetables—I think).

The Fifth Air Force (Advance) was consolidated with the Fifth Air Force at Nagoya, Japan, and I had reason to fly to Nagoya several times. I would fly there in either the twin-engine C-45 or the C-47, inasmuch as it involved flying across the Korean Strait, about 150 miles wide. Nagoya was a large, modern Japanese city, with imposing buildings and good hotels. I would usually stay in a hotel there, but on one occasion I was invited to stay overnight with an Air Force friend and his wife in an authentic Japanese house that they had rented. The house was made of rice-paper, over a light framework. The sliding doors were rice-paper, as were walls, ceilings, windows, etc. I slept on the customary floor mat, (futon?), with covers, of course. I must say that I was very cold and uncomfortable, and I was glad, finally, to rise and get some hot coffee!

The stores in Nagoya were delightful. The Japanese are creative and artistic, and make wonderful jewelry, china, gifts, etc. It was a pleasure to shop there. The Japanese were still wearing their traditional costumes in those days, although they changed over to western styles later, except on formal occasions. All in all, Nagoya was a most interesting place.

Seoul, the capital of Korea, was a large city, population about a million and a half in 1955. It was distinguished by a long row of very jagged mountains to the west. There were a number of prominent sites there, including some large buildings such as the Post Office and the Government building. There were ancient oriental-type gates, the "Hill of 1000 Steps," a government palace, etc. The US controlled one of several large hotels, the Chosun, which contained an Officers' Club. There was a large US Army military Headquarters building, and there was a large Korea Military Advisory Group (KMAG) building. KMAG was in a program to consolidate all US Army, Navy, and Air Force advisory units into one organization for Korea, and as a result I was designated an Operations Officer for the joint Military Advisory Group, in addition to my duties with the 6146th USAF Advisory Group.

Our C-45 needed maintenance work of a nature that we could not do at Seoul, and Maj. Doughty flew with me to Tachikawa Air Base, near Tokyo, Japan, to get the work done on the C-45. We flew by way of Pusan, in southern Korea, across the Korea Strait to Itazuke Air Base on Kyushu Island, Japan, and thence to Tokyo. One of the problems of the C-45 was that the fuel gauges did not register, thus not providing warnings when the fuel tank in use was about to be empty. Maj. Doughty and I discussed this, and considered that we could watch the fuel-pressure gauges extra carefully, and if one or the other pressure needles was seen to flicker, we would quickly change to a full tank.

We had flown about halfway across the Korea Strait (150 miles across), when we suddenly ran out of gas, with no warning! (It got terribly quiet!) Talk about scrambling! All hands reached for the control switch, and we switched to a full tank. Fortunately the engines re-started, our pulses returned to normal, and we got to Tokyo with no further problems.

Enroute to Tokyo is Mt. Fujiyama (commonly, Mt. Fuji), a symmetrical, snow-covered 12,000 ft. peak, regarded by the Japanese as sacred. It was fairly close to our flight course, and on a clear day could be seen easily—very impressive! Tachikawa Air Base was home to some Troop Carrier units, and I found that I had friends there. They showed me around Tokyo, and I became somewhat familiar with things there. One night, I stayed in the Frank Lloyd Wright–designed Imperial Hotel, supposedly earthquake-safe. I bought Klickie a mink stole there. I also found a pleasant lounge on the 18th floor of the Nikkatsu Building, where I could quietly have a good Japanese beer, with peanuts, and really enjoy the views of Tokyo. On the tenth floor of the Meiji (?) Building, I was shown the Tokyo version of a Las Vegas floor show. (The Las Vegas showgirls really have a lot more to show!)

Back in Korea, I was invited to the graduation of cadets at the Korean version of the Air Force Academy. It was held in the south at Chinju, as I recall. I flew the C-47 from Seoul, with only a few passengers. Many Korean Generals and Admirals were flown down in small airplanes. After the impressive ceremony, and lunch, it became apparent that a huge, black storm was approaching Chinju. Back at the C-47, I noticed a large group of Korean officers, mainly Aides, who asked me if their Admiral/General could return to Seoul in my C-47. Of course I said, “Yes.” I quickly found that I had a planeload full of “Big Brass.” Our return flight to Seoul was uneventful, and I was thanked graciously.

As part of my responsibility, I made calls on our outlying detachments. They were mainly located at sites of Korean Air Force schools of electronics, maintenance, communications, logistics, etc., where our people provided advice and assistance. As their sites were remote, they were pleased to see me, and I enjoyed visiting them.

There were great shopping opportunities at the Japanese stores, as well as at the Base Exchanges at Tachikawa, Nagoya, and to a lesser degree at Seoul. I bought rings and pins, china, and even a Korean costume for Mary Lou. I bought two sets of Noritake china for Klickie, and china tea-sets for Klickie and my sisters. Almost everything was well packed, and reached home safely.

The Koreans awarded me a set of Korean Air Force Pilot Wings, and the Chungmoo Medal. Every month or so, the Koreans would invite us to a dinner at a restaurant in Seoul, really a great feast! And before I left at the end of my tour of duty there, they presented me with a small silver tea set. We were very appreciative.

In May, 1955, I was able to take a one week R&R. I could have gone to Hong Kong, but decided instead to go to Japan. I joined a group, flew to Tokyo, and stayed in the Dai Ichi Hotel. We had tours of the city: to the Asakusa shopping center; to the Ueno Park with its shrines; to the Nikkatsu Hotel; to the Hibiya Park with its azaleas, etc.; to the Music Hall; the Theater; and various other places. But the highlight may have been to the Emperor's Palace Grounds, which are open to the public only once a year, at the Emperor's birthday.

We were fortunate to have been there at the right time to visit the extensive Palace Grounds. Needless to say, there were thousands of Japanese making the trek through the grounds. The grounds were huge, with a high wall and a moat completely surrounding them, but the gate was open, and we walked through on a well-paved roadway, to see it all.

We were also taken to several very nice restaurants, complete with all the Japanese furnishings, and kimono-clad waitresses. The food was great, and we were able to dance with the several American nurses to popular American music. Then we flew back to Korea.

REASSIGNED TO EGLIN AIR FORCE BASE, FLORIDA

As the end of my one-year tour of duty approached, I was queried as to my preference for my next assignment. After thinking it over, I decided that I would find a lot of opportunities at The Air Proving Ground, at Eglin Air Force Base, so I requested that. Somewhat to my surprise, in due course, my request was approved, and I got orders to report to Eglin, upon completion of my leave.

Of course I relayed this to Klickie, and she happened to see Mrs. Gavin at the commissary, and told her that I would be coming home soon. The husband of Gen. Gavin's elder daughter had left his car in San Francisco, thinking he would be assigned to Japan, but instead he went to Korea, and couldn't use his car there. Mrs. Gavin wondered if I would be willing, on my return, to pick up his car in San Francisco, and drive it to Washington, DC. Klickie wrote me, and I agreed to do it, if she was willing to fly to San Francisco and drive back with me. She agreed, whereupon Klickie told me, and Mrs. Gavin told her son-in-law. He then phoned me in Korea, and agreed to send me the car registration, and permission to pick it up and drive it. Klickie and I proceeded to plan to meet in San Francisco on my arrival.

On about the last of July, 1955, I was flown from Korea to Tokyo, after making my farewells to appropriate people. After staying at a "holding center" overnight, I was driven to Haneda Airport, and given a departure time of about 2PM. I visited a friend who happened to be Vice Commander of the MATS unit at Haneda. He told me to pick up the phone and call Klickie in Virginia. I reached her, and she said she'd drive with the kids to Akron, leave them with relatives, and fly to "Frisco." I flew to Travis, got a month's leave, stayed overnight at the Mark Hopkins, and met Klickie as she was completing her flight at San Francisco!

FIVE YEARS AT THE AIR FORCE PROVING GROUND, FLORIDA

Klickie and I stayed several days in San Francisco, then picked up the car from the car-storage garage, with no problems, and headed east. The car was a big, powerful Chrysler, so it was fast and comfortable, if a bit "thirsty." We headed for Eglin AFB, Florida, to check in there, and get on the Base housing list. Klickie and I talked about our "years," with emphasis on our three little ones. We checked in at Eglin and got on the housing list, then headed north to Ohio, to visit our folks and pick up our children—and our car. It was a great reunion, after a long year apart!

After several days in Ohio, we drove to Virginia with the children and the two cars, and arrived at the Donna Lee apartments–nice to be home! I turned over the car to Gavin's daughter. After several more days, I arranged for our furniture to be packed for delivery to Eglin, cancelled our rental at Donna Lee, moved out, and headed for Eglin.

At Eglin, I found that my assignment was to be the Deputy Inspector General of the Air Proving Ground Command. I had the additional duty of Director of Inspection. My "boss," the IG, was Col. Don Diehl, a very capable and friendly person. As Director of Inspection I had nineteen inspectors, in teams of three to five, whose job was to conduct inspections of each of the many organizational units of the Proving Ground, write a report, and "brief" the appropriate officials. (I must say, you learn a lot about all the organizations in the Command by doing this.)

My responsibility was to establish policy, and to generate the atmosphere, in briefings, that our purpose was to discover problems and propose methods of correcting them, not to "crucify" the perpetrators. This worked well, in practice, causing people to be cooperative. One large unit had a lot of discrepancies. To my surprise, subsequently, I was assigned there!

Klickie and I got a house in Shalimar—not Base Housing, but housing that was controlled by the Base, in agreement with the owner. Shalimar is very small, but is located at the edge of a very pretty bayou. Our house was across from the water side of the street, but when the house across the street became available, I got it and moved. It was a lot of work, but with assistance from Bill's wagon, and a "noon-time" of help from my office employees, I was able to finish quickly. (About eight officers from my office showed up, voluntarily, to my surprise, and made short order of moving refrigerator, stove, dishwasher, washer and dryer from one house to the other! I was very pleased!)

This house was at the edge of the bayou, and the water was quite clean, very shallow and sandy out to about 75 feet. We had a large yard, with magnolia trees for shade, and it was just a great place for the children.

The Eglin Air Police were assigned to the Inspector General (IG), so I was somewhat involved with their activities. Eglin is a very large base, with several housing areas, and the auto traffic was dense, especially in the morning. I found that the South Gate of the Base was overwhelmed with cars at the one-lane entrance, backing up a half-mile or more. I solved that problem by arranging for paving a second entry lane, and allowing traffic to enter the gate at the morning rush-hour without stopping, just by showing an Eglin windshield sticker.

Another problem involved cars from several housing areas trying to enter the very busy Eglin Boulevard from stop signs and right-angle turns. Those bottlenecks were eliminated by paving "entry" and "feed-in" lanes, and using "slow" and "yield" signs. We also had to put in police patrols on Eglin Blvd. to keep the traffic moving slowly enough to be safe, and to allow housing area traffic to feed in. A lot of traffic delays were eliminated!

In the fall of 1955 Klickie became pregnant, with a "post-Korea" child, and was doing well. Bill was attending a local elementary school, and had a great teacher. Mary and Tom were doing well, also. I traded for a new car—a De Soto. It was a pretty yellow, with a white top. It had "fins" on the rear fenders—but not objectionably large ones. Strangely, it had push-buttons on the dash for the automatic transmission gear-shifts. It had a very large, powerful engine, and the car was big and heavy, so it was a very comfortable "road-car." We had a number of guests visit us at Shalimar, including Klickie's brother, Bud, and wife Rosie. Bud also had a new car at that time, so we showed off our "toys."

The white, sandy beaches of the Gulf coast, from Ft. Walton Beach to Destin, east of there, were beautiful, and great for beach activities. There was a fine restaurant, just at the Destin end of the bridge over the opening from the Gulf to Choctawhatchee Bay, and a State Park on the beach, as well as the Eglin Officers' Beach Club. We enjoyed them all, and the children really loved the beach area. Needless to say, the sea-food was plentiful along the Gulf, and was delicious.

The Naval Air Station at Pensacola had a good relationship with the Proving Ground, and we visited there fairly often, and they visited us. We very much enjoyed having Sunday lunch at the Navy's Mustin Beach Officers' Club, particularly because of their wonderful "round of beef." We also visited at Hurlburt Air Force Base, where our friend, Col. Bolender was stationed. We had known the Bolenders at Panama City, and at Washington, as well as at Eglin.

I bought a fifteen foot plastic runabout, with a 35HP outboard. We greatly enjoyed cruising around the bayou, and water-skiing with it. We kept it at a nearby marina.

Leonard Wierdt and I ran a summer camp at Eglin for new graduates of the US Military Academy who were entering the Air Force. This caused us to fly to West Point several times for planning purposes. We flew a T-33 jet, with tip-tanks, which just gave us enough fuel for a one-way flight. One night, over Atlanta, our tip-tanks wouldn't feed. We had to declare an emergency, and ask for a "straight-in" approach to Maxwell AFB, Alabama. Another night, we reached Eglin to find a terrible rainstorm in progress. We had insufficient fuel to go anywhere else, but we didn't have enough visibility to find the Eglin landing strip. We let down from the Eglin beacon to a few hundred feet altitude, on course to the runway, but couldn't see it. Then, suddenly, I saw the bright lights at the end of the runway, off to our left. We veered over and landed in a driving rain! (Close, close!)

Our fourth child, Ann Marie, was born at the Eglin Hospital on June 4, 1956. Everyone was delighted to have a new baby sister. She was healthy and cute, and got along well. So now we had four children, and it made our house and car a little more crowded, but we didn't complain. We were just glad to have four healthy, intelligent kids.

At the end of September, 1956, I was surprised to learn that I was being transferred to the 3206th Test Wing as Deputy Commander to Col. Malcolm, the Commander, who incidentally, with his wife, were our next-door neighbors! The 3206th Wing was a large organization, being responsible for the collection and processing of all the data taken at the many ranges at Eglin. (No doubt, I was intended to resolve all the problems which our inspectors found in the recent inspection!) The Wing operated on all the Eglin ranges, with radios, radars, cameras, and various electronic devices, and crews around the clock to set up and collect the data. It was a massive effort for me to learn all the units and their equipments.

PROMOTED TO COLONEL AND WING COMMANDER

The Eglin Air Force reservation is about forty miles (E-W) by twenty miles (N-S). It is one of the largest military reservations in the country. Being close to the Gulf, it has the additional advantage of being able to conduct a wide range of over-water tests. While its principal purpose is for testing of Air Force aircraft, weapons, and equipment, there is also some use of portions of the reservation by the Army and Navy. On the reservation are some ten airfields and perhaps twenty test ranges. The 3206th Test Wing supported aircraft and weapons tests on all the ranges, collecting data to be used in evaluating results of the tests.

The 3206th Wing had a number of important and diverse units. These included the photo laboratory, the data reduction lab, the range support unit, the headquarters squadron, the computer lab, and the huge climatic hangar. The hangar could produce temperatures from well over 100 degrees to well below freezing, for testing aircraft and equipment under conditions similar to what would be found in the desert, or in the arctic, as well as in flying in hazardous weather and at very high altitudes. The number of military and civilian persons in the Wing totaled 1700.

In January, 1957, I was scheduled to go to a George Washington University, DC, six week course for senior officers. I was to depart on a Saturday. On Friday afternoon I was called to go to the office of Brig. Gen. Hilger, our next higher commander. He told me that he was unable to reach Col. Malcolm, and knew that I was to leave the next morning, so he wanted to tell me that I was on the promotion list for Colonel! Of course I was pleased, and acted surprised. (In fact, I had had a phone call from my cousin, Bob Thornton, in the Pentagon, several days before, telling me that my name was on the Colonel's list.) I went home and advised Klickie of the good news.

In the late afternoon, we invited Col. and Mrs. Malcolm over for a drink. After exchanging the usual greetings, and being seated with our drinks, I stated to Col. Malcolm, "Chief, we're getting a new Colonel in the Wing." Malcolm was not only surprised but also shocked. I then realized that he thought that he was going to be fired! I quickly told him that the new Colonel was ME, and that Gen. Hilger had told me, in that he couldn't reach Col. Malcolm. Malcolm was somewhat non-plussed that he had been unable to tell me, himself.

As I was a fairly senior Lt. Col., I was scheduled to be promoted soon, on Jan. 17, 1957. (That was just one day before my fortieth birthday.) There were about 200 officers at the GWU course, and I found myself being congratulated on all sides. (So I enjoyed my "day in the sun.")

On June 30, 1957, Col. Malcolm left, to attend the National War College, and I was designated the Commander of the 3206th Test Wing. This was an impressive responsibility, and I realized that it would involve a lot of serious effort on my part. I began by visiting each Wing site, and discussing their capabilities and problems. This guided me in respect to plans and decisions for the units. I was especially interested in their presenting a good operational capability and a good physical appearance.

One problem I encountered involved manning the ranges with technical operators for test data collections. I found that they were manned for round-the-clock operations, but that the actual number of tests on each range did not merit using so many people, and that they were vying with each other to engage in test work. My solution to that problem was to cut the manning to two shifts, and to cross-train operators on several types of equipment. This raised morale, improved performance, and, I figured, saved the US government $7,000,000!

As the new commander of the Wing, I attended Gen. Hilger's weekly staff meetings. The meetings related primarily to plans for, operations of, and results of aircraft and weapons testing. The tests were detailed, complex, important and expensive. It was necessary that the tests be performed well, and especially that there not be "aborts." An abort was the calling off of a test, for whatever reason, mechanical, instrumentation, supply, etc. I soon learned that the Test Wing was responsible for some aborts, which I heard about from Gen. Hilger, in no uncertain terms.

I discussed aborts with my staff, made it clear that aborts were failures, and told them that I was determined to reduce aborts caused by the Wing to zero—a "no abort" policy. They assured me that they would do their best. To facilitate this policy, I instituted a "status board," to keep track of the operating status of each of our ranges, with telephone reports from early morning, on through the day. The board was a long plastic surface, on which Maj. Tuberose and his crew could show the condition of each range at a glance. We were also tied in, by telephone, with Gen. Hilger's Test Operations.

The status board procedure turned out to have a number of advantages. For one thing, it kept the range operators on their toes, knowing that we were interested in and aware of their condition. It enabled us to make range corrections, or substitutions, if needed. And it showed Test Operations what the status of each range was at all times, and to know if changes were indicated.

The happy result of all this was that for weeks to come, the Wing had no aborts at all! It reflected well on all our people, and put us in a great light with Gen. Hilger and his staff. Of course I was happy and proud of this outcome.

In 1957, Headquarters, Air Force downgraded the Air Proving Ground from a Major Command to part of the AF Research and Development Command, and the Proving Ground became known as the Air Proving Ground Center. (It retained the symbol, APGC.)

On Aug. 5, 1958, I was designated as the Director of Technical Facilities on the Air Proving Ground Center staff, reporting to the Deputy Chief of Staff for Operations. On July 12, 1959, I became the Assistant for Technical Facilities of the Air Proving Ground Center. The latter was a step up, but both related to management of planning, policy, and special projects for all the technical facilities of the Center. I enjoyed the work and the responsibility.

I had forty engineers in my organization, and we were involved in studies and plans for those facilities. One study involved the organization of all technical facilities at Eglin, and another involved the consolidation of all Eglin computer labs into one. These, and other studies, necessitated many meetings, and the writing of a final report in each case.

Being responsible for actions concerning the technical activities at the Air Proving Ground Center required me to have knowledge about all technical capabilities at Eglin, and on occasion I wondered how I got placed in such a position, especially in that I didn't have an Engineering background. I concluded that experience, good management, and good judgment would carry me a long way—particularly since I had plenty of capable people to call on for technical details.

During this period, it was necessary for me to fly to the Research and Development Command, Andrews AFB, Maryland, and to Wright-Patterson AFB, Ohio, for information and meetings concerning technical plans and programs at Eglin. It was a busy time, but soon I became even busier in the development of a missile range over the Gulf of Mexico!

THE EGLIN GULF MISSILE TEST RANGE

On Oct. 2, 1959, I was named Chief of the Range Development Division at Eglin AFB. This involved the building of a 500-mile missile range over the Gulf of Mexico for the purpose of testing Air Force missiles, particularly the "Bomarc." There were to be sites at Eglin, the Port St. Joe vicinity, the Clearwater vicinity, Marco Island, and Cudjoe Key (next to Key West)—all in Florida. Each site had radars, communications, and other equipments to measure the missile's progress in flight. The US Army Engineers were to be in charge of building the buildings at each site, and contractors were in charge of providing, installing, testing, and integrating the instrumentation, the radars, the communications, etc., to produce the final integrated missile control capability. The range was named The Eglin Gulf Test Range, or EGTR.

The Air Proving Ground Center engineers and my staff and I were kept busy receiving engineering changes to the range design and integrating them into the overall plan, to accommodate the "requirements" of the missile builders. This was very costly and time-consuming. Further, the contractors were finding conflicts at the sites relative to space, electric power, completion of preliminary work by other contractors, etc., necessary to the installation of their equipments.

A meeting was called at a large conference room at APGC, for all the officials involved in providing services in building the range, including the contractors for instrumentation, communications, radars, etc., plus the Army Engineer officials, and various APGC officials, including my engineers. I conducted the meeting. I began by describing the nature of the problems being encountered. I stated that it would not be possible to provide an integrated range, unless all parties worked together in a coordinated manner.

I stressed the necessity for all participants to meet with, and plan for coordinated efforts, with representatives of others with whom their work inter-related. If they would meet, talk with, and plan with each other, concerning each others' needs, and schedule around possible conflicts, they would all save themselves, and the others, time, money, and frustration in achieving our joint goals.

Practically all present recognized the logic of this approach, and agreed with it. There were essentially no objections or complaints. It was obvious that those of us at Hq. APGC could not solve all their on-site problems, but they could, by working together toward a common goal. I was pleased—and relieved—by the reception to my proposals by all present.

Looking back, I felt that this meeting was a turning-point in the construction of the Eglin Gulf Test Range. Work proceeded apace, afterwards. People were complimentary to me about my effort, and somewhat later, I received an Air Force Commendation Medal, presented by Gen. Robert Warren, for demonstrating, "outstanding managerial ability in the supervision of the Eglin Gulf Test Range development."

In following weeks, I traveled to several places, including the Air Research and Development Command, in Maryland, and to the ITT Labs, in New Jersey—several times, in fact. I also traveled to each Range site, to evaluate accomplishments there.

As time went by, I concluded that the extent of the Range was probably greater than it needed to be. Accordingly, I recommended that the sites at Marco Island and Cudjoe Key be reduced in size to a significant degree. There was no disagreement to this, and subsequently I felt that it was quite a good thing. It saved the government considerable money, too.

FLYING AT EGLIN AIR FORCE BASE

Eglin had a very long runway, suitable for aircraft tests. There were also many different types of aircraft there, and it was pretty easy to fly in several types of aircraft, at various times. To fly in a given type of aircraft, a pilot had to remain "current" in that type, which meant having a certain minimum number of flying hours in that type within the last three months. The "currency" requirement, in effect, limited the number of different types of aircraft a pilot could remain qualified in, at a given time.

The C-47 remained my old standby, and I sometimes flew the "milk run" to Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, and to Washington, DC, where the crew stayed overnight, while yesterday's crew flew the C-47 back to Eglin. (This enabled me to attend some really interesting meetings of House and Senate committees at the Capitol.)

One day I was flying the C-47 from Washington to Dayton, when I encountered a very heavy rain and hail storm over the Appalachian Mountains. The hail broke the plastic covers of the headlights, on the leading edges of the wings. The plane was grounded at Dayton to make repairs. At Wright-Patterson I learned that a hurricane was approaching the Eglin area. Of course I was worried about Klickie and the kids. After sending a message to Eglin, I hopped a train that ultimately got me to Maxwell AFB, Alabama. There was no type of transport going to Eglin, so I had to remain at Maxwell overnight.

I later learned that the hurricane had taken the roof off a gymnasium, and water came up to our back door, but that Klickie and the children were OK. Thank goodness! At the Maxwell Officers' Club the next morning, I was seated at a table with a pilot who surprised me by saying he was going to Eglin! So, I got a ride back there.

At Eglin I was also checked out in a T-33, or F-80, jet fighter aircraft. It was a new experience, being much faster than other planes I had flown. I enjoyed flying it, and one day flew one to an altitude of over 40,000 feet. After some weeks, though, I realized that my one flight in it every week or ten days was not enough to keep me proficient in it. I was also checked out in the twin-engine Convair C-131. It had a nose-wheel, and very powerful engines. On takeoff it really "leaped off" and climbed very fast. It was fun!

One day, Maj. Doughty and I were flying a B-25 to El Paso, Texas, and back. On our return, it became apparent that a widespread frontal system was enveloping the whole Gulf Coast area. Clouds were on the ground, and visibility nearly zero, at Eglin, Maxwell, even Tampa, and various civilian airports en route. After much reference to maps, and a number of radio calls, we finally found that the Memphis Naval Air Station still had suitable landing conditions—if we could get there quickly enough. We flew there, relieved, but had to stay there two days before the weather lifted.

In 1960 I knew that I would be reassigned, having been at Eglin for five years, so Klickie and I gave some thought to where we would like to go—not that I would really have much choice! The Eglin Gulf Test Range was progressing satisfactorily, and in fact tests were being run, controlling single missiles.

I proposed making a final inspection tour of the sites in May, and at the end of the tour, meeting Klickie and the children for a vacation at Key West, and returning through Miami and the rest of Florida to Eglin. This was approved, and I conducted my inspection, finishing at Cudjoe Key. There I found that I had a phone call from Eglin, telling me that I had my choice of assignment to Los Angeles, or to Athens, Greece, for advisory work. Career-wise, Los Angeles was better, but Klickie and I decided Greece was better for the "kids" and us.

A THREE-YEAR HELLENIC INTERLUDE – IN ATHENS, GREECE

In June, 1960, I received orders to report to the Joint United States Military Advisory Group to Greece (JUSMAGG). First, I had to attend a three week course in Washington on duties, relationships, etc., relative to being an advisor to a foreign power. There I met several persons who were also being assigned to Greece, including Lt. Col. Dave Buss. The course was worthwhile. I had driven my car to Washington, leaving a small car, which I had used to drive around the Base, at Eglin. After due consideration, I decided to trade my car for a 1960 Chevrolet station wagon. This would give Klickie and me a new, more dependable car to use during our three years in Greece. It had three rows of seats, and would carry a lot of people and cargo. It was a medium green, with a white top.

Upon completion of the course, I drove back to Eglin. Klickie wasn't too pleased at first about the station wagon, which she considered a "truck." But its smooth ride, and ease of driving, plus ability to carry a large load, soon caused her to really enjoy it. At Eglin I sold my other, little, car, packed an advance shipment of clothes, household equipment, etc., for use in Greece until our household goods arrived by boat, and arranged for our household goods to be packed and shipped.

We were scheduled to fly out of McGuire AFB, New Jersey, the last of June, so I drove up there with the family, and checked in. My car had to be turned in at the Brooklyn Navy Yard for shipment to Greece, so we drove up there and turned it in, and then spent the day showing the kids around New York City, Empire State Building and all, and returned to McGuire. Our flight from McGuire was aboard a DC-6 MATS prop-type plane that had seats facing backwards! The seat-back would fold down, making a suitable place for the children to sleep. Our trip took over twenty hours to Frankfurt, Germany.

We made stops en route at Newfoundland, and at Prestwick, Scotland, and arrived, very tired, at Frankfurt, where we got rooms in the Military Guest Hotel at the Rhein-Main airport. We ate, and went to bed. The girls had a room next to ours, but the boys were in a room across the hall. Our flight to Athens was at about 2:30 the next afternoon. In late morning we awakened the girls, and I went to knock on the boys' door. No answer, even with pounding on the door. The housekeeper could give me no help, but she could let me in the vacant room next door. From there, I went out on the balcony. (This was up on the tenth floor!) Holding carefully, I was able to swing my leg around the balcony separator, and get onto the boys' balcony! (Don't look down!) And, oh yes, telephone calls to the room had gone unanswered.

After some more pounding, and calling to the boys, I was able to rouse them. We had our lunch, and made our flight aboard an Olympic Air commercial plane. On a beautiful clear day, we flew over the snowy Alps, had great views, and took pictures. We landed at Helenikon Airfield, Athens, Greece, and were met by our former Tyndall friends, Bernie and Maxine Hughes. Bernie was the Chief of the Air Section of JUSMAGG. A few days later, we were invited to the home of the Chief of the JUSMAGG, Maj. Gen. Vanderheide, for a reception in his spacious back yard. ("Dottie" Vanderheide's goldfish in the bidet was a "hot topic!")

All the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Headquarters, JUSMAGG officials were there, and we were able to meet the people with whom we were going to work and associate for the next three years. Our temporary home was at the American Club, where we were to stay for more than a month until we found housing, and received our household goods. The Club, in Kifisia, had hotel rooms, a ball-room, a great balcony with a restaurant, and even a swimming pool. We were given a suite, sparsely but adequately furnished.

My job at JUSMAGG was Executive Officer. My office was on the fifth floor of the Tameion Building, in downtown Athens, next to the office of the JUSMAGG Chief, Maj. Gen.Vanderheide. He had an aide (Captain) and a secretary, whom I also could use. I had a staff, including the programming officer, the operations officer, the logistics officer, and the plans officer (all Lt. Cols.), plus a few others, in offices on the other side of mine. Our offices all faced the front, with views of the main street, below, and of Mt. Lykabettus, and the mountains to the north. (That's lick-a-vettus, a high, pointed mount with a church on top.)

The "MAGG" included Army, Navy, and Air Force Sections, each with a colonel-grade chief. Our over-all mission was to provide the Greek Forces with assistance, to include military equipments, and operating, maintenance, and logistics support, which the Greeks needed, to have the capability of repulsing attacks by their Communist enemies. The MAGG Sections worked with the Greek Army, Navy, and Air Force, respectively. As Executive Officer, I also coordinated with officials of the Hellenic National Defense General Staff (HNDGS), primarily the Operations Chief, Maj. Gen. Theotokopoulos.

I also coordinated with the US Embassy, with the Military Attaches of the other Embassies, and with officials of the US Sixth Fleet, when the Fleet was in port. In the absence of Gen. Vanderheide, I represented him at the Ambassador's weekly staff meetings, and gave reports of the status and activities of JUSMAGG. In the course of all this, I got to know many officials of military and diplomatic agencies in Athens. Klickie and I were invited to a constant schedule of cocktail parties, receptions, and dinners, given by the Greek officials, the foreign attaches, various embassy officials, US Navy officials, and by some civilians. These occurred as often as three or four evenings per week, and we had to fight to

avoid gaining weight. We found a large house, with three bedrooms, a hall, two bathrooms, a dining room, a large parlor, and two porches, upstairs. Downstairs was the kitchen, a maid's bedroom, a furnace room, a large breakfast and lunchroom, and a storage room. There was an outside door, level with the backyard. The whole large yard was enclosed by a fence in front, and a masonry wall in back. There was a gate in the fence, with a short driveway leading to the small, one-car garage-which was the location of a very large fuel-oil tank.

The house was part-way up the side of 3000 foot Mount Penteli, where the white marble used in the Acropolis was cut in an ancient quarry. (We became accustomed to seeing and hearing huge trucks carrying great blocks of marble come down the hill by our house, en route to being cut and sold.) In late afternoons, on hot days, the condensed, cool air from the mountain-top would come pouring down from Mt. Penteli with a vengeance, causing us to rush to close the shutters, to keep from being blasted!

Our house was only a block-and-a-half from the American Club, so the children had safe, easy access to the Club for swimming, movies, and supervised youth activities. And it was convenient for dining, as well as for church services, and for parties.

This was in the beautiful small town of Kifissia, which had an attractive town square with some nice shops, fruit markets, and restaurants. Kifissia was a resort area, with cool temperatures in the summer. In the winter it was not bitterly cold, but we did have light snow several times. Kifissia was twelve miles northeast of Athens.

I must mention the fruit trees, berry bushes, flowers, etc. in our yard. We had grapes, apples, oranges, lemons, apricots, peaches, cherries, figs , strawberries, raspberries, olives, artichokes, etc., and a gardener to take care of them! A huge heavily-blooming wisteria bush covered one side of the house—and was a surreptitious ladder for Bill and Tom to use!

OUR TRAVELS IN GREECE AND TO THE GREEK ISLANDS

Greece is a small country, at the southern end of the Balkan Peninsula, extending into the Mediterranean Sea, and including the large island of Crete. The Aegean Sea is on the east side, the Ionian Sea is on the west side, and there are over 400 offshore Greek islands. The land is mainly mountainous and dry, with an insufficiency of fertile cropland. The population in 1960 was only about 8,000,000 people, who were more and more congregating in the Athens area. Greece has always been influenced by the seas surrounding it, and fishing and trading with ports around the Mediterranean have always been important in their livelihood. Many Mediterranean ports have a Greek colony. It is said that no place in Greece is more than fifty miles from the sea. Because of beautiful weather and innumerable sandy beaches, Greece has become a tourist "Mecca," for Europeans and Americans alike.

"The cradle of civilization" is a term applied to Greece, and it is thought that democracy got its start here. The "golden age of Greece" was the high peak of Ancient Greece, with its philosophers, educators, leaders, medical practitioners, sculptors, and athletes. The number of Greek ruins is mind-boggling, and they are found almost everywhere, large and small. Greek museums contain beautiful examples of "Classical Period" and other statuary, etc.

My duties enabled me to take my family on weekends to visit famous places within Greece. We went to Olympia, Mycenae, Nafplion, Sparta, Epidavros, and Corinth in the Peloponnesos. In the Athens area we visited the Acropolis, Sounion, Thebes, Delphi, Elefsis, Marathon, Salamis, and of course, the National Archaeological Museum in Athens. We visited Thessaloniki, and saw Pella, home of Alexander the Great; Kavala and Philippi; and Mount Olympus. In our three years, we saw all of these, and many more. We especially enjoyed going to small Greek towns, staying in the local hotel, seeing the local sights, and eating in the

town's restaurant—where the proprietor would show us "what's cooking," in the kitchen.

We were able to use a Greek C-47 to get our flying time. I often flew with the Air Attaché, Col. Schofield; the Asst. Navy Attaché, Lt. Col.Mackel; or Lt. Col. Buss. On some occasions, we would have reasons to fly to Rome, Italy, to Izmir, Turkey, or to Istanbul, Turkey. Returning from Thessaloniki one day, Schofield and I had a "single-engine" in our plane, when one engine failed. We turned around and flew over the Aegean, back to Thessaloniki, where we stayed overnight, until another plane from Athens could come get us.

Maj. Gen. Vanderheide had occasions to visit places like Rhodes, Corfu, Crete, etc., and take the Section Chiefs and me. We could also take our wives along. We would complete our missions, there, visit the local sights, stay in a nice hotel, have dinner, and go to a local night-club for dancing. I would fly the C-47, with Col. Hughes or L/C Buss as co-pilot.

On two occasions, I was able to fly a load of JUSMAGG people to Crete, where we visited Knossos, and to Rhodes, where we visited Lindos. Usually, we could take two of our children along. On one occasion, we went to the Holy Lands, with a plane-load. We flew by way of Beirut, Lebanon, to the Jordan side of Jerusalem. (Jerusalem was a divided city, because of the Arab-Jewish disagreements.) We stayed in a hotel on the Mount of Olives. We got a taxi to take us to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and other Biblical sites. We were taken to what we were told was the tomb of Jesus. We also toured the Garden of Eden, the Way of the Cross, Lazarus' tomb, the Church of the Nativity, etc. It was impressive, and inspirational.

Bill had a birthday, and the baker at our hotel baked him a cake. (It was heavy, and had blue marzipan icing nearly a half-inch thick!) He also swam (floated) in the "Dead Sea" on his birthday. A good time, all-in-all. Our return flight was by way of Cyprus. A highlight of our return was a stalk of bananas, hung from the plane ceiling, which were enough for one and all!

A remarkable feature of Greece was the Byzantine period. It was derived from the Eastern part of the Holy Roman Empire, at Constantinople. Following the break between east and west, Constantinople became Byzantium, and was the head of the Eastern Orthodox religion, now known as the Greek Orthodox Church. The Byzantine Empire lasted 1000 years, a truly remarkable achievement in history. The Greek Orthodox Church is predominant among religions in Greece, with 96% of the people as members. The Turks conquered Constantinople and subsequently all of Greece, by 1460, and Greece was a province of Turkey for 400 years. The Orthodox religion prevailed, but felt threatened by Turkey, which was Islamic.

In the Thessaly region of Greece are a large number of basaltic pinnacles which have been thrust up from the surrounding terrain as high as 800 feet—a remarkable sight. Monks of the Orthodox Church have built monasteries on the tops of twenty or more of these black pinnacles, to protect them from brigands or the Turks. There are only a very few still active today, but they can all be seen from below. It is hard to understand how the monks could have climbed these pinnacles, much less how they could have raised the building materials, supplies, food and water, and other monks to the tops. Rope baskets were raised with a windlass, and in some cases jointed ladders could be used part way. (Scary!) We visited there, and were able to walk up a more-recent rock-hewn path to the top of one.

Ten of us from Athens also made a visit to an Orthodox site, where there are twenty-two huge monasteries. This was to Mount Athos, a twenty mile long and narrow peninsula, the easternmost of three such peninsulas hanging down into the Aegean Sea from Thessaloniki. Mt. Athos is semi-autonomous, and we were able to get visas to visit there, through the Greek diplomatic offices. The great monasteries were built along the coasts of the peninsula, from the very narrow neck at the north, down the east side to the tip, and along the western

side back toward the neck. We were told that no women were allowed to visit there!

We drove to the neck of the Peninsula and parked. There we were able to rent a caique, an open, thirty foot sailboat (complete with a "john"), manned by a Greek sailor and his fifteen-year old son. We stayed overnight in three monasteries, on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and were able to make brief visits to about three more each day. They were all built on cliffs, and aside from the very heavily-barred doors, had no other openings up as high as five or six floors. One of the most picturesque places you could imagine!

We were always greeted, and served a small cup of tea, and given a small dish which contained two pieces of "likoumi," a small, translucent square of blue candy, with a sprinkling of powdered sugar. We were always taken on a tour of the monastery, and given its history, before being shown to our "cells"—narrow rooms with only a narrow bed, a small dresser, and a straight chair. We ate with the monks in the medieval-type refectory, which had a large u-shaped table, with a "lip" at the edges, in case of spills. The Abbot had a place of honor, and a "reader" stood at a dais, reading from the gospel. (In Greek.)

The food was very plain. I especially remember one meal where we had an orange, a large chunk of dark bread, a large cup of tea, and a bowl of thin barley soup. It was screamingly funny to watch our people, taking a spoonful or two of soup, before they realized that there were hundreds of tiny weevils at the bottom of their soup! Some of our people just put their spoon down, some carefully spooned the liquid off the top, and some just continued to eat, weevils and all—just as all the monks did!

The lavatories were communal, with about ten copper bowls, each with a cold-water tap. The toilets were also "ten-holers," open to the breezes, all the way to the ground—maybe eight or ten floors below! (No doubt, the subject of many darkly-humorous jokes!)

The monasteries were full of paintings by the monks, in the corridors and, it seemed, any place where there was a blank wall. The paintings were all religious in nature, depicting saints, religious leaders, angels, devils, sinners sliding into hell, and the like. They were often in brilliant colors, and thus very noticeable. Each monastery had its church, with red velvet curtains, icons, and brass religious appurtenances. The monks had a day-long schedule of prayers, from daybreak until evening, and spent long hours in their cells, studying the Bible, and praying. The few monks there were old and white-haired, only a very few were young.

The oldest monastery at Mt. Athos was Grand Lavra, on the south tip. It was 1000 years old. The others were all quite old, too. At the Meteora, in Thessaly, the monasteries dated mainly from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, in response to the overthrow of Greece by the Turks. All of them had wealth, in land and properties, and used laymen for maintenance, local gardening, etc.

The American Community Schools were situated in Halandri, between Athens and Kifissia. The grade and high schools had primarily American students, but also had many students from Athens' foreign-diplomatic families. There were also a fair number of Greek-American students, whose parents wanted their children to learn English and American ways, preparatory to their attending American Universities. There were a total of about 1000 students, a number that increased nearly every year. The schools had a good reputation.

I was elected President of the School Board for two successive years. We established policy, hired teachers and administrators, approved tuition rates, coordinated with Greek officials, and the like. We were a private system, being incorporated in Delaware, USA. Three of our children attended there, and later four, when Ann became old enough. They all really liked the schools, and made many friends, some friends to this day.

GRAND TOUR OF WESTERN EUROPE

Not long after our arrival in Greece, Klickie and I started thinking about taking a "grand tour" of Europe with the children. I had made some plans, bought a travel book or two of Europe, and gave some thought to an itinerary. We also talked with JUSMAGG people who had lived or traveled in Europe. I had plenty of "leave time" saved up for a thirty-day trip. However, JUSMAGG affairs intervened, and it was not feasible to go in 1961.

In a way this turned out well, because the extra year gave me the opportunity to learn a lot more, and especially, to get more information about the countries we would visit. I got the addresses, and wrote letters to the Travel Agencies, or the Public Relations Offices of all the countries we would visit. This resulted in my receiving one- or two-inch packets of maps, booklets, brochures, travel information, money values, key sites to visit, etc., from each country. All this enabled me to make a firm itinerary, to estimate how much money I would need, and especially, to make reservations for rooms at several military leave hotels, and at several military bases. A necessary reservation turned out to be for the overnight ferry, from Italy to Greece, on our return. (I had learned that almost a year's time was necessary to obtain reservations for a given day's trip on the ferry!)

A crux in our plans was whether to plan to drive from Greece through over a thousand miles of Jugoslavia, a communist country. I was not encouraged to do this, due to poor roads, the language, uncertain relations there, and the like. (All this advice was from people who had never been there!) After careful consideration, I decided to go through Jugoslavia. We made plans for friends to watch our house. I requested and got my leave. I arranged to have the car and tires checked, we packed our bags and the car, and we "took off" one morning in early July, 1962.

Our “Grand Tour” was really quite ambitious, and somewhat risky. We planned to go through Jugoslavia, Austria, Bavaria, Germany, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and Italy, before boarding the ferry for Greece. I knew only two words in Jugoslav, for “please” and for gasoline station! But I had a map and a booklet, showing locations, prices, etc. for gasoline stations (very few!), and hotels (four classes, but not each class in every city.)

At the Jugoslav border, we were not delayed, inasmuch as my US passport was “Special,” because I was a US Government employee. The roads were pot-holed at first, but soon got much better. At a large dam and reservoir, we encountered a band of about thirty Gypsies, complete with caravans. We waved as we drove by, but I stopped about 400 yards ahead, to take some pictures of them. As I stood, taking the pictures, the Gypsies started running, pell-mell, toward us! I quickly got back in the car, and drove on!

At Svetosarevo, a town of about 25,000, there were two hotels, a class-four (with no elevator to the fourth floor), and a smaller, first-class hotel, where we stayed. It was really first-class, with beautiful carpets and drapes, fine bedding, etc. The dinner was quite good, too. From the booklet, I calculated that my bill, the next morning, would be only about thirty dollars (can you imagine?). But at the desk, the clerk handed me a bill for over forty dollars! I complained, and showed him the figures from the booklet. He was recalcitrant, so I walked toward the front door, and said, “Polizei”! (Police.) The clerk immediately said, “Monsieur, monsieur!” and waved me back, whereupon he reached under the counter and brought out the correct bill! (He had wanted to make a personal profit!)

We visited Belgrade, and the fort and military museum of old weapons, located at the confluence of the Danube and the Sava Rivers. Picturesque! We drove on to Zagreb, and visited the ancient cathedral (twelfth century), and camped out at a camp-site there.

We ate dinner at a restaurant whose proprietor had lived in Chicago for fourteen years. The kids had chicken and soft drinks, and Klickie and I had cordon bleu and wine. Great! The bill was less than eight dollars. Also great!

At the camp, we put little Ann on the front seat, set up our small tent for Bill, Mary and Tom (and ditched it), unrolled our single-sized rubber mattress onto the floor of the station-wagon for Klickie and me, and went to bed. It rained, but we were all right.

On to Vienna, where we stayed in a pleasant little hotel. Our highlight there was dinner on the Fourth of July at the huge Rathskeller restaurant in the beautiful Vienna City Hall. We were serenaded by a string ensemble, with US patriotic and other favorite music! We also toured the sites of that historic city.

At Salzburg, a lovely city, we visited a large salt-mine. We were clothed with a leather wrap, to keep us dry. There were long, polished wooden slides, for quick transport to levels several floors below. The kids loved them! They "rode" them down several times.

We went to "Mad Ludwig's" copy of the French Versailles Palace, on the Herren-Chiemsee Island in Bavaria, stayed in a military leave hotel at Lake Chiemsee, then went on to Berchtesgaden and to Garmisch-Partenkirchen. We stayed in the Gen. Walker and the Gen. Patton military R&R hotels, and were entertained royally. One memorable evening was at the restaurant-dance floor at Garmisch. For the entertainment, our floor, tables, chairs and us, were all slid back, exposing an ice-rink, where a great show was put on! We went to Hitler's "hide-away" at Berchtesgaden, high on a mountain in Bavaria. Though it was in July, there was still some snow there, and the kids enjoyed throwing snowballs at each other! The Bavarian scenes painted on the sides of the buildings at Garmisch were quite memorable.

We drove to Zurich from Garmisch, by way of Liechtenstein, and camped at a delightful Swiss camp alongside Lake Zurich. From there, we went to see the Rheinfall, the massive, rushing waterfall of ice-melt coming from the Alps, to form the Rhine River. Impressive! On to Ulm, which has the tallest church-spire in Europe, thence to the medieval walled-cities of Dinkelsbuhl and Rothenberg. Fascinating! Then to Heidelberg, where we saw the old college town, and "Der Schloss" (the castle) up on the mountainside, with its huge wine-casks in the cellar. We had lunch in that pretty setting.

From Heidelberg we went to Frankfurt, and on to Wiesbaden, where the Headquarters of the US Air Forces in Europe is located. We stayed at the Air Force military hotel, and had a good tour of the city. (One of their specialties, at a cafe with a huge front veranda overlooking the city, was "the Edelweiss," a drink made of a mixture of blackberry juice and beer, served in the large round bowl of a stemmed glass. Refreshing! But the kids had soft drinks.)

We proceeded to Bonn, at that time the Capital of Germany, and on to Cologne, which has the giant cathedral with the twin spires that I used to "home in on," during the war. After that, we headed north and visited Hannover and the great port-city of Hamburg, before going on to Lubeck, a good-sized Hanseatic League city which has an ancient city gate, notable for a pronounced sag in its brick structure! Just a short distance from Lubeck was the border of the Russian Zone—a place to be avoided!

Near Lubeck we took a large ferry across a portion of the Baltic Sea to Denmark, then drove to Copenhagen, capital of Denmark. We had friends there, the Slugas, from Panama City, Fla. days. "Slug" was an advisor to the Danish Air Force. We stayed in a nice hotel, and visited the Danish Summer Palace, a deer-park, and Hamlet's castle at Helsingor.

A highlight of our stay in Copenhagen was our visit to Tivoli, a delightful large entertainment center, near the downtown area. Bill and Tani Sluga were old enough, and responsible enough, to watch over Mary, Tom, and Ann, and to take them on rides, etc., while Slug and Ranny Sluga, Klickie and I sat on the large, open-air balcony of a restaurant, high enough that we could keep an eye on the children while we ate. The park had a high wall around it, and was safe. We had given Bill enough money for food, games, etc. Happily, it was an absolutely beautiful evening! Later, Selma Patterson, from Toledo, Ohio, joined us.

Back on the ferry to Lubeck. Oh, yes, I should mention that Bill and Tom wanted to go swimming at a sandy beach near the ferry landing. They did—but didn't stay long, because the Baltic water was quite chilly! Further, aboard the ferry, we had light snow flurries—in July, if you please!

We went across Northern Germany, with Selma, who joined us after a European tour, and would go on to Greece with us. We stayed overnight in Cloppenburg, Germany, at a hotel that had wonderful, big, soft feather-beds. The kids loved it! We drove to Holland, stopping at Nijmegen, where I showed the area where my foxhole was, during the war. We got to Amsterdam, and had rooms in a tall, leaning, narrow hotel not far from the railroad station. We enjoyed Amsterdam, then went on to The Hague, Delft, Rotterdam and Antwerp.

Our next stop was Brussels, where I spent some time during the war, and where there is a beautiful city square. We got very large rooms in a not-so-new hotel. There were a lot of beds in one big room, and, again, there were big feather-ticks. We drove on to Reims, where I had also spent some time during WW II. Reims is known for its cathedral with a large, circular "rose" window, and for the champagne caves nearby. (Very good!). Reims is also noted for the location of the "red school-house," where the Germans surrendered after WW II.

AH PAREE! AND VIVE LA FRANCE!

From Reims we went to Paris, and got rooms in a small hotel near the Arc de Triomphe and the Champs Elysees. We saw Versailles, the Place de la Concorde, the Bois de Boulogne (a large park), and of course went up in the Eiffel Tower (Exposition of 1889). We visited our friends, the Menths, at Fontainebleau, and visited the palace of former French kings there. We especially enjoyed the ornate palace of Louis XIV at Versailles, site of the 1919 treaty between the Allies and Germany, after WWI.

From Paris we went to Chateauroux, site of a US Air Force Base, where we stayed overnight, and stocked up on BX supplies. From there to Lyon, and the Rhone River. As we drove south along the Rhone we saw fields of lavender, with their pretty flowers blowing in the breeze. Avignon, residence of the Popes from 1309-1377 AD, was a most interesting place, with the ornate cathedral, palaces, and other religious buildings. The remains of the ancient bridge was also there, part of it at least. A fascinating area.

From there to the Riviera, with stops at Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and at Imperia, where we stayed in the large seventh-floor pent-house of a hotel on the Italian Riviera. We "did" Italy in style, with visits to Genoa, Verona (visited friends), Venice (St. Mark's, gondola rides, etc.), Florence (churches, museums, palaces, statuary, the shop-covered bridge, Ponte Vecchio), and Pisa (we climbed up the tower, the boys to the very top!).

At Rome we stayed in the YMCA Hotel, and saw the Forum and the Coliseum, St. Peters and the Vatican, the Trevi fountain, the Spanish Steps, and more. We stayed there several days. We did one surprising thing—the dome of St. Peters is actually made up of two domes, one inside of the other, with a leaning stairway between the two. We were allowed to climb the leaning stairway to the top of the dome(s), and go out onto a platform at the top!

On to Naples, and a variety of ancient and exciting places. We drove along the Amalfi Drive to Sorrento, and took the ferry to the Isle of Capri where we saw the fine hotels, the ports, and the "blue grotto." We drove by Mt.Vesuvius to Pompeii, where we walked the streets of the ancient city, so remarkably saved for posterity when the ashes from Vesuvius' eruption blanketed it in 79AD! We saw the palace of the King of Napoli. We stayed in a nice hotel close to the bay of Naples.

Approaching the end of our tour, we drove across the "lower boot" of Italy, traversing miles of "loaded" grape vines, being harvested as we watched into large baskets-full of beautiful grapes. (Yes, we were given samples!) At Brindisi, we drove aboard our ferry, the Appian Way (named for the Roman military road from Rome to Brindisi), and received our cabins. We had three cabins, one for the boys, one for Selma and Mary, and one for Klickie, Ann, and me. The overnight trip across was uneventful, and we were landed at Igoumenitsa, Greece, near the Isle of Corfu, in the morning. Back in Greece!

We drove to Arta, to the Gulf of Corinth, where we took a ferry across, on to Corinth, across the Corinth canal, and on to Athens and Kifissia, arriving on the thirty-second day since we left. We had covered 6500 miles, and the total cost of the trip was only $1600! Klickie and I considered it to be a wonderful trip, educational and entertaining for the children, and never to be forgotten. To this day, we reminisce about one thing or another about our "saga," from time to time.

Our station wagon ran without any difficulty throughout, and we all stayed healthy during the trip. Our house was in good shape, waiting for Selma and us. And so, we went into our last year of service in Greece, with happy memories of Western Europe.

ACTIVITIES AT ATHENS AND AN ATLANTIC CRUISE TO NEW YORK

Greece was a popular place for high-level visitors, in part because of its beautiful weather and many interesting and historical sights. The Secretary of Defense came, the Vice-President Lyndon Johnson came, and Jacqueline Kennedy spent a number of weeks aboard the Onassis yacht, which could be seen, moored well off from Athens in the bay.

I was the person called upon to brief high-level visitors to JUSMAGG, and got to meet a number of them. The wife of the US Ambassador was Eve Labouisse, who was the daughter of Marie Curie, discoverer of radium. She liked Klickie and knew her to be dependable, so on occasion she would call upon Klickie to assist in the accompaniment of the wives of important people for visits to the Acropolis, to Constitution Square, and to the shopping area, the Plaka, where desired souvenirs of Greece, such as coffee urns, could be found.

Unofficially, several of our people ran a “class six” store, where military people could buy beverages for entertainment purposes. This store made a profit, which was dedicated to assisting in activities for our young people. This included the Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts. We also arranged to enclose the large area at ground level under the American Club balcony, for use by the “American Youth Association” (AYA), with “class six” profits. The AYA served as an entertainment center for all our youth, and was a great success.

The profits were also used for a summer cruise for JUSMAGG families to some of the Greek islands. The cruises took place over a four-day weekend, and went to such places as Delos, Mikonos, Kos, and Rhodes. They were delightful, and the children really enjoyed them, and learned a lot of history and mythology, too. The profits were used to rent a small cruise ship for the weekend, and took care of all the expenses! Our family was able to go on those cruises for two years. Klickie and I were also able to sail later on the last cruise of the

US military ship, the Geiger, from Athens to Naples.

A Marathon run, or walk, took place each year, over the twenty-six mile course from Marathon to Athens, which memorialized the victory of the Athenians under Miltiades over the Persians under Darius in 490 BC, and the run by a messenger to Athens to tell of the victory. JUSMAGG Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts participated each year, and our Bill ran it at least two times. Klickie, Girl Scout leader, went to the World GS Conference at Wiesbaden.

A wonderful wine-festival was held each year by Greek officials, at Daphne, site of a park and an ancient Greek church. The festival celebrated the completion of the wine-producing season, both on the Greek mainland, and on many Greek islands. Guests would buy a small carafe and a small glass at the entrance. Along a path laid out through the park were placed small barrels of wine, each from a designated producing area, and each with a tap. Each person would go from keg to keg, getting a partial glass-full at each place, until finally deciding from which one to fill his carafe. Then, parties would select from one of three restaurants to sit, eat, and drink their wine. There was singing, and a rousing good time!

Time flew by, and it came time to leave. There were endless parties and dinners—Klickie and I had engagements each night, the last week. The Busses and the Thorntons were both leaving, and held a joint farewell reception for our Greek counterparts and other friends. My orders arrived, assigning me to the office of the Special Assistant for Military Assistance Affairs, Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the Pentagon. We held a “drachma” sale of household items we wouldn’t need in Virginia, turned in the car and household goods for shipping, and said our farewells. We were assigned space on the ship, the Independence, to go from Naples to New York, stopping at Madeira. We flew to Naples, boarded, and sailed. Ann Marie turned seven-but came down with the mumps! We saw the Statue of Liberty, and docked at New York.

The Independence docked in Manhattan, on the Hudson River. We gathered our family and all our baggage, and landed. We got two taxis and proceeded to the Brooklyn Navy Yard. (We had sixteen pieces of baggage, which I had marked, I of 16, 2 of 16, 3 of 16, etc., to be able to make a quick count of the bags, to determine if they were all there, or if one—or more—was missing, to be able to tell which one. Ours were all there.)

At the Navy Yard, there were no problems. Our station wagon had made the Atlantic journey safely, and within a few minutes it was driven up from storage, was checked, and signed over to me. We piled kids and bags in, and headed for a gasoline station, to fill up for the trip to Ohio. We got gas and a map for our journey. We showed the kids our route to Ohio, pointing out which states we had to drive through. Tom spoke up and said, "How many times do we have to go through customs at the borders?" This necessitated a short Civics lesson on the United States.

In Ohio we were greeted by grandparents, brothers, sisters, and friends, after our three-year absence in Greece. We visited with them for a few days, catching up on all the changes we—and they—had undergone. Of course the main topic was, "My, how those children have grown!" We had a number of good visits, then headed back across the Penn. Turnpike to Washington. Bill remained with Bud's family, learned to drive, and worked at a cafe.

My cousin, Col. Bob Thornton, and his wife Lizza, out of the goodness of their hearts, put us up with their family for several days while we got settled and looked for housing. They lived in North Springfield, Virginia, ten miles or so from the Pentagon, and we looked primarily in that area. We found a house under construction, but nearly complete, a few blocks away. It was feasible to make changes to the house, making it more usable to us.

It was a tri-level house, with four bedrooms, on a small lot. It sloped down to the right (while facing), enough that the front door, the back door, and the basement door all opened just a step or two above ground level. It had a one car carport, and a screened-in back porch. I arranged to have a brick facing put on the front, and made some changes downstairs, to accommodate the boys' bedroom, closet, etc., and to open up the adjacent room for more space to use as a den and TV room. There was a large living room, a dining room, and a medium-sized kitchen. After we bought new carpeting, drapes, washer and dryer, etc., our total cost was less than $28,000, for our first new house. I was able to get a VA loan, which reduced our cost and our loan interest fees. We were pleased.

There were good quality schools there. The elementary school was in walking distance, while the Annandale High School for Bill, and the junior high school, later, for Mary and Tom, had school bus service, being farther away.

Klickie found a furnished apartment for us to live in, until our house was ready. I was able to get a few items out of the military household storage, including the television, to use in the apartment. I soon bought a small Mercury two-door car to drive to the Pentagon, so that Klickie could use the station wagon.

Having lived in the Washington area before (1950-1955), we were familiar with all the many facilities available there. Due to the many military headquarters and installations, there were quite a few medical facilities, military exchanges and commissaries. And there were also some wonderful band concerts, and entertainment for the children. We had a number of military and other friends living in the expanded Washington area, including the Bob Thorntons, the Doughtys, and the Bolenders. There were Air Force Officers' Clubs at Bolling AFB, and at Andrews AFB. plus the Army Clubs at Arlington and at Fort Belvoir.

ASSIGNED TO THE ORGANIZATION OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF

The Special Assistant for Military Assistance Affairs (SAMAA), was a small part of the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the Pentagon. SAMAA had only about twenty people assigned, whereas OJCS had hundreds. Our mission was to provide information and policy guidance to the Joint Chiefs about the military assistance programs worldwide. We had officers who specialized in each of the major operating areas of the World, relative to military assistance there. I was Special Assistant for Regional Affairs, Europe, for SAMAA. This included all of Western Europe, Greece and Turkey.

One part of my job involved reading the overnight messages from those countries to determine if there was any information which should be relayed to the Special Assistant, SAMAA, who was Maj. Gen. J.T. Kingsley, a USAF officer. I also coordinated with other offices regarding assistance to the European countries, attended many meetings of JCS staff officers, and performed other official functions as requested by Gen. Kingsley. One such effort was the drafting of a letter which had the purpose of giving reasons why a certain MAAG in Europe should not be disbanded. I gave a host of reasons, some of which were not readily apparent. The letter was sent to the OJCS, and was approved. M/G Kingsley was pleased, and commended my efforts.

A large part of my work at SAMAA involved participating in Joint Chiefs of Staff studies. My background in military assistance, in Korea, and in Greece, probably resulted in my being assigned to SAMAA, and was influential in the parts I played in the JCS studies. In fact, I had barely checked into my office in the Pentagon when I was assigned to go to Paris and Turkey, as Chairman of the Military Assistance Team of the JCS Survey Team, Turkey, headed by Lt. Gen. W. H. Blanchard, USAF! (Needless to say, Klickie was not

exactly delighted at my early departure, and my being away for twenty-one days!)

Our mission in Turkey was to reduce the cost of the large number of US personnel and their families in Turkey, numbering almost 25,000 in 1963. I knew that this was not going to be easy to do. The US tactical forces (mainly tactical air units), were a part of the NATO forces, and probably couldn't be reduced. With the "cold war" in full sway, the intelligence forces there probably couldn't be reduced, either. That left, primarily, the large number of families associated with the Turkish Military Assistance effort—and this was my "baby."

I managed to talk privately with several officials of the US Turkish MAAG about this. My "line" was that the Joint Chiefs would not send a sizable committee to Turkey, headed by a Lt. General, if they didn't expect some significant results. We discussed what "significant" would mean in terms of numbers of personnel, and the MAAG officials agreed to reductions of quite "significant" numbers of military personnel and their families. I discussed this with Lt. Gen. Blanchard, and he was pleased (and, I think relieved), that we could go back with real "progress." I don't recall specific numbers, but I think that my efforts saved the US Government something like $7,000,000. per year!

After briefing the high-level NATO officials in Paris, we returned to the US. We spent another week or so in writing up our report at the Pentagon. Lt. Gen. Blanchard wrote a letter commending me and thanking me for my efforts, especially in that I had so recently been assigned to Washington. I should also mention that I became quite ill in Turkey, after eating some beef stroganoff in Istanbul, and missed several days of travel with the Committee. But I did get to Ankara, to the Turkish Black Sea coast, and to Erzurum, in the Eastern Turkish mountains. Back at North Springfield, Klickie and I got our furniture delivered, bought some more, and moved into our new house on Queensberry Avenue—a family again!

Klickie was really in her glory in the Washington area, participating in a variety of important activities. She was a room mother at the Edgar Allen Poe junior high school. She was a co-leader, chaperone, and campout participant (brrrrr, it was cold!) for the Girl Scouts. She was President of the D. C. chapter of the United Airlines former-stewardess' "Clipped Wings," and worked with Eunice Kennedy, supporting work with mental retardation. She belonged to the Air Force Officers' Wives Club of Washington. And she was an "Arlington Lady," a group of Service Wives who represented the Military Services at funerals in the Arlington Cemetery for deceased military persons. (The "Arlington Ladies" was founded by Mrs. Hoyt Vandenberg, wife of the then Chief of Staff of the Air Force, and Klickie was an early member of that group.)

And on top of that, Klickie shopped at the commissaries, took sick children to the dispensaries, got them admitted to the local schools, cooked, kept house, and entertained!

When I was at the Pentagon in 1950-1954, I attended some night and weekend classes at the George Washington University, and accumulated nine credit-hours of education courses. Back in the Pentagon in 1963, the University concurred with my request to apply those credits toward a Master's degree, so I worked out a schedule, and continued to attend more night and weekend classes until I was able to qualify for the Master's in School Administration, in 1965.

When Bill was graduated from Annandale high school in 1965, his class was exceedingly lucky in being able to have their Baccalaureate in the great Washington Cathedral, and their Graduation in the great Constitution Hall (because some far-sighted school administrator had applied for them, several years before)! Both were impressive. Also, with help from Uncle John Smith and a congressman, Bill got an appointment to the Air Force Academy.

Meanwhile, Mary moved on from E.A. Poe junior high school to Annandale High, Tom moved on to E.A. Poe, and Ann continued at the North Springfield elementary school. All did well in their studies. We bought new bicycles for Mary and Tom, which gave them some independence in riding to the swimming pool, to visit young friends, and to ride to the local park. Bill was working part-time at a large local Grand Union grocery store, and was sometimes able to use our two-door Mercury for special events.

My flying while at SAMAA was generally in C-47s out of Andrews AFB. It was done primarily to get my required time in. A new military policy was established that all pilots upon completing twenty-four years of service would not be authorized to fly as crew members unless assigned to a flying unit. My twenty-four years expired in 1965. I well remember my last flight, from Andrews AFB. An Air Force Colonel from the Pentagon was assigned as my co-pilot, and we made out a round-robin flight plan from Andrews and back, with no landing en route. We flew south, in good weather. My co-pilot was smoking a pipe and ran out of matches, and he proposed landing somewhere so he could get some more.

I agreed, and suggested we fly to Myrtle Beach AFB, and have lunch. As a Command Pilot, I was authorized to change my flight-plan while in flight, so I radioed Flight Control and advised them that we proposed to land at Myrtle Beach. As we neared the Air Base, I called the tower, and asked for landing instructions which I received. I landed, and received instructions to clear the runway at a certain taxiway, turn left, and hold there. This I did. In a very short time, my plane was surrounded by four or five Air Police vehicles, and a sedan approached my plane! Several officers came aboard, and asked me my intentions, so I explained. It turned out that they were expecting an inspection, and thought we were inspectors! (They were relieved). We got our lunch and matches, and flew back to Andrews.

The year 1965 was big for my participating in JCS studies. In February I was designated as a Section Chief in the JCS Hellenic Defense Study Team, with Lt. Gen. C. H. Bonesteel, US Army, as Director. We spent over three weeks in Europe, making a comprehensive review of the Greek defense posture and its future needs. In that I had spent three years in Greece with the MAGG just two years before, and was quite familiar with their military organization and their defense needs, I was able to contribute significantly.

Incidentally, when our Team arrived at Hellenikon, the Athens airport, we were met by several officials, and by all the Embassy motor-pool drivers with their sedans, ready to transport us to hotels. The motor-pool drivers saw and recognized me, from MAGG days, and all came over and greeted me with big smiles, and shook my hand! This no doubt made a big impression on all our Team-Members!

Greece had the communist countries of Albania, Yugoslavia, and Bulgaria on their north borders, and had withstood a communist uprising a few years before, so faced the necessity to have well-armed and well-organized forces. The Team traveled to the various Greek military headquarters within Greece, had many briefings, and evaluated their capabilities against their needs. This enabled us to make determinations to be used in making our final report.

After flying to Paris and briefing the top NATO military officials there, we flew back to Washington. We spent several more weeks planning, organizing and writing our final report to the Joint Chiefs. I played a part in writing several sections of the report, and in editing and correcting the final draft. Afterwards, Gen. Bonesteel wrote a letter of commendation for my "outstanding contribution to the work of the Joint Chiefs of Staff Hellenic Defense Study Team."

From April 15 to August 16, 1965, I was a member of the JCS Special Study Group on Responsive Logistic Support for Combined Operations in Vietnam, working in the "front office" of the Chairman of the Working Committee of the Study Group, Maj. Gen. Frank Osmanski. When the Chairman was in Vietnam, I headed the rear detachment, and drafted "an excellent final report." In my evaluation report concerning that effort, Gen. Osmanski wrote, "His contributions to the JCS Study Group were superior."

Major General E. C. D. Scherrer succeeded Gen. Kingsley as Special Assistant for Military Assistance Affairs. I flew with him to Paris on Oct. 19-23, 1965, to brief the military commander of NATO, and to coordinate with several members of the NATO Staff. On the plane, I sat beside Gen. Scherrer, both going and returning. The briefings and meetings went well. However, Gen. Scherrer was a former Cavalry Officer, and he was a specialist on "Dressage," the art of working with horses and training them to perform in various routines of steps, backward, forward, sideways, etc. All this is apparently very precise and diligent, and before we had returned to Washington, I had heard it all!

From November, 1965, to April, 1966, I was assigned to the JCS Special Study Group on NATO Military Force Posture. For some reason unknown to me (?), I was assigned to the cost and economic division. After careful consideration, I decided to make an economic comparison of the Warsaw Pact Countries and the NATO countries. I obtained statistical information concerning these countries from State Department and Intelligence sources. I got data from prior years to current years, and was able to project expected data for future years, on such things as electric power generation, coal output, grain production, military budgets, gross national products, etc. I made a chart, the result of which made clear that the Warsaw powers would slip much further behind the NATO powers in future years.

Brig. Gen. G. H. Woodward, Chief, Programs Division, J-5, JCS, stated in his review of my efforts in the NATO Military Posture Study, "Analyses of these types had never been done before, … The analyses were unique and filled a void in this area, as evidenced by the fact that DIA quickly requested copies." He also stated, "…this costing and economic effort was extremely well received by key personnel of the Office of the Secretary of Defense, (Systems Analysis)." Of course I was gratified that my work was so well received.

The fact that my efforts put the Warsaw Pact, particularly the Soviet Union, in such a poor economic light, relative to the NATO countries, particularly the USA, have caused me to reflect back, today, that their economic plight ultimately caused the downfall, in 1989, of the Soviet Union. President Reagan's expanded military programs made it evident to the Soviets that they could not compete economically with the USA.

In January, 1966, there was a terrible snow-storm in Northern Virginia. On a Thursday, if I recall, we had about eighteen inches of snow, followed a day later with another eighteen inches. This brought everything to a halt, outdoors, as cars and trucks could not maneuver in it. After several days there were a few truck-tracks in the center of the main streets, and I was able to take a small sled to the grocery and buy bread and milk for some of our neighbors and ourselves.

Klickie and I were members of the Washington area Air Force Academy parents group. This group was scheduled to have a get-together at Andrews Air Force Base on Thursday evening. Although there were already a few inches of snow on the ground, we felt that we could make it, and proceeded to drive the twenty-five miles to Andrews. The snow continued to fall heavily, as our dinner progressed, so the meeting was halted early. When we got out to our car, the snow was up to the bottom level of the car door. We got in and headed for

home. It was somewhat perilous, and it was necessary to maintain momentum to make it through the snow. The thing that really saved us was that we were able to get behind a large trailer-truck on Interstate 495, and follow it into Virginia. Off Interstate 495, it was downhill to our home on Queensberry Street, and I was able to make it to our home and turn into our driveway! (A happy homecoming!)

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA AS AIR FORCE ROTC HEAD

As the end of my three-year time period in the Pentagon approached, I gave thought to my next assignment. I would have four years until my mandatory retirement at thirty years of service. I came across a notice that ten ROTC assignments at large universities would become available in the summer. Because of my Geo. Washington Master's degree in education, I considered that I might be favorably considered for such an assignment, so I applied. This involved an interview, a family picture, and a questionnaire to complete.

In due course, I was advised that I had been accepted to become the Professor of Aerospace Studies at the University of Alabama at Tuscaloosa, Alabama. The program there, I found, was mandatory for male students, so there would be a large number of ROTC students. There was also an Army ROTC program there, but not a Navy program.

I arranged to fly to Birmingham, and be picked up and driven to Tuscaloosa, where I met University officials and members of the ROTC department. The campus was very attractive. I found a recommended real-estate agent, and looked at many houses that were on the market. The market was favorable, and I found a number of nice houses, but I felt that Klickie could evaluate the housing and school needs for our family better than I could, so we arranged to drive down from Virginia and look together. We again looked at many houses in different areas, and found the one most suitable for our housing and school purposes at Northwood Lake, in Northport. We bought it, and have lived there ever since!

The Department of Defense Badge had been awarded to me when I was a member of the Weapons System Evaluation Group, a unit of the Office of the Secretary of Defense. It was presented to me on Nov. 20, 1951. The Joint Chiefs of Staff Badge was presented to me on July 23, 1964, while I was with Military Assistance in OJCS. Each of these badges is fairly impressive, being an intricate design in gold and silver, and is more than two inches in diameter. Each is to be worn on the left pocket of the uniform jacket, below the pocket flap. I was proud to wear the appropriate one, while I was assigned to those units.

The Joint Service Commendation Medal was awarded to me by the Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff on May 6, 1966, as I was nearing my reassignment date. The Citation accompanying the medal was very complimentary, referring to my staff activities, and stating that, "Colonel Thornton consistently performed his duties with distinction." It also referred to my service with the JCS Survey Team, Turkey, and with the JCS Hellenic Defense Study Team, as being, "of the highest order and elicited exceptionally favorable comments." I was happy to have my efforts recognized so favorably, and to receive the JCS medal.

My reassignment date to the University of Alabama to become the ROTC Professor of Aerospace Studies was June 16, 1966, so we went into a series of efforts to get moved. We sold the house for a reasonable profit, got the by-now voluminous household goods packed, arranged to get the kids' school records ready for transfer, traded the little Mercury for a new Ford, said our goodbyes to many friends, got the household goods loaded and, finally, headed South!

We stayed in a motel in Northport one night, and our furniture was delivered the next day. Bill was at the Air Force Academy, so didn't accompany us. And so it was that our Tuscaloosa-Northport saga began, in June, 1966!

HEAD OF AIR FORCE ROTC AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA, 1966-1970

Air Force ROTC at the University of Alabama was a mandatory program in 1966, when I arrived, with an enrollment of around 1700 cadets. The organizational structure of the cadet corps was that of an Air Force Wing. The size of our corps, the number of cadets we commissioned, and the number we sent to flying schools upon graduation made us one of the largest Air Force ROTC programs in the nation. The Arnold Air Society was an honorary organization of cadet leaders, who were instrumental in "non-curricular" activities of the corps. There was also a "Sabre Drill Team," an impressive drill team with shiny sabres, chrome-plated helmets, and shiny "jump" boots, which put on precision drill maneuvers in demonstrations and in parades.

The Angel Flight was a selective group who participated in cadet activities, including drills and social activities. They had distinctive uniforms, and contributed considerably to the morale of the program. They were conscientious and hard working, as well as being very attractive young ladies, and helped in the achievement of the success of the program. The Cadet Wives Club was also an active group who were devoted to learning about Air Force life and the procedures and experiences that could be encountered at an Air Force Base or at other organizations where their husbands might be stationed. In this, of course, they were informed and assisted by the wives of the Air Force personnel assigned to the ROTC program.

Our ROTC staff included about a dozen officers plus an equal number of enlisted men. Most of them were instructors of the cadets, but others were involved in supply, administration, public relations, and the like. They all lived "on the economy," because there was no military housing available. All-in-all, they were very effective, and we felt that we were achieving the results that were desired.

We were well received by the officials and the members of the faculty and staff of the University of Alabama, and by the people of Tuscaloosa and Northport. We soon had many friends, and were made to feel at home. We became members of the University Club, and enjoyed it, often seeing friends there. We became members of the bridge club which met at the University Club. I became a member of the Tuscaloosa Kiwanis Club, and made many friends at their meetings. In 1971 I was elected President of the University Club.

University President Rose treated Colonel John O'Keefe, head of the Army ROTC, and me as key officials of the University faculty and staff. We and our wives were invited to receptions and functions of the University, including meetings with top officials of the Universities of Alabama at Huntsville and Birmingham. At Governor's Day, and President's Day, we honored the Governor and President Rose, on their "Day," with an ROTC parade, and a luncheon afterward. This was also done for visits by the Commander of the Air University, and other key officials.

Coach "BEAR" Bryant invited me several times to be a guest of the football team on the sidelines at an Alabama game to be played at Legion Field in Birmingham. Alabama had outstanding football teams, and I enjoyed being with "the Bear" and the other coaches, and with the famous players. Klickie and I were also able to attend many other football games, as well as basketball games, and really enjoyed them.

When we were first in Northport, our Ann was in elementary school, Tom was at a junior high school, Mary was in high school, and Bill was at the Air Force Academy. Within the next three years, while I was with ROTC, Ann progressed to junior high, Tom to high school, Mary finished high school and entered the University, and Bill left the AF Academy and enrolled at the Colorado State University at Fort Collins, Colorado.

All of the kids did well in school. Ann quietly earned almost all ‘A’s, Tom was awarded a computer scholarship at the University, Mary did well in her microbiology course at the ‘U,’ and Bill was credited with almost all of his Academy course credits at Colorado State. As time progressed, I applied for entrance to the Univ. of Ala. graduate school, took required tests, made a course schedule, and started taking class work at the U of A in late afternoons and on weekends, toward a Doctor of Philosophy degree in Education. Klickie wasn’t far behind, qualifying for and taking classes to complete work on a Master’s degree in Guidance and Counseling. (We were all studying!)

In early 1967 I became aware that our ROTC unit, Detachment 10, had extraordinary achievements in a number of activities, including those of the Arnold Air Society, the Sabre Drill Team, the Angel Flight, and the Cadet Wives Club, as well as the high performance of the cadets in academic attainment, in commissioning totals, in qualification for entrance into flying schools, and in leadership performance.

These achievements gave rise to consideration of the merits of applying for the award of the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award to our ROTC unit. It was realized that this would require much effort on the part of personnel from all our activities, so I discussed this as a possibility with the leaders of the Arnold Air Society, the Drill Team, the cadet officers, the Angel Flight, the Cadet Wives, and the ROTC Det.10 personnel. All were enthusiastic.

For weeks everyone devoted efforts to achieving this end. Performance was improved in all areas. Coordination with personnel of the Governor’s office, with state and national legislators, with National Guard, other State leaders, and the University President, resulted in favorable responses. Statistical studies showed our effectiveness. Favorable public relations articles and pictures were collected. A completed study was forwarded in late 1967.

OUR UNIT IS AWARDED THE AIR FORCE OUTSTANDING UNIT AWARD

Brig. Gen D.F. Blake, Commandant of Air Force ROTC, directed a letter to me on June 20, 1969, advising that Det.10, Univ. of Alabama ROTC, had been awarded the Air Force Outstanding Unit Award by the Department of the Air Force, by Special Order GB-94 dated Feb. 19, 1969. We were one of only three USAF ROTC units so awarded. Only six AFROTC units had been awarded prior outstanding unit awards, I was told. Our Detachment was later presented the Certificate and the Streamer for our flag.

The Citation accompanying the Award read in part: "Detachment 10, Air Force ROTC, University of Alabama, distinguished itself by exceptionally meritorious service of national and international significance during the period 15 September 1967 to 15 September 1968. Throughout this period, the unit combined outstanding internal management actions with superior professional skills, initiative and leadership to propagate an Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps program of un-questioned superiority."

Of course all of us at Det.10 were tremendously gratified to receive such recognition. We took action to be sure that the honor was given publicity throughout the State, and we received letters of congratulation. Each member of Det.10 was authorized to wear the Outstanding Unit Award ribbon on his uniform. Col. Kremer, our Executive Officer, Lt. Col. Sproul, Operations, Major Bean, Administrative Officer, Sgt. Jenkins, Supply, Sgt. Moody, Administration, Mrs. Pennington, Secretary, and all our other personnel played important parts in this achievement, along with the Cadets and Angels, and were to be congratulated.

ROTC SUMMER CAMP AT PLATTSBURGH AFB, NEW YORK

At Tyndall AFB I had been involved in a summer USAF training program for second lieutenants newly commissioned in the Air Force upon graduating from West Point. At Eglin Air Force Base, I commanded a training program for ROTC students. It was therefore no surprise that I was ordered to Plattsburgh AFB, New York, to command a training camp for AFROTC students on July 11, 1968. I took a leave prior to reporting, and Klickie, Mary, Tom, Ann and I drove north in two cars. We went to Ohio, and then to Niagara Falls.

On to Quebec, Canada, we did the sights—a fascinating city, with a lot of history and much to see and do. Then we drove up along the St. Lawrence River, through the French part of Canada, stopping at small towns and enjoying the atmosphere. Following that, we visited Montreal, another French-speaking city. It, too, is quite picturesque, and has much to see. From there we went to Plattsburgh, NY, about seventy miles south, on Lake Champlain.

The base at Plattsburgh was the oldest continuously-in-military-use facility in the USA. It is a beautiful place, with huge, ancient trees, and has a great parade ground. At that time a bomber base, it had earlier been in use by the Army, and by the Navy. I had a very good staff, and the training program went quite well. The weather was beautiful.

After a short stay at Plattsburgh, Klickie and the children drove on south, making stops at Washington, DC, and at Atlanta, to see friends. From Plattsburgh, I made several short trips in my spare time, around Lake Champlain, visiting famous places such as Lake Placid. Lake Champlain, interestingly, is a “summer resort” for Canadians from Montreal and thereabouts, and the north-south highway between Montreal and Plattsburgh is really loaded with cars during the weekends in the summer.

All-in-all my Plattsburgh duty was a great experience, and I went back to Tuscaloosa refreshed and ready to complete my final two years in the Air Force.

In looking back, I realize that the Cadet Corps at the University of Alabama really was an outstanding outfit. Each organization of the Corps participated in good-deed types of endeavors that were directed toward improving the lot of some group, whether it was children in hospitals, patients in retirement homes, persons in mental facilities, or veterans at the VA. The cadets competed in "Conclaves" with cadets of other ROTC units, and did well. The Cadet Officers' Wives Club visited Air Force Bases to become familiar with facilities and organizations there.

The Sabre Drill Team performed at many functions, such as parties, the Air Force Ball, Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and in drill competitions. They always drilled with precision, and provided good publicity for the University. The Arnold Air Society represented the Cadet Corps at Conclaves of cadets at Columbus Air Force Base and in New York City. They also maintained a detachment library, gave cash and food to needy families at Christmas, and assisted in public relations by visiting and sending letters about the ROTC program to dormitories and fraternity houses.

The Angel Flight members achieved honors by winning the Homecoming Queen title several years, by being named as Corolla (Yearbook) Favorites, and by being top finalists in Maid of Cotton and State beauty contests. They also functioned as hostesses for University social and other official functions.

Our administrative office kept track of academic and physical qualifications of cadets, which enabled me to select the most highly qualified cadets to enter our advanced program. This resulted in raising the academic averages of cadets to high levels, and also raised the numbers of cadets who were qualified for flying training—both to levels exceeding those of previous years. All of the above activities and capabilities were very impressive.

Bill and Jacky were married in 1968. They lived in Fort Collins, Colo., and Bill was at Colorado State University. Other things of considerable interest and importance happened to our family in the year 1969, as well. Mary Lou graduated from Tuscaloosa High School in May, and Klickie was awarded her Master's degree at the Univ. of Alabama, also in May. The whole family drove out to Fort Collins and attended Bill's graduation. Following that, he went to Denver and began his experiences in the insurance business. Bill and Jacky's first child, William Brian, was born on Oct. 27, 1969, and Klickie flew to Denver to be with Jacky and Brian for several days. Brian was welcomed as our first grand-child.

The girls were active in Girl Scouts, and Tom, in Boy Scouts, was working toward his Eagle Scout award. Tom was active in high school, getting awards for his participation in the Debate Club, the Math Club, and the Marching Band. He graduated from Tuscaloosa High School, and was awarded a Computer Honors Scholarship at the University. Tom attended the National Boy Scout Jamboree at Cimarron, NM. Mary attended a Girl Scout Summer camp at the Ouachita Mountains, Ark., and Ann attended a Girl Scout Chalet in Mexico. Both Mary and Ann were Seniors in Girl Scouts, and later became GS leaders. All four of our children played a musical instrument in school bands. Mary, Tom, and Ann were also lifeguards at our local Northwood Lake pool, at one time or another.

Klickie remained active in various endeavors, such as the University Women's Club. She participated in many functions, poured tea at the President's mansion receptions, and provided programs for their meetings. She was active in coordinating affairs of the several Air Force Wives groups, and attended all the University ROTC functions, such as President's Day, Governor's Day, the Cadet Air Force Ball, and other such activities. She could always be called upon by the wife of the University President to assist in University programs.

AIR FORCE RETIREMENT AFTER THIRTY YEARS

Although I joined the Army Air Forces in early October, 1941, almost a month before "Pearl Harbor," I was integrated into the regular Air Force on July 12, 1947, with permanent grade of 1st Lt. I received the following permanent promotions in the Air Force: Captain, Oct. 25, 1948; Major, July 12, 1951; Lt. Col., July, 1958; and Colonel, Aug. 27, 1962. (My promotion date to temporary Colonel was Jan. 17, 1957. Because of the "hump" of post-war officers with WW II service dates, my "service date" was reverted to June 9, 1940.)

The retirement of a Regular Air Force permanent Colonel is required by law after completion of thirty years service. Accordingly, I received a letter from Lt. Gen. A. J. Russell, Deputy Chief of Staff, Personnel, HQ USAF, advising me to that effect, congratulating me and expressing sincere appreciation for my "long years of devoted service." I was advised that my mandatory retirement date was July 31, 1970, and I began to make plans for that event.

By late spring of 1970, I had completed all my course requirements and had taken and passed the written tests for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, including language tests in French and Spanish. I intended to write my dissertation and take my "orals" in the year after my retirement.

Col. Emil (Bud) Kremer was also scheduled to retire, just four months after I did. I proposed to the University to make him the AFROTC head for that period, but they demurred, stating that the period was too short. Col. Robert Jackson was announced as my successor and upon his arrival I arranged to take him to the offices of key University officials for introductions. Col. Kremer arranged and conducted my retirement ceremony, held in the AFROTC auditorium on July 31, 1970.

There were about thirty guests, including my family, U of A. Officials, the Kremers, the Busses, the Jacksons, all the Detachment staff, and other local friends of ours. Col. Kremer presided, and presented a resume of my career, and presented a plaque to me for my service to ROTC and to the University. He also read a citation to Klickie for her services to our program, and presented a framed certificate to her.

Col. Sanford, ROTC Area Commandant, read a letter to me from Lt. Gen. Clark, Commander of the Air University. It stated, in part, "… I wish to express on behalf of the Chief of Staff, United States Air Force, and your many friends and associates, the sincere gratitude of the Air Force for your long and distinguished service." It also stated, "You are to be commended for your outstanding performance and accomplishments during your assignment as Professor of Aerospace Studies, University of Alabama."

Colonel Sanford then presented to me the United States of America Meritorious Service medal, with Certificate and Citation. The Certificate reads, "The President of The United States of America authorized by executive order, 16 January 1969, has awarded The Meritorious Service Medal to Colonel Clark O. Thornton for Meritorious Service, 16 June 1966 to 31 July 1970." Colonel Sanford then presented to me my Certificate of Retirement from the Armed Forces of the United States of America, "Having served faithfully and honorably (he) was retired from the United States Air Force on the 1st day of August, 1970," signed by the Chief of Staff of the Air Force, Gen. John D. Ryan.

Of course I was pleased with all the honors, awards and accolades I received, and by the congratulations given to Klickie and me by all those present. Following the ceremony there was a luncheon at the University Club for our family and close friends. All-in-all it was a great ceremony, and was much appreciated.

PART IV POST–RETIREMENT TRAVELS AND FAMILY AFFAIRS

COMPLETION OF PHD, FAMILY GRADUATIONS, AND TRAVELS

Following my retirement, I went to work on my dissertation. My committee approved the title and the nature of the study, about the relatively new group of State Junior Colleges in Alabama. I made a research study of the available data, and proceeded to visit each of the seventeen state junior colleges. I interviewed the key administrators at each school, organized my data, and started writing.

I borrowed a high-quality electric typewriter from the University, repaired to a quiet place, and started typing. I was obliged to keep my committee chairman apprised of my progress, and my plans for succeeding efforts. This was tedious, and took time.

Finally, it was finished, and I met with my committee, who had read it, and after lengthy discussion approved it. Then I had to work with the Graduate Office, as to format, certain spellings, meanings, etc. That was tedious also, but finally, there too, it was approved and I arranged to have it copy-righted. It was taken to the Tuscaloosa Bookbindery and printed.

Armed with copies of my dissertation, I met with my committee again for my "orals." There were many questions and much discussion, and some praise, and after a lengthy meeting, my qualifications having been satisfied, I was approved for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. This did not take place in time for the May Commencement, so it was scheduled for the August, 1971, Commencement.

As I walked across the stage, I was met by the University of Alabama President, Dr. Matthews, who helped put on my light blue PhD "hood," handed me my diploma, and said, "This was richly deserved!" My family, in the audience, gave me a good round of applause. They and various friends congratulated me, later, and all seemed to take pleasure in addressing me as "Doctor Thornton." Naturally I was pleased as well!

In February, 1971, Klickie was employed by the Tuscaloosa County Schools as Guidance-Counselor at Brookwood High School. The work was involved, but important. The drive to Brookwood was long and somewhat difficult. Still, she enjoyed it, and really filled a need in that coal-mining area. In July, 1971, Mary and Edmund Boothe were married. Mary was still pursuing her microbiology studies, and Ed was working on his Master's degree in chemistry at the University of Alabama.

Mary and Ed were graduated from the U of A in 1973. Ed got a job as a chemist with the Eli Lilly Co. in Indianapolis, Ind., and they moved there. Mary also found work there. Tom graduated from U of A in 1974. While a senior, he was honored by being named to membership in the "Jasons," an academic honorary organization. (This required him to wear a bowler hat and carry a cane for a day, while on campus!)

Ann graduated from Tuscaloosa County High School in 1974. After a brief tour and examination of colleges and universities in the area, she decided on Samford University, a Baptist-sponsored school in Birmingham. She received several small scholarships, and also worked at nearby businesses part-time, to help defray her tuition and expenses. Her major was in Marketing. She had a great time there, and got very good grades as well.

The family took several trips during this period. One was to Tyndall AFB and Panama City, Fla. Two more, over spring break, in 1971-72, were to Tallahassee and St. Augustine, and to Gainesville, Cocoa Beach and Patrick AFB. With the children in colleges or away, Klickie and I began to venture farther, during spring or in summer. In 1972 we went to Honolulu, Hawaii. What a beautiful place! Tom went on an extended trip to China in June-to-Aug., 1973, with a group of Chinese-language students. On his return, we met him, and with Bill and Jacky we went to Yellowstone NP, Jackson, and Grand Teton, WY. Great trip!

TRAVELS, TRAVELS, TRAVELS, AND SOME FAMILY DEATHS

In March, 1974, Bill was transferred to Fremont, Cal. Klickie stayed with Brian and Christine (their second child, b. May 5, 1972), while Bill and Jacky went to house-hunt. Then Klickie and I went on a wonderful trip to Asia. We went to Hawaii, Hong Kong, Macau, a little of mainland China, Thailand, and Singapore. Delightful! In March, 1975, we went on our first Caribbean cruise with a U of A group. We especially liked San Juan, Puerto Rico. In July-August we had a long car trip to the West, with Ann. We went to Omaha, NE; Rapid City, SD; Cody, WY; Yellowstone NP; Butte, Mont.; Moses Lake, WA; and Seattle, where Klickie attended a Clipped Wings convention of former United Airlines stewardesses.

On to Portland, OR; to Salem OR; to San Francisco; to Los Angeles; and to San Diego, Cal; visiting friends of long-standing at some of those places. Homeward bound, we visited El Paso and San Antonio, Texas, and saw the Busses. By this time, I had a serious infection, and Dave Buss drove me to the Air Force hospital at Lackland AFB. There, I was diagnosed with facial cellulitis, put to bed and given lots of anti-biotics every three hours. After three days I was much better, and I was released to go home on the sixth day. Klickie and Ann, who had been quartered in a VIP suite, bundled me into the back seat, and we took off for Northport! It was a critical illness, and I was fortunate to have gotten the right treatment.

Then began a series of deaths in our extended family. John Smith died in December, 1975. We drove up in bitterly cold weather for the funeral in Akron. Klickie's mother died in March, 1976. Klickie flew up and saw her before she died. I drove up, and we attended the funeral at Port Clinton, Ohio, and saw many friends and relatives. Klickie subsequently took a year's leave-of-absence from teaching. My brother Clyde's wife, Eleanor, who had long suffered from cancer, died in May, 1979, and we went to Akron for her funeral.

We visited Mary and Ed in Indianapolis several times in 1975. Ed was transferred to Clinton, IN, and we visited them there several times, including Aug., 1979, when Cathy was born. Tom and Margie went to Medellin, Columbia, SA, to teach in the American school there. They had taken a trip in So. America, which they recommended to us. We made plans through a travel agency, and flew first to Medellin, and visited Tom and Margie. This was in Oct., 1976.

Our trip involved several very high-altitude places; Medellin, Bogota, Quito, Cuzco, Macchu Pichu, and La Paz (in Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia)—all 9000 feet or more. The altitude didn't bother us much. We also stayed in Lima, Peru, for several days. One highlight was taking a diesel-bus on rail-tracks (ferro-carril) over the Andes from Quito to the large banana port, Guayaquil. The let-down from the Andes heights at the "Devil's Nose" was spectacular—and thrilling! We visited Tom and Margie at Medellin on our return as well. Our travel plan called for us to be met at each airport, provided with transportation, a guide, help with customs, check-in and–out of hotels, etc. Surprisingly, all the travel plans worked perfectly!

It was a fabulous trip. We saw many pre-Columbian artifacts, much Andean and other gold items, ancient burial cloth, etc., in a number of fine museums. We were impressed by Lima, Cuzco (the Inca capital), and Macchu Pichu, high in the Andes. La Paz, lying at the edge of the Alto Plano (high plain), was quite interesting, with a high percentage of Indians. Our perfect day cruising on Lake Titicaca was unforgettable. We ate trout at Copacabana!

We mustn't forget the "Cathedral" carved into the salt-mine at Bogota, and the ancient church at Quito, almost covered over in the interior with gold-plating! And we still remember our guides, especially at Bogota, Quito, and La Paz. Lovely people!

Ann graduated from Samford University, Birmingham, with a Cum Laude, in 1977. The whole family was there to see her receive her diploma, which she earned in only three years! She subsequently was hired as a sales trainee in a one-year program with Missouri-Pacific Railroad, based in St. Louis. This required her to spend several months in Mo-Pac sales offices in Cleveland, St. Louis, Pontiac, Houston, and Milwaukee. She met John Field in Houston, and they subsequently got engaged. They were married at Tuscaloosa in March, 1980. Ann then undertook a program leading to a law degree at Univ. of Houston. By the time she was about to finish her degree, she was pregnant, and John was promoted to a better job in Atlanta. She got her degree, sold their house, moved to Atlanta, passed the Georgia Bar exam, gave birth to daughter, Elizabeth, and got a job in an Atlanta law office! (Whew!)

In the late '70s we had taken several trips to Florida, and went to Orange Beach, on the Gulf, with the whole family several summers. That was great fun! We usually managed to make a visit to the Wolf Bay Lodge for a delicious sea-food dinner. Another spur-of-the-moment trip was to Portugal, with "Bud" Klickman's outfit, the "Seven Limers." We flew to Lisbon, and stayed at a beautiful hotel at Estoril, 35 miles west of Lisbon, near Cascais. We took side trips to an Arab palace, to a famous fishing village, to a "port" wine distillery, to a famous cathedral, and to a famous shrine, Our Lady of Fatima. Klickie and I also took several short rides on the electric train to Lisbon, and saw the sights there. Fun, fun!

Klickie took a trip to China in June and July, 1980, with a group of educators from the Universities of Utah, Arkansas, and Alabama. They went to Hong Kong, Beijing, Xian, Canton, and surrounding areas. From China, they went to Manila, the Philippines. Klickie extended her tour in Manila, and visited Corregidor and the Bataan Memorial. She spent July 4, 1980, in Manila, toured the city and saw a presentation at the Opera House. A great trip!

We also took lots of trips by car. In 1976, Clyde and Nonie and I went to Vicksburg, MS, and to New Orleans, LA. Klickie and I drove to Calloway Gardens in Georgia for a pleasant visit. In July and early Aug., we visited Mary and Ed in Indiana, Klick went to her Clipped Wings convention at Oconomowoc, and we visited the Doughtys in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. We saw Bill and Jacky in Denver, by way of Mobridge, SD, and North Platte, NE, and we visited the Spears in Arkadelphia, AR. In Sept., we visited relatives in Akron, Clyde, and Toledo, Ohio. We visited Lucile Sharpton's sisters at Frankfort, Mich., the Shoberts at Mishawaka, Mich., and the Boothes in their new house at Brownsburg, Indiana.

In May, 1977, we saw the Boothes, and new daughter, Cathy, in Clinton, IN, and we visited Bill and Jacky, who had moved to Schaumberg, Ill. In June we drove Ann and Cathy Lay to Pass-a-Grille, Fla., and visited several friends in the Bradenton and Sarasota areas, over AEA. In July we visited Bud and Rosie, and the Offutts in Ohio. In September, we visited my cousin Bob and Lizza Thornton in Miami, Ohio, then on to Toledo (Selma), Clyde (Klickie's brother, Bud), Akron (my brother, Clyde), and to Washington DC.

May, 1978, saw us traveling to Jacksonville, FL to visit the Gemmels, to Patrick AFB (the Greeleys), and to Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood to see Marilyn and Bruce Harrington. In April, I went to Wright-Patterson AFB, Dayton, to visit the Air Force Museum. In November, we went to Clyde, Akron and Cleveland, Ohio, to see relatives and to see the great museums in Cleveland.

In Jan., 1979, we visited Bill and Jacky in Dallas, and Mary Lou, Ed and Cathy in Houston. In August, we again went to Houston, Dallas, and Arkadelphia, visiting Ann, the Busses, Bill and Jacky, and the Spears. Lots of gasoline, lots of tire rubber—but lots of fun!

After Klickie's one-year leave, she taught the gifted classes at Vestavia for three years. She really enjoyed working with the bright students—and was challenged, trying to keep ahead of them. In 1980-81 and 1981-82, she was needed at Brookwood HS, and went back there as guidance-counselor, retiring from the Tuscaloosa County Schools after that. That qualified her for a State pension, medical services, etc. She attended the Clipped Wings convention in Washington, DC in July, 1981. In late Dec., 1982, she went by train to Baton Rouge, LA for the arrival of James Boothe, who was born on Dec. 29, 1982. His father, Ed Boothe, was a doctoral candidate for a Ph D in Chemistry at LSU at that time.

Tom and Margie moved from Mobile, AL, where Tom had worked as a computer specialist at the University of South Alabama Hospital, to Huntsville. Gabriel was born in Mobile, and Colin in Huntsville. In July, 1982, Klickie's Clipped Wings convention was held in Detroit MI at the Renaissance Center.

Klickie and I went back to Greece for a cruise to the islands and a land tour, in Sept.-Oct., 1983. It was good to be back there, and we managed to see several Greek friends. Klickie flew to Phoenix, AZ to visit Selma Patterson in Jan. 1983. The Bolenders and Klickie and I went on a cruise in Spring, 1983, from Acapulco, Mexico, through the Panama Canal to Miami. Good friends, great weather, and a delightful trip!

We took a trip to the Canadian Rockies from Seattle by bus to Banff, Jasper National Park, Kamloops, etc. It was all beautiful and impressive-especially the raging Fraser River. We also went to Victoria and saw Bouchart Gardens. Both are very impressive and beautiful, as well. The gardens are located in the environs of an old stone quarry. It is hard to believe how much beauty can be found in such a place. This trip, by Johannsen Tours, was one of our better trips, and is remembered with pleasure. We enjoyed the Canadian August weather.

In the early ‘80s we visited a number of the National Parks in Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico. These included Mesa Verde, Arches NM, Bryce Canyon and Zion National Parks, Canyon De Shelly, the Grand Canyon, Montezuma, Casa Grande, Saguaro Natl. Monuments, and Carlsbad Caverns. We had earlier seen the Black Hills and the Badlands of South Dakota, Yellowstone National Park, Yosemite, the Redwoods, and other famous national parks and monuments. All these tours and visits were of great interest and were educational for us. We felt fortunate to have been able to see many of the remarkable sights that our country has to offer. By this time we had been in each of the contiguous forty-eight states of the USA, and to most of the large population centers of our country.

Also in the ‘80s, we visited our children often—Bill and Jacky in Plano, TX, Mary and Ed in Baton Rouge, LA and Augusta, GA, Tom in Huntsville and in Arlington, MA, and Ann and John in Spring, TX, Marietta, GA, and Berwyn, PA. They also visited us at Northport frequently, as did other relatives and friends. We visited Bud and Rosie, and Toledo relatives of Klickie’s often, as well as Olive, Bessie, Marie and Clyde in Akron. We also saw the Spears, the Busses, the Gemmels, the Poages, Gen. Bush, the Plueddemans, the Tylers, the Griffiths, the Bolenders, and the Robert Thorntons at our house, as well as at theirs. We also “did” the Mammoth Cave, Chicago, Wash. DC, and Sault Ste. Marie.

Our grandchildren were a constant source of interest and pride. Each of our four children had two children—for a total of eight grandchildren, four girls and four boys. They came to see us, and of course we went to see them. They all did well in schools, getting high grades, and made their parents—and grandparents—very proud of them. Fortunately they all have remained healthy.

OUR OVERSEAS TRAVELS, WORLDWIDE, BY AIR AND SEA

Klickie and I evidently had travel "in our blood." As a United Airlines stewardess, she had flown across the United States a number of times. As an Air Force transport pilot I had also covered much of the USA in the early forties. During WW II I had flown to North Africa, and had covered much of North Africa and the Mediterranean, from Cairo to Casablanca. Then on to Sicily and Italy, the British Isles and the countries of Western Europe. After the war, I had made a number of trips, to England, France, Germany, Italy, Greece, and Turkey as a member of OSD and JCS study groups and committees.

Our overseas travels together began in 1960 when our family moved to Greece for three years where I was Executive Officer of the Joint US Military Advisory Group to Greece. For the next forty years we covered much of the World, including Europe, the Mediterranean, the Holy Lands, Turkey, the countries of North Africa, the Azores, Madeira, the Canary Islands, Bermuda, almost all of South and Central America, Canada, Alaska, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Macau, China, Thailand, Sumatra, Singapore, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, Tahiti, Hawaii, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Switzerland, Japan, and Korea.

We have visited seventy countries and as many islands around the world, in all the continents and in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean and in the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. We have been to England, France, Germany, Italy, Hawaii, and Hong Kong each a number of times. In all our 60 overseas trips we flew on various airlines—American, Delta, United, Northwest, Air South, TWA, Pan-Am, British Airways, KLM, Sabena, Varig, Alitalia, Air France, SAS, Swiss Air, Lufthansa, and a number of in-country airlines. About half the flights were for land trips, and half were to ports for cruises.

We had several cruises in the early 1960s, from Greece, to the Greek islands and to Turkey. One was to Italy on the last cruise of the US military transport, the Geiger. We were fortunate to be able to board the US Independence at Naples, Italy, with our family, for our trip home from Greece. We had other cruises in the Western Mediterranean and into the Atlantic to the Canaries, Madeira, Casablanca, Agadir (to Taraudant), and back to Tangier, Gibraltar, Monte Carlo, etc. A cruise on the fiftieth anniversary of D-Day, France, was from several ports in Portugal and France to ports in the Irish sea, Scotland and England, thence to Southampton and London, for the D-Day celebration. Our cousins, Bob and Lizza Thornton were along.

We went through the Panama Canal twice, visiting ports in Central America and ports in the Caribbean. A favorite port was Acapulco, Mexico, visited with the Bolenders. The near-sea-level San Blas Islands, and old pirate town, Cartagena, Colombia, were interesting. Another trip was out of Los Angeles to Acapulco, visiting Cabo San Lucas and Mexican Riviera resort towns. Twice, in different years, we cruised around the Hawaiian Islands, out of Honolulu—always enjoyable. The Powells and Sutphins were with us on one trip. One trip was aboard the Constitution, and the other was aboard our old friend, the Independence. One more trip in the Pacific was on the Island Princess, returning from our visit to Alaska. We stopped at Seward, Skagway, and Ketchikan, before docking at Vancouver, where we were able to visit the Canadian EXPO-86 for several days. Alaska, with its beautiful scenery, was enjoyable. We saw the Pipeline, took a river ride, enjoyed Fairbanks, saw wild animals at Denali and Mt. McKinley, rode the glass-roofed train to Anchorage, watched seals, icebergs and glaciers, and enjoyed the company of the Powells.

THE CARIBBEAN SEA—CRUISE PARADISE

Fifteen of our overseas cruises, half the total, were to the Caribbean. If the Bahamas are included, the total is eighteen. We have departed from Miami, Fort Lauderdale, San Juan PR, and New Orleans. We have sailed on Cunard, Royal Cruise Line, Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, Celebrity, Princess, Holland America, and Costa Line ships. Over the years the ships have gotten bigger, more stable, more palatial, with many more entertainment and other features, better organization, better food service, better passenger service, etc. We have preferred Holland America, but today competition has resulted in many deluxe cruise ships and somewhat lower prices.

The weather in the Caribbean is a cruiser's delight. It abounds with beautiful, sunny, clear days, year-round. Temperatures in the winter are balmy, and in the summer are tempered with gentle breezes. The seas are usually calm or with gentle swells, and the new, large ships have very effective stabilizers. Bad weather is quite rare, and even the occasional hurricanes in late summer and fall can easily be avoided using radar and powerful engines.

We have visited nearly thirty of the larger Caribbean islands that have suitable ports. Most of them have airports today, so they can be reached from Florida, Central or South America, and can provide air evacuation in the event of an emergency. Most of these islands have beautiful resort hotel and restaurant facilities for extended visits—or honeymoons!

What a wonderful array of experiences are found in the Caribbean islands! There are abundant and beautiful flowers, trees and other vegetations, some rare, some tropical, and some not found in the USA. The native music, reggae, steel bands, etc., are pleasant. The shopping experiences are well known—jewelry, clothing, beverages, and much more. The historical, military, naval, marine, geographical and colonial evidences are multitudinous.

Do you want to see a large turtle farm? A very expansive cave? Aquariums with dazzling brilliantly colored, even grotesque, sea-life? Tremendous and ancient fortifications where invasion forces were repelled—or not? Innumerable manufacturers and purveyors of cloth, clothing, jewelry, watches, decorations, whiskeys and wines—often native to the Islands? Delicious sea foods and other indigenous foods served to the taste? A staggering variety of money and coins—though the USA dollar is always welcome? No end of taxis and minibuses ready and willing to take you anywhere, for a few dollars? Beautiful fruits and vegetables, spices, nuts and other produce in picturesque markets? Pleasant and attractive natives, clad and adorned in various fashions, eager to help—and sell to tourists? Unique ancient and modern buildings, monuments, streets, signs, and other visible evidences of societies, local as well as remnants of colonial days? White, sandy beaches on all seafronts, often isolated and with shells and marine life native to the area?

All these things and a thousand others are to be found on the Caribbean islands. We have enjoyed San Juan, with its wonderful old fortifications; St. Thomas with its duty-free shops; St. Martin/Maarten, with its French and Dutch atmospheres and extensive beaches; Antigua, with its English Harbor and Nelson's Dockyard.; Guadeloupe, with its French culture; St. Kitts, with its massive Brimstone Hill Fortress and its extensive grassy panorama; Martinique with its French perfumes and boutiques and the ruins of the former capital St. Pierre, destroyed by Mont Pelee eruption in 1902; Barbados with its aquarium, large cave, and British atmosphere; Grenada with its spices and evidence of US intervention in 1983-4; the ABC islands—Aruba, Bonaire, and Curacao—with their Netherlands customs, beautiful weather and beaches, and especially the multi-colored buildings and the swing bridge across the bay at Curacao. Colorful Jamaica, wealthy Grand Cayman, Cozumel, and Key West must be included in our memories.

WHAT CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS HATH WROUGHT

Christopher Columbus first sailed to the Caribbean Islands in 1492—five hundred-plus years ago. His last visit was in 1503. Of the many Caribbean islands we visited, Columbus was the discoverer of seventeen, and several more were discovered by his sons or brother. He really covered the Caribbean in his three small wooden sailing ships! A very few of the islands were settled in the next few years, partly because of the unfriendly and warlike Carib Indians. (The other main tribe were the friendly Arawaks, who were largely wiped out by the Caribs.) The vacuum was taken advantage of by Pirates, whose primary desire was to seize ships laden with South American gold and jewelry. With some exceptions, major settlement of the islands by Europeans did not begin until 150 years later, when the European countries realized what glorious opportunities were to be found there.

The settlements were by the British, the French, The Dutch, the Spanish, the Portuguese, the Danes, and the USA. For several hundred years these countries, especially ones with large navies, vied for possession of the more desirable islands, and the actual control of an island in some cases changed hands many times, before ownership was settled by force or by treaty. This resulted in the building of a considerable number of very imposing forts and fortresses, most often at the entrance of important harbors. Many of the fortifications still exist today, and are visited by great numbers of tourists, as they explore the islands.

In addition to sport fishing, for marlin and the like, there is snorkeling, scuba diving, swimming, coral reef exploring, underwater aquariums, glass-bottom boat trips, underwater submarine trips, and exhibition boat cruises in local waters. And ashore, there are museums, art exhibitions, displays, parades, carnivals and other activities, and church celebrations and religious commemorations. All these, in hopes of attracting more tourists to Caribbean Islands!

Our three cruises to the Bahamas, out of Miami, were weekend trips of three or four days. They involved stops at Nassau, Freeport, and an "out island," for swimming, sun-bathing, and picnic food and drinks. On one occasion, it included Key West, Florida—a great place to visit and see the many things of interest there. The first of the three trips was aboard the "Nordic Empress," to celebrate the reunion of the "Clipped Wings," retired United Airline stewardesses, of which Klickie was a member. The second trip, in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of Klickie and me, was also aboard the "Nordic Empress." Seventeen members of our family joined us for this cruise, and it was a wonderful and joyful occasion. The third cruise to the Bahamas (and Key West), aboard the "Majesty of the Seas," included nineteen members of our family, and was in celebration of Klickie's 80th birthday.

These were all joyous occasions, with lots of friends and relatives, in great weather, to interesting ports, with great shipboard facilities and food. Our children and grand-children flew to Miami from Dallas, Denver, Cleveland, Boston, Philadelphia, Augusta, and Birmingham, with scarcely a hitch. Of course it all took lots of planning, coordination, money—and effort by travel agents—but it all worked out, and was well worthwhile. We were especially happy that our family members, who live so far apart, were able to have so much fun together and to get to know each other better. We still think about it all, with much pleasure.

In reviewing our many trips, in addition to our delightful cruises, we recall with fond memories our trip to the USSR before "the wall" came down; to Australia, New Zealand, Tahiti and Fiji; to Taiwan, Hong Kong, China, Thailand, and Singapore in Asia; to South America; to Alaska; to No. Africa; to Germany and Central Europe; to France and Western Europe; as well as our many trips to Greece, England, and Hawaii. All these, of course, in addition to our tours by car to all the forty-eight contiguous states of the good old United States!

REMINISCENCES AND COMMENTS

There have been many CHANGES in our world since the beginning of the century of powered flight in 1903, and in my case, since my birth eighty–six years ago. The development of the small gasoline-powered engine played a large part. In my youth the horse was the main source of power. Horse-drawn wagons delivered groceries, coal and ice in the cities, and horses were the mainstay on farms, for plowing, etc. Horses were used to dig basements for buildings, and for hauling. I remember a 50-horse stable near downtown Akron used for the horses of the Klages Coal and Ice Company. Automobiles, motorized buses and trucks were few. My father had a "Pathfinder" touring car in 1921—it had a canvas top, and no side windows. It was not very dependable.

My first flight was in a Cub-type airplane with an engine of forty-horsepower (where did that word come from?). On that flight I felt there was nothing beneath me. But I soon became accustomed to the bumpy rides. The plane had plexi-glass windows. (No plastics or safety-glass yet.) At Primary Flying School at Ocala, Florida, we flew open-air fixed-gear stubby-looking Stearman biplanes. To start the engine, a man stood outside and "pulled the prop" through several times, then yelled, "Contact," whereupon the pilot turned on the ignition key, and the man gave the prop a good pull and quickly stepped away, hoping the engine would start. One plane I flew in England had a hand-crank momentum-driven starter, and brakes actuated by thumb-buttons on the pilot wheel. (Really crazy!) Electrical starters, metal fuselages and wings, retractable landing gear, wing flaps, more powerful engines, etc., came along relatively quickly. Jet engines were hardly a factor, though, until the end of WW II, and ejection seats, swept-wings and supersonic flight were post-war developments for US Air Force aircraft.

HEALTH was a significant factor during my early years. Perhaps because of crowded schools and insufficient ventilation in those days, contagious diseases really made the rounds and many children—and adults—suffered from diseases hardly known in today's life. I had whooping cough, measles, mumps, chicken pox, influenza, etc., at different times. My sisters and brother had scarlet fever and typhoid fever at other times. These diseases would result in a Sanitation Official coming and posting a "Quarantine" sign on our front door, and then only my father would be allowed to come and go. I don't know that all those diseases had a long-term effect upon my health. Maybe I developed some immunities from them. At any rate, most of those diseases, and others, have long since been wiped out, thank goodness. Through most of my adult life I have enjoyed good health, and I suppose that I can thank my heritage as well as fairly good living habits for that. Surely Klickie's thoughtful and intelligent meal-planning has been a great help.

COURAGE and FEAR are important factors, especially for a military person. In the course of my career, I have encountered dozens, maybe hundreds, of potentially dangerous situations. I have been shot at in Sicily, Italy, France, Holland, Belgium and Germany. I have had tracer bullets just outside of my cockpit window, and have seen the puffs of "ack-ack" explosions nearby. I have encountered incoming enemy artillery shells in Holland and Belgium. I have been in several European cities and in London when German V-1 and V-2 missiles were incoming. I was in London at times of severe German wartime aerial "blitzes."

I have landed in grassy or unprepared fields in North Africa, France, Holland, Belgium, and Germany. I have had four instances of engine failure (single-engine operations), several on take-off, with loads. I have had cases where my landing gear wouldn't lock down for landing, and a case where my co-pilot pulled up the gear before I "cleared the runway."

Once, my hydraulic pressure container exploded, and several times my hydraulic pressure was low. I have had a number of "warning lights," due to low fuel pressure. On two occasions I have "lost" both engines for lack of fuel, due to inaccurate fuel-pressure gauges. Once I had an electrical fire, with smoke, while I was leading a large formation of planes. Once a camel started to cross my runway as I was landing.

On innumerable occasions I have been flying in extremely severe weather conditions, with strong, bumpy winds, lightning, and icing, several times in the vicinity of high mountains. Once my plane was hit by lightning. A number of times I have had to "sweat-out" conditions of very low clouds and fog at my landing destinations. Several times I have had to take off from icy and snowy runways, and several times I have had to land on icy runways.

On all of these occasions, through skill or providence, I was able to avoid disaster, and get back on the ground safely, with no damage to any of my planes. Nor did any of my planes get hit with bullets or explosive shells. Of course with these many situations I had concerns, in recognizing possible danger. I never felt terror or panic, and always examined the situation, considered my alternatives, and took action to overcome the emergency.

In addition to overcoming the possible adverse consequences of fear, courage also connotes an adherence to the "mission," or objective, in the fulfillment of the task at hand, even in the face of possible danger. (When danger is "staring you in the face," that is no time to "lose your head!") I always tried to give first priority to fulfilling my mission.

MONEY may not be a subject to bring up in social gatherings, but it certainly is a matter of great consequence in modern life. No one who lived through the "great depression" of the 1930s can fail to know the differences in having some and having hardly any! Pennies may have relatively little value today, but they surely did then. What this tells us is the

desirability of qualifying for and doing well in a job of value to society, although of course advancing the needs of society is also desirable for other reasons. (Participating in Parent-Teacher Organizations, in Scout and Youth organizations, in community organizations, in voting and poll-working, in Church functions, in retired and other ex-military groups, and the like, all contribute to a better functioning society. Klickie and I have done all of these things, and more.)

But with the constant rising of prices, inflation causes it to be necessary to look ahead and find ways of increasing one's capital, in order to meet rising costs of education, medicine, housing, clothing, food, charity, and the many other costs of daily life. Of course, all persons need to have a mental, if not written, plan for saving and increasing their worth. There are multitudinous ways of trying to achieve sufficient wealth, and we are constantly being bombarded with letters, ads, brochures, etc., toward this end. However, simply stated, it is necessary to save regularly and invest wisely in really solid investments, and to avoid wasteful expenditures and imprudent investments.

EDUCATION, formal or informal, is an absolutely imperative achievement in our dramatically changing society of today. It becomes obvious that a person cannot cease to engage in educational activities, whether in schools or otherwise. Educational degrees are of value, but other activities toward educational achievement are also necessary. Probably the most significant capability and involvement is reading. Fortunately, libraries, books, brochures, magazines, and the electronic media are readily available. It is also necessary to promote and advance the cause of education for our children and for society. It is a continuing and never-ending requirement for us all.

THE AMAZING FIRST CENTURY OF POWERED FLIGHT

The airspeed of the Wright Brothers' first flight, I have calculated, was about 40 miles per hour. The airspeed necessary to maintain earth orbit is 25,000 MPH. We have achieved that and more, in sending satellites into space, to the moon and beyond. Who knows what other amazing achievements will be reached in centuries to come? In the earth's atmosphere there is so much "drag" that it is not possible to achieve ultra-high speeds. However, Yeager and others have reached speeds of mach 2 to 3. (Faster at higher levels where air is thinner.) In the future, extra-orbital flight speeds of much higher dimensions may be reached with new engines using ionic, plasma, or other propulsion.

Airline aircraft are sub-sonic, but may achieve fairly high sub-sonic speeds by taking advantage of favorable winds. Fuel cost is a factor in holding speeds down. In the future, with engines that can operate efficiently at much higher altitudes, higher passenger aircraft speeds may be feasible. Passenger costs per mile have been reduced by increasing passenger loads to 400 or more passengers. Loading and off-loading problems and safety concerns, etc., stand in the way of greater passenger loads. Air travel has grown so much that our skies nationwide are full of thousands of aircraft high over our heads. Weather and traffic-control problems, terrorist threats, and some reluctance of people to fly since 9-11, may hold down further large increases in air travel. Recent reduced totals of flying passengers have resulted in the bankruptcy of several airlines. These problems are receiving the attention of researchers in the many fields of aviation, in hopes of enabling even larger numbers of people in the future to fly with safety, convenience and comfort.

Needless to say, the Wright Brothers would have been utterly astounded at the magnitude of the aviation developments and achievements within the First Century of Powered Flight!

[Clark Thornton distributed the previous pages, to p. 205, in paper form to several relatives. He also compiled eight appendices in paper form that may appear here in a future edition.]

APPENDICES

Appendices A through H consist of letters of commendation and appreciation, selected military effectiveness reports, and awards and decorations, presented to or concerning the author. They cover a twenty-year period of his post-war military service, from 1950 to 1970, as follows:

Appendix A. 1950-1954. Weapons Systems Evaluation Group, Office of the Secretary of Defense, the Pentagon, Washington, DC

Appendix B. 1954-1955. South Korea, the 6146th Air Force Advisory Group to the Republic of Korea Air Force

Appendix C. 1955-1960. The Air Force Air Proving Ground Command, Eglin Air Force Base, Florida

Appendix D. 1960-1963. Executive Officer. The Joint United States Military Advisory Group to Greece

Appendix E. 1963-1966. Special Assistant for Military Assistance Affairs, Organization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Pentagon, Washington, DC

Appendix F. 1966-1970. Air Force Reserve Officers Training Corps, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

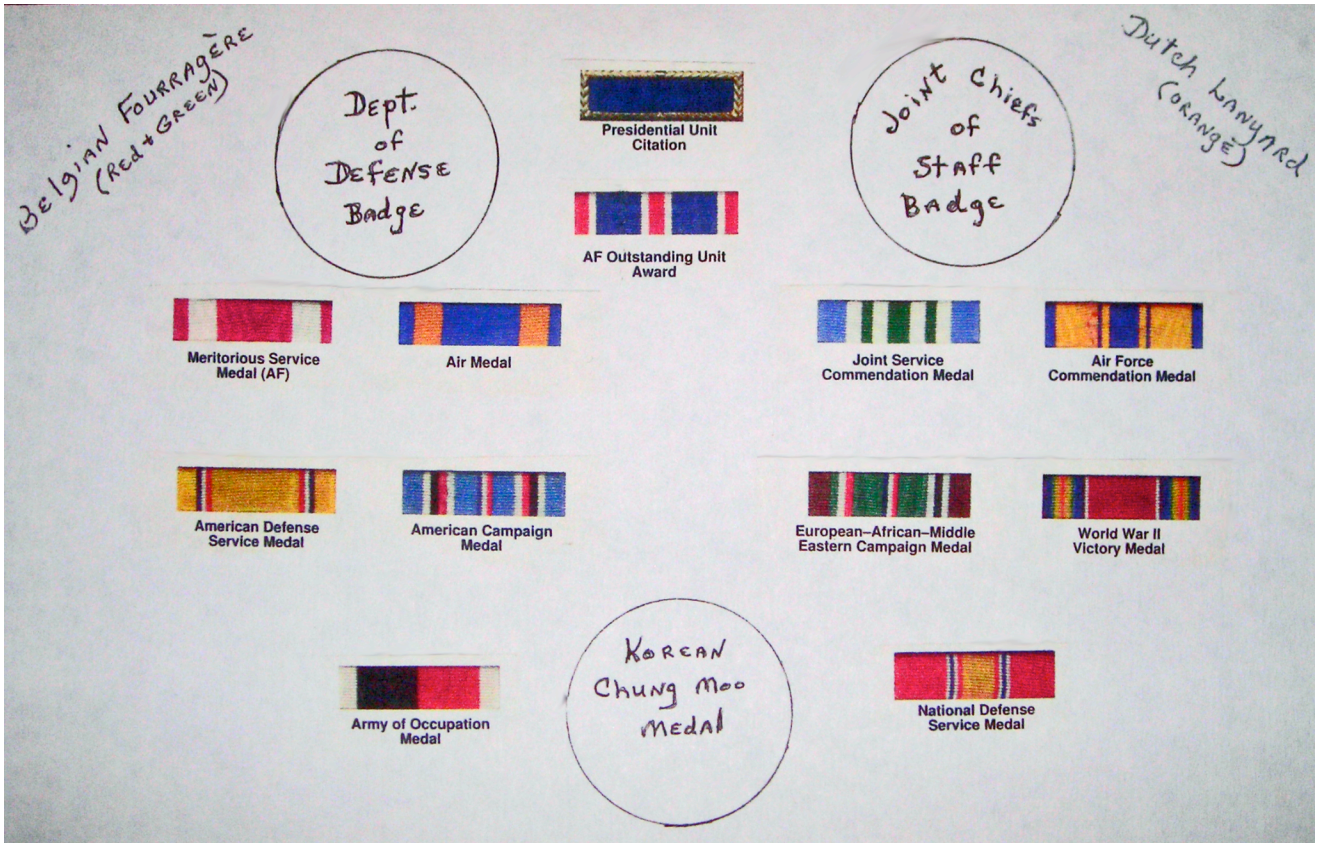
Appendix G. August, 1970. United States Air Force Retirement, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Appendix H. Pictures of shadow boxes containing the author's medals and decorations, with descriptions

Appendix H

Pictures of shadow boxes containing the author's medals and decorations, with descriptions, taken by Bill Thornton, 6 Feb., 2008.

Decorations - see legend, next page.



Decorations legend for previous page, created by Klickie Thornton.

Insignia. Sides, from top – Colonel, Lt. Col., Maj., Capt., 1st Lt., 2nd Lt., Army officer aviation collar insignia, Army (l.) & AF (r.) officer U.S. collar insignia.
Center, from top – Air Force officer hat badge, USAF Command Pilot, USAF Senior Pilot, AAC/AF Pilot, Korean AF Pilot, ID "dog" tag, reading (see next page):

CLARK O THORNTON
0-789*93* T43 O
MRS WM B WAUGH
681 W MARKET ST.
AKRON, OHIO P

Editor's notes
First Digital Edition, 2008

This digital edition comprises all chapters written by Clark Thornton, CT. It attempts to preserve appearance, like pagination, headers, and margins. As minimally as possible, it makes a few text changes, mostly typographic or punctuation corrections for legibility.
-Tom Thornton, May., 2008

Cover: the date of the football photo is hand-written on a photocopy.

Forward: Clarence "Red" Talmadge Sharpton (1913-2006) was at U of Ala., 1958-1978, Professor of Admin. and Higher Education, later VP. See also p. 192.

b. At the time of CT's death, 25 Aug., 2004, he had two great-grandchildren.

Contents: The Contents shows eight Appendices, seven of which are yet unavailable digitally. CT's intention was "to present letters of commendation and appreciation, selected military effectiveness reports, and awards and decorations presented to or concerning the author" to cover a twenty year period of his post-war military service, from 1950 to 1970.

2. Greensburg High School is south of Akron, very near the 1946 Akron-Canton airport. See also p. 107.

2. Akron Airport, 1929, is now known as Akron Fulton Airport. See also pp. 81, 86.

3. The origin of "have slipped the surly bonds of earth," is the first verse of John Gillespie Magee, "High Flight." It is the official poem of the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F. and memorized by U.S.A.F. Academy cadets.

3. See also p. 110. The Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 became the first peacetime conscription in U.S. history, and required that men between the ages of 21 and 30 register with local draft boards.

4. The Douglas C-47 or DC-3 is a two-engine plane with a range of 1500 miles.

5. Shaver Summit is now named Chiriaco Summit. It was headquarters of the 18,000 square mile California/Arizona Maneuver Area established by Gen. George S. Patton.

5. Major Carr is probably (later Brig. Gen.) Lawrence J. Carr:
http://www.af.mil/bios/bio.asp?bioID=9888

5. Hester Dews is deceased, but her brother moved to Northport and was a CT pallbearer.

4-9. North Africa Chronology - CT is based in Ocala, as mentioned on p. 3, at 7 Dec., 1941, Pearl Harbor Day, and for the rest of Dec. and Jan., while Rommel counterattacks UK in Africa and first US troops arrive in Britain. Kasserine Pass is 19 Jan., 1942. In Feb. & Mar., 1942, CT is in Sumter, then Apr. & May in Valdosta. After Opn. Vulcan, Axis surrenders Tunisia 13 May. June, when Rommel captures Tobruk, to mid-July, CT is in Battle Creek. Pope Field (now Pope AFB), Fayetteville, NC, is mid-July to late Aug.

Therefore, his Stuttgart assignment is late Aug. to Oct. From Sept. to Nov., the Allies break Rommel, and Operation Torch to invade Morocco and Algeria begins 8 Nov. Axis surrenders Africa 13 Mar., 1943. At this point CT spends "a few weeks," certainly into February, in Stuttgart; then presumably the rest of his time, until May, 1943, at Pope. His stay in Algeria must begin in early June.

9. Borinquen Field is now Ramey Air Force Base.

9. British Guiana is now the independent nation of Guyana.

11. Lourmel, Algeria is now El Amria.

11. "Ground-loop," see also p. 18. To "drag it" means a low, slow approach.

12. Bizerte, Tunisia is now Banzart. Bone, Algeria is now Annaba. Phillipeville, Algeria is now Skikda.

12. The military "R&R" is "rest and relaxation."

12. Regarding the "Prince of Wales," this occurred in 1936. King Edward VII abdicated the throne to marry Wallis Simpson and become Prince Edward, Duke of Windsor.

13. The Chicago World's Fair was 1933.

13-17. Italy Chronology – In Sicily, Opn. Husky, it is not clear which troop units jump from the 53rd TCSq of the 61st TCG. CT does not mention the 82nd Abn Div. until p. 15, Paestum, but it is clear that on 9 July, 1942, *some* paratroopers are 82nd:

> On the night of July 9–10, more than three thousand paratroopers in four battalions were to parachute onto several vital road junctions outside Gela to forestall Axis counterattacks against the 1st Division landing beaches. Leading this assault was the dashing Colonel James Maurice Gavin. … Gavin and his men had clambered aboard 226 C-47 Dakotas near Kairouan.
>
> -Rick Atkinson, The Day of Battle, Holt, 2007.

These battalions are in the 505th Parachute Infantry Regiment, reinforced with the 3rd Btn, 504th. On 11 July, the remainder of the 504th parachute in through friendly fire. The 82nd leads Patton's 8th Army across 150 miles in five days. Ground operations by Patton take Palermo by 22 July, Mussolini falls 25 July, and Montgomery's 7th Army takes Messina by 17 Aug. The 61st Gp. moves to Licata on 1 Sept. On 9 Sept., Gen Clark's 5th Army launches Opn. Avalanche with an amphibious landing at Salerno that requires a 13 Sept. drop on Paestum of Col Reuben Tucker's 504th combat team, without the 3rd Btn. On 14 Sept., the 505th jumps. 6 Oct., the 61st Gp. moves to Sciacca. Throughout Sept. and Oct. the 82nd is in the Campania area, is the first unit to enter Naples, advances and clears north to the Volturno River, and sails for England.

For 82nd history, see:
http://www.lonesentry.com/gi_stories_booklets/82ndairborne/index.html
http://www.globalsecurity.org/military/agency/army/82abn-history.htm

17. The canned "foamite" was fire-extinguishing material.

20. Valley Field is on the island of Anglesey and now called RAF Valley.

20. Barkston Heath is in Lincolnshire, now near the A1.

20. Prestwick is now Glasgow Prestwick International Airport, dating to 1913! It was a major destination of Lend Lease airplanes, and became the terminus of the North Atlantic ferry route set by the Army Air Corps Ferrying Command.

21. Miller went down Dec. 15, 1944 in a C-64 Norseman. See also p. 32.

22. A Quonset hut is a lightweight prefabricated corrugated steel structure having a semicircular cross section. The name comes from its site of first manufacture, Quonset Point, at the Davisville Naval Construction Battalion Center, North Kingstown, RI).

25-28. Normandy Chronology –2000H, 5 June, Opn. Neptune, assault groups depart English airports. 2200H, Abn start flights. 0005H, 6 June, allies bomb coastal batteries. 0010H, reconnaissance paratroopers drop. 0020H, Opn. Pegasus, British commandos drop to take Orne bridges. 0100H 82nd Abn begins drop at Ste Mere Eglise. 0130H 101st Abn begins drop at Vierville and British 6th Abn drop east of Orne.

Barkston Heath paratroopers are the 507th PIR, 2nd and 3rd Btns, according to G. H. Bennett, Destination Normandy: Three American Regiments on D-Day, Greenwood, 2006. They drop at 0230 or 0240 near Amfreville, Manche (see Neptune Debriefing Conference). Opn. Overlord - 0630H, U.S. assaults Utah and Omaha beaches; 0725H British land at Gold and Sword, Canadians at Juno. By midnight some assaults reach 11 miles inland, but the 82nd struggled west to cut the peninsula c. 15 July.

29. "After D-Day" a Distinguished Unit Citation went to the 61st TCG for "France, [6-7] Jun, 1944." See:
http://usaaf.com/9thaf/Troop/61TC.htm

30. "All four squadrons" comprised: 14th; 15th; 53rd; and 59th. See:
http://www.ninth-airforce.co.uk/troop_carriers.htm

Each 53rd plane had a squadron code of 3A, painted behind the cockpit. The codes were sometimes in yellow and sometimes in white, perhaps varying by squadron or time.

30. The Division G-3 Section is the General Staff Level Office for Operations and Plans.

30. Leicester is not far from Barkston Heath, now on the M1.

30ff. Later, John Norton advanced to Lt. Gen. See:
http://www.washingtonpost.com/wp-dyn/articles/A253-2004Dec14.html

30ff. Later, Robert H. Wienecke advanced to Maj. Gen., commanded the 2nd Inf. Rgt., and died at 71, Feb. 5, 1975 in Ventura, Calif.

32. The 51st Troop Carrier Wing was a special detachment of three TC groups, the 60th, 62nd and 64th, that airdropped supplies to irregular forces operating in the Balkans.

35-49. Holland Chronology – After Sept., 1944, when CT with the 82nd Division begins the liberation of Eindhoven and Nijmegen, the campaign pushes north by the First Canadian Army on the left, the British Second Army in the center, and the Ninth U.S. Army on the right. During Oct., Soviet troops capture Estonia, Poland and Latvia, and French capture Strasburg. On 11 Nov. the 82nd is relieved by Canadian troops after 56 days of combat, and it goes to Sissone.

36. British Airborne Division Commander was Maj. Gen. Robert (Roy) Elliott Urquhart.

37a. The CG4A was the Waco Glider. Picture credits below.

39b. This autograph appears on a dedication page of the book: W. Forrest "Buck" Dawson, ed., Saga of the All American, 82nd Airborne Division Assoc., 1946. Middle picture on p. 37a appears in that volume p. 133, bottom one on p. 201. The top of 68a, Palace of the Grand Duke at Ludwigslust, is on p. 325.

41. Tucker and March (p. 50) received medals from King George in Gavin's presence as depicted by Barbara Gavin Fauntleroy at http://www.505rct.org/memories.asp. Klickie Thornton, OKT, says Tucker became Commandant of Cadets of the Citadel.

43. "Grave loop" must refer to the bird's eye view of the former bend of the Maas River, mentioned as the "cut-off loop" on p. 41, above. This was at the B.82 Airfield, near Keent and Grave, Holland. In Charles Hutchinson Young, Into the Valley, PrintComm, 1995, Troop Carrier Command discovered the field 21 Sept., and used it only before 26 Sept. when the field became a fighter base! Thanks to Jan Bos, historian, Nijmegen.

44. "MATS" is an acronym at least after 1948 used for the "Military Air Transport Service," here possibly an anachronism.

44. Van Poyck, Capt. Walter S., has some web mentions as Easy Company commander.

47. RAF Museum catalogs 2001 handwritten notes of "Memoirs of Sgt. Hazel Bowling, 1939-1945." Hendon Archives, Object Number X002-5779/001.

50. Brig. Gen. Francis "Andy" March commanded the 320th Glider Field Artillery Battalion according to http://www.ww2-airborne.us/units/320/320.html.

51. Dr. Michael DeBakey proposed the MASH units that were established, reportedly, in Aug., 1945.

52. An Akron Beacon-Journal 19 July, 2001, obituary for Richard L. "Dick" Matthew, 79, mentions his "ex-wife Betty Lantz of Akron." See also p. 77. OKT says Betty Lantz divorced him and as of May, 2008, still lives in Akron.

53. Gellhorn was still, loosely, married to Hemingway until 1945. It is accepted lore that she had an affair with Gen. Gavin. That may have provided her access to areas of the Bulge fighting. She wrote a "Saturday Evening Post" 82nd Sicily account and a Holland narrative in "Collier's – The American Weekly."

54. McAuliffe's later Bastogne, Belgium (Bulge) surrender refusal was, "Nuts."

56. Barbara Gavin Fauntleroy has remembered some stories about her father at http://www.505rct.org/memories.asp. She quotes a Bulge letter from him:

> Daddy wrote on December 31st, "My aide Capt Olsen was hit again, this time shrapnel in the legs. …"

More references name him as Hugo Olson. See Gen. James Gavin, On to Berlin, Viking, 1978, p. 116. OKT remembers that BGF was the daughter who owned the car he and OKT drove back after Korea (see p. 136), but her name at that time was not Fauntleroy.

61. Brig. Gen. Harold L. Clark commanded the 52nd Troop Carrier Wing at RAF Cottesmore. See:
http://www.af.mil/bios/bio.asp?bioID=9890
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/IX_Troop_Carrier_Command

62. Sulfanilamide, or sulfa, pills were the first antimicrobial drugs.

66. Ludwigslust is (as is next page, Blackede) in the former GDR, 50 miles from Lubeck.

69. The concentration camp was Wöbbelin.

72. Maj. Gen. Paul L. Williams became operational commander of the IX Troop Carrier Command from Feb., 1944, to July, 1945. See:
http://www.af.mil/bios/bio.asp?bioID=7601

72. There is a record of the Marine Panther sailing Le Havre to New York, Jul. 13, 1945:
http://ww2troopships.com/crossings/1945b.htm

76. Atabrine was one of the first synthetic quinine substitutes.

77. SPAR stood for "Semper Paratus, Always Ready." The Kansas State Historical Society military records show a nurse Betty Lantz, SPAR from Eureka.

78. Maj. (later, Lt. Col.) Joseph H. "Joe" Griffith, is from Youngstown. He and CT were in primary training (Montgomery?) together, were in the 9 July, 1943, Sicily "moonlight" flight, and CT was the best man for Joe & Ruth's wedding. See also p. 194.

78. North American Aviation T-6 Texan, the USAAC called the "AT-6." It was an "advanced trainer," with a crew of two (student and instructor), used mostly to train fighter pilots.

79. Milton Reynolds introduced the ballpoint pen to the United States.

82. Rudd Otto was a partner in Behr, Otto, Abbs & Austin (advertising, having produced many radio commercials), according to Ernest W. Baker, A 50-Year Adventure in the Advertising Business, Wayne State U. Press, 1999.

82. Sam Shobert started a Mishawaka company that developed the first plastic car fender and expanded into fishing equipment. Deceased, his widow Patricia is in South Bend.

89. Larry Manship – see p. 83.

90. Cy Thornton has three surviving Federal Land Grants to George Adam Rex signed by secretaries to Madison and Jackson. The Jay C. Steese The Thornton Story, 1840-1959, private genealogy says John Thornton purchased from Rex the north half of a "section."

90. Charles Arthur Thornton is listed as born on 10 Jan., 1871, in both Steese and on CAT's death certificate. Steese has Corabel born 4 Mar., 1879. See note 107, below.

95. Bessie and Wally Offutt, according to her genealogy, were married 23 Jan., 1934.

95. "The farm on Merriman Road" is so far unidentified, perhaps at the south terminus of Merriman at West Market Street. Note that on p. 104 they have moved to 633 W. Market.

95. Warren Harding had died in 1923.

96,7. Margaret Park Church is 732 Russell Ave. Margaret Park School is 1413 Manchester Rd. In the 1930 census Corabel (written Rosabel) and children live at an illegible street name "Hi _ _," OKT remembers a High Street, but this is probably 1495 Hite Street, where Charles Thornton lived at the obituary of Phoebe Ritter, Mrs. Levi Thornton. Perhaps this is the "Summit Hill" residence?

100ff. Edwin P. Plueddmann became a noted Libby, then Dow, chemist. See:
Obituary - Edwin P. "Ed" Plueddemann
International Journal of Adhesion and Adhesives, Volume 12, Issue 1, Jan., 1992, p. 59

102. Isaly's is best known for inventing the Klondike bar, but the company also operated hundreds of dairy stores across Ohio and western Pa:
http://www.brianbutko.com/isaly.html

107. Charles Thornton's death certificate shows principal cause of death as "General Arteriosclerosis, Date of onset: 1929" with a related cause of "Hypostatic Pneumonia, Date of onset: 3/6/40." The death occurs at Fair Oaks Villa, a sanitarium used in the teens by Dr. Bob who founded AA, but the residence is "Congress Hotel."

108. Plymouth – see p. 89.

111. For "earlier manuscript," see the military career described on p. 2.

113. Gen. Julius Kahn Lacey was commandant of the Air Tactical School from June, 1947, to July, 1950. See also p. 116 and:
http://www.af.mil/bios/bio.asp?bioID=6574

115. Emil L. "Slug" and Ranny Sluga, friends from Ohio, met at Tyndall, are deceased. See also pp. 116, 161.

116. Brig. Gen. Bernie Hughes, see also p. 150, passed away in 2007 in Colorado Springs.

116. Col. Carroll H. "Rip" Bolender was later Brig. Gen. and Deputy Director of Development in the Apollo program. See also pp. 129, 139, 168, 194. Deceased.

118. Col. Bill Savoie had commanded the 792nd Bomber Squadron, when his "O'Reilly's Daughter" B-29 was shot down into China returning from the Yawata raid. See "The Story of the Billy Mitchell 468th" in the New England Air Museum.

118. Regarding a WSEG "tactical nuclear attack" study – one finds two hints. There is a citation of "A Study on the Tactical Use of the Atomic Bomb" in "Atomic Warfare," by the Analysis of Military Assistance Program, Operations Research Office, The Johns Hopkins University, ORO-R-3, 21 Jan., 1950, Part III, Appendix B, p. 167, USACGSC 16454, 19-L. Secondly, Gavin wrote "The Tactical Use of the Atomic Bomb," Combat Forces Journal, Nov., 1950, pp. 9-11.

121. Family lore has it that Mary and Tom were delivered in the same room in the same rude ward.

121. Note that the Korean armistice, the ceasefire agreement, was signed 27 July, 1953.

123. The Douglas DC-4 is a four-engine plane with a range of 4,250 miles.

124. Taegu is in south-central Korea.

125. Lt. Col. Hal Doughty, a former fighter pilot, lived in Eau Claire, Wisc. until 2007. See also pp. 131, 133, 148, 168, and 192.

126. The unit moved from Taegu. See p. 124.

129. "Special Services" was the Morale Branch of the Army.

129. For Dean Hess, see:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dean_Hess

131. MATS, see note 44.

132. Instead of "futon?" CT probably slept on tatami.

134. More accurately called "Fujisan" in Japanese. This means "Mt. Fuji." The third character of the name, "san," can be pronounced "yama" under other circumstances.

140. The new Air Force Academy did not graduate students until 1959.

140. The Lockheed T-33 is a single engine-jet with a tip-tank range of 2,000 miles. See also p. 148.

141. Robert Lee "Bob," PhD and M. K. "Lizza" Thornton. Bob's 2nd grandfather Levi was CT's grandfather, so Bob and CT are second cousins once removed. He was a fellow Chemistry student, Army officer, and a university professor at Fl. St. and Miami of Ohio. See also pp. 167, 168, 192, and 196.

145. The Bomarc missile was a joint development with US and Canada funding for Boeing and Michigan Aeronautical Research to protect against USSR bombers.

148. The Convair C-131 was a pressurized twin-engine cargo plane. The nose wheel comment differentiates it from the C-47 that has a tail-wheel.

149. McGuire AFB is in central New Jersey.

149. The Douglas DC-6 is a four-engine propeller plane with a range of 3000 miles.

149. Lt. Col. David H. and Shirley Buss remained friends for a long time, see pp. 154, 166, 186, 189, 192, 194.

150. The Newfoundland stop was Harmon AFB. OKT says Dr. De Maine's (see p. 85) daughter and son-in-law were stationed there and met us. For Prestwick, see p. 20 note.

150. Maj. Gen. Herbert J. Vanderheide lived to 85. His obituary appeared in the 30 Mar., 1989, Washington Post.

151. The Tameion Building also is known as the American Mission Building.

152. Kifissia is the legendary home of Menander. The house address was 17 Kokkinara. Herodes Atticus is said to have beautified a sanctuary to the Nymphs in the ravine of Kokkinara. The house reportedly was the WW II Kifissia Nazi headquarters, which is believable, since the ground floor study had a heavy desk with four chairs, the bottoms of which were stenciled with swastikas, and there were bullet indentations in the gate.

155. The "Thessaly region of Greece … basaltic pinnacles" is Meteora and in fact they are sandstone. See also p. 157.

160. The Gen. Walker, returned to Germany in 1995 and now demolished, was a rebuilt Nazi hotel, the Platterhoff, in Berchtesgaden/Obersalzberg. The Gen. Patton is Garmisch.

165. Eve Curie Labouisse had an extensive obituary in the 10 Oct., 2007 NY Times: http://www.nytimes.com/2007/10/25/arts/25labouisse.html
Note that Ambassador Henry Richardson Labouisse was later the executive director of Unicef, and he accepted the Nobel Peace Prize in 1965. He died in 1987.

169. Gen. William H. Blanchard was USAF inspector general and became USAF vice chief of staff.

173. Note that this Hellenic Study was appreciably before the Regime of the Colonels, at 21 Apr., 1967. Later, CT told Tom Thornton that US military and diplomatic staff had no idea of the coup possibility, but that he believed British intelligence did.

175. DIA is Defense Intelligence Agency.

179. Coach Paul W. "Bear" Bryant coached at Alabama for 25 years, winning six national titles and three during CT's tenure there. CT said he lived and breathed football, and predicted he would not live long after his retirement, as Bryant said himself, and he died in 1982, four weeks after his last game.

184. Specifically, William Clark Thornton and Ellen Jacqueline Becker wed 14 July, 1968, in Colorado Springs.

189. Tom Thornton shows Christine born on 5 May, 1971. For John Smith, see also p. 95. For Eleanor "Nonie" Brodt Thornton, who died 12 Apr., 1979, see pp. 76, 192.

190. Margie is Margaret McDuffie Lawson, Tom's partner since 1972, wife 1977-1999.

192. Specifically, Ann Marie Thornton and John Walker Field wed 22 Mar., 1980.

192. AEA is Alabama Education Association - its convention causes a school break.

192. Lt. Col. Bruce and Evie Gemmel were friends from Eglin. See also p. 194. Deceased.

192. Col. James H. and Juanita Spears and family were friends dating to Greece. He died in 1980. See also p. 194.

192. Marilyn Smith Harrington is Olive Thornton Smith's daughter, CT's niece.

193. Tom worked at South Alabama Medical School. Specific birthdates for Gabriel and Colin are 24 Sept., 1978, and 14 Nov., 1980, respectively.

194. Poages are friends from the Donna Lee Apartments in Falls Church.

194. Maj. Gen. George E. Bush is from Gallipolis, Ohio, and was CG after Vanderheide in Greece.

194. The Buck Tylers are friends from the University.

196. Dave & Lib Powells are U of AL friends.

196. The Sutphins are Mississippi friends of the Thorntons and Powells.

210. Corabel Thornton married William B. Waugh sometime before this ID tag was made. Mr. Waugh was a widower and had two children, Aldene and a son (Harold, Howard?). Aldene married Paul Folk, and they later lived with Corabel.

Editor's Index

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