



315th Newsletter

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WORLD WAR II TROOP CARRIER GROUP ASSOCIATION

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Enclosed with this issue are the following forms:

- .Reunion Registration
- .Hotel reservation

READERS ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO SUBMIT MATERIAL FOR THE *NEWSLETTER*. PLEASE ADDRESS ALL SUBMISSIONS TO THE UNDERSIGNED:

Edward M. Papp, Editor
315th Newsletter
200 Bryant Avenue
Glen Ellyn IL 60137

FEBRUARY, 1994

PRESIDENT'S LETTER

The first priority under consideration at this time is making preparations for the reunion in St. Louis. This includes work done by the reunion coordinator, as well as your personal arrangements -- specifically, early reunion registration -- forms included with this issue.

Please give serious thought to whatever might be required for your attendance as it involves your particular situation. (More of this in other parts of this *Newsletter*).

A second consideration -- and I know this seems far in the future -- is where we might hold the 1996 reunion and who might agree to host it. Anyone who wishes to address these questions should be prepared to present their suggestion to the Board of Director's meeting on Thursday, October 6, 1994 at 1500 hours, as well as the general membership meeting at 0900 hours on Saturday, October 8, 1994. I would sincerely appreciate knowing what you have in mind prior to the above mentioned meetings. If there are other options, please advise.

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

*Life sometimes gives you the test
before you have had time to study the lesson*

John F. Andrews

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS.....October 5....9

All ready to go? The REGISTRATION forms are enclosed with this issue. One form is for the RADISSON HOTEL and a separate form for the Reunion. Please note the instructions carefully so everything will be ready for you when you arrive in St. Louis.

Between the programmed activities and the options, you will have plenty to do and see. We have scheduled the activities to give you time to visit with your friends in the Hospitality Room which will be hosted by Bernie and Bette Brown. The new monorail system is nearly completed and, we are advised, should be fully operational by Spring; joining at the airport, just a 5 minute hotel shuttle ride away. Thus, whether you come by car or by train, bus or air, getting around should be relatively easy, even for the less mobile. If you come by car or RV, guest parking is available, no cost, at the RADISSON HOTEL, our Reunion headquarters.

As to the Optional events:

Option 1: CAHOKIA MOUNDS. Begin a very interesting and exciting day with a tour of the Mounds, the only preserved prehistoric Indian city north of Mexico. This site was first inhabited circa 700 AD. It is estimated that the Indians moved nearly 50 million cubic feet of earth with woven blankets and used tools made of wood, shell and/or stone. You will also visit the Museum displaying items found at the site.

Following the show and tour you will enjoy a hot buffet lunch in the Cafe Cahokia. Tour: Thursday, October 6, 1994. 9:00 AM to 1:30 PM

Option 2: GOLDENROD SHOWBOAT. THIS IS A MUST for all arriving in time. Dinner will be aboard the GOLDENROD SHOWBOAT, the last authentic showboat on the Missouri River, now permanently moored at St. Charles, and the original setting for Edna Ferber's play *Showboat*.

Following dinner in the Captain's dining room, you will move to the theater where you will enjoy an off-Broadway show or dinner-theater entertainment. Thursday, October 6, 1994. 6:00 PM to 11:00 PM.

The next issue of the NEWSLETTER will cover other events. But, please don't delay your registration. The brief is on the Registration form.

St. Louis was selected as our 1994 Reunion site not only because it will be an exciting place to visit, but more important, because of its location. It is convenient to most members of the 315th. For a couple within a short one or two day drive, the travel cost will be very reasonable. If you plan, starting now, those from the West and East Coast will also find the Senior airline fares reasonable and travel time within four hours of St. Louis. And, at the St. Louis Airport, the RADDISON AIRPORT courtesy shuttle is there every half-hour to serve you. No one is too old or too young for this 50th Anniversary Reunion.

BE THERE!

Jake Wilson, who lives way up there in Alaska, sends us the following memoir which recounts his experiences with a C-47, the aircraft Jake flew so well and so long while he was with the 315th. Jake is the author of a fascinating book called *Glacier Wings and Tales*. We usually take statements on the dust jackets of books with a grain of salt, but, here's one statement from the book's jacket we know is a fact: ".....he has spent a lifetime in Alaska flying high and landing dangerously near the very crags and summits of North America's highest mountains. Noted for his ability to pierce icy storms and land safely on top of Mount Wrangall to service a variety of military, scientific and mountain climbing clients, Jack Wilson also is known and loved world-wide for his mercy flights of rescue on Mount McKinley and elsewhere." Here follows Jack's memoir. We know you will enjoy reading it.

Nineteen Eighty Six was the 50th anniversary of our wonderful old DC-3. that venerable old airplane so many of us had flown throughout World War II where it helped a great deal with the winning. Everybody was writing about it and how there were still many of them operating world-wide. I was going to write something too, but never got around to it. Now, here it is a few years later and there are still many DC-3s flying. It is never too late to write, however, so here goes.

Actually, for many years after the war, DC-3s were not my bag. It is true I had learned to fly one when very young and with fuzzy cheeks. I first stepped in a DC-3 in August, 1942 for transition training. And, I remained in them throughout the duration and for about a year after hostilities ceased. By then I loved the airplane and felt as handy as a pilot in one as any of the thousands who flew them.

Civilian life, as I began it again, was in a place where there were no DC-3s. I wanted to keep flying, however, so just naturally gravitated out to the local airport where little light planes held forth and started to fly them. I soon learned that light aircraft have a firm standing in the air world as much as the heavy ones. Heretofore, I had believed that little planes were only for pleasure flying or training. But I soon learned that certain ones of them can work hard too, moving passengers and freight into small airports or outlying areas. Fast transport for those who need it, and the tough little planes held up very well too.

In due time I wound up in South-central Alaska with my own fixed base operation, utilizing light aircraft only. We offered charter flights anywhere. We sold fuel and other services, performed light

maintenance, and trained new pilots. The big mining companies flew with us a lot when they put crews out in wilderness locations for copper exploration. We furnished full air support for these crews. Too, we built up a good business flying mountain climbers and scientists into the high altitude glaciers. In autumn the lengthy hunting season kept us going all the time. We were a busy outfit and I was a happy man.

Then, one summer day in about 1970, here came Jesse Peak in a DC-3. Jesse was an old timer and I knew him well. He had an outfit over on Lake Hood near Anchorage, sold new aircraft and his crews flew charter as well as scheduled service. I was surprised to see him step out of a DC-3 dressed in coveralls, just like any old bush pilot. But I gladly greeted him and led him into where the coffee pot was while his plane was taking on fuel.

Over fresh coffee I asked him what the hell he was doing in a DC-3. So he told me the whole story. He said he had been down in the States in the late winter snooping around some of the big airports. He had come across a cargo outfit that had gone broke and the bank had foreclosed on their airplanes. So he had gone to the bank and bought this old plane for a "song." He had then found out that it was a very good airplane, so he had jumped in it and flew it to Alaska where he began casting about for work.

He soon found what he wanted. The BLM (Bureau of Land Management) handled all the fire-fighting in Alaska at that time. During a hot, dry summer, their fire crews were almighty busy, too. Alaska is so big with millions of acres of spruce and other timber that there could be many fires burning at once. The BLM controlled and extinguished most of these fires which mainly were caused by lightning. There are many outlying

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airstrips in Interior Alaska where a DC-3 can land, providing an experienced pilot is at the controls. Jess was an old airline pilot, had plenty of experience and he wound up with a BLM contract.

He said he sometimes flew smoke jumpers on a waiver, but most of his trips went anywhere in Alaska where he could land near a forest fire. He hauled food, tenting, camp equipment, pumps, hose and everything else needed for a fire. Then, the short range helicopters would take over from there. Jess was busy and he was having a ball.

I asked him why he did not just have one of his young crews fly the contract and he said that, well, he knew Alaska better than any of them. Besides, flying the DC-3 himself got him from behind his big desk for awhile and it was just like a lengthy vacation, so he was planning on finishing that contract, at least. Sounded reasonable enough.

Then, here came a couple trucks with a load for him so I went out with Peak to help load and to have a look at his DC-3. It turned out to be an old cargo C-47 exactly as I had flown for so many years; big cargo door and all. It had never been upgraded into an airliner, but was meant strictly for cargo. I was immediately endeared to this airplane.

After the loading, I started to leave and as we parted, Peak said "Jake, if you ever need to haul some cargo, let me know; you can fly one of these things as well as I can."

I thanked him and left. Actually, I thought very little about his offer. Usually an aircraft owner is mighty reluctant to "loan" his airplane to anybody. There is too much danger of the guy cracking it up and then just walking off. So, there is the matter of heavy insurance, a legally binding lease, and pilots qualified with type ratings issued by the FAA. In due time it turned out I was mistaken, however,

We got through the next winter, then in early Spring I recieved phone calls and correspondence from one of the big mining companies. They were going into a joint venture with one of the other companies and between them they were just about going to overwhelm the country with exploration teams. They proposed to put three helicopters out in three different locations in the Wrangell Mountains and Alaska Range, all accompanied with geologists, party chief and

cook. They wanted to know if I could furnish complete air support for all three crews. I assured them I had good airplanes and qualified pilots and would be glad to do it.

Along with everything else, they had figured out their logistics very well. They knew, almost to a gallon, how much fuel the three helicopters would need for the entire season and wanted this fuel flown out in advance. There was a gimmick here, however, since they wanted the fuel flown out on contract by the lowest bidder.

I wanted that contract. I was pretty sure to get the fuel sales at least, since I was a bona-fide aircraft fuel dealer. But I wanted the flying too which would cinch the fuel sales. I sharpened my pencil and went to work on it.

It did not work out too well. I could fly 2 or 3 drums at a time in my aircraft, but it would take many trips. The costs were just too high. If I was to make anything at all, I needed a bigger airplane. Then I thought of Peak and his old C-47 (DC-3). If he still had it and his price was reasonable, I could get him to fly the fuel. I could go along as co-pilot and thereby get acquainted with the airplane again. So, I took the next charter to Anchorage, then went over to Lake Hook to see Peak.

This was a different man than the one I had seen in coveralls last summer. He was sitting behind a big desk and had on a clean shirt and tie. He looked rather harried. But I explained to him all about the proposed contract and asked for his price to come and fly the fuel if I could get the job.

He waved an arm and said "Hell, I don't have time to go out and fly your old fuel. I am going to be tied up here for a couple months. You just take that airplane and do it yourself."

I was surprised and flabbergasted, although pleased. I said "You know I can't do that. I don't have a current type rating in the DC-3 and it is just too costly and time-consuming to get one."

He just said "Well, if you don't tell anyone, I sure won't. Come on, let's take a ride."

We went out and walked around his DC-3 and he gave me a few pointers about flying that particular airplane. Then we got in an taxiid over across the highway to International Airport. There, I took off and since it had been many years since I had flown

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a DC-3, it felt awfully heavy and stiff on the controls. Yet, if you learn to fly one of these things before you're old enough to have full grown wisdom teeth, you never forget entirely. I was soon tooling it around the sky and having a good time.

Then, we went through an engine out procedure successfully and Jess wanted me to do a stall next. I pulled the nose up and that old airplane shook and rattled and groaned and complained, probably because of all this nonsense, but finally, in exasperation, it gave up and stalled, docilely enough. I popped the nose down and added some power and then we went chortling on our way, the airplane probably happy that we could finally go somewhere, now that all the foolishness was over.

Jess said "Let's go back to the airport and see if you can get this thing on the ground without scaring me to death." So I called the tower and they gave me runway 1-3 and I got in the pattern.

I made a regular airline approach, since I was still not too used to the airplane. We went in tail high and hot and I managed to land without banging up the runway. We slowed down and turned off at a far intersection.

Jess said "Well, OK, but you sure better practice those approaches if you are going into those little airstrips you mentioned."

I assured him I would diligently practice short field approaches before attempting any trips to the smaller airstrips.

So I was checked out. Armed with the cost figures he gave me, I went home, sharpened my pencil and went to work on that contract. And in due time I had it.

I contacted the oil company and they started spotting sealed drums of fuel at my place with assurance that more were on the way. So it was time for me to get the DC-3 and start flying the contract.

I flew a little trainer we were not using in to Lake Hood and parked it over in a corner at Peak's place.

Peak handed me the log books and we loaded a barrel of oil for the engines. As a parting shot, Jess admonished me "Be sure to bring back the biggest piece," he said. I assured him I would be careful to do that.

So here I was, a DC-3 captain once more. Well, not fully sanctioned, maybe, but perhaps no one would get wised up to the fact. I was just going to haul cargo anyway, I told myself, no passengers. I vowed to be awfully careful with this airplane. There was no big hurry, no immediate deadline on the contract. I would take my time and fly fuel only when the weather was very good with no squirrely winds blowing.

We got to Gulkana and the FAA communicator on the radio said there was no other traffic, so I said that I was going to shoot some approaches and landings. He okayed that.

I went around the pattern, then took the airplane into hand like a light plane. I flew it the way the Army had taught me years before. We went in low and slow, hanging on the props and I set it down as near the end of the runway as possible, tail low and nearly stalled. It worked out OK. I did not emerge as an expert after three landings but there was good progress and I was satisfied. Good proficiency in any aircraft after many years of not flying that particular type takes time. I went on to my own ramp then.

All was quiet since it was late and everyone had gone home. I installed the locks and pins and went home also.

Next morning at the usual time I went to the airport to have a look at the schedule. There were some charter trips all right but I had a good pilot who could handle all of them, so I decided to start my fuel haul. To do this I needed a helper and called on a certain man.

This fellow was a man we all called the "Airport Bum". He had walked in from the highway one day previously. He was wet and ragged, dirty and be-whiskered. He walked right up to me and said "Mister, I am wet and cold and hungry. I want a dry place to sleep and something to eat and I am willing to work for everything I get."

I looked him over. As bums go, he did not seem to be a very experienced one, the shape he was in. Generally, an experienced bum will get along quite well. I somehow took pity on this man, so led him over to a little house trailer which sometimes housed a transient crew. We went to the hangar and get him a couple cases of "C rations that had been "liberated" from the Army.

In a couple days this man emerged from the trailer. His clothes were now clean and patched up. He was clean also and freshly shaved. He walked up and thanked me for my hospitality and said he was ready to get to work and repay it.

I was curious and questioned him and he finally gave me the gist of his problems. He said he had gone on the bum to beat an alimony rap from his ex-wife. After their divorce he had kept on working as a professor in a technical institute. But his ex-wife had started living high on the hog with his alimony money and consorting with all sorts of men. He could not stand it any longer, so lost his job and got rid of all his assets and went on the bum. He said his ex-wife could not touch him, yet I was skeptical.

He also said he would like to work for me for awhile to have an address where mail could catch up to him. He said a few other things as well, but what it all boiled down to was that I was going to have a college man around to do chores. I took him on and he said I was not to pay him anything, just room and board. I told him he could stay as long as he liked as long as his work was satisfactory.

He turned out to be a good asset in just a few days. No task was too menial for him. In coveralls we furnished, he looked presentable while scrubbing the bellies on the airplanes or whatever. He was always Johnny-on-the-spot when there was cargo or baggage to be handled. Mostly, though, he was polite and pleasant to the customers. He seemed to have many accomplishments, even though he was somewhat a failure as a bum. Since he had never given us his full name, we just called him the "Airport Bum" and that was fine with him.

So when I told him I wanted someone to help load the DC-3 and then go along to help unload, he gave me a quick "sure thing" and we got ready to go.

He went behind the buildings for a flat bed truck that was loaded with sealed drums of fuel and backed up to the DC-3. Together, we loaded the proper amount of them into it, then tied them down with a big cargo net. Then, the bum went to return the truck while I stood and chatted with the people who were standing there watching.

These people were airport "hangers-on" as I called them, people who, not fliers

themselves had always wanted to be fliers and they loved to hang around a busy airport when possible and watch everything that was going on. And, of course, the DC-3 was a great exciting attraction, since they seldom operated out of Gulkana Airfield. These people, others like them, along with pilots, guides and hunters had, over the years, sat in my lobby and had probably drunk enough coffee to flush Dry Creek clear from the road culvert down to the Copper River. I welcomed these people since they were no big bother and stayed out of the way.

As we talked, one of them piped up and said "Where is the pilot for this airplane?" Well, I very nearly admitted that I would be flying it, but some quirk held me back for a time. I knew that, to many people, there seems to be two kinds of pilot...those who flew light planes and those who flew the heavies. To see them, seeing me jump from one light plane into another of a different type and go right off, and keep doing it every day, I was possibly the ultimate light plane pilot to them. But that in no way made them think I could fly a big one as well. So, I hesitated, not really knowing why, just had to keep them guessing for a while, I suppose. So, I looked thoughtful and said the first thing that came to mind.

"Oh, the pilot", I said. "You know that fellow sometimes parties a bit, then sleeps late in the morning. He may be sleeping in the motel." They thought that was a terrible thing for a pilot to do.

Then, here came the Airport Bum around the tail of the airplane, under full sail, and with him came my inspiration. "There, I pointed, "there is the man. I will get him to fly it."

"Why he can't do that. He doesn't even know how to fly a little one."

I waved my arms. "Hell, anyone could fly one of these things. Come on, let's go."

The Bum jumped into the airplane and I followed with the landing gear pins. Together we lifted the steps and closed the cargo door. Then, as we scrambled up over the load, I said "Now you get in the left seat and look important as if you were going to fly this thing."

He chuckled and said "Well, boss, I will do it if you say so, but I never dreamed I

would ever find myself sitting in the pilot's seat of a large transport."

I said "Just do as I say for a bit. I can run this thing from the right side."

With him in the pilot's seat in plain view of the watchers, I moved the switches and levers and soon had both engines ticking over. After a brief warm-up, I said "Now open your window and wave at those people and smile at them."

As he did so I sneaked a look over his shoulder to detect a look of pure awe on those faces below. Then, I added a little power to begin movement and they stared in open-mouthed wonderment as the Airport Bum "taxiied" the airplane out.

I knew these people would not be fooled for long, but for the time being, my small efforts were well rewarded.

At the end of the runway we traded seats and I went into the extremely serious business of getting a loaded airplane into the air.

Our first trips were into May Creek Airstrip; which was a good one with a 4000 ft. runway. There was seldom any wind and we could land on solid, smooth gravel, and with a slight uphill gradient. It was a good practice strip, so I could sharpen up my landing techniques before going into the other two wilderness strips which were much shorter.

I had a lot of good buddies in that country...young business men, construction men, fish and game biologists and others. These men expressed a desire to make a trip or two with me and I welcomed them. All of these men had at sometime ridden in a DC-3 airliner. But none of them had ever been up on the "hurricane deck" when the thing was flying. I could actually take three of them since there were a couple of belted seats in the companionway as well as the co-pilot's seat.

They were good company on the long, monotonous flights and were extremely handy when it came time to unload. Of course, I regaled them with stories of the prowess of the C-47 and of the things we had done with them during the war. I even told the story about the time we had flown through a terrific hailstorm with one engine out. And, the cowling of the dead engine had collected so many hailstones we had plenty of ice for our beer for two days. Some of these men

actually flew a second trip with me, regardless of the stories I told.

The Airport Bum became my crew chief. He hovered around that airplane like an old mother hen and kept it immaculate inside and out. I never checked on him, but suspected he even slept in the damn thing.

And the airplane held up remarkably well. The mechanics did very little maintenance on it. The right engine developed an oil leak which streaked the cowling, but I just had the Bum wipe it up every day. There is an old saying that a mechanic who chases oil leaks on a round engine is a busy man.

The other two wilderness airstrips presented no problems, so all too soon, it seemed, we were finished with small fuel haul and the mining companies sent money. I was sad, however, since I had learned to love this airplane and wanted to keep it for a pet.

There came a small reprieve. Another big company had decided to re-develop an old mine that was way out there and wanted to construct some semi-permanent buildings. They had contacted a helicopter outfit to fly the materials out, but found out it was too long a haul and too costly. So, they asked me if I would do the hauling in the DC-3.

I was skeptical, but flew a Cessna 185 out there for a look at the airstrip. It was pretty short, yet solid and smooth. We could land uphill which would slow us down. And we chainsawed a lot of brush at the upper end so there would be room to turn around. I told them I would take the job.

I was amazed at how much lumber and building material a C-47 can haul. Why, I could take all the stuff for a complete wilderness cabin in one load, including the stove and kitchen sink and include the kids and dogs as well.

We finished the job. By then, Peak was hollering for his airplane. He wanted to get it into the hangar for a couple of days in preparation for its next job.

The Bum and I climbed in the airplane and started for town. We flew low over the spruce forest and lakes in the Basin and I pointed out moose to him. Then came the Talkeetna Mountains and we swooped up over a herd of tame DALL sheep, the first he had ever seen. Then, we arrived at the headwaters of the Matanuska River and I poured it down and flew joyously between the

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river banks. Then, King Mountain was facing us and I added power and we climbed to the top and the airplane did a graceful wingover and we soared back to the valley and tore along over the tree-tops. But we started coming to little farms and I terrified a farmer's chickens and decided we better get up into the sky where we belonged.

We flew on sedately into International Airport and the tower gave me runway I-3 again. But this time I set it in on the very end of the runway and turned off at the first intersection that was used by the small single engine aircraft, somewhat to the consternation of the tower. Then we changed to the ground control frequency and received instructions across the airport so we could cross the highway to Lake Hood.

I had always loved to cross that highway. It was the main artery between the city and the airport, a four lane affair and it was always busy. The speed limit was 35 mph, but everyone just naturally traveled at 45 or 50. To cross it, a pilot needed to keep the nose of his airplane on the taxiway centerline. Then, at a certain place, an electric eye was actuated and the flashing amber light above the intersection turned to steady red. The traffic had to stop.

This was the interesting part. There would come the squeal of tires on pavement and, hopefully, no bad rear-end collisions. Some of the first cars would zip past the red light, hoping there were no cops watching. But, given a little time, all the traffic could be halted.

When the dust settled, I would gently nudge the throttles, then slowly, all too slowly, creep across the road. All the drivers below would impatiently sit there gunning their engines while the stupid airplane took its sweet time getting across. And out in the middle, with my haughty nose in the air, I would give a disdainful wave to the peons below.

After crossing, the light would change back to flashing amber and 100 cars, give or take a few, would all try to start at once, a great roar, plainly heard above the sound of my engines.

Ahead, toward the lake, we could see a problem. Peak's yard was all cluttered up with airplanes. There were light twins. There were new airplanes. There were vintage

airplanes. There was almost any sort of airplane you wanted to see, but there was no room to park a DC-3. Yet, I knew we had to get off the taxiway since others had to use it too.

Off to our right I spied a patch of new lawn. Some enterprising soul had decided to add a touch of beauty to the otherwise somewhat drab surroundings. Along part of one border was a beginning row of shrubs. And there were potted plants on another with some beautiful flowers. I pulled in.

It wasn't very big but it was big enough and we parked. The Bum got out with the landing gear pins and I stayed to total out the aircraft log books. And, I thought, "what a nice place to park a DC-3."

We walked toward Peak's place and he came running out with some of his crew, very upset. Then, I hear a roar behind and here was a man, apparently the grass farmer, and he was mad as an old wet hen. I tried to explain to him that we would soon move the DC-3 but he ignored me and jumped all over Peak. It turned out these fellows did not get along too well. After a big tirade directed at Peak, he stomped off.

I felt a little bad about this, but knew I must soothe Peak a bit while his men moved some airplanes so I handed him the filled out logbooks. And I waved at the airplane and said "See, I brought back the biggest pieces." This almost brought a smile to his face. Then, I reached in my shirt pocket for the "piece de resistance", a big fat check which paid for all the hours I had flown the plane.

That did the trick and Peak was all smiles. He said they would move the DC-3 themselves shortly so we shook hands and I thanked him for the loan of his nice airplane. Then, I decided the Bum and I had better get the hell out of there before the grass grower erupted again.

We walked over to the corner where my little airplane was standing, rather forlornly, and dusted it off and untied the wing ropes. That little airplane seemed so eager to fly the engine started on the first throw of the prop.

We headed to a little dirt strip between the tower and the channel and I flipped a sad salute to the DC-3, realizing I would probably never see it again.

On our way to Gulkana, I mused that most likely, even though I would remain in the flying business for several years more, probably no one would again offer me the loan of their DC-3. And it was so.

It is true I saw DC-3's many times after that. But always the operators were bent on getting as much flying time per day out of their aircraft as possible, up to at least 12 hours or even more. Money, of course, was the only object. To them it was no fun to fly a DC-3, just a lot of hard work. *The crazy fools!*

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NEWS ABOUT A BOOK WE HIGHLY RECOMMEND TO OUR READERS. The author is George F. Cholewczynski, an honorary member of the 315th TCG Association. Title of the book is ***POLES APART The Polish Airborne at the Battle of Arnhem***. George is a recognized expert on the history of airborne warfare and Polish military history. He is currently working on a book about Troop Carrier Command which should be a must read when it is published. Publisher of *Poles Apart* is SARPEDON located at 166 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10010. See if your bookseller can get a copy for your personal library or ask at your public library if they have a copy.

We quote from text on the dust jacket of the book:

To deal the Germans a final blow and end the war in Europe by Christmas 1944, the Allies mounted the greatest airborne battle in history, Operation MARKET GARDEN. Three airborne divisions, plus the 1st Polish Independent Parachute Brigade, were dropped behind German lines to hold the bridges of Holland for an armored assault that would simultaneously crash across the Dutch border.

Instead of cracking the German defenses, however, the Allies were horribly bloodied in their attempt to take the "bridge too far" and Hitler achieved his last victory in the West.

The story of the 1st British Airborne Division's near annihilation at the hands of two SS Panzer divisions has passed into military legend. Less celebrated is the role of the Polish Parachute Brigade, which flew into the battle on the third day, onto German-held

drop zones to fight heroically in this most dramatic of Allied failures.

A subject of controversy ever since the battle, the Poles were accused by the British high command of incompetence and obstructiveness at the time. *Poles Apart*, through years of research and interviews with participants, describes in vivid "on the spot" detail how the Poles in fact performed with great skill and dogged courage under the most difficult circumstances.

Seldom have soldiers fought under conditions as poignant as did the Poles in MARKET GARDEN. Originally formed to support an uprising in its homeland against the Nazis, the 1st Polish Parachute Brigade was thrown into the inferno of Arnhem just as the Polish Home Army was rising against the Germans in Warsaw. As the Poles fought and died in support of their Western Allies in Holland, the citizens of burning Warsaw looked skyward for their paratroopers to save them from the Germans, as the Russian Army sat across the Vistula awaiting their own turn at occupation.

Unlike the gallant soldiers of other Allied armies, many Polish paratroopers would never see their homeland again, even after ultimate victory.

Poles Apart describes the inception of the Polish airborne force, including the career of its dynamic leader, Sosabowski, through the debacles of 1939 in Poland and 1940 in France, to the incredible gamble that was MARKET GARDEN.

Along with telling the story of airborne combat on a massive scale in one of this century's most daring failures, *Poles Apart* corrects the historical record by establishing the Polish airborne force once and for all as a fighting force worthy of the respect of all nations.

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With deep regret, we record the death of these comrades:	
Ray Baker	10-29-93
John H. Lyons	11-5-93
Ken Vandera	12-26-93

J.S. Smith sends us a fascinating story about how he and his crew played an unwitting part in an important mission at a critical juncture in WWII. He introduces the account with the following: "Where I live in Florida, the *St. Petersburg TIMES* carries a brief summary each day of the major World War II events which occurred 50 years ago on that date. The item for September 9, 1943 announced the Italian unconditional surrender. Which brought memories.

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It may have been the last day of August in 1943, I'm not certain,, when I and the crew were to make an early morning pick-up of a VIP at Algiers Maison Blanche and proceed to wherever he wanted to go -- in this case, Sicily. (If I had kept notes like Bill Brinson, you'd know exactly who was on board as crew. Regrettably, my interest back then was more toward the next visit to downtown Algiers than recording history.)

The VIP was Bedell Smith who, as I recall, was a Lt. General serving as Eisenhower's Chief of Staff. He brought some aides along plus myriad brief cases. Our destination was a British airfield south of Catania. The flight proved uneventful, along the Mediterranean coast and then across the Tunis-Sicily corridor. We stayed up front, cabin door closed; General Smith and entourage in the main cabin. They were deeply involved in papers and discussions.

Approaching Sicily we flew beneath an overcast and near the coast encountered light rain. A slick steel mat runway awaited. Through luck and the guiding hand of HE who looks after errant pilots, the landing was incredibly smooth. Of such sweetness to draw praise from the Crew Chief. And, as all pilots knew back then, Crew Chiefs reigned as the ultimate judge.

A line of sedans and jeeps waited for General Smith. His lengthy, detailed instructions were as follows: "Wait for me!" I agreed to do so. We refueled, tidied up, and felt sorry for the Britishers, who had to live in an obviously primitive environment, because later that afternoon, we would be heading back to civilization. Around dark and the rain heavier, we sought shelter. The British, bless their hearts, did their best -- which turned out midway between awful and horrible.

Either that night or the next, again I'm not sure which, the air raid sirens went off. I've never decided whether to blame the recently departed Italians or the recently

arrived British for what was encountered in the slit trenches.

A couple days of British rations finally fired up my boldness hormones. Someone had a number, so I cranked the field phone and asked for General Smith. And, damned if I didn't get him. He was actually cordial. "We should be there by noon tomorrow," he said. "Be ready to go the minute we arrive." He had my flat guarantee.

Everyone was on board and the fans going before the sedans pulled away. On reflection, we probably dusted off some rather senior officers still in full salute. No regrets.

The wished-for speedy return did not materialize. Head winds, strong head winds, made the coast appear to stand still. General Smith visited the cockpit. "How are we doing?" was the initial question. We said "A little slow, tough head winds." On his next trip, "This isn't as fast as a B-25, is it?" "No sir, not quite." (not said: you have to decide whether you are a comfort man or a speed man.) On the next visit "Can't we go a bit faster?" So I added a couple of manifold inches and diddled with the prop pitch; signaling, we are sure trying.

Approaching the Algiers airport the goal was simple: a repeat landing so smooth even the Crew Chief would OHHH and AAAH. And it came true -- but only after the third bounce. The Crew Chief said something like "Oh s___."

On September 9, 1943 the announcement came that General Bedell Smith had negotiated an unconditional surrender with the Italians and had signed an armistice agreement on September 3 in Sicily.

We'd been a part of history -- and no one bothered to tell us.

Bill Brinson, as usual, sends us an interesting piece on how the passage of time is marked in our daily lives. Those of us who served in the military are more or less familiar with the so-called 24-hour system, but to some, perhaps, many, of our readers the military way of telling time is still a mystery. We hope Bill's contribution to this month's issue will clear up any mis-understanding while it enlightens us on some of the terminology.

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THE 24 HOUR SYSTEM, OR UNIVERSAL TIME

The military has used the "twenty-four" system of measuring time for many years. The correct designation of this system is **Universal Time** which is often abbreviated as UT. Those of us who used this system while we were in the military might find extracts from a short article (source unknown) interesting.

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Many people do not know what the letters "AM" and "PM" stand for. When two large American companies were queried as to why they designated midnight as 12AM, they indicated that surveys showed that the American public believed that 12 AM was the correct designation for midnight.

Actually, the correct designation for midnight is 12 PM. Why is there no such time as 12 AM? Because there is no such time in the AM-PM system as "twelve hours before the middle of the day." Twelve hours before the middle of the day would be the previous midnight, which is 12 PM of the preceding day!

During primitive times, people were aware of the various times of the day. It was morning; it was evening. An elementary sundial showed that, at the middle of the day, the sun's shadow was at its shortest length. The middle of the day, therefore, became a clearly designated reference point in daily time. Later, it became known as **meridien** - Latin for "middle of the day". The meridien divided the day into AM (**ante-meridien** before the middle of the day, and PM **post meridien**, after the middle of the day.) The middle of the day was designated simply as 12M.

Various prayers were said at certain hours and the prayer hour was designated by ringing a certain number of bells. "Nonus", the ninth prayer of the day, was

said at the time the church tolled twelve bells. We call the middle of the day "Noon" a word derived from **nonus**. The word for church bell in Old French was **cloque**. When the bell rang a certain number of times, the people would say "Il est deux au cloque." (It is two by the church bell.) Today we spell the phrase "by the church bell" as "o'clock."

In the AM/PM system, the only way to indicate the first moment of the day is 12:01 AM. Amazing. In the AM/PM system, the first minute of the day does not exist. As an example, insurance policies contain statements such as: "*This policy becomes effective at 12:01 AM on Jan 4th, 1993.*"

In the Universal Time System, each day begins at 0000, and each day ends at 2400. Unlike the AM/PM system, every minute of the day exists. Why our country is still using a medieval system of reckoning time is a mystery.

Hundreds of years ago, the Latin word "meridien" became misspelled "meridian". The latter has held on and many modern dictionaries do not even include the originally correct "meridien."

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Appended to the foregoing manuscript from Bill was the following clarification we know our readers will appreciate getting:

For those who understand "Pentagonese" the following statement made by a Secretary of the Air Force is an excellent example: 'WE ARE NOT PARING DOWN THE AIR FORCE. WE ARE BUILDING A NEW, SMALLER AIR FORCE FROM THE GROUND UP.'

Here follows the latest communication from Ziggy Zartman. In this piece, he recounts having to cope with a dietary disaster while being in sole charge of a C-47 on its way to the place where war-weary C-47s are sent by the powers-that-be. Hold on to your hats!

NEW "MOON" OVER MIAMI

In America, everyone has a right to privacy and, a right to know; thus, befuddled, I feel compelled to talk about my "other side." This "war story" begins after the airlift (OPERATION GREEN PROJECT) which served to return the victorious GIs from the ETO to the ZI, had ended. Mission accomplished, we were ferrying the C-47 "Skytrains" to an interim dispersal site in Georgia. The 315th Troop Carrier Group, earlier inactivated at Waller Field, Trinidad, was, only now, able to become history.

The residual personnel already had transfer orders in their pockets. I was scheduled to fly one of the last two or three planes to Augusta. It would be my final flight out of Miami. Unbelievable, BUT ABSOLUTELY TRUE, I would find myself ALONE in a C-47.....5000 feet over the ocean with an ENEMY ATTACK in progress!

I cannot recall (for sure) who the scheduled CO-pilot and crew chief (I suspect John Stewart) were or why they just had to catch a plane or train to hurry home, but they did which was understandable since their homecoming had been delayed by the airlift. Thus, on that late September weekend in 1945, I bid my buddies goodbye and goodluck, advising them not to worry, that Monday, I would deliver the plane.....piece of cake! At Spanhoe, unknown (maybe not) to Charles Terhune, 310th Maintenance Officer, I, and others had occasionally (to avoid readiness delays) flown late in the day test hops with only a crew chief aboard (as did other squadrons, I think). Flying the "gooney" alone was really no big deal!

Monday...FLY DAY, dawned calm and beautiful....a field-grade time to fly. A long day loomed for this Lieutenant, delivering a plane to the Peach State and dead-heading back to Miami. I needed a hearty breakfast. Stopping at Senor Murphy's airport road diner (some of you may

remember it) I ordered Huevos Rancheros with Sopapillas, my favorite Mexican meal.

A final dunk of honey-soaked "sopai" in black coffee and I was out the door, driving to the Base. Locating the Gooney, I pulled the props through, drained the fuel sumps, grabbed the pitot covers, then went aboard to check the engines. No problems, so I headed for OPS to confirm the great weather to the north and file a VFR flight plan. Burdened with three hats (P, CP & CC), my mind kept giving me a busy signal; thus, I failed to perform an important item on an aircrew member's before-flight checklist (you'll figure it out later.)

Back at the plane (flight plan filed), I went aboard to check some hydraulic pressures, then, back to the ramp, pulled the gear pins, control surface locks and chocks...kicked both tires and climbed inside. I took in the steps and slam-locked the cabin door. STARTUP, TAXI AND DEPARTURE CLEARANCE went smoothly; TAKEOFF and CLIMB were SOP!

Leveling off at 30000 ft., I turned North, engaged "George" (auto pilot) and sat back to relax as I watched Miami Beach slowly disappear. Everything went smoothly....kinda quiet...no one to rap with, so my thoughts wandered to the upcoming "leave." In a few days, Gloria and I would be departing for Shamokin in our '41 Buick Coupe. Thus, I began to scribble a list of things not to forget: oranges and grapefruit for our folks; pay Lt. Walser the 20 bucks I had borrowed; again, thank Lt. Ted Stewart for helping me select a diamond on an RON to San Juan (a full karat, sparkling gem...good price, that fooled us, but not Gloria's jeweler friend). Nonchalantly following the coastline, I could see Jacksonville ahead.

SUDDENLY....WITHOUT WARNING I WAS UNDER ATTACK; MONTEZUMA'S REVENGE? Senor Murphy's salsa was churning! Forty-eight years ago, my GI tract

sphincter muscles were in top condition at both ends, so squirming only slightly, I thought I could resist until after landing.

It was not to be! Abruptly, my military "exigency" was upgraded to a dire EMERGENCY. In the old Army Air Corps, all exigencies were covered in a regulation, but I had never read one that specified proper action for my predicament.....so, REACTING, I quickly climbed to 5000 ft. while turning slightly more out to sea...re-set "George"....released my seat belt, tossed my gloves on the empty CO-pilot's seat...."cleared" the sky ahead and, glancing one last time at the altimeter and "horizon" (both steady, unlike my problem"...I loped toward the back end. Unzipping and gathering speed, I now trotted through the passenger compartment, reaching the "head" just BEFORE the Fruit-of-the Loom guys: had reason to panic!

There I was, "sitting on the cheapest military toilet seat any GAO audit had ever uncovered, 5000 ft. over the Atlantic...a little "black box" at the controls and, Montezuma phalanxing me. I could relate to any of the "endangered" species.

Knowing that "George" had never passed a single-engine procedure, I was somewhat anxious to return to the cockpit. Again, disaster struck. NO TOILET TISSUE! With no time to dilly-dally, I mentally searched the pockets of my flying suit and found two treasures; my list on yellow, legal size bond, and in a hip pocket (now around my ankles) a large cotton handkerchief. Torn in half, the hanky solved the problem very well.

Racing forward, I strapped the plane back on, frantically scanning the panel for red lights, errant dials, slipping throttles..."knowing" that something had to be urgently pushed, flipped, turned or moved; but, like General Alexander Haig in the war-room, "George" had been in control except for a slight gain in altitude, I had had nothing to fear. What a relief! The rest of the flight was routine.

On the dead-head back to Base, I had ample time to rehash the "attack". When I was a juvenescent boy and wearing knickerbockers, I might have solved the problem differently, but now an "officer and gentleman" by decree...dignity had been a

factor. I convinced myself that I had had the "right stuff," that my reputation was clean. I fell asleep dreaming about home...having not seen my folks for almost three years.

Awakening on the first bounce as the volunteer in the cockpit struggled to get us on the ground at Miami, I deftly donned my war-worn alive drab, crushed fur felt, visored service cap and deplaned. Only a few more turns of the Earth and it would be payday. Assuming that I wasn't red-lined, I'd be there early to collect my "hazard pay" dividend.

I had called Gloria from the airport to report my ETA for our "beach" apartment and requesting a snack and some coffee. When I arrived and entered through the kitchen door, there she was...wearing my night shirt, busy making coffee and humming an early 40's refrain: "I'LL BE LOOKING AT THE MOON, BUT I'LL BE SEEING YOU!!!"

Gotta go...it's been a long day....and, I'm "pooped".

Ziggy

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Letter from Ray Schwartz enclosed with an interesting account of a trip he and Ise took to Holland last year.

December 1, 1993

Dear Ed:

Enclosed is an account of a tour my wife and I made to Normandy and Arnhem. Mrs. Tonny Winkler and Bob Cloer both encouraged me to write up my experiences for publication in the NEWSLETTER. However, I did not expect it to be five pages in length.

Therefore, you have sole discretion as to whether you publish it in full, eliminate some portions or discard the entire story.

In the meantime, I do wish you and your wife and family a Happy Holiday Season and a wonderful New Year.

Stay well,

Sincerely, Ray

We print on following pages, Ray's entire story. It's much too interesting to edit!

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As many of you know, the people of Arnhem in the Netherlands commemorate every year the battle that transpired in September 1944. For many years I have desired to attend this service at least one time. In view of the large crowds that are anticipated for 1994, the 50th anniversary of D-Day and also this particular battle, we decided to plan a visit to Arnhem in 1993. In addition, the new museum that was built near Caen in Normandy also was an attractive site we wanted to visit.

Ilse and I prefer to travel on our own since we can go to places that we prefer. We can stay as long as we desire plus we are not restricted by any time schedules. I wrote to our Honorary Member, Mrs. Tonny Winkler, whom we have met on previous visits to the Netherlands, requesting information on this year's events. She forwarded my request to the person in charge of the activities who sent me an application form to complete. Veterans of the battle are provided with accommodations with host families. Members of the 315th Troop Carrier Group are recognized as veterans due to having participated in the various air drops of Market Garden, the operational code name for the battle.

In due course, we received the names of our host family. I wrote them that we would be coming by train from Frankfurt and, since I was not sure of the schedules, we would telephone them from the railroad station. They very graciously wrote back that they would be only too glad to meet us at the station and drive us to their home.

On September 1, Ilse and I flew from Atlanta to Frankfurt. We rented a car at the airport and drove to Ilse's old hometown, Zwingenberg, which is a small village about 30 miles south of Frankfurt. I must say that there is still a C-47 parked just outside the Frankfurt airport along the main highway. It stands as a reminder to the Berlin air supply of 1949 when the Russians blocked the ground routes. I wanted to photograph the plane but we could not stop the car on the busy highway.

After resting a few days and visiting some old friends, we started on our drive to Normandy. We prefer to stay off the expressways and drive on the smaller roads that permit us to go through the villages and see how the people live. Most of the small French villages have narrow streets and the buildings are only one or two feet from the road. There is very little space for pedestrians to walk. However, we have seen much improvement in both roads and new construction since we were there in 1988.

We never make any hotel reservations since we do not know where we may be at day's end. Our first night was spent in Verdun which has a tragic history from World War I. The next day we toured the old battle sites and visited the

museums and old forts in the area. Since we were in the area where Sergeant York from World War I days became a national hero, we decided to visit the village of Chatel Chehery. It is a very small village well off the main roads and quite difficult to find. The State of Tennessee erected a monument there in 1987, the 100th anniversary of his birth. It has a brass plate describing his exploits in both English and French. It is doubtful if many tourists will ever come to this place.

We continued on to Rheims and saw the ancient cathedral that was built from the 13th to the 16th Century. A statue of Joan of Arc erected across the street indicated that she took command of the French Army in 1429. We also wanted to visit the place where the Germans surrendered in May 1945 but we found that part of the building locked on Mondays. The remainder of the building is still used as a school which was open that day. We stayed at a very nice hotel where the young clerk knew that since we came from Atlanta, Georgia, we came from the home of Coca Cola.

Our route was to stay north of Paris as we wanted to visit other areas and also see some friends that we knew. Besides, we had visited Paris before. We have friends in the small village of Pierrefonds, north of Paris. (These little places are not on many maps). They were quite delighted with our brief visit. In addition, there is a tremendous and well preserved castle at Pierrefonds that defies the imagination how such a massive building could be constructed with the tools and equipment that existed in that era.

A few miles from Pierrefonds is the town of Compiègne which we also visited since we were in the area. It was at this place that the Germans signed the Armistice in a railroad car in November 1918, which ended World War I. The French, who suffered so grievously in that war, devote their highest respect to this place. In June 1940, Hitler insisted that the French sign surrender terms at this same place and in the same railroad car.

We continued on our way and arrived at Rouen just before sunset. The next day we walked through the old streets in the city shopping area. The ancient cathedral, built from the 13th to the 16th Century, was undergoing massive renovations. We also saw a modern church that was built at the site where Joan of Arc was martyred in 1431 at the age of 19.

Late that same day we finally arrived at Caen. It is a busy little city. The museum was built on a large plot of land on the outskirts of the city. It contains everything that one can imagine regarding the European war. It is suggested that at least two hours should be allocated for a visit. We spent four and one-half hours there. It was most impressive. There were pictures to see, videos to watch,

placards to read, equipment to view, narrations to hear and models to study. It commenced with the end of World War I and went through the history of the 1920's and the Depression years of the 1930's and then through the years of World War II as it pertained to Europe. The details were displayed on a very large scale.

One particular item that intrigued me was the history regarding the German code machine named "Enigma". It seems that the first knowledge about it was obtained by the Polish government in 1928. Since they could not understand its operation, they brought it to the attention of the British about 1933. Although the schematic plans were obtained, they still could not understand it. Not until 1940 were the British able to discover its secrets and make good use of it during the remainder of the war. The study of this machine over a span of years long before the war was what interested me.

Being in Normandy, we drove to the beaches along the English Channel. Near the village of St. Laurent-sur-Mer is situated an American Military Cemetery. It is one of several American Military Cemeteries that are in France. It is a most impressive place overlooking the sandy beach and the waters of the Channel. A friend of mine who visited there a few months ago described it as a place where tears fill the eyes as one views all the clean white headstones placed in long straight lines as far as the eye can see knowing that they represent men in their late teens or early twenties. He is absolutely right as I must confess that I was also filled with emotions at the sight of all those graves. Near the entrance to the Cemetery, a capsule is buried that is scheduled to be opened in 2044, 100 years after D-Day.

Upon leaving the cemetery, we drove on a narrow road that ran parallel to the beach. We came to the village of Arromanches where one can still see in the water, after nearly 50 years, some of the remnants of the artificial harbor that Churchill designed for the purpose of supplying the troops before a major port could be liberated.

We spent the night in the city of Bayeux. (I have just read recently that a statue of General Eisenhower will be erected in this city). Among its treasures is a tapestry that depicts the story of William the Conqueror invading England in 1066. This tapestry, in color and with Latin phrases, is 231 feet long and under glass and dates back to that time. We were reminded that that was the last successful invasion of Britain. We were told that in 1588 the Spanish Armada was defeated by the English. Also, in 1803, Napoleon was unable to cross the Channel and in 1940, Hitler failed in his attempt to invade Britain. By the way, in Caen we had seen where William, Duke of Normandy and King of England, was buried in 1087 in the church he built.

Our tour of Normandy having been completed and time being of the essence, we started back by returning via a different way in order to see other parts of France. We drove to Chartres, which is to the south of Paris, and continued on to Troyes where we spent the night. The next day we went to Nancy and viewed the beautiful display of gold-plated statues and fountains that are in one section of the city. That evening we finally returned. We had driven 1275 miles.

On September 15, we drove to the airport at Frankfurt in order to return the car. We were surprised to learn that the railroad station was under the airport. We bought our tickets and boarded the train for the trip to Arnhem. We had to change trains at Cologne. The train to Arnhem was due to depart Cologne 12 minutes after our arrival. All the trains were precisely on schedule so we had no trouble making our connection.

Upon our arrival at Arnhem, I telephoned our host family and they promptly came to the station and drove us to their home which is in Oosterbeek about 7 miles west of Arnhem. Our hosts were two lovely ladies who went completely out of their way to please us in every possible way. They have a very nice home and we were provided with excellent accommodations.

The program for the Commemoration Services began on Thursday. Our hosts drove us to the place where the buses were parked. They told us that they would come back for us in the afternoon since the buses were limited to the veterans and their next of kin only. We went by bus to the King William III barracks at Apeldoorn for a wreath laying service. The flags of the Netherlands, United States, Great Britain and Poland were all at half-mast. As the band played the National Anthem of each country, its flag was raised to the top. I was filled with emotion as the first Anthem was The Star Spangled Banner. Scottish bag-pipers also played their own melodies. Everyone then proceeded to a large mess hall where we were given box lunches.

The bus then took us out into the country where we stood outside the bus while a British veteran related the events that he experienced at that location during the battle in 1944. We then drove to a lovely restaurant overlooking the Rhine River where we had an afternoon tea. Following that, we went to the Old Church at Oosterbeek which played a significant part during the battle and, of course, was severely damaged but restored since then. The final stop for the day was the former Hartenstein Hotel which is now a museum that depicts in detail the participating units (including the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions) and the events that occurred in the operation Market-Garden.

On Friday, the program called for another bus trip to

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tour the former battlefields. Motorcycle policemen escorted us through the narrow streets as we slowly drove through the countryside. Our hosts came to take us home after the bus trip. In the afternoon, they took us on a personal tour of Arnhem, whereby I was able to photograph the main Bridge which was the objective of the entire battle.

That evening there was a general meeting of the Arnhem Veterans in the Concert Hall at Oosterbeek. Plans were discussed for the 50th Anniversary which will be in 1994. They plan to invite Royalty from both Britain and the Netherlands to be present next year.

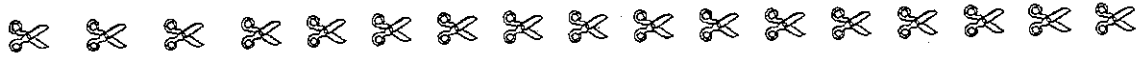
The weather had been cloudy for a few days. On Saturday, the weather cleared and the sun came out. On this day there was to be a parachute drop on Ginkel Heath, one of the original drop zones of 1944. I was told that the Dutch government prohibits any development in this area so that it may be used as a training field for the Airborne troops.

Six C-141's from Britain, with about 300 British paratroopers and five Americans, flew over in a long single file about one mile apart and made two separate drops over the drop zone. The sky was bright blue with puffy white clouds and a light breeze that made the whole show very thrilling to watch. To this event literally thousands of Dutch people came to watch. Our hosts came also and, in fact, drove us out to Ginkel Heath. Everyone was busy taking snapshots as the planes flew overhead and the paratroopers floated slowly down to the ground. It was a very pretty sight to behold.

Immediately following the drop a wreathlaying ceremony was held at the monument to the Airborne soldiers which stands at the edge of Ginkel Heath. Bob Cloer told me later that some of our 315th members were present at the parachute drop but I did not see any of them. Our hosts and we walked across the street to a restaurant and enjoyed a hot cup of tea. We then went for a drive and were shown that Holland does have some hills and is not all flat and below sea level.

On Sunday, September 19, a memorial service was held at the Airborne Cemetery in Oosterbeek. It was a very moving occasion with prayers, singing of hymns and laying of many wreaths. I was most impressed by the many children, ages 11-14, who came to decorate each grave with flowers. The Last Post and the National Anthems were played. Thus ended the 49th Commemoration Service of the Battle of Arnhem.

Ilse and I were scheduled to depart from Amsterdam on Monday for a direct flight to Atlanta. Although I planned to take a train from Arnhem, our hosts very graciously insisted on driving us 70 miles to the airport. We will never forget them and what they did for us over a period of five days.



Robert M. Davis, Treasurer
WWII 315th Troop Carrier Group Association
7025 Wind Run Way
Stone Mountain GA 30087

Dear Bob:

Here's my check for \$10.00.....1 year's dues to the Association
20.00.....2 year's dues

NAME.....SQUADRON.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

Thank you, thank you, thank you.



DON'T FORGET TO SEND IN YOUR REGISTRATION

Please print all information and send the form and
your check to Bob Davis at the address given.