

17 November 1975

Dr. William J. Casey
Route 1, Box 90-A
St. Augustine, Fla. 32084

Dear Bill:

When I turn on the tape recorder and listen to you and Al LaChasse its just like sitting back in that Miami Beach hotel room again and reliving a bit of WWII. I certainly appreciate the time which you and Al spent with me, and along with a lot of other things will be of considerable value to me when I start writing.

At that time you mentioned something about Jim Bishop. Did he write some things about you, and if so, when might they have been published? Any idea as to approximate dates before I begin some serious looking?

I'd like to see any such things I can find, and I do appreciate the bunch of material which you gave me in Florida prepared by Fred Santini.

I keep working at my project, but I'm afraid it goes slowly. I do something on it every day, which I think is important. As to your tape, and some others, someday I'd like to edit them and make up a tape just on 306th activities that would be sketchy but preserve some of the flavor of things as they then were.

Anything else you might provide will be greatly appreciated.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

4900 Appleridge Ct., Dayton, O. 45424

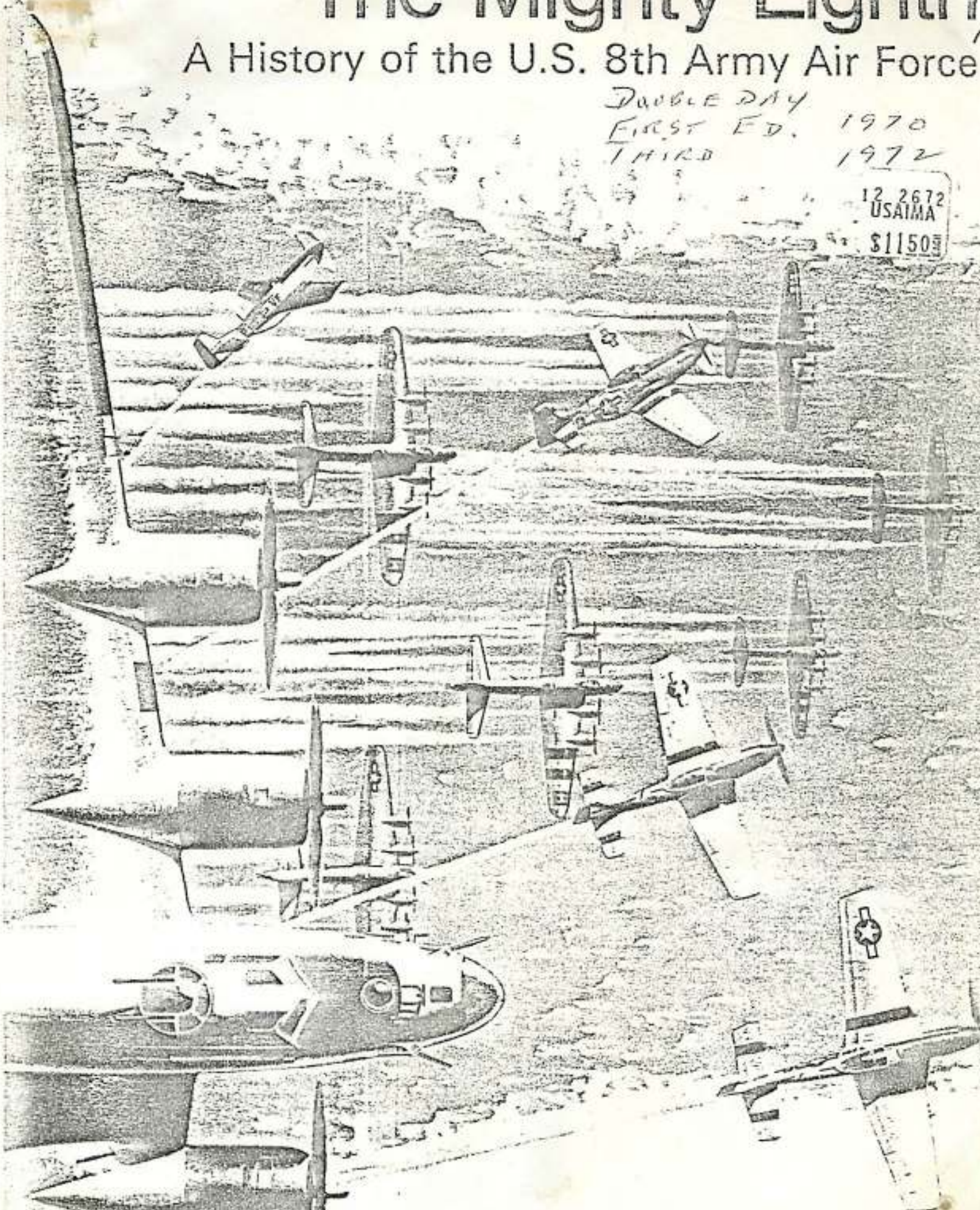
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The Mighty Eighth

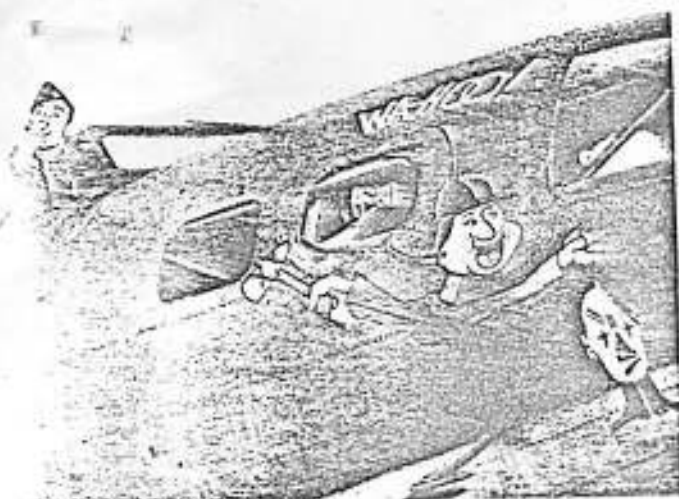
A History of the U.S. 8th Army Air Force

DOUBLE DAY
FIRST ED. 1970
THIRD 1972

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Roger A. Freeman



1 Lt Riordan makes the Indian war cry that was the nickname of his B-17. Badly shot up on one of 306th BG's early raids she was salvaged. —(USAF)

was reached their formations were reduced to 5 and 4 aircraft respectively. It was on these that III/J.G. 2 made their attack with flights of three bearing down on the Forts from dead ahead, firing well-aimed bursts with their cannons. Two 91st B-17s tumbled out of the sky and two others were badly hit; one, trying to reach Bassingbourn, crashed near Leavesden, Herts, killing three of the crew. *Quitthurbitchin*, piloted by 1/Lt Charles 'Red' Cliburn, was the only Fortress able to make its base.

It was a bad day for the 91st Group for none of its bombs were delivered on target and the aircraft shot down carried the commanders of the 322nd and 323rd Bomb. Sqdns., the Group's navigator, bombardier and gunnery officers. The 306th's diminished force, from the 367th Bomb. Sqdn., also came in for fighter attack, particularly the Fortress piloted by Captain Robert C. Williams, lagging behind after being hit by flak. *Banshee*, commanded by 2/Lt William "Wild Bill" Casey, then deliberately dropped back to add its guns to those of its beleaguered squadron mate. During the twelve minutes that the two bombers fought off the attack, gunners in Casey's aircraft claimed seven enemy fighters. William's B-17 limped home with a dead gunner and Casey's aircraft returned safely.

A fourth Fortress lost on this raid was the 303rd's *Lady Fairweather* shot down in flames near the target. Mayer's head-on tactics had resulted in the Luftwaffe's most successful interception so far. Only the 306th Group from Chelveston returned unscathed from this, its first bombing mission.

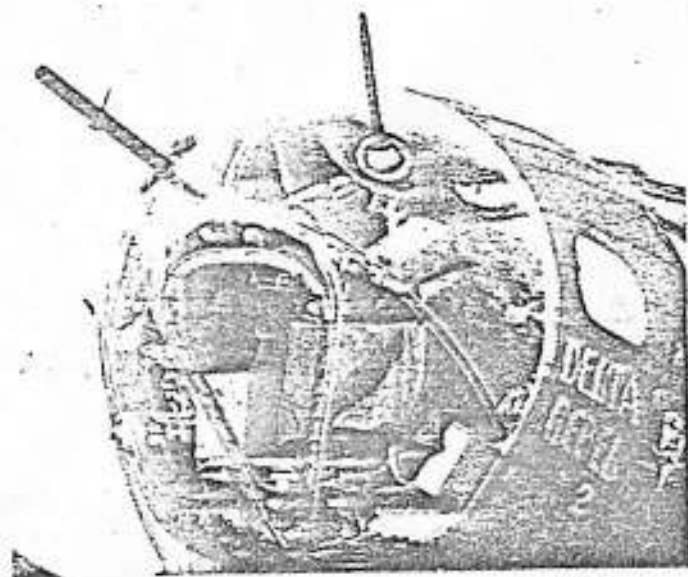
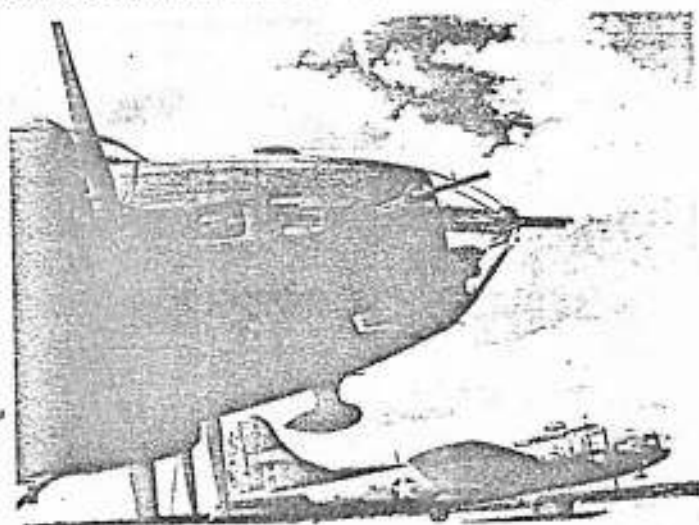
The USAAF had earlier appreciated the deficiencies in forward-firing armament and some extra nose guns had been provided. B-17Es left the factory with four off-centre sockets in their nose pieces, through which a flexible mounted .300 calibre machine-gun could be fired by the bombardier, but the field of fire was extremely limited whichever socket was used. Prior to overseas movement, enlarged windows were installed in staggered positions either side of the B-17E's nose, and through each was fitted a flexible .50 Browning for the navigator's use. Although these increased forward firepower, there was still a blind spot straight ahead which neither nose guns, nor those of the dorsal and ventral turrets, could cover. The B-17F was, if anything, worse, having only two nose sockets for the .300 machine-gun. It too, had extra .50 guns installed in ports after manufacture.

The Liberator's nose armament was little better; although it had .50 "cheek" guns, the single .50 projecting through the lower part of the perspex nose, could not be elevated above the horizontal plane resulting in a blind spot dead ahead. It was possible, and came to be frequently practised, for B-17s

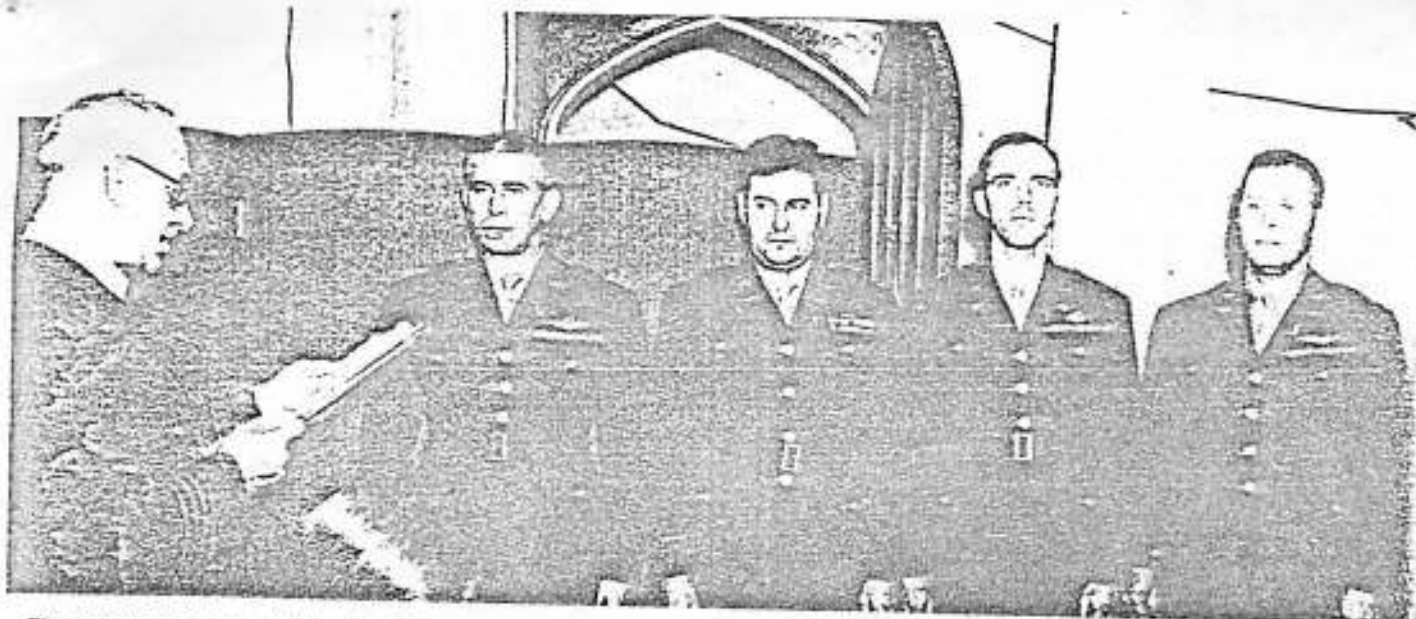
and B-24s to manoeuvre in a slight diving turn to allow the "cheek" guns and the upper turret to be brought to bear on fighters making frontal attacks. Apart from being undesirable on a bombing run, such action presented the attacker with a slightly larger area.

An obvious remedy was a power-operated gun turret in the nose of the heavies, and this was being developed in the US, but it was many months before it could be introduced on production. More immediate remedial action to counter frontal attacks was to uncover blind spots and provide more effective hand-held guns. Since the .300 gun in the B-17's nose had proved of little value, various agencies in the Eighth Air Force set about installing a .50 gun in its place. The initial modifications, carried out at airfields by group personnel, was a somewhat difficult task, for the B-17F's perspex nose piece was not stressed to support a .50 machine gun. Special support framing had to be manufactured and fitted carefully so as not to impede the bombardier at his bombsight. The four groups contrived some skillful adaptations. In many B-17s two .50s were fitted in the nose, rigged to fire and be sighted together although on a few they were operated independently.

The arrangements if somewhat unwieldy, did give extra firepower where it was most wanted. Fortresses fitted with twin nose guns were then usually flown in leading or exposed



One swivel socket in the plexi-glass nose of this early B-17F had been modified to take a .50 gun. Other upper socket still holds the removable .300 gun. Spent cases have collected in bottom of nose-piece. Still secret bomb sight was covered before this picture was taken.—(USAF)



The men who commanded the four 'pioneer' groups listen to Group Captain H. Dawes as he reads the citations upon the award of British DFCs. L to r. Brig Gen Frank Armstrong, Col Curtis LeMay, Col James Wallace, and Col Stanley Wray.

of only 90 aircrew upon commencing operations in November! Nevertheless, morale was generally good, although the tensions that built up over a period of several months put these young men under considerable strain. To most, the uncertainty prior to a mission was the most unbearable part. One gunner claimed to have attended 65 briefings yet flown only 15 missions, due to operations being "scrubbed".

Under such circumstances command of a bomber unit was an exacting task. Apart from being administrator and combat leader, a group commander, in particular, became the figure-head of his base. At the time, security regulations forbade the mention of group designations. The extensive press organisation, eager to tell the American public of the exploits of their airmen over Germany, were able to circumvent the regulations by using the names of Commanders. Thus the 91st was alluded to as "the Wray Group", the 303rd as "Colonel Marion's outfit", and so on. As with all military organisations the Commanding Officer was responsible for the conduct of his unit. If he was considered lacking in some qualities, or earned the displeasure of his superiors, he was replaced; although this by no means meant he was a failure. Changes in command were often occasioned by the need for battle experienced officers in staff posts. Group commanders often flew on operations, usually picking the "toughest" missions. So far all had survived; but in the months ahead many groups would lose their commanders in combat. Two of the original leaders of the four pioneer groups remained by May 1943, Stanley Wray of the 91st and Curtiss LeMay the brilliant tactician of the 305th. Both were soon to be relieved and given higher command.

Publicity also focussed on particular aircraft, where nick-naming gave an individual identity, so that some B-17s became better known than their crews. The most renowned in the 91st was Captain Robert Morgan's *Memphis Belle*, subject of a colour film on the Eighth Air Force being made by a team under William Wyler (a distinguished post-war Hollywood producer). This aircraft had completed 23 sorties by the second May mission, more than any other in the Group and on many occasions had led both its group and squadron, *Invasion II*, captained by Captain Oscar O'Neil, had held the record for operations until it went down over Bremen in April; *Delta*

Rebel II was another with more than twenty missions. Other Basingbourn bombers of repute were *Bad Penny*, *The Careful Virgin*, *The Eagle's Wrath*, *Jack the Ripper*, *Our Gang*, and *Quitchebitchin*. In the 303rd at Molesworth, Captain Irl Baldwin's *Hell's Angels* had flown 24 missions without once having turned through any malfunctioning. Other famed Fortresses at Molesworth were *The Duchess*, in which Jack Mathis was killed, *Eight Ball*, *Jersey Bounce*, *Satan's Workshop*, *Yardbird* and *Thumper*. At Chelveston the B-17F with the most "hash marks" on its nose was *Wham Bam* with 20 missions. *Dry Martini 4th* flown by Captain Allen Martini and his "Cocktail Kids" (previous Dry Martini's had been well and truly shot up and retired), *Carter's Little Liver Pills* which could only be crewed by Captain J. W. Carter and "his little liver pills", *Sunrise Serenader*, *Boom Town* and *Lucky Strike*, all featured in memorable incidents. Another 305th Fort that courted trouble was *Southern Comfort*: after her final brush with the enemy the crew were forced to abandon her over Essex. Twenty years later, gardeners at Great Totham were still digging up her fragments. The 306th had Captain Rip Riordan's *Wahoo II* with 20 missions to its credit: its predecessor *Wahoo* had been inspected by King George VI when he visited Thurleigh in December. This and *Nemesis*, *Joan of Arc*, *Geezil II* and *Piccadilly Commando* (there were several Fortresses of this last name) were of the fortunate 369th Squadron; some of its aircraft were transferred to make up deficiencies in the other squadrons, where they were lost, such as the famous *Banshee* piloted by "Wild Bill" Casey. *Impatient Virgin*, *Sweetpea*, *Chennault's Pappy* and *Little Audrey* were other B-17s that graced the hardstandings at Thurleigh. Nicknames were no longer confined to neat inscriptions only readable from a few yards; by the spring of 1943 many bombers had personal decorations that spread over most of their nose area. The preferred subject was the female form and the artistry in VIII Bomber Command was quite amazing.

For some of the surviving bombers of the veteran groups greater fame lay ahead. Many of the airmen who had flown and fought the early missions would come to command other units in the Eighth. New men would fill the ranks at the four stations. Yet the 91st, 303rd, 305th and 306th would always have a unique claim to pride of place—they were the pioneers.

To: FRED SANTINI

4

January 28, 1975
Wednesday

Dearest Fred:

Bill had penned you a letter and I was to retype it due to his deletions, additions and decipherability. He may be a PhD but his handwriting is not the best. Alas and alack, my trusty typewriter needs a new ribbon so I shall therefore pen the original - Charlotte.

// It was so good to hear from you after so long. As I recall, the last time was in June 1964 when I spent part of a day in New York prior to my Uncle Jack's funeral. He was the WW I pilot who was sometimes referred to in the press as my father.

I apologize for the delay in sending the enclosed. It had been years and several moves since I had seen them, scrap books had fallen apart and many mementoes of my old life were in a state of complete confusion. Resurrection of these old memories, not just wartime ones, promoted fits of nostalgia and I spent more time reviewing and remembering than I did looking for what you wanted. In fact, I tracked down two members of a couple of my crews and we are trying to locate and set up a reunion of survivors.

Concerning pictures of Banshee I and II, I almost always insisted that they included my flight crew and, if possible, ground crews. Most I sent in letters to families of my crew casualties and the remainder were given to survivors of those times who visited us in the years after the war. I was sure that I had kept a few for myself but I have not been able to find any except the little faded snapshot I have included and the one I cut from a book on the Eighth Air Force which shows only our backs and was taken in front of "Little Audrey" which we flew during a period that one of my Bashees was being repaired.

BANSHEES

I have sorted out a few press reports that are less obnoxiously exaggerated or misleading than others.

As an example, one was from the Philadelphia Inquirer dated about November 23, 1942 - Headline - "The Mighty 8th (i.e.AF) pounds the Fortress of Europe Again" The Mighty 8th consisted of 11 aircraft that succeeded in crossing the English coast - about half reached the target area - four left the target. Charlie Crammers', from Red Bank, a very good friend, plane was damaged impossibly it seemed. We went

to help but failed (see story on Arizona Harris) while the other two planes went "Balls to the wall" for England.

One, piloted by the son of the then owner of the St. Louis Cardinals (his name escapes me - Southerland?) crash landed on an English beach and was promptly destroyed by an English mine. Lt. Col. Harry Holt crash landed without most of his controls and rammed through a stone wall hurling the bodies of his bombardier and navigator at the feet of an elderly lady who was cultivating her "Victory Garden" on the edge of the airdrome. By some miracle, I got back and landed wheels up on an unfinished airstrip at a place that I recall as Davidstowe. Half my crew was dead and as I remember all of the rest were wounded - no doctors - no nothing except construction workers. After a more or less blank page, I found myself in an English hospital -- one of perhaps a dozen survivors of 110 men who made up the "Mighty 8th Air Force That Pounded the Fortress of Europe" On that day, it was also the end of Banshee I.

Fred, why don't you try to get away for a few days this spring? We have a nice house here on the ocean - perfect for relaxing and I would love to talk over old days and catch up on new developments. We are only one half hour from the Daytona Beach airport and very convenient to a number of interesting attractions. I'll close now. I've fooled with this letter for the last three evenings but get carried away with memories, etc. and never finish. (This was once seven pages going back to Bonnies). So I will mail this and hope we can get together soon.

Our best regards to Marti, Leo and families - and the best of everything to you.

(signed) Bill Casey

6

March 25, 1975

Mr. ~~George Roy Hill~~
259 East 78 Street
New York, NY 10021

Dear Mr. Hill:

I found the article in the Sunday Times very interesting. I sent copies to my friend, Bill Casey in Florida whose career somewhat parallels yours.

Bill's uncle Jack taught him flying in a "Jenny" at Red Bank, New Jersey. From then on Bill flew in the Pacific and was with one of the first to fly in a B17 Group in Great Britain.

I think that you will find the attached information on Bill very interesting.

I believe that he was the first out with the 306 Bomb Group. He was later with an outfit called the "Clay Pigeons".

Bill is still flying. He has a PhD and his profession is teaching. He is presently out of a job. Perhaps you can use Bill's story or include Bill in your "Flying Circus".

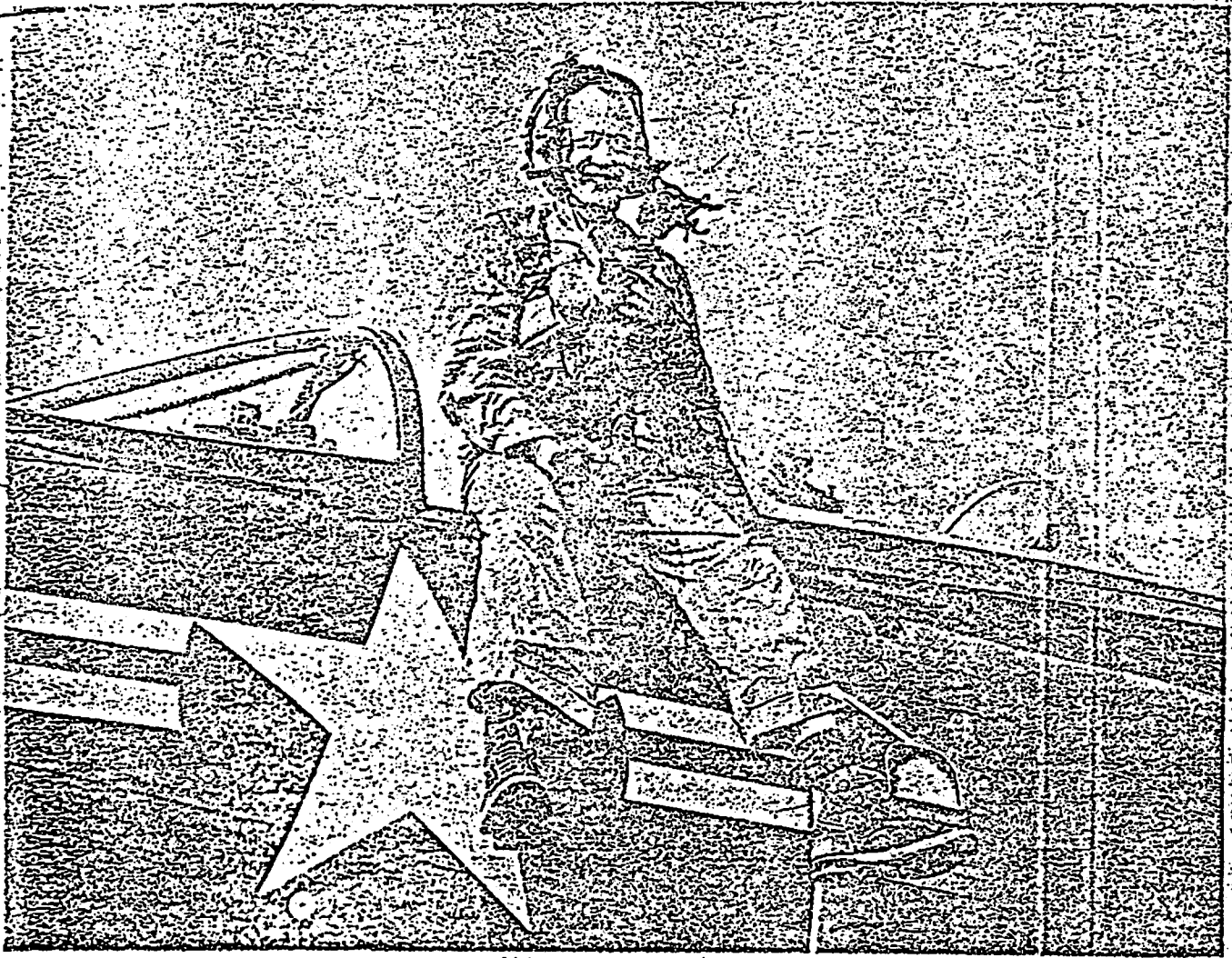
I look forward to seeing "The Great Waldo Pepper".

Bill Casey resides at Route 1 - Box 90A, St. Augustine, Florida 32084.

I look forward to following your career in the future.

Sincerely

Godfrey F. Santini
President



He is a master of nostalgia. His films 'The Sting' and 'Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid' made fortunes and won awards. Who is he?

THE ENTERTAINER

By Bill Davidson

Here's a TV game-show question guaranteed to boggle the minds of any and all contestants, up to and including those with Ph.D.'s in Trivia: Name a movie director

who plays an hour of 'Bach on his piano every morning; dangles from the strut of a 1930 airplane at 3,000 feet in the afternoon, never discusses his philosophy of film-making on "The Today Show," and is the only director in the history of the industry to have two pictures in the All-Time Top-10 Movie Box-Office Hits.

The chances are that not even a hint that the two super-hits are "The Sting" (No. 4 at \$69-million) and "Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid" (No. 10 at \$44-million) would elicit the correct answer:

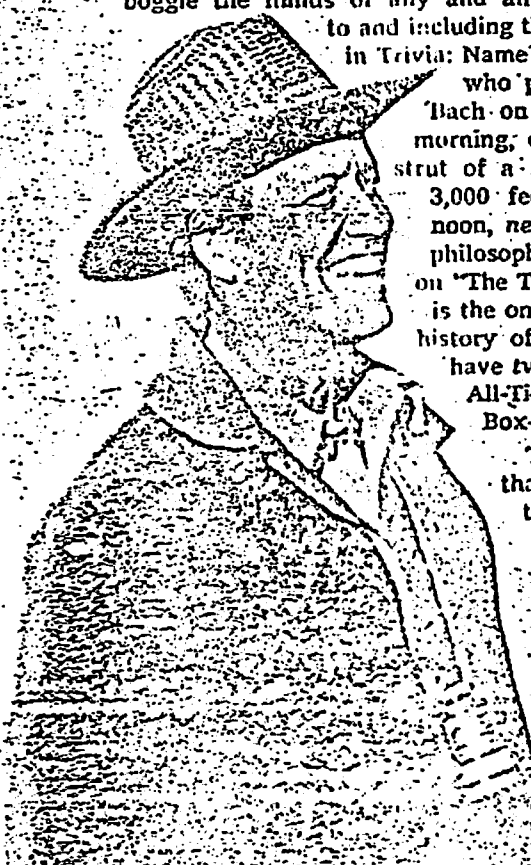
George Roy Hill.

At 51, Hill remains largely undiscovered by the cultists. The name does not roll mellifluously from the tongue, as do Fellini, Friedkin, Coppola, Peckinpah, Cassavetes, Scorsese. He does not provide cocktail-party chitchat by arguing the *auteur* theory with Pauline Kael or John Simon. His triumphs and eccentricities are not chronicled by any paid personal press agent. Who knows, for example, that though his percentage of the profits have undoubtedly made him a multimillionaire, he still directs his films wearing a decrepit orange jumpsuit or an ancient green sweater with holes at the elbows; that he learned to play Bach during seven years of music study at Yale and at Trinity College in Dublin; that part of his knowledge of aviation came from learning to shoot down MIG's in the Marine Corps during the Korean war; that he has frequently walked off pictures, telling distinguished producers to perform an anatomically impossible act upon themselves?

What other director would have allowed his latest film, "The Great Waldo Pepper," to open last week without a deafening heraldic fanfare to the effect that it's his first since last year's Oscar-winner, "The Sting," for which he also won the best-director Oscar? Why have there been no interviews with Barbara Walters, Mike Wallace, Johnny Carson? Not even a quickie appearance with the harmless Merv Griffin?

"Madness," say his rival (Continued on Page 68)

Bill Davidson, a former editor-at-large at the old Saturday Evening Post, is a contributing editor of TV Guide and author of "50-Meter Jungle" and "Cutoff." He is based in Hollywood.



UNIVERSAL CITY STUDIOS, INC. AN MCA INC. COMPANY

April 8, 1975

Mr. Godfrey F. Santini
The Seven Santini Brothers
1405 Jerome Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10452

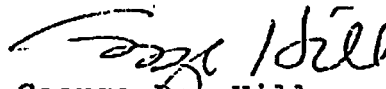
Dear Mr. Santini:

Thank you for your letter.

I will not be able to use the story about Bill Casey although I found it fascinating reading, and I appreciate your sending it to me. I don't think I will be doing another picture for some time with flying as a background.

I have seen your name on the side of trucks in New York for many years and was happy to have heard from one of the famous seven.

Sincerely yours,


George Roy Hill

GRH/cdm



9

April 11, 1975

Mr. George Roy Hill
Universal City Studios, Inc.
100 Universal City Plaza
Universal City, Cal. 91508

Dear George:

I am most grateful to you for your reply to my letter. Since I first wrote you, I wrote a follow up but never put it in the mail. A copy is attached.

I can well appreciate the fact that a movie cannot be done about Uncle Jack and Bill Casey. I am sure that the sequel would be almost identical to "Waldo Pepper".

Always enjoyed flying but never could get the feel of the stick. Flew in everything from a Stinson "R" to an F-101 voodoo. Only regret is that I never had a ride in a Ford "Tri".

The name "Seven Santini Bros." was quite confusing to my army friends in World War II. They could never figure out whether I came from a flying circus or a trapeze act.

Another reply is not necessary. You gave me the drive to document some of my fond memories.

Of course I have been dropping your name all over town at what could be some of your favorite libraries such as "21", with guys like Tony Story who chauffeured General MacArthur, and all the guys that flew the Thunderbirds, Mustangs, Wildcats, Corsairs, etc.

Keep up the good work Pilot.

Sincerely

Godfrey F. Santini
President

GENERAL OFFICES

1405 Jerome Avenue * New York, N. Y. 10452 * Tel: (212) 293-7000
Cable: SevSantini, NY * Telex: 12-6893 * Agents for United Van Lines, Inc.

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April 4, 1975

Mr. George Roy Hill
259 East 78 Street
New York, NY 10021

Dear George:

Following up on yesterday's letter, I failed to mention that Casey had splashed down over Midway some place. One of the crew had jettisoned the gas tanks instead of the bombs. Consequently they ran out of fuel; fortunately they made contact with an American submarine and the sub picked them up - lived on nothing but food and water for seven days.

If you read the clippings carefully, you will find that Bill flew that SONBITCH Banshee like a fighter. He would always turn around to help a buddy in trouble. There is some reference to this in the books "The Mighty Eighth" and the "B 17".

It all started back in the late thirties when we all met at St. Bonaventure College in Allegheny, New York. The tribe became known as the "Bonaventure Madmen". We specialized in college pranks. There were many!

Casey was then known as "PunchyBill"; there was also "Wild Bill Kennedy" who claimed to have some dealings with Pancho Villa down on the border, Black Mike Lloria (Cuban), Mad Joe Simini, Sexy Jim Shaeffer, Smoothie Bob Herrick, Blind Marty Santini and Jitters Fred Santini (me).

The first big disaster was when we planned to steal the bell off the top of St. Elizabeth's Academy across the road from the college. This was very well planned except that the bell looked like a Christmas tree ornament from the ground and weighed a ton when the boys got up on the roof. The nuns were not particularly elated about this happenstance. They had just been through the Orson Welles saga "Invasion from Mars". Kennedy and I were standing guard downstairs and when the state troopers showed up we took off like big old birds. We had to run through the cemetery to get out fast.

- continued -

Casey was on the roof and looked over the gutter to find himself staring a state trooper in the face. His only comment was "I guess the jig is up".

Kennedy and I found the model "A" roadster and disappeared.

The Mother Superior of the academy got Father Tom Plassman, the President of the College, on the phone and really gave him "what for". I think that she would have liked to have had a stevedor at her side to tell him what she really thought of his "Bonaventure Boys" as he kindly referred to us.

In the meantime, I believe the good Franciscan was counting his blessings that he had taken the vow of celibacy and didn't get mixed up with the likes of the Mother Superior.

At any rate, the good friar had to follow through to satisfy the Mother. He sentenced the "Madmen" to a month on campus.

They indulged in their penance having beer parties down along the Allegany River, built a raft for "Taxi" Bill Korwin to sail down to New Orleans. Unfortunately "Taxi" got shipwrecked about a mile down the river so the expedition failed.

Then they put their minds to more industrious use. They scrounged some planks from Brother Ferdinand's greenhouse. He was the college gardener and legend says that he was gardener for the "Kaiser" at one time. With these they dammed up a place called Friars Pond in back of the college. The water backed up and froze up all of the petroleum storage tanks of the Socony Vacuum Oil Company.

With that Father Tom got a call from a V.P. of Socony. In respectful terms the V.P. told the reverend where to get off with his "Bonaventure Boys".

I forgot to mention that Father Tom had sentenced the boys to write one chapter of the Bible every day while on campus. Father Tom was known to be one of the seven great scholars of the world. Besides that he loved the mischief, the pranks and I am sure that he was envious that he was not the football coach or the cheer leader.

- continued.

page three -
George Roy Hill

There is much more to it than that, George. The college setting is somewhat like the Franciscan Missions along the Camino Peale. The small chapel, the Gregorian Chants, the all night vigils that we spent praying for our guys that were dying from car accidents, football, etc.

The present college president's name is too Irish for me to recall. However, I think that he is a dead ringer for Spencer Bonaventure Tracy (Spencer B.)

Hope that you can fly into Bonnies one day. I really don't know where you can land but I presume that you have the maps.

Sincerely

Godfrey F. Santini
President

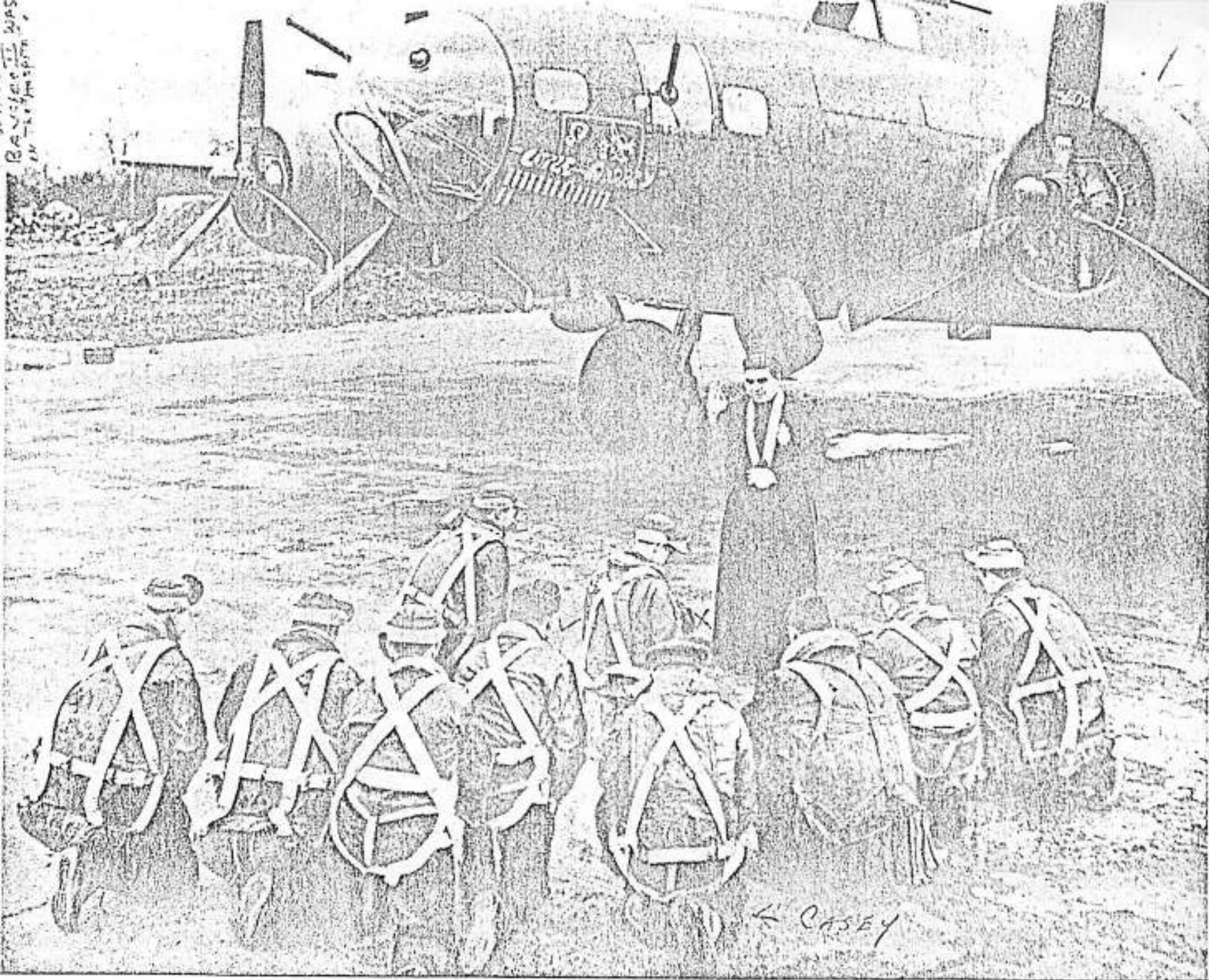
P.S. I believe that Casey has had prolonged discussions with Jim Bishop about the past. Casey is about ready to start writing again.

Perhaps there could be a sequel to Waldo Peper with Waldo playing the part of "Uncle Jack" at the Red Bank flying field and Casey as the young student. I do recall some old clippings where Casey became known as "The Red Bank Bomber" and the crew were called the "one a minute men" because they flew the 17 like a fighter, and knocked off the Seven Focke Wulfes in 12 minutes.



FR POLETTI Blessing

our crew before one
of the missions we flew
in Little Falls, White
Banahsee II was
in the hospital



← CASEY

Father Poletti blessing our crew before one of the missions we flew
in Little Audrey white Banahsee II was in the "hospital"

Casey 'Bats' His Way to Fame, Pilots 'Fort' That Downed 7

Red Bank, Standard, Dec. 16, 1942

Shrewsbury Army Officer, Fast Becoming Our No. 1 Hero, As He Surpasses Feats of Other County Pilots; Saved 'Fort' Over Channel

Army Lieutenant William J. Casey, 22 years old, has gone a long way since the days he spent in the classrooms and on the playing fields of the Red Bank Catholic High School. And he has flown in many alien skies since he took up flying under the tutelage of

(Editor's note: The Standard recently reported that William J. Casey, Red Bank flying lieutenant, had downed two Nazi planes while escorting an American bomber which was in distress back to the safety of an English base. More of the Red Bank youth's exploits have just been revealed; together they comprise one of the most remarkable military records achieved by any American since the inception of the war.)

his uncle, Jack Casey, at the Red Bank airport.

He was pilot of a P-38 in the battle of Midway against the Japs, early this year.

He was pilot of a big bomber which pounded Nazi held U-boat bases in St. Nazaire, France, throughout November.

He piloted the American Flying Fortress which shot down seven Nazi fighters in 12 minutes, during the middle of last month.

Downs 2 Planes

And a few days later he shot down two more planes while forming an umbrella over a crippled American bomber with his own "Flying Fort", warding off all attacks, and escorting the plane back to safety.

As purely minor feats mentioned only in passing, Lieutenant Casey spoke over the transatlantic radio Sunday, Dec. 6 — the day before the anniversary of Pearl Harbor — on N. B. C.'s Army Hour. And early this week, Lowell Thomas devoted the major portion of his broadcast to Bill Casey's exploits.

Neon Signs Ablaze

About his part in the battle of Midway, the Red Bank aviator described to relatives here how the gunfire from a Jap battleship was like "the neon signs with sound effects."

He reported how, in that encounter, his P-38 was hit and one of the motors was knocked out of the plane. "We barely skipped over the waves," he added.

When Lieutenant Casey arrived in England, he wrote, that graduating from a P-38 to the four-motored bomber with which he made his French raids was "like driving



LT. BILL CASEY

a truck at first. Assigned with the Eighth Air Force headquarters in London, Casey went out on a number of raids over St. Nazaire and other strongly fortified Nazi points in France. Whether he ever succeeded in piloting the plane to a point where a sub could be sunk is still unreported, but it is known that his fortress has dumped its load on a number of targets.

Seven in 12 Minutes

On one foray a squadron of giant American ships, under the command of Major Harry Holt of Maryland, took off to attack the German submarine base.

The Fortresses were attacked by a strong formation of Focke-Wulf 290's as they approached their target. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Casey's plane reached the target and dropped its bombs. As his Fortress turned homeward, the Focke-Wulf's, which previously had sniped at it from long range, dived in, sometimes attacking from as close as 50 feet.

The fight lasted for at least an hour before the last enemy plane fled. Lieutenant Casey's plane bagged the seven enemy aircraft in 12 minutes.

The first victim was picked off by Casey's tail gunner, Sgt. Parley D. Small, Fairfield, Ia., a farmer in civilian life.

At almost the same time, the second Focke-Wulf attacked, Staff Sgt. Reginald C. Harris, Houston, Tex., fired a single burst and the enemy plane fell.

Six more Focke-Wulfs attacked together. One was shot down on the starboard side by ball turret gunner Sgt. Joe Bowles, Roanoke, Va., and it went trailing off in flames. And so the battle went, with Casey outmaneuvering the

Nazis and his boys outblasting them.

Fortress Umbrella

A few days later, turned back after completing his bombing run when he saw another fortress in distress and escorted the other B-17, piloted by Capt. Robert C. Williams, Flint, Mich., through a swarm of enemy fighters.

Smoke and flames were spurting from Williams' fortress as Casey, abandoning ordinary flight procedure, wheeled his big ship around like a fighter, climbed over the low-flying fortress, and flew above it, while the Nazis attacked. In the process, he accounted for two more Focke-Wulf's.

Background

The hero's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Casey, both died in his

youth. For years he was raised by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Casey, of Shrewsbury. When they died, he was raised by his aunt, Mrs. William Foster and her husband in Rumson. He has another uncle, Harry Bowman, who lives in Red Bank.

After his graduation from the Red Bank Catholic High School, he attended St. Bonaventure College, Olean, N. Y.

The training that he received at the Red Bank airport at the direction of his uncle Jack was not Bill's first experience in the air. Still another uncle, James H. Casey, a policeman in San Francisco, Cal., with whom Bill also lived for a while, took the hero flying in his youth.

"Flying's just naturally in the boy's blood," Officer Casey stated recently. "As an old time aviator I used to take Bill up in old 'Jenny'—a training plane of the last war. Bill grew up around aviators and air-fields."

Casey 'Stopped Jerry Lead,' Is All Right Now, He Writes!

(Staff Correspondent)
RUMSON—Mrs. William Porter, this boro, has received two letters from Capt. William J. Casey, Shrewsbury, the first word that has been received since he was reported a prisoner of the Germans in May. Reflecting his sense of humor, for which he is known by all his friends, Captain Casey, a Flying Fortress pilot, said in his letter that "I stopped a little 'Jerry' lead, but you can't kill the Irish. . . I didn't expect to be writing you from here, but I ran out of luck a few days ago, and I'm now in a German prison camp."

Stating that "I'm now as good as new," he said that he was slightly wounded when shot down over Germany.

Captain Casey told his aunt that he has nothing to do but cook his food and read and requested ar-

ticles of food, such as spaghetti, macaroni and chocolate.

The holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross and the Oak Leaf Cluster for raids over Germany and Nazi-held countries, in one engagement he shot down seven planes in 12 minutes. At the time, he was maneuvering a bomber against the German U-boat base at St. Nazaire.

He also flew planes thru Jap gunfire during the battle of Midway. On April 17, he was shot down on German territory.

Captain Casey, a graduate of the Catholic high school, Red Bank, has asked his aunt to invest all his pay allotment except \$100, in war bonds.

Mrs. Porter said that when her nephew was reported missing she felt certain he was safe. Within a few weeks she heard from him.

Captain Casey wrote two letters in the event one got lost.

CALIFORNIANS WIN ARMY AIR MEDALS

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Fifty-one California flyers, members of the U. S. Army Eighth Air Force in England, have been decorated for meritorious service, the War Department announced today.

The Air Medal was awarded to 46 for meritorious achievement in aerial action, and the Oak Leaf Cluster was awarded to five, signifying a second recognition of their service.

These combat crewmen received their decorations for heroism in carrying out successful round-the-clock bombing and escort missions over German-occupied Europe.

Northern Californians decorated
Oak Leaf Cluster to the Air Medal
Lanford, Major William H., Wood-

Casey, First Lieut. Will J., 85 Grand View-av, San Francisco.

Murray, Staff-Sgt. Gilbert A., 609 20th-st, Oakland.

Air Medal
Carter, Captain Joseph W.,

Hess, First Lieut. Joseph E., 1190 Meredith-av, San Jose.

Bush, First Lieut. Edwin R., 430 Hyde-st, San Francisco.

Houston, Second Lieut. Rowland B., Box 33, San Andreas.

Gurrett, Second Lieut. Wilmer J., 120 Echo-av, Fresno.

Hopper, Second Lieut. Richard R., 114 Arthur-av, Fresno.

Castellotti, Staff Sgt. Julio G., 1151 South Seventh-st, San Jose.

Allen, Staff Sgt. William, 249 Golden-av, San Francisco.

Clark, Staff Sgt. Roderick C.,

Leuyer, Staff Sgt. Orval E., 540 11th-st, Oakland.

Blunkenship, Staff Sgt. Irwin D., 372 San Pablo-av, Emeryville.

Tracy, Staff Sgt. George, 2045 D-st, Eureka.

Lucas, Sergeant Jack, Fresno.

cisco.

Mendoza, Private Joaquin P. Mrs. Amilia Mendoza, mother, 14th-st, Merced.

Noddin, Private Carl O. — Vivian G. Noddin, father, Route Box 14, Orland.

Interned at Santo Tomas, Manila
Kehoe, Second Lieut. Army Nurse Doris Angela — Major Bern Kehoe, brother, Headquarters Section Complement, CASC Unit 13, Presidio of Monterey.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Navy today announced 14 new casualties in the Navy, Coast Guard and Marine Corps, bringing to 24,797 total casualties announced by the Navy. The list includes three dead and 11 missing, with the following from Northern California:

Chessman, George Luyties, ensign missing. Mother, Mrs. Clair Chessman, 1120 Union-st, San Francisco.
Murphy, Joseph Budd, ensign missing. Mother Mrs. Irene C. Murphy, 1335 Thousand Oaks-blvd, Albany.

Rentz, George Snavely, commander, dead. (Previously reported missing). Wife, Mrs. George S. Rentz, 1188 Laurel-st, Berkeley.

Day, Shipfitter 1C Milton Eugene, wounded. Wife, Mrs. Milton E. Day, 2338 E. 14th-st, Oakland.

Engine to Continue Attack

Lt. William J. ("Wild Bill") Casey, Red Bank flier who has been making air history as pilot of a Flying Fortress based in England, has added another glorious chapter to his record.

One of those stubborn Irishmen who take things one at a time, Lieutenant Casey doesn't let a little thing like a "conked" motor deter him on a raiding mission over Brest on occupied France.

The story was revealed yesterday of "Wild Bill's" latest exploit. The No. 4 engine of "Little Audrey" his Fort in the Brest raid, started spouting oil as the ship went out with the lead formation. Refusing to feather the propeller and tip off the German fighters that he was in trouble, Casey pushed his plane along on three motors.

Where some planes would have

turned back, the Red Bank pilot could remember only that there was a job to do and that the target was near. He continued at the slowed pace and made the run over the target while the bombardier did his work.

On the way back to her England base, "Little Audrey" was protected by members of the last formation and by a group of Spitfires.

The next night, Lieutenant Casey visited the field where the protecting planes were based and personally thanked their crews for the escort service they gave.

Lieutenant Casey learned to fly at Red Bank airport, where his uncle, Jack Casey, former owner and manager of the field, was instructor, "Wild Bill" made his home with his uncle and aunt and was graduated

(See CASEY Page 2)

Last fall, Lieutenant Casey covered himself with glory on bombing missions out of England. Once, his Fortress crew brought down seven of 12 Focke-Wulf planes that staged a 12-minute attack on the Fort as it returned from a raid over St. Nazaire.

Afterward, the Casey crew saved a stricken Fort which was limping back over the English channel. Seeing German fighters dive on the crippled ship, Casey brought his plane down over her. He kept his plane as an umbrella over the disabled ship and his crew shot down two German planes as the Fort successfully escorted the sister ship back to her base.

Lieutenant Casey is 22 years old. He was graduated from St. Bonaventure college, Olean, N. Y., with a B.S. degree in chemistry in 1941. While there he took four years of reserve officer training and was commissioned a second lieutenant in the field artillery reserve.

He was assigned as a student in the air corps July 12, 1941, and completed his primary school training at Grider field, Ark., and his basic course at Georgia Aero Technical school, Augusta, Ga. He was then assigned to Barksdale field, Louisiana, for his advance course and was awarded his wings Feb. 6, 1942.

He tasted battle early in the war when he piloted a P-38 against the Japs in the Battle of Midway. After that battle, he was transferred to the Fortresses and the eighth air force in England.

15

Red Bank Flyer Saves Crippled Army Bomber

Pilot William Casey, Graduate of Red Bank Catholic, Fights Off Five Germans to Help Buddy

The big bomber, returning from a raid on U-boat bases on the French coast, was crippled.

An American flier, Pilot William Casey, of Red Bank—Irish to the very shamrock planked on his plane, Irish to the core of him, Irish, but not neutral — on another bomber, noticed that the first crew was in danger.

One engine was gone, the top gun turret was out of action, and German planes pressed the attack while the crippled ship began to lose altitude. "Wild Bill" Casey swung his own plane down and screened the injured plane as it returned to base.

As an incidental feat, the former

Red Bank Catholic High School student shushed off five Focke-Wulf 190's which buzzed around like flies while his gunners shot one down and watched another drop in smoke.

Screened Plane

Then Bill eased his plane down until it flattened over the damaged ship in a protective screen and both planes dived. The low altitude stopped attacks from below and the protecting bomber saved the crippled ship from attack overhead.

Bill learned to fly at the Red Bank airport where his uncle, Jack Casey, was manager. The uncle, a

Red Bank Flyer

(Continued from Page One)

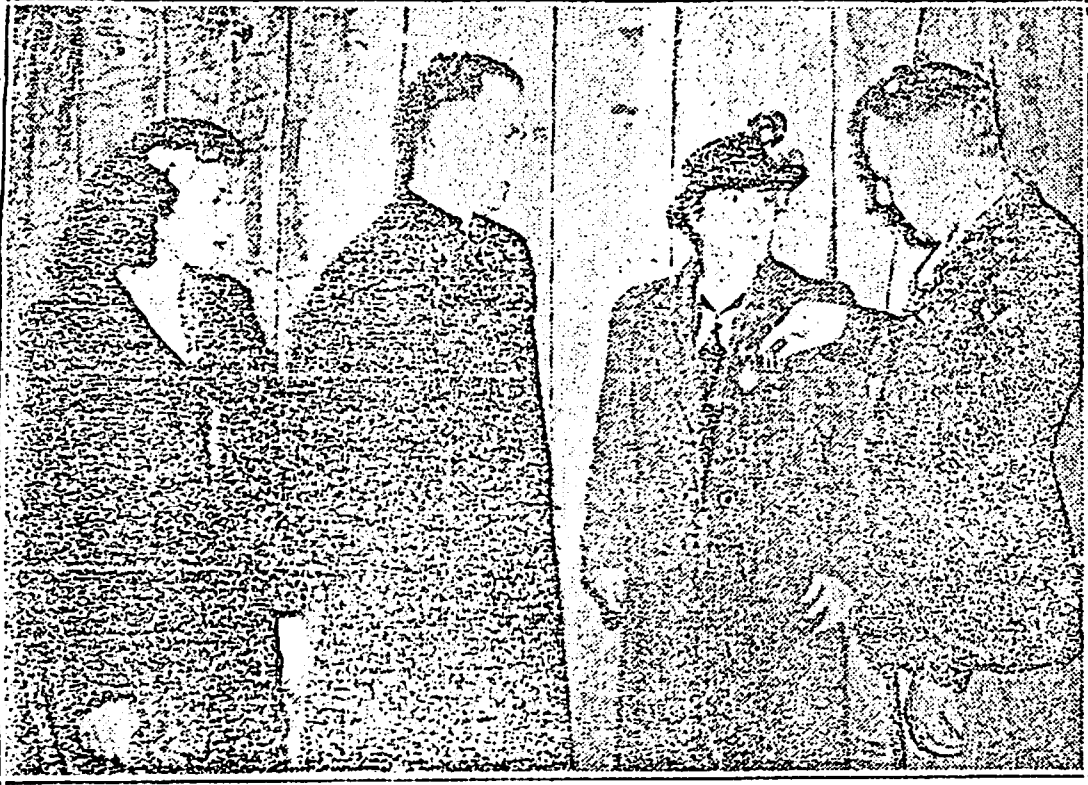
World War flier, taught scores of young wingmen to fly while at Red Bank, and Bill was one of the most promising students. The promise became a reality over the English Channel.

Bill lives with his uncle and aunt on Sycamore avenue. After graduating from Catholic High here, the youth learned to fly, then enlisted in the Army Air Corps about two years ago. He has been in England for some time.

The story of his recent accomplishment was revealed yesterday, and as a result, Bill will probably win a citation.

In relating his experience to superior officers, Bill confessed "We got in the sharpest half-minute's exercises I ever want when those fighter planes buzzed around us. We got home OK, but we sure sweated."

The commander of the crippled plane, Capt. Robert Williams of Flint, Mich., stated that he and his crew owed their lives to the Red Bank flier's deed.



Maj. Arthur Lonergan (right) is shown pinning the Distinguished Flying Cross and an Air Medal with three Oakleaf clusters on Miss Mary Casey of Red Bank, aunt of Capt. William Casey, Red Bank man who is now a prisoner of war of the Germans. Standing next to Miss Casey is Rev. John J. Duffy and Mrs. Adam Le Bedz, sister of the captain.

Miss Casey Given Awards For Nephew

Red Bank Man's Bravery Cited In Ceremonies At St. James Rectory

RED BANK, Dec. 8.—The second anniversary of Pearl Harbor served as the day here for the observance of a brief and impressive ceremony when a native son of Red Bank, now a German prisoner of war, received the honor to give him "in absentia." The ceremony last night marked the presentation of Capt. Bill Casey's Air Medal with three Oak Leaf clusters and his Distinguished Flying Cross to his aunt and nearest relative, Miss Mary Casey of Shrewsbury.

The presentations were made on the stage of the Red Bank Catholic High School, the very stage on which Bill Casey was graduated in 1937. Major Arthur Lonergan of the Army Air Corps, stationed at Newark Airport, made the presentation and on the stage with Miss Casey, with whom the hero made his home, was his sister, Mrs. Adam LeBedz of New Brunswick, the former Miss Dorothy Casey.

In his presentation speech, Major Lonergan warned that the "invasion of Italy as a reality and with other invasions to come, the grim tragedies incidental to war (Continued on Page Three, Col. 4)

will bring that war closer to many more homes in the future. As such tragedies increase things which have been beyond our grasp in the past will become deeply personal."

Reminding the large audience, composed mostly of students at the school, that "the name of Casey is synonymous in and near Red Bank with aviation," the major then read the official citations quoted on the orders of Captain Casey's awards.

The Air Medal award was "For extraordinary achievement while serving as a pilot on a B-17 airplane on a combat mission over enemy-occupied Continental Europe on Nov. 23, 1942. The bomber flight, consisting of three B-17 bombers, was repeatedly attacked by 35 to 40 enemy planes at 14,000 feet altitude. Captain Casey's

plane, flying in right wing position, was severely damaged and several crew members were seriously wounded. Realizing that if position in formation were lost the airplane and its crew faced almost certain destruction, Captain Casey, displaying great courage, resourcefulness and flying skill, kept his airplane in precise formation under most difficult circumstances throughout the remainder of the mission. His action undoubtedly saved his own crew and aided materially in defense of the other planes in the flight. The courage, coolness and skill displayed upon this occasion reflect highest credit upon this officer and the Armed Forces of the United States."

Three three Oak Leaf clusters were added to the original medal for 15 additional missions.

Captain Casey was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for extraordinary achievement while serving as pilot of a B-17 on a bombing mission over Germany, Feb. 27, 1943. Before reaching the target, two of the engines ceased to function, forcing Captain Casey, then a lieutenant, to drop out of the formation. The official citation states, "Displaying great courage and skillful airmanship, Lieutenant Casey continued on to bomb the target and successfully completed the mission by returning his damaged plane to its base. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by Lieutenant Casey on this occasion reflect highest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States."

Mrs. Adam Lebedz of New Brunswick has received a letter dated May 10 from her brother, Capt. William J. Casey of Shrewsbury, Fortress pilot who is a German prisoner. Letters have also been received from the flyer by his aunts, Miss Mary Casey of Shrewsbury and Mrs. William Porter of Rumson.

In his letter to his sister he said, "Well, they got me, but I'm alive even if I have a little Jerry lead in me, and that's something. I can only write a card or two, so give Teddy my love and tell her to write. Say hello to everyone for me and write often and keep me posted as I have nothing to do but read letters."

The name of his prison camp is Kriegsbranglentonst.

Casey 'Bats' His Way to Fame, Pilots 'Fort' That Downed 7

Shrewsbury Army Officer, Fast Becoming Our No. 1 Hero, As He Surpasses Feats of Other County Pilots; Sayed 'Fort' Over Channel

Army Lieutenant William J. Casey, 22 years old, has gone a long way since the days he spent in the classrooms and on the playing fields of the Red Bank Catholic High School. And he has flown in many alien skies since he took up flying under the tutelage of

Editor's note: The Standard recently reported that William J. Casey, Red Bank flying lieutenant, had downed two Nazi planes while escorting an American bomber which was in distress back to the safety of an English base. More of the Red Bank youth's exploits have just been revealed; together they comprise one of the most remarkable military records achieved by any American since the inception of the war.

his uncle, Jack Casey, at the Red Bank airport.

He was pilot of a P-38 in the battle of Midway against the Japs, early this year.

He was pilot of a big bomber which pounded Nazi-held U-boat bases in St. Nazaire, France, throughout November.

He piloted the American Flying Fortress which shot down seven Nazi fighters in 12 minutes, during the middle of last month.

Downs 2 Planes

And a few days later he shut down two more planes while forming an umbrella over a crippled American bomber with his own "Flying-Fort", warding off all attacks, and escorting the plane back to safety.

As purely minor feats mentioned only in passing, Lieutenant Casey spoke over the transatlantic radio Sunday, Dec. 6 — the day before the anniversary of Pearl Harbor — on N. B. C.'s Army Hour. And early this week, Lowell Thomas deeded the major portion of his broadcast to Bill Casey's exploits.

Neon Signs Ablaze

About his part in the battle of Midway, the Red Bank aviator described to relatives here how the gunfire from a Jap battleship was like "the neon signs with sound effects."

He reported how, in that encounter, his P-38 was hit and one of the motors was knocked out of the plane. "We barely skipped over the waves," he added.

When Lieutenant Casey arrived in England, he wrote, that graduating from a P-38 to the four-motored bomber with which he made his French raids was "like driving a truck at first."



LT. BILL CASEY

Assigned with the Eighth Air Force headquarters in London, Casey went out on a number of raids over St. Nazaire and other strongly fortified Nazi points in France. Whether he ever succeeded in piloting the plane to a point where a sub could be sunk is still unreported, but it is known that his fortress has dumped its load on a number of targets.

Seven in 12 Minutes

On one foray a squadron of giant American ships, under the command of Major Harry Holt of Maryland, took off to attack the German submarine base.

The Fortresses were attacked by a strong formation of Focke-Wulf 200's as they approached their target. Nevertheless, Lieutenant Casey's plane reached the target and dropped its bombs. As his fortress turned homeward, the Focke-Wulf's, which previously had sniped at it from long range, dived in, sometimes attacking from as close as 50 feet.

The fight lasted for at least an hour before the last enemy plane fled. Lieutenant Casey's plane bagged the seven enemy aircraft in 12 minutes.

The first victim was picked off by Casey's tail gunner, Sgt. Parley D. Small, Fairfield, Ia., a farmer in civilian life.

At almost the same time, the second Focke-Wulf attacked, Staff Sgt. Reginald G. Harris, Houston, Tex., fired a single burst and the enemy plane fell.

Six more Focke-Wulfs attacked together. One was shot down on

Nazis and his boys outblasting them.

Fortress Umbrella

A few days later, turned back after completing his bombing run when he saw another fortress in distress and escorted the other B-17, piloted by Capt. Robert C. Williams, Flint, Mich., through a swarm of enemy fighters.

Smoke and flames were spurting from Williams' fortress as Casey, abandoning ordinary flight procedure, wheeled his big ship around like a fighter, climbed over the low-flying fortress, and flew above it, while the Nazis attacked. In the process, he accounted for two more Focke-Wulf's.

Background

The hero's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Casey, both died in his

youth. For years he was raised by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. James Casey, of Shrewsbury. When they died, he was raised by his aunt, Mrs. William Foster and her husband in Rumson. He has another uncle, Harry Bowman, who lives in Red Bank.

After his graduation from the Red Bank Catholic High School, he attended St. Bonaventure College, Olean, N. Y.

The training that he received at the Red Bank airport at the direction of his uncle Jack was not Bill's first experience in the air. Still another uncle, James H. Casey, a policeman in San Francisco, Cal., with whom Bill also lived for a while, took the hero flying in his youth.

"Flying's just naturally in the boy's blood," Officer Casey stated recently. "As an old time aviator I used to take Bill up in old 'Jenny'—a training plane of the last war. Bill grew up around aviation fields."

(Continued from Page 1).

"Didn't you think of bailing out?" I asked him.

"He shook his head. 'I might have made it. And the bombardier and the belly gunner probably could have. But the other six couldn't have jumped. We had to get them back.'

"Then he grinned, a little sheepishly. 'And besides,' he said, 'do you know what I was thinking? I was thinking: 'This baby cost the U. S. Government two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And I was trying to figure out how much damage had been done to it already—how much it would still be worth.'

"Bill hadn't realized the irony of having just helped to destroy a good many million dollars worth of enemy installations. He merely thought it out logically."

"Something had gone wrong with the radio. Maybe the whole thing had to be replaced . . . a couple of thousand dollars if it did.

"The tail assembly was gone . . . Maybe ten thousands for a new one, with a new rear gun. The landing gear was jammed. He couldn't let it down . . . Another fifteen thousand . . .

"So, item by item, Bill went over the whole Fortress. By the time they sighted the English coast, the conscious members of the crew were worrying about how they would get through the British anti-aircraft. Without radio they were helpless to give identifying signals. But Bill was lost in the columns of his mental profit-and-loss ledger.

"The setting sun luckily silhouetted their plane against the sky so it was recognized by the spotter. How Bill got her in neither he nor anyone else could explain afterward. But he did it, and slid her in as softly as a crate of eggs.

"Bill supervised the moving of his wounded comrades, then turned the plane over to the ground crew. He had just one final admonition: 'Treat her gently,' he said. 'She's still worth a hundred and thirty thousand bucks. I've been figuring it out all the way back.'"

interviews a war hero for an un-
known, small town reporter—
ly as a friendly gesture.

• An Exclusive Report

Here is his report on Lieutenant
Bill Casey, exclusive for The
Standard.

"It was four or five days be-
fore Christmas. I arrived at the
base—'somewhere in England'—
with Cy Peterman, reporter for the
Philadelphia Inquirer. The place
was agog with talk about Casey.
We found him in the club house
looking dejected. The scratch had
him down. Don't you know what
that is? Well, a plane crew can be
scratched the same way that a race
horse is. They are given an assign-
ment, with full instructions, all
preparations are made, they are
keyed up psychologically for the
job on hand—and then, in the last
moment are, for unknown reasons,
grounded. Nothing gets fliers more
down in the mouth than that. And
that's how we found Bill.

• A 'Hell Hole'

"He asked why and I told him.
Our troops landed there in the last
war and it was a hell hole. The
L. sank into mud up to their
waists. The muck was awful; the
stench unbearable. And the men
who died there—no Flanders Field
in poetry or in fact was ever
worse.

"Casey drank to the toast and he
loosened up a bit; we talked and
drank. I got to know the boy. His
past—his exploits on the football
field where he was an indifferent
player; his boxing at St. Bonaven-
ture where he became some sort of
amateur champion. About his father
who was gassed in the first
World War and who later was
killed in an automobile accident.

"I learned about his early child-
hood with his Aunt May. The boy
almost worships her, carries her
picture with him. His life insur-
ance, by the way, is made out to
her. He had gotten a thorough re-
ligious instruction from her and
priest whom he admires, a Monsi-
nor John B. McCloskey, of the St.
James R. C. Church in Red Bank.
But that instruction never made
much of an impression; or it never
seemed to.

"But in his present job, he has
developed a profoundly religious
nature. He prays—often. At the
wheel of his fortress on every job,
the boy prays. Silently and some-
times even wordlessly. Words
aren't necessary. Sometimes he
can hear Monsignor McCloskey's
voice as the silent prayers race
through him.

"Don't get the idea that he
doesn't belong at the wheel of his
plane. He does. There is an easy
side to him. He drinks with the
best of pilots. They all do; liquor
is their elixir after their work and
London is their natural habitat.
There are women. He told me
about them.

"He told us about the feats that
he did at the cables warm. You got
them pretty straight. How he shel-
tered a crippled fortress with his
own and brought it back safely to
the base. How his crew shot down
seven planes in twelve minutes
during another encounter.

"And he talked about Red Bank.
About his Aunt May—Mary Casey,
of Shrewsbury—who raised him
most of the time. And his Aunt
Kathy—let me see, her name is
Mrs. William Porter, of Rumson.
He learned to fly at your airport
run by his uncle, Jack Casey. He
made it seem like a lot of family.

"About his military experience,
he said, 'That dates back to a long
time ago when I was a patrol lead-
er in the boy scouts back home.'
By that time, I was convinced he
had a delightful sense of humor, a
gift of gab, a touch of blarney,
and a thoroughly likeable person-
ality. When he expressed a wish
to run over to London, I invited
him over to the Savoy to have a
drink with me.

"He came the next night. He had
had a harrowing job that morning
and was a little shaken. I filled
two glasses with a rare bottle of
Canadian Club I picked up in Scot-
land and said, 'For the first AEF
and the correspondents who had to
cover that war, I want to toast
that last raid you made on St. Na-
zaire.'

Offers of Marriage

"He has had a number of offers
of marriage. Yes, they've asked him.
But his answer always is, 'Look,
girl, there's a war on and I've got

business to attend to.' It set
that there is a girl back home.
I hasn't asked her yet, but he may,
if she isn't taken—and if the
fates don't take him.

"He talks about his work quite
fluently. Never about any recent
job, but things that happened a
week or two before. He seems to
want to mull over the new experi-
ences first and then he lets loose
with as graphic a picture as any
writer would want to get.

"The boy is aware that he gets
the faint share of the credit and
thinks it unfair. 'It's a team,' he
insisted. 'I know the pilot usually
acts as captain of the crew, but
without the others, he's just a truck
driver with bars. I've heard a lot
of the boys around here call their
pilots that. And it's not good for
the team.'

"A few days before I met Bill,
he bumped into another Red Bank
youngster, Stuart Rogers, Jr., who
was with the Royal Canadian Air
Force and who is now a sergeant-
pilot with the American air forces.
He was pleased. 'I met a lot of
fellows from New Jersey over
here,' he said. 'It's New Jersey
against the Axis. We're fighting
this war all right.'

A Fatalist

"He is a complete fatalist. He
doesn't expect to survive Hittle.
If he does—'No flying for me.'
Casey said. 'After the war I'm
going into politics. They did
know I was alive when I lived in
Red Bank. Now they know. Poli-
tics. I want to go to Congress.
Maybe I'll start with the state leg-
islature. There's plenty of house-
keeping needed in the State of New
Jersey. Does that sound like I'm
blowing a loud horn?'

"No," I told him. "Go ahead."

"It's just that we fellows who
are doing the fighting are going to
have a lot to say about how the
world has got to be run. We're
fighting this one for a better
world. And this time we're going
to see that we get one,' the boy
told me.

"We had another drink on that
and before he left, Bill reminded
me again that he is not a Califor-
nian. 'For God's sake,' is the way
he put it, 'tell them I'm from Red
Bank.'

"I saw the boy again a few nights
later at a party thrown for the
fliers by Cy Peterman. Bill came
with a British beauty. She was
wearing his silver—a 'frat pin' they
call it—and a pair of wings.
Those, by the way, are the most
highly prized souvenirs an English
girl can pick up. It's like being
invited to a West Point hop over
here.

Crazy Poles

"Bill didn't steal the spotlight
at the party—the boy has a sense
of propriety. But he said one thing
that will interest you. They were
talking about the 'crazy' Polish
fliers, wacky, the Americans called
them. Boys who fly low in anti-
quated Wellington bombers, boys
with a fierce hate in their hearts
who fly low so that their bomb
load will fall truer. Their own
losses are considerable, but the
young Poles don't seem to care,
just so long as they can hit the
Nazis.

"Casey said, 'Can you beat those
guys? I wouldn't have the guts to
do that if they gave me the world
for it.'

"And I might tell you this. The
boys have one mutual dream. About
a new type of plane that can get
their bellies out of range of the
flak. A plane that will give them
higher ceiling than anything know.
The boys talk about it constant,
almost like children hoping for
something like Santa Claus. Of
course the planes they fly now
are darn good, but not good en-
ough; never good enough. They
keep dreaming and exchanging rum-
ors about a better plane, though.
And if a few fellows like Casey had
this dream plane—any talk of a
long war would be pure nonsense.

"That's about the works. Do
you think you've got enough?"
Yes, we told him.

Capt. Bill Casey of Red Bank Writes First Letter From German Camp; Was Hit by Bullet

"You can't kill the Irish," writes Captain William Casey, 22, heroic Flying Fortress pilot, from his German prison camp. And we don't doubt his word because this Red Bank youth's exploits in alien skies since the inception of the war have proven to us that he's a pretty tough Irishman.

In one engagement this fearless flyer shot down seven German fighter planes in 12 minutes. He maneuvered a big bomber in an attack against Nazi-held U-boat bases in St. Nazaire, France, and flew his ship through Jap gunfire during the battle of Midway. These and many other accomplishments comprise the colorful record achieved by Captain Casey before he was shot down in German territory on April 17.

In his first letter home since his interment, received yesterday by his aunt, Mrs. William Porter of Rumson, the Red Bank Catholic high school graduate wrote:

"I didn't expect to be writing to you from here but I ran out of luck a few days ago and I am now in a German prison camp. I stopped a little 'Jerry' lead, but you can't kill the Irish and I am still as good as new. I was slightly wounded at the time I was shot down but I'm feeling fine now."

Among his other attributes Casey possesses a sparkling sense of humor which he still maintains. Typical of the courage he has displayed since he left Bonaventure College, Olean, N. Y., to fight for his country, he looks forward to a brighter tomorrow in spite of the clouds of today.

He stated that he has nothing to do but cook his own meals and read all the mail from home and requested such articles of food as macaroni, spaghetti and chocolate.

Captain Casey shares the same prisoner-of-war address as Lieut. Eugene Gwyer, another local youth who was reported missing in action a few days before him and it is entirely possible that the two boys are internees at the same camp.

Lt. Gwyer is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. J. Gwyer of 378 Prospect avenue, Little Silver. Casey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William

Casey, both died when he was a child and he has been brought up by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs.



CAPT. WILLIAM J. CASEY

James Casey of Shrewsbury until their death, after which Mrs. Porter cared for him.

Banshee Hero Asks Family For Letters Capt. Casey Writes from German Prison Camp

From his German prison camp where he has been interned since April 17, Captain William-J. Casey, the fighting Irishman from Red Bank Catholic High School, sends regards to his friends here and a request for nice long newsy letters.

In a letter written on August 10 and received yesterday by his aunt, Mrs. William Porter, Rumson, the Flying Fortress pilot wrote:

"I have been here four months. I'm alive and well but very bored and restless. There has been no mail from home at all. Have you sent any packages yet? I need dried food, macaroni, cheese, nuts, chocolate, warm socks, mittens, underclothes and a light pair of moccasins to save my boots." (The boots, Mrs. Porter said, are apparently the American ones he was wearing when he was shot down).

"Please say hello to everyone at home and ask them to write."

Miss Anne Little of Bergen place received a card this week from Capt. William Casey of Shrewsbury, U. S. Army pilot who is in a German prison camp.

He wrote, "Dear Anne, I got a hell of a kick out of hearing from you, but contrary to your supposition I have received no news concerning the old schoolmates. How about a real news letter next time? My best to Paul and everyone."

Bill Casey.

Like Piloting A \$300,000 'Coffin'

How does it feel to pilot an American Flying Fortress? Lieut. Bill Casey of Red Bank told one of America's ace foreign correspondents. "How does it feel?" the boy echoed. "You come back from a job. All the boys in the crew have gotten to be closer than any team; they're your brothers. You work together like the fingers in one hand. The navigator—a hell of a swell guy—the gunner, the radio man, the bombardier. They're part of you, every one of them. All right, you're coming back from work. The rear gunner is dead. The navigator has a leg blown off. The radio man is holding his head and screaming with pain. How does it feel? You're piloting a coffin, that's how it feels, a \$300,000 coffin for your friends."

'Tell Them I'm From Red Bank' Casey Tells War Correspondent

This is a REAL Weirdo!

Exclusive Interview With Flying Fortress Hero Revealed For First Time In The Standard; Burnet Hershey, Writer, Talks to Local Pilot

by NORMAN SNYDER

Copyright, 1943, The Daily Standard

NEW YORK — The next time you hear of Lieutenant Bill Casey he will probably be in a new theatre of action. Many of the men in his squadron have already been transferred. He expects his — indeed, his transfer may already have come through at this writing.

But perhaps we better start from the beginning. It concerns the return of Burnet Hershey, correspondent through two world wars, radio commentator, and executive director of the Overseas Press Club. Seated in his office, Hershey lit his pipe and blew out great gusts of smoke with gusto. Where he had been—the British Isles, Portugal, West Africa, and Brazil—they didn't carry his brand

of tobacco. Hershey settled back in his chair and looked contented.

"Well, who shall we talk about?" he asked. "General De Gaulle, H. G. Wells, Rebecca West, Leslie Gore-Belisha, General Sikorsky— or Bill Casey?"

Familiar

The Daily Standard reporter gaped dumbly, he sensed a trick in that Bill Casey. The name struck a familiar chord but he couldn't place it. There was Australia's Casey, but that hardly seemed likely.

"You don't know Bill Casey?" Hershey seemed amused.

"I—I guess not."
"Young man, if I were your editor in Red Bank, I'd tie the can on you."

"You don't mean Bill Casey of Red Bank? You interview HIM?"

The correspondent's face took on a look of mock reproach. "After all, I interviewed his commanding general, too."

"I didn't mean that. I meant— heck, you mean, you interviewed him for me?"

This time a broad grin. "Well, when I reached his camp, all the men were talking about him. And when I spoke to him, the first thing he said was, 'The newspapers have me down as coming from San Francisco. I don't. I came from Red



BURNET HERSHEY

Bank, N. J. I'm a Red Bank N. J. man.' That's what he said. Do you have a Chamber of Commerce there?"

"I'll say."

Owe Him a Cigar

"Well, they owe him a good cigar. He's always talking about

home. Not only the first time I spoke to him, either. Every time."

"You mean, you interviewed him more than once?"

"Sure. But not for you, mister. Just the first time. I remembered that your paper is in Red Bank and I thought I'd ask him a few questions. After that, well, I got to liking the kid. I invited him over to my hotel, the Savoy, when he came to London. He came the following night."

"What did Bill have to say?"

"Wait a minute, I'll get my notes."

The Standard reporter settled back in his chair—too dazed to be happy as he watched the correspondent cross the room and rummage through a giant filing cabinet. This was a reporter's dream, this story of Casey, currently the hottest news story in Red Bank. Slowly, it seeped through and the reporter began to glow.

Noted Correspondent

Burnet Hershey's radio announcer refers to him as that "distinguished news analyst." Well, that's true enough. The press sheet sent out by his lecture agent recalls that Hershey's career as a foreign correspondent dates back to his expeditions on the Ford "Peace Ship" in 1916, as a representative of the New York Sun covering the war at the age of 19, that he covered all the peace conferences after the war, that he was public relations advisor to Queen Marie of Rumania, to King Constantine of Greece, and even to the Japanese government, but the honorable gentlemen of Japan failed to take his advice.

The press sheet goes on to mention that he is the author of a

score or so of books, a similar number of motion pictures, two Broadway plays, and over a hundred magazine articles. His documentary motion picture, "Deal or a Death" was perhaps the most eloquent plea for peace ever made in an American screen before Hitler's aggressions began. And when that happened his news broadcasts were among the first in the war against Nazism. His return from the battle fronts is his 58th trip abroad. The press sheet, too, calls him distinguished. All true enough, but that's only one side of the story.

The other side is when the management of the Lotos Club where the Overseas Press Club's officers are, discovers that the elevators are slow in coming down. "Thank Mr. Hershey again," the managers say, shaking their heads. "He's rolling dice with the elevator boys."

21

28 Nov 1942

Occupation of Toulon. He said:—

Hitler has lost interest in conquering Toulon and disarms France. The fleet at Toulon, after having defended itself, bravely scuttled itself. It was easy to foresee that the free area of Toulon was a trap to keep our ships under the cannon-fire of the Germans.

I asked the fleet to leave on November 11. The chief of the fleet did not think fit to listen; he thought he could save our ships. But now he has lost them, and caused the death of many officers and seamen.

After the complete occupation of France, after the arrest of General Weygand, after the change in position of the Chief of the Government, after the disarmament of the armed forces, Germany's aim to crush France is clear. We shall be pitiless against those who, willingly or unwillingly, serve the design of our external enemies. None of us must hesitate any longer to do his duty—crush Germany and Italy and deliver our country.

French Africa is the only place in the world where our flag flies freely, where the army carries its arms, where the navy flies its flag, and where our air force can use its wings. Inhabitants of Africa, we are the only hope of France; let us show ourselves worthy of her.—*Reuter*

AXIS PATROL OUTSIDE TOULON

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27

A spokesman of the Navy Department said this afternoon that the Axis for some time had maintained a patrol outside Toulon to prevent the escape of the French fleet. The patrol consisted of Italian warships and probably some German submarines.

Even had the fleet tried to escape, it would have been difficult, said the spokesman, because of the nature of the seawall protecting the narrow harbour entrance. German aircraft would have tried to get them had they moved, and even if they had got out they would probably have been sunk by torpedoes. "The game wasn't worth the candle," the spokesman added.

The Secretary of the Navy, Colonel Frank Knox, said that their latest information was that the Toulon fleet consisted of 64 vessels, including three battleships.

MR. EDEN SEES GENERAL CATROUX

Mr. Eden, the Foreign Secretary, received General Catroux in his room in the House of Commons on Thursday.

General Catroux, who is French Delegate-General and Commander-in-Chief in the Levant, arrived in London from Beirut recently in order to make a report to the French National Committee, of which he is a member, on the political, military, and economic situation in the States of the Levant.

MME. CHIANG KAI-SHEK IN U.S.A.

BRITISH TROOPS IN NORTH AFRICA WAS IMMENSELY... I send you... of November... have broken... that Admiral... of French Navy... any aggression... many. While... number 11, on... to open... of an... and American... and... of honour

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27

The White House announced to-night that Mme. Chiang Kai-shek had arrived in the United States. She was to enter hospital for treatment necessitated by the effects of an injury received five years ago when her car overturned during a tour of a war sector near Shanghai. When she leaves hospital she will stay as a guest at the White House.

New York, Nov. 27.—The White House announcement stated:—During the

on Thursday. A large force of our medium bombers attacked the landing ground at "Marble Arch," west of El Agheia, on Wednesday night. Bombs fell among dispersed aircraft, causing fires.

Tunis docks were successfully raided by our bombers on the same night. Petrol dumps and oil tanks were fired, and direct hits were scored on railway installations, marshalling yards, and warehouses. Ships in the harbours at Homs and Tripoli received direct hits during daylight attacks by our heavy bombers. The vessel at Tripoli was set on fire and the one at Homs overturned.

On Thursday a north-bound Ju52, carrying troops, was attacked by our twin-engined fighters and shot down into the sea off Cape Bon, Tunisia. An enemy schooner was attacked and damaged off the coast of Tunisia.

From these operations all of our aircraft returned safely to base.

TRANSPORT TARGETS ATTACKED BY R.A.F.

INDUSTRIAL PLANT HIT

An Air Ministry announcement last night stated—

This afternoon Mustangs of Army Cooperation Command attacked rail and water transport targets in northern France and Holland. Several locomotives were damaged.

Spitfires of Fighter Command on offensive patrols attacked and damaged locomotives and canal barges in northern France and the Low Countries.

From these operations one of our aircraft is missing.

Boston aircraft of Bomber Command without loss bombed an industrial plant at Yntruden, and hits were seen on the target.

SEVEN FWS IN 12 MINUTES

Details of an hour's battle over the Bay of Biscay on Monday in which a single flight of United States Army Flying Fortresses destroyed nine German fighters, issued yesterday by Headquarters, Eighth Air Force, show that in one 12-minute period seven Focke-Wulfs were sent crashing by the guns of one bomber, piloted by First Lieutenant W. J. Casey, of San Francisco.

CHANGES IN HIGHER R.A.F. POSTS

SIR ARTHUR TEDDER TO COME HOME

The Air Ministry announces the following changes in the higher appointments of the Royal Air Force—

Chief Marshal Sir ARTHUR W. TEDDER, C.B., to be Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.

Chief Marshal Sir W. SAUNDERS DOUGLAS, C.B., M.C., D.F.C., to be Air Officer

Commanding-in-Chief, R.A.F. Middle East.

Air Marshal F. W. LEIGH-MALLORY, C.B., D.S.O. to be Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command.

Air Chief Marshal Sir PHILIP B. JOHNSON, D.F.C., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., to be an Inspector General of the Royal Air Force.

Air Vice-Marshal J. C. SLESSOR, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., to be Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Coastal Command, and promoted Acting Air Marshal.

Air Vice-Marshal C. E. H. MEDGWAY, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., to be Assistant Chief of the Air Staff (Policy).

These changes will be effected at convenient dates in the near future.

AIRCRAFT FOR THE

In the House of Lords on the 11th the next sitting Lord Clark is in motion relating to the supply of aircraft to the Navy. The Government will propose this should be debated in June on the second day the Lords will debate in which Lord Addison is to call at the importance of the utmost possible in the inter-allied control and direct war effort. Lord Listowel is to Government on the third day when can make "a statement on Colonial accord with the provisions of the Charter." It seems likely that Lordborne—who was Secretary of State Colonies until last week—may be to make a statement of some important future Colonial policy.

NEW LANDINGS PAPUA

JAPANESE SHOCK TROOPS

It was announced from General Arthur's headquarters early today that Japanese troops, trapped between Japanese and British counter-attacks and not repulsed.

AN AUSTRALIAN BASE

Identification of enemy dead revealed the marine insignia and markings of the Japanese troops at the Yokooska, a marine depot south of Hama Bay and one of Japan's three depots for expeditionary forces are from Kure and from Saipan. It indicates that special shock troops have been landed. These troops, who are in excellent physical condition, contrast to the worn-out enemy who have fought for us in Guinea, and their presence would allied assumptions regarding the landings by the enemy at strong forcements of the north coast of Guinea.

RAIDER DESTROYED ATTACK ON TRAIN

STRUCK BY FRAGMENTS BURST BOILER

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

SOUTHEAST COAST TOWN

When the boiler of a railway engine was struck by a Focke-Wulf 109 in the east of England this afternoon blew up, force of the explosion shattered attacking aircraft. Fragments of machine were scattered over the railway track and the surrounding fields. The pilot's body was found in a dyke near 100 yards from the railway line.

Two FWs crossed the coast over a southeast coast town and opened fire with their cannon on a row of houses on the seafront. A man and a woman were injured by flying glass. Proceeding inland, the raiders attacked another town, where a hail of shells descended on the main street, in which one man was slightly injured.

The raiding machines had turned towards France when they were

6 Apr 1943

KENNETH E. WALLICK, O-430639, Captain, 91st Bombardment Group (H), Army Air Forces, United States Army. For extraordinary achievement while leading a flight of B-17 airplanes on a bombing mission over Germany, 26 February 1943. Enemy fighter planes seriously damaged the oxygen system thereby causing three crew members to lose consciousness. Despite the extremely difficult flying conditions, Captain Wallick took over all controls and sent his Co-Pilot back to aid the three stricken crew members and man the guns. The courage, skill and leadership displayed by Captain Wallick in directing the defense of his crew and the successful completion of his mission reflect the highest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Home address: RFD #1, Wrightsville, Pennsylvania.

JAMES ROEDER BULLOCK, O-728170, 1st Lieutenant, 91st Bombardment Group (H), Army Air Forces, United States Army. For extraordinary achievement, while serving as Group Navigator on a bombing mission over Germany, 4 March 1943. Poor visibility was encountered over the entire route. Displaying great skill, Lieutenant Bullock led the formation directly to the target and under most hazardous conditions, succeeded in returning the Group to its home base. The courage, coolness and great skill displayed by Lieutenant Bullock on this occasion reflect highest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Home address: 401 Westover Terrace, Greensboro, North Carolina.

JESSE H. ELLIOTT, O-728188, 1st Lieutenant, 303rd Bombardment Group (H), Army Air Forces, United States Army. For meritorious achievement while serving as Navigator and Gunner on a B-17 airplane on a bombardment mission over enemy occupied Continental Europe, 27 January 1943. Lieutenant Elliott displaying great skill and courage, destroyed one enemy airplane of the ME-109 type. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by Lieutenant Elliott upon this occasion were of the highest order and reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Home address: 4660 Astral St., Jacksonville, Florida

WILLIAM J. CASEY, O-410335, 1st Lieutenant, 306th Bombardment Group (H), Army Air Forces, United States Army. For extraordinary achievement while serving as Pilot of a B-17 airplane on a bombing mission over Germany, 27 February 1943. Before reaching the target, two of the engines ceased to function, forcing Lieutenant Casey to drop out of formation. Displaying great courage and skilful airmanship, Lieutenant Casey continued on to bomb the target and successfully completed his mission by returning his damaged plane to its base. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by Lieutenant Casey on this occasion reflect highest credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Home address: 85 Grand View Ave., San Francisco, California.

HARRY GOLDSTEIN, 32183032, Technical Sergeant, 401st Bombardment Squadron (H), Army Air Forces, United States Army. For meritorious achievement while serving as Radio Operator and Gunner on a B-17 airplane on a bombardment mission over enemy occupied Continental Europe, 4 March 1943. Sergeant Goldstein, displaying great skill and courage, destroyed one enemy airplane of the ME-110 type. The courage, coolness and skill displayed by Sergeant Goldstein upon this occasion were of the highest order and reflect great credit upon himself and the Armed Forces of the United States. Home address: 1440 Longfellow Ave., Bronx, New York.

Dear Russ

It was great to spend time with you in Miami. Chasse and I probably talked you deaf - you see he and I were the only ones there who took the 306th across the pond in the summer of '42" and also spent over two years together in the "bag"

Jim Bishop was visiting our mutual home in New Jersey and Olean N.Y. where I got my B.S. at St Bonaventure when we were in Miami. For business reasons, I have not contacted him since I saw you but he did a story on the "Clay Pigeons" in the January issue of the now defunct Colliers in 1942. He promised to try to run down a copy for me some years ago but we were sipping a few at his place on Key Biscayne and I left shortly for *Wishing you* Sidi Skanane Montros shortly thereafter - *a beautiful holiday season.*

I'll get in touch when I catch my breath. I came home to a job with the U. of Florida Marine Laboratory and have been going full steam trying to release what was my profession (and still is my avocation) before WWII got in the way.

Holiday greetings and the very best to you
and yours
Wild Bill Casey

FROM BILL CASEY

Dear Fred

I forgot in my letter to mention that the Sept. '75 edition of AIR FORCE contained a fascinating record of a super secret mission to Berlin by POWs Gen. Vanaman Col Delmar Spiny, "Pop" Capt George during the January Death March out of Stalag III. The purpose was the assassination of Hitler and the U.S. and allies joining Germany against Russia. Gen. Spiny told me about it in London after VE Day but it has been privileged info until recently. I think you would enjoy it and I have additional information (first hand) if you should be interested.

 Wishing you

a beautiful holiday season.


Write AIR Force Magazine (A.F. Association
Suite 400, 1750 Penn. Ave. N.W. Wash DC
20006. or I will send you my clippings of
the story if you will please return them.

The Very best To You Fred and let me
say that your calls and letters have helped me
through a very depressed part of my life.

(Over)

The best of everything To a wonderful guy
Charlton Hill Casey

Boy - do you have the
issue?



TO FRED SANTINI

TO: EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR
OF BELL STEALING AND
RAFT BUILDING SOCIETY

12/5/75

Dear Go Fred

At last I gathered together some pictures and letters from people I met at the Convention in Miami. A few days ago I received a letter and pictures from Russell Strong of 4900 Apple Ridge Ct. Dayton O. 45424, who is working on a history of the 306th Bomb Gr. He has been gathering material for some time and I gave him a copy of the report you assembled. He was very pleased and promised to look for pictures of Bantree but said he didn't have much from that period.

I also put another copy in our headquarters room and over 100 Troops signed their names and addresses. The only thing I only knew two from the old days and a few others claimed to have known me or even have flown a mission or two with me but I had no recollection of them.

My greatest pleasure was getting together with the one other survivor of our flight across the Atlantic in the summer of '42, Al LA CHASSE has the unenviable distinction of being the only survivor of the crews that were shot down on the 8th A.F.' 1st mission (I was the 70th odd six months later)

Al was quickly dubbed "Chicken #1" by the American officers who soon joined his *Kriegs Condition. He now enjoys his unique position although it was

* From KRIEGSGEFANGENEN ie POW in Deutch

Not so numerous at the time. However, he and another dozen or so of the 306th "Clay judges" made up an informal self preservation gang based primarily on our only available currency, a rough type of humor, that made it almost impossible to indulge in self pity over the long months + years. Gus Gray was the only member of our group to suicide as far as we could remember during a lapping period one evening by the above mentioned Russell being the historian.

My last escapade with Al is somewhat typical. You may recall that I escaped to England a couple of weeks before the end of the war. With the help of my old Pacific (Midway) buddy Tiger Terry I "escaped" from a military hospital near Cambridge England, celebrated unofficial VE Day in London, flew back to Germany as an advisor in the air evacuation of Barch on the Baltic (Stalag Luft I) and returned the same day to Paris for the official VE Day - Wild!

Al in the meantime had been air evacuated out of Germany to Camp Lucky Strike on the French Coast for return to the U.S. Not without seeing Paris for Al though - so he escaped from the Americans (we had years of escape practice) and made to Paris where we met a few days later - unlikely but true. After a few days we decided to go to London. I contacted Col. Kenny Reecher (the pilot of the only plane of our group that survived my last mission and ¹⁹⁴⁵ now C.O. of V.11st Combat AirDrome near Paris) out of AA A-20. We had picked up a few other ex Pows but I was the only pilot. Al was a navigator, between us we got our plane load back to England and the escapees from Germany and allied bombardment set up nomadic colonies in London. It was a

Twenty four hour a day party with Poles, Americans, British, Scandinavians etc all united by the bond of being ex-pows. Somewhere I lost Al and did not see him again until I stepped into an elevator in The Marco Polo. Thirty years, sixty ~~years~~ ^{pounds} and a lot of gray hairs later we recognized each other in seconds.

What a reunion! We never stopped it seems. Remember Al Joe? Well he lives in Richmond Bud Boston has a real estate business on Maui Hawaii. Barry Naba is an executive with the Flying Tiger Air Lines etc. Scotty peck killed himself in a private plane crash in Long Island Bill Broderick is a Doctor in St Paul etc, etc.

As I mentioned Russell Strong taped one of our sessions and says it is such a replay of the old days, before his time in the 306th and prison camp etc that it is the greatest, most human material he has found. I would sure like to get a copy of that tape.

Fred enclosed you will find some photos taken at the reunion.

Al is in the striped T-shirt kneeling in front of me in one picture and seated on my right in another. 'Fightin' Birnie' is the Marc I gave the 369th Sg. when it was formed at Wandover Utah. I have no negatives so I would love to have these pictures back
Punchy Bill

MEMO

the **santini**
BROTHERS
international movers

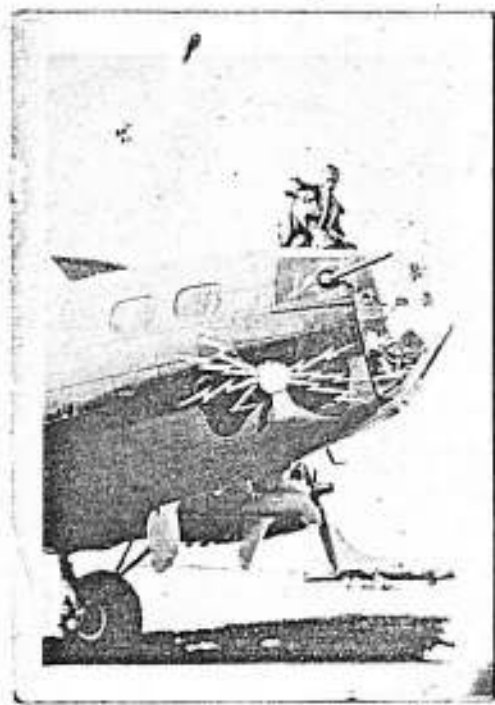
TO: _____ DATE 9 Jan '76

Dear Russ;

To my knowledge this is the only photo extant of the "Banana".

Please return it to Bill Lacey.

You might also try to find out what publication Bill tore the page out of. Fr. Politti blessing the crew of "Lt. Audrey". They must have the original photo. — Best, FROM Fred - Copy to W. Lacey.



12 January 1976

Mr. Godfrey Santini, President
The 7 Santini Brothers
1405 Jerome Avenue
New York, New York 10452

Dear Fred:

Many thanks for the material which you sent along on Bill Casey, and also for the suggestion on Air Force magazine.

I think it is a little late to even query the magazine on a story, but I'll keep this in mind for the 306th reunion next October. By that time I should sufficient information to put together a good feature on the people who return after 30 years.

I had a delightful time in Miami with Bill. He is quite a character. I have a couple of tapes of Bill and another POW which are very interesting. As soon as I get them edited and copied, I'll send one along to you as I am sure you would find it most interesting to hear Bill's story in his own words.

Thanks again for your interest and help.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

4900 Appleridge Court Dayton, Ohio 45424

MEMO

the **7** **santini**
BROTHERS
international movers

TO: Russ Strong DATE 8 Jan '75

Dear Russ:

It would be good to
have a write-up about the
Reunion in the A.F. Magazine.

Casey's friend,

Fred

FROM _____

GENERAL OFFICES

1405 Jerome Avenue • New York, N. Y. 10452 • Tel: (212) 293-7000
Cable: SevSantini, NY • Telex: 12-6893 • Agents for United Van Lines, Inc.



January 5, 1976

Air Force Association
1750 Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing my check and application for membership.

Will you also send me a copy of the November issue of Air Force Magazine.

The attached note is from Captain William J. Casey, formerly of the 8th Airforce in the Pioneer Group. He captained the Banshee, the very famous B-17. If you are interested in his story, I shall be happy to mail the portions that I have and have a good source of further information in Russell Strong, Historian of the 305 Bomb Group of "The Clay Pigeons".

Yours very truly

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Godfrey F. Santini', written over a horizontal line.

Godfrey F. Santini
President

enc.

HEADQUARTERS ETOUSA

Citation of Airplane Crew

A Citation is awarded to the crew of B-17 airplane # 12475, consisting of the following officers and enlisted personnel of the Army of the United States Army, for gallantry in action against an armed enemy while on a combat mission over enemy-occupied continental Europe, in November 1942.

1ST LT. WILLIAM J. CASEY, 0410335, Pilot, Box 2, Redbank, New Jersey

2ND LT. OLIVER E. TILLI, 0661597, Co-Pilot, Route 2, Ravenna, Michigan ✓

2ND LT. WALTER C. LEEKER, 0726009, Navigator, 4680 S. Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Missouri

2ND LT. ALBERT C. SMITH, 0726082, Bombardier, Arizona Apts., Phoenix, Arizona ✓

S/SGT. JOE BOWLES, 33091168, Gunner-Ball Turret, 802 Tenth Street, Roanoke, Virginia

S/SGT. WILSON C. ELLIOTT, 16039362, Engineer-Gunner Top Turret, Route 12, Knoxville, Tennessee ✓

S/SGT. REGINALD C. HARRIS, 1571157, Gunner-Waist, 529 Comile Street, Houston, Texas ✓

S/SGT. ALLAN F. MEAUX, 16446364, Gunner-Waist, 2214 Lakeland Avenue, Madison, Wisconsin

SGT. HAROLD F. LIGHTBOWN, 31033176, Radio Operator-Gunner, 529 Pleasant Street, Winthrop, Massachusetts

SGT. PARLEY D. SMALL, 37190921, Gunner-Tail, Packwood, Iowa —

Immediately after completion of its bombing run, the airplane was attacked by seven enemy aircraft, attacking singly and from various angles. Every man of the crew, working in perfect coordination with all others, manned his station in the airplane so courageously and successfully that the entire attacking group of seven airplanes were destroyed with gunfire in twelve minutes of combat. Four crew members were wounded, and the airplane was severely damaged but returned safely to its base.

Displaying the courage, indomitable strength, and spirit inherent in a well trained combat team, this crew achieved a most notable victory in the face of great odds. The courage, skill and teamwork displayed by this airplane crew is of the highest order and worthy of emulation. (AG210.5 and AG220.5)

By order of the Theater Commander,

E. S. HUGHES

Brigadier General, CSC, Acting Chief of Staff

OFFICIAL:

T. J. DAVIS (s) B.T.S.

T. J. DAVIS,

Major General, USA, Adjutant General

18/12/76

Dear Russ

Sorry to be so long in thanking you for your letter and the copies of two long lost pictures. They or at least the POW picture raised some interesting questions that are not all clear yet. Are you sure Joe Bowles sent that POW picture and not the picture of Banaher I. Incidentally the man in the pilots seat is Sgt Wilson Elliot my flight engineer and top turret gunner. He was the only member of my original crew to last all the way from Werboon to take to S Talaght III. As an NCO he got transferred from an E.M. Camp to a job in the parcel room in our Camp. He got word to me and I worked a deal to contact him in the "outer lager" and worked him into our "X" organization. All of my efforts to contact him since have failed. Maybe someone on your list might know something. I no longer recall where he was from.

You are right about this being an old model B-17. The bombs show 9 missions and the planes painted on the side indicate eight confirmed victories. Actually, I lost this old bird on Nov 3, 1942. Three of E groups in the 8th were starting down to fight D-Day to North Africa when enough land was secured. Another (the 97th) was being disabled for planes and crew members for the 306th and another gp. Some genius at High Wycombe decided that if we couldn't pierce the roof of a subsea

the first American Cell block in the old
RAF, RCAF North Camp. Note our dirt and stone
U.S.A.A.F. markers as only an enemy POW, perhaps Al
La Chasse would recall some sort of Ceremony.
But this picture is of one Cell and only two Rows.
The 1st man on the left is Bill Bordenick and
aside from my Captain Brian the rest are his
Crew Officers. How could such a picture be made?
We couldn't and the Germans didn't yet I had a
Copy of this picture. Who sent it to you if not
Joe Bonds who as I said could hardly have
had a Copy of it.

For STRAT background. Bill Bordenick had
been a very close friend of mine all through
training schools when I was pulled out to
go to Midway and he to another Op. We were
recruited in England and he was in one of the
Groups sent to North Africa from England. He was
shot down on his first mission and his crew
Captured. (There is a fantastic story within this but
it is so unbelievable that I'll skip it for now.)

Concerning Bill Raper (he had changed
his name to Rader) when we last met. He was
C.O. of the 367th when I was transferred into the Op
from the 369th to take over as Bill moved up to
Staff. He flew a death better than a plane - at least
in wartime. I was leading the 366th of the 8th in
his place (my 1st mission in 3 days) while he went
to London to identify Jacob Ryan (subject of the book "White
Rabbit"). I next saw him in the Hoover's house
on the Bomber Ops Evaluation Committee at what ever
Washington I got back to England after receiving.

16 January 1977

Mr. William J. Casey
Rt. 1, Box 90-A
St. Augustine, FL 32084

Dear Bill:

It was nice to hear from you again. I expect before I get through with things I may have another picture or two for you of Banshees. At least I am looking, and have been in correspondence with at least two people who promise to send me more pictures.

I saw Bill Raper last summer in his Alexandria, VA, home. His address is 1108 Key Dr. He is in great good health, has plenty of money, and enjoyed an afternoon of reminiscing about the 306th. Still doesn't drink or smoke.

I have just written to John Ryan, having received from him a week ago a large packet of materials about his evasion, etc. Had lots of good information about events, and one or two good stories about the flight over to England.

Eventually I hope to run to ground the information on how POW pictures were taken and gotten out, because they were around during the war some places. I am very curious about it, and hope eventually to unravel the thread on it.

I have not learned anything about Reecher, or been in touch with anyone who can place anything about him. I will be in Washington in the next six weeks, and he is one of those on my search list when I can get my hands on a retired officers' directory.

You asked about Oscar O'Neil. The 91st has quite a large organization, and although I am now typing at the office, I'll take this home and add the address of the 91st people, so you might be able to locate him through that organization.

I also am curious about Wilson Elliott. He is on our search list, having come from Knoxville, TN, and I'll let you know if we locate him. I'll give it some special attention soon.

Will be going to Florida in late March for a meeting, and might just drop by St. Augustine on the trip. I'll give a call if I can make it.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong

Rt. 1, Scotch Meadows Dr. Laurinburg, NC 28352



Re: P.O.W. - William "Bill" Casey

Shot down leading 367th over Bremen on
April 17, 1943. Stalag Luft III, Sagan, Poland.
North Camp - South Camp until January, 1945.
Stalag XIII, Mooseberg, Bavaria - escaped in
April, 1945. Rescued from hospital near Cambridge,
England by Colonel Henry W. Terry, III - Celebrated
of E. Day (unofficial) at Basingbourne. On U.E. Day
(official). Flew with Brig. Gen. W. Cross to Germany.
in B-17 "Arkansas Traveler" to begin evacuation of
Stalag I P.O.W.s from Bard. Went on to Paris in the afternoon.
Met Colonel Henry Keecher at Villa Coublot. Put back
for tour of his quarters and transport to Paris. A few days
later, I met Al Lachesse at Finance office and we
hitched a ride back to England.

September tenth

CHARLOTTE TO RT 9
Casey 9

...and had not received any for quite some
time. Oh, we used. We still reside in the same old
beach house but the efficient Post Office had changed
the route and zip numbers and therefore the fourth
class mail is returned to the sender. We began to
realize that something was wrong when our magazines
were not delivered and especially the "Echoes".

Please renew our subscriptions and if you have
any back copies for 1985, we would be happy to
pay the cost and especially the edition after the
Colorado Springs Reunion. I didn't accompany
Bill but he and "Tiger" Jerry had a great re-
unionization plus all the others!

Let me know the cost of the renewal and, if
possibly, the back copies.
Thank you and the bestest to you! And
when you are Florida way, come see us.

Fondly,
Charlotte
☺

February nineteenth

'Tis a blessing to be Irish!





Route 9, Box 90-A
St. Augustine, Fla 32086
March 20, 1984

Mr. William M. Collins
2973 Heatherbrae Drive
Poland, Ohio 44514

Dear Bill,

Loved your January 1984 issue of "306th Echoes" and wish to extend my thanks to both you and Jack Ryan for a fine memorial to Colonel Overacker.

In the enclosed photo, I am looking at a picture of Jack Howard and "Rip" Riordan and the front shows a good picture of the 306th Echoes logo and the young "Chip" Overacker. Jerry and I and others reported to Wendover, in June, 1942, after being sent out to the Pacific for



-2-

the Midway show an unbelievable forty-two years ago.

Last Christmas, Jack Howard sent me a copy of an article by Andy Rooney published in the Chicago Tribune. I remembered Rooney from a clipping I saw after the war but we had had no contact in over forty years! I was amazed that he could remember. In any event, the St. Augustine Record did a piece that was picked up by several papers. I have included a copy.

Thanks again for all your efforts and especially for your tribute to the "Old Man". I last saw him (and "Kiss") at Randolph Field



-3-

in 1956 and was disappointed missing
you all at the Sarasota restaurant opening
a few years ago

See you in Fort Worth.

Best regards,
Bill Casper

Extra: March 17, 1984 - Received a call from
Parley L. Small - ex-Banshee tail gunner -
First contact and visit since he was in the
hospital at Oxford, England in 1943 with
Navigator, Walter Leeker, Bombadier Smith.
Later we called Joe Bours (gunner) and
Engineer Wilson Elliott - Great St. Patrick's
Day present!

Columnist's recollection brings more fr

'New gunner' turns out to be a writer

By JULIA HOWARD
Staff Writer

When Crescent Beach resident Casey was 22 years old, he flew a Banshee over Germany in the U.S. first attack on that country during World War II.

And along to get a first hand of the bombing was Andy Rooney, reporter for the Forces newspaper, *The Stripes*.

When Casey saw the yearling standing by his plane, he knew Rooney was a new gunner. "Besides that day," Casey said, "I remember Rooney's my about the newspaper from a wanted to do was ksoners he get home," Casey's, and he before we left to s and not to hesitate out."

Casey said he seeing Rooney returned to base getting his plan damaged



By DOUG SHAVER, Staff
World War II outfit's newspaper.

The St. Augustine Record, Monday, March 5, 1984, Page 9-A

destroying seven enemy planes in 12 minutes.

"It felt like 12 hours," Casey said.

Because Casey had wondered for two years why he was a prisoner of war, he studied international relations when he returned home, earning a masters degree.

"It's a lot different when you read it cold than when you are going through it," he said. "If I had known what was going on, I think I would have been afraid to fly."

Casey retired from the Air Force in 1960 after serving with the Strategic Air Command. He later earned a doctorate in political science and taught at the University of Florida and St. Leo College. He has also taught courses at Flagler College since moving here 15 years ago.

He studied in El Salvador for 18 months as a senior Fulbright Fellow.

until he saw a man with the same name on the CBS news show, "60 Minutes."

"I had seen him several times and enjoyed watching him," Casey said.

But he listened to Rooney's commentaries five or six times before he mentioned to his wife, Charlotte, that he had known a correspondent named Andy Rooney.

"At first I thought they weren't the same person," Casey said. "I had thought the correspondent was younger than I was, and the man on television looked too old."

Casey later learned he and Rooney are the same age.

Rooney's first hand account of the attack was not the only time Casey made the news during World War II. During one of his 22 missions before he was shot down, he set a record by

stopped when he saw Russians breaking through an outside fence, he climbed the fence to their compound and followed suit.

He later joined with other Americans, acquired a German ambulance and drove through the fighting lines to a British air force base.

Then he had to make another escape — from the hospital. "We only weighed about 100 pounds and they wanted to treat us for all kinds of things," he said. "All I wanted to do was get out."

So a buddy from the 306th brought Casey one of his extra uniforms, and the pilot dressed, left the hospital, and celebrated.

Casey didn't read Rooney's article about the first German bombing until he returned to the United States. And he remembered little about Rooney

om ex-flier

the next mission.

Andy Rooney's impressions of the flight, however, were apparently lasting because he recounted some of them in his Nov. 5, 1983 column syndicated by the Tribune Co., New York.

Bill
8-17
nited
try in

Bill Casey, Rooney wrote, was the first pilot with whom he trusted his life and he has trusted pilots ever since.

report
rew A.
Armed
ars and

When Casey read Rooney's column, he thought, "What a memory that man must have."

young man
he though
; "We were
aid.

The purpose of the mission was to destroy a Focke-Wulf fighter plane factory. Forty years later, Rooney remembers himself that day as a "nervous reporter . . . with far too good a view of everything that was coming at us."

boyish face,
remembered little
reporter. "All I
ut the target and
said. "I told him
tay out of the way
if I told him to bail

During the flight, Germans shot off the plastic nose of Casey's Banshee. When the navigator's oxygen hose was pierced, Rooney had to abandon his own oxygen mask and his parachute to crawl through a narrow part of the plane and get an emergency oxygen tank.

doesn't remember
at all after they
because he was busy
ne, which had been
man fire, in order for

The former Air Force pilot remembers losing the nose of his plane. But the most perilous part of

See CASEY, page 9A

It's easy to trust pilots

Pilots are the good guys. No one hates a pilot. Pilots are the ones who know how to do it. They're successful. They're smart, skillful and daring but careful. There's a little of Charles Lindbergh and Eddie Rickenbacker in each of them.

Commercial airline pilots are getting it in the neck now and it's too bad. You hate to see it happen to the good guys even if they were asking for it. The airlines are in such trouble and the unions, including the pilots' union, the Air Line Pilots Association, pushed salaries and benefits so high and work hours so low that the hurtling airlines can't afford them.

Do the pilots deserve it? A good friend of mine flew for a major airline for 30 years. He made good money, went everywhere and on top of it, it seemed to the rest of us that he was home all the time. For four or five days a month it was work, work, work but then he'd get two or three weeks off for good behavior. He's smart enough to run the airline. When he wasn't flying, how come he wasn't pitching in at the office instead of taking leaves?

With airline deregulation, it's become easy for someone with a relatively small amount of money to start an airline. Unfortunately for the great old-timers flying for the traditional airlines, there are a lot of young-timers who also know how to fly. The new airlines, with no union contracts, are hiring them to do twice the work for half the price.

I hope the new pilots fit my pilot image. One thing I never worry about when I get on an airplane is the pilot. I may complain about standing in line at the ticket counter and I may not like the food or the cramped seating but I have absolute faith that the pilot sitting up front, who I've never seen, is faultless. He's tall, square-shouldered and he has a faint smile on his face but a glint of steel in his eyes.

Bill Casey was the first pilot who took my life in his hands and I've felt safe with pilots ever since. Casey lives somewhere in Florida now. His hope dark glasses haven't dimmed that glint of steel in his eyes.

He was the pilot of the B-17 Banshee that took off one February day in 1943 for the first U.S. bombing raid on Germany. I was a nervous reporter who went along, up front with the naviga-

Andy Rooney



tor and bombardier, and with far too good a view of everything that was coming at us, from the flak on the ground to the Luftwaffe Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs in the air.

When they shot off the plastic nose of the Banshee, the bombardier froze his hands trying to stuff his jacket in the gaping hole. The navigator, his oxygen hose pierced, collapsed unconscious on his little table. I was healthy but helpless until Casey called me on the intercom.

"Take your parachute off so you can get through here," he said. "Then take 20 deep breaths, take your mask off and get back here and pick up the emergency oxygen tank for those guys."

I did what he said. The navigator regained consciousness and we got back from the battle and all lived happily ever after.

You can see why I defer to pilots.

Even the pilots with their own small planes at the little airfields all across the country are special people. They have some unique ability to do things right.

An airline pilot's life is a strange combination of exciting and dull. Pilots seem to have a great appetite for excitement and a high tolerance for dullness. These are characteristics you wouldn't think you'd find in one person.

Commercial airline pilots constantly experience the excitement of new places. They're charged with the life or death of a lot of people but there's very little interesting in what they do most of the time. The best and biggest of the new commercial airliners practically fly themselves. The pilot sits there in the sun, knowing he can't go back to the bathroom in the main cabin or people will know he's mortal.

I like to think of pilots as better than that.



2012 Distribution Price
Per Annum \$10.00



306th Echoes

Volume 10
Issue 1

Covina Says 306th Funds Now O.K.

Covina says the 306th Air Support Group's financial situation is now stable after a period of uncertainty. He notes that the group has successfully secured the necessary funding to continue its operations and support its members. This development is a significant step towards ensuring the group's long-term sustainability and ability to provide the services it was founded to offer.



Fort Worth Beckon for Fall Fete

The Fort Worth Beckon is set to be a memorable event for the 306th Air Support Group. Organized by the group's leadership, the fete will feature a variety of activities, including live music, food, and social gatherings. It is expected to be a great opportunity for members to connect and celebrate their shared experiences. The event will be held in a scenic location, providing a perfect backdrop for a day of fun and camaraderie.

Reflections of a Commander

A reflection on the challenges and triumphs of leadership within the 306th Air Support Group. The author shares personal insights and experiences, offering a glimpse into the mindset of a commander. The piece discusses the importance of communication, teamwork, and resilience in the face of adversity. It serves as a thoughtful and inspiring read for all members of the group.

Fort Worth in '84

A historical look back at the 306th Air Support Group's activities in Fort Worth during 1984. The article details various events, projects, and milestones that shaped the group's identity and success. It provides a sense of continuity and pride in the group's long history.





Wouldn't you know that
William Joseph Patrick
Casey would depart this
earth on St. Patrick's Day?

He truly loved you
and after getting his
Ph.D. in political science,
he remarked Doctor
Shuller, would be proud
of me!

Greetings
and best wishes
for Christmas
and the new year.
Again, thank you
for your remembrance
of Bill

Charlotte

Christmas, 1988

2-1-89

Dear Russ,

Jean and I were going through our Christmas cards a few days ago before putting them aside, and thought you'd enjoy seeing a photocopy of one Charlotte, Casey's widow sent me.

Casey, as you know, was a very complex individual — immature and even unstable in some respects, but his crew adored him.

It is rather touching to learn 45 years after my initial contact with him that he had any thought of me upon receiving his PhD



Charlotte Casey

Mailed
3/16/89

Dear Dale

Thank you very much for sending me the January copy of the 306th Echoes. I would like to be added to the permanent mailing list. If you have a back copy (I think it was the Fall issue) in which there appeared a picture, taken at the Washington Reunion, of Bill, Parley & Small and Wilson Elliott, announcing the deaths of Bill and Parley &, I would greatly appreciate receiving a copy.

I met Bill at Grider Field (Primary Flying School) in Pine Bluff, Arkansas and I remember a

-/-

'Tis a blessing to be Irish!

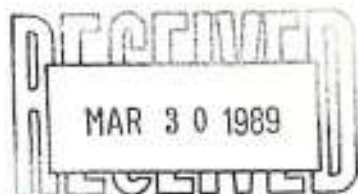


A Cadet named Dale Briscoe -
Could that have been you?

Many thanks again.

Sincerely,
Charlotte

March sixth



Charlotte Casey

Dear Russ

Thank you so much for the October 1988 copy of the 306th Echoes. I had sent Dale Briscoe a check to assure continuance in my receiving Echoes. I inquired if I could receive a back copy (and son of a fly catching green lizard, it arrived yesterday! That is speedy service -

We married in 1947 and Bill was attending Georgetown U. and received his Master's in International Relations and expected to get an air attaché job - all his fellow officers did - lo and behold - he was assigned to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He was a major and his counterparts were a Navy Captain and an Army Colonel (The Air Force had just become a separate department - they've come a long way, baby) -

- 1 -

'Tis a blessing to be Irish!



At 22, I found myself in the Pentagon as secretary to the first SecDef, James Forrestal. The first Nato meeting was held in Washington, D.C. William Joseph Patrick came as my guest for a cocktail party. I was busy, busy and Bill was busy, busy drinking at the reception when General Vandenberg (USAF Chief of Staff) asked an aide - "who is that little major?" The aide replied "that's Mrs. Casey's husband!"

I thought you might get a kick out of hearing about this incident. When Bill got too macho, I would remind him of the fact.

Thank you again for the copy and if you and your wife are Florida way, stop by. I live atop a dune overlooking the Atlantic about twenty miles south of St. Augustine.

Fondly,
Charlotte
S(2)6

March twenty-seventh

17 Dec 1942

CITATION OF AIRPLANE CREW

A citation is awarded to the crew of B-17 airplane #12448, consisting of the following officers and enlisted men of the Army Air Forces, United States Army, for gallantry in action against an armed enemy while on a combat mission over enemy occupied continental Europe, in November 1942:

1st Lt William J. Casey, 0410335, Pilot, Box 2, Redbank, New Jersey
 2nd Lt. Oliver E. Tilly, 0662597, Co-Pilot, Route 2, Ravenna, Michigan
 2nd Lt Walter C. Leeker, 0726000, Navigator, 4680 S. Grand Blvd, St. Louis, Mo.
 2nd Lt. Albert W. Smith, 0726002, Bombardier, Arizona Apts., Phoenix, Arizona.
 S/Sgt Joe Bowles, 53091168, Gun-turret, 802 Tenth St., Oct., Monroe, Va.
 S/Sgt Wilson C. Elliott, 16030362, Gunner, Route 13, Knoxville, Tenn.
 S/Sgt Benjamin G. Harris, 13061007, Gunner, 529 Conillo St, Houston, Texas
 S/Sgt Milan P. Hagan, 13061007, Gunner, 2211 Lakeland Ave, Madison, Wis.
 Sgt Harold F. Lightfoot, 1031176, Radio operator, 522 Pleasant St, Pittsboro, N.C.
 Sgt Parley G. Small, 37150821, Gunner-tail, Potosi, Iowa.

Shortly after depletion of its landing run the airplane was attacked by seven enemy aircraft, attacking singly and from various angles. Every man of the crew, working in perfect coordination with all others, manned his station in the airplane so courageously and successfully that the entire attacking group of seven enemy airplanes were destroyed with gunfire in twelve minutes of contact. Four crew members were wounded and the airplane was severely damaged but returned safely to its base.

Displaying the courage, indomitable strength, and spirit inherent in a well trained combat team, this crew achieved a most notable victory in the face of great odds. The courage, skill and teamwork displayed by this airplane crew is of the highest order and worthy of emulation. (AG 210.5 and AG 220.5)

By order of the Theater Commander:

E. S. HUGHES,

Brigadier General, GSC, Acting Chief of Staff.

OFFICIALS:

T. J. Davis (s) A.T.S.

T. J. DAVIS,

Brigadier General, USA, Adjutant General.

A TRUE COPY:

John H. Stark
 JOHN H. STARK
 1st Lt, Air Corps.

RESTRICTED