

The Charles "Chuck" Kerr Story
as told by Chuck Kerr

On December 11, 1942, my brother Ralph and I enlisted in the Army. Ralph got the infantry, and I went into the Army Air Corp. I was sent to Shepherd Field, Texas, for basic training. While there, I attempted to get into pilot, navigator, or bombardier training but was informed all slots were filled. The only other opportunity available to fly was aerial gunnery, so I requested and received that assignment. I completed basic training February 5, 1943, and was shipped to Laredo, Texas, for gunnery training. I was promoted to Private First Class upon completion of basic training.

When I was accepted for aerial gunnery training, all I needed to qualify as a gunner on a bomber crew was successful completion of basic training and proficiency in aerial gunnery. While I was at gunnery school, the Army SOP for aerial gunner changed and required gunners also to have certified training as an airplane and engine mechanic, armor, or radio operator. I don't recall getting a choice of which of the three I preferred. Six weeks later on March 20, 1943, I completed the aerial gunnery training and was shipped to Amarillo Air Force Base for airplane mechanic's training. Upon completion of the aerial gunnery training, I was promoted to Sergeant. Airplane mechanics was a 25-week school, which I completed on August 19, 1943. Immediately following my graduation from airplane mechanic's school, I was sent to Fort Douglas, Utah, where I would be assigned an air crew.

On September 2, 1942, I arrived back in Texas at Pyote Air Force Base near Odessa, Texas. A B17 Flying Fortress bomber has a 10-man crew: four officers (the pilot, 2nd pilot, bombardier, and navigator) and six enlisted men who have dual jobs: one as a gunner and the other as an engineer, armor, or radio operator. There are also assistants to the engineer, armor, and radio operator. When I joined the crew, only two positions had not been filled – the assistant armor and assistant radio operator. I took – or was assigned – the assistant radio operator, which made me a waist gunner.

Shortly after we started making training excursions, tail gunner Anthony Pesce complained of air sickness caused by the excessive movement of the bomber's tail section during flight. Commander Parks moved Pesce to a waist gunner's position and asked me to take over the tail gunner's position. I didn't know sic em about operating a radio, but this is typical military standard operating procedure. Incidentally, I never had an occasion where I had to sit in for the radio operator.

I was assigned an excellent crew:

- David Parks (Pilot and Commander) Pittsburgh, PA
- Floyd Grove (2nd Pilot) Stillwater, MN
- William Ellerbush (Navigator) Detroit, MI
- Harold Dershmer (Bombardier) Tulsa, OK
- Donald Kesselmeier (Engineer, Top Turret Gunner) Holgate, OH
- Cosmo Fazzio (Asst Engineer, Ball Turret Gunner) Dallas, TX
- Reuben Halvorsen (Radio Operator and Gunner) Clearbrook, MN
- Anthony Pesce (Armor, Waist Gunner) New York, NY
- Chuck Kerr (Asst Radio Operator, Tail Gunner) Moiese, MT
- George Grebe (Asst Armor, Waist Gunner) Detroit, MI

We spent about six weeks completing first phase air crew training at Pyote Air Force Base. Our entire group of four squadrons moved to Ephrata Air Force Base for second phase training. Inclement weather kept us from flying much while there between October 15 and November 15, 1943.

We moved to Wendover Air Force Base at the edge of the Utah Salt Flats for third phase crew training. That phase was completed about Christmas. The only remaining requirement was to go through a simulated bombing mission. This was to be done from the airbase at Grand Island, Nebraska.

Just prior to leaving Wendover Air Force Base, we were issued a brand new B17 Flying Fortress. We named our plane the Raven's Nest. The day we departed Wendover, the weather was terrible. Two of the bombers crashed with no survivors. We got off all right but had terrible weather all the way to Grand Island. When we arrived the field's visibility was zero so we had to find somewhere else to go, finally landing at North Platte.

In a few days when the weather cleared, we returned to Grand Island and our group flew its simulated bombing mission. Some crews failed and were assigned additional training. Qualified crews from other groups replaced those crews that got disqualified during the simulated mission (prior to overseas inspection). We learned that we were going to England to join the 8th Air Force (heavy bombers). Our group, the 457th Bomb Group, was assigned as one of three groups to make up the 94th Combat Wing of the 8th Air Force for bombing missions. The 457th Bomb Group consisted of four squadrons: 748th, 749th, 750th, and 751st. Our crew was assigned as deputy leader of the 749th squadron. We were also informed that our group would be stationed at an airbase in Glatton, England, located 80 miles north of London. Just prior to leaving for overseas, all the gunners on the crew were promoted to Staff Sergeant.

Much of our training in the air involved formation flying. The crews (pilot, navigator, and bombardier) in the lead and deputy lead planes probably were more skilled, and others relied on them for difficult navigation decisions.

When we flew to our overseas base in England, each plane would fly alone. The main reason for that was because the flight would be made at night, and planes didn't fly formations at night.

Our flight to England started about noon on January 17, 1944, from Grand Island. We flew to Bangor, Maine, directly over New York City, and then on to Goose Bay, Labrador. We rested until about 6:00 p.m. at Goose Bay, then took off for Ireland, which came into view about 7:00 a.m. the next morning. We landed at a place called Nutts Corner, Northern Ireland.

A few days later we continued our trip and landed at our field in Glatton, England. Non-flight personnel had to travel by sea. When we arrived, many of them and their equipment and supplies had not arrived yet. We learned when arriving in Glatton that two of our bombers had crashed when landing in Ireland.

At Glatton we lived in metal nissen huts. Each hut housed the enlisted men of two bomber crews. If I remember correctly, we used iron-framed beds with wafer-thin mattresses.

Our first few days at Glatton were spent in orientation. Ground school classes covered such subjects as British anti-aircraft defenses, air-sea rescues, enemy tactics, and escape and evasive methods in the event of being shot down.

We arrived at Glatton at the end of January 1944 and made our first combat mission on February 21. From February 21, 1944, when our group made its first combat mission, until April 9, Easter Sunday,

when our plane was shot down, the group had made a total of 23 missions. Our crew was on its 14th mission when we were shot down.

Most often when our group was called to fly a mission, we would put up 18 bombers. Three of the four squadrons would each furnish six bombers, and the fourth squadron would put up three or four replacement bombers in case any of the planes of the original three squadrons had to abort the mission. A typical combat mission schedule would have each crew flying two missions for each three missions flown by the group.

Of the 14 missions that I flew, 13 were with my crew, and one was with another crew that had an ill tail gunner. Eleven of our missions bombed targets in Germany, two in France, and one in Poland. Following are the combat missions that I made, including dates, targets, and significance.

| | DATE | TARGET | SIGNIFICANCE |
|----|-------------|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | 21 Feb 1944 | Gutersloch/Lippstadt, Germany | Luftwaft Airfield |
| 2 | 22 Feb 1944 | Osherlaben, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 3 | 25 Feb 1944 | Augsberg, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 4 | 2 Mar 1944 | Frankfurt, Germany | Marshalling Yard |
| 5 | 3 Mar 1944 | Berlin, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 6 | 6 Mar 1944 | Berlin, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 7 | 8 Mar 1944 | Berlin, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 8 | 11 Mar 1944 | Munster, Germany | Marshalling Yard |
| 9 | 13 Mar 1944 | Amies, France | V-Bomb Missile Site |
| 10 | 16 Mar 1944 | Lechtfield, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 11 | 24 Mar 1944 | Schweinfert, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 12 | 27 Mar 1944 | Tours, France | Industrial Aircraft |
| 13 | 29 Mar 1944 | Waggim, Germany | Industrial Aircraft |
| 14 | 9 Apr 1944 | Gdynia, Poland | Airfield – Aircraft |

My mission with another crew was the raid on Berlin on March 6. Another member of our crew, Cosmo Fozzio, also flew with another crew on that mission. That crew got hit bad during the mission and had to ditch in the English Channel on the return trip. They were rescued from the channel by the British Air-Sea Rescue.

The March 13 mission was a Sunday afternoon mission to bomb the German V-bomb sites, which were located just across the English Channel in German-occupied France. We were not over enemy territory more than 20 minutes, but I never saw so much flak (ground-to-air shells) as was thrown at us on that mission. The smoke from the exploding ground shells was so black and thick, it seemed like night flying.

Occasionally, a member of the 8th Air Force brass would make a mission with one of the 457th crews. When the VIP made a mission, he would typically fly the 2nd pilot's position. This happened to us on the Lechtfield mission on March 16. Because I had one more mission than other crew members, 2nd pilot Floyd Grove asked if I would skip this mission and let him fly the tail gunner's position. I consented. Our crew was flying deputy lead, which meant that in addition to the regular bomb load, we carried one smoke bomb. Rather than all aircraft carrying bomb sights, only the lead and deputy lead planes carried bomb sights. When the lead or deputy lead approach the targets and arrive at the "bombs away" spot,

they would drop their bombs. The smoke bomb would ignite immediately upon being dropped and would leave a smoke tracer that the other crews of the formation would use as the spot to drop their bombs. Bombs carried for any mission would be armed by the engineer of the crew once the bombers were airborne and had taken their proper place in the formation.

The mission to Lechtfield went well for our crew until the engineer armed the smoke bomb. For an unknown reason, the smoke started discharging immediately after being armed. Of course, this filled the bomber with smoke and scared the hell out of the crew members, who were unable to diagnose the problem. Some crew members were burned slightly by the smoke. The pilot aborted the mission when the problem could not be determined. And guess what? All crew members aboard when the smoke bomb malfunctioned were awarded the Purple Heart, even the 2nd pilot playing tail gunner.

When the 8th Air Force bomber crew members completed 25 combat missions, they were returned to the States for a couple of months of rest and rehabilitation. Some returned to combat, either in the European or Pacific theaters of operation, while others got involved in training, instructing, and recruiting. When I completed my 13th mission, I was optimistic that I would complete the 25 missions. This was not to be. Our bomber went down on our 14th mission.

Let me tell you about it...

On the evening before our 14th mission, waist gunner Anthony Pesce from our crew broke down. We called it "flak happy." He was sent to the base hospital. A waist gunner from another crew took his place on this mission with us. Bombardier Harold Dershmer was removed from our crew a couple days before the last mission. The explanation was that he wasn't skilled enough to be a bombardier for a lead bomber.

Mission 14 (or part of it) was flown on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1944. The target was a factory that manufactured German Focke Wulf 190 fighter planes and armament at the Gdynia, Poland airfield.

This was to be the longest combat mission in time and distance heretofore attempted by any Air Force. Most of it was to be flown over water, and in the event of trouble, the crews were authorized to attempt to reach neutral Sweden to the north. To make matters worse, a portion of the mission – the extreme eastern end – would be flown without fighter escort due to the mission's unusual length. The amount of fuel and time in the air by fighter escort planes was limited to about 1½ -hour duration. It was estimated that the mission would take 11 hours. The route was to cross the English Channel, then across Denmark, head out over the Baltic Sea until we arrived at a point just north of Gdynia, turn south to the target, drop the bombs, and return to the Baltic to proceed home.

The 457th Bomb Group was to put up 33 bombers for the Gdynia target. Weather in the target area was predicted to be good despite the horrible flying conditions at the Glatton Airbase in England.

The B17s from the 457th started taking off about 7:45 a.m. and were all airborne about an hour later. The merging of cloud layers at the designated assembly point caused a complete dispersal of the formation. I recall at least two instances when our pilot had to take severe evasive action to prevent air collisions with other bombers. The assembly point became a nightmare. Did you ever see a swarm of bees?

At this point several pilots from the 457th decided that the prospect of assembly was impossible. They aborted the mission and returned to the base. Our Commander and pilot, David Parks, asked for a crew consensus about what we should do. As I am sure he expected, he was asked to make the decision. It was also known by crew members that if there was any way possible, he would not abort the mission. Gdynia, here we come!

After some more confusion, the Air Commander finally gave an order for the blindly milling bombers to proceed to an alternate assembly point where there were improved weather conditions. When we finally got organized, twenty-four 457th bombers were on their way to Poland.

That portion of the mission across the English Channel and Denmark was uneventful. Shortly before we arrived at the turning-south point off the Baltic Sea, we encountered some enemy fighters who didn't attack, but stayed out and watched. Just as we dropped our bombs, our plane was hit by ground fire that knocked out one of our engines.

The Air Force places a lot of value in the benefits of formation fire power. When a bomber is wounded, the formation does nothing to protect the crippled aircraft. Any bomber that must fall behind because of damage is on its own. Keep in mind that because of the distance of this mission, we hadn't had fighter escort for the last three hours. German fighters hit the formation immediately after we left the target. We were starting to lag behind because we were running on just three engines. We couldn't keep up with the formation.

As a matter of procedure, as bombers leave the formation for various reasons, other bombers move up and take the forward slots. If lagging bombers are able to get back into the formation, they must take positions to the rear. Statistics will confirm that when enemy fighters attacked U.S. bomber formations, their favorite targets were the "tail-end Charlies." Bomber groups have three 6-plane squadrons. There is the lead squadron, high squadron (up and to the right), and the low squadron (down behind and to the left). By far, the favorite target for an enemy fighter was the rear echelon of the low squadron. They were the real tail-end Charlies.

As was predicted, we encountered a lot of fighter attacks in our lagging position. I burned up about 3,000 rounds of ammo with the twin 50-calibre machine guns. I knocked down a fighter, but didn't get back to claim it. The 457th Group gunners claimed a record 12 enemy fighters destroyed during that mission.

Apparently, the German fighters ran short of fuel, and after about five to six passes at our crippled bomber they disappeared. We had additional damage from the fighter strikes. The pilot, after considerable effort, got the damaged engine running again. Now with four engines, we were able to overtake and join our group, but in the tail-end Charlie slot. We were still over the Baltic and approaching Denmark. We hadn't been back in the group 15 minutes before we spotted enemy fighters moving up the side of our formation as if planning a frontal attack on the formation. Also, a couple fighters pulled in behind the formation out of range and lobbed shells toward us that exploded behind the formation, obviously a distraction maneuver. All at once, all hell broke loose when the fighters attacked from the front. The fighters from the rear moved up and were reaching the formation with their explosives. After the fighters had made a couple passes, I suspected that we were in serious trouble again. I attempted to get a status report from the pilot, but the intercom between the tail gunner position and the rest of the plane was out. I turned around and saw a waist gunner and the

radio operator jettisoning their flak suits and strapping on their chest chutes. It appeared that the other waist gunner was badly injured or dead. I later learned that he had been killed during the recent fighter attacks. I discarded my flak suit and put on my chute. I also tied a pair of shoes to my belt because I was wearing electric heated shoes, which don't last long if not protected by outer shoes.

There is an escape hatch for the tail gunner right under the tail section and just behind his kneeling position when operating the tail guns. To open the escape hatch, you pull a handle that has wires connected to the hinges in the hatch. Just as I was about to pull the handle to open the escape hatch, the bomber went out of control. The centrifugal force caused by the gyrations of the bomber pinned me to the floor of the plane. Obviously, I was scared to death, believing that my time had come!

My next sensation was that of coolness. I realized I was outside the plane and seemed to be just floating in the air. At the time, I had no awareness of falling. There appeared to be a lapse of time between when I was pinned to the bomber floor and when I felt the coolness of the air. Apparently, I fell out of the bomber when it disintegrated. I know I didn't jump out.

Once I realized I was out in the air and couldn't fly, I knew I'd better put my parachute into operation. There was a pretty good jolt when the chute opened. I was immediately concerned because the last time I recalled looking out of the bomber we were still over the Baltic Sea. What a relief when I saw land under me.

When the chute opened and I had a chance to look around, I noticed our airplane going down in three pieces – the tail section, a wing, and the rest of the craft. Only two more parachutes were in the air. The pilot of the German fighter, who apparently was involved in shooting us down, circled me as I was descending. When I hit the ground, he tipped his aircraft wings and left.

The other two crewmen who parachuted and myself landed within a quarter mile of each other. They turned out to be the navigator, William Ellerbush, and the replacement bombardier who had just joined the crew. I do not remember the name of the bombardier. Incidentally, Ellerbush landed on a haystack and slid down the side.

The navigator and bombardier confirmed that the replacement waist gunner had been fatally injured during the mission. They were puzzled that the pilot had not jumped. There was a suggestion that his attempt to get the injured 2nd pilot out might have delayed too long any efforts to save himself.

We landed in a rural area. There was a farmhouse about a quarter mile from where we came down. People at the farmhouse motioned us to come there. In our briefings we were informed that if we were shot down over German-occupied countries, that the natives would likely hide us from German capture and help us into an "underground" system that would get us back to Allied forces or countries. After landing, the three of us concluded that we were in Denmark.

When we arrived at the farmhouse, we were given basins of water and towels to clean up. Our hosts were what appeared to be a farmer and his wife in about their 60s and another female about 45. As we were cleaning up, the farmer got on the telephone. He was talking in a foreign language, so we didn't know what he was saying until he ended his conversation with "Heil Hitler." That gave us a clue as to where we were. The farm was immediately surrounded by German military, so we had no chance of escaping. For the crew of the Raven's Nest, the war was over. Unfortunately, only three of the ten crew members survived.

The three of us were taken to what appeared to be a rural bar and café and held while the German military searched for other survivors. Two other bombers from our combat wing had gone down in the same area that day. Later we learned that our bomber had gone down near the city of Keil, Germany. Keil will be remembered as the site of German's submarine pens and repair depot during WWII.

The German military captured about ten crew members from the three downed bombers. After dark we were transported by bus to what appeared to be a naval installation. We stayed there a couple of days before our trip to Frankfurt started. Our sustenance was hard dark bread and cheese.

All American flyers captured by the German military were transported to Frankfurt, Germany, the site of their interrogation center, Dulagluft. Transportation then was stock cars in a freight train. By this time during WWII, American and British aircraft had the superiority in airpower over western Germany and France and were attacking anything that contributed to Germany's war effort. Germans, by this time, had learned that they could not safely operate their trains during daylight hours, so all train movements were during the hours of darkness.

Our train took two days to get to Frankfurt. We were on side tracks most of the time because of the threats of attack by Allied aircraft. Our arrival in Frankfurt gave us our first view of a city that had been bombed to death by the Allies. Needless to say, German people there were not at all friendly toward the American flyer. The Germans called us Luft Gangsters.

Survival briefing back at our airbase in England gave us a pretty good idea what to expect at the interrogation center. The interrogators were harsh and threatening and, of course, accused us of being spies. Spies were often lined up and shot. Sometime between World Wars I and II, there was an international conference in Geneva, Switzerland at which agreements were made governing the treatment of prisoners of war. One of the agreements was that the only information that a POW had to give to his captors was his name, rank, and serial number. Even though most European countries honored this agreement, considerable effort was made to solicit strategic information about military operations. After my interrogation, I had the opinion that the interrogators knew more about the Allied military operation than I did.

I was separated from the other two members of my crew at Du Lag Luft. The reason was that they were officers, and I was an enlisted man. They, I understand, were interned at Luft III, which was somewhere in Germany. I was sent to Stalag 17B located about 5 km from Krems, Austria. Krems is approximately 35 km west of Vienna, Austria on the Danube River. I never saw or heard from navigator William Ellerbush or the replacement bombardier after we left the interrogation center at Frankfurt.

Our group of enlisted men arrived at Stalag 17B prisoner of war camp about the 20th of April, 1944. This was about the same time that my parents were informed that I was missing in action. It was May 20 before they learned that I was a prisoner of war.

I was a prisoner of war for 13 months. The camp was not pleasant, and the food provided by the Germans was terrible. Through the American Red Cross, we were supposed to receive a food parcel every week. Had we received them, the food problem would not have existed; however, for every parcel we got, the Germans stole one or more. There were times when two POWs had to split a parcel and other times when they were issued only once a month. The Red Cross parcel contents varied some, but not much. A typical parcel would include a can of powdered milk, a can of soluble coffee, a pound

of cubed sugar, a can of Spam, a can of corned beef, a box of cheese, a box of crackers (C ration type), a small can of jam, a chocolate "D" bar, and three or four packages of cigarettes. There was always a lot of trading on the day parcels were distributed. The concentrated chocolate "D" bars became the medium of exchange, and everything, including cigarettes, was priced in "D" bar values. The food provided by the Germans generally was hot water for soluble coffee, a chunk of bread (most days), and boiled unpeeled potatoes a couple times a week. Early during my internment, we would get rolls of blood sausages that I never got hungry enough to eat.

There were 4,400 American flyers held as prisoners of war at Stalag 17B. The average age was probably 22 to 23. Some were shot down on their first mission, while others were on their 25th. Some had been in the camp 2 to 2½ years when our group checked in.

Activities at the prison camp included walking, jogging, softball, and boxing. There was a drama school and training in foreign languages and math. Books, supplies, and costumes were provided by the Red Cross in Geneva, Switzerland for the drama group, who frequently entertained us.

The German guards at the POW camps were humane to the American prisoners. They had Russian prisoners to do the dirty work. Any prisoner of war with a rank of sergeant or higher could not be required to work. Without exception, all American POWs were exempt from working because of their rank. During my stay at Stalag 17B, two or three Americans were killed and several others wounded while attempting to escape.

In early April 1945 the Russian front was approaching the prison camp from the east. During the hours of darkness, you could see distant flashes of light caused by exploding shells. Rumors started to infiltrate the camp that the POWs were going on a forced march west to get away from the Russians who were approaching from the east. This seemed reasonable because it was obvious that no German military person wanted to be captured by the Russians, whom they had mistreated since the start of the war.

Sure enough, on April 8, 1945, almost exactly one year from the day I became a POW, we were packed and headed for western Austria. We seesawed across Austria, generally toward the west, and apparently in no hurry. We got news of President Roosevelt's death during the forced march. It was obvious to us after a couple weeks into the march that the German guards were going to surrender the American POWs to General Patton's Army, who were advancing toward Austria's west border from the west. On May 2, George S. Patton's troops converted us from POWs back to American soldiers.

The following day, the now ex-prisoners of war were back at the debarkation center (Camp Lucky Strike) at La Harve, France. As C47 cargo planes carried fuel and supplies to Patton's Army, they would fly ex-POWs back to Camp Lucky Strike. We spent two to three days at Lucky Strike getting caught up with our shots, treating dysentery, and getting a minimum uniform issue. Officially, we were being sent home for a 60-day rest-and-rehabilitation leave.

We boarded our ship on about May 6, made a brief stop at South Hampton, England to pick up wounded servicemen, and headed for the good ol' USA. The trip took about ten days. We landed at New York City and were bused a short distance to Fort Dix, New Jersey.

We spent less than two days at Dix. We were issued additional uniforms and even got a small paycheck and headed for Fort Douglas at Salt Lake City by train. Another ex-POW, Roy Jameison, from Plains,

Montana, buddied up with me at Fort Dix, and we made the trip west together. At Fort Douglas some effort was made to recover our military records, without too much success. Any uniform items we didn't have were issued, and we did get another paycheck. They delayed paying us the money owed while being a prisoner of war. We spent a couple of days at Fort Douglas and then started for home. I had informed my parents from Fort Dix that I was back in the USA, but not a definite date that I would arrive home.

Shortly after I arrived home, my brother Glenn also arrived on a furlough prior to heading for the Pacific. In those few days that he was here, we really made up for the last three years we were apart.

After 60 days at home, I reported to Santa Monica, California for some more rehabilitation. Shortly after I arrived in Santa Monica, the Pacific War ended. I was promoted to Technical Sergeant and asked to make a choice of where I wanted to be stationed and what I wanted to do. I chose Gore Field in Great Falls, Montana; and because there wasn't too much need for aerial tail gunners in Great Falls, I suggested that I be given a job driving a truck. I was transferred to Gore Field and was assigned to an aircraft maintenance section. Knowing I was about to be discharged, I didn't get very enthused about my new job. In fact, I was threatened with KP if I didn't show a little more enthusiasm.

While I was stationed in California, I received my back pay that had accumulated while I was a prisoner of war. It amounted to about \$2,200. One Saturday when I was on leave from Gore Field, my brother Ralph and I went to Missoula, and I bought a 1941 Ford sedan. At that time, it was almost impossible to find any car to buy. Car manufacturing stopped in 1941 and didn't start again until 1947.

My stay at Gore Field lasted about a month. On October 23, 1945 I was honorably discharged from military service.

Footnote from Dawn Arrington, his daughter: Dad's memory of his service is remarkable in its detail, especially considering that he never set it to paper until approximately 1994-5; however, there is one flaw in his memory, which I have taken the liberty of correcting. It was his recollection that his crew assigned their new Flying Fortress the name Raven's Haven. In all records I've seen, the name is recorded as Raven's Nest. Unfortunately, this aircraft never received its nose art, so there are no pictures available to confirm the name.

On another note, my dad didn't talk much about the war when I was growing up. I do recall one thing he did say, though, and I was surprised he didn't include it in this recounting of his service. He mentions here the blood sausage provided by the Germans to the POWs that he never got hungry enough to eat, but he doesn't explain why it was so offensive to him. This blood sausage wasn't prepared using traditional methods, and they were none too concerned with what went into the mix. It was the animal hair, teeth, and hoof bits that turned him away from the stuff.