

A Chronological Listing and Narration Of the Events in the Life of Thomas Edgar Wiley

Preface

As I begin this manuscript in the year 2005, I am quite mindful that I am recounting events, many of which took place fifty, sixty, seventy years ago. I occasionally wonder, not whether they happened, but if I was actually there. It is particularly difficult now to clearly separate what I actually recall from my military experiences with all that I have read about this period or seen in movies.

Fortunately I have most of my official military records, my pilot's log book, several scrapbooks of pictures and other personal records. I say that it is fortunate that I have my official military records because, in answer to an inquiry to the U.S. Army Records office in St. Louis, MO some years ago, I was notified that my Army Air Corps records were among those that had been destroyed in a fire in their warehouse.

And, I will admit to making extensive use of the following references:

1. Flying Fortress, by Edward Jablonski, published by Double Day and Company, New York, Copyright 1965. In addition to containing much information on the development, history, use and operation of the B-17, this book includes information on the Fifteenth Air Force, Gen. Nathan F. Twining, the 463rd Bombardment Group, Col. Frank Kurtz, The Swoose" and Foggia, Italy.
2. A Narrative and Pictorial History of the 463rd Bombardment Group (H), including the 772nd (My squadron although for my picture on page 185 my name is misspelled "Wylie."), 773rd, 774th and 775th Bombardment Squadrons. Narrative by Harold Rubin.
3. 772nd Bomb Squadron: The Men-The Memories of the 463rd Bomb Group (The Swoose Group), Edited by Dan Carroll, Copyright 1996, Turner Publishing Co., Paducah, KY.
4. Air Force Combat Units of World War II, Edited by Maurer Maurer, USAF Historical Division, Air University, Department of the Air Force, 1960, US Government Printing Office.
5. Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum website: http://www.nasm.si.edu/research/aero/aircraft/boeing_b17d.htm for information regarding "The Swoose" and Frank Kurtz. The original "Swoose" from the Pacific Theater is in the Smithsonian aircraft collection waiting to be reassembled and displayed.
6. Notes and biography written by my father, Thomas Corwin Wiley.
7. I also performed an occasional web search using Google.com and Ask.com.

A source of family history that I have not referred to is the Christmas letters that Mary wrote each year for many years.

And, as yet, I have not tapped into that ultimate source of all knowledge – heaven. When asked some question of which I know not the answer, I am reminded of Evangelist Billy Graham’s answer, “I don’t know the answer to that. But when I get to heaven, I’m going to ask.”

As I reminisce, I am aware that other people frequently see the same situation from a different perspective. I recall listening to my adult children a few years ago discuss a family outing of many years previous. Since I did not recognize what they were describing, I had to ask them, “When and where did that happen?”

So, for what it’s worth, take this compilation as the musings of a white-haired, eighty-year-old that is confident in his own mind and delighted in his own perceived clarity of the past.

Spring, 2005
 Thomas E. Wiley
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<u>Birthday</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Grade</u>	<u>School</u>	<u>School Year- Sept to June</u>
<u>June 23rd</u>				
1923			Born on OSU campus while Dad attending summer classes.	
			1920-1924 Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Wapakoneta, OH	
			1924-1928 Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Berlin Heights, OH	
			1928-1932 Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Green Springs, OH	
1929	6	1 st	Oct. 29, 1929 Stock market crash.	
1930	7	2 nd	Recession follows market crash.	
1931	8	3 rd	Deepens into the Great Depression	
1932	9	4 th	Nov. FDR elected president	
			Father loses high school teaching job.	
			Family moved to Ashland, OH. Dad sold insurance.	
			(No listing in Polk’s Ashland County/City Directory)	
			I began attending Pleasant Street Grade school	
1933	10	5 th	Pleasant Street Grade School	
1934	10		Apr. 4, 1934, baptized by full immersion in the First Christian Church,(Disciples of Christ), Ashland, OH	
1934	11	6 th	Pleasant Street Grade School	
1935	12	7 th	Junior High School, Congress passed the Farm Security Act of 1935.	
			Polk’s Ashland County/City Directory shows Thomas C. and Esther M. Wiley living at 856 Sandusky St.	
1936	13	8 th	Junior High School, Jan. 20, 1937, FDR’s 2 nd term.	
			Dec. 3, 1936, Father purchased farm in Milton Twp.	
1937	14	9 th	High School, Freshman, Congress passed the Farm Security Act of 1937 and the Tenant- Purchase Act of 1937.	
			Polk’s Ashland County/City Directory shows Thomas C. Wiley, Rural Rehabilitation Supervisor, US Resettlement Admin. Living at RD 4.	

1938	15	10th	High School, Sophomore
1939	16	11th	High School, Junior. Polk's Ashland County/City Directory shows Thomas C. Wiley (Esther), Supervisor, US Farm Security Admn at RD 1. Sep. 1, 1939, Germany invades Poland. Start of WWII. Jun. 4, 1940, British Expeditionary Force evacuated from Dunkirk, France across the English Channel to Britain.
1940	17	12th	High School, Senior, Graduated, June 9, 1941
1941	18		Ohio State University, I enrolled as a Freshman. ACLA, Youth Section, Nashville, TN Dec. 7, 1941, The Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor.
1942	19		OSU, I began my sophomore year at OSU. Dec. 7, 1942, I enlisted in US Army Air Corps. Feb. 14, 1943, I was ordered to active duty. Feb. 27, 1943, I reported to Ft. Thomas, KY.

1920-1924

Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Wapakoneta, OH

(July 12, 1922 Mary Lillian Norman, my future wife, was born in Purcellville, VA.)

1923

June 23- I was born in Columbus, Franklin County, OH while my dad was back at Ohio State taking some post graduation courses. In fact, I was born on the Ohio State campus in a left over WW I temporary building that had been converted into a medical facility.

1924-1928

Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Berlin Heights, OH

1928-1932

Dad taught Vocational Agriculture, Green Springs, OH

It probably was during these years that I accompanied dad as he took some of his FFA members to the Ohio State Fair in Columbus. I seem to have a vague memory of a lot of walking and seeing animals. A more clear memory is of falling asleep in a large, strait-back wooden chair with arms. It was hard and uncomfortable. I believe we were in the lobby of a YMCA waiting for our sleeping quarters.

1930-31

Sometime after the 1929 stock market crash and during the early years of the "great depression," my dad lost his high school position teaching vocational agriculture. This high school teaching position was created by federal legislation known as the "Smith-Hughes

Act,” and was funded by local, state and federal sources. When these funds dried up due to the depression, some of these teaching positions were eliminated. So, dad was out of work.

He decided that he would try selling insurance and should move to a larger town. His research indicated that Ashland would be a good choice as it had fairly stable local industry with home-owned factories such as F. E. Myers Pumps, Hess and Clark Stock Tonics, Garber Printing and Faultless Rubber Company, and that it had a very high percentage of home ownership.

1932-3

We moved to Ashland and Dad began selling life, home, and auto insurance issued by the Town and Village Insurance Company out of Columbus and Grange Insurance service that was oriented to the needs of farm people.

The house that we rented at 856 Sandusky Street was the first home that I recall as a child. I was about ten years old when we moved there. For some reason I remember that there was a door to the house on the side with the driveway that had a toilet on the landing just inside the door. Behind the separate garage was a quince tree where we harvested quinces for jam. I still love quince jam. We had a large vegetable garden behind the house and garage from which we frequently ate. I seem to remember my mother canning some things from the garden and fruit purchased from farms.

We got our groceries from a neighborhood store owned and operated by a widow, Lila Ridgely. Mom would telephone an order to the store and it would be delivered to the house in bushel baskets. I remember climbing up the steps to the store and buying penny candy from a glass case. On the counter would be a large glass jar with large pickles in it and wheels of cheddar and Swiss cheese ready for slicing. The walls of the store were lined with shelves from the floor to the ceiling. A long pole with a gripper clamp on the end was used to retrieve items from the higher shelves.

One of my vivid memories at “856” is that of walking past my parent’s bedroom on the second floor and seeing dad lying in bed crying. I think that he was ill and was worrying about not working. The depression had a very telling effect on our family but I have no memory of being hungry or with out clothes for school and church.

There was a large maple tree in front of the house between the sidewalk and the street that had a large limb hanging out over the street. A little way out on this limb, it split in to three branches with the outer two being slightly higher than the center branch. Here I wove a bed using rope made from leather rings that we obtained from a scrap pile behind a Myers Pump plant. The rings were about four inches in diameter, about ¼-inch thick and seemed to be trimmings from leather gaskets for water pumps. If we joined the leather loops length-wise they would make a narrow rope but if we doubled them it would make a rope 1 ½ to two inches thick. Even though this buck extended out over the street, I spent a lot of time there, even taking naps.

One time, with neighborhood kids, we set up a stand along the street to sell “coke” and candy bars. We put the stand near the entrance to the city park across from our neighborhood so we could get more “traffic” for our stand.

The Ashland city park had ball diamonds, tennis courts, a large community swimming pool, a band shell, a large fishing lake and a creek winding through it. We would listen to concerts at the band shell and watch men “bowling-on-the-green next to the tennis courts. But we neighborhood kids, and there were lots of us, spent most of our time during the summer playing tennis, pick-up baseball, and swimming. I still carry a three-inch long scar on my right chin from an accident at the pool. A group of us were horsing around with one of the lifeguards when he picked me up and threw me towards the pool. But I landed only partly in the pool and partly on the concrete wall. The edge of the wall broke open a deep cut on my right chin bone that bled profusely. I was able to hobble home and clearly remember lying on the dining room floor getting the wound wrapped up when I fainted. I’m sure that I did not go to see a doctor nor did I get any stitches to close the laceration.

In the wintertime we would ice skate on the lake in the park and slide our Red Flyers down the hill we called “hogs-back.” If someone had a toboggan, we would make one or two snow jumps to go over on the way down. Some years latter, I hiked over to “hogs-back” hill but it sure wasn’t as big or long as I remembered it to be.

Another “in town” memory concerned Bob and I having our tonsils removed in the doctor’s office. I don’t recall too much about my operation, but I remember dad promising to buy Bob an Isaly tall “sky scrapper” ice cream cone after the operation. After we left the doctor’s office, Dad drove to the Isaly store on Main Street near the “Y.” We sat there in front of the store waiting for Bob to get out of the car and go in for his cone. He finally said, “Let’s go home.” His throat was too sore, even for an Isaly cone.

Bob and I both attended the Pleasant Street grade school which was about two miles from the house. We would walk to school twice a day, once in the morning and again after walking home for lunch. One of my teachers was named Mrs. Coe and two others were the Riddle sisters. I think one taught math and the other Latin. I can remember playing on the school playground.

I remember listening to 15-minute programs on the radio after getting home in the afternoon. There was “Little Orphan Annie,” “Jack Armstrong, the All-American Boy,” the “Lone Ranger” with his faithful Indian sidekick, Tonto, and one of the soap operas of the time, “Ma Perkins” with he constant troubles to solve. In the evening, if I finished my homework, I could listen to radio show like “The Shadow” and the “Kraft Theater.” I also remember hearing Bob Hope and Jack Benny with all their casts.

1934

April 4- About two months before my eleventh birthday, I was baptized at the First Christian Church on Cottage Street next to the high school. The family had joined this

church soon after moving to Ashland. It was a part of the Disciples of Christ faith that my dad had attended growing up in Granger Township, Medina County.

(In fact, his grandfather, Andrew Augustus Wiley, was a charter member of that church when it was organized in 1892. The church was named the Remson Church of Christ and was built on a quarter acre of land from his farm. Several years later, when a bell was added to the church steeple, "AA," as he was known, rang the bell for the first time.)

It was many years later that I learned that the Disciples of Christ movement was started by a group of "Reformers" in Southwest Pennsylvania, near Washington, PA. They broke away from Presbyterian and Baptist ties, "...to take the church back to the model of the first century church." Their motto was, "Where the scriptures speak, we speak; where the scriptures are silent, we are silent." They also proclaimed, "No creed but Christ" and practiced full emersion baptism as Christ had experienced from his cousin, John the Baptist, in the Jordan River.

So it was no wonder that when I was baptized at the age of eleven, it was by full emersion in the baptistery in the front of the sanctuary during a Sunday morning worship service. And, appropriately, the mural on the back wall of the baptistery was of the River Jordan. I recall putting on a black rubberized gown and going down three steps into the water where the pastor waited. As I stood beside him, I held my nose while he lowered me backwards until the water covered me, then he raised me back up. I have always felt privileged that my baptism was at an age when I could remember it and that it was done in a manner that symbolized "dieing, being buried and then resurrected to a new life in Christ."

Dad was a member of the Men's Sunday school class, which he occasionally taught, played violin in the church orchestra and was a trustee. Mom was a member of the Women's Sunday school class and frequently read her bible at home sitting in her rocking chair. The one Sunday school class that I recall was taught by Jim McDowell, a teacher in the junior high school. Later while living on the farm, on Sunday evenings if I got my barn chores done in time, I would drive into the church to attend the youth fellowship called Christian Endeavor. Once in a while we would have a youth fellowship dinner on Sunday evening. The thing that I remember about that was that anyone who stayed after the dinner and helped clean up and wash dishes shared in a strawberry pie that always seemed to be present for the occasion.

1935

Although I spent over 25 years as an adult leader with the Boy Scouts, I was a youth member for a very short time. I joined the troop at the Lutheran church, probably in 1934 or 1935 when I was 11 or 12, and remember going there for troop meetings. (I don't think that I participated after we moved to the farm in early 1937.) I know that I advanced only one rank, from the initial Tenderfoot to Second Class Scout, during that time but I recall two outings. One was an eleven mile hike from Ashland to the Scout Camp near Mansfield. This was to complete an advancement requirement. It was during cold weather and we

slept on army cots in a large lodge. One evening after dinner, with the fire in the large fireplace casting shadows around the room, the district scout leader, Floyd Dent, told us a ghost story. Most of us were in bed. My bed was near the fireplace where Mr. Dent sat with his foot resting on the edge of my bed. When he got to the scary ending, he kicked my bed to make it even scarier, at least for me.

The other outing was a summer campout. Our tents were pitched near a river with the leaders' cars up a small slope above the camp. The cars being close to camp was important because the only thing that I remember about the weekend was listened to a boxing match on a car radio. This was during the time that Joe Lewis became a boxing sensation. He entered professional boxing in Detroit in 1934 and became known as the "Brown Bomber." The fight that I probably listened to was in June 1935 when he defeated Primo Carnera, the former heavyweight champion, before a crowd of 62,000 in Yankee Stadium.

Lewis was unbeaten until his fight with Max Schmeling on June 19, 1936 when Schmeling knocked him out in the 12th round. I don't think that I would have heard that fight at a scout campout since I would have been living on the farm then and, I believe, out of scouts. The next year Lewis became the world heavyweight champion by knocking out then world champion James J. Braddock in Chicago. He successfully defended his title against the Welshman Tommy Farr in a 15-round marathon before again facing Max Schmeling on June 22, 1938. Lewis made short work of the only boxer to defeat him. He knocked Schmeling down "for the count" in just two minutes and four seconds of the first round.

Some years earlier, Dad had served as a Scoutmaster. I recall seeing photos of a campout, also along a river, where you could swing out over the river on a rope and drop into the water. I was told that I went on a scout campout with Dad. Mom and Dad did some camping while traveling, carrying their equipment on the running board of their car. They had a small room-sized tent with a porch fly that I recall setting up in the backyard and sleeping in it overnight.

1936

Dec. 3- Dad used his WW I bonus of \$300 to purchase a farm of 45 2/3 acres about seven miles south of Ashland in Milton Township, Ashland County. The deed for this transaction is Warranty Deed No. 7230 on page 59 and was recorded on Dec. 10, 1936.

The house and barn were close to the gravel road known as the "Old Belle Trail." The short driveway had two entrances from this road. The one from the west, just past the house, was fairly level while the entrance from the east, just past the barn, came up a slight slope. They met at the level drive that connected the house and barn. To the left was the house with enough room to park a car or two near the rear porch. To the right was the barn with its sliding double-door entrance to the main barn floor.

The house, said to have been built by a carpenter for himself, had extensive use of wood throughout the first floor. The door frames had walnut strips inlaid in maple boards and the dining room had a three-foot high wood wainscoting all around the room. The walls

had all been papered which we removed with a steam knife. There was no electricity in the house, no central heating, and no plumbing or inside toilet.

It was Dad's wish for his two sons to experience life on the farm. And, it certainly did impact both Bob and I as we were to become employed in agricultural positions. However, at this time, Mom, who was a city girl, had a hard enough time moving to the country that before we moved from town, the house had to be brought up to city standards.

I think that we got some help to wire the house for electricity but most of the work was done by Dad, Bob and I. I recall threading galvanized pipe for the plumbing and digging the basement deeper to install a central hot air furnace. We also a deep base along the outside of the basement wall for the chimney. Since the purchase was completed in early December, our digging outdoors usually was in frozen ground. This was especially true for the sewer line that extended from the corner of the basement outside to the area for the septic tank and for the hole for the septic tank. My memory is that we dug through 12-18 inches of frozen soil each time only to have it freeze deeper for the next time. In the meantime, we used the "outhouse" out back with the "moon" cut in the door and the slick Sears catalog for toilet paper.

In addition to digging out the basement with hand shovels, we used a clam-scoop hooked to a team of horses by a long chain. The horses stayed outside and pulled the chain and scoop of dirt out through the steps that led from the outside down into the cellar. Later, during the winter, these cellar steps became a cold storage for vegetables from the garden. We added a wooden door on the basement side and put new sloping wooden doors on the outside. This allowed enough cold in to keep the vegetables cool but not let them freeze. We preserved additional cabbage by making sauerkraut in a large crock. And, we would cook pickles in a brine solution in a cooper double boiler, to give them a nice green color, and put them in another large crock. Both crocks would have weighted boards on top to keep the contents down in the solution.

We turned a large closet off the upstairs hallway into a bathroom. The biggest problem that I remember is putting heat ducts up through the walls from the furnace in the basement to the second floor. It seems that the walls were not perfectly in line so we had to bring one section of the heat duct up from the basement and join it to a section coming down from the bathroom.

Initially there were two sources of water for the house. One was a dug well near the front porch that had a hand crank that turned a chain with cups on it that brought up the water. The hand pump was replaced with an electric pump in the well with a pipe connected to a tank in the basement to serve the plumbing system that was added. The wood plank cover to the well was replaced with a thick concrete cover.

At one point dad worked as a carpenter at the Westinghouse plant in Mansfield. He would take our stock trailer with him and bring home discarded Fiberglas insulation used in the manufacture of electric stoves and refrigerators. We then carried it to the attic of the house, cut it with saws used for wood and placed it between the rafters. This was done

during cold weather and I wore a flannel shirt. The tiny Fiberglas filaments got into my flannel shirt and I never wore it again.

The other source of water was a cistern, located partly under the back porch and partly under the summer kitchen. Above the cistern in the summer kitchen was a sink with a hand pitcher-pump with which to retrieve the water. The cistern contained rainwater collected from the roof of the house and was very soft – good for washing your hair. I remember climbing down into the cistern, which was a concrete tank about 7-8 feet deep, and washing the walls and floor.

1937

Since the farm was purchased on December 3, 1936, and we did considerable work before moving in (as described above), we must have moved to the farm during 1937. I have no specific memory of the move but it probably occurred in June after school classes were over. The year is confirmed by the 1937 Polk's Ashland County/City Directory which shows Thomas C. Wiley as a Rural Rehabilitation Supervisor for the US Resettlement Administration and living at RD 4. Polk's 1935 directory for Ashland County/City Directory shows Thomas C. and Esther M. Wiley living at 856 Sandusky St.

Bob and I each had a bedroom on the second floor. Mine was on the front of the house facing the road. It had a unique window opening onto the porch roof. It was a full casement window that slid fully into the wall. We speculated that it was to enable large objects, particularly long boards, to be brought into an upstairs work room that was off my bedroom and over the summer kitchen. I remember finding a wooden box, about the size in which a typewriter would have been shipped, making a hinged cover for it, painting it with my name on top and keeping items of mine in it. I kept this box in the store room off my bedroom.

I made a crystal radio and was able to get some reception on it. I also had a small table top Airline radio with a dark brown bakelite case that I believe was sold by Sears Roebuck. To increase the reception, I ran an aerial from my window to the barn. I don't recall what stations I got on this small radio but downstairs in the dining room we had an Atwater-Kent consol radio. I think I remember hearing KDKA on it but our favorite stations were WLW in Cincinnati, WTAM, Cleveland, and WJR, Detroit. On Sunday about noon, on WJR, "Uncle Neal" would read the comic strips to children and announce birthdays. We wrote a letter to "Uncle Neal" telling him about my birthday but he never announced it. Sometime later Dad found the letter still in his pocket, not mailed. "Uncle Neal" met his demise a few years latter when, thinking that the microphone was turned off, he said over the air, "That ought to hold the little bastards."

I also had a 78-rpm record player that normally used steel needles. But I found that substituting inch-long thorns from the thorn apple trees in our pasture across the road gave a much more mellow sound. The thorns did not last as long as the steel ones but I had an unlimited supply of thorns. I particularly liked to listen to records by the big bands then popular. I especially remember Frank Sinatra singing "I'll Never Smile Again" and

“Blueberry Hill” with the Tommy Dorsey orchestra. I also discovered that by replacing the needle in the record player with a cooper wire connected to the radio, I could “broadcast” the records out the window.

The barn, which had not been used for quite some time, was a “bank” barn with the main floor on the level with the house and driveway and a lower level used for livestock that opened out to the barnyard.

In the fall, when it was our turn to harvest grain from our wheat plantings, the threshing machine would be placed on the main floor of the barn. The power source to operate the threshing machine, an Oil-Pull over- the-road diesel engine, would be toward the house with a wide power belt connecting the two. The long pipe exhausting straw from the threshing machine would stick out the back of the barn so that the straw would be blown into the barnyard to make a straw stack. This is where we got the straw to use as bedding in the animal’s stalls.

The wheat grain was either bagged into burlap sacks to be sold to the local grain elevator or put into the grain bins that were in a room off the back of the barn floor. One of my favorite breakfasts was to get a pan full of wheat from the bins, wash it and boil it on the stove. It had a great “nutty” flavor that I still like. Maybe that is why I like to eat Wheaties. This reminds me that when we still lived in town, our breakfast cereal was corn flakes. The only time that I had Wheaties was if I got a chance to eat breakfast with my neighborhood friend, Earl Grover, who lived just up the street. His dad was an optometrist so we called his son “Doc.”

Initially there were no stalls or divisions in the basement; just a huge pile of manure in the middle which was full of rats. So, one of our early jobs was to clean out all the accumulated manure. Across one end of the barn, we built a concrete area with stanchions where cows could be milked, by hand, of course. We also partitioned off an area in the middle for beef cattle and horses. There was a trap door in the floor above this area through which we could drop hay down from the haymows for the livestock.

I have several memories of milking cows by hand. But before we were allowed to milk, we had to pass the “finger nail” test. Dad made sure that our finger nails were short enough not to bother the cows as we were milking. We sat balanced on short one-legged stools while holding a milk bucket between our legs. Our “barn” cat, Felix, named after the comic strip character “Felix, the Cat,” always knew when it was milking time and he would hang around waiting to be feed. Occasionally we would direct a steam of milk in the cat’s direction and he learned to open his mouth and drink it in.

But my clearest memory is once when Bob and I were each milking a cow at the same time. For some reason, Bob called the cat over to him. He picked it up and threw it on the opposite side of my cow from where I was milking. Naturally, as the cat’s claws dug in, the cow jumped away from that side, knocking me off the stool and spilling my bucket of milk down the gutter. When Bob saw that he dropped his bucket ran out the door and headed down the lane. That’s when Dad came into the milking area and wanted to know what was

going on. I don't remember what explanation we gave him and I don't know what I would have done if I had caught Bob. While Bob was four years younger than I, he was bigger and stronger, so it was probably best for me that Dad showed up when he did.

Speaking of the lane, it went from the barnyard, long the road, to the small stream that came out of our pasture on the opposite side of the road, under the road and then meandered through our main pasture on the barn side. Bob recalls having to chop holes in the ice covering the "crick" in the wintertime to allow the livestock to drink. He also said that he took baths in the creek, using Ivory soap because, "It floats."

We planted a large garden in back of the house. Many times in the summer, as I would walk between the barn and house, I would pick a ripe tomato from the garden and eat it right away. Of course, if I was going from the barn to the house, when I got into the house, I either had to leave my "barn boots" in the back summer kitchen or, if I was tired and wanted to lie down on a carpet in the living room or dining room, I had to keep my feet in the kitchen on the linoleum.

One of the small buildings on the farm when we moved there was a smokehouse used to cure bacon and hams. Since Dad preferred using a liquid rubbed-on cure, we had no need for this structure. It was about six foot square with a sidewall about eight-foot high below the peaked roof. Dad decided that we could cut it in half horizontally and make two farrowing huts for sows. We added a floor to the top section and a roof to the bottom part and six-inch high railings around the edge of each to keep the mother sow from laying on her baby pigs. We used these huts in which to farrow many a litter of piglets.

Our initial "horsepower" was two light horses, one called "Bob-horse" and the other "Tony." Later we added a 1200-pound grey Percheron mare called "Babe." We could ride all three but "Tony" was the most fun, if you kept him under control. We had been told that he was a five-gaited horse and had raced on the racetracks in Cleveland. What we weren't told was that he had a "hard mouth," meaning that he would take the bit between his teeth and could not be controlled with the reins. We used a "curb" bit with a chain under his lower jaw. This worked most of the time.

But there was one time it didn't. I had a city friend from Cleveland visiting that said he was an experienced horseman. Even so, I warned him to close the door to the horse stalls and be sure he had "Tony" under control when they headed back to the barn. They were in the back of the pasture connected to the barn when they turned around. "Tony" took off at a full gallop, jumped the creek in three places and raced up the lane with my friend hanging on desperately. And, of course, he hadn't closed the door to the stalls. That was important because there was a low, large support beam just inside the door that you needed to duck under it if you rode a horse into the stall. Well, my friend didn't have a choice as to whether he was going to ride "Tony" into the stall. "Tony" took him into the stall and was standing there lathered-up and panting heavily when I got there. I guess my friend missed the beam because he was bent over trying to hang on.

I had never been trained to put a “gaited” horse through his paces so it was quite accidental when I could get “Tony” to trot, single-foot, cantor, etc.

We had two riding saddles. One was a small army-style with no pommel and the other was a large western-style working saddle with a large horn for roping. I used both of them but felt that the western saddle was more comfortable.

One of my greatest pleasures was to meet my closest friend Jim Sheets, who also had a riding horse. Jim’s dad was a prominent physician in Ashland that lived on Sandusky Street when I did. So Jim was a longtime neighborhood friend and classmate from grade school through high school. After we had moved to the farm, Dr. Sheets had bought a farm south of ours near the Mifflin Dam so Jim and I would meet and ride the back roads of southern Ashland County. Jim enlisted in the Army Air Corps, as I did, trained as a navigator and was lost in the English Channel when his B-24 went down returning from a mission over occupied Europe. (Yes, Jim, this is my buddy for whom you were named.)

I remember plowing with a walking plow behind a team of horses and cultivating corn, both with a two-horse riding cultivator that straddled the rows, and a single-horse walking cultivator that went between the rows. At one time we had corn in the field across the road from the house, wheat in the field near the barn and soybeans in the field next to the pasture that contained the thorn apple trees.

It was in this pasture that the young colt that I had bought at auction for \$25 got straddle the barbed wire fence and cut himself deep into the muscle on his belly behind his front legs. From the amount of manure behind him when we found him, he must have stood over the fence for a long time. We got him off the fence and into a stall in the barn where it was my job to clean out the maggots in the cut using a copper sulfate solution known as “blue vitriol.” The wound healed eventually with no noticeable after effect. Mom had not liked that I had taken the \$25 out of my bank account, where it was safe, and bought an animal that could die. I later sold the colt as a young horse for a nice profit.

One year we planted an acre of Marifat navy beans. (That is a lot of baked beans!) After they matured and dried, much like soybeans and just as dusty-dirty, we mowed down the entire plants, stems, leaves and bean pods. The dried plants were loaded loose, not tied like grain bundles, on to a hay wagon and brought to the barn. We stored them on a loft 15-18 feet above the entrance to the barn. When ever mom wanted some beans to make baked beans or use them in cooking, it was my job to climb up to the loft and fill a burlap bag full of the dried bean plants. I would then throw the bag full of plants down to the barn floor. After I climbed back down, I would beat the bag on the wood floor to shell the beans out of their pods. While this was dusty, it was effective and resulted in loose beans that could be poured into a pan and taken to the kitchen. I don’t remember ever running out of beans.

Dad helped form the local soil conservation district and was the first in the area to have them layout the fields on the contour. This was to prevent soil erosion from water runoff. It worked fine except that our neighbor, Mr. Flickinger, who occasionally helped us with his

team of horses, refused to use his team on the crops that were “planted in circles.” He said that his horses would get dizzy going in circles.

One of our more interesting projects was to build our own tractor. We had the local welding shop cut off the backend of a Model “T” Ford truck and weld its front end with the motor and transmission to the back of a Dodge truck with its transmission and rear axle. Yes, there were two transmissions with an eighteen inch driveshaft connecting them. When you put both transmissions in “low,” you could not stall the engine. I tried to do that once by putting the front end of the home-made tractor against the stone wall of the barn and with the transmissions in “double low” and the engine idling, the tractor just sat there with the rear wheels slowly turning.

Putting both transmissions in “high” gear was another story. The “jilloppy” could really fly. Bob wanted to drive the contraption in the local “drag” races but he could not get dad’s permission. So, instead, without dad’s knowledge, he took the “tractor” up to the field beyond the thorn apple pasture. The field had been plowed recently and there Bob made his own racetrack by going round and round in circles at high speed throwing dirt as he went. I’m not sure just when dad found out about this but I think Bob got grounded for sometime.

Gasoline for farm use was tax-free so farms would have a tank that was used only for gas for farm use. We had such a tank near the barn. I remember one evening while driving with my classmate and good buddy, Gene Beymer, in his 1929 Essex, we had a fuel problem. We were not far from the farm so we walked cross-country to the farm, took a gas line off the tractor, got some gas out of the farm tank and returned to Gene’s car. That solved the problem until we could get another fuel line and return the “borrowed” one to the tractor. Gene’s Essex was always burning out the engine piston rods for some reason and would have to be replaced. This was done so many times that all the Essex rods were depleted in the junk yards for miles around.

When Gene and our other buddy Bob Bronson would come out to the farm and help us with field work, mom would feed them. I remember her saying one time that she surely hoped that they were doing a lot of work for all the food that they ate.

I played some second-string varsity football with Gene and Bob Bronson. In fact, I was the backup center for Bronson. When I got over the ball to center it, usually directly to the running back, I was to make sure that my feet were in front of the guards feet on either side of me. This was to keep me from being pushed backwards by the opposing team. On some running plays, after centering the ball, my job was to pull out of the line, drop back and block the opposing end coming into our backfield. One time I did such a good job of blocking the oncoming player that I took his feet out from under him and he landed right on top of me. I heard and felt a snap. My left collar bone had broken. I was put into a brace that held my shoulders back so that the break could heal properly. (It did heal but not smoothly. I can still feel where the break is located.)

But that wasn't the problem at that time. You see, I was supposed to plant the winter wheat crop that coming weekend and mom was afraid that we would have to hire someone to do it. With a little help in getting the grain and fertilizer into the proper drill compartments, I managed to plant the wheat and we didn't have to hire anyone.

I also played some varsity baseball. My position usually was center field or right field although occasionally I filled in at second base. More than the high school team, I remember our 4-H baseball team. Yes, we were all 4-H members and we all lived nearby in the country. Several of us did play on the high school team, including classmate and school bus companion Jesse McDaniels. For the most part, we played other rural teams and we won most of our games. But once we played a semi-pro team from the Cleveland area. How we got into that I don't know. All I recall is the pitcher who had a black mustache, could make an awful ugly face on windup and had the fastest ball I had ever faced. I may have fouled-off a few pitches but I never got a hit. We never booked them again.

Sometime later, dad built a large chicken coop between the house and barn. I remember gathering eggs and holding them up to a light, called "candling," to be sure they were OK to sell. We also sold cream in small "cream" cans that were picked up once a week by a dairy's route truck. After milking and saving what fresh milk we wanted for the house, we poured the remaining milk into a small narrow tank and added water to it. This facilitated the cream separating and rising to the top. Then we would drain off the diluted milk through a valve on the bottom of the tank and feed that to the pigs. We usually saved some of the cream and churned our own butter. Bob thought that was a lot of cranking and never did like homemade butter. When I got to graduate school at the University of Wisconsin, I complained about their fresh, "92-score" butter, "It had no taste." I said. The dairy products staff that I was working with explained that I had grown up on Ohio "sour-cream" butter and was missing the "rancid" flavor that they called a defect when "scoring" fresh butter.

Bob and I both became 4-H Club members with livestock projects. Mine were with dairy cattle, purebred, registered Holsteins, and hogs, registered OICs. OIC stood for Ohio Improved Chesters and was one of the early attempts to change the short, fat, lard Chester White breed into a longer, leaner, bacon breed. Bob's 4-H projects were beef cattle and horses.

We exhibited in the 4-H classes at the Ashland County Fair and occasionally in the adult Open Classes. The fairground was on US Route 42 (Mansfield Road) a few miles down Bayney Road that ran along one side of our farm. To get our cattle and horses to the fairground, we could walk them down the road from the farm several miles to the fairground. I remember staying overnight during the fair, sleeping with my animals and cooking over a campfire. I also remember watching and listening to hucksters pitching kitchen gadgets along the fair midway. I must have bought a dozen questionable things from them for my mother.

After we moved to the farm in 1937, I attended high school and rode a school bus between the farm and high school. Bob, four years younger than I, attended the Anderson one-room

school on Route 42. He would walk the two miles across the fields from our house through our back pasture and across Mr. Long's farm, which was on "42," to the school across the road. The school had a large pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room for heat during cold weather.

Mentioning Mr. Long's farm reminds me of a prank pulled one Halloween at his place. Someone, and I never did know who, took apart one of his farm wagons and reassembled it on top of his barn. It stayed there quite awhile until it was brought down.

When I entered high school, Dad advised me to enroll in the Academic study curriculum in preparation for college and not take vocational agriculture classes even though we were living on a farm. This meant also that I could not be an FFA (Future Farmers of America) member and take part in their many activities. I took Dad's advice which upset Mr. George Krill, the "ag" teacher. Mr. Krill and Dad were classmates at Ohio State and two of the first three licensed "ag" teachers in the state of Ohio. However, having been an "ag" teacher for many years, Dad taught Bob and me a lot of "textbook" agriculture as we worked together on the farm.

I recall Dad telling me, as we loaded manure from the barn onto a flat-top wagon (we did not have a manure spreader) to put the manure on the tops of the small hills in the field across from the house. When I asked him why, he explained that the hills tended to loose top soil from erosion and they needed the organic matter in the manure as well as the nutrients. Then he suggested that after supper, I go to his bookcase in the dining room and get a certain textbook from center of the middle shelf and read such and such a chapter.

I must have absorbed a lot of Dad's "field" teaching as well as "textbook" lessons as several years latter I won a competitive agricultural scholarship to Ohio State University. When that became known, I became counted as one of Mr. Krill's scholarship boys even though I did not take any of his classes.

Unlike the city kids, the farm kids rode the school bus and could not go home for lunch. So we packed our lunch and ate together in the "ag" room. One of the advantages of this for me was getting to know a lot of farm kids. This, plus knowing so many city kids from living in town, gave me the opportunity to have both farm friends and city friends and, probably more friends than I otherwise would have had. Well, it didn't take long for us to eat lunch so, to help occupy our time during the noon hour, the school provided "noon movies." These usually were serialized episodes of western or railroad "chase" movies. There was time enough to see one episode each noon. The film was on 16mm and the school provided a 16mm projector. I was one of the projector operators.

Bob did take the vocational agriculture classes for one year, as he has said, "To please my Dad." Recently Bob wrote, "Our ag teacher had a habit when coming to class each morning and putting his foot in the wastebasket to jam down the papers. One day we loaded the basket with water and covered it with papers. Of course he came in and put his foot into the wastebasket full of water. That was the first time I was kicked out of his class.

The second time was when I lost an argument with Mr. Krill when I told him that my dad could teach more “ag” than he could.”

As a 4-H member I belonged to a local 4-H Club, attended their neighborhood meetings and went on county-wide educational tours, mainly those that visited dairy farms. All 4-H activities were a part of the Ohio State Agriculture Extension Service programs headquartered on the OSU campus in Columbus. Each county had an agricultural extension office, usually located in the courthouse. Each office was headed by a county agricultural extension agent that was considered to be part of the faculty of the College of Agriculture. Mr. Norman Shilladay was our county agent and I think that it was he who was asked me to take part in the county competition to determine the healthiest 4-H boy in Ashland County. I won that contest and went on to the Ohio State Fair where I won the state-wide contest. This enabled me to go to the National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago with the Ohio delegation. We went by train and my Aunt Bess, who was living in Chicago at the time, met our train at the station. I got permission to go to dinner with her down that night down on the “Loop” if she would return me to the Stevens Hotel where our delegation was staying. (The Stevens Hotel later became the Conrad Hilton Hotel.) I had lamb chops for dinner that evening which was the first time that I had ever eaten lamb. I really liked them and I still do.

I have two memories of staying at the “Stevens.” One is going to the top and out on the observation deck and seeing Chicago, both in the daytime and at night. The other memory is sitting in the lounge area of our floor with a group of 4-Hers from all over United States. What was most evident to us was the various accents we heard. There were kids from New England with their “harsh” accents and kids from Georgia with their southern drawl. We would talk and laugh at each other.

One of our activities during the Congress was to tour the Chicago Stockyards including going through one of the packing plants. I remember being given hot chocolate and doughnuts just before going on the tour through the plant. We began the tour by climbing up four, five or six flights of stairs to get to the start of the slaughtering line where they bled the animals. The higher we climbed, the stronger the smell became and the thicker the doughnuts became on the steps. We saw the animals hanging head down on a moving conveyor line where they were first stunned and bled. The carcasses then were cleaned and “dressed” and split in half. Some of the halves were further broken down into various cuts and packaged for shipment. We visited cold-storage rooms and the shipping docks after which we were served lunch in the plant cafeteria. Then it was back to the hotel by bus.

To select the five healthiest 4-H boys and girls nationally, the state winners went through various physical exams by doctors, wrote essays on healthy living and were interviewed. I was fortunate to be named one of the five healthiest boys in the nation and, along with the other national winners, was filmed by Pathe News for their newsreel highlights that would be shown in movie theaters through out the country. Some time later, I actually saw myself on the movie screen. We each had been given a line to say during the filming so I heard myself say, “And accept no substitutes.” This was at the time when naturally white oleomargarine was beginning to be sold in grocery stores in a plastic bag with a yellow

coloring capsule. The idea was to crush the coloring capsule and kneed the plastic bag until the oleo took on the yellow color of butter, for which it was sold as a substitute. My “on-screen” line, probably, was taken from the essay that I wrote extolling the virtues of butter.

1939

I played some high school varsity football and baseball. In football, I was a backup center to Bob Bronson. I was instructed to put my feet in front of the guard’s feet on each side of me. This was to

On most plays I centered the football directly to the back that was to run, leading him slightly so he could get a head start running.

Coach Bruckner took the entire football team to Massillon one fall Paul Brown

Sep. 1- The German invasion of Poland starts World War II.

1940

May-June- It was a tradition at Ashland High School that the junior class would put on the Jr-Sr Prom for the graduating seniors. Both members of both classes could attend the dance. It is my memory that the year I was a junior, we decorated the back wall of the high school gym with a large mural of the Panama Canal. I seem to recall sketching and painting the canal locks and the engines that pulled the ships through the locks.

Jun. 4- The British Expeditionary Force is evacuated from Dunkirk, France across the English Channel to Britain.

1941

During high school, I was a member of the Senior Hi Y club and elected to the National Honor Society.

Jun. 9- I graduated from Ashland (Ohio) High School.

Summer- I took out an education loan for \$300 at the Farmers’ National Bank on Main Street in downtown Ashland.

August- I enrolled as a freshman in the College of Agriculture at Ohio State University in Columbus. Initially I enrolled in Agricultural Engineering as my mother thought that I should be an engineer. In high school, on my Dad’s advice, I had taken the Academic (college preparatory) coarse and did very well in mathematics and loved mechanical drawing, However, at the end of the first quarter I switched to my real love, Dairy Husbandry.

During my freshman year at Ohio State, I lived in the Buckeye Club, one of three co-operative scholarship dormitories located in the stadium. One of my high school classmates, Don Darr, also lived in the Buckeye Club. We slept on army cots in large rooms, barracks-style and took turns working in the kitchen, serving food, cleaning the toilets, showers, etc. Dinner was not served on Sunday evening so, to make money for myself and provide food for the students in the dorm, I bought and sold them sandwiches in one of the lobbies.

One of the enjoyable things about living in the stadium was watching the Ohio State Marching Band practice in the area between our dorms in the stadium and the Olentangy River. From our third floor lobby you could look down and see the band go through their formations, including their famous "Script Ohio" where the tuba player "dots" the "i" in Ohio. Some years later, during a half-time tribute to retiring Coach Woody Hayes, I watched Woody dot the "i" in Ohio as the OSU Marching Band completed their "Script Ohio." Dotting the "i" was a privilege given only on special occasions.

One of the less pleasant features of life in the stadium dorms was walking to class during that one week each winter when the air temperature was well below zero. As we rounded the southwest end of the stadium and headed toward the main campus, the blast of freezing air would take your breath away and make your eyes water.

Living in the Buckeye Club kept my expenses for room and board very low and the competitive scholarship that I won paid for my tuition. With these arrangements, all of my freshman year expenses were covered by the \$300 dollar loan from the bank.

One expense that I did have was for postage to mail my dirty laundry home to Mom. I used a hard, rectangular case sold by Long's Bookstore located on the corner of High Street and 15th Avenue, opposite the main entrance to the campus. A lot of students mailed their laundry home. I did go home occasionally by hitch-hiking north on Rt. 23 to Delaware then walking over to Rt. 42 to go to Ashland.

November- A group of ag students, members of the College 4-H Club and the campus Grange drove to Nashville, TN to attend the national conference of the Youth Section of the American Country Life Association. It was here that I met Mary Lillian Norman, a delegate from Virginia. She was to become my wife in 1945.

Dec. 7- While driving back to Columbus from Nashville we heard on the radio that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor.

1942

Jan-May- As a student in the College of Agriculture, I won the Borden (Dairy Company) Award. At one time there was a plaque in Townsend Hall, where the College of Agriculture administrative offices were located, indicating that I had won this award. I also was awarded a freshman Danforth Scholarship to attend the American Youth Foundation leadership program at Camp Miniwanca near Shelby, MI.

June- Together with Paul Young, who had also won a freshman Danforth Scholarship, I drove my 1931 Model A Ford to Camp Miniwanca. It is interesting to note that Paul's grandparents and my grandparents were from Medina County where my dad knew Paul's dad. Later they were classmates at OSU and I believe that Paul's dad stood up with my dad when he and mom were married in Columbus near the campus. Mary and I have visited Paul and his wife in California and we still keep in touch through Christmas cards.

Fall- I returned to OSU to begin my sophomore year. Little did I realize then how eventful the next few years would become.

Dec. 7- One year after Pearl Harbor, I enlisted in the US Army Air Corps. My home address at time of enlistment was R. D. 1, Ashland, OH. I had planned to enlist in the US Marines as my father served in “the Corps” during WW I. But at the Marines Recruiting office, I was told that the War Department had recently issued a ruling that you could not transfer from the Army to the Navy. They explained that this applied to me since, as a sophomore at Ohio State University, I was actively enrolled in the Army ROTC and the Marines were a part of the Navy. (ROTC is the Reserve Officer Training Corps. At OSU I was in a field artillery unit where we learned how to fire an artillery battery using leftover WWI French 75mm, split-trail guns.)

1943

Feb. 14- By Special Orders No. 40 from Headquarters, Fifth Service Command, Fort Hayes, Columbus, OH, still in my sophomore year at OSU, I was called to active duty with the US Army Air Corps for Cadet Training as a pilot. I was ordered to report to Ft. Thomas Reception Center, Covington, KY on Feb. 27. My army serial number was 15126726 and my rank was Private.

Feb.27- I reported to the Reception Center at Fort Thomas along with about 500 other enlistees from major mid-west colleges. We were issued regulation army uniforms and equipment and shipped to Keesler AAF, Biloxi, MS via troop train.

Mar. 1- We arrived at the AAF Basic Training Center at Keesler Field. It was cold and damp. I learned to drink coffee to keep warm. My standby, hot chocolate, was not available. The base was built on a swamp and the main camp flag was at half-mast all the time we were there.

We had a lot of “PT” (physical training) while there plus close-order drilling. Since my record showed that I had been in the ROTC, I was made a “drill-sergeant”, in function not in rank, and while there “put the troops through close-order drill” quite a few times. I learned a lot watching the older army “regulars.” For the most part, they were much older than we new inductees. They were career soldiers that had a language all their own, most of it swear words, many of which I had never heard before.

They also had some money making schemes to use on raw recruits. I learned about one scheme when a few of us, whose names were at the end of the alphabet, were held over to make up the next training class. When everyone had shipped out of a barracks, these guys would go through and collect all the wire hangers and sell them to the next group of recruits for 25 cents apiece.

May __- We shipped out of Keesler Field by troop train and arrived very early one morning in Waynesburg, PA. We had been assigned to a new type of training unit called a College Training Detachment. The one at Waynesburg College was the 9th CTD and we were housed in unused fraternity houses. As we marched up the quiet, pre-dawn streets, from the train station to our campus housing, I wondered what the small village folks, just waking up, thought was happening. Had they been told that we were coming? Or did they think that they were being occupied?

The purpose of the CTD’s was to provide a steady flow of personnel into the established Air Corps Cadet training program. I was there only a few weeks as I was in the first group

to ship out for the next phase. (Even so, after the war was over, I received an invitation from the president of Waynesburg College to join their alumni association!)

But those few weeks provided some fond memories. One occurred when the local sportsmen's club invited anyone in our group that was interested, to join them for a rifle match at their indoor range.

First, a flashback: Some years earlier, while living on the farm, I had told my Dad that I wanted a .22 caliber rifle. He said "OK" on two conditions. 1. I had to earn the money for it myself, and 2. I had to join the YMCA Rifle Club and learn how to use it properly and safely. I caddied at the Ashland Country Club for the money and joined the "Y" rifle club. A part of the latter was being a junior member of the NRA, the National Rifle Association. I enjoyed this activity and became pretty good at competitive target shooting.

Naturally I jumped at the chance to do something that I had enjoyed. The happy ending is that I won the rifle match. But I also got to fire an antique "muzzle-loader." To fire this old weapon, first you load the powder and shot down through the open end of the barrel, ram the charge in place with a wooden rod, then put a firing cap in position for the firing hammer to hit it when the trigger is pulled. The trick to accuracy with this very heavy rifle is to hold it on target while the firing process is occurring. It is not instantaneous as with modern weapons. Once the trigger releases the firing hammer, it hits the firing cap, which explodes and ignites the powder chain which, in turn, ignites the powder charge in the barrel which then explodes hurling the shot toward the target. The firing process seems to take about as long as it takes to read this description. After a few tries, I got so that I could at least hit the target.

The other fond memory of this period was my first time flying a plane, a Piper J-3, Cub. My Pilot's Flight Log shows that on four consecutive days, beginning May 17, 1943, I flew over southwest Pennsylvania with an instructor for 45 minutes each day.

One of the things you learn early in pilot training is to constantly be on the lookout for an emergency landing site. At some point during every training flight, the instructor is going to pull the engine throttle back to idle power setting and say, "Emergence landing. Where are you going to land?"

Now, in the 1940's, before nice wide interstate highways, that is a very interesting question, especially over southwest Pennsylvania. From the air, it's all hills and valleys and coal mines and – no place to land even a small plane. Well, being brand new to flying, I was too fascinated with just being up in the air to even think about not staying there. So when the question came, "Where would I land (with no power)?", I guess I took so long trying to find a safe landing site that the instructor said, while re-applying engine power, "Cadet, you just crashed in the woods down there!"

Another fond memory was having Mary visit me while I was stationed at Waynesburg. Her favorite aunt Jane's second husband, Major Robert (Bob)

Walker, a dentist, was assigned to the Army ROTC program at the University of Pittsburgh. Uncle Bob and Aunt Jane had a suite at the Hotel Webster Hall. (This facility is now the on-campus Student Union.) Since Waynesburg is only XX miles south of Pittsburgh, for me it was a short bus ride from Waynesburg to Pittsburgh. Mary took a bus from Haymarket, VA to Washington, DC, and then the Pennsylvania Railroad train from there to Pittsburgh. She often spoke of arriving in the Pittsburgh area at night and, for an hour, slowly going past all the lighted-up steel mills with their blast furnaces glowing producing steel for the much needed war effort.

June __- Nashville AAC, Classification Center

At the Classification Center we were evaluated mentally, physically and psychologically for qualification as pilot, navigator or bombardier. Using the results, we would be assigned for training in one of these areas. Those of us that wanted to be pilots were quite concerned that we would pass the three eye exams, color-blind, depth perception and the eye chart.

No one had figured out how to prepare for the color-blind test or the depth perception test. The test for depth perception was to line up two wooden rods, each on a separate track about two feet apart with strings attached to the rods. Using the strings, you moved the rods back and forth until you decided that you had them positioned exactly opposite each other. The eye chart was a different story. You could memorize the 20/20 line. (Of course, you had to be sure that you were looking at the chart on the right wall.) I can still remember the 20/20 line of that day - D E F P O T E C. Phonetically that sounds like “def-po-tec.”

I was classified as a student pilot, given the rank of Cadet (same ASN 1526726) and assigned to Maxwell AAF, Montgomery, AL for Pre-flight training. Then it was another troop train ride, this time from Nashville to Montgomery.

July 5- Maxwell AAF, Montgomery, Pre-Flight Training, Rank: Cadet. At Maxwell we attended classes such as aerodynamics, meteorology, navigation, gasoline engine operation, and had more “PT.” I was made a Cadet Lt. and placed in charge of a company of Cadets. This involved assembling my company for early morning formations when the US flag was raised and attendance reported, late afternoon formations when “Retreat” was played on a bugle and the US flag was lowered. I also had the responsibility of assembling the company for parade formations and giving them the proper marching orders to keep us in proper position. For the job of Cadet Company Commander, I was issued and wore a leather Sam Brown belt with sword and scabbard. When reporting for my company of Cadets, I first saluted by raising the sword to a position in front of my face.

Mary had another family relative stationed at Maxwell Field, a major. When she flew to Montgomery to see me, she stayed with these relatives on the base in their “officer” housing. I recall being invited to have dinner with them several times and how scared I was, as a “lowly underclass Cadet” to, not only be going to the home of a major, but to spend the evening with them and, of course, Mary, too.

To understand the true meaning and feeling of being a “lowly underclass person, one has to have gone through some kind of military cadet training. Whenever we were addressed by an upper class cadet, we had to stand at “attention,” in a full brace (shoulders full back, stomach full in and eyes straight forward) and under no circumstances were we to smile. “Remember, Cadet. Solemnity and sobriety at all times!” we were told repeatedly. Also, we could use one of only three “approved” answers to any question from an upper classman, “Yes, SIR.”, “No SIR.” and “No excuse, SIR.” And, under no conditions did we dare to presume that we could address an upper classman first. We had to stand silently, at full “attention,” until recognized and given permission to speak.

Failure to properly follow these rules, or at least failure to do so in the eyes of an upper classman, resulted in “gigs.” After so many “gigs” you had to walk them off by parading alone, in full uniform, an assigned number of times back and forth on the tarmac.

Sep. 1- Union City (TN) AAF, Primary Flight Training, Rank Cadet. Between Sep. 2 and Oct. 27, I logged 65 hours in Fairchild PT-23s. They were made during 1941 and 1942.

Sep. 22- I first soloed at Wade Field, Union City, TN for 15 minutes from 15:32 to 15:47 in a Fairchild PT-23. This is what I wrote in my Pilot’s Log Book:

“Made three landings, overshot the third attempted and had to go around the pattern a fourth time. Three good landings.”

Sep. 23- My second solo during Primary training lasted 20 minutes from 15:03 to 15:23. I wrote:

“Made three landings. 1st fair, 2nd undershot and 3rd bounced a little. Strong headwind.”

Sep.24- My third solo lasted 48 minutes from 16:42 to 17:30. My log entry was:

“Very windy day. Took off and climbed to 300 feet. Did a right then a left turn and went into climbing turns up to 1000 feet. Flew to let down area and did power let down to 500 feet and entered traffic of 45 degree leg. Bounced a little on 1st and 3rd landing. Second landing fairly smooth. Traffic very thick when I was coming in for last landing.”

Oct. 1- Log entry:

“First check-(ride by) Charles O. Hon - passed satisfactory - did not know until next day that the ride with Hon was a check. Took off south to long section line. Let down and did “S” turns and elementary eights. Force landing from 800 feet and another later at 3,000 feet. Went up to 2,500’ and went through series of stalls. Spin, right and left and then gliding turns and power let down. Entered traffic and landed fairly well. Total time of ride 45 min. Had 19:54 in when I took check.”

Oct 12- Log entry:

“Second check – Lt. Kelean – 10 min and 25 min. First flight took off and left pattern. Excessive fuel pressure caused detonation and so we landed immediately. Given a second ship but unable to use it because of broken oil tank. Third ship OK. Took off and climbed to 3340 indicated and did a chandelle to left and then to right. Went through several lazy eights followed by a power on rudder exercise stall straight ahead. Snap roll next and then a spin. Forced landing and then went home. Total time 35 min.”

Oct. 21- Log entry:

“Third check: Given by G. W. Jones, Sqdn. Commander. Took off west and climbed to 2,500 indicated, leveled and did chandelle to left and one to right, next several lazy eights. Two straight ahead power on stalls, one rudder exercise and one normal. Snap roll to left and then slow roll to right. Half roll and then a forced landing over Wade Field. Jones took ship back to field and landed it. Duration 29 minutes.”

Nov. 3- Newport (AR) AAF, Basic Flight Training, Rank: Cadet. Between Nov. 8 and Feb. 6, I logged 90 hours in Vultee BT-13s, and 15s. They were named Valiant but we called them the “Vultee Vibrators.” They were manufactured during 1940 to 1942. There is one on display at the March AFB in California.

At some point during Basic or Advanced flight training we were advised, on our cross-country training flights, “Never fly down a railroad track because you might meet a Navy pilot flying up it.” There was a Naval flying school near Memphis so the warning may have meant more than don’t do your cross-country navigation the easy way. One memory that I do have regarding the Naval training program at Memphis was the night sighting of an aircraft carrier outlined on the ground in lights and thinking, “I sure wouldn’t want to try and land on that little runway in the daytime or especially at night!”

Nov. 18- Small form with heading “Newport Army Air Field, Newport, Arkansas, Solo Log” and my handwritten note, “Solo in BT-13A.”

Student Name: Wiley, Thomas E. A/C

Instructor’s Name: Nelson, Garnold S. 2nd Lt.

Squadron: 3, Flight: A, Date: 11/18/43

Duration of Flight: From 1. 1550 to 1605, time: 15 min

Plane No.: 278, Plane characteristics: OK

General appearance of Terrain over which you flew?:

Flat fields and woods

Did you see many emergency landing fields?: Yes

List any accident or potential accident that occurred.

None

I certify that there were no intentional infractions of flying regulations on the above listed flights.

Signature: Thomas E. Wiley

On the back of the form it indicates that I performed the following maneuvers: 3 Landings & Take-offs, Climbing Turns, Gliding Turns, Gentle and Medium Turns and 90 Degree Approach (700 ft.)

1944

Feb. 10- Blytheville (AR) AAF, Advanced Flight Training (Twin- engine). Between Feb. 16 and Apr. 13, I logged 73:10 hours in Curtis AT-9s called the “Jeep” made in 1941-1942. There is one display at the Wright-Patterson Air force Museum. We were told that these planes were the “hottest” twin-engine trainers in the Air Corps. They had a very narrow landing gear that made them subject to ground-looping on the landing roll. Forty years later, in Pittsburgh, I learned that one of the longtime television news anchors, Paul Long, had been an Air Corps flying instructor in AT-9s. When I asked him about there flying characteristics, Paul, frequently the jokester, said, “The AT-9 was the only plane in the world that took-off at 90mph, climbed at 90mph, cruised at 90mph, stalled at 90mph, glided at 90mph, landed at 90mph and ground-looped at 90mph.”

Apr. 14- I was Honorably Discharged from the Army of the United States as an Aviation Cadet, SN 15126726, Class 44-D, in the Air Corps to accept Commission as Second Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

Apr. 15- I was commissioned a 2nd Lt. in the Army of the United States, SN 0-828614, given the rating of pilot, twin-engine and assigned to the 26th Twin Engine Flying Training Group, HQ & HQ, Blytheville Army Air Field, Blytheville, AR. I was also assigned to the BOQ, Batchelor Officer Quarters. My appointment as a Second Lieutenant was issued by the Army Air Force Eastern Training Command, Maxwell Field, AL on April 15, 1944.

Apr. 16- I was granted a ten-day leave of absence to Apr. 26th by S.O. 96, par 10, dated 15April1944. I went home to visit family and friends.

Apr. 28- I was given permission to fly a Fairchild PT-19 in the local Blytheville area. It was a sunny day with some low puffy cumulus clouds that I enjoyed flying round. So for 1:15 hours I had fun practicing stalls and doing acrobatics such as slow rolls, spins, steep turns and chandelles.

Apr. 29- I was asked fly an AT-9 to Malden, MO, to deliver some films to the special services officer. The round trip was another 1:15 logged.

Apr. 30- I was granted a five-day leave of absence to May 4th by S.O. 109, par. 45, dated 29April1944.

May 6- I was transferred to the 2nd Air Force C&RP, AAB, Lincoln, NE., to report May 12.

May 8- AAB, Lincoln, NE

May 20- Left Lincoln AAB

May 21- Reported to Alexandria (LA) AAF, 221st AAF Base Unit.

It should be noted here that in the normal sequence of pilot training, I would have gone next to transitional instruction in a combat type aircraft. Since my advanced pilot training was in the “hot” twin-engine AT-9, I anticipated being trained as a pilot of the twin-engine P-38 fighter or one of the twin-engine medium bombers: A-26 or B-25. However, the US experienced such heavy losses of four-engine, heavy bomber crews in the 8th Air Force during the early stages of daylight bombing raids over Europe, that it was necessary to speed-up the availability of replacement crews. This was accomplished by giving newly graduated twin-engine pilots co-pilot training in heavy bombers and then assigning them as Second Pilot on combat crews as they were formed with an experienced four-engine pilot as First Pilot.

Between May 22 and July 24 I logged 207:15 training as a co-pilot on Boeing B-17s. My total flying time logged to this point was 440:55 hours.

During this time, on June 6, D-Day, the Allied invasion of Europe began with landings on the Normandy beaches of France.

July 23- Effective July 28, I was attached to the 271st AAF Base Unit (SB) AAF, Kearney, NE with a five-day delay en-route to report by Aug. 2nd. I left Alexandria AAF and spent some time at home.

Jul. 29- A handwritten notation on my army leave orders indicates that I was able to buy five gallons of rationed gasoline while in Ashland.

Aug. 2- I reported to Kearney (NE) AAF.

Aug. 8- I was co-pilot on Crew #5859 that was assigned to B-17G, SN 44-6422. The roster of this crew was made up of:

2 nd Lt. (1091)	Richard P. Roe	0767881	1 st Pil
2 nd Lt. (1051)	Thomas E. Wiley	0828614	2 nd Pil
2 nd Lt.	Clement J. Smith	0723704	Nav
2 nd Lt.	Kit L. Gifford	0776532	Bomb
Sgt.	Ernest A. Hartman	1614865	Engr-Gnr
Sgt.	Steve Tarantino	39279359	Gnr (waist)
Sgt.	Peter Zellow	39554410	Rad Oper

(Due to illness Zellow was replaced before flying overseas.)

Cpl.	Henry R. Weatherall	38435650	ROG
Cpl.	Franklin W. Dunn	17114164	Armr Gnr (waist)
Cpl.	Edward W. Cockrell	33900330	Gnr (ball turret)
Cpl.	Norman L. Webb	38627986	Gnr (tail)

Aug.9-We left Kearney AAF at 0030 to fly to Dow Field, Bangor (ME) AAF.

We were routed over Omaha, Des Moines, Moline, Joliet, Goshen, Toledo, Cleveland, Erie, Buffalo, Syracuse, Albany, Grenier Field, Portland, Augusta, and into Bangor. We were given a weather map with clear weather forecast for the entire route, which it was. As we flew east, I recall seeing the lights of Chicago, Detroit, Toledo and Cleveland and watching the sun rise over Lake Erie. We landed at Dow Field, Bangor AAF at 0945 making it a nine hour and fifteen minute flight. When we were told that our route across the Atlantic Ocean would be either "by Goose or by Gander," we thought that that was secret code for the routes. We soon learned that it meant that our next stop would be in Newfoundland, Canada, at either Goose Bay or Lake Gander.

Aug. 10- We flew from Bangor AAF to Gander Lake, Newfoundland, Can. Take off was at 1450 and landing at 1910, a flight of four hours and twenty minutes. At Gander our plane was diagnosed with a mechanical problem. It took several days to fix the problem and then several more days to work us back into the steady stream of planes flying this route. The only good part was being able to explore the Canadian woods around the airbase.

Aug. 16- We left Gander at 0305 and flew eight hours and ten minutes to Terciera Island in The Azores Group belonging to Portugal landing at 1115. Our destination looked like a tiny dot in the middle of a very big ocean. Smithy, our navigator, was really worried about hitting it because he would be using celestial navigation. He did not feel too comfortable

with that technique because its accuracy depended upon him standing in the nose compartment of the plane with his head in a small Plexiglas bubble holding a quadrant to measure the angle to the sun or moon or a known star. Then charts were used to determine our position. Remember, this is before the days of GPS navigation with satellite vectors giving you a continuous reading of your actual location. I do recall that Smithy stayed awake until we identified the Azores at which point he immediately fell asleep from exhaustion.

Aug. 17- We flew on to Marrakech AAF, French West Africa. (0755-1450, time: 6:55)

Aug. 18- We flew to Tunis AAF, Tunisia. (0950-1540, time: 5:50)

Aug. 19- We flew to Gioia AAF, Italy. (1225-1610, time: 3:45)

(Aug. 16, 1944 to Oct. 8, 1945, overseas 14 months.)

Aug. 21- We took off from Gioia at 1350 and landed at Celone Field #1 near Foggia, Italy, our new home field, at 1530. This flight of one hour and forty minutes was, by far, the shortest leg in our trip overseas. The total flying time from Kearney, NE to Foggia, Italy was thirty-nine hours and fifty-five minutes.

The town of Foggia had been heavily damaged when the British Eighth Army liberated the fighting US P-38s had bombed and strafed the area and we were told that there were still dead people in the rubble.

At our new base we were assigned to APO 520; 15th Air Force; 5th Wing; 463rd Bombardment Group, Col. Frank Kurtz, Commanding Officer; 772nd Bombardment Squadron, Maj. James W. Patton, Commanding Officer.

The 463rd was one of the Bomb Groups that flew B-17s and when we arrived the planes were all Model Gs with the characteristic chin turret. A total of around 12,000 were built, most by the original designer, Boeing, and 13 are currently flying. It was first called a "Flying Fortress" by a newspaper reporter when he saw one of the first ones on public display bristling with 50-caliber machine guns. The other strategic "heavy" bomber was the B-24, Liberator. Both planes were powered by four piston-driven engines but the "24" had a slightly longer range and could carry a slightly heavier bomb load. Today only two of the nearly 19,000 Liberators built are still air-worthy. In contrast, about 4,000 B-29, Super Fortresses were manufactured and only one is flying today.

We were always glad to see B-24s flying in the same area over enemy territory as we were since the German fighters seemed to prefer attacking them rather than the "17s." The armament was the same but the B-17 wing was broader and thicker than the "24s" narrow, thin Davis wing and could sustain more damage. The same may have been true of the control systems since the "17s" were activated through electrical wires whereas the "24" was largely hydraulically controlled. When ever we would meet B-24 pilots we would kid them that they were our best fighter escort.

The 463rd was known as the "Swoose Group" and the group patch had a characterization of the "Swoose" embroidered on it. This name came from the B-17G, AAC s/n 42-31844,

that Col. Frank Kurtz, Group Commanding Officer, had named “The Swoose, 1944 Model. It flies?” and painted after the manner of the first “The Swoose” that he had flown in the South Pacific.

But the story of the “Swoose” predates the 463rd and Col. Kurtz as well. It goes back to the early days of WWII. The original plane was a B-17D, AAC s/n 40-3097, that the manufacturer, Boeing, delivered to the 19th Bombardment Group at March Field, CA on April 28, 1941. It was flown to Clark Field in the Philippines where it was located when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941. A month later it sustained extensively damage during a mission to bomb the eastern coast of Borneo and was flown to Melbourne, Australia for complete overhaul.

References:

1. Flying Fortress, by Edward Jablonski, published by Double Day and Company, New York, Copyright 1965. In addition to containing much information on the development, history, use and operation of the B-17, this book includes information on the Fifteenth Air Force, Gen. Nathan F. Twining, the 463rd Bombardment Group, Col. Frank Kurtz, The Swoose” and Foggia, Italy.
2. A Narrative and Pictorial History of the 463rd Bombardment Group (H), including the 772nd, 773rd, 774th and 775th Bombardment Squadrons. Narrative by Harold Rubin.
3. 772nd Bomb Squadron: The Men-The Memories of the 463rd Bomb Group (The Swoose Group), Edited by Dan Carroll, Copyright 1996, Turner Publishing Co., Paducah, KY.
4. Air Force Combat Units of World War II, Edited by Maurer Maurer, USAF Historical Division, Air University, Department of the Air Force, 1960, US Government Printing Office.
5. Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum website:
http://www.nasm.si.edu/research/aero/aircraft/boeing_b17d.htm for information regarding “The Swoose” and Frank Kurtz. The original “Swoose” from the Pacific Theater is in the Smithsonian aircraft collection waiting to be reassembled and displayed.

Between Aug. 30 and Feb. 28 I flew 35 combat sorties for which I was awarded 57 combat mission credits. The higher mission credit number was the result of certain targets being considered more hazardous than others and so were rated a “double mission.”

<u>Date</u>	<u>463rd</u>	<u>A/C</u>	<u>TEW</u>	<u>AA</u>	<u>1 or 2</u>	<u>Flying</u>	<u>Comments</u>		
<u>1944</u>	<u>Mission</u>	<u>Mission</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Target</u>	<u>Guns</u>	<u>Cred.</u>	<u>Time</u>		
Aug. 30	93	28	1	Novi-Sad, Yug.	M/Y	6	1	5:35	August, 1944,

Sep. 3	95	27	2	Belgrad, Yug.	Rv/B	100	1	5:10	B-17s at peak strength.
Sep. 5	97	28	3	Budapest, Hun.	RR/B	194	1	7:30	
Sep. 10	100	28	4	Vienna, Aust.	O/R	420	2	7:05	
Sep. 12	101	28	5	Munich, Ger.	A/D	400+	2	7:05	
Sep. 13	102	28	6	Blechhammer, G.	O/R	400+	2	8:00	
Sep. 18	105	28	7	Novi-Sad, Yug.	RR/B	22	1	5:40	
Sep. 21	107	28	8	Bekescaba, Hun.	M/Y	0	1	6:45	
Sep. 23	109	27	9	Brux, Czech.	S/O	193	2	8:30	
Oct. 7	113	13	10	Eresakuyvar, H.	M/Y	-	1	7:30	Air Medal
Oct. 10	114	28	11	Mestre, Italy	M/Y	20	1	5:25	KLG wounded
Oct. 11				(Lt. Clement Smith, Navigator, killed in training accident.)					
Oct. 12	116	36	12	Bologna, Italy	Bivouac	74	1	6:25	
Oct. 13	117	22	13	Blechhammer, G.	O/R	400+	2	8:15	Fri. 13 th , my 13 th
Oct. 16	120	36	14	Linz, Aust.	O/R	301	2	7:40	Bombing by PFF
Oct. 17	121	28	15	Blechhammer, G.	O/R	400+	2	9:00*	1 st OLC, Air Medal
Oct. 28	126	2	16	Klagenfurt, Aust.	A/C	6	1	3:25	Day, single ship**
Oct. 29	RSP	-	-	Munich, Ger.	-	268	-	4:15	
Nov. 2-8				(TEW in 61 st Station Hospital, Foggia, Italy due to exhaustion.)					
Nov. 16	137	35	ER	(Turned back at Trieste, Italy area, plane w/mechanical problem.)					
Nov. 17	138	38	ER	(Rtnd fr Udine, Italy w/mechanical.)					
Nov. 18	139	35	17	Vienna, Aust.	O/R	400+	2	7:40	
Nov. 19	141	27	18	Vienna, Aust.	O/S	400+	2	7:30	
Nov. 20	142	35	19	Brno, Czech.	Alt	55	2	7:40	
Nov. 25	144	6	20	Linz, Aust.	Syn O/R	301	2	6:40	Nite, single ship**
Dec. 18	150	34	21	Odertal, Ger.	O/R	200+	2	8:35	
Dec. 19	151	37	22	Sopran, Aust.	M/Y		1	7:10	Vienna M/Y
Dec. 20	152	35	23	Regensburg, Ger.	O/S		2	7:40	
Dec. 26	154	27	24	Odertal, Ger.	O/R	200+	2	8:00	DFC 3/2/45
Dec. 28	156	16	25	Regensburg, Ger.	O/R		2	8:30	2 nd OLC, Air Medal
<u>1945</u>									
Jan. 15	158	26	26	Vienna, Aust.	SE M/Y	337	2	7:35	
Feb. 5	163	36	27	Regensburg, Ger.	O/R	40Hv	2	8:00	
Feb. 14	168	40	28	Vienna, Aust.	Mkt	335	2	6:55	
Feb. 15	169	41	29	Vienna, Aust.	SE Depot	337	2	6:25	
Feb. 17	171	28	30	Linz, Aust.	M/Y	301	2	6:45	157/301 AA guns, Hv
Feb. 19	173	26	31	Klagenfurt, Aust.	M/Y	6	1	6:45	
Feb. 22	176	25	32	Landschut, Ger.	M/Y		1	8:15	
Feb. 25	179	26	33	Linz, Aust.	M/Y	301	2	7:25	BakerDepty/AbleLead
Feb. 27	180	27	34	Augsburg, Ger.	M/Y	88Hv	2	7:10	
Feb. 28	181	40	<u>35</u>	Verona, Italy	RR/B	138Hv	<u>1</u>	<u>5:55</u>	3 rd OLC, Air Medal
Total sorties = 35 with mission credits totaling 57 in 260:10 combat hours flown.									

Note in the line above, "Total sorties = 35" and "...mission credits totaling 57." A sortie was defined as an aircraft that took off on a combat assignment. A mission was defined as getting to, and attacking, an enemy target. Depending on the length of the flight, the defenses encountered or other factors, double credit might be given for a particular

mission. I was credited with 13 single missions and 22 double missions. If, after take off, a crew had to abort the mission due to mechanical failure, or some other “approved” reason, and return to the base early, credit as a mission or sortie would depend largely on whether the abort took place over enemy territory. The entries for November 16 and 17 show “ER” for Early Return with no credit listed. Both returns were from northern Italy and not over enemy territory at that time.

* For this mission, time in the air was officially listed at 9:00 hrs. Since our actual lapsed time was greater, I entered 10:00 in my pilot logbook and 11:15 in the Aircraft Form 1. However, base engineering refused these times saying that it was not possible to be in the air that long carrying our scheduled bomb load and flying to that target and back. We had no one to verify our actual time since we returned alone from the target area to home base.

** I flew two lone single ship missions deep into enemy territory. The sortie on October 28th was during daylight hours with considerable cloud cover. On November 25th the mission was flown during darkness. The planes used for single ship missions were equipped with radar and called “Mickey” ships. A radar dome was located on the underside of the plane in place of the ball turret. The radar operator was a specially trained navigator called a “Mickey” Navigator and was stationed in the radio room in the central part of the fuselage near the radar Dome.

These sorties were “nuisance” missions meant to disrupt war production and expend enemy resources when flying conditions prevented the use of mass bomber formations. Thus these missions were scheduled deliberately during especially bad weather and at night. However, a single lone plane with the use of radar could fly to the target, completed the bomb run successfully and return to base.

A/A	anti-aircraft guns	M/Y	railroad marshalling yard	RR/B	railroad bridge
A/C	aircraft	Mkt	market storage	Rv/B	river bridge
A/D	airdrome	OLC	Oak Leaf Cluster	S/O	synthetic oil
Alt	alternate target	O/R	oil refinery	Syn O/R	synthetic oil
Depot	storage depot	O/S	oil storage, tank farm		refinery

As the result of serving for fourteen months in the Mediterranean Theater during this time, I was entitled to wear the European Theater of Operations (ETO) Battle Ribbon with three battle stars: Air Combat, EAME Theater; Air Offensive, Europe; Southern France, Central Europe; Po Valley.

Aug. 30–Sep. 10- I flew my first four missions.

“So, That’s What This Is All About!”

On my first mission, August 30, 1944, I flew as co-pilot to Novi-sad, Yugoslavia, to bomb a railroad marshalling yard. At the early morning briefing we were told that this was a very lightly defended target – only six anti-aircraft guns. That turned out to be true. BUT when 88mm shells began exploding within site of my co-pilot’s window, I suddenly realized, “So, that’s what this is all about! This is a very deadly business. People could get killed up here at 18,000 feet. And I have a load of bombs for those on the ground!”

Ten days later I was scheduled to fly my fourth mission the next day, again as copilot. The word was that this was to be to a very heavily defended target, maybe 300 or 400 guns. Having experienced six guns “up close and personal,” I couldn’t imagine what 3-400 would be like. That’s when my imagination took over. I mentally multiplied the six that I had experienced previously by a factor of 60 or 70. (Or was it 600 to 700.)

What ever the factor was, I was sure that I could not survive and I had trouble getting to sleep that night. So I prayed. And, I prayed. I prayed as I had never before in my life. Before long a soft light appeared in my tent. As it grew, my mind eased; my body relaxed. I felt reassured, comforted, and peaceful. I ceased to worry about the mission in the morning.

I chose then, as I do now, to believe that that “light” was the living presence of a very loving God and no matter what happened to me I was in His care.

Sep. 23- I was awarded the Air Medal for completing five combat sorties from Aug. 30 to Sep. 12 by General Orders Number 3569 of the Fifteenth Air Force commanded by Major General Twining.

Oct. 10- Kit Gifford, our Bombardier, was wounded when a piece of flak penetrated the plexiglas nose of our plane and lodged in his wrist. He ended up in the AAC Hospital in Bari, located in the southern part of Italy’s “boot.” At the end of one visit to see Kit, we called back to a buddy in our home squadron to see if we were scheduled to fly a mission early the next morning. Before we left, we had arranged with him to use a certain phrase in our conversation if we had to get back immediately. He gave us the “password” so several of us headed out to the Bari airport to see if a plane was going back north. There was one and we got on board – actually, rather hesitantly since it was a B-24. Perhaps only another B-17 crew member would understand our hesitance. You see, the rivalry between those of us flying B-17s and them flying B-24s was such that we really didn’t want to be seen in a B-24! Well, the B-24 crew started the inboard engines first, unlike a “17,” and they didn’t sound right to us. The engines were shaking and “galloping,” not smooth and even like a “17s.” They made such a vibration that we could see the “spindly” landing gears also shaking. We “B-17ers” looked at each other and in one movement dove out through the bomb bay doors and headed for the highway. There is always military traffic going up and down the “boot” we reasoned. And, there was. The famed “Red Ball” express was moving supplies north and one of the drivers stopped and let us crowd into the back of his big truck. We had heard wild tales about the driving habits of these fellows but we climbed in anyway. We had to. We had to get back to our squadron that night and this was the only way left to us. What we found out was that their reputation didn’t do justice to our actual experience. We had heard that they drove fast. And he did. We had heard that they didn’t

let anything get in their way or slow them down. And he didn't. The prize, though, was when the driver swung out of his cab door with a bottle in his hand and offered us a drink. We didn't know whether to accept it, so he wouldn't have as much left, or "accidentally" spill it. But we figured he had more where that came from so it wouldn't make much difference what we did. The end of the story is -we did make it back to our base and we did fly our mission as scheduled.

Oct. 11- The day after Kit was wounded, Smithy, our Navigator, was killed when plane "550," "Lassie and Her Pals," crashed while on a gunnery training mission.

Oct.17- **Wiley and Crew Three Hours Overdue
Reported "MIA" – Missing In Action**

On my fifteenth mission on October 17th, 1944, as the result of being three hours overdue in returning to our airfield, my crew and I were reported "MIA" – Missing In Action.

It was my third trip to bomb the oil refinery at Blechhammer, Germany and the second time within a week. So the route north from Italy was familiar as was the final bomb run to the drop point. What was different was the large, 30-40,000 foot high "thunderhead" (cumulonimbus) cloud straight ahead. Was it before "Bombs away!" or after that we all entered the cloud? We couldn't tell. What we did know was that the "shear" action between the up and down drafts inside this type of cloud could destroy, not only a single, large plane but also, a whole squadron of planes.

It must have been a tie! All seven planes in our squadron dropped all our bombs at the same time - as we entered the cloud. Immediately planes seemed to be going down and bombs up. How our plane survived I don't know. But after losing several thousand feet, we emerged, very shook-up, into a cloudy, over-cast and under-cast sky, – the only plane in sight!

Not only did we not have the protection of other B-17's in tight formation, we had no navigator on board to guide us back to home base. We had flown north from Italy so, now flying by instruments, we turned south to head back. We set up a slight down glide and reduced engine power to conserve fuel.

We passed over several enemy flak areas but encountered no damage. Due to icing conditions on the wings, we had to drop down to 6,000 feet altitude. Then suddenly, over the plane's intercom came the shout, "Pull-up!" Without hesitation, I pushed the throttles all the way forward, spun the superchargers to full power, and pulled the nose up sharply putting the plane into a steep climb. Out the windows the crew could see snow and short mountain shrubs. We were flying up the side of an alpine mountain gathering foliage on the ball turret and mud on the underside of our plane. When we turned south off the target, we had headed straight for the Alps!

The abrupt pull-up put such a strain on the fuselage that the floor in the radio room in the center of the plane was splintered, the doors were sprung, and the ball turret sight glass was broken. Later we discovered rivets popped out of the plane's aluminum skin.

After we cleared the top of the mountain and wove our way through the mountain peaks, we picked up American swing music on our radio compass. I used the radio compass heading as a homing beacon. But this led us into some more heavy flak. Soon the radio station identified itself as a mobile unit in the front lines with the U.S. Fifth Army Forces. The radio compass indicated that we had not flown south over the station, so we knew that we were north of the battle lines and over the still German occupied Po River Valley of northern Italy. But, at least we knew where we were!

Now in clear weather we headed east until we came to Italy's eastern shore on the Adriatic. There we turned south and followed it down to the "spur on the boot" just minutes from our home airfield. It was dark when we circled the field and asked the tower for permission to land. "Who are you?" the tower demanded to know. We identified ourselves but they said we could not be who we said we were and refused us permission to land. Besides, if we were who we said we were, we were three hours overdue and had been reported "MIA" - Missing In Action.

I told the tower, "That's your problem. We are out of fuel and I'm landing." When we reached our regular parking place the engines died from lack of fuel.

In the plane's maintenance log, I entered our actual flying time of 11 hours and 15 minutes. Then, in my own pilot's log, for reasons I don't recall, I entered only ten hours. Flight-line engineering refused to accept either time as, "A B-17 could not possibly have flown that long to that target with that bomb load, period." Engineering did accept nine hours as my official flying time for this mission.

When I reviewed my previous flying times to Blechhammer, the official time on September 13th was eight hours. The second trip was on Friday, October the 13th and was my 13th mission. (That is a lot of "13s.") The official flying time recorded was eight hours and fifteen minutes. So in accepting nine hours of flying time, Engineering did allow us an hour longer than either of my two previous trips to this target. It turned out that the nine hours is the longest flying time of any of my 35 missions.

After our de-briefing, I quizzed the crew to learn who had shouted "Pull up!" over the intercom. They all said that they, too, had heard it but they each denied saying it. I guess I'll have to wait and ask St. Peter, "Who was our guardian angel that time?"

Oct. 22- I was promoted to 1st Lt. per Special Orders 296, HQ, 15th Air Force

Oct 27- I was given the rating of Limited Pilot, Day and Night, B-17G.

Oct. 28- I received the 1st Oak Leaf Cluster (Bronze) to my Air Medal for completing ten more combat sorties from Sep. 13 to Oct. 17 by General Orders Number 4237 of the Fifteenth Air Force. Total combat sorties 15.

Nov. 2- I was taken to the 61st Station Hospital, Foggia, Italy. During debriefing after returning from a combat mission I recall being given a shot of rye whiskey, then another one. Then the next thing I knew I woke up in a real bed with clean white sheets. I looked around and a nurse said, "Well, Lt., that's what you look like. You've been laying on your face for three days." The diagnosis was exhaustion. I enjoyed a few days of walking around the floor, talking with other patients and playing a little ping pong.

Nov. 8- Discharged from the 61st Station Hospital. Returned to flying status.

1945

Jan. 15- I qualified as Unrestricted Pilot, B-17G.

Jan. 28- I was awarded the 2nd OLC (Bronze) to my Air Medal for completing ten more missions from Oct. 26 to Dec. 28 by General Orders Number 412 of the Fifteenth Air Force commanded by Major General Twining. Total combat sorties flown, 25.

Feb.7 Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin met at a secret location in the Black Sea area of Crimea. The meeting was called the "Yalta Conference" and was held to plan the final phase of the war against Nazi Germany, the terms of surrender and plans for the occupation of Germany.

Feb. 25- I flew my 33rd mission.

From Deputy Lead of Baker Squadron, to Squadron Lead, to Group Lead of Able Squadron.

On February 25, 1945 I was assigned to fly as Deputy Squadron Lead for the 772nd Bomb Squadron of the 463rd Bomb Group, 15th Air Force. Lt. Wallace Sanders, later Best Man at my wedding, was assigned as the Squadron Leader. The 772nd was assigned to Baker position in the group formation. I was assigned as First Pilot of the B-17 G aircraft with the call numbers of "377." The plane's serial number was 44-6377 and was named "Pretty Baby's Boys."

This was my 33rd mission and the group's 179th. The group's briefing officer said that 26 planes had been mustered to proceed as outlined on the giant wall map toward Munich, Germany, but then to swing to the target that was the railroad marshalling yards in Linz, Austria. We were told to expect some weather problems en-route, possible enemy fighters in the Udine, Italy, area, at the northern end of the Adriatic Sea, and 75-85 single engine fighters (German ME 109s) in the target area. We were also told that the number of anti-aircraft guns in the Munich area had been increasing with the number of 88mm's now projected at 144 and the number of 105's at 157 for a total of 301.

The German anti-aircraft guns were grouped and fired in batteries of three. So, if we saw the first one or two bursts, we knew pretty well where the others were going to explode. On several occasions, I used that information to move my plane out of the way of the

pending explosions and then to return to formation. We could tell by the bursts from which size gun the explosion emanated. “88’s” were black and “105’s” were grey.

A brief narrative account of this mission appears on page 115 in “A Narrative and Pictorial History of the 463rd Bombardment Group (H),” assembled and edited by Harold Rubin:

“The mission on the 25th (of February, 1945) was another rugged one. Following the briefed course, they headed toward Munich to draw the attention of the Germans in that area. Near Munich they met a heavy barrage of flak and rockets. At Linz, the target, they made another run through the flak. Seventy-seven tons of bombs were dropped. Two crews were lost to the very intense and accurate flak.”

Later, official evaluation rated the bombing results as “Excellent.”

In 1997, Dana Mudge, now living in Oroville, CA, shared with me the notes he made after the end of this, his 16th mission. Over all we flew on six of the same missions. This is what Dana wrote:

“Take off: 0805. Landed: 1530. Time: 7 hrs, 25 min. Flew 690 in Baker Four. Squadron assembly was very good. On the way up, Sanders, in Baker I, had to leave so Tom Wiley took over. We pulled 23-38 all the way to the target – and things were pretty well messed up going into trail. We nearly overshot – did lose our wingman. Bomb run was visual – target hit. Able caught the accurate flak – they were pretty badly shot up. Able leader lost 3 engines and headed for the Russian lines amidst a hail of “So longs” and “Good lucks” from the Group. After the rally, Tom ran into Able squadron and we had to pullout again losing our wingmen. Due to Able being shot up and ships taking off for home alone, Baker took over the lead. We carried 12/500 lb. bombs – left the target in flames. No flak holes, no crew injuries, no enemy fighters. Mike and Holloway both passed out from anoxia.”

Dana also sent me a newspaper clipping describing the allied air raids of Feb. 25:

15th And 8th Join In New Air Assaults On Nazis

LONDON, Feb. 25—The all-out Allied air battering of the Reich continued today as heavy bombers from Britain and Italy pestered railway yards and communication centers and medium bombers and fighters continued to give tactical support to field operations.

More than 1,150 Flying Forts and Liberators of the 8th AAF attacked railyards at Munich, Aschaffenburg, and Ulm, airfields at Oiebelstadt and Schweabish-Hall; tank assembly plants at Aschaffenburg and an oil storage depot at Neuberg. More than 500 Mustangs and Thunderbolts strafed a wide area from Hamburg to south of Berlin.

Italy-based 15th AAF heavy bombers—operating for the thirteenth consecutive day—struck at communications and industrial targets inside Linz in Austria, 95 miles west of Vienna and junctions for rail traffic to Vienna, Regensburg, Salzburg and Munich. The heavies were escorted by long-range fighters.

Six waves of B-26 Mitchells of the 12th AAF bombed targets on the Brenner Pass rail line, including Vitipeno, six miles from the Austrian border, and the most northerly point ever bombed by mediums from Mediterranean bases.

As a result of my actions on this mission, I was asked to prepare a narrative statement detailing what my role was and provide it to Lt. Weatherly in S-2 for possible submission for awarding an Oak Leaf Cluster (Bronze) to my Distinguished Flying Cross.

Narrative Statement prepared for Lt. Weatherly, S-2:

“On February 25, 1945, 1st Lt. Thomas E. Wiley, 0-828614, 772nd Bombardment Squadron, 463rd Bombardment Group (H), APO #520, was flying as pilot of a B-17G type aircraft (377), on a bombing mission against an enemy railroad marshalling yard at Linz, Austria.

“On this mission he started out as deputy lead of Baker squadron. After the group was approximately thirty minutes out from base, mechanical failure developed in the plane of the Baker leader. Baker leader turned the squadron lead over to Lt. Wiley and headed back to base. Although he had never before flown as squadron lead, Lt. Wiley led the squadron like a veteran and proceeded toward the objective in group formation.

“Mechanical difficulties also began to develop on his ship. The propeller of #2 engine had a tendency to run away each time engine power was increased requiring the co-pilot to control it by adjusting the feathering button. Also, #3 engine detonated during the entire flight.

“While flying over the Udine area of Italy, where enemy fighters usually were active, he held his squadron in a tight well-formed defensive formation.

“When the group began the bomb run, it was met by intense and accurate enemy flak that damaged Lt. Wiley’s plane and many others in the formation. Holding his squadron in a tight formation and giving his bombardier a smooth run, he completed a highly successful bomb run.

“Just after “bombs away,” the group leader’s plane was hit by enemy flak knocking out three of the engines. He dropped out of formation. The deputy group leader’s ship was seriously damaged also leaving the group with out a leader. Realizing what had happened, Lt. Wiley pulled his squadron into the lead position and began to rally the group.

“After he had re-organized the group formation with each squadron in its proper position, he proceeded to lead the group back to home base in a close formation. Despite the damaged condition of his own plane, Lt. Wiley maintained a steady lead being careful that the most seriously damaged planes could keep up with the group. By avoiding all enemy flak areas on the return trip, and though hampered by weather conditions, he lead the group safely back to base without further damage.

“Lt. Wiley received the highest praise from his fellow flyers and his commanding officer for his leadership on this mission. His commanding officer feels that such a display of resourcefulness and leadership should not go unrecognized. Lt. Wiley has shown much progress and devotion to duty throughout his combat career of 34 sorties and over 254

hours of flying. He began his tour of duty as a co-pilot, quickly qualified as a first pilot then served as an experienced first pilot-combat instructor during numerous crews first missions.”

Proposed Citation:

“First Oak Leaf Cluster (Bronze) for Distinguished Flying Cross.

“Thomas E. Wiley, 0-828614, 1st Lt., 772nd B.S., 463rd B.G. APO #520. For extraordinary achievement during aerial flight as pilot of a B-17 type aircraft. On February 25, 1945, Lt. Wiley flew as deputy leader of his squadron on a bombing mission against vital enemy installations in Austria. When the squadron leader turned back because of mechanical failure, Lt. Wiley took over the lead despite mechanical difficulties in two engines of his plane. Although opposed by intense and accurate enemy anti-aircraft fire over the target, he led his squadron through the enemy defenses for a highly successful bombing run, inflicting grave damage on vital enemy installations. Over the target, the group leader’s plane, and that of the deputy group leader, was severely damaged forcing both to drop out of formation leaving the group without leadership.

“Displaying superior airmanship and resourcefulness, Lt. Wiley moved his squadron into the lead position, reformed the group in a tight defensive formation against possible enemy fighter attack and skillfully lead the entire group through enemy territory for a safe arrival back at home base without further damage being inflicted.

“By his outstanding professional skill, leadership and devotion to duty, as evidenced on this mission and throughout 34 successful sorties against the enemy, Lt. Wiley has reflected great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States of America.”

I completed my 35th and final combat mission on February 28, 1945 and soon transferred to the Mediterranean Air Transport Service based in Naples, Italy. I have no knowledge regarding the subsequent submission of this award. It was not made.

Feb. 28- I flew my 35th sortie, completing my combat tour requirement. I was credited with 57 missions as the most hazardous targets were rated a “double mission.”

Mar. 2- I received the 3rd OLC to my Air Medal for completing my final ten combat sorties making it a total of 35.

Mar. 2- I was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for my 24th mission on Dec. 26th to Odertal, Germany. This was a 27 plane, eight-hour mission on which we bombed the oil refinery. My DFC was awarded by Headquarters, Fifteenth Air Force, APO 520, General Orders Number 1073, dated 2 March 1945. By Command of Major General Twining, issued by R. K. Taylor, Colonel, GSC, Chief of Staff and certified Official by J. M. Ivins, Colonel, AGD, Adjutant General. The citation reads:

“For extraordinary achievement while participating in aerial flight against the enemy in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations. Throughout many long and hazardous combat missions against vital

strategic targets deep in enemy occupied territory, though confronted by heavy enemy opposition from highly aggressive fighters and intense and accurate anti-aircraft fire, the personnel listed below have consistently displayed outstanding courage, aggressiveness and intense devotion to duty throughout all engagements. With their aircraft frequently severely damaged by heavy enemy fire, these men have courageously remained at their stations, battling their way through to their targets to aid materially in the utter destruction of vitally important enemy installations and supplies. Heedless of severe and adverse weather conditions encountered over rugged mountainous terrain and surmounting many other major obstacles that faced them during these hazardous missions, these men have gallantly engaged, fought and defeated the enemy with complete disregard for their personal safety and against overwhelming odds. The conspicuous and extraordinary achievements throughout these many missions against the enemy have been of inestimable value to successful combat operations and have reflected great credit upon themselves and the Armed Forces of the United States of America.”

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THOMAS E. WILEY, 0-828614, First Lieutenant, 772nd Bomb Sq. 463rd Gp, Ashland, Ohio. Pilot, Germany, 26 December 1944.

Mar. 10- Received 3rd OLC to Air Medal.

Mar. 4- I went to Naples to interview for a transfer to the Mediterranean Air Transport Service (MATS) of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force (MAAF).

Mar. 6- I was accepted by MATS for transfer from the 463rd Bombardment Group, Fifteenth air Force to MATS based in Naples, Italy.

Mar 19-20- I went to northern Italy to visit my high school classmate, Wayne Ritter, who was serving with the Tenth Mountain Division in the front lines.

A “Fly-Boy” Experiences “Ground-Pounder’s” Conditions

I received a five day leave and decided to find my old neighborhood friend and high school classmate, Wayne Ritter, who was serving with the Tenth Mountain Division in Northern Italy.

On one night, during the trip north, I was sleeping in a hillside cave near the front lines with several other GIs. In the middle of the night a guard appeared at the entrance and ordered, “No lights or talking. There is a company strength German patrol operation in this area.” The other fellows went right back to sleep but I don’t think I slept the rest of the night. The next morning we observed an Italian farmer digging up his patch of mature potatoes. The urgency of his actions suggested to one of the GIs that perhaps he was concerned that some enterprising soldier might come by and “requisition” some or all of

his harvest. I must say that the thought of eating fresh mashed potatoes, instead of powdered potatoes, made my mouth water!

On another occasion during this trip I showed my “fly boy” inexperience with frontline activity. As I was riding in a Jeep, we heard heavy artillery fire overhead. Based on what my dad had told me about the sound of incoming artillery fire that he had experienced during WWI, as the driver of the Jeep slowed down and pulled to the side of the road, I hit the ditch in one leap. My GI companions laughed and said, “That’s not even close.”

It was also interesting getting the different perspective of the “other guys” combat situation. When the “ground-pounders” realized that I was a bomber pilot, they would say, “Oh you poor b_____, up there in the sky with no place to hide.” Then I would say to them, “When we would fly north over the front lines headed for Germany, we would say, ‘Oh those poor b_____, fighting in the mud, sleeping in dug outs, eating cold combat rations!’”

I located Wayne’s unit at a rest area back from the front and inquired for him. Someone found him standing in line to take a shower. So the first thing “Tex” knew about my visit was when he was told, “There is an Air Corps Lt. looking for you.” “Tex” got his shower and we started talking as if it hadn’t been four years since we had seen one another. He told me that he had had another surprise a little earlier. Again he was standing in line to get a shower when he recognized one of our high school classmates in line ahead of him. He turned to the GI next to him and said, “Watch me surprise someone.” He tapped the unsuspecting classmate on the shoulder and said, “Hi, George.” It was George Hickman whose outfit, the ___?__ was in the lines near the Tenth Mountain. In our visiting George told us that his job was operating an anti-tank gun out in front of the main lines. Wayne was in the 10th’s 616 Field Artillery, Battery A. I also saw Charles Bartley, and old Ashland neighborhood friend that was also in the Tenth Mountain Division.

Mar 21- The three of us, “Tex”, George and I, spent some time together in Montecatina, Italy and had a number of pictures taken of us together. In March, 2005, I called “Tex” Ritter and asked him if he knew the dates that we were together in Italy. He called back in a few minutes and said that he found a letter that he had written to his mother dated Mar. 25, 1945 in which he wrote that I was with him then, in fact, “Tom is playing with my new puppy.” At the same time he reminded me that we had traveled together around Northern Italy for a few days visiting Florence and Pisa, where we saw the Leaning Tower.

When I returned to my 463rd Bomb Group and told them where I had been, their comment was, “Suppose you had gotten killed or captured up there. We’d of been in real trouble back here!”

One of the interesting observations that I made as the result of traveling north toward the front lines was that the closer I got to the front, the more “blonde” Italian women I saw. It seems that when German soldiers occupied Italy, many Italian girls dyed their hair blonde. Then, as their area was liberated by the British and American forces, they let their natural

black hair grow back. Some GIs thought that you could tell how close you were to the fighting by the amount of black hair that had grown back on the “blondes.”

Apr. 1- I was officially transferred from the Fifteenth Air Force based in Foggia to HQ, Mediterranean Air Transport Service (MATS) in Naples.

Apr.4- I was assigned to “detached service” with the 328th Ferrying Squadron, MATS, based at Pomigliano Field on the outskirts of Naples.

Apr. 14- After a long stalemate in the ground war, the last great Italian offensive began on April 14. Bolonga was seized on the 21st. The US Fifth Army crossed the Po River on the 23rd. It reached the Swiss border on the 29th and the Italian Campaign ended on May 2nd.

May 17- I received my permanent assignment to the 328th F. S. with the MOS (military occupation specialty) 1024, or Aircraft Commander.

My duties consisted mainly of flying C-47s, Skytrain, made by Douglas, also called the “Gooney Bird, and C-46s, Commando, made by Curtis, on supply missions. The C-47 was the most widely used transport during WWII.

I liked flying the C-47, the military version of the DC-3 commercial airliner, because it had many of the flying characteristics of the B-17. The wing design on both planes was similar being wide and thick. I found the C-46 to be a difficult plane to fly, not so much because its wing design was narrower and thinner, but due to the hydraulic boosters built into the aileron controls. A given pressure on the control wheel to make a banking turn was hydraulically multiplied to lift one wing and lower the other; and there was, what seemed to me, a considerable delay between my applying pressure on the control wheel to make a banking turn and the wings responding to make the turn. It was easier to load cargo on the C-46 and it could carry a heavier payload. It also had a longer range and higher ceiling which is why it was used extensively in the CBI (China-Burma-India theater) flying supplies and personnel over the “hump” (mountains) from India to China.

In addition to occasionally ferrying B-17s, I flew C-47s and C-46s on supply missions, including tank parts to Marshal Tito in Yugoslavia, nurses to rest camp in Cannes, picked up mail and supplies in Cairo, Casablanca etc. I had one trip to the Pisa area to test-hop a reconditioned B-17. On that trip I saw the Leaning Tower from the air. Latter I saw it from the ground. My memory is that I also climbed up in it. I had a trip to Milan where I saw the large cathedral from the air. I landed at Milan and may have been one of the first Allied planes to land there after their liberation.

Occasionally, I flew transport missions for the British and ate in their mess halls, including eating my first mutton. The mutton left a feeling in my mouth that felt like I had eaten pure lanolin.

On one occasion when flying a supply mission for the British, the British weigh master asked me to sign the cargo manifest he had prepared showing the total weight he had put

on board. I objected that it was too much. He replied, "You Yanks, you don't know your own safety factors." So, as I took off from the grass field that was serving as an airstrip for them, raised my wheels as I was airborne so I could clear the fence at the end of the field and raised my right wing to clear the church steeple in the nearby Italian town, I wasn't really sure that I agreed with the weigh master.

On other trips I flew over the Parthenon in Athens and saw Great Pyramids outside of Cairo from the air along with battle debris in the dessert resulting from the British forces routing General Rommel and his German Africa Corps.

I had the opportunity to attend opera performances at the La Scalla in Naples and the Royal Opera House in Rome. The first pizza that I ever ate was at the Orange Club high up on a hillside overlooking the Bay of Naples.

Before one of my visits to Rome, I read Sholem Ashe's book, *The Apostle*. Then on my next trip I visited many of the locations that the Apostle Paul knew in Rome. I walked the Apian Way, went down into the catacombs where the early Christians meet and I toured the Coliseum.

I had the opportunity to tour the Vatican three times. I marveled at the collections of relics, artifacts, jewelry, paintings, statuary, etc. that were on display. I was particularly impressed with the nave of St. Peter's with its majestic Bernini canopy over the high altar and the sitting statute of St. Peter whose one foot had been worn smooth by the caresses and kisses of thousands of visitors. But the Sistine Chapel painted by Michelangelo was overwhelming. I received a stiff neck looking up at the ceiling.

On one occasion I received the papal blessing as I participated in an audience with Pope Pius 12th held specifically for service personnel. On another occasion I obtained a papal dispensation for the family of my navigator, Clement Smith, who had been killed in a training accident. Clem's family members were devout Catholics and his sister was a Catholic nun.

Recently, the extensive news coverage of Pope John Paul II's death on Apr. 2, 2005 and funeral six days later reminded me of my previous visits to Rome and the Vatican. I was pleased to see again St. Peter's Square and basilica and observe the presence of the colorful Swiss Guard, ever in the background but always maintaining their military formality. Their "eyes forward" rigid manner reminded me of the British Beefeaters "on-guard" at the Tower of London, Windsor Palace, etc.

My records show that I flew B-17s on April 11 and 12, 19 and 20, June 4, 12, 22, 24, 25, 30 and July 1 for MATS.

One of our officers learned from an Italian sea captain about a large sailboat that was in dry-dock storage but he said that the sails were "missing." The captain said that if we would organize a yacht club, scrap down and refinish the hull and deck, he might be able to "find" the sails. Well, we did and he did and we spent many off-duty hours sailing to the

Isle of Capri with its Blue Grotto and all around the Bay of Naples. When one of the US hospital ships, like the Grips Holm, was in the harbor, we would sail right up to it and yell to the American nurses on deck. They would toss coins overboard that we would dive for. We were so tanned from being on the sailboat a lot that they probably thought we were Italian “playboys.” We often laughed wondering what they would think if they knew it was US flying officers that were diving for their coins.

Apr. 12- President Roosevelt died and Vice-President Harry S. Truman was sworn in as President. FDR did not want a state funeral as the nation was at war. He was buried in the Rose Garden of the family home in Hyde Park, NY.

Apr. 21- Soviet troops entered the outskirts of Berlin.

Apr. 26 463rd Bombardment Group flies its last combat mission.

Apr.27- Russian and US troops linked-up at the Elbe River in Germany.

Apr. 28- Italian partisans executed Benito Mussolini and his mistress. Photos were published showing him hanging upside down.

Apr. 30 Adolph Hitler committed suicide in his under ground bunker with his mistress, Eva Braun.

May 1- Germany announced that Hitler is dead.

May 7- German Chief of Staff signed the terms of unconditional surrender.

May 8- “V-E Day,” Victory in Europe Day.

May 8- I was checked out to fly as First Pilot in C-47s and C-53s. The C-47 was made by Douglas Aircraft and named the “Skytrain.” It was the most widely used transport during WWII. It was also called the “Gooney Bird.” I believe that the C-53 was a later version of the C-47.

May 29- Disguised as a drunken German corporal, Benito Mussolini is recognized by a group of Italian partisan soldiers as he fled north to Germany in a convoy. He and his mistress, Clara Petacci, were executed and hung on display in Milan. I recall seeing pictures of Mussolini hanging upside down from a lamp post in the *Stars and Strips* and the local newspaper.

Attention turns to hostilities in the Pacific Theater.

June 21- US troops captured Okinawa.

June 28- US troops liberated the Philippines.

July 11- US tested the first atomic weapon at Los Alamos.

Jul 14- I was ordered to, “Proceed to the AAF Rest Camp at Lido (Venice), Italy on TDY for five days of rest, recovery and rehabilitation.”

July 25- I was given a five-day leave, until July 29th. I made my way via military air transportation through Lyon, France to Paris and then on to London.

July 26- Winston Churchill’s party lost the general election. I was in London staying overnight at a “Bed and Breakfast.” At breakfast the next morning, the owners and neighbors could not believe that Churchill would no longer be Prime Minister and out of

power for the first time since 1940. Many of the folks admitted to not voting for Churchill's party but they didn't think he would be voted out of power.

July 26- The Potsdam Declaration called for the Japanese to surrender.

The 328th Ferrying Squadron was outfitted with steel helmets and infantry leggings and marched company-style from the airfield down to the Port of Embarkation (POE) in the Naples harbor. Along the way, GIs along the streets couldn't believe their eyes. Were they really seeing a company of Air Corps officers in steel helmets and leggings being marched like "foot soldiers." I think some snickered and maybe a few dared laugh. At the POE we lived in barracks and had the services of a very young German POW. We were awaiting a troop ship to take us to the Philippines for service in the Pacific Theater. Rumor had it that, during the early waves of the impending invasion of the Japanese mainland, we were to establish and operate an air evacuation strip on shore.

Aug. 6- The first atomic bomb, Little Boy, was dropped on Hiroshima from the B-29 "Enola Gay." The plane was piloted by Maj. Paul Tibbets flying out of Tinian. The "Enola Gay" is on display at the Smithsonian facility at Dulles Airport in Virginia.

Aug. 9- Second atomic bomb, Big Boy, was dropped on Nagasaki from the B-29 "Bocks Car." The "Bock's Car" is on display at the Air Force Museum at Wright-Paterson Air Base, Dayton, OH.

Aug. 11- Hirohito, Emperor of Japan, announced to the Japanese people, in his first ever radio broadcast, that he had accepted the Allied terms of unconditional surrender.

Aug. 14- Allies accept Japanese cabinet offer of surrender.

Aug. 14- "V-J Day," Victory over Japan Day is declared.

Aug.25- I was transferred from the 328th Ferrying Squadron to the 327th F.S.

Sept. 2- The Japanese Emperor signs the documents of unconditional surrender on the USS Battleship Missouri in Tokyo Bay. Gen. Douglas McArthur presided for the USA.

Sep. 26- I flew from Pomigliano Air Field, Naples, to Capodichino Air Field, Rome.

Sep.27- I was relieved from duty with the 327th Ferrying Squadron, MATS and assigned to the 515th Air Service Group.

Sep. 29- I was relieved from duty with the 515th Air Service Group, Air Force Staging Airdrome #2, APO #528, U.S. Army, by Special Orders No. 114, and assigned as First Pilot to fly C-46D, SN 44-78008 to Morrison Field, FL with the following crew: ASN

SSN

P	1 st Lt. Thomas E. Wiley	0828614	1024
CP	1 st Lt. Paul J. Hoffman	0705123	1051
N	2 nd Lt. Arthur Houliars	02023064	1034
E	Sgt. Melvin R. Grimm	39452972	2750
RO	TSgt. Carrol Wilkerson	19144146	2756

We also carried 15 combat GIs as passengers for a total of twenty on board.

Sept.30- We left Pomigliano Air Field and flew to Marrakech, French Morocco, stopping at Algiers, Algeria enroute.

Oct. 1- We flew from Marrakech to Dakar, Senegal, French West Africa, stopping

at Port Etienne, Mauritania enroute.

Oct. 2- We left Dakar and went on to Roberts Field, Liberia.

Oct. 3- While at Robert's Field, I visited the Firestone Rubber Plantation and saw latex being collected from rubber trees in a manner similar to that which my uncle used to collect maple sap in his Medina County, Ohio sugar-bush. I also saw large bunches of bananas ripening on their trees. Nearby were several three-foot vertical sections of tree trunks, each with the top end "dished-out" where bananas were beaten into flour using a long pole.

Oct. 4- We took off from Roberts Field and flew to Ascension Island, Brazil, crossing the equator enroute.

Oct. 5- From Ascension Is. we flew to Natal, Brazil.

Oct. 6- Leaving Natal, we stopped in Belem, Brazil. While there I bought a large face, Swiss movement wristwatch in the Army base PX, which I still have. Then we continued our flight north crossing the equator again on our way to Atkinson, Georgetown, British Guiana.

Oct. 7- We left Atkinson and proceeded northward to Borinquen, San Juan, Puerto Rica.

Oct. 8- On this, the last leg of our flight home, we flew on to Morrison Field, West Palm Beach, FL. After completing check-in, I proceeded to Camp Blanding, FL.

Oct 9- At Camp Blanding, I was transferred to Reception Center No. 21, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation, outside Harrisburg, PA for further disposition.

Oct. 14- At the Army Service Forces, Third Service Command, Unit "C" Separation Center, Indiantown Gap Military Reservation Pennsylvania, I was given orders containing one day of travel and 22 days of leave after which I was to revert to inactive duty status effective Nov. 6, 1945.

I went by train to Ashland where my father met me along the tracks as I got off. I recall very clearly him coming toward me and hugging me very emotionally. This was unusual because, until then, as a family, we had not shown much emotion. In fact, this is the first time that I recall my Dad embracing me. There were many more to come in the years ahead.

Our home was on a farm on Old Belle Trail, off Route 42, between Ashland and Mansfield, OH. After a few days, I borrowed Dad's car and drove to Mary's parent's home, Maple Spring Farm, near Haymarket, VA.

Oct. 24- Mary Lillian Norman and I were married in St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Haymarket, VA, with Wallace Sanders as my Best Man. Wallace and I were in uniform. I cut the cake using a Civil War sword. Also on-

Oct. 24- The United Nations organization held its first meeting in San Francisco. This date is now known as United Nations Day.

Nov. 6- My active military service as an officer in the Army of the United States was terminated this date by "Honorable Relief from Active Duty." This active service was from April 15, 1944 to November 6, 1945. Initially, I thought that I had been discharged from the army. I was to learn very soon that I had just been relieved from active duty; reserve service was expected.

1946

Jan. 6- I resumed my classes in the College of Agriculture at Ohio State using my education benefits under the GI Bill. Mary and I had rented a one-bedroom with kitchen apartment at 806? South High Street. Each weekday we drove “Limpy,” as we called the ’31 Model A Ford, north through downtown Columbus and up Neil Avenue to the campus.

While I attended classes, Mary worked in the OSU Admissions Office. Between classes, I worked in the Agriculture Extension Service mailing room in the basement of the Journalism Building mimeographing, collating and assembling publications and information pieces to be mailed to each of the 88 county extension offices. Mary and I would meet at noon and eat our lunch in the car parked near the Journalism Building. Our lunch almost always consisted of two fried cheese sandwiches, pickles and tomato soup kept hot in a thermos bottle. We bought our groceries in one of the first ever “super markets.” The “Big Bear” grocery people had converted a large bowling alley on Lane Avenue near the campus to this new concept. We bought Kraft Velveeta cheese in 5-pound wooden boxes and Campbell’s Tomato Soup by the case.

While I was in the service, Mary was teaching elementary and grade school classes in Oquaquan and Haymarket, Virginia. She had completed a two-year major in education at Madison College in Harrisonburg, VA that provided her with a wartime emergency teaching certificate. At that time, and when Mary’s sister, Jean, and their mother had also attended Madison College, it was a women’s school for training teachers. Later it became co-ed and is now known as James Madison University.

I convinced Mary that she should enroll in the College of Education and get a four-year degree and an Ohio teaching certificate. She did this and we graduated together in March, 1948. We were told that we were the first married couple at Ohio State to graduate with “cum laude” honors. We tell Jim that he was at our college graduation as Mary was pregnant with him at the time. Jim was born in November.

Mary and I both were members of several student social organizations in the College of Agriculture. As president of one of these, I was a member of the student All-Ag Council for which I was elected president. Each year the All-Ag Council sponsored a square dance which included a contest for best square dance couple. Mary and I won that one year wearing checker-board shirts that we bought at Camp Miniwanca. We were then featured on the cover of the next issue of the ag student monthly magazine.

The checker-board shirts were among many similar items sold in the camp store at Miniwanca and reflected the importance of W. D. Danforth, chairman of Ralston-Purina Mills, as a founding member of the camp and the American Youth Foundation. It is a matter of history that Mr. Danforth chose the checker-board patten as a corporate symbol as the result of, years earlier, seeing how a family, all dressed in checker-board shirts and skirts, stood out in the crowds at a county fair. Out of this experience came the use of checker-board patterns by the Ralston-Purina Mills on their consumer cereals, livestock and pet “chows” and in their corporate communications.

1947

September- The US Army Air Force became the United States Air Force, a separate military service. The USAF academy is in Colorado Springs, CO. My military active duty was with the US Army Air Corps. Most of my reserve time was with the USAF from which I was discharged in 1955.

1948

Mar. 19- Mary and I both graduated “cum laude” from Ohio State University, Mary from the College of Education with a degree in Elementary Education and I from the College of Agriculture, Department of Dairy Husbandry.

I went to work as a herdsman for Kenneth Indoe, manager of Richman Farms, Lodi, Ohio. I handled the “freshening” cows, raised the calves and milked cows in the “twice-a-day barn. I also did field work. For the remainder of the school year, Mary filled-in a teaching position in a four-room elementary school in Poe, Ohio.

Sep. 1- I registered with the Selective Service System Local Board No. 82, Medina, Ohio while working at Richman Farms with the address: Rt. #1, Lodi, Ohio.

Nov. 21- James Norman Wiley was born in the Lodi (Ohio) Community Hospital.

1949

July 29- I was mailed a Selective Service Notice of Classification indicating that I had been classified 5A with a Selective Service Number of 33-82-23-151. On the back of the card is a Description of Registrant: Color of eyes- *brown*, Color of hair- *brown*, Complexion- *ruddy*, Height (Approx.)- 5 ft, 10 in., Weight (Approx.) 150.

On a very cold and wintry day, I drove our 1931 Model A Ford with Mary, months-old Jim and our Sheltie dog named “Waggon” (because his tail was always wagging), from Ashland, Ohio to a “winterized” summer cottage on a small lake near Madison, Wisconsin. This was to be our home until we were able to rent a one-floor apartment in the back of a residence in Madison at 3702 Hillcrest Drive.

Because the car had no heater, before we left we heated several stones and wrapped them in a blanket for under Mary’s feet. I seem to recall that we had “Waggon” wrapped up with Jim to keep them both warm. But my most vivid memory was the snowstorm. By the time we approached Chicago, it was snowing so hard that I could hardly see the road. I came up on an 18-wheeler semi-trailer truck that was going a little slower than I was. So, I just pulled in behind him, stayed close and followed him around Chicago and toward Madison. I guess I haven’t mentioned that we were also pulling Dad’s two-wheel stock trailer loaded with furniture, baby things and other belongings. When we got to the cabin on the lake, it was daylight and the snow was 12-18 inches deep. I can still see “Waggon” jumping from one footprint to the next on the way to the cabin.

While working on a Master's degree at the University of Wisconsin, I had several research fellowships. One, working with Gerry Marion from St. Lawrence County, NY, involved visually checking a herd of young heifers for signs of "heat" (estrus) every four hours round the clock. Gerry and I would usually alternate shifts during the night so that each of us would have to get up only once in the middle of the night. It was interesting that I could get up, drive out to the heifer barn and back and Mary would not know that I was gone. Then she would get up to feed Jim a bottle and I would not realize that she had been up.

From my experience in checking these young heifers for signs of "heat," I was able to tell when mature cows were in "heat" or "coming-in-heat." This skill is important to dairy farmers as cows must be bred again soon after calving, and during this time, so that they will get pregnant and continue producing milk. Before artificial insemination was used to breed cows, many dairymen kept a bull that ran with the herd and took care of the breeding. But with AI, most farmers did not keep a bull so it was up to the dairyman to know when to call the AI technician to come inseminate a particular cow.

I decided to make a series of color slides showing the rear end of cows that were showing sign of "heat." I made a heavy wire frame that held my Kodak "Bantam Special" color camera on one end and formed a "picture-frame" on the other. This enabled me to frame and shoot close-up pictures quickly as the cows did not always stand quietly and pose for my pictures. The set of slides were of such quality that the National Agricultural Supply Company (NASCO) of Ft. Atkinson, WI, bought reproduction rights and sold sets of them for many years.

Two other UW research fellowships in which I participated involved the housing of dairy cattle in a new type of barn and milking them in a separate structure called a milking parlor. The barn was a fairly open building in which the animals roamed free from stanchion confinement and where the entire area was bedded down for their comfort. The milking parlor design involved the cows entering milking stalls that were elevated about three feet above the floor on which the operators stood. This way the operators did not have to bend over to attach the milking machines to the cow's udder or to remove it when done. The milk from the machines flowed directly through stainless steel tubes into a large refrigerated stainless steel tank. From there the milk was pumped into a large stainless steel tanker for delivery to the dairy processing plant.

In retrospect, it is interesting that these two research fellowships were sponsored by US Steel Corporation. My knowledge about these and an association on my first job at Cornell University resulted in my joining US Steel's Agricultural Marketing Group five years later.

(Dec. 28, 1949, Kristi Watson, Jim's future wife born in Pekin, IL.)

1950

Jan. ? I received a Master's of Science degree in Dairy Science from the University of Wisconsin.

Following completion of my graduate program at Wisconsin, I became a member of the Extension staff of the Animal Husbandry Department of the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University. My primary duties centered on my appointment as a 4-H Livestock Specialist by the US Department of Agriculture (USDA). This entailed working with 4-H Club members all over the state who were enrolled in various livestock projects. I was called upon to judge their livestock entries in many local 4-H shows and county fair classes. I trained several state 4-H teams in the techniques of judging classes of livestock in competition on with teams from other states. At one major regional competition, a team that I had trained won a gold medal

Soon after I arrived at the Ithaca campus, "...high above Cayuga's waters...", a young extension agricultural engineer by the name of Ivan Bigelow, flew to Madison, WI to talk with the U of W agricultural engineers that had worked on the "loose-housing" dairy barn project and the milking parlor project. At the end of his visit, Ivan was told, "When you get back to Cornell, walk across to the building next door and talk with Tom Wiley. He worked on these projects."

As a result, Ivan and I began a long association promoting these new management techniques to dairy farmers through out the state of New York, One activity involved creating a live demonstration at the New York State Fair. We developed a "loose-housing" holding area for an invited herd of dairy cattle and a milking parlor where they could be milked. The "parlor" had a large window through which fair visitors, from city and country alike, could watch the cows being milked and the milk flowing from the cows to the bulk milk tank.

During this period, I took photographs and wrote articles promoting these labor saving techniques. A series featuring a cartoon character "Mr. MPH" (Milk Per Hour) that emphasized efficiency in the production of milk was published in the dairymen's "bible", *Hoard's Dairyman*.

Ivan loved to talk with farmers, especially dairy farmers. He called himself a "barnyard" engineer and could regale them endlessly, one on one or in groups. But he did not like to write. So I ended up writing many things for him. If Ivan got elected secretary of some ag group, I got elected too, took the notes and wrote the minutes in Ivan's name. I ghost-wrote several articles for him also. (I'll leave the "Ivan" story here but will come back to it in a few years.

Most of the 4-H dairy projects involved starting beginning members with a purebred dairy calf and helping them develop a small herd of purebred dairy cows. So, part of my job as a 4-H Livestock Specialist, was to attend meetings of the various state purebred dairy cattle associations and talk about the 4-H dairy projects that were available through the local 4-H extension agent in each county. I also wrote articles for the state purebred dairy magazines promoting 4-H dairy projects and included reference to any incentive programs that the state organization offered to 4-Hers whose dairy project involved their breed. This got me exposure to and attention from the national purebred dairy registry associations.

May 17- Daughter Janet Marie Wiley, born in Ithaca, Tompkins County, NY.

1954

Apr. 8- John Corwin Wiley born in Ithaca, Tompkins County, NY.

One dairy breed registry association, The American Jersey Cattle Club, had recently moved their national headquarters to Columbus, OH and started their own national magazine. The assistant executive secretary was a former editor with *Hoard's Dairyman*, the magazine for whom I had written a series of articles. He was also familiar with articles of mine that the New York state Jersey breeder's magazine had published. I was asked to come to Columbus and interview for the job of editor. They made an offer which I accepted and I became the first editor of *The Jersey Journal*.

I called my mother and told her that I was moving back to Ohio. She was delighted with the news until she learned for whom I would be working. You need to know that we had Holstein dairy cattle on the home farm and my 4-H dairy projects were with Holsteins. Her response was, "JERSEYS..., no-o-o-o!"

1955

May 13, 1955- I was "Honorably Discharged from the United States Air Force" as a First Lieutenant, AO 828 614, Air Force Reserve.

1956

Son Joseph Lynn Wiley born in Columbus, Franklin County, OH.

1959

It was while I was editor of *The Jersey Journal* that Ivan Bigelow caught up with me. After several job changes, Ivan was working for US Steel in their Agriculture Marketing group. He had joined USS to promote building farm structures using wood poles treated with the preservative creosote; they looked like small telephone poles. US Steel's interest was in creosote that they sold as a by-product of their coke manufacturing.

The "Ag" group had developed a new marketing program to promote the sale of farm fence and barbed wire made by the American Steel and Wire Division. Ivan was made the manager of this new effort and he needed help, especially, writing help. There were promotional materials to write, advertising, displays and exhibits to create, operational procedures to publish, etc. And, as I wrote earlier, Ivan did not like to "push paper"!

So he called me, and he called me, and he called me, saying, "Tom, I need you here in Pittsburgh for a few months 'til we get this program off the ground and then you'll be our

regional man in the mid-west stationed right there in Columbus. I got tired of saying “No” over the phone so when I had a meeting with some Jersey breeder just south of Pittsburgh, I called Ivan and said, “I’m coming over to Pittsburgh to shut you up.” My family did not want to move to Pittsburgh and I did not want to work for a big corporation.

It turned out that Ivan shut me up. When I visited with him at the US Steel building, he introduced me to several new comers to the Ag Marketing group. One was Sherwood DeForest to whom I had sent articles as an editor of the *Farm Journal* magazine. Others in the group were graduates of Ag colleges and had risen to prominence in their agricultural careers. This made me stop and consider the possibilities even though I did really didn’t want to leave my editorial job in the purebred dairy industry. So when Ivan asked me, “What salary would it take to get me here?” I put it high enough that I was sure he couldn’t meet it. His response was, “Tom, that isn’t high enough. We’ll ask for more.” And he did; and we got it. That started a 22-year career at US Steel.

1960

The initial plan was for me to stay in Columbus and commute to Pittsburgh for a few months while we completed all the “paper-work” needed to get the “fence” program up and running. But the “paper-work” was endless and soon Ivan said, “I need you to stay here. We’re going to hire another “aggie” to be our mid-west rep. That turned out to be Brad Donohoe, a Cornell fraternity brother Of Ivan’s that I had worked with while living in Trumansburg, NY. Brad was assistant county agent in Tompkins County and helped organize a harvest demonstration for the “Lord’s Acre” corn project that our Methodist Youth Fellowship had sponsored on the farm of one of our members. At that time Mary and I were the advisors to the MYF.

When it became evident that we would be moving to Pittsburgh, I began looking for a suitable house. What I had in mind was our house at 312 Flint Ridge Drive in Gahanna. It was ranch style with full basement built on the open type of construction called “four foot post and beam.” It had a cathedral ceiling with a single large wood beam over the kitchen, dinning room and living room. There was a large three-way fireplace between the kitchen and living room and two four-foot sliding glass doors that opened into the large flat backyard. Well, after looking at nearly 300 houses in the Pittsburgh area, I came to the conclusion that we were leaving the mid-west and moving to the “east” where stone and brick two-story colonials prevailed.

Mary became anxious to get the family moved before school started so we settled for a “temporary” one-floor brick because it had 35 feet of windows looking out of the living room and dinning area over a large wooded valley. The backyard was rather narrow because it dropped off sharply to the road below. (I was told that you owned more land per lot in these hills because you owned the edges too!)

Jul. 18- Mary and I signed a sales agreement to purchase the property and house at 190 Goldsmith Road in Ross Township, Allegheny County, PA for \$21,500. The deed was recorded on Aug. 11, 1960 in Volume 3868 on page 625.

The “temporary” home was in the North Hills area, not very far from Ivan and June. Ivan was busy planning and overseeing the construction of the Valley Brook Swimming Club so, naturally, we became charter members of the new neighborhood pool just a few blocks from our new home. June was very active in the McKnight Methodist Church, so, we soon joined that congregation. I some times tell people that those were “conditions of employment.”

With the pool being within easy walking distance of our house, the children spent many happy summer hours there, including participating on the club swim team. They were students in the North Hills School system where Mary became a remedial reading teacher after receiving a Reading Specialist certificate and completing a Master’s degree at the University of Pittsburgh. Jim and Joe were members of the North Hills orchestra and marching band and participated in many far-ranging trips to play in music competition. Joe also had the experience of playing under the direction of Arthur Fiedler, then director of the Boston Pops Orchestra, when he came to lead the North Hills orchestra.

Mary became active in the church women’s organizations, including the Priscilla Circle. I taught the adult Sunday school class for five years and have been the elected Lay Leader for the past eight years.

1975

Dec.21- Jamila Miri Wiley, daughter of Janet Marie Wiley and James Hararie, born in Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, PA.

1978

Jul. 17- Burial site and lot selected in the Mount Royal Memorial Park, 2700 Mount Royal Blvd., Glenshaw, PA 15116, Ph: 412 487-5100. Web site: www.MtRoyalMemorial.com

Customer ID: 581697. Contact: Patrick R. Vereb, Sr. Ground burial is to be in the Veteran’s Memorial Garden, Section I, Lot 153, containing two burial Spaces 3 and 4.

Nov. 3- Deed #8678 was issued by the Mount Royal Cemetery Corporation for Lot 153-I, Spaces 3 and 4, along with Vault Certificate No. 888 and Bronze Memorial Certificate No. 888. Opening and closing costs were paid Sep. 21, 2004. My bronze plaque is to be provided by the Veteran’s Administration through H. P. Brandt Funeral Home who has my military proof of service papers on file.

1980

During the summer and early fall I was the contingency leader for the Three Rivers Council’s (BSA) trip to the Philmont Scout Ranch in northern New Mexico. This involved organizing and leading about 20 adult scouters and 60-some scouts during a number of local weekend training sessions preparatory for a week of rugged high altitude

backpacking, then supervising the group as we flew to Denver and took school busses to Philmont.

On the way south we stopped at the US Air Force Academy, drove through the Red Rock Canyon and spent time at a Native American village. While getting our Philmont orientation, selecting each patrol's hiking trail and being issued our initial food supplies we became adjusted to the thin air at the 6,000-foot base camp. I was also the leader of the patrol made-up mostly of scouts from my Troop 181 where I was the scoutmaster. Our patrol hiked over 100 miles in a week, most of the time at an elevation between eight and ten thousand feet. We hiked over "Old Baldy" crossing the 12,000 foot level.

The trails were organized so each patrol would come to a supply station at midweek. We could carry enough food for each section of the hike but not enough water. We had to supplement our water as best we could along the trail. At one point that meant drawing water out of a very green, algae covered pond. We strained the water through our neckerchiefs hoping that would make it more drinkable. I knew that I had to guard against dehydration while hiking in bright sunshine at high altitude so I became concerned that several of the scouts did not seem to be drinking enough water. I called the patrol together and told them that if I felt that they were not drinking enough water I would line them up and make them all drink water until they started to pee. We did not suffer any dehydration.

One of my more interesting memories occurred upon our return to the Pittsburgh airport. I had not shaved during the entire time we were gone so I had quite a scraggly beard. So much so that Mary did not recognize me at first. Needless to say, I shaved as soon as I got home.

1981

May 10- This was Mother's Day Sunday following a USS market development meeting I had with several professors from the University of Colorado in Boulder. As we occasionally did on the weekend after our meetings, we went skiing. This time it was downhill skiing at Arapaho Basin, west of Denver. It was such a warm and sunny day that some of the young men were skiing bare-chested. As I made one downhill run, my left ski suddenly rotated sharply back and forth. I heard a snap and, while I did not fall down, I knew my left leg was broken. So I deliberately fell on my right side and slid to a stop. A member of the ski patrol that I had talked with earlier came along and said, "Get up and move on. This is no place to rest." When I told him that my leg was broken he examined it and agreed. He radioed for the ski sled, put me on it and took me down to the first-aid hut. There the attendants put a temporary splint on my left leg and contacted my friends. They drove up in the enclosed Jeep that we had driven to "A-Basin" and put me in the back seat with my leg in the splint sticking up between them. One of the first-aid attendants told them to pinch my left big toe every few minutes and if color did not return to it, "You have 20 minutes to get him to a hospital emergency room." With that instruction we headed for the hospital in Boulder.

(Speculation regarding my skiing injury was that the warm weather had reduced the snow pack enough that my left ski had caught on the top of a tree stump or rock causing the ski to rotate suddenly.)

At the hospital that evening, a doctor tried to reset my leg by putting me on a gurney, wrapping a sheet around my ankle, putting the sheet up over a bar and pulling on it. That didn't work. My leg muscles would not relax enough for the bone in my lower leg to go back in place. An x-ray showed a spiral, or "barber-pole," break so they scheduled surgery for the next morning. With the aid of two stainless steel screws that worked. And, of course, they put a hip-to-toe cast on my leg and gave me a pair of crutches.

For the next week, I practiced getting around using the crutches. Then the hospital staff said that I was ready to go home. That meant flying with a full leg cast. The TWA flight crew put me in an aisle seat with my leg in the cast sticking out in the aisle. I did not get out of that seat during the entire trip back to Pittsburgh. Mary met me at the airport and drove me home. During the next week, my cast was reduced to covering just my lower leg. This enabled me to drive a car. So, when I started back to work in the US Steel Tower on Grant Street downtown, I would drive into the underneath parking garage, stop near the elevators where an attendant would park the car. My most vivid memory of that time, outside of the "chewing-out" that I received for breaking my leg while on US Steel business, was trying to be graceful and grateful when "little ole grey-haired ladies" helped me get through the rotating doors while on crutches.

Later that summer, I went to the scout camp at Tionesta with Troop 181 where I was still scout master. By then I had on a walking cast that had gotten a bit frayed from use. During the week we were there a rifle shooting contest was held among the scout masters. I won the contest and was accused of using an unfair advantage. They said that my cast gave me more stability than I normally would have and that wasn't fair.

1982

Jun.- I believe that I began a 30-day "terminal" leave following which I was kept on the USS payroll, without pay, in order to accumulate credit for the additional time that I needed to qualify for a full pension. This was called "creeping" to retirement and lasted about two years. My official retirement began June 30, 1984.

During the months before my "terminal leave, I studied establishing my own business, attended several workshops and seminars and established Thomas E. Wiley Associates as a sole proprietorship under which I would begin my self-employment. I had several paying projects lined up on which I began work immediately.

1984

Jun. 30- I retired from US Steel after 22.5 years. My USS Pension No. is R-23983700.

1990

Mar. 14- Kadiesha and Kiesha Wiley-Woodward, daughters of Jamila Miri Wiley and Ryan Woodward, born in Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, PA.

I did not talk much about my WWII experiences until my kids saw the movie "Memphis Belle." This was the story of the first plane and crew to complete 25 combat missions flying out of England with the 8th Air Force. Then they said, "OK, Dad, what was it like flying B-17s out of Italy?"

"Well," I said, "As you saw in the movie, the 8th had hangers in which to repair their planes and hold dances with English speaking girls. They lived in barracks, ate in mess halls and had concrete runways for their flight operations. They had USO Clubs and could visit towns and big cities where the people spoke English. And, I'm sure that the 25th and final mission as depicted in the movie was not the actual last mission of the crew and plane but a compilation of several missions in order to make a 'good' movie.*

"In the 15th Air Force in Italy we slept in squad tents that occasionally caught fire from the 100-octane fuel that we used to heat them. No hangers; repairs were made outside in the weather. Our runways were mud strips covered with steel matting that occasionally cut a tire on take-off or landing. Our mess hall was constructed with local stone scrounged and used by previous service personnel. Just eleven months earlier, our part of Italy had been fought over by the British Eighth Army and bombed and strafed by our P-38s. In Foggia, many buildings had been destroyed and we were told that there were still dead people in the rubble, and it smelled like it.

"When we went to town, at least three of us would go together, spacing ourselves so that we could keep a constant surveillance in all directions, and, of course, with our "45" pistols cocked and ready for action. Actually, most action that we saw were young boys "selling their mothers" on the street corners and the daughters "selling themselves" where ever they could.

"I guess the similarities were that we were both flying B-17s and B-24s and bombing targets in Central Europe.

"I am not bitter about the conditions in which the 15th AF served, but the 8th got all the publicity and fame."

What I didn't bother to tell the kids was that for "rest camp" we might get to go to Naples and see an opera at the La Scalla and tour nearby Pompeii, or go to the Isle of Capri in the Bay of Naples and swim and dive in the Blue Grotto, or go to Rome and see it's many antiquities plus take-in an opera at The Royal Opera House. Later, I did go to "rest camp" on the Lido of Venice where I had a gondola ride on the Grande Canal, toured the Doges Palace and fed pigeons in Saint Mark's Square beneath the Great Clock.

*** In the July 2005 issue of the Experimental Aircraft Association's magazine *Warbirds*, on page 38, the wife of the pilot of Memphis Belle, said that her late husband, Col. Morgan,**

did not like the movie and that he and his crew thought it was “a joke.” They felt that the movie portrayed them as being unprofessional. Their 25th mission actually was an uneventful milk run to bomb German submarine pens, and not as harrowing as it was portrayed in the movie. The entire crew felt it was an inaccurate Hollywood fabrication.

1991

In 1991 Mary and I joined the North Hills Genealogists and began attending many of their meetings. Mary had been engaged in pursuing her family history for many years. We used to spend countless hours tracking down her ancestors in Virginia court house records, church records, etc. I can remember being in a court house record room when she let out a scream. I went over to her and she was shaking and had broken out in “goose-bumps.” She had found long sought information about an ancestor. Using her family knowledge, she joined the Daughters of the American Revolution (DAR) and the Colonial Dames of the Seventeenth Century.

She also worked on extending my family genealogy using my father’s records that he began while he was in college.

I served as Vice-President of the NHG for several years and Program Chairman from 1999 through 2004. I chaired the committee that rewrote the bylaws from 2003 to 2005.

Other genealogical organizations that I belong to, or have belonged to, include: Western Pennsylvania Genealogical Society, Genealogical Society of Pennsylvania, New England Historic Genealogical Society, National Genealogical Society, Ohio Genealogical Society, Medina County and Summit County chapters of OGS. In 2003, I attended the Centennial Conference of the National Genealogical Society held in Pittsburgh.

Oct. 12- Pre-need funeral arrangements were made and paid for with the H.P. Brandt Funeral Home, Inc., 1032 Perry Highway, Pittsburgh, PA 15237. Ph: 412 364-4444. On May 30, 1994 two Certificates of Ownership were issued; one for Contract No. 172-38-7070 for Mary Norman Wiley and one for Contract No. 296-12-2687 for Thomas Edgar Wiley. Casket selection is on file.

Aug. 16- Devaughn Wiley-Woodward, son of Jamila Miri Wiley and Ryan Woodward, born in Pittsburgh, Allegheny County, PA.

1992

Summer- Occasionally Mary and I would take Joe with us on a trip out in the Virginia country-side. Joe went with us on one trip when we were looking for the graves of some of Mary’s Virginia ancestors. We ended up at the Old Leeds Cemetery in Hume, VA. Because of his illness Joe had recently moved from Burbank, CA where he had worked for the Imagineering Division of the Walt Disney Company back to a condo that I had purchased on Dupont Circle in Washington, DC. This was so that he could be close to Pat K. Miyamoto, his “partner-for-life,” and his many friends in DC. His prognosis at that time was that probably he would not live very long so we had discussed burial plans with Joe.

He wanted his funeral service and burial to be near all his friends and Smithsonian associates in Washington. Joe liked the nearness of Old Leeds Cemetery to DC and the specific location in the foothills and in sight of the Blue Ridge Mountains. There was a small Episcopal church across the road from the cemetery so we thought that the cemetery was part of that church. We went to the church office and made two interesting discoveries. The first was that the Interim Rector was Rev. Sarah (Sally) Trimble whom we had gotten to know in Warrenton when she made church visits to Mother Norman. The other was that the cemetery was privately owned and the contact was one of Mary's distant Green relatives. So with the possibility of a funeral service at the church and burial just across the road we decided to pursue purchase of a grave site at Old Leeds Cemetery.

Dec.- We purchased a grave site in the Old Leeds Cemetery on Leeds Manor Road in Hume, VA across from the Leeds Episcopal Church for \$425. It is in Section H, Lot 31 with two spaces. The purchase was made through an elderly relative of mother's, A.J. Green in Markham, VA. Cousin Nancy Elgin Woods and her husband Irv live in Hume at 5116 Leeds Manor Road fairly close to the cemetery. Nancy's address is: POBox 79, Hume, VA 22639. Ph: 703 364-3979, 703 253-5941. Information regarding the cemetery might be available also from the Leeds Episcopal Church in Hume. (The point is that we had to buy two spaces but only used one.)

Christmas- We all came to Virginia to have a family Christmas gathering in Joe's hospital room, which we did. One of Joe's doctors had arranged for him to go in the hospital for a number of medical tests. While there Joe developed double pneumonia and ended up on oxygen with several IVs for feeding and medication including "on demand" morphine. I helped hold Joe down while a nurse would suction mucus from his lungs.

1993

Jan.- After a few days Joe's doctors said that they had done all they could for him and suggested that we find a hospice home for him. I located one in Maryland and arranged for Joe to be transferred. Kristi and Jan had been taking turns sleeping in the room with Joe. Kristi was with Joe when he died before we could transfer him to the hospice home.

Jan. 8- Joe died in the hospital during the early morning hours of Jan. 8, which was Jeffery's birthday. One of my regrets is that I never saw Joe after that; everything was "closed casket." So my last look at Joe was in the hospital intensive care ward with an oxygen mask on his face and hooked up to innumerable tubes, sensors and monitors.

Jan. 11- Following a 1pm memorial service at the Leeds Episcopal Church, officiated by Rev. Sarah (Sally) Trimble, Joe was carried across Leeds Manor Road by four Elgin cousins and buried in the Old Leeds Cemetery. The ground was lightly covered with snow.

Jul. 13- A Wiley Revocable Agreement of Trust with Thomas E. Wiley and Mary N. Wiley, Trustees, was created by Attorney Ken Polk as a part of an estate plan. It was signed by Tom and Mary on this date and subsequently funded by changing the ownership of certain assets to that of the trust such as the property at 190 Goldsmith, the Dollar Bank checking account, the Vanguard Money Market Fund.

Aug. 3- The property at 190 Goldsmith was re-titled in the name of the Wiley Revocable Agreement of Trust. A new deed was recorded Aug. 24, 1993 in Volume 9037 on page 54 of the Allegheny County Deed Books.

The checking account at Dollar Bank in the names of Thomas E. and Mary N. also was changed to the Wiley Trust, Thomas E. Wiley, Trustee. It is account number 1661780449. The Vanguard Prime Money Market Fund account was changed to: Thomas E. Wiley, Trustee, UA 07-13-93. The account number is 9890275295.

1997

September 27, 1997- Four Generations of Wiley's fly, three in a B-17G, the Experimental Aircraft Association's (EAA) "Aluminum Overcast" at the Beaver County (PA) Airport.

The Day Four Generations Went Flying

Saturday, September 27, 1997 was a beautiful fall day in Western Pennsylvania. The sun shown brightly in the cloudless sky warming people and places alike. What a perfect day for a picnic – or a plane ride – or both. What a perfect day for a family reunion. That's how it was when the Tom and Mary Wiley family gathered at the Beaver County Airport near Beaver Falls, PA. And we had a reunion. And we had a picnic. And we went flying. All four generations!

It all started weeks before when, after church, a friend who knew that I flew B-17s during WWII, asked if I was aware that a "17" was coming to the Beaver County Airport and , for a fee, one could go up in it and actually fly it! Not having flown anything for over 52 years, much less my all-time favorite plane, all I could say was, "Get me the dates and details." It turned out that it was the Experimental Aircraft Association's "Aluminum Overcast" that was coming.

With dates and details in hand, I called my oldest son, Jim, in Menlo Park, CA and told him about the up coming event. His immediate response was, ""When are we going?". He called his son, a freshman at UC-Berkeley, and Jeff wanted to go too. So I called the EAA Chapter 68, sponsors of the fly-in, and made arrangements for the three of us on the Saturday 10 am flight. Then I talked to my son John and granddaughter Jami here in Pittsburgh and they wanted to go. So I called again for three more reservations; this time on the 11am Saturday flight. Why three more? Well, I thought it only fair that the last two get to have my company on the flight just as the first two would.

Jim had to work his travel arrangements around his business commitments and he arrived at the Greater Pittsburgh International Airport Friday evening, the 26th. Jeff and his mother, Kristi, flew out of San Francisco on the overnight "red-eye" arriving at Greater Pitt at 6:30 Saturday morning and drove straight to the Beaver County Airport, about 30 miles north. I rented another car and Jim and I left the North Hills of Pittsburgh in time to arrive well before our 10 am flight. John, who lives on the other side of Pittsburgh near Jami, picked up Jami and her three children and got to the flight line just as we were

loading for the early flight and in plenty of time for their 11 am trip. Our daughter, Jan, who now lives with her mother and I, brought her mother to the Beaver County Airport in our family van. So, we were all there for the big day.

During our first two flights, Kris, who doesn't like to fly on small planes, decides that, "The B-17 isn't so small after all, and, besides, it has four engines." She wasn't the only one thinking about the opportunity to fly in a WWII "war bird" so, soon there was enough signed up for a third trip. I had told the ground crew that, if necessary, to have enough people to make a third flight a "go", I'd go a third time. As they were loading for the last trip of the day, daughter Jan was standing near the entrance to the plane, so, without giving her a chance to think about it, I hurried her on board in my place. Final count – two sons, a daughter, a daughter-in-law, a grandson, a granddaughter, and me, an old WWII "throttle jockey" flew in the 52-year-old B-17.

Mary was the only family adult unable to fly that day, but I was able to get her up the side steps and into the waist for a look around. Then I had to put her over my shoulder in a "fireman's carry" to get her back out of the plane.

The only problem – my great grandson, Devaughn, let us know that he didn't get to go flying.

During the "hanger" picnic, put on by the families of Chapter 68, we learned that during the afternoon young folks would be given free rides as a part of EAA's Young Eagles program. After much waiting in line, Devaughn and his twin sisters, Kiesha and Kadiesha, were soon flying around the beaver County Airport – not in the B-17 – but all three in a Cessna.

What a day! The day four generations went flying! Thanks, EAA!

Renewed Contact with My Original Combat Crew and Flying Buddies

On Friday evening before the big day, September 26, Jim hooked up his IBM Thinkpad and checked his business e-mail. Then he went on the World Wide Web and began looking up things about B17s, EAA, "Aluminum Overcast", Fifteenth Air Force and the 463rd Bombardment Group. After a while Jim asked me if I knew Tom Stevenson in my old combat outfit. I said yes I have his signature, as squadron operations officer, certifying some of my combat records. I got out my fifty some-year-old file of military records and showed Jim Tom's signature. Then, after I had gone to get Jim's bed ready for the night, he called me to the phone. He said that he had someone on the line for me to talk to – Tom Stevenson! Jim had searched the online telephone directory, found a bunch of Tom Stevensons, went back to the e-mail address about my old bomb group where he had found Tom's e-mail address, recognized the provider as being located in West Virginia, returned to the online phone directory and found a Tom Stevenson in Charleston, WV. Jim called Tom and confirmed that he had been with the 463rd BG. Then Jim called me.

After an hour of renewing “old times”, Tom said that he would send me a copy of the 463rd BG membership directory. In the directory I found three of my original B-17 combat crew: First Pilot, Dick Roe; our bombardier, Kit Gifford; and our assistant engineer and waist gunner, Steve Tarantino. I subsequently talked with and wrote to all three.

I also contacted and exchanged combat mission information with another 772nd pilot. It turned out that he and I flew on six of the same missions including the February 25th, 1945 to Linz, Austria where I began as squadron deputy lead plane and ended up as group lead. He sent me his notes on that mission which I have incorporated into my account of that trip.

1999

Jul. 12- Mary Norman Wiley died on her 77th birthday, a Monday, from complications of her long battle with Parkinson’s Disease and congestive heart failure. I had notified all her immediate family and they were at her bedside when she breathed her last labored breath. I had met Jeffery at the airport the previous Saturday morning following his overnight flight from San Francisco. Jim and Kristi arrived later on Saturday. Earlier when Jim had landed in San Francisco from Tokyo, Kristi met him at the gate with tickets for the next plane to Pittsburgh. When Jim got to his mother’s bedside, she noticeably responded to his presence. Jeff commented, “I didn’t get that kind of greeting.” His mother said to him, “You’re not her first-born either.”

2000

Several years later, probably the weekend before Memorial Day, while Jim and I were driving from his home in Menlo Park, CA to a business meeting of his in Riverside, CA, we stopped in Santa Barbara and had lunch with Dick Roe on the deck of his summer home overlooking the Santa Barbara Channel of the Pacific Ocean. Then, while staying in Riverside, Jim and I drove a short distance out to March Air Force Base to see the wall dedicated to the Fifteenth Air Force plus WWII “war birds” and other WWII memorabilia.

2002-2003

Robert Morris University Speaker Series:

Benjamin Netanyahu, Walter Cronkite, Ken Burns, Beverly Sills, Benazir Bhutto,
Frank McCourt, Richard Holbrooke.

2003

May 28-31- I attended the Centennial Conference, National Genealogy Society in Pittsburgh.

Sep. 30- Official address changed from 190 Goldsmith Road, Pittsburgh, PA 15237 to 183 Dombey Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15237-2335 with receipt of new Certificate of Voter Registration. Address on my driver's license and the Pennsylvania title to my 2002 Chevrolet Cavalier was also changed.

Nov. 21- Joan and I began our drive to Memphis, TN to board the double river barge, "The River Explorer," for the Elderhostel program "Music on the Mississippi."

December- A model B-17G painted with the markings of the 463rd Bombardment Group (The Swoose Group), Fifteenth Air Force (during World War II) and the aircraft AAC s/n 42-31844, "The Swoose, 1944 Model. It Flys?," was presented to me by Jim Brennen, Lt.Col, USAF, 9051 Audubon Drive, Gibsonia, PA 15044 and Eric Wroblewski, 7009 Eagle Road, Gibsonia, PA 15044. This model represents one of several different B-17Gs that I flew while completing 35 combat missions while assigned to the 772nd Bombardment Squadron. (The model was made by American Data Plates in Lancaster, CA.)

2003-2004

Robert Morris University Pittsburgh Speaker Series:

**Rudy Giuliani, Ellie Wiesel, Amy Tan, Julian Bond, Cokie Roberts, David Gergen,
David McCullough.**

2004

Apr. 27- May 7- I served as a Page at the United Methodist Church General Conference held in Pittsburgh. This is the governing body of the church. It meets every four years.

Jun. 3-6- Joan appeared in the role of Aida Gianelli in the McKnight Players production of "Over the River and Through the Woods" at McKnight United Methodist Church directed by Dave Neuhart.

We attended these Robert Morris Univ. Pittsburgh Speakers Series:

Oct. 5- Henry Kissinger, former US Secretary of State, Nobel Peace Prize

Nov. 3- James Carville, Democratic Political Consultant, Talk Show Host

Dec. 1- Mary Higgins Clark, Best selling female suspense writer

2005

Jan 26- (an Israeli official substituted for Shimon Peres)

Feb. 23- Frank Abagnale, con-man, posed as doctor, airline pilot, etc.

Mar. 30- Doris Kearns Goodwin, Author Franklin, Eleanor Roosevelt, Lincoln

Apr. 27- Dave Barry, Humorous columnist

Sep. 28- Dr. Beck Weathers, survivor deadlist day on Mt. Everest

Nov. 9- Robert Redford, actor, producer, director, environmental activist

Dec. 7- Bill Moyers, LBJ Whitehouse press secretary, Public Affairs Television

Apr. 20- After the regular monthly breakfast meeting of my Ashland High School class of '41, classmate Joe Denbow and I met at the Ashland County Historical Society at 420 Center Avenue to do a video interview regarding my WWII experiences. The B-17 model mentioned above was a featured item used to describe and illustrate my combat flying adventures. Also featured was my experience in traveling from the Foggia area of Italy to Northern Italy where two of my high school classmates, and old neighborhood buddies, were serving in the US ground forces: Wayne Ritter and George Hickman. (See write-up under the 1945 dates of Mar. 19-20 and 21.)

Aug. 25- I was interviewed on video tape for over two hours by "Kip" Jones (Dr. Robert T. Jones, in Diagnostic Radiology at Mercy Hospital). I first met "Kip" on September 26, 1997 at the Beaver County Airport while flying on EAA's B-17G "Aluminum Overcast." He was on the first flight of the day along with Jim, Jeff and I and had video taped much of that flight. On the copy of the tape that I have, Jeff is seen briefly at the starboard waist window and I am seen very briefly in the radio compartment twice, once answering some questions.

"Kip" is developing a course on World War Two that he plans to teach at the Community College of Allegheny County beginning in 2006. He is video taping interviews with WWII veterans in conjunction with the course.

Oct. 14-22- Joan and I had small parts in the Community Theatre Players production of "The Man Who Came to Dinner." It was performed at the Community Presbyterian Church of Ben Avon at 8pm on Oct. 14, 15, 20, 21 and 22. Joan appeared in the first act as Mrs. McCutcheon and I was "A Plainclothes Man" in the third act. My acting debut consisted of two lines of four words each. I was on stage about one minute. It was fun doing it together. My program bio read:

"Tom's theater experience consists of sitting in the audience...on Broadway, off-Broadway, Shaw in Canada, Shakespeare in England, dinner-theater at McKnight Church, and community theater at the Red Barn. Lately he's run Lines for Joan Dawson (Mrs. McCutcheon). "Now I have lines of my own...I Hope I remember both!"

Oct. 25-29- Joan and I drove to Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario, CA to see three performances at the Shaw Festival while staying at the Prince of Wales Hotel. On the 25th we attended the 8pm presentation of Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" written in 1905 about the early years of the Salvation Army in London's poverty stricken East End. The next day we saw the matinee of "Gypsy." Written in 1959, it is the musical story of Gypsy Rose Lee, her sister and their mother, "Rose" who was played by Ethel Merman in the movie version. Both of these performances were at the Festival Theatre, the largest of the three Shaw theaters.

After this second show we drove to Toronto to visit Katie, Joan's niece, and Mark Smucker who we had visited in San Paulo, Brazil several years ago. We enjoyed dinner with them and their two children, Jackson and Phebie. Their house is a narrow, multi-level row-house just north of city center. After a leisurely morning, Mark had to join his father and the

Smucker company board of directors for their first meeting in Canada. Joan and I then drove back to N-o-t-L.

Back at the Prince of Wales Hotel, that evening we belatedly celebrated Joan's October 1st birthday with a steak dinner in the hotel dining room.

The third performance was on the 28th at the Royal George Theatre where we attended the 2pm matinee of "Bus Stop." This drama, written in 1955, is about five inter-city bus passengers that get stranded by a Kansas snow storm and have to spend the night in an all-night diner. Marylyn Monroe played the lead in the movie version.

We drove back to Pittsburgh on a bright, sunny Oct.29th. We crossed the border quickly with about three questions and found traffic through Buffalo very light. We got home about 7pm. (And, we are already planning next year's trip to the Shaw Festival.)

Nov.- Joan converted her single membership in the Oxford Athletic Club in Cranberry Twp. to a "couples" membership. We try to go two or more times each week. She resumed swimming 30-50 laps per session and I began 30-40 minute workouts on a powered treadmill followed by a brief swim. Then we meet in the Jacuzzi for 10-15 minutes.

For several years I have been working out several times a week on a powered treadmill at the BodyTech gym in Pines Plaza. This is a free membership as part of the Highmark BC/BS Silver Sneakers Program for participants in their senior health insurance programs.

We attended these River City Brass Band concerts:

Sep. 9- Music from Penn's Woods

Oct. 9- Brass Olympics

Nov. 4- The American Dream

Dec. 2 Cornets for Christmas

2006

Jan. 6- we attended, "The Chief," a drama about Art Rooney, Sr. written by Gene Collier, Pittsburgh sports writer. We saw and spoke with Gene in the theater lobby after the play.

We attended these River City Brass Band concerts:

Mar. 3-Toot Sweet

Apr. 7- Stompin' At the Savoy

May 5- Timeless Television Tunes

Sep. 15- "We've Got Rhythm"

Oct. 7- "Soulful Songs" (Palace Theater, Greensburg, PA)

Dec. 1- "Christmas Wrapped in Brass"

We attended these Robert Morris Univ. Pittsburgh Speakers Series:

Jan. 26- John Major, former British Prime Minister

Feb. 22- Robert Ballard, world's foremost oceanographer, discovered Titanic 1985

Mar. 15- Mark Russell, political satirist, humorist, uses piano parodies
Sep. 27- Nora Ephron, playwright, screenwriter, director.
Dec. 6- Colin Powell, former Chairman, Joint Chiefs, Secy. of State.

We also attended the Manchester Craftsmen's Guild Jazz Concerts:

Feb. 19-

Mar. 26-

Dec. 10- "A Celebration of New Orleans Music"

Feb. 6- The Pittsburgh Steelers won Super Bowl XL

Feb.- Joan received a membership referral to the women's exercise program "Curves." She liked it, joined and tries to get there several times each week. It is very close by, like my BodyTech gym, so when Joan goes to "Curves" I go to BodyTech. And, when we can't get to the Oxford Club in Cranberry, she goes to "Curves" and I go to BodyTech.

Also in February, after a short training course, I was certified by the American Heart Association as qualified to perform CPR and operate an Automated External Deliberator. An AED unit has been placed in the narthex of my Methodist church and acceptance of the unit required certified operators.

Feb. 16- The McKnight UMC council authorized the formation of a health care ministry.

Feb. 23- At the organization meeting of the health care ministry, the program was named "Healthy Lifestyle Program" represented by the acronym "HeLP." I was selected as the Coordinator for the group and representative to the Church Council.

Events held: **Jun. 6-** An Overview of "Hospice Care" by a hospice nurse.

Oct. 15- Nutrition luncheon with a registered dietitian as the speaker.

Dec. 21- "Longest Night" worship service by Rev. Bill LaVelle

Feb. 17, 24 and Mar. 3- Joan and I took a class at the North Campus of the Community College of Allegheny County on "Healthy Aging" given by the University of Pittsburgh Center for Healthy Aging, a Center's for Disease Control Prevention Center. As the result, on Mar. 24 we were certified as "Community Health Ambassadors" qualified to promote and discuss the CHA's "10 Keys to Healthy Aging."

Mar. 17, 18, 23, 24, 25- Joan performed in the Community Theatre Player's production of "You Have the Right to Remain Dead," an audience-participation mystery/comedy at The Community Presbyterian Church of Ben Avon. Joan played the dual part of Sweet Mama and Doris Trumbull.

Apr. 11 – May 3- We made a three-week trip to the Southwest- Santa Fe, NM., Flagstaff and Sedona, AZ and the Grand Canyon ending up in Las Vegas with Jim and Kristi - all the result of Joan winning a round trip airline ticket on American Airlines.

May 21 – Joan and I were Greeters at Christ Episcopal, her church.

Jun. 4- Joan and I were Greeters at McKnight Methodist, my church.

June 1, 2, 3, 4- Joan made her ___ appearance with the McKnight Players at McKnight United Methodist Church. This dinner theater production was “Exit the Body,” a three act comedy, mystery, farce. Joan played Kate, a witty and rather sarcastic secretary from New York City. Judy Freese was the director.

Sep. 10, 17, 24, Oct. 1, 8, 15, 22, Nov. 19, 26- At Christ Episcopal Church, during the 9 am Adult Forum, I facilitated nine of a 12-part video series titled “Jesus: the New Way” presented by Dr. Tom Wright noted historian and Biblical scholar.

At Christ Episcopal Church I also participate in the Men’s Bible study led by John Schaefer on alternate Saturday mornings and attend most of the Men’s Luncheons held at a various local restaurants on alternating Tuesday noons.

Oct. 7- I attended a World War II Veteran’s Commemoration Ceremony hosted by State Representative Sean Ramaley at the Ambridge High School, Ambridge, PA. Each veteran present or represented was given a medal and certificate of appreciation provided by the Pennsylvania House of Representatives.

We subscribed for the first time to the Pittsburgh Symphony POPs:

Oct. 12- The 21st Century Platters

Nov 17- Burt Bacharach

Dec. 15 “The Magic of the Season”

Oct. 13, 14, 19, 20, 21- Joan appeared in the starring role as Mrs. Savage in “The Savage Dilemma” a sequel to “The Curious Savage” both by John Patrick. This was her third role with the Community Theater Players at the Community Presbyterian Church of Ben Avon.

Nov. 1- Jami searched through my collection of books at 190 Goldsmith and found my copy of *The Apostle*, a novel based on the life of St. Paul written by Sholem Asch, copyright 1943. Asch is also the author of *The Nazarene*. This copy is an Armed Services Edition printed for the Armed Forces and distributed free of charge to military personnel serving overseas. I received this copy during WWII when I was based in Italy.

I received this copy in 1945 and read it before I visited Rome on a Rest Camp leave. I am now reading the same copy sixty two years later before revisiting Rome in 2006.

Travel Plans Nov. 3-16, 2006, Trafalgar Tour “Jewels of Italy”

www.trafalgar.com

Nov. 03- Eric to pick us up about 8:30 am and drive us to the airport.

Flights to Rome

**Nov. 03- 11:55 am, lv Pittsburgh, Continental 2658 Business Class, Seats 8B, 8C
1:24 pm ar Newark, NJ**

5:30 pm lv Newark, Continental 40, Coach Class, Seats 33K, 33L
Nov. 04 7:50 am ar Rome, Italy (Dinner, snack, movie enroute)

Trafalgar has our arrival flight and time. After we claim our baggage and exit Customs a Trafalgar Rep is to meet us at the Information Centre in Terminal C.
If we require assistance, call Trafalgar London Departure Centre on: + 44 (0) 20 7828 4388.

Time difference: + 6 hours, i.e. Pittsburgh 1 pm, Rome 7 pm.

Nov. 4, 5- Rome, Hotel Diana, Tel: + (39) 06 4827541
Nov. 6, 7- Sorrento, Johanna Park Hotel, Tel: + (39) 081 8072472
Nov. 8- Assisi, Grand Hotel Assisi, Tel: + (39) (0) 75 81501
Nov. 9, 10- Venice, Hotel Laguna Palace, Tel: + (39) 041 8296111
Nov. 11, 12- Italian Lakes, Porro Pirelli, Tel: + (39) 03 32840540
Nov. 13, 14- Florence, Palazzo Ognissanti, Tel: + (39) (0) 55 213021
Nov. 15- Rome, Cristoforo Colombo Hotel, Tel: + (39) (0) 06 5921901

Return Flights

Nov. 16- 9:55 am lv Rome, Continental 41, Coach Class, Seats 32K, 32L
1:55 pm ar Newark (Lunch, snack, movie enroute)
2:55 pm lv Newark, Continental 3126, Business Class, Seats 6B, 6C
4:25 ar Pittsburgh

My 2006 Christmas letter on the back page of Joan's Christmas letter.

As Joan said on the other side... **It was a very good year!!**

After ten years as Lay Leader of my Methodist church, I resigned to help start a Healthy Lifestyle program. The "Healthy Aging" course that Joan and I took helped guide the two dozen health professionals and lay people from the congregation who wanted to be a part of this ministry. We now have a special emphasis bulletin board in the church narthex, our nurses conduct a Blood Pressure Clinic after worship each Sunday and we have sponsored a half dozen programs on health issues.

I enjoy taking part in a number of activities at Joan's Episcopal church such as the Men's Bible Study, the Men's Tuesday Luncheon group and going to small group dinners with Joan. She knows many folks in my church as the result of being Head Teacher for our Preschool for a long time and I know many members in her church through my activities with Boy Scouts, genealogy, etc.

We love attending jazz concerts and performances by the River City Brass Band and the Pittsburgh Symphony POPs orchestra. We have heard national and world renown leaders speak at our lecture series and we try to catch an occasional live drama production. And, we just might go to a movie or two.

My daughter Janet calls us “the Energizer Bunnies,” and Joan’s brother Ken claims we are the busiest two people he knows. I had to buy a Palm Pilot to keep track of all of our activities as well as to know when we can work in another one or two.

Speaking of Jan, she has her own apartment not far from 190 Goldsmith where her daughter Jami, my granddaughter, and her three children, my great grandchildren, live. Son John also has his own apartment. Oldest son Jim and Kristi live in California. Jim continues to work in the semiconductor industry. But after 19 years with the same company, he joined a new startup where he still travels worldwide. Kristi teaches at the University of California, Berkeley, where she completed a PhD. Their son Jeffery, after working a few years following his graduation from UC, Berkeley, is now in the MBA program at the University of Southern California.

Here at home we enjoy the flower borders, feeding birds off the large back deck and reading books. Joan likes to watch “Jeopardy,” and I’ll check the Weather Channel.

For me the highlight(s) of the year was the combination of two seemingly unrelated activities: my high school class reunion in August and our trip to Italy in November. The common ground took place in Italy in March, 1945. I had completed my combat tour flying B-17s out of an air base in southern Italy, so I hitch-hiked up to northern Italy to visit high school and old neighborhood buddies serving in the front lines with the US Fifth Army. We met at a rest area in Montecatini and spent a few days together which included climbing the Leaning Tower of Pisa. This year three of the four of us attended the class reunion, and I climbed the Leaning Tower again.

My prayer is that your year was great and next year will be even better.

2007

Jan. 26- Joan and I had a one-year medical checkup with the University of Pittsburgh Center for Healthy Aging as part of our Community Health Ambassador certification.

Jan. 27- McKnight UMC hosted the Life Line Screening program for the second time as a part of the continuing church HeLP program. I was the local site coordinator. Joan and I participate in all four ultrasound screenings: 1. Stroke/Carotid Artery, 2. Abdominal Aortic Aneurysm, 3. Peripheral Arterial Disease and 4. Osteoporsis.

We attended the Pittsburgh Symphony POPs:

Jan. 26- George Gershwin: “S’Wonderful!, S’Marvelous!”

Feb. 23- The Music of John Williams

Apr. 20- Broadway Divas

Jun. 15- Swingin’ with Marvin and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

Oct. 05- Marvin’s Broadway Hear and Now

Nov. 16- Mancini at the Movies with Monica Mancini

Dec. 21- (In Calif to visit Jim and Kristi, Jeff and Leslie)

We attended these Robert Morris University Lecture Series:

- Jan. 31- L. Paul Bremer, Former US Ambassador and Administrator of the Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq.**
- Feb. 28_ Michael Medved, Radio Host and Film Critic**
- Mar. 21- Robert F. Kennedy, Jr. Activist, Environmental Attorney**
- Apr. 25- Ari Fleisher, former White House Press Secretary.**
- Sep. 26- Aron Ralston, hiker in Utah “slip” Canyon.**
- Nov. 14- George Will, political commentator, columnist, author.**
- Nov. 28- Christiane Amanpour, CNN int’l correspondent.**

Feb. 14- New Orleans Jazz Orchestra with Irvin Mayfield at Byham Theater.

We also attended these Manchester Craftsmen’s Guild Jazz Concerts:

- Feb. 17- An Evening with Ivan Lins and Friends- Jazz Concert**
- Mar. 4- Nancy Wilson with the Clayton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra**
- May 6- A Night of Guitars with Earl Klugh**
- Sep. 30-**
- Nov. 11-**

And, we attended these River City Brass Band concerts:

- Mar. 9- “Heavenly Musical Match”**
- Apr. 13- “Goodman, Miller and Jones”**
- May 4- “A Very Grand Finale”**
- Sep. 7-**
- Oct. 5- ?**
- Nov. 2-**
- Dec.7-**

Dec. 30- On the way back to Pittsburgh we stopped in N. Ridgeville, OH and I took photos of the Shaw/Wiley gravestones in the Ridgeville Cemetery.

2007

Jan. 7- We drove to Rochester, NY to attend the celebration of the 10th anniversary of Ken Bordner’s ordination at St. Stephen’s Episcopal Church. Joan’s chocolate fountain was a hit at the reception following the service.

Jan.9- We drove to Corning, NY where Joan’s chocolate fountain was used at Georgiana’s.

Jan. 10- I made copies of photos of Kim and her dad, Al. Plus a photo was taken of Joan, Tom and Georgiana.

Jan. 25- I took a picture of Caroline and Isabel at Joan’s.

Feb. 14- Joan and I went to the Byham Theater downtown for a concert by the New Orleans Jazz Orchestra with Irvin Mayfield playing and conducting.

Mar. 21- I took pictures of a discarded yellow toilet at the curb, a copy of which was given to ?

Apr.6- Isabel and Caroline colored Easter eggs at J's.

Apr. 8- Pictures were taken of T & J, J and girls, Kim and Eric.

We attended the Pittsburgh Symphony POPs:

Jan. 26- George Gershwin: "S'Wonderful!, S'Marvelous!"

Feb. 23 The Music of John Williams

Apr. 20- "Broadway Divas"

Jun. 15 "Swingin' with Marvin" and Big Bad Voodoo Daddy

Oct. 5- "Marvin's Broadway Hear and Now"

Nov. 16- "Mancini at the Movies" with Monica Mancini

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Sep. 26- Aron Ralston, hiker in Utah "slip" Canyon.

Nov. 14- George Will, author , columnist, political commentator.

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We also attended these Manchester Craftsmen's Guild Jazz Concerts:

Feb. 17- An Evening with Ivan Lins and Friends- Jazz Concert

Mar. 4- Nancy Wilson with the Clayton-Hamilton Jazz Orchestra

May 6- A Night of Guitars with Earl Klugh

Sep. 30- James Moody Quartet with Jimmy Scott

Nov. 11- Hathaway's Tribute to Horn and Vaughan

And, we attended these River City Brass Band concerts:

Mar. 9- "Heavenly Musical Match"

Apr. 13- "Goodman, Miller and Jones"

May 4- "A Very Grand Finale"

Oct. 9- "Broadway Babies"

Nov. 2- "Songs of Freedom"

Dec. 7- "Christmas Classics"

Apr. 13-15- AAA "Cherry Blossom" Tour to Washington, DC with the Kelly's.

14- With the Kelly's we watched the Cherry Blossom Parade that included high school marching bands from North Hills, with Anne Brandt and Michael Knott, and Hampton. Then went through the Museum of Natural History, visited Arlington Cemetery via bus, watched the changing of guards at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, stopped at the IwoJima (flag raising) Memorial and The National Cathedral

and saw the JF Kennedy display.

15- We stood in a steady rain as we waited to enter the Ford Theatre. Inside we saw re-enactments of the events around the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth. Afterwards there was a reception with the actors. The rain continued as we cruised on the Potomac River.

Apr. 28- In Rochester, NY we saw Ken Bordner star in the lead of "The Fantastic Francis Hardy, Faith Healer."

May 22- We drove to Grand Rapids, MI for Alex's high school graduation. Steve's mother and stepfather and Brad and Barb were there. We played softball game in the driveway. Kim and Eric arrived just a hour before the graduation ceremony.

May 28- At the request of the "Flight Crew," Tom took part in the Verona-Oakdale Memorial Day Parade riding in the procession in the back of a Cadillac to the cemetery. There he was an escort for a lady who placed a flower arrangement on a chair honoring WWII veterans.

May 31- Jun. 3- Joan played Aunt Moll in "November" produced by the McKnight Players dinner theater.

Jun. 3- Tom and Joan were greeters before the worship service at MUMC.

Jun. 7-9- Tom attended the Western Pennsylvania Conference, UMC, at Grove City College in Grove City, PA. He was an equalization Delegate elected by the Pittsburgh District. He left Saturday evening in order to fulfill a speaking engagement Sunday noon.

Jun. 10- At the invitation of Jim Brennan, I spoke at the WPA US Air Force Academy Luncheon held at the Sheraton Four Points Hotel in Cranberry Twp. PA. The luncheon is held annually to introduce and honor new appointees to the Academy. About 80 people attended including 20 appointees. I chose as my topic "Standing on the Shoulders of Others" referring to aviation pioneers the Wright Brothers, Charles Lindberg, "Billy" Mitchell, and "Hap" Arnold and my WWII experience flying B-17s with the 15th Air Force in Italy. I made specific mention of the 463rd Bomb Group, known as the "Swoose Group," Frank Kurtz, the Commanding Officer, his B-17, "Swoose II," and his daughter actress Swoosie Kurtz .

Jun 13- With tickets provided by Eric, Joan and Tom spent the day watching practice rounds at the USGA Championship at the Oakmont Country Club. The tickets included admission to the Trophy Club where we ate breakfast and cooled off at the end of a very hot day. During the day we spent several hours sitting in the shade in bleacher seats near the clubhouse. From there we watched players practice putting on the 18th green and being announced before driving off on the 10th tee.

Aug. 5- Drove to Delaware, OH for Tom's Alpha Zeta '40s annual luncheon.

- Aug. 11- Attended an evening performance of Harold Bettor's Quartet at the Common Plea Restaurant, Downtown.
- Aug.12- Attended the Bob Wiley Family Quarterly Birthday Party at Doug and Beth Wiley's, Leetonia, OH.
- Aug. 13- Joan hosted a bridge party and dinner at home.
- Aug. 15- Drove to Ashland, OH and back to attended Tom's Ashland High School 1941 Class monthly breakfast.
- Aug. 16- Joan hosted the "Rockwell Girls" for dinner: Joanne, Suzanne, Judi and Pat.
- Aug. 17- Joan hosted a dinner for the Knapp's and Yout's.
- Aug. 19- Joan hosted her preschool teacher friends: Jackie, Gretchen, Donnalee, Grace and Michele.
- Aug. 21- Joan hosted the Hughes' and Maloni's at dinner.
- Aug. 23- After driving to Massillon, OH, we joined John and Bobbi Muhlbach for a cookout dinner at their house that included their daughter Leslie and her son Micah, plus Craig and Sue Immel.
- 24- We attended Joan's Washington High School 1955 class "70th Birthday Party" that included an appearance by a six-week old tiger cub called "Obie" after the school's Tiger mascot. That evening we watched the Massillon Tigers play their season opener football game which they won 42 to 21 over Middletown.
- 25- Joan and I took a one hour ride on the Ohio and Erie Canal on a replica canal boat pulled by a team of Belgium horses walking on the tow path with their handlers. The trip was from Canal Fulton south to Lock 4 and back.
- 26- We went to the 10 o'clock worship service at St. Timothy's Episcopal Church which Joan attended while growing up and where she was baptized. We then went to her Bordner Family's burial site where Joan put flowers on her parent's graves.
- Sep. 1- We made a round trip to Massillon for a surprise 70th birthday party for Judy Wigginton.
- Sep. 15- Joan and Tom hosted a table for the Harold Bettor's Quartet at the Common Plea. In attendance were Ken and Betty Bordner, Fred and Edwina Hoard, Tom and Barb Kelly, Jack and Pam Robertson.

2008

Robert Morris University Speaker Series

- Jan. 16- Madeleine Albright, former US Secretary of State.
- Feb. 27- Salman Rushdie, author of "The Satanic Verses,"
- Mar. 26- Frank McCourt, author of "Angela's Ashes" and "Teacher Man."
- Apr. 16 The Capital Steps, political satirists.

Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra POPs

- Feb. 15- "With Love, From Marvin: The Top 10 Love Songs of All Times"
- Mar. 28 "An Evening With Bebe Neuwirth"
- May 16- "Viva Las Vegas"
- Jun. 20- "Smooth as Silk With Chris Botti"

Manchester Craftsman's Guild Jazz Concerts

Feb. 16- Kenny Garrett Quartet

Mar. 2- Chicago Jazz Ensemble

May 4- Ahmad Jamal

River City Brass Band

Mar. 14- "On a World Tour"

Apr. 4- "The Talk of the Town"

May 2- "Fabulous 50's"

2011

Oct. 30- I was confirmed into the Episcopal Diocese of Pittsburgh by The Right Reverend Kenneth L. Price, Jr., The Bishop of Pittsburgh at Christ Episcopal Church of North Hills, 5910 Babcock Blvd., Pittsburgh, PA 15237, Ph: 412-364-2442, Email: office@ChristChurchNorthHills.org , The Reverend Canon James D. Shoucair, Rector