



THIS BOOK BELONGS TO

S/SGT Louis B. Liening

221 S. 67th Street

Coldwater, Ohio.



CREW

Robert William Meyer	1ST. LT.	Pilot
Boyd Jack Henshaw	2nd. LT.	Co-pilot
Robert Leroy Williams	2nd. LT.	Navigator
Carl John Larson	T/Sgt	Toggler
John Miller Jr.	S/Sgt	Engineer
John Elmer Wells	T/Sgt	Radio Opr.
Elbert Ernst Mitchel	S/Sgt	L.W. Gunner
Louis Bernard Liening	S/Sgt	R.W. Gunner
Charles Wilber Page	S/Sgt	Ball Gunner
Jerrell Franklin Legg	S/Sgt	Tail Gunner

Robert William Meyer
1506 Palace St.
La Cross, Wisconsin.

Boyd Jack Henshaw
Mt. Vernon, Wash.

Robert Leroy Williams
Pittsboro, Indiana.

Carl John Larson
El Campo, Texas

John Elmer Wells
221 Indiana Ave.
Jefferson, Indiana

John Miller Jr
531 Washington, Ave.
Girard Ohio

Elbert Earnst Mitchel
Saulsbyville California

Louis Bernard Liening
221 South 6th St
Coldwater, Ohio.

Charles Wilber Page
Christiansburg, Va.

Jerrel Franklin Legg
Chesapeake, W. Va.



This book of memories is respectfully dedicated to all those flying nephews of — Uncle Sam who have long since went forth in the service of their country. Perhaps if they were here they would not like to be called heroes..... (yet heroes they are) as most of them I have met were not "flag wavers." They grumbled as I did, sweated, and yes, even swore vehemently, at times when praying seemed to be a little useless. If all the world should forget overnight about their supreme sacrifices, if I live to be a 100 score, I will NEVER forget. May God grant them a place of eternal rest, a place of peace, and quiet, little known to them before they gave their lives for God, Country, and freedom of a persecuted world.

An Account of what happened
on our mission of March 16, 1944

Trail of the "Lonesome Pollock."

We were up early that morning about 0230. We caught the trucks for the mess hall and ate the usual chow, two fried eggs, hot cereal, fruit juice and coffee. Then on down to briefing where everyone was in a hurry and buzzing around as usual.

When all were in and seated the S-2 Officer uncovered the map all expected another trip to "Big B." Instead there was that long black tape reaching from England all the way across northern France into the Southwestern part of Germany to the "Target," "Augsburg," a Messerschmitt assembly plant.

It was obviously a long haul. Briefed nine hours, seven on oxygen, five over enemy territory.

Our Group was flying lead group in lead Combat Wing, which meant we were leading the entire Eight Air Force over the target that day. We would be flying at 21,000 feet, temperature forecast to be minus 30°.

We were to have fighter cover all the way out. P47 (thunderbolts), P51 (Mustangs) and P38 (lightnings). Flap as always but the navigator should take us around most of it.

After the briefing we went to the Armament shop to check over the guns and from there out to the ship to install them. The ship "Lonesome Polecat" (#160) was brand new and had never flown a mission. After we finished our

work we all went into the mechanics tent to put on our heated suits.

The weather at take off time was as normal all fogged up. We made a Buncher assembly at about 13,000 feet.

All went well when we reached the French coast, We were flying over a solid cloud cover, only a peek at the ground now and then. We picked up our first P47 escort almost on time. Saw a few enemy fighters in the distance but none came in.

About a hour and a half past the zero hour we began to pick up enemy fighters in good numbers. Then all hell broke loose. They caught us between change of escort. Someone called out attacks on the low group.

Our orders were to hit the target. Jerries must have been to stop us at any cost. They hit us on first attack and hit us good. They came in head on through our formation, between 25 and 40 planes.

Plane on our right wing went straight down, must have blown up below us, because we never seen him again.

Jerry got us in several places. Blew out the entire plexiglass nose, injuring the Bombardier in the left foot, put a hole in #2 main tank, direct hit on #4 engine which knocked it out almost immediately, tore holes in the left bomb bay door and a direct hit on the Ball Turret which shot the door off and injured

the ball gunner (Sgt Page) in the right thigh (very bad wound) and in the left shin where some fragments lodged. The attack put both the chin and ball turret out of action. The wounded men were placed in the radio room.

The Navigator's charts and log were lost through the nose. The blast of air from the hole in the nose was so strong and cold, it was soon necessary for the Navigator to go to the radio room.

Meanwhile we were still holding formation but 2500 R. P. M. and 45 inches of manifold pressure on three engines just wouldn't do it. We dove to the low group thinking we could stay with them.

We stayed with them for

15 minutes but the drag caused by the nose being blown off and #4 windmilling (It wouldn't feather) was just too much. Our best air-speed was about 120 M.P.H.

Electronic Superchargers were giving trouble too, they wouldn't synchronise sometimes surging to 62 inches individually.

The Engineer started firing green flares and we started to throw things overboard. Bomb Bay doors wouldn't open by motor so the engineer cranked them down by hand and toggled the bombs out. Doors wouldn't close either by motor or crank.

Tried to salvo ball turret but the tool broke while trying to release it. Radio was out so we threw it overboard.

By now we were down to 13,000 feet still above the overcast but could see the Alps off to our right, our airspeed was 100 M.P.H. #4 was vibrating dangerously.

Switzerland was about our only chance so we took a magnetic heading of 190°

Shortly after we headed for Switzerland the vibration from #4 prop became so great it shook the ship like a leaf on a tree. Finally it came off and went spinning up over and behind us.

About this time we lost all power from #1 engine, prop wouldn't feather evidently it was burned up while trying to hold formation. #2 tank was getting low. The engineer had

to transfer fuel.

About this time we spotted fighters off our wing. They looked like Me 109's but were firing flares. We acknowledged with flares and they came in close. It was then we saw the Swiss markings White Cross on Red background.

They signaled us to follow them and we did for a while, but were losing altitude so fast we couldn't clear the peaks, so we couldn't make it to the field at Zurich.

As the bail out signal was given at about 1,000 feet we were in a valley and could see a couple villages and a large lake.

All the Gunners went out the main escape door including

the Navigator. The Co-Pilot went out through the bomb bay. We didn't delay opening our chutes because we knew there was no room to spare just a few swings and we were on the ground.

We were picked up by the Swiss soldiers and taken to the Swiss Army Headquarters in Basel. While here we learned that the wounded men had been taken to a hospital, also that our Navigator (Lt. Williams) had died from injuries he received from the jump.

We learned too that Lt. Meyers had ditched the ship in the lake and had escaped uninjured. We were treated well by the Swiss. They feed us, gave us cigarettes drinks and all they could possibly do to make us comfortable.

Translation of an article appearing in the March 17, 1944 edition of the Zegerbieter Daily Paper published in Zug, Switzerland.

An American Bomber Crashes Into The Lake Of Zug Crew Saved

Yesterday (Thursday) just before mid-day an airplane was heard flying rather slowly and not very high westward. A few minutes later at exactly 12:15 the sirens were heard. At about 12:45 the plane was heard again coming from the southwest. The sky was clear and blue and soon one could notice an American Bomber accompanied by two little Swiss planes one to the right, the other to the left of the Bomber.

Surely the Swiss planes wanted to lead the Great one to Dubendorf landing field. But the pilot kept on turning the Bomber above the village. Having made half the turn something glittered in the air, it got longer and longer and as it opened and could recognize it as a parachute a second one, a third one, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth and a seventh one, after that it seemed as if a black ball fell from the plane. With great anxiety people could see that it was a man whose parachute did not open. About Ten meters from the earth the Umbrella opened and it luckily stopped the heavy fall a little. A ninth parachutest jumped in the air and so the eight men went slowly to the earth. The first

one landed in a tree the second one near the "Sennwind" with the third one beside. Another one got to sit on the roof of a barn belonging to the Haushier family. He smashed a few bricks from the roof, all the men landed more or less well. The machine was still in the air it was certain that the pilot searched for a landing place probably a water landing. He did so then and crashed into the Lake of Zug. Before the plane sank the last man was seen jumping into the lake as there was enough rowe boats about he was soon taken aboard.

One man of the crew was heavily wounded as people said he was commander of the Bomber a Lt. 23 years old. He was taken directly to the Hospital where he

lied. He was not only wounded by the fall but also during the Bombardment of Rusburg. Later on another member of the crew was taken to the hospital. He had to be operated on. His life was in danger. A third man was also taken to the Hospital.

The men of the crew seemed to be from 20-26 years of age. The six soldiers were boarded at the Lidenhof later on the pilot in Chief joined the rest of the crew. A First Lt. 26 years of age, he was heard called Maier-(Meyer). The pilot was wet to the skin. The muntions which was thrown off the Bomber before its landing was also brought in.

Some of the inhabitants of the village tried to shoot at the

parachutist^{it} was rather up to date, but the crew seemed to know that they were in Switzerland.

Men on board the Lonesome Polcat listed in the order in which they sailed out, and where they landed in Baar.

Louis B. Luning	In an orchard
Carl J. Larsen	In an orchard
Charles W. Page	In a front yard
Jerrell F. Legg	On a railroad track
Elbert E. Mitchell	In a house
John Miller Jr.	In a house
John E. Mills	In a front yard
Robert L. Williams	Killed during jump
Boyd J. Henshaw	Open field
Robert W. Meyer	Ditched ship in Lake Zug

Translation taken from the Zegerbieter Daily Paper March 20, 1944.

Baar - Yesterday, Monday the 20th of March was the burial in the Protestant cemetery of Uir Navigator Robert Leroy Williams 2nd Lt. U.S.A.F. who jumped from the Flying Fortress Bomber which later ditched in the Lake of Zug.

Lt. Williams was seriously wounded when his parachute did not open, was taken to the hospital where he died immediately.

Under the supervision of the American the funeral took place at the Protestant Cemetery.

The body of the American Aviator was taken earlier in the morning to the church where it was covered with the American Flag.

The unwounded crew members carried the body to the final resting place accompanied by high ranking military authorities and a large crowd of people.

The Swiss soldiers carried beautiful wreaths of flowers presented by the British Legation the U.S.A.A.F. and other military officials.

The Swiss fired a volley of shots over the tomb in honor of the American Airman. This signifies a great but very sad event.

Dirt From The Rock

No more briefings, no more guns
 No more shooting at the huns
 No more flying on bombers wing
 To us the rock means all these things

No more flak or fighter's passes
 We now have peace and college classes
 We like the rock and its delightful ways
 Its quiet nights and sunny days

Its friendly people so full of cheer
 Yes my friends we like it here
 No more fighters no more flak
 But how I wish that I were back

Hymn For Airmen

Lord God of earth and sea and skies.
 Whose beacons light the heavenly ways.
 Who watchest with unsleeping eyes.
 To whom the night is clear as day.
 Our brethren guide us day and night.
 On heavens steep highways wing their
 flight.

For thou great God art not afar.
 Though mortal eyes see not thy form.
 The cloud and mist thy garments are.
 Thou ridest on the wind and storm.
 And near to every faithful heart.
 More close than closest friend thou art.

Then come what may with thee to guide.
 With thee their Father and their friend.
 For they who journey by thy side.
 Shall never fear the journey's end.
 If life then life more full and free.
 If death there is no death with thee.

An Escort Of P-38's

O Madeline Carroll's a beautiful gal.
 And Hedy Lamar is too.
 But you'll find if you query.
 A much different theory.
 Amongst my bomber crew.

For the most beautiful of which one can sing.
 This side of the pearly gates.
 As no blonde or brunette.
 Of the hollywood set.
 But an escort of P-38's.

Well they wouldn't reject us so.
 Heaven protect us.
 And until all this shooting abates.
 Give us courage to fight em.
 And one other small item.
 An escort of P-38's.

The Airmen

These are the unbelievable brave.
Who laugh at danger and the grave.
Exempted are both fool and knave.

These are the fleet, the clean, the strong
Who mock oblivion with a song.
Oh pity thou who wait life long.

These are the Falconers who fly.
Grey hawks of terror in the sky.
How quietly the new dead lie.

While we who watch them going know.
That they shall pass like melted snow.
We were the brave brief years ago.

And to you shouters standing near.
Forgive us if we do not cheer.
Our comrades sleep long leagues from here.

Gunnery Vow

I wish to be a pilot.
And you be along with me.
But if we all were pilots.
Where would the Air Force be?
It takes guts to be a gunner.
To sit out in the tail.
When the Messerschmidts are diving
And the slugs begin to wail.

Then the pilot just a chauffer.
It's his job to fly the plane.
It's we who do the fighting.
Although we get no fame.
So if we must to gunners.
Let us make this bet.
We'll be the best damned gunners.
Who left this station yet.

Thayer Embree
R.R. #1
Mitchell
Indiana

Earl E Berry
28 Krieg St.
Newark Ohio

James S. Shew.
Rt. 4. Burlington
N.C.

Adam C. Kozial
2123 N. Lakeview Ave.
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Wiefed Doolittle
Madison, New York
Ulster County

Frank G. Wasmu
10 Jenner St.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Bruce J. Batchelder
Three Forks,
Montana

Walter S. Duggan
46 Seneca Creek Rd
Gardenville N.Y.

Curtis McCafferty
315 W. 2nd St.
New Albany, Ind.

Robert B. Morrison
705 Park St.
Salisbury, Md.

William D. Carte
1325 Crescent Rd.
Charleston, W. Va.

Walter S. Silliman Jr.
312 Riverview Ave.
Hopewell, Virginia

Henry J. Pitarski
83 Menawa St.
Deerby, Conn.

Arthur W. Dassow
7764 Aragon St.
Detroit, Mich.

Arthur D. Pawelzak
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Robert K. Connell
1039 Espley Ave
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Guy C. Raber
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Arthur F. Brooks
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Mass.

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Ely Schupp
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Basel.
Schweiz.