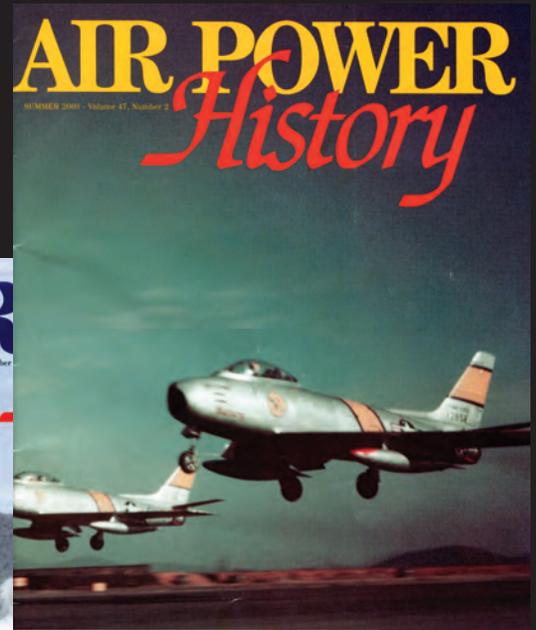


AIR POWER

SUMMER 2002 - Volume 49, Number 2

History





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The Air Force Historical Foundation



Air Force Historical Foundation
1535 Command Drive – Suite A122
Andrews AFB, MD 20762-7002
(301) 981-2139
(301) 981-3574 Fax

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Brian S. Gunderson

Editor

Jacob Neufeld

Technical Editor

Robert F. Dorr

Book Review Editor

Scott A. Willey

Layout and Typesetting

Richard I. Wolf

Advertising

Mark D. Mandeles

Circulation

Richard I. Wolf

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Address **Letters to the Editor** to:

Air Power History
P.O. Box 10328
Rockville, MD 20849-0328
e-mail: neufeldj@starpower.net

Correspondence regarding missed issues
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Air Power History
P.O. Box 151150
Alexandria, Virginia 22315
Telephone: (301) 981-2139
Fax: (703) 923-0848
e-mail: airpowerhistory@yahoo.com

Advertising

Mark Mandeles
8910 Autumn Leaf Ct.
Fairfax, VA 22301
(703) 426-5147; fax 426-5149
e-mail: mandelm@erols.com

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On the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Charles Lindbergh's historic flight across the Atlantic, we are privileged to present a fresh account of what really happened after the famous aviator landed at Le Bourget. Raymond Fredette, the foremost Lindbergh scholar, has mined the archival sources to produce a fascinating and persuasive new interpretation.

In the second article, "The United States Air Force and the Bats of Bracken Cave," Karl Preuss relates the little-known story of how bats interfered with nighttime flight training at Randolph Air Force Base, Texas, in the 1960s. Readers will also find interesting the solution adopted to deal with the problem.

Air University's Professor Don Chipman discusses the 1999 air campaign against Serbia, for its "ethnic cleansing" of the Albanians living in Kosovo. In analyzing the seventy-eight day air campaign, Chipman demonstrates the impact that political considerations had on the flexibility of the air commander, Lt. Gen. Michael Short.

The fourth article, "My Most Secret Mission," is a World War II memoir by H. A. Eberhardt. The author details the anxieties of young airmen in carrying out the secretive mission of escorting President Franklin Roosevelt and Prime Minister Winston Churchill to and from the "Big Three" Yalta Conference in February 1945. The author describes the complexity involved in flying this very important mission and the experience of American-British cooperation in the enterprise.

Seven book reviews consider a wide variety of air power literature from the informative and entertaining *Idiot's Guide to NASA*, to scholarly historical symposia, to the technical ballistic missile defense. We have also received more than a dozen new books that are available for review. For details, see page 58. Other departments include the ever-popular *History Mystery*, upcoming events, letters to the editor, news, and reunions. Finally, we pay tribute to World War II great, Col. Francis S. Gabreski.



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The Making of a Hero: What Really Happened After Lindbergh Landed at Le Bourget



Seventy-five Years Ago,

Raymond H. Fredette

(Overleaf) Charles Lindbergh enjoys a hero's welcome and ticker tape parade in New York.

THE REPORTERS DO-OR-DIE ASSIGNMENT WAS TO INTERVIEW HIM AS SOON AS HE LANDED. THEY ALL FAILED.

LINDBERGH CREDITS TWO FRENCH AIRMEN... FOR SAVING HIM FROM THE MOB

The dramatic story of Charles Lindbergh's arrival in Paris after a suspenseful flight of 33½ hours from New York on May 21, 1927, has often been told, beginning with the dispatches of the reporters whose do-or-die assignment was to interview him as soon as he landed. They all failed. Moments after he touched down on the grassy field at Le Bourget, the flier disappeared. The press found him hours later at the American Embassy in the personal custody of the ambassador, Myron T. Herrick. Lindbergh, so the story goes, had been rescued from the crowd that had bolted out on the field and engulfed his plane as he landed.

In his book about the flight, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, Lindbergh credits two French airmen, he identifies only as Detroyat and Delage, for saving him from the mob. After being hustled into a hangar, he recalls he was later taken to the military side of the field at the order of a French officer, Major Weiss. While there he was visited by Ambassador Herrick who decided on the spot to take him to the embassy as his guest. In light of many other accounts of his tumultuous reception, Lindbergh's own version in a brief afterword omits many telling details. But even when he could not be completely candid, he felt compelled to be very specific. "We passed Dugny, Stains, Saint Denis, and entered through the Saint Ouen gate," he remembers of his ride from Le Bourget "over bumpy side roads" into the city.

Lindbergh was on his way to achieving an incandescent fame that even today, after man has conquered space and landed on the moon, has yet to fade completely from the popular mind. In explaining this phenomenon, no little credit is due to Ambassador Herrick. At that pivotal moment in the pilot's life, Herrick sheltered him, groomed him and, after giving him a crash course in modesty and tact, presented him to the world with all the prestige he commanded as an American ambassador much beloved by the French. Such was his popularity that they likened him to Benjamin Franklin, our envoy to France at the time of the American Revolution.

Still handsome and energetic at over seventy years of age, Herrick had previously served as ambassador to France early in World War I. In

September 1914, when swiftly advancing German troops threatened to take Paris, the French government and the entire diplomatic corps were evacuated to Bordeaux, except Herrick. He insisted on staying behind to protect American citizens as well as the art treasures of the capital. He vowed he would raise the Stars and Stripes over the Louvre, and go out to meet the Germans personally if they marched in. Although Paris did not fall, the French never forgot the ambassador's act of defiance.

The flight of an American plane from New York to Paris in May 1927 struck Herrick as yet another alarming intrusion. If successful, he feared it would have a "lamentable effect" on the already strained relations between the two countries. Earlier that month, two French fliers, Charles Nungesser and Francois Coli, had taken off from Le Bourget for New York. Their success would have won them the \$25,000 Orteig Prize for the first non-stop flight between Paris and New York. Some French newspapers even published joyful accounts of the arrival of the two airmen at the Battery in lower Manhattan. When the reports proved false, and it became clear that the French plane had disappeared, the mood in Paris turned from exultation to anger. The press accused the U.S. Weather Bureau of having withheld weather data in favor of the transatlantic fliers who were poised to take off from New York. American tourists were jostled on the Champs Elysées, and a hostile crowd reportedly had torn down a U.S. flag outside an American newspaper office.

Herrick sent an urgent cable to Washington warning that no American plane should attempt a transatlantic flight "until an appropriate time has elapsed." The ambassador, as had everyone else, expected Commander Richard E. Byrd would be the first to leave aboard his trimotor, the *America*. With his considerable financial backing, Byrd was seen as the most likely winner of the so-called Atlantic Race.

"Who in the devil is Charles Lindbergh?" was the reaction in Paris as the news of his takeoff from New York was received. After the disappearance of Nungesser and Coli, his solo flight seemed all the more foolhardy. Herrick again cabled

*Lt. Col. Raymond H. Fredette, USAF (Ret.) is a native of Massachusetts. He earned degrees in history and international relations from Tufts University and the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy. During World War II, he flew thirty-one combat missions over Germany with the Eighth Air Force. Recalled to active duty in 1951, Fredette served as an intelligence officer in Morocco, Germany, and Vietnam. He also had teaching assignments with AFROTC and the Defense Intelligence School in Washington, D.C. Shortly after retiring, he met Charles Lindbergh who agreed to cooperate in the writing of a book about his military activities. Lindbergh held the rank of brigadier general in the Air Force Reserve. Before his death in 1974, he gave Fredette "unrestricted access" to his papers at Yale University and other depositories. The project was later expanded when Anne Morrow Lindbergh authorized Fredette "to write the definitive biography of my husband." His research and writing led to a standoff with his publisher, William Jovanovich of Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, and the book was never completed. Fredette is currently working on another book titled, "The Lindberghs: Decoding Charles, Remembering Anne." Colonel Fredette has written many articles on aviation history, and a book on the origins of strategic bombing in World War I, *The Sky on Fire*, which has been reissued as a volume in the Smithsonian History of Aviation Series.*

Charles Lindbergh poses with a group of Ryan Air Lines personnel as the *Spirit of St. Louis* is fueled prior to the flight from San Diego, California to St. Louis, Missouri. (Photo courtesy of Air Force Magazine.)



**HERRICK
SHELTERED
HIM,
GROOMED
HIM AND,
AFTER
GIVING HIM
A CRASH
COURSE IN
MODESTY
AND TACT,
PRESENTED
HIM TO THE
WORLD**

**HERRICK
INSISTED HE
HAD NO
PLAN...
REGARDING
LINDBERGH**

Washington for confirmation that “le fou volant” was indeed on his way, and then left the embassy to attend the championship tennis matches between French and American players at St. Cloud. When questioned by the press, he seemed uninterested in the American pilot no one seemed to know. In truth, his flight in progress was just about the last straw for the ambassador.

Among his concerns was the pending execution of two Italian immigrants, Sacco and Vanzetti, in a Massachusetts prison. Convicted of killing a payroll guard in a holdup, the pair had been the object of violent demonstrations in Europe; many believed they were being persecuted for their political views. At the time of the trial, a package addressed to Herrick had seriously injured his valet when it exploded as he opened it. The ambassador was now receiving threatening letters, warning that he would also die if Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. His residence, as well as the embassy, were under heavy police guard. Herrick was also anxious about a convention of the American Legion to be held in Paris that summer. The Legionnaires were known to be rowdy, and some Americans residing in the city were arranging to leave during the event because of the tense anti-American atmosphere.

Although Herrick insisted he had “no plan of any kind regarding Lindbergh,” he virtually took over the reception for him at Le Bourget. Weeks earlier, Commander Byrd’s sponsors had sent an advance man to Paris to work with a Franco-American committee that was organizing a grand welcome. These arrangements were quickly revamped in the event Lindbergh made it across the Atlantic. As one embassy insider noted later, it was felt he might be “placed in a situation here where one remark could have international complications....”

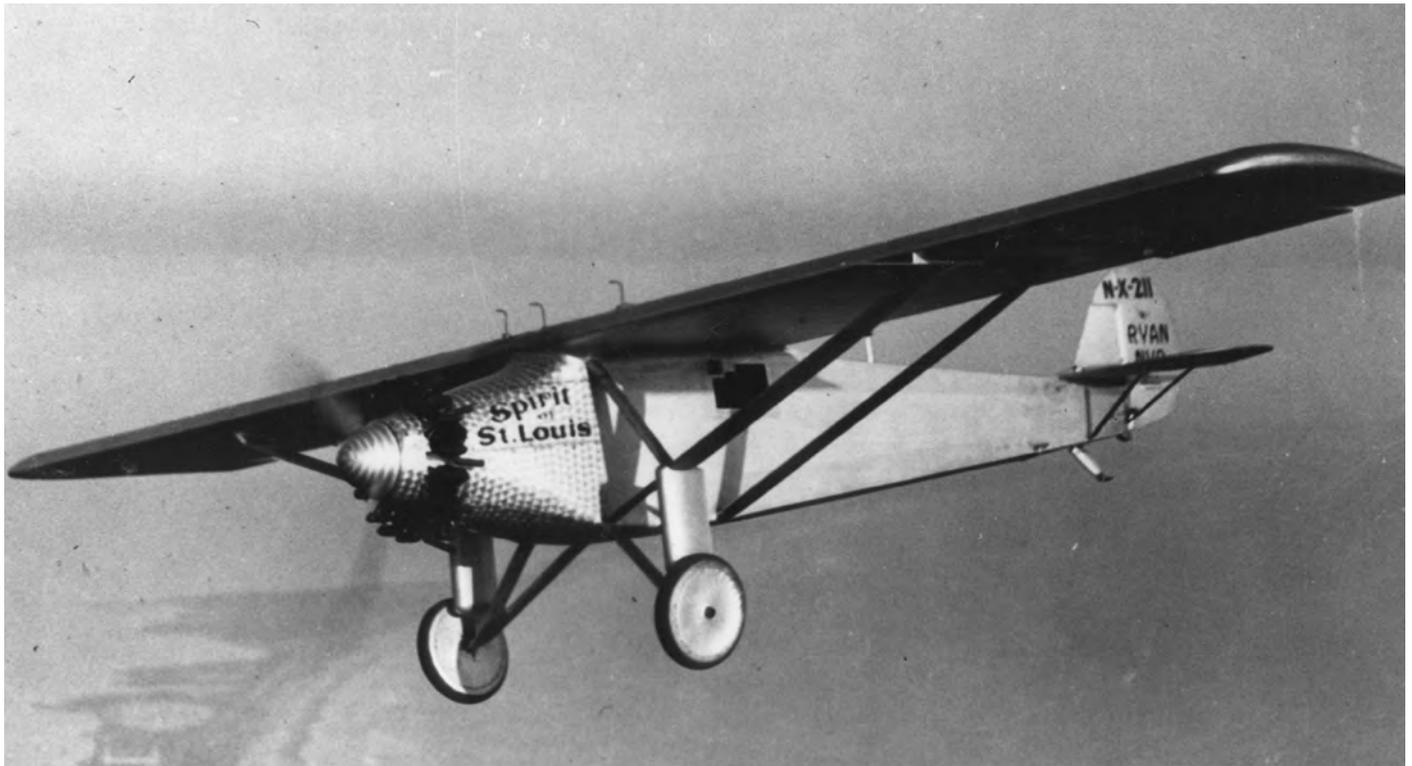
The revised plan called for keeping Lindbergh away from reporters until he could be primed on

what to say, so as not to offend French sensibilities after the loss of Nungesser and Coli. On landing, he was to taxi up the airport terminal between two rows of policemen reinforced by troops. Once there, he would be escorted directly from his plane to the upper level of the terminal for a brief welcoming ceremony. Admission to a fenced-in area in front of the building was to be limited to individuals with “complete official documents,” which did not include reporters.

These arrangements did not concern the Paris bureau chief of *The New York Times*, Edwin L. James, who had plans of his own. Before Lindbergh left New York, his St. Louis backers had negotiated a contract with the paper for the exclusive rights to his story. The *Times*’ managing editor, Frederick Birchall, then cabled James “to isolate” Lindbergh the moment he landed before other reporters could reach him. As James recalled, his “elaborate preparations” included “a fine automobile ready to bring the aviator back to the capital to give his own story. ...Oh, it was a wonderful plan.”

Back home, the editor of the *Chicago Tribune* somehow learned of the scheme, and he in turn promptly notified his own Paris bureau chief, Henry Wales. A crusty veteran of the city’s press corps, Wales was not about to lose out to a competitor on the Lindbergh story. “I could see his arrival,” he indignantly recalled. “Jimmy James and his staff would take possession of Mr. Lindbergh—kidnap him, if necessary; hide him in some hotel; milk his story to the last detail. With the yarn safely in type, they’d invite the rest of us to meet the hero....”

Wales was on close terms with Herrick, having written speeches for him, and he alerted the ambassador who acted quickly to beat James at his own game with the help of French officials. As William Shirer of *Berlin Dairy* fame, then a cub reporter working with Wales, notes in his memoirs,



Arguably the most well-known of American aircraft, the *Spirit of St. Louis*. (Photo courtesy of Air Force Magazine.)

THOUSANDS OF PARISIANS CLOGGED THE ROADS LEADING TO THE AIRPORT

“the police and Major Pierre Weiss, commandant of Le Bourget military field ... worked out a last-minute plan with Ambassador Herrick for a reception.”

Major Weiss actually commanded only the bomber unit of the 34th Aviation Regiment, that was based on the opposite side of the field from the civilian air terminal. The major’s help was key to a plan to “rescue” Lindbergh even before James and his reporters could get to him. Early that morning, a Saturday, Weiss was observed busily making preparations and giving orders to his men for the arrival of the American pilot. As ensuing events would show, they were to seize him right out of the cockpit as he landed, and keep him in custody at least overnight. By that time, he could be coached by Herrick before meeting the press. With the crowd kept at a distance, a bogus flier, appearing extremely fatigued, even on the verge of collapse, would appear briefly at the air terminal. It was arranged to have a doctor, an American, on hand with his kit and a blanket roll. “He’ll naturally be exhausted when he arrives,” anticipated the physician. “I positively won’t let him do any talking tonight.”

Seemingly uninvolved in all this, Herrick attended the tennis matches at St. Cloud for a second day. Late that afternoon, a messenger from the embassy rushed up to him in the president’s box and handed him a telegram. Lindbergh had been sighted over Ireland. On receiving the news, the ambassador and his party were observed leaving for Paris “in disarray.” “I hardly even dared to expect his arrival,” Herrick later disclaimed. “I merely went to the flying field on the chance that he would be successful in his attempt and I wanted to be on hand to congratulate him.”

On arriving at Le Bourget, Herrick realized he was facing a very difficult, if not impossible, situation. As word spread of the American flier making it safely across the Atlantic, thousands of Parisians clogged the roads leading to the airport. They crowded about the terminal and noisily filled the small restaurant inside. The police guarding the restricted reception area out front became so hard pressed that they accepted “any card that had your picture on it.”

Ambassador Herrick, at least, found himself in full command with all the assistance French authorities could provide. The crowd, the chief of the Paris police informed him, was the largest since “the peace parade. I’ve sent for five hundred more police, Your Excellency.” The Elysée Palace sent a military aide, Colonel Denain, to act on behalf of the French president, Gaston Doumergue, at the airport. “All help and courtesy will be extended to Mr. Lindbergh,” announced the Foreign Office. ... “Sufficient police will be on hand to guard him against any demonstration.”

Lindbergh landed after dark shortly after 10:20 P.M., settling softly like an exhausted carrier pigeon as he neared the ground. In his book, *The Spirit of St. Louis*, he complains about the poor lighting and “jolting into blackness” until he finally stopped, and then swung around “to taxi back toward the floodlights and the hangars.” He never reached them. Once he was safely on the ground, some lights were purposely turned off and he was beacons away by military searchlights to a spot a half-mile from the terminal where Major Weiss and his soldiers were waiting to pounce on him.

According to the flier’s account, his first words on landing were, “Are there any mechanics here?”

THEY GOT A HOLD OF LINDBERGH, ...I SHOULD SAY THEY KIDNAPPED HIM

WALES SAW THE SERGEANTS REACH INSIDE AND SEIZE LINDBERGH. HE FELL TO THE GROUND ONCE AND THEN HE WAS ON THE SHOULDERS OF A DOZEN MEN

A BOGUS AVIATOR WAS RUSHED THROUGH THE CROWD TO BE PRESENTED TO THE AMBASSADOR

Ironically enough, the man who claimed to have been first to reach the plane was a mechanic by the name of Fernand Sarrazin. No ordinary mechanic, he was, in fact, the chief of aircraft maintenance for C.I.D.N.A. (Compagnie Internationale de Navigation Aérienne), an airline based at Le Bourget. Sarrazin was obviously out there to take charge of the plane; it was to one of the company's hangars that the *Spirit of St. Louis* was taken later that evening.

Without disclosing why he did so, Sarrazin said he walked out of his hangar onto the field at about ten o'clock, the time Lindbergh was expected to arrive. He watched as the American landed and taxied toward him. As he recalled, he barely had time to shout, "Ici Paris, Le Bourget," before some soldiers pulled up in automobiles. "They got a hold of Lindbergh, or rather I should say they kidnapped him, so quickly was this done without any regard for the safeguarding of the plane. Consequently, I remained with the machine."

By some similar coincidence, Hank Wales, Herrick's informant about the *Times* plan, and Shirer were also out in that particular area of the field. They saw the flier touch down in the half-light, and then turn to taxi in their direction. "By luck," wrote Shirer without explaining their good fortune, "he stopped a few yards from where Wales and I were standing." Wales recognized Major Weiss in full uniform shouting to Lindbergh to cut his engine, while his men "were pulling and twisting at the door to the cabin of the slowly moving plane." The flier's first words, said Wales, were not about mechanics, but an admonition to the soldiers as the door swung open: "Careful there; don't break it." Once the *Spirit of St. Louis* came to a full stop, Wales saw "the sergeants reach inside and seize Lindbergh." Realizing he was about to be carried off, the flier reached out as far as he could and managed to slam the cabin door shut.

About this time, James and two of his *Times* reporters reached the scene of the melee. They had gone out at dusk and walked along the police lines stretching out from the terminal until they thinned out. Huddled together, they then waited behind the glare of a large flare for Lindbergh to arrive. After he landed, James and his party, unlike Wales and Shirer, had to run several hundred yards to reach the plane. "We could see he was struggling," James recalled, after Lindbergh was pulled from his cabin. "He fell to the ground once and then he was on the shoulders of a dozen men."

Lindbergh, in his book, makes no mention of the soldiers who descended on him like commandos. Instead, he remembers the surging crowd, fearing it would do serious damage to the plane. "Within seconds my open windows were blocked with faces," he writes. Only after he "decided to get out of the cockpit and try to find some English-speaking person, who would help me organize a guard to hold back the crowd," does he recall being grabbed by "dozens of hands" as he emerged.

The thousands who had been waiting, many of them for hours, were puzzled on seeing the gray-

white monoplane land in the shadows and then taxi away from the terminal. The crowd may have sensed it would be denied seeing the American pilot, and the sight of the figures of James and his party running toward the plane evidently sparked a stampede. A human wave crashed through "the very strongest fences, some seven feet high, with spikes on the top," and rushed out on the open field. Looking over his shoulder, James saw "countless bobbing heads between us and the flares..."

The unexpected surge of the huge crowd gave credence to the story that Lindbergh's "rescue" was an impromptu affair; it also greatly complicated the reception Herrick had planned at the terminal. As Wales described it, while Lindbergh was being "spirited into an army hangar, a bogus aviator was rushed through the crowd to be presented to the Ambassador." The man acting as a double for Lindbergh was a Parisian haberdasher named Jean Claude d'Ahetze. Although he did not look much like the American flier, he was tall and spoke some English. Standing by on the field when the plane landed, he said he thought it was an incoming mail flight until he saw the words, "Spirit of St. Louis" on its nose.

Garbed in a leather jacket, the young Frenchman reached in through the open cockpit window and pulled Lindbergh's helmet off his head, even before his plane came to a complete stop. Since he likely would be photographed, he needed an American-styled helmet that was different from French flying gear. Conceivably, d'Ahetze could have taxied the *Spirit of St. Louis* to the terminal. Although not a pilot, he had served as an aviation mechanic during the war.

Lindbergh effectively denies any such encounters with d'Ahetze, or with Sarrazin, the mechanic, not to mention Major Weiss who was observed shouting to him to cut his engine (*Coupez! Coupez!*). "No one reached my plane," he said categorically, "until I had turned back toward the hangars, cut the switches, and the wheels had stopped rolling." Lindbergh was much less certain as to what happened to his helmet. As he recalls in his book, "my helmet had somehow gotten onto the head of an American reporter. Someone had pointed to him and called out, *There is Lindbergh! There is Lindbergh!*" The crowd had taken over the reporter and left me free."

In the confusion, d'Ahetze in his leather jacket and wearing the flier's helmet may himself have been mistaken for Lindbergh. In any event, he in turn lost the helmet, which wound up on the head of Harry Wheeler, a young American in the crowd. Much as he tried to break loose, he was hoisted up on the shoulders of a small group of men and carried away toward the airport terminal.

According to d'Ahetze the youth was taken for Lindbergh, having been "designated as such by some French officers who, in the meantime, cleverly concealed the real Lindbergh." Herrick's own recollections were more consistent with the account of a "rescue," and a spontaneous one at that. A year or so later, he said: "This man turned

En route from Paris to London, Lindbergh lands at Evre Aerodrome for a one-day visit in Brussels.



THIS WAS DONE TO DECEIVE THE CROWD AND GET THEM CLEAR OF LINDBERGH

out to be a New York *Herald* reporter ... to whom Major Weiss had given the helmet with orders to take it to me. This was done to deceive the crowd and get them clear of Lindbergh and his ship. The ruse succeeded, and it only goes to show how quickly aviators have to think and act.”

Tall and blond-haired, Wheeler certainly looked like Lindbergh, but he was not a reporter. He was a Brown University student on a summer tour of Europe. His clothes torn and disheveled, he was still struggling as he was carried up to the upper level of the terminal where Herrick, clutching a bouquet of red roses, and other officials were waiting to receive the hero. Describing the scene as one that provided “the only comedy of the evening,” William Shirer relates:

“ ‘But I’m not Lindbergh, Mr. Ambassador,’ he insisted.

‘Of course you are,’ Herrick replied, holding out the roses.

‘I tell you, sir, I’m not Lindbergh,’ the young man repeated.

‘My name is Harry Wheeler. Everyone got confused because of this,’ and he held up the crumpled helmet...

‘If you’re not Lindbergh, then where is he?’ the ambassador asked.

‘Some French officers took him to a hangar on the other side of the field while that crazy mob was almost killing me.’ ”

Although essentially correct, Shirer’s account had to be written from hearsay, because no reporters were admitted to the upper level of the terminal. He was also writing from hindsight because Wheeler had no way of knowing at the time where Lindbergh had been taken. As for Herrick, he hardly could have expected the real Lindbergh to appear at the terminal. Confused by the switch of doubles, he was reassured when d’Ahetze arrived in the wake of the small group that had brought in the American student. He informed Herrick that his “son” had landed and that he had seen the plane. Determined not to be cheated out of his moment of glory, d’Ahetze then regained possession of the helmet.

“I opened the window and wild with joy showed the crowd Lindbergh’s helmet,” he recounted. “It was at that precise moment that I was mistaken for Lindbergh. I wore a leather coat, my hair was tousled. The mob cheered me as surely no man was ever cheered. ... Finally, I realized the mistake, withdrew, and gave Lindbergh’s helmet to Ambassador Herrick.”

D’Ahetze never did say that he acted as a stand-in for Lindbergh. Obviously not wanting to implicate Herrick, he claimed to have done little more than appear at the window with the helmet. Yet, one eyewitness, John P. V. Heinmuller, saw the entire charade carried out as planned.

Heinmuller, later president of the Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company, was allowed on the upper level of the terminal as an official observer of the National Aeronautic Association. He had hastily sailed for Europe fully expecting another entrant in the transatlantic race, Clarence Chamberlain, flying the *Columbia* with the plane’s owner, Charles Levine, as his passenger, would be the first to reach Paris. Instead, he arrived in the French capital just in time to see Lindbergh land at Le Bourget. He had no reason to believe that the “tired flier” at the terminal was not Lindbergh.

“I was lucky to be admitted, through the aid of Comm. Weiss,” Heinmuller wrote home four days later. “Only Lindbergh, the official physician [who fully expected to find his patient in a state of complete exhaustion], and a few high officials were admitted to the upper floor....”

After the physician had pronounced the flier’s condition satisfactory, he was escorted secretly through a side door with a French military coat worn over his flying suit to help hide his identity. The crowd outside, not knowing he had gone, kept calling for Lindbergh’s appearance....”

Herrick’s problem was to placate the crowd and persuade it to go home. He sent his son, Parmely, out waving the helmet, and he also was mistaken for Lindbergh. Herrick himself then appeared and “offered the leather helmet to the French people like a scalp.” Finally, the lights in the terminal were turned off for a time to convince the crowd that Lindbergh had left.

TALL AND BLOND-HAIRED, WHEELER CERTAINLY LOOKED LIKE LINDBERGH

HERRICK’S PROBLEM WAS TO PLACATE THE CROWD AND PERSUADE IT TO GO HOME

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MACHINE**

D'Ahetze, at least, recorded his name for posterity in what was unquestionably the most momentous landing in aviation history. Officials of the Paris Aero club were with Herrick at the terminal with a landing certificate, attesting to the flier's arrival at Le Bourget. The document was important in laying claim to the Orteig Prize, but Lindbergh was not there to sign it. The officials were finally persuaded he had, indeed, landed upon being shown his helmet with the label of its Boston manufacturer sewn inside. Acting as a proxy, d'Ahetze signed the certificate along with a few others, as did Lindbergh the next day.

The French haberdasher, Herrick always insisted, was merely the man "who delivered to me Lindy's helmet," but he evidently felt obligated to him for more than that act alone. A year later, the ambassador wrote to Lindbergh, on his behalf. "What he would like," communicated Herrick, "is an autographed picture of yourself and, in view of the fact that he gave me the means of verifying your landing that memorable evening, I take the liberty of placing his request before you..."

D'Ahetze apparently did not get a picture. In 1933, when Lindbergh returned to Paris for the first time since his flight, the haberdasher appealed directly to him by letter. Writing "in my poor language," he identified himself as "the first man who speak [sic] with you after your memorial flying—thirty-three hours—when your spirit [plane] run in the grass at Le Bourget—21 May!! and I took your helmet on your head myself. Do you remember...?" Even in the case of d'Ahetze, Lindbergh was not inclined to respond to requests for autographed pictures.

D'Ahetze ended his letter by identifying himself as a "Friend of Michael Detroyat," a name that Lindbergh would come to know well. One of the two acknowledged "rescuers," Detroyat had led the assault in getting the flier out of his cockpit. A sergeant who spoke some English, he was promoted to lieutenant shortly thereafter. A skillful pilot, Detroyat met Lindbergh again in Europe in the thirties, and also in 1940, when he came to the United States with a French mission seeking to purchase American warplanes. So far as it can be determined, Detroyat never spoke for the record on what transpired that night at Le Bourget, nor did he question Lindbergh's account when asked to read the manuscript of his book before its publication in 1953.

The other "rescuer," George Delage, was not a soldier, but Detroyat may have recruited him for his better command of English. A commercial pilot based in England, he flew between London and Paris with a French airline, Air Union. Although Delage does not appear to have ever spoken for the record either, he also believed he was owed a favor for his role at Le Bourget. Some two years later he wrote to the flier asking, "May I recall to you the circumstances of our first meeting?" What Delage wanted was Lindbergh's help in getting employment as a pilot with some airline in the States.

Receiving no reply, he wrote Lindbergh six months later, again apparently to no avail.

Acting together, Detroyat and Delage took custody of Lindbergh after the soldiers pulled him out of his plane. As improbable as it was that two English-speaking Frenchmen in that immense crowd should reach him at the same time, Lindbergh claims that is just what happened. "Two French aviators," he writes, "the military pilot Detroyat and the civil pilot Delage, found themselves close to me in the jam of people. ...I spoke no word of French; my new friends but little English..." Lindbergh had little choice but to go along with them. "With arms solidly linked in mine," he continues, "I began moving slowly, but unnoticed through the crowd." He does not say that his escorts sought to disguise his appearance. Lindbergh was made to remove his flying suit, and Delage handed him his own Air Union jacket to put on.

If Lindbergh felt indignant about this, it was nothing compared to his concern about his plane. "I should not try to get back to it," he remembers being told. "They were determined about that—there was no mistaking their tones and gestures. They laughed and shook their heads as I protested, and kept pointing to the car." Delage had a small Renault, which was much less conspicuous in driving the flier away than an army vehicle. As Lindbergh recalls, they went to "a big hangar" where he "was taken to a small room on one side. My friends motioned me to a chair and put out most of the lights—so I would not be discovered by the crowd."

Lindbergh's account corroborates the notion that he was rescued from the mob. It also raises the question of why, instead of hiding the flier, Delage did not keep on driving beyond the airport to a place where he would be safe, such as a hotel, just as James of the *Times* had planned to do. In any event, the stop at the hangar does give Lindbergh an opportunity to introduce Major Weiss, who up to this point is not mentioned in his narrative. Detroyat left, the flier goes on, "to search for an officer of higher rank." It appears the sergeant had some trouble finding one until "in the midst of the crowd, he came across Major Weiss. ...The Major could not believe that I was sitting in a hangar's darkened room. 'It is impossible,' he told Detroyat. 'Lindbergh has just been carried triumphantly to the official reception committee.'" The incredulous major, the flier continues, came to the hangar with Detroyat, and "on seeing me insisted that I be taken to his office on the military side of Le Bourget—about a mile away. So we climbed into the Renault again, and drove across the field. Then, it was Major Weiss's turn to go out and search for higher officer."

After Detroyat and Delage had taken charge of Lindbergh at the plane, Weiss threw a cordon of police and soldiers around the machine until it could be taken to Sarrazin's hangar. The major then joined Herrick and the other officials at the terminal. Had the reporters not seen him directing

**LINDBERGH
REPLIED
...THEY HAVE
ALREADY
TAKEN MY
HELMET!**

the “rescue,” no one would have been the wiser. When Weiss was summoned to the telephone, it could only have been Detroyat calling to inform him they had arrived with Lindbergh at the military section of the field. D’Ahetze who happened to be standing nearby the phone at the terminal, confirms in his account, “Commandant Weiss learned that Lindbergh was safe.” In turn, he informed Herrick who decided he would like to see his “son” that night, and the major immediately left to set up a meeting.

Colonel Denain, the military aide sent by the Elysée Palace, was also called to the phone at the terminal. This time, the eavesdropper was the Belgian air attaché serving in Paris, Baron Willy Coppens de Houthulst. A famous ace who had lost a leg in the war, Coppens was a colorful figure noted for his devilish sense of humor. He also spoke English, which was perhaps one reason why he was at the terminal. “Yes, he has arrived, but we do not know where he is,” Coppens heard the colonel say. “I was waiting until I had seen him before telephoning. Please give my apologies to the President ... How did you find out?” Ah! Weiss. Yes, I see. North Block....”

Coppens kept his plane in a hangar in the North Block along with those of the bomber unit commanded by Weiss. Concluding that Lindbergh had been taken there, the attaché quickly left and drove across the field without lights. When he arrived at the rear of the hangar where Weiss had his office, the attaché ran into some soldiers guarding the entrance. Being in uniform, he was allowed to go in. Lindbergh, he was told, was not in Weiss’s office, but in a tiny room at the end of a hallway. A soldier was posted at the door. On seeing the tall, boyish American who had just flown the Atlantic, Coppens was at a loss of words. Looking forlorn, the flier was still wearing Delage’s uniform jacket on which were pinned some military ribbons.

“I see you have the French Military Medal,” Coppens jested in accented English. “That’s too wonderful!” Unsmiling, Lindbergh replied the jacket did not belong to him, and added with some anger, “They have already taken my helmet!” He then pulled a slip of paper from his wallet. On it was written the name of a small Paris hotel. He asked Coppens about it, wondering “if it might not be too expensive?” The flier had been told he would be met on landing by *Times* reporters, but he was not one to leave anything to chance. So far, he had been proven correct. He had yet to speak to correspondents from the *Times*, or any other newspaper. Coppens was struck by Lindbergh’s cool composure, recalling that “his face—was it due to fatigue?—conveyed no emotion whatsoever, neither joy nor enthusiasm.”

Barely ten minutes after Coppens saw Lindbergh, there was some rushing about in the hallway. Major Weiss was telling the soldiers that the American ambassador was coming and to prepare for his arrival. The flier, Herrick noted later, had been found only after “a diligent search. It was not until one o’clock that we discovered him in a little

adobe building on the far side of the field with his rescuers.”

Weiss escorted Lindbergh from his room and led him outside where a line of soldiers had been hastily drawn up as an honor guard. They stiffened to attention as a large, chauffeured car drove up with Herrick, Colonel Denain, and a few other French officers inside. The ambassador undoubtedly expected to find a grubby, oil-stained pilot barely able to stand from fatigue. As it was, he was completely taken aback when he saw the fair-haired youth waiting impassively with Weiss and the soldiers. Emerging from the car, “the old man reached out and embraced his compatriot *a la mode de chez nous*,” observed Coppens. Visibly moved, Herrick was heard to mutter, “A kid! He’s just a kid!”

Lindbergh was much relieved to see the American ambassador. From the brusque treatment he had received, he was convinced he was in some sort of trouble. He had explained to his French keepers who he was and showed them his passport. “I was a little worried about that, since I had no visa,” he conceded. “But I received mostly smiles and laughter in reply.” Being made fun of was annoying, but all he could do “was just wait and let events develop.”

“When I greeted him he handed me his three letters of introduction with a happy smile,” recalled Herrick. “One [was] addressed to me, one to Mr. Houghton [the U.S. envoy in London], and the third, I forgot to whom.” Once inside, the ambassador was shown a room where the French “were making up a cot for their guest.” Chairs were brought in so they could sit down, but Lindbergh said he preferred to stand. “Thank you,” he declined. “I have been sitting.” Herrick was taken by the dry-witted response. “I was so captured by his sense of humor, his smile and his general appearance,” he went on, “that the thought then first occurred to me to ask him to become my guest at the embassy. ...I immediately took him by the hand and said: ‘My boy, come with me; I am going to take you home and look after you.’ His face lighted up and he said: ‘Are you?’”

The warm invitation was not unlike countless others the flier received from farmers while barnstorming, or from Mr. Conkling, the kindly postmaster of Springfield, Illinois, when the weather turned bad on the mail run to Chicago. A home-cooked meal and a wide bed in the spare room upstairs was usually more comfortable, and cheaper, than staying in a hotel in town. But that night at Le Bourget, it would have been better for Lindbergh if he had stayed at the airport, and slept on the steel cot which the soldiers were readying for him. Come morning, he could have made his own plans and been on his way in a few days. The flier was about to become a pawn, and his whole life would be changed to a degree far beyond the significance of his solo ocean journey.

Major Weiss, who was quite prepared to keep Lindbergh at Le Bourget, delivered his prize to the American ambassador. The flier’s biggest concern

**LINDBERGH
WAS MUCH
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AMBAS-
SADOR**



The *Spirit of St. Louis* is readied for takeoff.

**WHEN
LINDBERGH
BOLTED OUT
OF THE
DOOR...HIS
"RESCUERS"
RAN IN
PURSUIT AND
BROUGHT
HIM BACK TO
HERRICK**

now was his plane, and what had happened to it. As they were about to leave, Herrick recalls Lindbergh saying he wanted to go "fix the windows of my ship, for these Frenchmen will not know how to do it. Before I could restrain him ... he dashed out." The flier tells a different story, stating "a discussion in French followed" his request to see the plane. He says he was told not to worry. The *Spirit of St. Louis* was not badly damaged, and he could inspect it after he had slept.

"Well, how do you feel about it, Captain?" Herrick asks solicitously in the flier's account. "I argued that I wanted to get some items from the cockpit, and to show how to put the windows in." Lindbergh claims he was driven back to the "Air Union hangar" where "my *Spirit of St. Louis* has been placed inside." After "a careful inspection," he was satisfied "no serious damage had been done. A few hours of work would make my plane airworthy again." Never one to concede injury, Lindbergh was trying to minimize what could not be completely denied, as revealed in photographs taken of the plane.

The pictures also established that it had been taken to the C.I.D.N.A. hangar. "I must say," states Sarrazin, the chief mechanic, "I did not see Lindbergh again during the course of that memorable night.... Since the plane suffered quite a bit of damage—the fabric on the fuselage and control panels torn out, the empennage thrown out of line, the tail skid twisted—the fuselage and control surfaces had to be completely recovered...." The French were adamant about not showing the plane until it had been restored, but their concern was not so much about upsetting Lindbergh. Ambassador Herrick had warned them that any harm befalling the flier or his machine would arouse hostile American feelings against France.

When Lindbergh bolted out of the door in search of his plane, his "rescuers" ran in pursuit and brought him back to Herrick. "Instead of taking him to his ship, they bundled him immediately into their car and started off to Paris by roads

known only to them," confirms the ambassador. "I did not see him again until I got to the embassy some hours later."

Major Weiss went along with Detroyat and Delage in the overcrowded Renault. Aside from assuring that Lindbergh would reach the embassy, the French officer added the dignity of his rank to a brief ceremony that took place enroute. An impromptu affair, it had all the earmarks of having been suggested, if not ordered, by Ambassador Herrick. Once in the city, Lindbergh and his escort made a visit at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe. While it is doubtful the flier fully understood the significance of the site, much less cared on his third night without sleep, Weiss recorded the event in highly grandiloquent terms.

"Lindbergh asked us to stop," reads an article he wrote shortly thereafter. "He walked to the tomb and bowed in silence. Only three of us witnessed this historic scene, in which the conqueror of the Atlantic stood over the grave of that other conqueror, shedding a leaf from the still fresh crown on his brow. No spectacle of such solemn grandeur has been seen in this generation." Weiss said nothing about his "rescue" of Lindbergh at Le Bourget.

Coppens, the Belgian attaché, had followed the Renault in his own car into Paris. As they drove up the Champs Élysées, he saw Delage pull over in front of the Claridge Hotel. The doorman went inside and returned with some flowers he collected from the empty tables in the dining room. At such an early hour, they were the only ones available to place on the tomb of France's Unknown Soldier. Lindbergh himself mentions no such floral tribute. "My friends took me through the arch," he relates, "and I found myself standing silently with them at the tomb.... They wanted my first stop in Paris to be at the Arc de Triomphe, they said."

Barely a few hours later, the Paris newspaper, *Le Matin*, reported in bold headlines how an exuberant crowd had greeted the flier at Le Bourget

SOME CORRESPONDENTS WERE NOT ABOVE DOING A LITTLE INVENTING OF THEIR OWN THAT NIGHT

with cries of “Vive Lindbergh! Vive l’Amerique!” Another front-page story informed Parisians of his moving early morning visit to the Arc de Triomphe “to salute the Unknown Soldier.” Back in the States, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* noted editorially shortly after the flight that, while “on his way into Paris in Ambassador Herrick’s automobile,” Lindbergh “requested that the prearranged route into the city be changed so as to permit him to lay a wreath on the tomb of the French Unknown Soldier. Tired and exhausted as he was, he achieved by this little act ... added respect and appreciation not only for himself but the nation he represented. ...America has reason to be proud.” Evidently, Herrick still had contacts in St. Louis where, as a young man, he had worked briefly as a reporter.

The ambassador himself credited Lindbergh with ending “one of those periods of petulant nagging and quarreling between the French and ourselves. ...Within ten hours after Lindbergh landed at Le Bourget all these clouds were rolling away...” Fearful there might not be “another Lindbergh to drop out of the sky to help us...next time bickering starts up,” Herrick could only hope “we might have sense enough to invent one just for the occasion.”

Some correspondents were not above doing a little inventing of their own that night, as they faced Sunday edition deadlines without having seen Lindbergh. John Pickering of the *Paris Herald* ran three miles from Le Bourget before finding a taxi for the rest of the trip back to his office. “Christ, what a story!” he exclaimed on arriving. “I practically had my hands on him. Then, presto! He’s gone. First guy to fly it, and not a single word from him. We’re high and dry.”

Hank Wales of the *Chicago Tribune* was not so hard pressed in covering the big event. Acting as if he knew all along that Lindbergh would not be speaking to anyone on arrival, Wales proceeded to write an imaginary interview with him at plane-side.

“Am I in Paris?” he quotes the flier on landing.

“You’re here,’ I told him, as the mob jabbered in French...”

Wales noted how Lindbergh, a strict teetotaler, “gulped down a swallow of brandy from a flask one of the French pilots offered, and it seemed to revive him.”

For his “Lindbergh exclusive,” he received a \$500 bonus from his newspaper, a considerable sum at the time. Other envious correspondents accused Wales of having written his imaginative dispatch earlier that afternoon. “Wales was on excellent terms with Herrick,” recounted Waverley Root of the *Chicago Tribune’s* Paris edition, “and it wouldn’t have been beyond him to acquaint Herrick with what he intended to write and make sure there would be no denial of it. Indeed, he might even, as a friend of the ambassador, have served as a sort of unofficial adviser on what angles it would be politic to persuade Lindbergh to stress...in the interest of French American amity.”

“We reporters suffered the tortures of the damned,” echoed James of the *Times*. He nonetheless managed to turn in “a slick professional job” telling how Lindbergh appeared at the terminal after being rescued from the crowd. In a follow-up article, James pointed an accusing finger, not at Herrick, but the reception committee for “deeply planning” to snatch Lindbergh on landing so “that those *New York Times* reporters did not do any ‘isolating.’ Well, if we did not, they did not.” Along with the lines of soldiers and police, the crowd had swept up the official greeters.

James does not explain why the reception committee would want to prevent reporters from reaching Lindbergh, but someone had to be blamed for his failure to carry out the “isolating” order from New York. When James learned that the one responsible was the American ambassador, he did not dare expose him, not to mention embarrass Lindbergh, who had become a world acclaimed hero overnight. None of the correspondents, in fact, ever suggested that Herrick was involved in the flier’s disappearance from the field after he landed. To have done so would have made them look ludicrous, and since they were able to see the flier before dawn anyway, the correspondents could be forgiving.

James and his crew were crawling back empty-handed in heavy traffic to Paris when one of them, Carlisle MacDonald, asked him, “Say, James, do you think we will get fired for this?” Thanks to Herrick’s concern about his good relations with the press, and Lindbergh’s insistence on fulfilling his contract with the paper, nobody was. James, “a tough, hard-bitten character,” ended his long newspaper career as the managing editor of *The New York Times*.

Once back at the office, James recalled how they went to work “getting the story together. Then we remembered we had not got Captain Lindbergh. ...‘Ambassador Herrick is a good fellow,’ someone said, ‘he will tell.’ Off Mac went and found Captain Lindbergh sitting on the edge of the bed in the Embassy drinking a glass of milk.” Unless Herrick did tell, locating Lindbergh could hardly have been so easy. As MacDonald himself conceded, the ambassador’s son, Parmely, cordially let him in at the embassy as if he had been expected all along. “Come on in, Mac. He’s upstairs talking to Father.’ There were no other reporters in the Embassy.”

Herrick had lingered behind at Le Bourget to throw the press off the scent, and give Lindbergh and his escort time to reach the embassy. On returning there, the ambassador found his guest was upset because he had not met the *Times* reporters at the airport as he had expected. The flight to Paris was only the first stop on what Lindbergh hoped would be a trip around the world, and for that he needed money. Aside from a few testimonials he had given before leaving New York, he had no ready source of income other than what the *Times* would pay him. Although he had won the \$25,000 Orteig prize for making the flight, he fully

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expected his St. Louis backers would claim most of it to pay for the plane.

Herrick insisted he should rest and wait until the next day to talk with the *Times* men, but once determined to have his way, Lindbergh was not easily swayed even by an ambassador nearly three times his age. Herrick finally yielded and telephoned James as to where he could find the most sought man in all of Paris. At the embassy, MacDonald was ushered up to the flier's room, finding him "wide-awake, coherent and most cooperative" during a half-hour interview.

Herrick was later accused of working hand in glove with the *Times* in his handling of Lindbergh. Back home, press czar William Randolph Hearst sent a protesting telegram to Secretary of State Frank Kellogg on being advised that "the Ambassador and his family were keeping all the newspapermen away from Lindbergh except *The New York Times*." The flier, replied Kellogg, was Herrick's "personal guest," and the government "has nothing whatever to do with Mr. Lindbergh's affairs."

Herrick, understandably sensitive to the charge of favoritism, later sought to explain himself to his biographer. As newsmen gathered outside the embassy, he said he suggested to the flier, "if he was not worn out, he let them all in for a minute," but he declined, citing his "exclusive contract" with the *Times*. Herrick added he realized "this thing seemed to big an affair to be made the exclusive news of any one paper." Since MacDonald was still at the embassy, Herrick sent his son downstairs to discuss the situation with him.

According to the reporter, he took it upon himself, evidently without consulting James, to release Lindbergh from his contract "in deference to the world importance of the story.... I never regretted it. Through all the giddy weeks afterward... he remained true to the *Times*." Herrick apparently was much relieved to be off the hook. MacDonald, he praised, "showed himself the high-class man he is... and all the journalists came up to hear what Lindbergh would tell them."

The truth be told, that is not precisely how the flier got to meet the press early that Sunday morning. Herrick had no intentions of allowing him to talk to other newsmen after his interview with MacDonald, who undoubtedly was of the same mind. Lindbergh was tucked in and told to get some sleep. Not long afterward, a band of reporters led by Ralph Barnes of the *Paris Herald* arrived in taxies outside the embassy gate. Convinced Lindbergh was inside, Barnes asked to see the ambassador. Herrick met the reporters in a small reception room, and admitted the flier was upstairs sleeping. Pleading that his guest was too exhausted to be disturbed, the ambassador insisted there would be no interviews until he awoke and was alert enough to talk with them.

In the group was Jay Allen, whom Wales had sent out to follow up on what had happened to Lindbergh. He called his office and reported the impasse to Shirer, who answered. Angrily snatch-

ing the phone, Wales bellowed, "Listen, Jay. Tell Herrick you fellows have got to see him.... And if that doesn't work, barge up to the bedroom yourself. We got to talk to him."

Still awake, Lindbergh overheard the commotion when the reporters arrived at the embassy. Herrick's son came downstairs and announced that the flier "did not care to go to sleep just yet and would be glad to see the newspaper men for a few minutes." While barnstorming, Lindbergh had learned that advance billing and publicity were important to get the townspeople out to the fairgrounds for the air show. Flying the ocean alone had been like stunting over an empty grandstand, and now he was more than anxious to tell his story. The correspondents let out a whoop, and swept the ambassador out of their way as they dashed up the staircase.

When they entered the room, Lindbergh jumped up from his bed and asked, "Is *The New York Times* man here?" Only after MacDonald stepped forward was he ready to talk. "Questions were fired at him from all sides," observed the *Times* reporter. Charming the correspondents with his boyish smile and seeming humility, Lindbergh became more expansive and dramatic as he recounted his flight. Although he had traveled through "sleet and snow for over 1,000 miles, he refused to take seriously the problem of flying the Atlantic." He said he could not get over at "how short a time it took to cross the ocean," calculating he could have gone on for another five hundred miles, if not a thousand. "I didn't get at all sleepy," he boasted.

As the questions shifted from the flight to his arrival at Le Bourget, Herrick became very uneasy. The ambassador abruptly ended the interview after only seven or eight minutes, explaining it was "too much strain on the flier to submit him to further questioning." As Lindbergh himself recalled, "Paris clocks marked 4:15 in the morning before I went to bed. It was sixty-three hours since I had slept."

It remained for Herrick to end the momentous day with a transatlantic cable that would tug at the heartstrings of mothers all over America. Addressed to Evangeline Lindbergh in Detroit, it appeared in the *Times* Sunday editions after MacDonald received a copy before he left the embassy. It read:

WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR INCOMPARABLE SON HAS HONORED ME BY BECOMING MY GUEST. HE IS IN FINE CONDITION AND SLEEPING SWEETLY UNDER UNCLE SAM'S ROOF. MYRON HERRICK.

The ambassador later maintained he had not "realized the magnitude of this event... until the next morning, when I saw the newspapers.... Then the thought came to me of the significance of it all, also of my act of taking him to the Embassy, which placed the United States Government behind him."

Charles Lindbergh and Ambassador Herrick respond to a chanting crowd from a balcony window at the U.S. Embassy in Paris.



**LINDBERGH
HAD ARRIVED
WITH ONLY
THE
CLOTHES
HE WORE**

For political reasons, Herrick had acted, even before Lindbergh landed safely Le Bourget, to create the impression that his flight had the endorsement of Washington. The ambassador wanted to impress upon French authorities at the highest level that the American pilot merited being well-received and honored by their country, while at the same time assuaging their own sense of loss and resentment over the disappearance of Nungesser and Coli. Undoubtedly, the French Foreign Office was provided with an advance copy of a congratulatory message that was to be handed to Lindbergh *immediately on his arrival*. [Emphasis added.]

**HE DRESSED
IN A
BORROWED,
DOUBLE-
BREASTED
DARK BLUE
SUIT**

Cabled from Washington, the message recommended, if not drafted, by Herrick read in part: **THE AMERICAN PEOPLE REJOICE WITH ME AT THE BRILLIANT TERMINATION OF YOUR HEROIC FLIGHT. Told that his feat CROWNS THE RECORD OF AMERICAN AVIATION, the flier was reminded that he was BRINGING THE GREETINGS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE TO FRANCE. The cable further charged him with carrying THE ASSURANCE OF OUR ADMIRATION OF THOSE INTREPID FRENCHMEN, NUNGESSER AND COLI, WHOSE BOLD SPIRITS FIRST VENTURED ON YOUR EXPLOIT, AND LIKEWISE A MESSAGE OF OUR CONTINUED ANXIETY CONCERNING THEIR FATE. The communication was signed, CALVIN COOLIDGE.**

After putting his “guest” to bed, one of the first things Herrick did was to acknowledge the “worthy tribute” from Washington. **FOR THE PRESIDENT,** began the ambassador’s cable that was transmitted through Secretary of State Kellogg. **ALL FRANCE IS DEEP IN JOY AT CHARLES LINDBERGH’S BRAVE FLIGHT. ...IF WE HAD DELIBERATELY SOUGHT A TYPE TO REPRESENT THE YOUTH, THE INTREPID ADVEN-**

TURE OF AMERICA AND THE IMMORTAL BRAVERY OF NUNGESSER AND COLI, WE COULD NOT HAVE FARED AS WELL AS IN THIS BOY OF DIVINE GENIUS AND SIMPLE COURAGE.

Lindbergh had arrived with only the clothes he wore—his full-length flying suit over a pair of breeches, shirt and tie, and his long-sleeved sweater—the outfit in which he had posed for countless pictures in New York. After he got up about noon, he dressed in a borrowed, double-breasted dark blue suit. Someone said he looked “the picture of a typical American farmer boy.”

Ambassador Herrick and his embassy staff had to improvise because the “hero of the hour” could not be kept hidden much longer. By early afternoon, a large crowd had gathered outside the front gate, chanting, “We Want Lindbergh!” In response, Herrick led the flier out onto a balcony overlooking the street. The throng cheered on seeing the elderly ambassador and the tall, fresh-faced youth standing side by side with their arms entwined, smiling broadly down on them. A French flag was brought out, and together they let it “unfurl in the breeze.” The loud cheering continued until an embarrassed Lindbergh left the balcony “with a final wave and another of his engaging smiles.”

Once he was back inside, it was high time to appease the reporters besieging the embassy. Earlier, the flier had chatted leisurely with James and MacDonald as he ate a hearty breakfast. Finally, he walked down the grand staircase locked arm-in-arm with Herrick on his right and a man on his left who very likely was the ambassador’s son. In depicting the scene, Waverley Root mistakenly identifies him as Benjamin F. Mahoney, the builder of the *Spirit of St. Louis*. He had followed the flier from San Diego to New York by train and then sailed for Europe, but had yet to arrive in Paris.

AS HE CAME DOWN FOR HIS FIRST FORMAL PRESS APPEARANCE, ...LINDBERGH LOOKED AS IF HE WERE BEING LED TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR

THE FLIER'S OPENING STATEMENT OBVIOUSLY HAD BEEN WRITTEN FOR HIM

SHY, NORDIC LINDBERGH WAS JUST WHAT THE CLEVER DIPLOMAT NEEDED

Writing decades later, Root was still deeply resentful of having been kept downstairs with the other reporters while the *Times* men were upstairs with the flier. Since he outlived practically everyone there, including Lindbergh, Root could also be very candid. As he came down for his first formal press appearance, Root recalls, "Lindbergh looked as if he were being led to the electric chair between two husky guards."

The flier's opening statement obviously had been written for him with the cable from President Coolidge in mind. "I brought with me, gentlemen, the great sorrow of the American people for Nungesser and Coli," he said somberly. "The French attempt was in the heart of the whole nation, and we grieve with France over their noble failure." Not surprisingly, the first question asked was what did Lindbergh think of French women. "I haven't seen any yet," he curtly replied. According to Root, this was "his last contribution to the conversation except for the syllable 'Uh'. ...If a question opened an opportunity to make political capital, Herrick answered for Lindbergh before he could get his mouth open. If it were technical, the Ryan man pounced on it. Between these answers, Lindbergh was helpless."

On his first full day in Paris he had only one other engagement, a late afternoon call on "la Maman du Capitaine Nungesser." Although the visit was said to have been "unknown to anyone except the immediate household of the Ambassador," it turned out to be a badly kept secret. By the time Herrick and his party arrived, thousands of people crowded the street and the police were already there in force to clear the way. The visitors had to climb six flights of creaky stairs to reach a small apartment where Mme. Nungesser herself admitted them. One seeing the youthful American who had survived the Atlantic, the grieving woman embraced him and wept.

"She was in a pitiful state of emotion over the loss of her son," Herrick sympathized, "and begged Lindbergh to find him for her." He supposedly told her that the search was continuing and that her son would likely be found in the wilds of Canada. "This graceful gesture," observed the *Times*, "has earned for the bashful, fair-haired boy from the West the undying affection of the whole French nation." Lindbergh later denied that he had given "Mme. Nungesser any hope for the return of her son, as there was practically none." In all fairness, he was as much a pawn as Mme. Nungesser in their emotional meeting which Ambassador Herrick had carefully arranged.

The following day the flier spoke publicly for the first time at a luncheon hosted by the Aero Club of France. He limited his remarks to Nungesser and Coli, stating that those "brave airmen attempted a greater thing in taking off from Paris to New York than I have done in accomplishing the trip from New York to Paris. Their difficulties were far greater than mine...." Lindbergh's response, after other speakers had hailed his own flight as "the greatest thing ever done in the history of aviation,"

struck everyone for its modesty. As one American resident in Paris remarked, "It was as if the spirit of their own aviators had returned. The French accepted him as one of their own."

David Lawrence, a syndicated columnist, reported from Washington that Herrick "has taken charge of the young hero.... The Government here is pleased, indeed exuberant. Diplomacy knows what it means to get a whole nation speaking in praise of an American." Some months later, Henry Wales elaborated on the political fallout of the flight. "Flag-waving, nationalism, and politics played their part in the drama afterward," he wrote. "Washington discovered the value of this 'ambassador without portfolio,' and cabled Herrick in secret code to exploit the hero to the utmost in order to link up more firmly America's diplomatic relations with France weakened since the war."

Herrick himself testified as to the effort made to comply with that directive. "For more than a week," he said, "the ambassador to France and almost his entire staff were busy night and day attending to nothing except matters which concerned a young American who a few days before had never been heard of. It was not a question of whether we wanted to do it... it had to be done.... There was no escape. Of course, nobody wanted to escape; we were all charmed with him and delighted that things turned out as they did."

The ambassador effectively became the architect of the flier's celebratification both official and personal. "Shy, Nordic Lindbergh was just what the clever diplomat needed," commented *Time* magazine. "He rushed to Le Bourget waving French and U.S. flags; seized 'Lucky Lindy' with avidity; put him to bed in his own diplomatic pajamas; wrapped him in the tricolor; had him photographed, interviewed, dined and decorated; and caused the greatest enthusiasm for things U.S."

At noon on Monday, Herrick escorted Lindbergh to the Elysée Palace, the official residence of the French President. MacDonald, in his *Times* dispatch, reported that "within five minutes after arriving—a speed which would give American efficiency methods cause for thought—President Gaston Doumergue had pinned the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon the lapel of his blue suit—the one lent to him by Ambassador Herrick's son. In so doing France's Chief Executive set a new precedent, for never before has he personally conferred this distinctive decoration on an American." The act of a chief of state bestowing a high decoration on Lindbergh was also a precedent invariably followed in all of the other countries he later visited with the *Spirit of St. Louis*.

Before the day was over, the flier met the French Premier, Raymond Poincaré, who shook his hand and congratulated him on his "belle exploit." Summarizing "Capt. Lindbergh's first day of being lionized," the Associated Press concluded he had been "showered with such honors as France in all her history has never spontaneously bestowed on another private citizen."

**HERRICK
USED THE
FLIER WITH
UNCANNY
SHREWD-
NESS TO
IMPROVE
FRANCO-
AMERICAN
RELATIONS**

Later that week, Herrick arranged for the young hero to have lunch with the Minister of War, Paul Painlevé, as well as the Foreign Minister, Aristide Briand, at the Quai d'Orsay. "The days that followed were carbon copies of the first," Root elaborates. "We followed Lindbergh through a succession of presentations of awards, official receptions, banquets, and laudatory speeches, reporting word after banal word. ...Lindbergh was moved through his labyrinth of ceremony like a puppet, wearing a perpetual expression of bewilderment."

After his arrival in Paris, the flier had barely caught up on his sleep before he was showered with invitations to visit other European cities. Herrick did all he could to dissuade him from going, particularly to Berlin. To do so, he told the flier with some heat, would be an affront to the French after they had honored him with the Legion of Honor. Although the ambassador wanted him to return home directly with a message of friendship and goodwill from the French people, Lindbergh was easily persuaded by a British delegation from England to fly to London with a stop in Brussels enroute.

Herrick vainly counseled against the flight, "if explaining a situation a man does not understand, is giving advice." After all he had done, he was much concerned about losing all control over Lindbergh. He telephoned the American ambassador in London, Alanson B. Houghton, and urged him to put the flier up in his own embassy, so as "to protect him and give his visit official recognition."

Lindbergh left Paris with his plane exactly one week after his tumultuous arrival at Le Bourget. After seeing him off, Herrick cabled Secretary of State Kellogg, stating in part:

LINDBERGH HAS JUST DEPARTED. THROUGHOUT THE WEEK IN PARIS NOT ONE UNTOWARD THING HAS HAPPENED. HE HAS CAPTURED EVERYONE BY HIS COURAGE, MODESTY AND INHERITED GOOD SENSE. ...AN EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION BY THE PRESIDENT AND BY YOU WOULD BE GREATLY APPRECIATED AND WOULD CONSOLIDATE THE GOOD THAT HAS BEEN EFFECTED.... ALTHOUGH HE CAME UNOFFICIALLY...[LINDBERGH] HAS BECOME A REAL AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE....

The flier never went beyond London. Aside from the pressure from Herrick, his St. Louis backers

were agitating for his return with the plane they felt belonged to them. They appealed to Secretary of War Dwight Davis who, being from St. Louis, was also anxious to have the city reap its share of the glory. After some discussion, Ambassador Houghton advised the reluctant flier in the strongest possible terms to comply with "the wish of Washington and those who have your best interest at heart." Lindbergh later stated he only agreed to go back because "it was an order from the President of the United States." Sorrowfully, he gave up his plane for dismantling and crating in England, and returned to Paris in a borrowed military aircraft.

Since Lindbergh had first landed there, Herrick insisted it was only fitting and proper he should depart from France. Houghton expedited arrangements for his return on an American warship, while Herrick worked with the French to have the flier sail from Cherbourg where the local chamber of commerce organized an elaborate farewell. Lindbergh had fallen into the hands of two skillful ambassadors who managed to subordinate his wishes to what they believed were "our best national interests."

Until the moment he sailed, Herrick used the flier with uncanny shrewdness to improve Franco-American relations, a stratagem for which he made no apologies. "From the moment I decided to take him to my house," he elucidated, "all the rest followed inevitably. Providence had interposed in the shape of this boy, and if I did not seize the occasion offered I was not worth my salt. I did not make the opportunity; I only took advantage of it. Lindbergh made it."

Without Ambassador Herrick, it is highly questionable whether Lindbergh would have become an American icon with the status of near royalty, the closest thing the country ever had to a Prince of Wales. Even so, Lindbergh, without Herrick, would surely be as well remembered as Amelia Earhart, the first person after him to fly the Atlantic alone, and who received many of the same honors, including the French Legion of Honor. But, then, her legend lives on not because of that solo flight but for the mystery of her later disappearance without a trace over the Pacific. The irony is that if Lindbergh had suffered a similar fate in 1927, he would be no better known today than the other fliers who set out like him to fly the Atlantic and never made it. In the making of heroes, much depends on time, place and circumstances. ■

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A Story Told But Unrevealed: Sleuthing the Sources

While Charles Lindbergh has the unique distinction of being the first to fly solo across the Atlantic, he did not do so in a vacuum, as international political, economic, and sociological forces converged to make him one of the brightest "superstars" in aviation history. The process

began even before his landing and unceremonious reception at Le Bourget, a story which, if revealed, would have acutely embarrassed Ambassador Herrick, not to mention Lindbergh himself.

Herrick, in his "autobiographical biography," (Mott, T.

Bentley. *Myron T. Herrick: Friend of France*. Garden City, N.Y. Doubleday, Doran, 1929, pp. 340-55), devotes an entire chapter on Lindbergh in Paris, explaining what he does not openly acknowledge, i.e., that his youthful guest was effectively detained on his arrival until he, the ambassador, assumed custody and had him taken to the American embassy. The messages between Herrick and Washington concerning Lindbergh appear in full text in *The Flight of Captain Charles A. Lindbergh From New York to Paris, May 20-21, 1927*. As Compiled from the Official Records of the Department of State. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1927.

Lindbergh, in his two books about the flight, makes the best of the situation he found himself in on landing at Le Bourget. In the first, (*We*. New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1927), he states very simply that, after the attention of the crowd was diverted from him, "I managed to get inside one of the hangars." (p. 226.) After a lapse of a quarter-century before his second book was published (*The Spirit of St. Louis*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1953), Lindbergh was more expansive in a brief afterword. (pp. 495-501.) He wrote it on the advice of his editors who felt that ending the book with the crowd rushing toward his plane at Le Bourget was too abrupt.

Henry Wales, the correspondent who was on close terms with Herrick, lived to read the book. Lindbergh, he tellingly complains in a review (*Chicago Sunday Tribune*, September 13, 1953), "chokes off his successful arrival in Paris in ten pages, says practically nothing of the tremendous reception that awaited him, and remains mute on the intrigue and political passion afterward." Another well-informed reader was Willy Coppens, the Belgian air attaché in Paris in 1927. "Lindbergh himself," he notes parenthetically in his own account, "has not reported exactly the vicissitudes of his arrival, not comprehending what was happening to him...."

Lindbergh's confident narrative of his "rescue" from the crowd and peripatetic journey which eventually ended at the American Embassy prevails in all of the biographies and other books about him. Their authors evidently were of the same mind as Brendan Gill, the first among them to publish a work with full access to Lindbergh's papers. The best authority on his subject, Gill professed, was Lindbergh himself. In his brief book, (*Lindbergh Alone*. New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1977), Gill describes the tumultuous scene at Le Bourget by quoting verbatim, with attribution, five consecutive paragraphs from *We*. (pp. 146-47.)

In his writings, Lindbergh never mentions his contractual arrangements with the *New York Times*, but they are reported in detail in an early history of the paper. (Berger, Meyer. *The Story of the New York Times, 1851-1951*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1951, pp. 291-305.) Also included is the full text of a lengthy, follow-up dispatch from Edwin James in which he attempts to explain what happened after Lindbergh landed.

Many other American correspondents also wrote retrospective accounts of that momentous night (see, Koyen, Kenneth. "Desperately Seeking Lindy." *Air & Space*, Vol. 5, No. 1, April/May 1990, pp. 44-49), but they add little to the story beyond their anguish at having to meet deadlines without having seen, much less interviewed, Lindbergh.

One of them was William L. Shirer who likely knew more than he wrote in his book. (*20th Century Journey, The Start 1904-1930*. Simon and Schuster, 1976, pp. 323-44.) Shirer worked for Wales who had advance information on the reception planned for Lindbergh. Wales himself provides many revealing details in two magazine articles written ten years apart. ("Lindy and the French Fans." *Liberty*, September 10, 1927, pp. 71-74, and "Formidable." *Atlantic Monthly*. June 1937, pp. 669-80.)

Another correspondent, Waverley Root, reflects some-

what cynically on the intrigue involving Wales and Herrick, as well as the ambassador's press-agency, in a partial autobiography published after his death. (*The Paris Edition*. San Francisco: 1987, pp. 28-37.) Root devotes an entire chapter to "The Flying Fool."

Since the press was excluded, the best eyewitness report, at least by an American, of what occurred on the upper level of the terminal building where Herrick's plan for welcoming Lindbergh went awry is a letter John P.V. Heinmuller, chief timer of the National Aeronautic Association wrote home to his wife shortly after. The text was later published in his book about notable airmen, including Lindbergh. (*Man's Fight to Fly*. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1944. pp. 68-85.)

Without French sources, no account of Lindbergh's arrival at Le Bourget can be complete as well as reasonably accurate. Major Weiss's story, which does not mention Herrick at all, was published in English as a news article on the first anniversary of the event. (*New York Herald Tribune*, May 20, 1928.) Two years later, Jean Claude d'Ahetze, the stand-in who felt slighted because he was not the one carried to the airport terminal to be welcomed by Herrick, wrote a long letter replete with inconsistencies to the *New York Times*. It was published on July 13, 1930 under the heading, "One of Lindbergh's Doubles Tells How It All Happened."

Although in French, other personal recollections saw print on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight when *Icare*, a solid French aeronautical review, put out a commemorative issue featuring transatlantic flying. (No. 81, Summer 1977.) A long piece by Willy Coppens ("La véridique histoire de l'arrivé de Charles Lindbergh au Bourget," pp. 65-75.) affords the reader a comprehensive picture of the dramatic event, beginning that Saturday morning with a much preoccupied Major Weiss issuing "precise orders" to his men in case the American pilot reached Paris. Although Coppens claims that "only the commandant and myself are able to relate the true story," he does not place Weiss at the scene of the landing melee, as others testify in their accounts.

While much briefer, the story of Chief Mechanic Fernand Sarrazin ("J'ai accueilli Lindbergh," pp. 77-82) is no less significant. He recalls "officers belonging to the 34th Aviation Regiment based at Le Bourget," arriving at Lindbergh's plane before the crowd, and only seconds after he, being first, did so.

Commenting on Sarrazin's story, *Icare* editor Jean Lasserre recalls d'Ahetze's own version which he had published ten years before (No. 42), on the fortieth anniversary of the flight. In it, d'Ahetze claims he greeted Lindbergh before anyone else as he landed. Lasserre tactfully concedes both may have been there "at the same moment, on opposite sides of the machine. We will probably never know...." Perhaps with a closer reading, even a little research, the editor might have credited Commandant Weiss and Sergeant Detroyat with being first, a distinction they never claimed for themselves. Over a lifetime, one remained loyal to Ambassador Herrick, the other to Charles Lindbergh.

Sarrazin's account in *Icare* was actually written in 1927. Still living on the fiftieth anniversary, he was interviewed by a reporter on his encounter with Lindbergh at Le Bourget. The retired mechanic told much the same story, but with one major alteration. He said nothing about the soldiers driving up in cars with blinding headlights, and yanking Lindbergh out of his cockpit. All he remembered was the wave of people dashing across the field toward the plane.

"The crowd almost kidnapped Lindbergh, and it began to tear souvenirs from the fabric covering the fuselage," Sarrazin told the reporter. Changing his story fifty years later, he had perhaps read Lindbergh's book by then, and decided not to contradict it. After all, who would take his word against that of aviation's greatest hero?

The United States
Air Force
and
the
Bats of
Bracken Cave



Karl Preuss

(Overleaf) At twilight, bats emerge from Bracken Cave in long undulating columns and spread over the Texas Hill Country and Randolph AFB to the south.

WITH INCREASED NIGHT FLYING OF T-38S,... PILOTS BEGAN TO NOTICE A DISCONCERTING NUMBER OF BIRD STRIKES

In March 17, 1961 a lone T-38 Talon streaked over Austin, Texas, headed for Randolph Air Force Base (AFB) near San Antonio. After signaling his approach to Randolph with a sonic boom, pilot Lt. Col. Arthur W. Buck flew low over the base and landed Air Training Command's (ATC's) first supersonic jet trainer.¹

This aircraft was the first of over 1,000 T-38s the U. S. Air Force would order to upgrade its pilot training programs. The Talon derived from a military aircraft that Northrop Corporation's Norair Division had developed as a private venture in the early 1950s, a lightweight, supersonic aircraft featuring advanced avionics and structural innovations.²

Later in the decade, the Air Force became interested in a trainer version of the same aircraft to replace its aging T-33, so the arrival of the T-38 at Randolph, headquarters for Air Training Command, was long awaited. The T-38 would bridge a "performance gap" in the T-33 that limited the ability of Air Training Command to train fighter pilots for the growing inventory of supersonic aircraft in the U.S. Air Force.

The Talon, equipped with two jet engines capable of speeds up to 805 mph, arrived at Randolph with great promise. As Lt. Col. Buck, T-38 project officer for Air Training Command, wrote later:

*We believe that as a result of the new ATC pilot training program the first-line units will get a man who can become combat-ready in any weapon system with less training and with a higher degree of flying safety than has ever been possible before. This should reduce the units' training time, costs, and the number of two-seat combat-type aircraft that are required.*³

The supersonic T-38 trainer in flight.



Training on the T-38 started only after months of testing, as flight instructors developed a new training regimen and worked out bugs associated with the new aircraft. Meanwhile, phase-in of the T-38s continued over the next few years as ATC included more of the supersonic trainers in its several flying training wings located at other bases, mainly in the Southwest. By January 1967 the Talon had logged 1,000,000 training hours in Air Training Command. At about the same time, the air war in Vietnam had begun to escalate, creating a demand for more pilots.

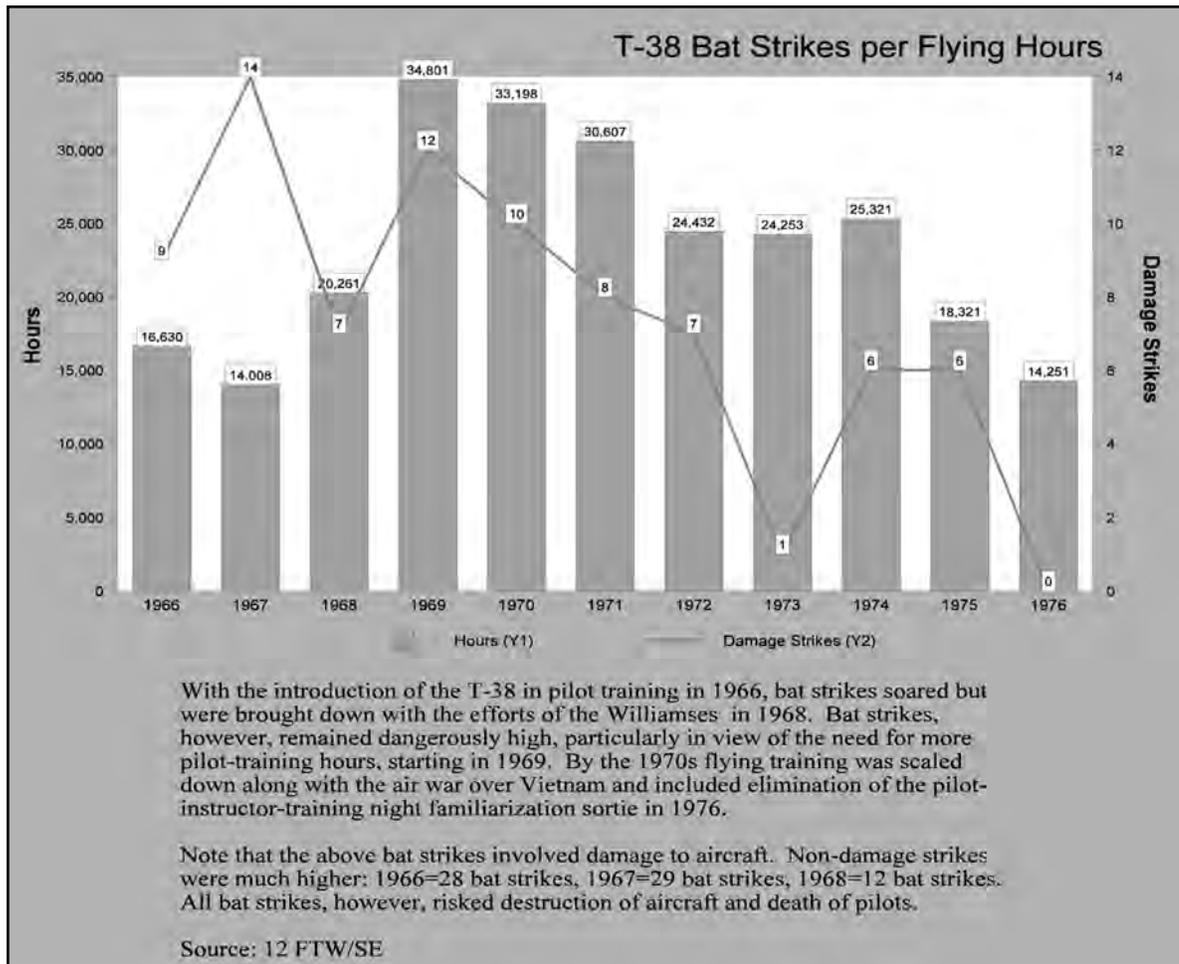
With increased night flying of T-38s, however, Colonel Buck's optimistic predictions in 1961 for the T-38 started to fray. Pilots began to notice a disconcerting number of bird strikes. High speed aircraft hitting birds had long been a problem with training pilots and with flying in general. Air bases had taken a variety of precautions to limit the danger, including heavy spraying of pesticides to kill insects that attracted birds, and cutting long grasses near runways to destroy bird habitats. None of these stratagems was entirely successful, and in 1966 the Air Force estimated that collisions with birds was costing the service about \$10 million in damaged equipment and lost flying time. Moreover, in ATC the number of bird strikes had increased from 15 in 1962 to over 200 in 1965. In 1966 ATC reported 307 bird strikes, well over one-third of the 839 bird strikes for the entire Air Force. About two-thirds of the bird strikes in ATC were on the T-38.⁴

Also new was that seasonal bird strike patterns on the T-38 did not conform to what was usual on other aircraft. Normally, seasonal bird strike patterns corresponded with the migration of birds during spring and autumn. The number of strikes on the T-38s, however, peaked in August, tapered off in October, and resumed the following April. In addition, 60 percent of all strikes on T-38s were below 1,000 feet above ground level (AGL), whereas bird strikes on other aircraft usually occurred at higher altitudes.⁵ Furthermore, most of the strikes on the T-38s were at night. Birds of course flew at night, particularly when migrating; but again, migratory flights usually took place at much higher altitudes than where most of the T-38 bird strikes had been occurring. What could account for this odd combination of patterns?

One night in August 1966 an engine on a T-38 stalled during a routine training flight as a result of what appeared to be a bird strike.⁶ To determine what kind of bird had caused the engine failure, the laboratory at Randolph's base hospital examined the animal's remains under a microscope and discovered the distinctive segmented hairs of a bat, a Mexican free-tailed bat.

Karl Preuss earned his doctorate in modern European history at the University of California at Santa Barbara and was a Fulbright Fellow at the University of Bonn. After graduating, Dr. Preuss served with the Air Force History & Museums Program at several Air Force bases in the Southwest, including Randolph AFB, Texas. He now is an independent historian in British Columbia with an interest in the Alaska Highway and the Northwest Staging Route.

THE PROBLEM OF BIRD STRIKES HAD BEEN A FAMILIAR ONE. BATS, HOWEVER, ...WERE POORLY UNDERSTOOD AND FORCED TRAINERS AND FLIGHT SAFETY OFFICIALS TO RETHINK THE TRAINING PROGRAM



INGESTION OF BATS INTO BOTH ENGINES OF A LOW-FLYING T-38 WOULD MEAN NOT JUST THE LOSS OF AN AIRCRAFT BUT THE DEATH OF BOTH PILOTS

Although not unexpected, the discovery plunged Air Force officials into a quandary. The problem of bird strikes had been a familiar one. Bats, however, added many variables that were poorly understood and forced trainers and flight safety officials to rethink the training program.

Adding urgency to the problem was that from March to mid-June of 1967, even before the summer months when collisions with bats peaked, bird strike damage to T-38s had already amounted to \$18,960.⁷ If frequent and expensive bat strikes were added to this figure, in mid-summer the cost could go much higher. Although estimates of repair costs constantly changed because of shifting standards of measurement, maintenance experts at Randolph had estimated then that the average cost to repair a T-38 engine damaged by ingesting bats into the compressor blades would be \$1,210. In 1966 there had been 28 strikes on T-38s after sunset, six of them resulting in engine damage. In the spring of 1967 this figure, and the danger it represented, appeared to be rising.

Air Force officials were concerned with more than the cost of repairing or replacing damaged engines, or even with the loss of aircraft. Ingestion of bats into both engines of a low-flying T-38 would mean not just the loss of an aircraft but the death of both pilots. Most of the bat strikes and resulting engine failures on the T-38 took place shortly after takeoff or as the aircraft entered its

final approach to Randolph. Takeoff and landing were critical phases of flying, when aircraft and crew were most vulnerable.⁸ Low elevation minimized chances for aircraft recovery in the event that it suddenly lost altitude. Moreover, pilots could not safely eject below 500 feet.

Part of the problem was the Talon itself. The older, subsonic Cessna T-37 widely used as an Air Force trainer also collided with bats, but because of its slower speed and sturdier compressor blades, serious damage seldom resulted. Further, the T-37 emitted a high-pitched whine that bats tried to avoid. The Talon's quieter, high performance engines, and particularly its fragile compressor blades, made the aircraft vulnerable to damage at night from bats.

The arrival of Mexican free-tailed bats in Texas predated the T-38 by about 53 million years. Known to scientists by its Latin name, *Tadarida brasiliensis mexicana*, these bats weigh 11 to 15 gm, with a wingspread of 290 to 325 mm, and are widespread throughout the southern United States. Late in October and into November *T. b. mexicana* migrates to Mexico where it winters until late March or April, when it returns to the United States. Throughout their range from California to Florida, Mexican free-tailed bats roost mainly in buildings, albeit in colonies much smaller than those of their cave-dwelling cousins of Texas and the Southwest. In any case, biologist

DAVIS ... ESTIMATED THE POPULATION OF *T. B. MEXICANA* IN TEXAS ALONE TO BE OVER 100 MILLION

WITH SUMMER OCCUPANCY ESTIMATED TO BE BETWEEN 20 AND 40 MILLION BATS, BRACKEN CAVE IS HOME TO THE LARGEST BAT COLONY IN THE WORLD

Bird & Bat Strikes												
1966	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Total aircraft strikes	1	1	1	8	8	7	6	16	8	10	0	0
Total T-38 strikes	0	0	1	3	5	4	6	13	6	7	0	0
T-38 strikes after sunset	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	10	5	3	0	0
1967	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Total aircraft strikes	1	3	1	8	10	6	4	18	17	3	4	1
Total T-38 strikes	1	2	1	7	6	3	4	14	9	3	3	1
T-38 strikes after sunset	1	0	0	4	4	1	1	10	8	1	1	0
1968	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
Total aircraft strikes	4	4	3	7	4	6	7	5	5	no data		
Total T-38 strikes	2	0	1	7	2	2	2	2	2	no data		
T-38 strikes after sunset	0	0	1	4	2	1	2	1	2	no data		

This chart reflects efforts of Air Training Command to sort bird from bat strikes at Randolph AFB. Those who compiled bird and bat strike information believed that night and early dawn strikes occurring between April and October should be considered bat strikes. Daytime strikes in the spring and fall are probably migrating birds.

Note that bat strikes peaked in August but that these strikes diminished in 1968, presumably owing to the Williamses' bat avoidance procedures.

Source: 12 FTW/SE

Richard B. Davis extensively researched bats in Texas in 1957 and estimated the population of *T. b. mexicana* in Texas alone to be over 100 million. Yet despite their huge numbers, these bats are vulnerable because of disturbances at their nursery colonies in the United States and at winter residences in Mexico. In Latin America, harmless bats are victims of misinformed efforts to control vampire bats, which often feed on sleeping livestock (and sometimes people).⁹

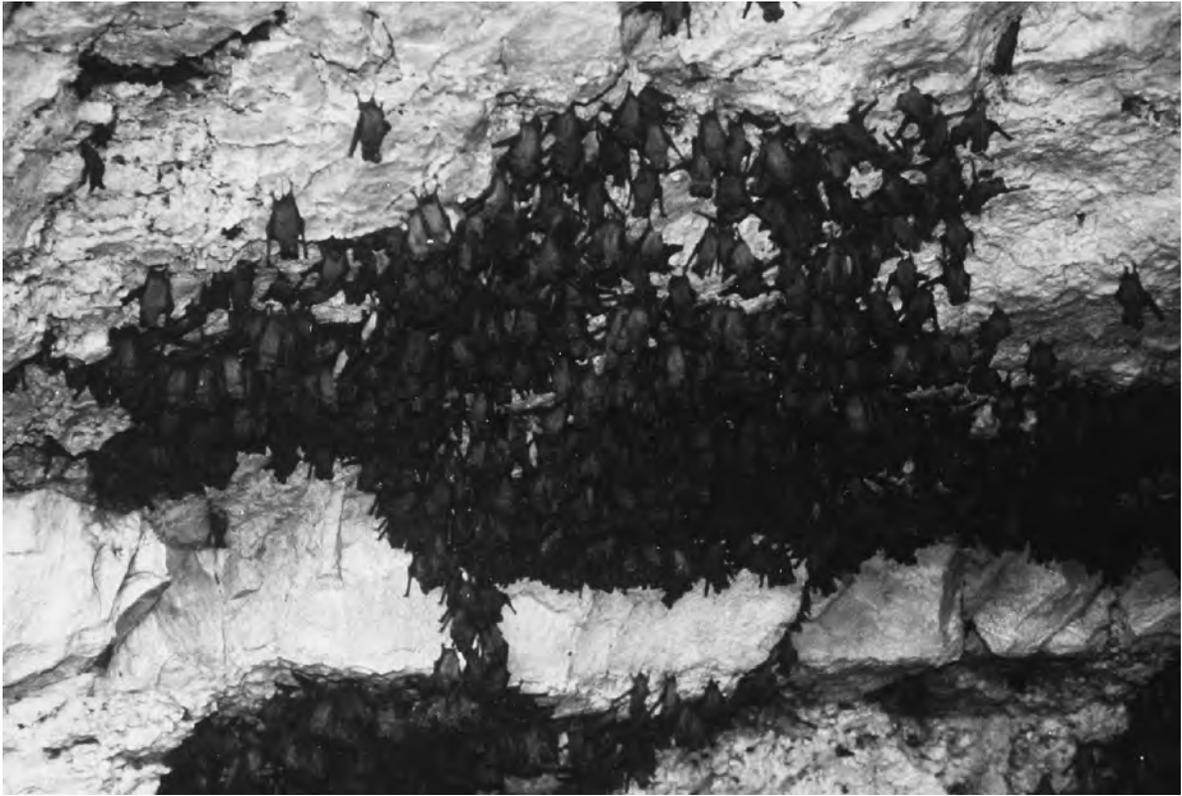
Few dry caves, the free-tails' preferred habitat in Texas and the Southwest, can accommodate such large colonies. The vast majority of the summer population is concentrated in fewer than a dozen caves on the Edwards Plateau of Central Texas, particularly along its eastern edge, known as the Balcones Escarpment, and in several other caves and mine tunnels in Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. The population of Carlsbad Caverns, estimated to be 8 or 9 million in the 1930s, has dwindled to perhaps fewer than 170,000. Sonora Caverns in West Texas was once

home to several millions of bats, but in the early 1950s the owners sealed the entrance and converted the cave to a tourist attraction. Longhorn Caverns in central Texas did the same in 1968, destroying a habitat for hundreds of thousands or even millions of bats.¹⁰

The largest bat colony, however, remains in Bracken Cave, located in the Balcones Escarpment about twelve miles north of the north-south runway of Randolph AFB, a pilot training base near San Antonio. With summer occupancy estimated to be between 20 and 40 million bats, Bracken Cave is home to the largest bat colony in the world.¹¹

This fact alone has made Bracken Cave valuable to scientists. Its value is compounded by environmental considerations. Scientists have estimated that bats from the cave consume about 200 tons of insects during a single night.¹² The larvae of these insects are often destructive to crops and livestock; hence the bats' benefit to agricultural interests is incalculable.

Thousands of Mexican free-tailed bats cram into the recesses of Bracken Cave, clustering for warmth. The summertime population is estimated to be near 20 million.



**THE EMER-
GENCE OF
BATS FROM
BRACKEN
CAVE COULD
BE
OBSERVED
ON THE
MPN-16
RADAR
AT THE
RANDOLPH
TOWER**

Early in the century a San Antonio physician and public health inspector named Charles A. R. Campbell researched bats and concluded that they were effective predators of mosquitoes. Their benefit in controlling malaria in South Texas seemed obvious, and in 1925 he published a book, *Bats, Mosquitoes and Dollars*, in which he described his research and promoted the construction of roosts to encourage the growth of local bat populations. One of these roosts, a thirty-foot high enclosed tower, still stands on a ranch near Comfort, Texas, and in 1981 became a state historical landmark. Because of Campbell's efforts both the city of San Antonio and later the state of Texas passed laws protecting bats.¹³ These facts confronted ATC and the U.S. Air Force with a daunting public relations and environmental dilemma.

**ALTITUDES
BELOW 1,500
FEET AT AND
NEAR
RANDOLPH
WERE CON-
GESTED WITH
BATS NOT
NECESSAR-
ILY FROM
THE CAVE**

When it became clear that bats were causing T-38 engines to stall, the chief veterinarian for Air Training Command, Col. William D. Nettles at Randolph, urged that the matter receive formal study by experts. To this end the Air Force Office of Scientific Research contracted with Timothy C. Williams of the Department of Animal Behavior at Rockefeller University and Janet M. Williams of the New York Zoological Society and member of the Institute for Research in Animal Behavior at Rockefeller. As principal investigator, Helmut K. Buecher of the Smithsonian Institution's Office of Ecology remained in Washington to coordinate the project. The Williamses conducted their research during the summer of 1967.

In their preliminary report, released in November 1967, the Williamses revealed a new and important development in the study of bats and bat strikes: the emergence of bats from

Bracken Cave could be observed on the MPN-16 radar at the Randolph tower. For several months radar operators at Randolph had already observed the emergence as it spread out on the radar screen, but they believed the event to be a thermal inversion, a kind of electronic mirage. The tower at San Antonio International Airport had observed the same phenomenon but believed it to be radar clutter, similar to the green blotches around cities that television viewers see when watching a weather report. Radar operators at the San Antonio airport were incredulous when the Williamses suggested that the clutter could in fact be swarming bats.¹⁴

The researchers confirmed their theory by flying to Bracken Cave in a helicopter and comparing their observations of the emergence with what operators at Randolph saw on their radar. Around fifteen minutes before sunset, a dot appeared on the radar screen. Gradually the dot expanded to a cloud almost seven miles across as the bats continued to swarm out of the cave. Fifteen minutes after sunset the bat cloud had grown to about fifteen miles across and at one point assumed a pattern that radar operators called a "J hook," a configuration not unlike what they associated with tornadoes.¹⁵

A less dramatic but no less important observation was that besides the massive mid-summer emergence at Bracken Cave, altitudes below 1,500 feet at and near Randolph were congested with bats not necessarily from the cave. Using three types of bat detectors around Randolph's flight line and hangars, the Williamses found uniform concentrations of *T. b. mexicana* that were augmented in brightly lit areas near the hangars by what

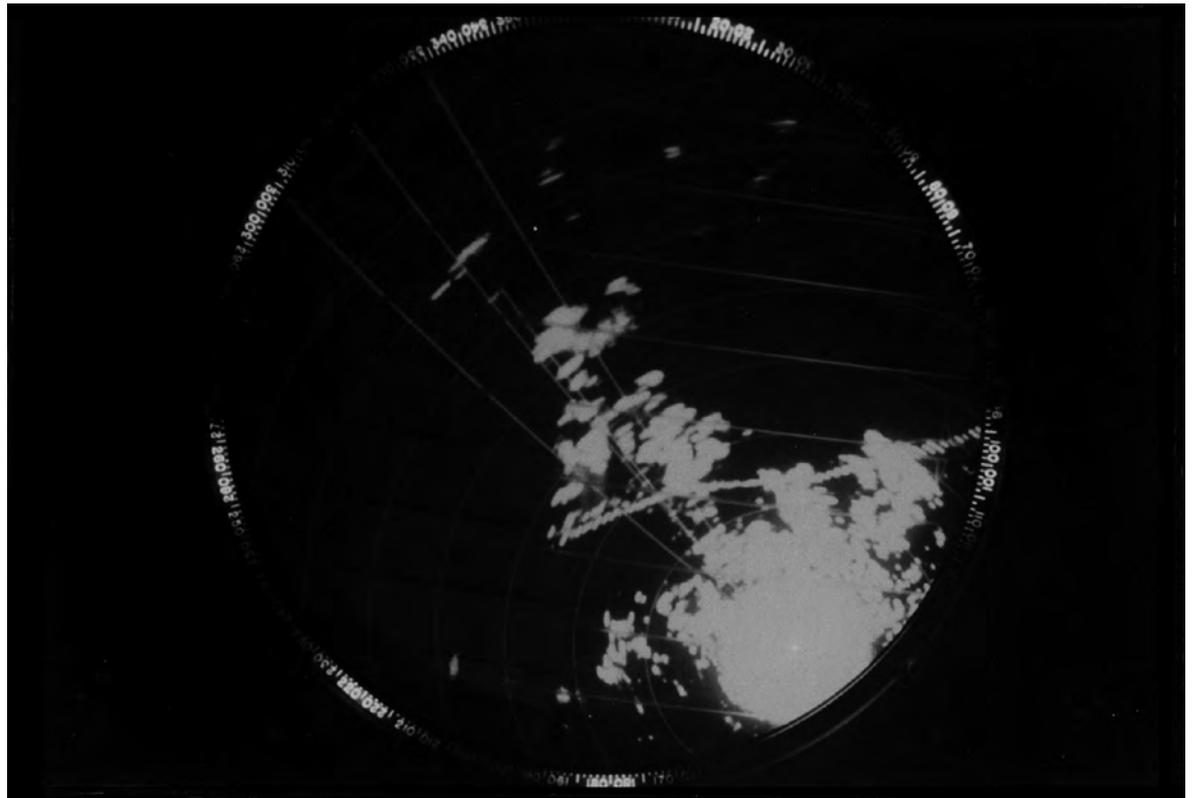
(Right) The bats emerging from the cave appear on a Randolph AFB radar screen. The converging lines show the flight path to Randolph, the wavering line is Interstate 35 between San Antonio and Austin.

(Opposite page) The swarm begins to fill the same radar screen.

RADAR OPERATORS COULD NOW IDENTIFY BAT SWARMS AND WARN PILOTS TO AVOID CONGESTED AREAS

THE WILLIAMSES DID NOT SUGGEST HOW TO ELIMINATE THE BAT PROBLEM, ONLY HOW TO COPE WITH IT

THE WILLIAMSES' BAT AVOIDANCE PROGRAM HAD REDUCED BAT COLLISIONS WITH RANDOLPH AIRCRAFT FROM 28 IN 1966 ... TO 12 IN 1968



researchers then identified as brown bats (*Myotis velifer*), now more commonly known as the cave myotis. The runway lights were dimmer than those around the hangars; numbers of *M. velifer* around runway lights were therefore lower. Turning off the runway lights, then, would not be a quick solution and in any case would not have affected *T. b. mexicana*. Besides, as a report explained later, aircraft approaching Randolph would still have to fly in low over Universal City on the north side of the base and through bats foraging on insects attracted by city lights.¹⁶

Pending further research, the Williamses, however, did offer the Air Force preliminary recommendations to avoid collisions with bats. Radar operators could now identify bat swarms and warn pilots to avoid congested areas. Because of the Williamses' advice the Federal Aviation Administration was already using radar information to alert pilots of bats in the area.

But the Williamses did not suggest how to eliminate the bat problem, only how to cope with it. In fact, in their preliminary report, the researchers wrote that a bat or bird control program on base would be of little value because most of the bats (and birds) that endangered aircraft arrived from other locations. Besides, most of the bird and bat strikes occurred away from the base.¹⁷

ATC, however, was anxious to eradicate the problem. The issue soon became potentially more controversial when Air Force officials sought a way to destroy the bat colony at Bracken Cave. Late in the summer of 1968 a memo outlined Air Force plans. An August meeting between the San Antonio office of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and ATC officials had already made clear that

local conservation agencies would disapprove closing the cave. ATC's next move would be to seek help in closing the cave from Air Force headquarters in Washington. Once ATC had forwarded its request to Air Force headquarters, it would then inform the local U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service and the U.S. Department of Public Health of Air Force efforts to close the cave. After ATC actually had approval from Washington for its plans, it would then seek assistance from the biology departments at Texas A&M and Texas A&I universities. Officials at ATC hoped to close the cave before April, when the bats returned from Mexico.¹⁸

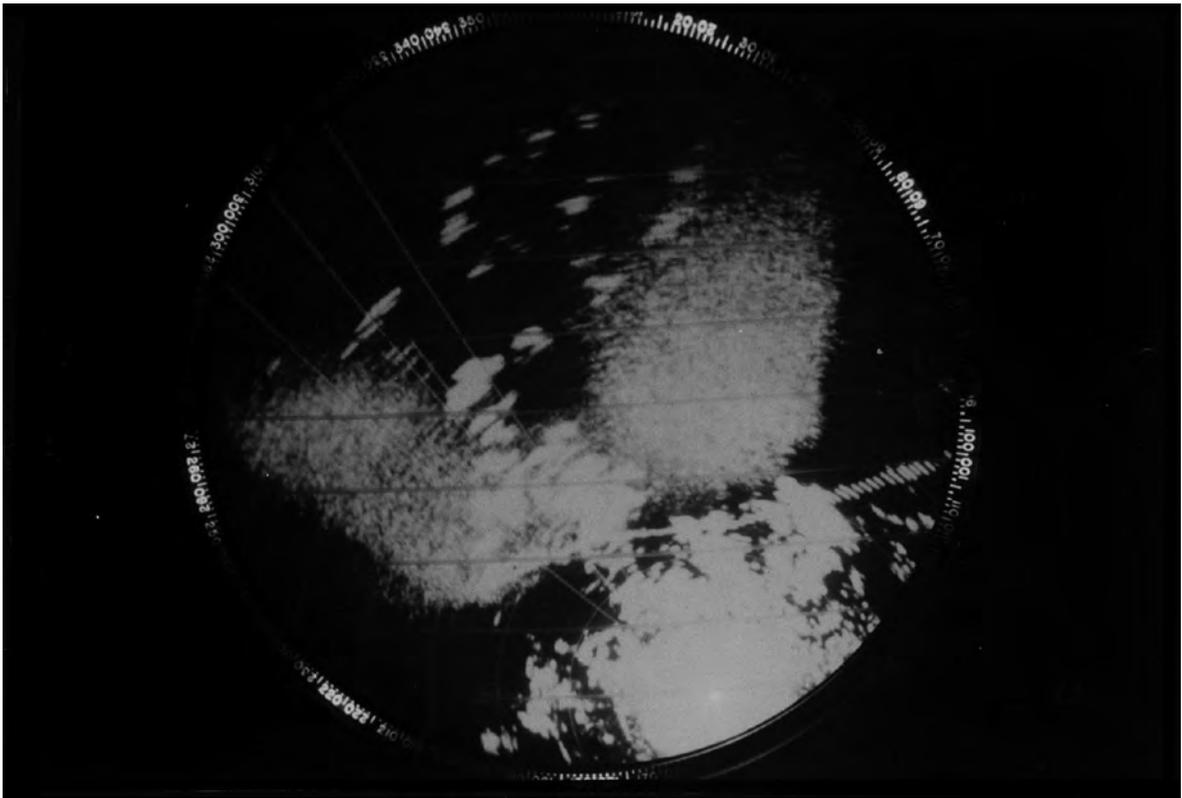
ATC's proposal to close Bracken Cave seems audacious—but only until it is viewed against other disagreeable or even unworkable alternatives. As it was, tracking bat swarms with radar as part of the Williamses' bat avoidance program had reduced bat collisions with Randolph aircraft from 28 in 1966 and 29 in 1967 to 12 in 1968. The danger remained, however, that a T-38 could ingest bats into both engines and crash, destroying the aircraft and its crew.¹⁹ Clearly, safe flying required more anti-bat measures than what radar alone could provide.

In October 1967 Randolph had started an insect control program. Every two weeks from May through September the base sprayed the maximum allowable amounts of Malathion, Diazinon, Chlordane, Benzenhexichloride, or DDT on grass and foliage along runways and taxi ramps, alternating the insecticide once a month except when it rained. Shooting birds continued at the base golf course, which had a pond that attracted ducks and geese.²⁰ Yet after a year, the program was evaluated as having "a minimum effect on reducing bats."²¹

**ATC
CONSIDERED
POSTPONING
THE START
OF NIGHT
FLIGHTS**

**ANOTHER
POSSIBILITY
WOULD BE
TO CONDUCT
NIGHT FLY-
ING AT
ANOTHER
BASE**

**AIR FORCE
OFFICIALS
CONSIDERED
... TRICKING
BATS BY
LIGHTING
THE CAVE
WITH HIGH-
POWERED
FLOOD-
LIGHTS**



Another possibility that ATC considered was to adjust the flights of incoming aircraft to avoid emerging bats. This adjustment minimized chances of flying through the swarms at Bracken Cave but provided no protection against bats feeding at low altitudes, where most of the bat strikes occurred. Landing patterns at Randolph could not, however, be similarly adjusted because of prevailing winds, congestion, potential conflicts with already established landing patterns at civilian airports, and other factors.²²

ATC considered postponing the start of night flights until the bat emergence at the cave was essentially complete. The time and duration of the emergence, however, varied from one to three hours. Delaying T-38 night flights by one to three hours would extend the training day beyond the 15 hours already allocated and decrease the margin of safety. Requiring fatigued pilots to fly at the end of a 15-hour day was too dangerous. Delaying night flights would also disrupt aircraft maintenance crews, who lacked the manpower to accommodate an augmented schedule. Rescheduling certain training for the afternoon would require much shuffling of instructors and classrooms, which could hurt other training programs. Further, in May and June low stratus clouds usually moved into the area between 10:00 and 11:00 PM, forcing the cancellation of training flights and placing available flying time at a premium. And, of course, the problem of low-flying bats in the approaches to Randolph would remain.²³

Another possibility would be to conduct night flying at another base, since neither Kelly AFB, on San Antonio's southwest side, nor Bergstrom AFB in Austin had reported bat strikes. But this pro-

posal involved almost insurmountable logistical problems. How, for example, would a disabled T-38 return to Randolph for repair from bases (such as Kelly or Bergstrom) where no repair facilities or experienced mechanics for T-38s were available? Researchers at Randolph also experimented with strobe lights and ultrasonic noise to confuse and disperse the bats. Nothing worked.

Faced with such marginally viable solutions, Air Force officials considered doing things to the cave. Tricking bats by lighting the cave with high-powered floodlights was a possibility, as was placing a gate at the entrance of the cave so that it could be closed while training flights were in progress. A gate would cost between \$1,000 and \$1,500, and the owner of the cave would be compensated for the loss of income from bat guano, which he harvested and sold. No one knew, of course, how these controls would affect the bats' behavior, but one could expect an outcry from environmentalists and the scientific community.²⁴

Randolph therefore decided on a variant of this option, namely, one that prevented the bats from returning to the cave from their winter home in Mexico. The expense of building a gate and compensating the owner would have been far less than existing costs for repairing damaged T-38 engines. If the T-38 engine were redesigned to make it invulnerable to damage from bats, then the gate could be reopened. Redesigning the T-38 engine, however, would cost \$8-10 million, an expense that could be avoided simply by keeping the cave closed.²⁵ According to a memo in December 1968 from Randolph's 3510th Civil Engineering Group, "If the substance of the draft [proposal to close the cave] meets your approval, we will prepare for Col

The slower speed, engine whine, and robust turbine blades seemed to make these T-37 trainers largely immune to batstrike damage.

THOSE AT ATC WHO RECOMMENDED CLOSING THE CAVE SEEMED TO ASSUME THAT THE BATS WOULD SIMPLY RELOCATE

POSSIBLY THE BATS WOULD FIND NEW HOMES IN NEARBY BUILDINGS AND MAKE A BAD SITUATION WORSE

THERE WERE ALSO IMPORTANT ECOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS



[blank's] signature. Meanwhile, I recommend the matter be classified as 'Official Use Only' to prevent premature disclosure of our plans to local critics and the cave owner." The owner of Bracken Cave did object to the plan after the Air Force told him about it, but it is not clear if this was before or after the Air Force initiated official correspondence to effect closure.²⁶

Those at ATC who recommended closing the cave seemed to assume that the bats would simply relocate. The Williamses knew the Air Force wanted to close the cave, and in September 1968 devoted part of a five-page letter to rebutting the decision. There was no way of knowing how closing Bracken Cave would affect the bats, they wrote. Possibly the bats would find new homes in nearby buildings, including those at Randolph, and make a bad situation worse. This had happened when a scientist and his coworkers sealed off a bat roost in a small town in southeast Texas.²⁷

There were also important ecological considerations that some officials in the Air Force seemed to overlook. Assuming that the usual figure of 20,000,000 bats for Bracken Cave was correct, then, according to one estimate, bats from that cave nightly consumed about 200 tons of insects.²⁸ If bats brought to agricultural interests incalculable benefit, then closing the cave risked incalculable harm. The Williamses pointed out that local ranchers and farmers had high regard for the bats' appetite for insects and that closing the cave could provoke local resentment, particularly if closure were followed by an increase of insect-borne diseases in humans, livestock, and crops.

As an alternative to closing the cave, the Williamses stressed the usefulness of radar as part of a bat avoidance program, but this also met with Air Force resistance. The Williamses reported that pilots and safety officers at Randolph were at first skeptical of the bat avoidance program and

disregarded the scientists' advice. Skeptics recanted when both engines of a T-38 ingested bats after pilots had been warned against flying that evening.²⁹

Although the Williamses' discovery that radar could detect concentrations of bats was important, radar could not detect dispersed low-flying bats such as a T-38 pilot would encounter on approach to Randolph. Flying was particularly dangerous when bats emerged from Bracken Cave and rapidly dispersed to forage at low altitudes below the vision of radars. When that happened, Randolph ceased flying for the evening and diverted any airborne aircraft to Kelly. This pattern of emergence at Bracken occurred only 24 out of 114 evenings under study, but it was often enough to be a disconcerting and expensive disruption of training. By using a complex formula that included variables such as visibility, ceiling, wind speed, temperature, and humidity, researchers were able to predict with "fair reliability" dangerous, low-altitude emergences about 24 hours before they occurred. One important variable, for example, was that "bats were likely to reach about the same altitude as they did the evening before." This variable accounted for 47.2 percent of the variances factored into the Williamses' formula. Because funding for continued research dried up, however, the Williamses and their colleagues were unable to fine tune their predictions beyond fair reliability.

Another problem that made the bat avoidance program at Randolph difficult to evaluate was that in 1973, owing to the reduction of American air combat in Vietnam, the base ceased most of its nighttime training flights. Bat strikes on T-38s fell by 55 percent. Thereafter it was impossible to show to what extent the reduction of bat strikes was caused by the bat avoidance program or the cessation of night flying at Randolph. Shifting cri-

teria for assessing the cost of bat damage to aircraft engines made it difficult for analysts to judge over time the fiscal benefits of the Williamses' program. Nonetheless, the Air Force concluded in an evaluation of its own that "Bat avoidance procedures using radar as the primary method for monitoring and adjusting aircraft operations to compensate for bat movements have been highly effective."³⁰

There is no tidy ending to the story of bats and night training at Randolph. Perhaps that is as it should be, for in some respects the story characterizes how sometimes difficult problems are often not really solved but instead are overcome by new

events, in this case by the reduction of American forces in Vietnam and the cessation of night flying. But the bats at Bracken Cave represented a larger issue. In their unwitting disruption of Air Force training they provoked an "us versus them" response from officials who were unmindful of the environmental consequences of their policies. Fortunately, some of the most outspoken opponents of the bats later championed their importance. The present state of the world suggests, however, that others may not be so enlightened, or that their enlightenment will come too late to spare yet another doomed species whose existence benefits humankind in subtle but important ways. ■

NOTES

1. Press release, Office of Information, HQ Air Training Command, Mar. 17, 1961.
2. Gordon Swanborough and Peter M. Bowers, *United States Military Aircraft since 1909* (London: Putnam, 1989), pp. 508-509.
3. Arthur W. Buck, "The T-38," *Air University Quarterly Review* 13 (Fall 1961): 28.
4. History, Air Training Command, Randolph AFB, July-December 1966, p. 111.
5. Timothy and Janet Williams, "Bat Collisions with High Performance Aircraft," Air Force Office of Scientific Research, AFOSR 67-2510, Nov. 1967, p. 2. This and other material specifically relating to the bat problem at Randolph provided courtesy of Safety Office, 12th Flying Training Wing, Randolph AFB, Texas.
6. Memo, "Bat Problem Survey," anonymous, no date, attached to letter to Maj. Gary I. Semones, Chief, Safety Division, [12th Flying Training Wing/Safety Office] to commander-in-chief *et al.*, Aug. 17, 1972.
7. T-38 Bird strike Summary, 1 March-14 June 1967, 12 FTW/SE bat files.
8. HQ 3510 Flying Training Wing/SAF to CR, "Bat Hazards to the T-38 at Randolph AFB, Texas," no date, p. 2.
9. M. Brock Fenton, *Just Bats* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1983), pp. 58-62.
10. Anonymous memo on closure of Longhorn Caverns, bat files of 12 FTW/SE, Randolph AFB, no date; Leonard C. Ireland *et al.*, "Reduction of the Bat Hazards to Randolph AFB Aircraft," final report, AFWL/AFOSR Contract No. 73-187, 10 July 1973-10 January 1975 [no publication date], p. 5.
11. Richard B. Davis, *et al.*, "Mexican Free-Tailed Bats in Texas," *Ecological Monographs* 32 (Fall 1962): 319; Timothy and Janet Williams, "A Preliminary Study of 'Bird strikes' at Randolph Air Force Base, Texas," unpublished ms., Oct. 31, 1967, p. 3.
12. Gary F. McCracken, "Bats Aloft: A Study of High-Altitude Feeding," *Bats* 14 (Fall 1996): 8, "Extrapolating from the energy requirements of a mother bat and her growing pup, we estimate that a million nursing free-tailed bat eats about 10 tons of insects every night. At least 100 million migratory free-tails occupied the major maternity caves of Central Texas every summer back in the 1960s. That would total up to 1,000 tons (2 million pounds) of insects eaten each night—and this only by the bats in the largest caves of Texas"; Merlin D. Tuttle, "The Lives of Mexican Free-Tailed Bats," *Bats* 12 (Fall 1994): 11.
13. Charles A. R. Campbell, *Bats, Mosquitoes and Dollars* (Boston: The Stratford Company, 1925); Pat Ireland Nixon, *A Century of Medicine in San Antonio: The Story of Medicine in Bexar County* (San Antonio: privately published, 1936), pp. 263-64; "Old bat houses in Texas recall welcome for flying mammals," *Austin American-Statesman*, Oct. 6, 1985; Nomination Form, national Register of Historic Places, "Hygieostatic Bat Roost," Texas State Historical Commission, Austin, no date; Ellis A. Davis and Edwin H. Grobe, eds., "Dr. Charles A. R. Campbell," *The New Encyclopedia of Texas* (Dallas: Texas Development Bureau, [1925]), p. 1409.
14. Williams, "Bat Collisions with High Performance Aircraft," 1967, p. 5.
15. *Ibid.*, pp. 6-7.
16. *Ibid.*, 8; HQ 3510 FTW/SAFF to CR, "Bat Hazards to the T-38 at Randolph AFB, Texas," [no date, ca. October 1968], p. 5.
17. "Since the vast majority of these animals originate from areas not under Air Force control and often far removed from the base (there being hundreds of bat roosts and caves in the San Antonio area alone), and since the vast majority of 'bird strikes' occur off base, bird or bat control on the base, although perhaps desirable for other reasons, would not seem to be of significant value in reduction of 'bird strikes.'" Williams, "Bat Collisions," p. 8.
18. Anonymous undated memo in bat files, 12 FTW/SE, Randolph AFB; Memo, "Meeting in Col Lobdell's Office," 12 FTW/SE, Feb. 14, 1969.
19. "T-38 bat strikes," Tab 5 of letter, 3510 FTW/SAF to CR, "Bat Hazards to the T-38 at Randolph AFB, Texas," [probably October 1968]. Strikes after dark were considered bat strikes, and the attached chart included no figures for October 1968, during which the material was presumably compiled.
20. HQ 3510 FTW/SAF to CR, "Bat Hazards to the T-38 at Randolph AFB, Texas," [no date, probably October 1968].
21. HQ 3510 CE Grp/CEHA to SAF, "Bird Control," Oct. 30, 1967.
22. *Ibid.*, 7.
23. *Ibid.*
24. *Ibid.*, pp. 9-10.
25. Statement by F. K. Ake, discusses technical matters and the expense of retrofitting the Talon's J85-5 engines, no date.
26. HQ 3510 CE Grp/CC (ATC) to SAF-F, Dec. 31, 1968.
27. Janet M. and Timothy Williams to Col. [no first name] Brown, acting commander ATC, Sep. 18, 1968.
28. McCracken, 8.
29. See note 26; Leonard C. Ireland, "Reduction of the Bat Hazard to Randolph AFB Aircraft," final report, AFWL/AFOSR Contract No. 73-187, 10 July-10 January 1975, 40.
30. Talking paper, "Bat/Aircraft Strike Hazard at Randolph," bat files of 12 FTW/SE, Randolph AFB, no date [late 1976], p. 2.





General Short and the Politics of Kosovo's Air War

Don D. Chipman

(Overleaf) An F-117 releases a pair of bombs during Operation Allied Force.

Sir, I'd have gone for the head of the snake on the first night. I'd have turned the lights out the first night. I'd have dropped the bridges across the Danube. I'd have hit five or six political-military headquarters in downtown Belgrade. Milosevic and his cronies would have waked [sic] up the first morning asking what the hell was going on.

*Lt. Gen. Michael Short, USAF
NATO Commander,
Air Forces Southern Europe*

Immaculate Coercion

THE CLINTON ADMINISTRATION OVERLOOKED THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE INITIAL KOSOVO CRISIS

During 1999, in a seventy-eight day air campaign fought with limited support from the Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA), the North Atlantic Treaty Organization (NATO) compelled the Serbian military to withdraw from Kosovo. From the very beginning, Lt. Gen. Mike Short, USAF, NATO's Air Component Commander for "Operation Allied Force," wanted to attack Serbia's leadership. Later, before the U.S. Senate Armed Services Committee, he would testify that NATO should have turned out Belgrade's lights on the first night, dropped the bridges across the Danube River, and attacked the "head of the snake."¹ Instead, the alliance implemented a carefully orchestrated aerial campaign designed to send diplomatic messages to Yugoslavian President Slobodan Milosevic. At the time, noted the *Washington Post*, the Clinton administration believed that a "whiff of gunpowder, just the threat of force, would make [Milosevic] back down."² All Slobodan really needed were "some hits to justify his acquiescence," and then, he would sign the Rambouillet Peace Accords.³

The air campaign, therefore, began not as a war, but as a "coercive diplomacy" operation, in which there was a sprinkling of anemic air strikes. Few officials in Washington believed that these opening salvos would actually lead to a war, and certainly, noted one scholar, "none of the NATO leaders had any intention of waging one."⁴ But time proved these suppositions wrong. Once underway, the conflict expanded in duration, intensity, and travesty. Although there were no allied casualties, hundreds of lives were lost and thousands of Kosovar Albanians were forced into exile.

The administration's assurance that Milosevic would quickly yield affected the initial air strategy. Moreover, the conflict began by relying on plans that were the products of desires, rather than on the realities of situation. In Clausewitzian terms, these war judgments were alien to the conflict's "true nature."⁵

Don D. Chipman is a professor of military studies at the Air University Squadron Officer College, Maxwell AFB, Alabama. He retired as a commander from the U. S. Naval Reserve. A rated navigator, he flew 300 combat hours in the Vietnam War. He earned a Ph.D. from Florida State University. Dr. Chipman has written two books and numerous journal articles on military affairs. Three recent essays appeared in Companion to American Military History, published by Oxford University Press.

An example of these miscalculations was the case of the missing U.S. naval carrier. Prior to the war, the *USS Enterprise* was sailing in the Mediterranean Sea. Then, ten days before the opening attacks on Serbia, Washington sent the *Enterprise* to the Persian Gulf as a deterrent against Saddam Hussein. Consequently, when the Kosovo air war began, there was no carrier available to provide NATO with additional aerial support.⁶

A few days later, plans for sending a follow-on carrier, the *USS Theodore Roosevelt*, to the Persian Gulf were cancelled and instead it was ordered into the Adriatic Sea.⁷ Thus, ten days after the start of "Operation Allied Force," the *Roosevelt* arrived on station.⁸ The missing carrier, noted Gen. Wesley Clark, NATO's Supreme Allied Commander, Europe (SACEUR), caused a problem in readiness that had to be made up with "land-based aircraft."⁹ Because Washington failed to "test the kind of war on which they were embarking," and because the initial war effort was viewed as a coercive diplomacy exercise, a carrier was not required.¹⁰

According to General Clark, the Clinton administration overlooked the seriousness of the initial Kosovo crisis, and the missing carrier was an indication of that tendency.¹¹ Basically, at the expense of Kosovo, noted SACEUR, Washington was "obsessively oriented on fighting hypothetical conflicts in two other theaters."¹² At one point, he forcefully pleaded his case to Washington. "Surely," Clark exclaimed, "you're not saying that we're going to give up and lose in the only fight we have going, in order to be ready for two other wars that are not threatening in any way now?"¹³

The carrier episode was an indication of how Kosovo's initial military strategy was shaped by Washington's political judgments. Overall, these prewar outlooks reinforced the view that *some* bombing would force Milosevic to yield and then serious negotiations could follow. As a consequence, there was no need to go for what General Short called the "head of the snake" or think through strategy beyond three or four days. If for some reason the Serbs resisted, then NATO had a phased air plan in place that was designed to incrementally increase the application of violence. Because of these judgments, explained General Clark, "one of the most obvious features of the conflict was the West's lack of preparedness when the conflict erupted."¹⁴

Our forces came together at the last minute, the unmanned aerial vehicles hadn't arrived until after the operations began, the aircraft carrier came in two weeks late, and reinforcements were

THESE PREWAR OUTLOOKS REINFORCED THE VIEW THAT SOME BOMBING WOULD FORCE MILOSEVIC TO YIELD



(Top) Gen. Wesley Clark, SACEUR, confers with Secretary of Defense William Cohen.

(Above) Lt. Gen. Michael Short.

*still arriving. Nor had our forces truly understood the nature of the battlefield and the intense political constraints to be imposed. We were fighting, planning, and adapting simultaneously.*¹⁵

In addition to these political problems, there was also pressure to create an initial air strategy that would not cause the nineteen NATO nations to be overly concerned with excesses in collateral damage or the possible loss of friendly aircraft. To ensure all of NATO supported "Operation Allied Force," the incremental application of air power

was a preliminary imperative. When these expectations were translated into the initial air operations, this strategy, noted *Newsweek*, called for a carefully designed "bloodless, easy air war."¹⁶

Similar to Vietnam's "Rolling Thunder," Kosovo's air campaign began with extensive political restrictions. For example, allied aircraft were ordered to fly no lower than 15,000 feet, and targets were scrutinized at the highest political levels. Consequently, noted the *New York Times*, political committees determined most of the war's initial strategy. One headline read: "All in favor of this target, say yes, si, oui, ja."¹⁷ NATO's North Atlantic Council and President William J. Clinton's National Security Council were the two key committees that dictated most of these strategic decisions. "For whatever reason," explained General Clark, "there appeared to be a far higher degree of leadership by committee than existing U.S. legislation requires."¹⁸

To ensure low casualties, NATO officers prioritized targets by collateral damage estimates according to the size of each bomb, and then this list was forwarded to Washington for further scrutiny. "Following the pattern established in the Desert Fox strikes against Saddam Hussein in December 1998," explained General Clark, "the White House intended to approve all targets."¹⁹

The approval process, however, extended beyond just target selection. Clark wanted ground forces, but Washington and many of the NATO allies initially rejected his request. He also asked for and received U.S. Army Apache helicopters, but he could not get approval to use them. Clark complained, "somehow, I had become just a NATO officer who also reported to the United States."²⁰

According to the *Washington Post*, the policy of conducting coercive diplomacy with the intent of accepting few casualties and creating very little collateral damage became known as the Clinton's administration's "immaculate coercion" strategy.²¹ It became General Short's task of adopting the policy of "immaculate coercion" into an air operation. Thus over Kosovo and Serbia, NATO embarked on a major conflict, relying totally on the incremental applications of air power. It was not an air war in the traditional sense, with planned massive air strikes similar to those conducted during the Persian Gulf War. Instead, this operation began as a carefully planned air campaign, conducted within narrow political guidelines. The strategy was designed to reconfirm NATO's fragile alliance system, while attempting to force Milosevic's support of the Rambouillet Treaty. "It was a war," stated *The Economist*, "that NATO stumbled into by miscalculation; when their diplomacy failed; it then became not just a war to end Serb injustice, but also a war to preserve NATO's credibility."²²

Milosevic of Dayton

The prevailing opinion that the Serbs would yield quickly was a supposition drawn from two previous successful diplomatic experiences involv-

(Near right) Slobodan Milosevic.

(Far right) Ambassador to the United Nations, Richard Holbrooke.



HOW COULD DIPLOMATS FORCE THE BOSNIAN SERBS TO SIGN THE ACCORDS?

BECAUSE KOSOVO WAS DIFFERENT FROM BOSNIA, MILOSEVIC WAS MORE DETERMINED TO FIGHT

ing Milosevic.²³ While Kosovo presented a formidable dispute, many—including President Clinton—believed that since coercive diplomacy was successful in the 1995 Dayton Accords signing, it would be again. This conviction was reinforced by another diplomatic success in October 1998, when U.S. Ambassador Richard Holbrooke pressured Milosevic to withdraw Serbian forces out of Kosovo. “The reason we went forward with the air actions,” President Clinton explained on the opening day of the Kosovo War, “is because we thought there was some chance it would deter Mr. Milosevic based on two previous examples—number one, last October in Kosovo, when he was well poised to do the same thing; and number two, in Bosnia, where there were 12 days of NATO attacks over a 20-day period.”²⁴

Four years earlier NATO successfully conducted “Operation Deliberate Force” and Milosevic compromised. After NATO bombed the Bosnian Serbs for sixteen days and the Croatians and Bosnian Muslims captured the Krajina, Milosevic came to the United States and negotiated the Dayton Peace Accords. In these meetings he was mostly defiant, determined and very difficult. Yet, he could be jovial, and at one point sang “Tenderly” with the piano player.²⁵ Despite all these emotional harangues, in the end he displayed a degree of reasonableness by negotiating the Dayton Accords, bringing peace to Bosnia.

Dayton involved complicated negotiations that extended for more than twenty-one days. While there were many difficult problems, one of the main issues concerned the governance of Sarajevo. Nineteen days into the negotiations, there was

talk of establishing Sarajevo as a semi-independent city similar to Washington D.C., governed by both the Serbs and the Muslims. Suddenly, noted Ambassador Richard Holbrooke, in a goodwill gesture Milosevic decided to hand over Sarajevo to the Bosnian Muslims and their leader Alija Izetbegovic. “I’ll solve Sarajevo,” ranted Milosevic. “I tell you, Izetbegovic had earned Sarajevo by not abandoning it.” “He’s one tough guy.” “It’s his.”²⁶

The Sarajevo decision pleased the Bosnian Muslims and incensed the Bosnian Serbs led by Radovan Karadzic. Now the question was, how could diplomats force the Bosnian Serbs to sign the accords? Several weeks later, Milosevic also solved this crisis. He was able to replace Karadzic as the president of the republic of Srpska with a new leader, Mrs. Biljana Plavsic, who was more willing to work with NATO and the United Nations.²⁷ These accomplishments were indeed significant diplomatic successes; ones that were orchestrated primarily by Milosevic.

After the Dayton negotiations, European leaders, President Clinton, and Milosevic met in Paris to sign the treaty. It was a gala time. Milosevic pranced around with a large cigar, shaking hands, engaging in small talk. Afterward, in a banquet hosted by the French president, Jacques Chirac, President Clinton approached Milosevic. “I know this agreement would not have been possible without you,” acknowledged the President. “You made Dayton possible.” “Now you must help make it work.”²⁸ “Milosevic clearly relished the moment,” explained Richard Holbrooke. After years of isolation, the Yugoslavian president believed he was on “a plain with other world leaders.”²⁹

President Clinton dines with an airman at Ramstein AB, Republic of Germany.



DIVISIONS BETWEEN KOSOVO'S SERBS AND ALBANIANS WERE MORE DEEPLY ROOTED

MILOSEVIC ... SAID, "SO, ARE YOU THE ONE WHO IS GOING TO BOMB ME?"

THE GENERAL ANSWERED, "...I HAVE U-2 RECONNAISSANCE PLANES IN ONE HAND AND B-52S IN THE OTHER. THE CHOICE IS YOURS

President Clinton departed Paris, somewhat assured that Milosevic was reasonable. After all, the Yugoslavian president had helped bring peace to war-torn Bosnia. Thus, when the Kosovo crisis erupted, Clinton surmised that once again, Milosevic would yield. We believed, President Clinton stated, that "President Slobodan Milosevic of Yugoslavia would submit to allied demands after a couple of days of bombing and halt the Serbian assault on Kosovo."³⁰

But he was wrong. Because Kosovo was different from Bosnia, Milosevic was more determined to fight. The Yugoslavian president had considerably more invested in Kosovo than he had in Bosnia. In 1989, by championing the minority Serbs against the Albanian Muslims, Milosevic had used the Kosovo ethnic crisis as a means of capturing the Yugoslavian presidency. It was his stepping stone to power. And, unlike Bosnia, which had declared its independence from Serbia in 1992, Kosovo was still a province within Yugoslavia. Consequently, declared Milosevic, Kosovo is not just a part of our nation; "it is the very heart of Serbia."³¹

Unlike the Bosnian cultural ethnic clashes, the divisions between Kosovo's Serbs and Albanians were more deeply rooted. While there were serious ethnic problems in Bosnia, explained Holbrooke, many of these were created by a few Serbian demagogues.³² In Kosovo, however, while the Serbs comprised only ten percent of the population, they controlled the economy and occupied nearly all of the key government positions. Culturally, the Serbs and Albanians spoke different languages, practiced different religions, and had different

educational systems. It was "a formidable irreconcilable dispute."³³ Indeed, the linkage of Kosovo to Serbia was not unlike that of Jerusalem to Israel. In both cases the relationships were critical. Always, Milosevic claimed Kosovo was Serbia's most "sacred ancestral homeland."³⁴

Somehow, the Clinton administration had overlooked Bosnia's and Kosovo's critical cultural and political differences and focused instead on the Dayton success story. Thus, they believed that Milosevic of Dayton was basically a reasonable leader. Meanwhile, in early 1998, fighting in Kosovo intensified. The Kosovo Liberation Army (KLA) began attacking the Serbian military and in response, the Serbs conducted vicious reprisals against the populace. This smoldering cycle of violence degenerated into gruesome acts of terrorism, followed by atrocities, culminating in Serbian "ethnic cleansing" campaigns.

The fighting continued into the summer, leaving an estimated 1,500 Albanian Kosovars dead, and while another 300,000 emigrants fled into the mountains.³⁵ Because of this crisis, the United Nations authorized Resolution 1199, which declared that the war in Kosovo constituted a true "threat to peace and security in the region."³⁶

In October, in an attempt to deescalate this violence, Holbrooke and Short flew to Belgrade and began a series of negotiations with Milosevic. Holbrooke did most of the talking. Yet, at one point, Milosevic leaned over the table, looked at General Short and said, "So, are you the one who is going to bomb me?"³⁷ Somewhat stunned, the general answered, "Mister President, I have U-2 reconnaissance planes in one hand and B-52s in the



Secretary of State Madeleine Albright confers with Secretary of Defense William Cohen.

SECRETARY ALBRIGHT, ... BECAME SO INVOLVED THAT SOME JOURNALISTS CALLED KOSOVO "MADELEINE'S WAR."

other. The choice is yours. Do you want peace or war?"³⁸

During the next few days, General Short outlined how NATO would execute aerial reconnaissance to monitor the Kosovo conflict. When a senior Serbian officer questioned these plans, the American general said that the situation was serious. If Serbia chooses war with NATO, stated General Short, we will attack forcefully and:

*you can't imagine what it's going to be like. I suggest you go outside, get in your car and ride around the city of Belgrade. Remember it the way it is today. If you force me to go to war against you, Belgrade will never look that way again—never in your lifetime or your children's lifetime.*³⁹

During these meetings General Short complimented Holbrooke's negotiating tactics by ensuring Milosevic was aware of NATO's military power. The Air Force general provided the military threat element of the coercive diplomatic formula. He talked forcefully about the ravages of war and the devastation NATO would rain down on Serbia. He was brash, and his comments were just what Holbrooke wanted and needed. It was modern day gunboat diplomacy at its best, and it was vintage Short, a veteran fighter pilot with more than 200 combat missions over Vietnam.

The October meetings were successful. Milosevic relented, pulling out 4,000 Serbian special policemen from Pristina, and a fragile peace followed.⁴⁰ During the summer and fall of 1998, the Serbs had already destroyed approximately 30,000 Albanian homes, and more than 300,000 Albanians were classified as displaced persons.⁴¹ To ensure that the peace would be sustained, NATO launched aerial reconnaissance flights over Serbia, and Europe's "Organization of Security and Cooperation" sent 2,000 monitors into Kosovo.⁴²

But the peace settlement was an illusion. On January 16, marauding Serbs entered the village of Racak, Kosovo, and killed innocent Albanians. The KLA had fired upon Serbs and in retaliation, a Serbian paramilitary unit murdered forty-five

Racak citizens. It was a bloody massacre—one that Washington and the world could not overlook. The European Organization of Security and Cooperation investigated and verified the atrocities.⁴³ Shortly afterward, Milosevic expelled the peace monitors and the fighting escalated. The Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) speculated that the Serbs would expand their ethnic cleansing operations as soon as warmer weather arrived. It was an ominous time.⁴⁴

After Racak, a few NATO ministers wanted to attack Serbia immediately. Yet at this point, most of the alliance did not support military intervention. Four years earlier, NATO quickly gained political consensus when the Bosnian Serbs attacked Srebrenica, massacring more than 7,000 Muslims. Then, when the Bosnian Serbs fired indiscriminately into Sarajevo, killing dozens of innocent civilians, NATO launched Operation Deliberate Force.⁴⁵ However, unlike Bosnia, Kosovo was not an independent country. Since it was still a province within Yugoslavia, this complicated the political and legal issues. Basically, noted Holbrooke, there was no major historical precedent for using military force in a region that was a part of a sovereign nation.⁴⁶ Consequently, there was little agreement among NATO nations on how to approach the Kosovo crisis. "We had a consensus in October," stated Holbrooke, "but it was strained by January and had to be reestablished."⁴⁷

Air Power and the Clinton Doctrine

After Racak and through early March, President Clinton and Secretary of State Madeleine Albright began formulating the Balkan policies that eventually shaped General Short's air campaign. Boggled down by the "Monica Lewinsky affair" and an impeachment trial, the President deferred many of these early policy decisions to Secretary Albright, who in turn became so involved that some journalists called Kosovo "Madeleine's War."⁴⁸ Twice during her childhood, dictators had disrupted her family's life: once when Hitler's army invaded Czechoslovakia, and again when Stalin's forces occupied Hungary. Consequently, she considered Milosevic another "school yard bully" who needed some punches to straighten him out.⁴⁹ Obviously, explained the *Washington Post*, the secretary believed "deeply that Adolf Hitler and other tyrants could have been deterred if confronted early and has applied that view to her diplomacy in Yugoslavia."⁵⁰ Within the Clinton administration, more than anyone else, she was the chief architect of diplomacy backed by force.⁵¹

Displaying empathy for the Albanians, Secretary Albright set in motion plans for a Kosovo peace settlement. In late January a "Contact Diplomatic Group," comprised of Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, requested that the Serbs and Albanians attend a peace conference in Rambouillet, France. Both parties appeared, but unlike Dayton, Milosevic did not attend. The nego-



A pair of A-10s complete their refueling.

THE PRESIDENT WANTED ASSURANCES THAT THERE WOULD BE FEW, IF ANY, FRIENDLY CASUALTIES AND A MINIMUM OF COLLATERAL DAMAGE

tiations, therefore, ended with “eighteen different people who spent most of their time arguing with each other,” explained Holbrooke.⁵² Indicative of the lack of seriousness were the constant nightly parties. According to one report, in five days the Serbs consumed over “300 bottles of red wine, 78 of white wine and eight bottles of cognac.”⁵³

By mid-March, no longer tied down in the impeachment process, President Clinton was convinced that NATO had to act. For him, it was a conviction based not only on the persecution of the Kosovars, but also on his experiences in dealing with Bosnia’s tragic history during his presidency. From 1992 to 1995, he explained we “allowed a bloodthirsty campaign of ethnic cleansing to rage for almost three years without outside intervention.” America, he therefore concluded, “must apply the same lessons in Kosovo, before what happened in Bosnia happens here, too.”⁵⁴

Several times during his tenure, the President had used air power as a diplomatic tool. He sent air strikes into Iraq, Afghanistan, the Sudan, and Bosnia in a foreign policy approach that was called “the Clinton Doctrine.”⁵⁵ Yet, before considering force, the President wanted assurances that there would be few, if any, friendly casualties and a minimum of collateral damage. He adopted this caveat in 1993, after eighteen Army Rangers were killed in Mogadishu, Somalia. From then on, the President carefully considered the use of ground forces, attempting to never cross over the “Moga-

dishu line” by again risking the lives of American soldiers. In 1999, while there were U.S. soldiers in Bosnia, they did not cross over this particular Mogadishu line until after the ceasefire.

The Clinton Doctrine, as well as the Mogadishu desideratum, encouraged the use of air power and discouraged the use of land forces. As far as the administration and U.S. Congress were concerned, air power was the preferred means for implementing coercive diplomacy.⁵⁶ Commenting on this doctrine, U.S. National Security Adviser Sandy Berger claimed, “the President has rejected the idea that the choices in Kosovo are invading Serbia or watching the Kosovars get slaughtered.”⁵⁷ It was not an either/or decision. Instead, noted the *New York Times*, the President wanted a military strategy based on the use of “high-technology,” in which there will be “relatively risk free strikes from afar.”⁵⁸

Two weeks into March, there was another attempt to bring together the warring Balkan parties. When this effort failed, President Clinton called British Prime Minister Tony Blair, French President Jacques Chirac, and German Chancellor Gerhard Schoeder to obtain an agreement for military intervention.⁵⁹ Hoping for a last-minute reprieve, once more Secretary Albright sent Holbrooke to Belgrade. But this effort failed, war was now the only option.

During all these events, Secretary Albright, President Clinton and many NATO ministers continued to believe that after a few air strikes, Milosevic would quickly yield. Undoubtedly, if cornered the Yugoslavian president would confront his accusers and shout bellicose epithets. But in the end, Washington believed, he would come to Paris and sign the Rambouillet accords. All he needed, stated one official, was a good “punch in the nose.”⁶⁰

The Clinton administration’s presumption of Milosevic’s willingness to negotiate was reminiscent of a similar belief popular when John F. Kennedy was President. Like the Clinton administration, Kennedy’s whiz kids—Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, William Bundy, and Walt Rostow—considered the North Vietnamese leaders reasonable. These Kennedy advisers believed that, once the U.S. started bombing Hanoi and Haiphong, North Vietnam would capitulate and negotiate. This keen faith in rationality promoted a tendency to overlook the complexities of human passions in warfare and the significance that the enemy’s “hostile will” plays in their determination to resist. The Kennedy administration, noted David Halberstam, truly believed that “sheer intelligence and rationality could answer and solve anything.”⁶¹ But America’s ten years of fighting in Indochina proved that the North Vietnamese leaders, Vo Nguyen Giap and Ho Chi Minh, were anything but reasonable. Now, four decades later, Milosevic’s determination to resist reemphasized this strategic imperative. In warfare, the enemy’s “hostile will” is an unpredictable force and always must be carefully considered.



(Above) 2 F-16s fly in formation.

(Far right) A B-52 lands at RAF Fairford.

(Below) A B-52 pilot keeps watch.

IT WAS UPON THIS BASIC INCORRECT SUPPOSITION, THAT THE INITIAL AIR STRATEGY FOR KOSOVO WAS DEVELOPED

President Clinton's belief in Milosevic's reasonableness was, in part, a product of his personal meeting with the Yugoslavian president during the Dayton Accords signing ceremony. In Paris, Milosevic was friendly, cooperative, and engaged President Clinton in small talk. After these meetings, the U.S. President said he was somewhat impressed with Milosevic. Indeed, he explained, the luncheon with Slobodan was "delightful."⁶² Then he speculated that Milosevic may not have been totally responsible for all the Bosnian atrocities, saying, "I thought, well, you know, maybe he had some distance between the extreme activities of the Serbs in Bosnia."⁶³

After the Kosovo War concluded, Clinton admitted that he was "fooled by Mr. Milosevic when they last met at a luncheon in Paris in 1995."⁶⁴ Accordingly, "he believed that President Slobodan Milosevic of Yugoslavia would submit to allied



demands after a couple of days of bombing and halt the Serbian assault on Kosovo."⁶⁵ It was upon this basic incorrect supposition, that the initial air strategy for Kosovo was developed and executed.

Since Washington was only trying to convince Milosevic to resume negotiations, there was no need for a substantial build up of forces or an air strategy to strike what General Short called the "head of the snake."⁶⁶ The more forceful strategy would have to wait until after NATO's fiftieth anniversary celebration in late April, when the allies met in Washington, D.C., and decided that Milosevic was indeed a serious enemy.

Because the initial Kosovo air operations were designed to convey diplomatic messages, a supporting U.S. carrier was not necessarily needed, and air strikes could be parceled in a well scripted campaign using incremental force. But as the Kosovo conflict unfolded, many realized that the Clinton administration had failed to consider a "worst case scenario." In rejecting this fundamental wartime consideration, as historian Barbara Tuchman once pointed out, folly can result.⁶⁷ Consequently, NATO entered the Kosovo War with an initial strategy based on the false premise. It was as if NATO intended to build a new house, with all the best carpenters, stonemasons, and plumbers, but had overlooked the fact that the initial site chosen was a swamp. Clearly it was a critical false assumption, noted the *New York Times*:

*Throughout, the NATO allies hoped, even assumed, that they were dealing with the Milosevic who negotiated the Bosnian peace at Dayton, Ohio, the man who lied and manipulated and ranted in all-night, Scotch laden negotiations and then cut a deal in the morning when he saw that it was in his interest. Instead, they were dealing with the Milosevic of Belgrade, who was willing to employ mass murder to assure his continued dominance of Serbia.*⁶⁸

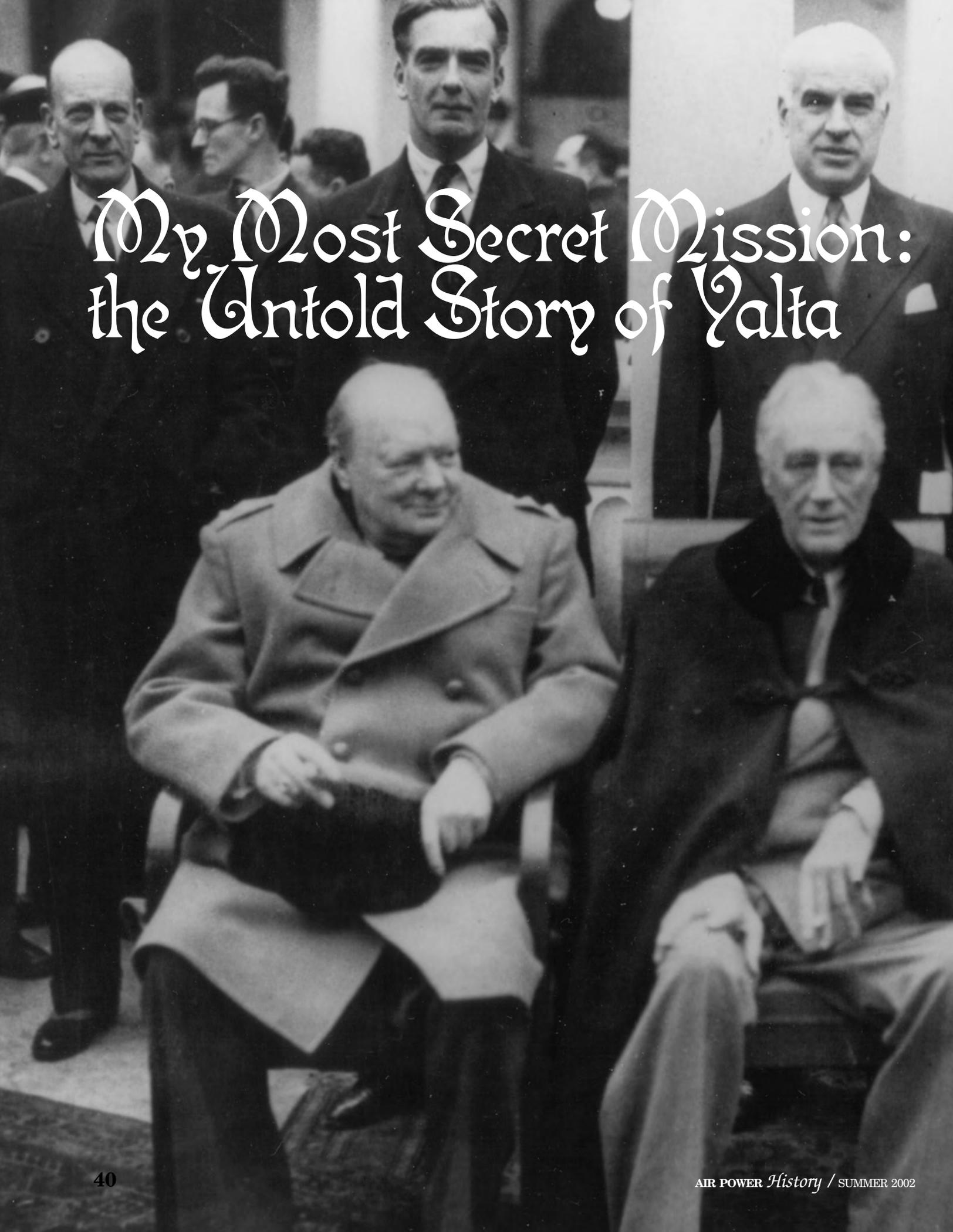


The Kosovo conflict began, therefore, not as a war, but as a foreign minister's exercise designed to use air power as a coercive diplomatic tool. Unfortunately, Milosevic's perceived reasonableness dominated the administration's war policies and placed a strait jacket on General Short's pro-

posals for the initial air strikes.⁶⁹ By late April, however, these illusions were superseded by a new reality, changing the air campaign strategy and allowing General Short to send air strikes against the head of the snake. By this time, however, the Kosovars had paid a very severe price.⁷⁰ ■

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My Most Secret Mission:
the Untold Story of Yalta



H. A. Eberhardt

(Overleaf) Winston Churchill and Josef Stalin flank a visibly ailing Franklin D. Roosevelt at the Yalta Conference.

WE THOUGHT SOMETHING BIG WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN. ...THE COLONEL HAD DISAPPEARED

AFTER ABOUT A WEEK, COLONEL HARRIS APPEARED AS SUDDENLY AS HE HAD DISAPPEARED

HE [HAD] SECRET ORDERS SIGNED BY MAJ. GEN. IRA C. EAKER ...WE WOULD FLY A THREE-FLIGHT FORMATION TO TUNIS, NORTH AFRICA

We thought something big was about to happen. It was the middle of January 1945 and the colonel had disappeared for nearly a week. Nobody seemed to know where he was or why. Scuttlebutt had him at a dozen different places. The executive officer would only say that the boss was suddenly called to headquarters. We assumed it was Fifteenth Air Force headquarters at Bari, Italy.

At this time we were based at the Salsola Air Base, a few miles north of Foggia. I had eighteen missions under my belt and had recently been promoted to first lieutenant. The weather was lousy, turning the plains around Foggia into a sea of mud. I had flown only a half dozen times for the entire month—escorting bombers to Linz and Vienna and done photo recons far into Germany and Czechoslovakia.

Being an intensely curious twenty-year-old “hot-shot” Lockheed Lightning P-38 pilot, I tried every which way to pry information out of some of our normally talkative flight leaders. I finally concluded that they genuinely did not know the whereabouts of our 94th Fighter Squadron’s commander—Lt. Col. Francis A. “Bucky” Harris.

Speculation ran rampant. Was he in trouble? Bucky was an experienced, but gutsy fighter pilot. An affable, well liked and respected officer, he came across to me as extremely conscientious and unlikely to be in difficulty with the top brass. Had he been selected for some “behind the lines” operation? I knew he didn’t speak German. Our flight surgeon, Captain Walsh, said Bucky was definitely not ill. Maybe he was being reassigned? We all hoped not.

Then I found out that the other two CO’s in our 1st Fighter Group (from the 27th and the 71st Fighter Squadrons) had also disappeared. Bucky must be involved with something big and important; perhaps some big offensive to end the war.

The Squadron

After about a week, Colonel Harris appeared as suddenly as he had disappeared. Our inquiries were answered with his broad, friendly, silent grin. Not until many years later, at a squadron reunion, did I learn of Bucky’s one-man odyssey in his P-38 “Ginny” to check out the bases we would use. He said he was treated with some disdain by a few of the allied base commanders until they saw his secret orders signed by Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, in command of all of allied air forces in the Mediterranean theater.

H. Alfred Eberhardt was a mechanical engineer, inventor, and businessman. An engineering student at Pennsylvania State University, World War II interrupted his education. In August 1942, he joined the U.S. Army Air Corps Reserve. After graduating from the cadets at Moore Fields, Mission, Texas, (Class 44B), he trained in P-39s at Ephrata, Washington, and P-38s at Van Nuys, California. Lieutenant Eberhardt went overseas in September 1944, the next month joined the famed 94th Fighter Squadron in Italy, and was awarded the Air Medal and three OLCs. Upon his return to the U.S. in 1945, he resumed his studies at Penn State, graduating in 1948. He worked his way up to become, for twenty-four years, president and CEO of the world’s leading producer of fire fighting equipment, Hale Products, Inc. In 1997, Eberhardt received the Outstanding Engineering Alumnus Award from his alma mater.

Harris was short, physically fit, somewhat cocky, with good military bearing. He looked like a typical fighter pilot. A highly decorated combat veteran, with two tours under his belt, he had won the respect and admiration of his subordinates, especially the younger ones like myself.

The 94th “Hat-in-the-Ring” Squadron was steeped in history and combat accomplishments; it was the first combat squadron of the old Army Signal Corps, dating back to World War I. Its original designation, the Lafayette Escadrille, was made famous by the legendary Capt. Eddie Rickenbacher. Our first ace in World War I was Douglass Campbell, whom I had the pleasure of meeting when he attended several of our post-World War II reunions, before his death in 1987. We were the only squadron allowed to wear its own insignia (silver Hat-in-the-Ring pins) over our wings. Apparently, Rickenbacher had obtained authorization for this from his friend Gen. Henry H. “Hap” Arnold.

Shortly after Bucky’s return, I was ordered to report to the Ops Tent for a 2000 hours briefing. Bucky was in a jovial mood and handled the entire briefing, which was rather short. Normally, weather and intelligence officers would give us lots of detailed information about the mission. I was surprised that the normal squadron complement was not present. Only about fifteen pilots and four crew chiefs were there—not a typical briefing at all.

The colonel announced that the 1st Fighter Group had been chosen for an extraordinary mission; it was obviously classified top secret. “I want to congratulate you lads, in particular,” he said, “on being selected to fly this mission.” We were told to pack our B4 bags for at least three nights and to have them at the flight line at 0800 hours. Ops would see that they were loaded, along with the crew chiefs, on a C-47 from Fifteenth Air Force headquarters. The colonel said we would fly a three-flight formation to Tunis, North Africa, and added, “I will lead it and we will maintain radio silence.” Apparently, the 71st Squadron got a similar message as their planes were also being pre-flighted on this cool January 28th day.

The Prelude

Long before, Bucky had impressed on us how important it was to maintain radio silence on combat missions. He took great pride in our discipline in this area. He concluded with, “I can tell you no more at this time, I have sealed top secret orders,



The remarkably nimble P-38 Lightning, shown here as an L-model.

I SETTLED INTO THE COCKPIT OF MY NEW P-38L "LIBERTY BELLE" COMPLETE WITH VARGA GIRL NOSE ART

which I cannot open until we reach Africa; now get your flight assignments and good luck tomorrow."

I was assigned to White Flight number three position (element leader in the 2d flight); Capt. Walter Gonring was my flight leader. It was a relatively clear day when I climbed up the abbreviated two-step ladder that folds into the P-38 cockpit pod—always a bit of a struggle in full flight gear with my .45 pistol, knife, survival kit, Mae West, parachute, and life raft pack—a lot of heavy appendages for my skinny frame to lug on board. I settled into the cockpit of my new P-38L "Liberty Belle" (I'm from the Philadelphia area). What a great gal she was, complete with Varga Girl nose art. I went through my preflight check in preparation for a 1000 hours takeoff.

I was number seven to crank up and pull out on the steel mat taxiway. As I pulled out and took up my position on the runway for a two-ship formation takeoff, I said my usual prayer. When my wingman returned my thumbs up signal, I "poured the coal" to her and felt a rush of excitement as those big 1,750-hp Allison engines responded smoothly to my throttle controls. After 2,000 feet of runway flashed by, I eased back the wheel and pulled up the gear lever, while glancing at my wingman.

I watched my flight leader with only occasional checks on my wingman as we lined up into our usual formation. Bucky was flying a large radius circle, gradually climbing, while the White and Blue flight leaders were making tighter turns to put the three flights in a loose trail formation. Bucky then leveled off on a southwest heading for our Mediterranean crossing to North Africa. This loose formation was a nice restful way to fly for a

change (only used in non-combat areas) giving us a great opportunity to observe some interesting geography such as smoking Mount Vesuvius and the beautiful Isle of Capri, as we crossed the southwestern shoreline of Italy on our slow climb to 20,000 ft. After about a half hour of flying we could no longer see any land.

North Africa

As we approached landfall, after gradually dropping down to a couple thousand feet, Bucky finally broke radio silence "Okay lads we're near the field, let's echelon right." We were probably too low and too far away for any enemy listening posts to pick up the transmission. He then asked the Tunis control tower for permission to make a combat approach and land the squadron.

About now, I had the feeling the colonel had been there before and we were about to put on a little show for their base. As we approached the runway, several of us were flying lower than some of the nearby structures, each plane close to and a couple feet lower than the plane he was following. We screamed onto the base in a tightly packed echelon formation, with Bucky coaching us in. My left wing tip nearly touched White Flight 2's tail section, as the edge of the airfield flashed by about thirty feet below.

"C'mon Gonring, bring your guys up. That's it, tuck 'em in tighter. Okay, lookin' good. Hold 'em right there, nice and steady. Breaking left—now!" With that, the colonel shot up and out of the formation and banked a hard left. A few seconds later the plane on which I was flying formation shot up

ONE BY ONE,
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LEG WOULD
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ALGIERS

WE WOULD
NOW CROSS
THE
WESTERN
END OF THE
MEDITER-
RANEAN AND
LAND AT
THE BRITISH
BASE ON
GIBRALTAR

out of view. Two seconds after that, I pulled the wheel into my gut and did the same Chandelle type U-turn to the left.

While everyone did the same basic maneuver, the colonel's was the most violent. He peeled-up hard the instant he passed the control tower, missing it by only about sixty feet. He then made a dead stick (throttles closed, engine idling) landing after a tight 360-degree turn and touched down in front of the tower, then cleared the runway quickly. One by one, every plane peeled up and out; "Tail End Charley" got to "whistle his butt" about twenty feet off the field. When he reached the end, he broke up and left. This maneuver, which we ran to perfection, gave us our spacing—about 400 ft. apart—and put all twelve planes on the ground in about two minutes flat.

Our crew chiefs, in their C-47, would arrive shortly to service our planes before the next leg of this venture. In normal combat operations, three men were assigned to look after a P-38: a crew chief, an assistant crew chief, and an armorer. The mission proved to be extremely challenging because there were only four of them from our squadron. So, instead of three maintenance men per plane, it was three planes per crew chief. Additionally, they had to function hundreds of miles from home base with limited spare parts and tools. These men worked diligently for long hours under very difficult circumstances, but did a magnificent job of keeping our fighters airworthy. I was fortunate indeed to have my own crew chief selected for this mission, SSgt. John Michunovich, from Billings, Montana.

We were shuttled to the local mess hall for a tin-tray lunch, a big improvement over our standard mess kit fare at Foggia. During our brief stay here, a young, overly eager air operations officer of the day got into a hassle with our crew chiefs over the condition of our planes' battle-scarred landing flaps. Several of the flaps had been slightly dented and cut during previous missions, mostly from releasing belly tanks at high speed. When he announced these planes were now grounded, Bucky went into a purple rage and sought out the base commander, who promptly rescinded the order.

After spending the night in the Tunis barracks, we assembled back at the flight line. Bucky told us our next leg would be about 500 miles to Algiers, where we would spend the night at a downtown hotel taken over by the military. As we flew to our next destination, the anticipation of hot and cold running water, a bathtub, decent food, and a regular bed lifted our spirits.

We arrived at the Maison Blanche Aerodrome, near Algiers, in the early afternoon. The British Royal Air Force 210 Group, under Group Captain Keddy, AOC, was based there. It seemed to be the communications nerve center, in this part of Africa, for our widespread mission. They were assisted by radio relays from a communications ship, codenamed Disraeli, anchored in the middle of the Mediterranean.

A couple of six-by-six army trucks hauled us into the city and to a former first class hotel, converted into a very comfortable Bachelor Officers' Quarters (BOQ). After all that Algiers had endured in the battle for North Africa, the surviving opulence of my room was most impressive. I even had my own private bathroom complete with porcelain tub and bidet—quite a contrast to our tent life in southern Italy, where steel helmets doubled as wash basins for shaving and bathing. The colonel declared an early curfew, talked about a bedcheck, and promised an early wakeup for an 0800 hours takeoff.

The next morning, just before takeoff, Bucky said we would now cross the western end of the Mediterranean and land at the British base on Gibraltar. We took off as scheduled, headed west over the beautiful blue Mediterranean toward Gibraltar—this time at a lower altitude.

The Rock

As we approached Gibraltar from the southeast, the scene on the horizon became more and more interesting. There was no mistaking that magnificent Rock jutting straight up over the sea for over 2,000 feet. For years Prudential Insurance had used a picture of this scene in their advertising, with the slogan "Solid as the Rock of Gibraltar." From our altitude and distance on this clear day, it seemed awfully close to Africa, even though it was nearly twenty miles from that continent across the Strait of Gibraltar.

Bucky had warned us about violating Spanish air space in our landing pattern. He asked for, and received, permission to land our squadron, using code names for both the tower and us. Below us was a lot of Spain, but only a tiny speck of ground attached to it and known as the British Protectorate of Gibraltar. This landing would not be like our last one. Bucky knew the Brits would not tolerate the Yanks showing off. Besides, with the many "ack ack" guns manned and possibly aiming at us, we were not in a very good position, should the gunners misunderstand our identification and intent. Consequently, we made a normal approach, in loose trail, with an enlarged landing pattern—right turn onto final, landing to the east.

Their runway ran east and west and was tucked away close by the Rock, with water at each end. It reminded me of landing on a large aircraft carrier, permanently moored against a wall that seemed as high as the length of the landing deck. All of us had the same idea: that we would have to "touch down" at the very end of the strip or we'd find ourselves in the drink. I made a smooth landing and much to my surprise cleared the runway at the first taxiway, only using half of the runway.

We followed the colonel and taxied into assigned parking spots on the tarmac. I climbed out, leaving my parachute and equipment in the cockpit. British MPs were everywhere. We gathered at the colonel's plane. Shortly, a jeep drove up and a British officer with three pips on his

(Near right) Franklin D. Roosevelt.

(Far right) Harry Hopkins.

THE BRITISH WERE DRESSED IMMACULATELY...WE WERE A "RAG-TAG" BUNCH... PROUDLY WEARING THEIR LARGE "HAT-IN-THE-RING" SQUADRON PATCH

ON BOARD WERE PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, ... [AND] HIS CLOSE PERSONAL ADVISORS, INCLUDING ... HARRY HOPKINS



epaulets stepped out and stiffly exchanged salutes with Bucky. From what I could hear of their conversation, we had been expected, but they did not know why. Yet, they were determined to give us full support for whatever we needed. Maybe the British captain knew something, but he did not let on that he knew. We were escorted to the visitors' BOQ and assigned our rooms—very comfortable, freshly ironed clean sheets and all.

Our B4 bags would arrive soon and be put in our rooms. We would have evening mess with the Brits at 1800 hours, and then get to bed early for a predawn briefing on the next day's mission. Our hosts were going to have a formal officers' mess that evening in our honor. Bucky felt obliged to coach us on the event. We were not to touch any food or beverage on the tables until the necessary toasts and the chaplain's invocation were made. After each toast, we were to sip our wine. Only after the final toast—to our mutual victory—but not before, were we allowed to drain our wine glasses.

The Big Bash

The evening's event proved interesting, but very strange. The British were dressed immaculately in their starched shirts and freshly pressed uniforms bedecked, with ribbons. By contrast, we were a "rag-tag" bunch, a few still in their flight suits, some with their A-2 leather jackets, proudly wearing their large "Hat-in-the-Ring" squadron patch. Most of us were wearing ribboned "battle jackets." The colonel didn't exclude anyone for being out of uniform. It just was not his style. It was the first time I had seen him wearing all of his many ribbons, including the Silver Star and the Distinguished Flying Cross with three oak leaf clusters.

Our squadron was assigned to two conspicuous tables in front of the long head table, which consisted of the senior ranking host officers. Bucky was seated at the place of honor alongside the base

commander, Group Captain Shaw. The tables were beautifully set with fresh linen, good china, wine goblets, silverware and flowers—a sight I hadn't seen in years. Suddenly the idle table chatter was silenced by a bugler playing "The Royal Salute." Everyone popped up to a stiff attention. Then we all saluted as the Union Jack, Stars and Stripes, the flag of Gibraltar, and their battalion flag, with its historic battle streamers, were marched in to the cadence of two drummers, past our tables, and placed in their appointed stanchions above the head table.

The commander then raised his glass, extended his arm and shouted, "Long live the king." There was a thunderous response throughout the hall as the men repeated his words, held out their glasses and took the first drink. This was quickly followed by toasts to the President of the United States, the Queen of England, the men of the 94th Fighter Squadron, their host battalion, the 1st Fighter Group, and finally, to complete victory over the enemy. By now most of us had emptied our glasses and the mess stewards were scurrying about refilling glasses with a very smooth Spanish rojo.

Departure of the USS Quincy

Nine days earlier, back in the States, it was well after midnight on the evening of January 22, when the last of a fifty-member party had arrived at a restricted gate in Union Station, Washington, D.C. The entourage, with their suitcases, clambered aboard the President's special train that had been used in his unprecedented fourth term campaign three months earlier.

The reporters were replaced by a special detachment of Secret Service men. On board were President Franklin D. Roosevelt, his daughter Anna Boettiger, his close personal advisors, including Judge Rosenbaum, Harry Hopkins, Jimmy Byrnes, Stephen Early, Jim Flynn, General Watson, several

THE
PRESIDENT
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ABOARD THE
QUINCY

White House staffers, and military medical personnel. It was only two days after the inauguration, so the activity at the Washington station that night had the outward appearances of a good will, cross-country junket. Subsequently, to the Washington press corps and others, FDR had simply vanished that night, not to be heard from for the next month. Even the vice president was kept in the dark. Mr. Truman knew only that the President could be reached through the White House staff.

President Roosevelt's train then made its way 200 miles south, down the Norfolk and Southern tracks to Pier 6 at the highly secure embarkation port at Newport News, Virginia. FDR's train arrived at 0600 hours on January 23d. The day before, the heavy cruiser, USS *Quincy* had tied up there and taken on fuel and provisions. The President's armored Lincoln limousine was secreted below decks.

The *Quincy* had steamed in from the mouth of the Patuxent River, about forty miles below Washington and near a large Navy weapons center, where it had spent the previous several days tuning up its electronics and test firing some of its weapons. Four months earlier, the *Quincy* had been slightly modified at the Boston Navy Yard. In anticipation of the President's trip, a temporary elevator for FDR's wheel chair had been installed and the captain's quarters luxuriated, complete with rugs and bathtub. In retrospect, it seems a "Big Three" conference might have been planned for November and then postponed until after the inauguration.

As the President and his party were piped aboard the *Quincy*, most of the ship's complement of 1,146 men had been ordered to stand formation on a lower deck. This prevented curious gawking by the crew, giving the guests some privacy. By 0830 the President's party had boarded and the ship cast off.

The *Quincy*, accompanied by the light cruiser USS *Savannah* and three destroyers, headed southeast out of the Chesapeake Bay and into the open Atlantic Ocean. This task force then headed southeast, passing about 100 miles south of Bermuda, zig-zagging at 21 knots. They had been at sea for more than a week when they finally approached the coast of Africa and Gibraltar.

Final Briefing at Gibraltar

On January 31, our squadron was having a very early wake-up and breakfast at 0500, followed by a short briefing in the BOQ orderly room. Bucky had tacked onto the wall the maps of the Atlantic and Mediterranean that surrounded Gibraltar and the local coasts. They showed the flight paths, headings, altitudes and rendezvous times for our day's three flights and were stamped all over with large red letters—TOP SECRET!

I had never seen the colonel as serious as he was that morning, as he slowly unfolded this mysterious mission and the day's events. He was unusually "up tight" and a little emotional as he

confided that we were about to escort some of the most important people in the world.

Bucky then described the small naval task force and who would be aboard the heavy cruiser. Not until that moment did we know that we would be flying escort for our Commander-in-Chief. Harris stressed, "We must protect them at all costs from any type of enemy plane action." As the news sank in, I began to think about our awesome responsibility. I felt a great swelling of pride—a sort of "Star Spangled Banner" feeling.

The colonel had cautioned that one of the greatest dangers to the President could come from a single plane Kamikaze type bomb attack. He reminded us that the enemy possessed many captured Allied planes, bearing friendly insignia, that could sneak in. Our orders were to challenge any plane in the area of the task force. "If any unidentified Bogies ignore our warnings and get within two miles of the cruisers, shoot them down—regardless of their markings!" We were also cautioned not to fly directly over the President's heavy cruiser.

The colonel gave marked up maps to his other flight leaders, Baker and Gonring. He laid out the mission as the rest of us took careful notes on the code names and probable event timing. What he did not explain, and what we gleaned later from other pilots in our fighter group, was that the task force was headed for the large British naval base on the island of Malta. Our 27th Fighter Squadron was temporarily assigned there.

Background Information

Never before had so many of the world's leaders gathered in wartime to plan strategy and direction. Bringing together the leaders of the Allies, their advisors and staffs, while still at war, meant the utmost secrecy was paramount in providing their protection. The deployment of their protective forces had to be carried out without alerting the enemy. All communication had to be top secret.

Consequently, none of the fifty fighter pilots and forty ground crew involved were briefed about all aspects of the operation. We knew only that we were assigned to a mission code named Argonaut and that we had to protect some very important people. One was code named Admiral (President Roosevelt) and another Colonel (Prime Minister Churchill). Part of their travel was to be by naval task force and part by Army Air Forces and Royal Air Force aircraft.

Lt. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander of Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, did the overall planning. The precise path and progress of the President's trip from Hampton Roads, Virginia, to Yalta, and return was subject to the utmost secrecy, the vagaries of the weather, the President's frail health, military intelligence, and progress of the various meetings.

Our group commander, Col. Arthur C. Agan, at age twenty-nine, was one of the youngest officers to command an American fighter group. Agan was

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Members of the 27th tour Egypt. (Photo courtesy of the author.)



THE SQUADRONS DIVIDED UP THE OPERATIONS AREA

responsible for drafting the detailed escort plans during Argonaut. This brilliant young officer was destined to become one of the Air Force's top commanders, retiring in 1970 as a lieutenant general. Unfortunately, about five weeks after operation Argonaut, Colonel Agan was shot down, along with his fellow Texan and wingman "RG" Gillen. The colonel bailed out and survived in a prison camp, but "RG" was killed instantly.

Colonel Agan and his squadron commanders, Lt. Col. Francis Pope, 27th Fighter Squadron; Lt. Col. Frank Jones, 71st; and Lt. Col. Francis Harris, 94th, had to deploy their P-38's at the various bases available around the Mediterranean. Because of several uncertainties, they were obliged to "play it by ear," as the mission unfolded. Our squadrons and flights would "leap frog" each other, so that the participants always had fighter escort and/or interception available during daylight, regardless of the weather conditions.

In general, the squadrons divided up the operations area so that the 27th (codenamed Petdog) was assigned responsibility for the Black Sea and eastern Mediterranean; the 71st (code Cragmore), the central Mediterranean; and my squadron, the 94th (code Spring Cap), got the western Mediterranean. The 27th had the most glamorous part of the assignment, but we got to be based at Gibraltar. We also would make the first and last visual contacts with the President's task force.

The 94th and 71st squadrons's P-38s were equipped with a pair of 165-gallon belly tanks, each carried about a ton of additional fuel. Since the 27th had to escort C-54 long range transports, their fighters carried a pair of huge 300-gallon plywood tanks, designed for extra long-range flying. These tanks would be jettisoned in the event of contact with enemy aircraft.

The Mission

Following our early briefing, Colonel Harris made a predawn takeoff with his four-plane Red Flight. About fifty miles out into the Atlantic, they made initial rendezvous with the task force at first light. Red Flight covered the task force as it came through the narrow section of the Strait of Gibraltar at full tilt.

Our P-38 combat flight duration was generally limited to about six hours, even when using the auxiliary 165-gallon tanks. By using one flight of planes at a time, the squadron was able to maintain air cover for the President's task force for all of the daylight hours. Our two remaining flights, while temporarily on the ground at Gibraltar, and the 71st, at Algiers, would be on standby alert, in case radar or the active flight indicated a quick scramble was necessary.

At the appointed hour, Capt. Gonring, and the other three of us comprising White Flight, took off singly, from Gibraltar. We formed up into a loose formation during a 360-degree turn, being very careful to avoid Spanish air space. We then picked up our easterly heading, climbing slowly to about 10,000 ft., carefully scanning the horizon ahead. Just a few minutes into the flight we spotted the speeding task force and then the colonel's Red Flight.

As we relieved Red Flight, Gonring pulled up alongside the colonel's plane and they waved to each other—we still maintained very strict radio silence. Bucky then proceeded to take his four birds back to the Rock, apparently so that he could send a coded report to Tunis, Malta, and Allied headquarters. He would then refuel and head for Oran.

Our White Flight now divided into a pair of two-plane elements. As prearranged, Gonring took his two planes to the opposite side of the task force and I kept our element on the near side. We then set-up a slow weaving pattern, with one element going a few miles North of the task force, while the other element went a few miles South. Then, we would alternate and repeat. Consequently, the two elements criss-crossed near, but never directly over the two cruisers. (The light cruiser was trailing the President's by about a half mile).

We scanned the horizon hard for any suspicious aircraft. After several minutes, I spotted a bogey at seven o'clock, coming in low and closing on the task force from the northwest. With my wingman to my right, I headed toward the bogey on an intercept path, at full throttle. From a couple of miles, I recognized it as a DeHavilland Mosquito—a very fast, all plywood attack bomber. In a few seconds, I was close enough to see British insignia on the

THE...P-38s WERE EQUIPPED WITH A PAIR OF 165-GALLON BELLY TANKS

I SPOTTED A BOGEY AT SEVEN O'CLOCK, COMING IN LOW AND CLOSING ON THE TASK FORCE...WE ESCORTED HIM SEVERAL MILES AWAY

WE REMAINED ON INDEFINITE STANDBY, UNTIL FDR AND HIS ENTOURAGE EMBARKED ON THEIR RETURN TRIP

fuselage. Bucky's final words at the morning's briefing still rang in my ears, "Beware of the enemy flying one of our planes."

We made a diving pass at him, holding our fire, and pulled up quickly in front of him, narrowly missing his right wing. I looked back over my shoulder and he was still boring in straight for the cruisers. I jerked on the wheel, shaking my wings violently—he would not alter his course. Hoping he was on Gibraltar's frequency, I yelled desperately on the radio, "Change course. Change course." Still he persisted, closing quickly on that two-mile limit. I turned on my gun switches, made a quick turn, and set up to make a more serious pass on a wider, more visible angle, coming in from his right and about 100 ft. above his plane. From approximately 600 yards out, I squeezed the trigger and pressed on the cannon button, praying, "Please dear God, don't let me shoot down one of our own." I was aiming much further ahead than required, so that my tracers would be flashing by in front of his cockpit.

The four 50-caliber and 20-mm cannon in my plane's nose were spewing out their deadliness. Just as he was about to converge into this lethal firestream, he must have seen my tracers or my guns blazing. When he realized what was happening, he suddenly broke left sharply, away from the cruisers, and fled the scene with us in hot pursuit—like killer bees protecting the hive.

Without firing any more shots, we escorted him several miles away from the task force before breaking off and returning to resume our weaving pattern over the ships. All of this transpired in a couple of minutes, but it seemed like an hour. Afterwards I wondered, "Was that bogey friend or foe? Did anyone in the task force see or hear the action?"

With no further intrusions, we completed our escort stint. At the appointed hour, we just barely perceived Lyle Baker's Blue Flight coming over the western horizon to relieve us. Without making radio contact on the exchange, they pulled up into position and we headed for the La Senia Aerodrome at Oran, landing there in the late afternoon. In the early evening, Baker's Blue Flight, having completed our squadron's escort assignment, joined us at the air base. The C-47 with our crewmen also joined us there that evening and serviced our planes early the next morning. Sometime later I found out that the President's ship was in Oran harbor that night, since the Quincy and her destroyers required refueling.

The next morning, the eight of us—White and Blue Flights—took off for Algiers and those luxury quarters. At this time, the 71st, flying out of Algiers and Tunis, took over the task force escorting. In the late afternoon, Colonel Harris and his Red Flight joined us in Algiers; that evening the local military sponsored a small party at our hotel. The next morning we flew to Tunis. There twenty-three P-38s of the 71st and 94th squadrons flew back to Foggia.

Unfortunately, after flying about 500 miles over water, as we approached Italy, a warm front closed

the Foggia area temporarily and we had to land at a B-24 base near Bari. After about a half hour, the fog lifted and we made the short hop back to Salsola, arriving on the late afternoon of February 4. This concluded our seven-day odyssey and participation in escorting the President and other VIPs to the Yalta Conference. For the next ten days, we remained on indefinite standby, until FDR and his entourage embarked on their return trip.

Eastern Mediterranean and Yalta

At this time, the 27th Squadron took over the escort duties over the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea. The plan was for the President, the Prime Minister, and their staffs to fly in escorted C-54s from Malta over Greece, Turkey, and the Black Sea to the Russian Crimea. A week earlier, while our squadron had been initiating the escort in the Atlantic, the 27th Fighter Squadron, with eighteen P-38s, led by Lt. Col. Francis Pope and joined by Colonel Agan, flew from Foggia to the Luqua Aerodrome on Malta. They were joined there by a C-47 carrying their ground crews and a few relief pilots.

After two days there, most of them went on to Athens for their next escort assignments. Their ultimate destinations would be Simferapol, a naval base and the airfield at Saki, both near Yalta in the Russian Crimea, and finally to the big air base at Cairo.

While the President's task force was steaming across the Mediterranean to Malta, Churchill was flying directly there from England (probably at night in his C-54 Skymaster). The prime minister was accompanied by his daughter, Sarah, Anthony Eden, and others. Later, he would be joined by Britain's top military men, including the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Andrew Cunningham, and Field Marshall Sir Alan Brooke. Gen. George C. Marshall and Adm. Ernest B. King and their staffs had flown independently from Washington to Casablanca and then on to Malta. The military chiefs had a three-day joint strategy meeting. With a refueling stop it would have been possible for FDR to fly to Malta. However, for reasons of safety, health, and his need for additional meetings, he opted to take three extra weeks and go by ship. I suspect that he was not fond of flying.

The *Quincy* steamed into Malta on the morning of February 2d, under an umbrella of locally based Spitfires and docked alongside a British cruiser. Winston Churchill was on its fan tail, awaiting Roosevelt's arrival. The President's armored Lincoln was unloaded on the dock, he was welcomed by the governor and then proceeded with Churchill in a motorcade to the Government House for a preconference meeting.

That night, the Luqua Aerodrome must have seemed like Los Angeles International Airport in 1945. To minimize alerting the Germans, the eighteen transports took off for Russia singly over a five-hour period starting at 11:30 pm. All of the transports flew the long trip at a relatively low

TO MINIMIZE ALERTING THE GERMANS, THE EIGHTEEN TRANSPORTS TOOK OFF FOR RUSSIA SINGLY OVER A FIVE-HOUR PERIOD

THE THREE P-38s CAUGHT UP WITH THE PRESIDENT'S FIVE-PLANE FORMATION

THE SOVIETS REQUIRED THAT THEY FLY A PRESCRIBED PATTERN

OUR PLANES AND PILOTS WERE CONSTANTLY GUARDED BY SOVIET SOLDIERS

altitude of 5,000 feet. Most of the British contingent left in their York transports shortly after midnight and arrived a couple of hours after daybreak. The first American C-54 took off at 0200, with Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius and his staff aboard. They were then followed by four C-54s carrying Marshall, King, and their staffs.

Near daybreak the President boarded his plane, a C-54 called the *Sacred Cow*, that flew in a couple of days earlier. Using a special hydraulic lift, FDR was hoisted aboard in his wheel chair. The trip to and from Yalta proved to be his first and last in this custom built C-54. This plane was a fast, four-engine, long-range transport built by Douglas; postwar it was known as the DC-4 Skymaster.

Immediately after the President, Maj. Paul Ash and Lt. Guy Casey, with their wingmen, took off from Malta at about 0600. In a few minutes the four P-38s established their escort positions with a two-ship element on each side of the *Sacred Cow*. Churchill's plane took off a few minutes after Roosevelt's and was similarly escorted. While flying over the Ionian Sea in a close formation, Casey observed a female photographer at the plane's observation window, probably the President's daughter, taking photographs of their P-38s. After six hours of escort, they finally arrived at their rendezvous point over eastern Greece. The five planes then proceeded to fly a wide circling pattern, looking for their relief flight.

Late that morning, Col. Pope, Lt. Edward Begley, Lt. Edgar Coury, and Lt. John Haring took off singly at approximately twenty-second intervals from Athens. Pope made a wide climbing circle of the airfield, while Begley and Coury intercepted him and flew formation with him as he set a southeasterly course. Unfortunately, this was one of Coury's last flights as he was killed in combat shortly thereafter.

Because of the inclement weather, Lt. Haring (the last one to take off) could not locate the others. After several minutes, he made a desperate radio call asking for the flight's location. By now the others were nearly forty miles southeast of the field. Much to his chagrin, he was instructed to return to base.

The three P-38s caught up with the President's five-plane formation around noontime. They intercepted his flight at the designated rendezvous point above the rain clouds over Andros Island. They relieved Major Ash's planes and established their escort formation. They flew over Istanbul, which was cloud covered, then out over the Black Sea. As they approached the Crimea, they experienced some very nervous moments; it was now necessary to drop down through the dense cloud layer, while still trying to escort the slower C-54. On entering the cloud bank, they immediately lost sight of the President's plane and had to go on instruments. Flying blindly, they could only hope and pray that they did not fly into the President's plane. After what seemed like an eternity, they finally broke out of the dense fog-like cloud strata

and then, with much relief, saw the *Sacred Cow* behind and above them.

When the C-54 and the three P-38s approached the Russian coastline in the Crimea, the Soviets required that they fly a prescribed pattern, enter a narrow air corridor, make a right hand turn, and then land on a relatively short strip at the Saki Aerodrome. A few days before, when some of the British advance party arrived in their C-47, Russian gunners had shot at them because they failed to follow procedures.

Colonel Agan remained at Malta until all flights had taken off for the Crimea. He then flew solo to Athens and refueled quickly. With Lt. Warren Danielson as his wingman, he led a flight of five P-38s to the Saki Aerodrome. While FDR's and Churchill's escorts and Agan's flight were not within sight of each other, they were in the same general area. During the long trip to Yalta, if radar or ground observer activity required it, a radio call could have brought them to each other's aid.

The Conference—a tragedy in the making?

Churchill's C-54, now escorted by Lt. John Hurst and three others, landed first followed shortly by the President's plane. Josef Stalin was conspicuous by his absence at the airport; Foreign Secretary Molotov handled the welcome. Perhaps Stalin was still smarting from the many arguments the principals had over the delayed timing on the Normandy invasion.

A military motorcade took them seventy miles south on a guarded road over the mountains to the seashore resort town of Yalta. Churchill and his delegation were assigned to the old Vorontsovski Palace at nearby Alupka, while President Roosevelt and his staff were quartered in the big, beautiful Livonia palace, where the conference was held. This had been Czar Nicholas II's dream house, the summer resort home for his family.

For the first four days our planes and pilots were constantly guarded by Soviet soldiers with automatic weapons. This made them feel more like prisoners than guests. Finally, after Colonel Agan's protest, the Soviet commander loosened up and took our men to Yalta, where he treated them to food and a three-hour opera.

All of the planes were then flown the short distance from Saki to the larger field at Simferopol to take advantage of the longer runway that would facilitate the longer runs for the return trips. One night a freezing rain encrusted our planes in a heavy layer of rime ice; P-38s were not equipped for de-icing. Early the next morning the fighter pilots joined their crew chiefs in laboriously removing the ice, wielding wrenches and other tools as hammers and ice picks. That morning the first return flights began.

Apparently the conference did not go as planned a few days earlier at Malta. Stalin adamantly refused to give the French an occupation zone. Consequently, to appease the Soviet leader,

The 27th squadron gathers for a picture at Saki in the Crimea. (Photo courtesy of the author.)



A FREEZING RAIN ENCRUSTED OUR PLANES IN A HEAVY LAYER OF RIME ICE

THE PRESIDENT FLEW ONCE AGAIN IN HIS SACRED COW

[WE] ESCORTED THE TASK FORCE JUST NORTH OF THE COAST BETWEEN ALGIERS AND ORAN

the French zone had to be carved out of the planned American and British zones of occupation. It is important to remember that Stalin had not yet declared war on Japan. Territorial concessions in Europe and Asia would be his price for such a declaration. Five years before, he had ordered the summary execution of thousands of Polish officers trying to survive in his Soviet prison camps.

Knowing the resolve of the Japanese people and their total devotion to their Emperor, FDR must have envisioned the loss of hundreds of thousands of American soldiers as the cost of invading and conquering the Japanese homeland. To have the huge and experienced Russian Army assist in this potentially bloody campaign would, in his mind, be worth the concessions.

Shortly after the President's return from Yalta, the military and political developments in Poland made him realize Stalin could not be trusted to keep his word. FDR never made public Stalin's promise to declare war on Japan. All of this must have preyed heavily on the President's mind, right up to the end.

Middle East Influence

On the morning of February 11, after the deciding, Lts. Frank McHugh and Othel Kilpatrick flew cover for General Marshall back to Bari. Also, that same day, Lts. Dick Hanford and Warren Danielson escorted Admiral King from the Crimea to Tunis, by way of Athens—a distance of 1,490 miles. The next day Lt. Joe Demkovich and another 27th pilot escorted Admiral King, this time, to Cairo.

At the conclusion of the Yalta Conference, on February 12, the President flew once again in his *Sacred Cow*. Travelling nearly due south across the Black Sea, over Turkey (near Ankara), then over the eastern Mediterranean to the Egyptian aerodrome at Cairo, was again escorted by Begley, Coury, and Haring. This flight was led by Colonel Agan. Near Cairo, the President reboarded the *Quincy*.

Churchill left the Crimea two days later, escorted by Lt. Col. Francis Pope and five others from his 27th Squadron. They flew southwest to Athens and then southeast to Cairo—instead of flying south, directly to Cairo as FDR had done. Much later that day Churchill reappeared aboard the *Quincy*. Apparently he and FDR preferred to have a post-conference critique in the privacy of the President's cabin and to keep it secret from the Soviets.

While the Conference had been in progress, the *Quincy*, without its VIP complement, had completed its crossing of the eastern Mediterranean to Ismalia, Egypt, through part of the Suez Canal and anchored in the Great Bitter Lake, where it refueled. Captain Senn then dispatched one of his escorting destroyers, the *USS Murphy*, through the southern part of the Suez Canal and across the Red Sea to Jeddah to transport King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia to the *Quincy*.

While anchored in the Suez, the President and his staff further enhanced our relations in this part of the world by entertaining King Saud, Egypt's King Farouk I, and Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie at lavish receptions aboard the *Quincy*. The three monarchs probably received an early "update" from FDR on some of the accords reached at Yalta.



FDR's transport aircraft the "Sacred Cow."

Our Return Trip

On February 16, the 94th Fighter Squadron was ordered to return to Algiers, Oran, and then Gibraltar to escort the President's naval task force during their recrossing of the Mediterranean and exit into the Atlantic. On that day, pilots of the 27th initiated the task force daylight escort. This part was led by Maj. Paul Ash with his planes taking off from Tobruk, Libya, in a dense predawn fog.

The P-38 was designed with counter-rotating propeller to eliminate engine torque effect. One of its few negatives was its tendency to flip over instantly if one engine failed suddenly as the plane was leaving the ground on takeoff. I had witnessed such an event at Foggia, before Argonaut began. When Lt. Guy Casey took off from Tobruk, with Demkovitch on his right wing, Casey's right engine exploded. His reflexes were excellent that day. In a fraction of a second he closed both throttle levers, preventing a flip over. Demkovitch just missed hitting him. Casey jumped out of the smoking plane, commandeered Begley's warmed-up P-38 and took off to complete his escort.

The 27th provided daylight escort in three sequential flights, all landing at Malta for service. Some pilots provided air cover the next morning until the 71st, flying out of Bone, Algeria, relieved them. Finally, Harris's Red Flight flew cover beginning at daybreak and escorted the task force into the harbor and refueling at Algiers.

My White Flight took off from Algiers on the afternoon of February 18 and escorted the task force just north of the coast between Algiers and Oran. After four and a half hours of escorting, we returned to the base at Algiers, landing at dusk. The next day, we flew over to Gibraltar and again landed there. The other flights in our squadron, flying out of Gibraltar, were now completing the escort duties of the 1st Fighter Group. They escorted the President's task force about 100 miles back into the Atlantic. It was February 19 and the President was due to arrive back in Washington a week later.

Also on the 19th, Churchill took off from Cairo in his C-54, without escort. Major Ash took off from Malta with six other P-38s, including Demkovich, Hanford, and McHugh. At daybreak

they rendezvoused with Churchill's plane thirty-five miles southwest of Malta and escorted the Prime Minister and his party across the Mediterranean, over the island of Sardinia to Marseilles, France. Here they were met by four RAF Mosquitoes that continued the escort to an airfield near London.

The next day twelve of us climbed into our P-38s and reluctantly took off from Gibraltar. We flew to Algiers, where we spent the night. On February 22d, our squadron returned to Salsola, completing this remarkable odyssey.

Reflections

Everything about our Yalta escort remained top secret. Afterwards, I was surprised and pleased to learn that I had received credit in my log sheets for my nineteenth mission, good toward the fifty combat missions required to rotate back to the States. It was probably the least risky of the thirty-nine missions I flew before Germany's surrender.

Overseeing this entire aerial escort, while operating under a veil of secrecy, but still under the close scrutiny of so many important political and military brass, placed Colonel Agan and his budding career on a "hot seat." He remained at Cairo until the last meeting had ended and the last VIP had been safely escorted out of the area and back home. Not until then could Agan relax and take due credit for a job well done without a single casualty. On February 27, the President and his party arrived back at Newport News, Virginia. On March 1, when he appeared before Congress to report on the Yalta Conference, the President seemed very frail.

Fifty-seven years later, as I reflect back on this very secret mission, I realize what an excellent job the military did. To bring Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin safely together in the Crimea during World War II, and to get them all back to their respective capitals, after several days of meetings, without a major incident, was rather miraculous. Its success was a real tribute to its planners and all the servicemen who made it happen. ■

Acknowledgement

Sadly, one-third of the pilots who participated in this Argonaut mission were shot down by ground fire during the final two months of the war in Europe. I hereby dedicate this article to them, especially my former tent mates in Italy—fighter pilots John D. Felsing of Buffalo, New York, and "RG" Gillen from Granbury, Texas, who like so very many brave young men, gave their lives in combat for the freedom we all enjoy.

This article is based on the writer's personal experience and interviews with fellow pilots from each of the three participating squadrons in the 1st Fighter Group and Navy crew from the President's ship, the USS Quincy, plus information from recently declassified government documents.

TO BRING ROOSEVELT, CHURCHILL, AND STALIN SAFELY TOGETHER... AND TO GET THEM ALL BACK TO THEIR RESPECTIVE CAPITALS... WITHOUT A MAJOR INCIDENT, WAS RATHER MIRACULOUS

Hit to Kill: The New Battle over Shielding America from Missile Attack. By Bradley Graham. New York: Public Affairs, 2001. \$27.50 ISBN: 1-586-48086-3

In 1999, Bradley Graham took a year off from his duties as a military and foreign affairs correspondent for the *Washington Post* to devote his time to a book that would focus on National Missile Defense (NMD). *Hit to Kill*, the fruit of Graham's sabbatical year, steps logically through the developments that fed into President Clinton's decision of September 2001 not to initiate deployment of the NMD system.

The book is divided into four parts. Part I, "The Threat," provides a brief introduction to missile defense and traces the rise of the rogue nation missile threat. One of this section's more interesting points comes on p. 41, where Graham tells us that Donald Rumsfeld passed out the foreword to Roberta Wohlstetter's *Pearl Harbor* to members of the intelligence commission that bears his name. Written by Thomas C. Schelling, this foreword discusses why the U.S. intelligence community failed to warn of the Pearl Harbor attack in 1941 in spite of having all kinds of information pointing toward the attack. "The danger" in intelligence work, Schelling wrote, "is not that we shall read the signals and indications with too little skill; the danger is in a poverty of expectations—a routine obsession with a few dangers that may be familiar rather than likely." One can see a "poverty of expectations" as the possible reason U.S. intelligence at first failed to notice that the North Korean missile test of August 31, 1998 was really an attempt to orbit a satellite and revealed that the North Koreans were farther along in their mastery of staging than was previously thought. Part I culminates in Graham's observation that "the Taepodong I launch had stunned the intelligence community and the Clinton administration and shaken the conventional wisdom about foreign missile development. Suddenly, the skies over the United States looked a lot more threatening."

Perhaps the most important thread in Part II is Graham's explication of how in 1998 the Clinton administration was forced to come to grips with the realities of NMD. This entailed the recognition of a disconnect between the timelines for an NMD deployment in Alaska and the time necessary to negotiate changes to the ABM Treaty that would allow such a deployment. One of the more interesting chapters in this section is "Getting the Red Out," which details Bob Bell's effort to stuff the NMD genie back into its ABM Treaty bottle by convincing decisionmakers that all fifty states could be defended from North Dakota. Graham explains the source of the title for this chapter in the following passage. "BMDO produced color-coded charts that showed the areas that would be protected by various site

locations. The fully protected areas appeared in blue, the unprotected areas in red, and various other colors denoted partial protection. For Bell, the challenge boiled down to getting all the red out." (p. 125) The theme of Part II comes down to a Clinton administration overtaken and surprised by events. As Graham put the matter: "Clinton and his team felt they had little choice. They had not wanted to think about missile defense during much of their time in office.... Only after the Rumsfeld commission report and the Taepodong I launch had the issue of missile defense come crashing down on them with apparent urgency." (p. 148)

Part III, "Diplomacy and Technology," is a montage that treats a variety of matters. For example, Chapter 8, "Agitation Abroad," deals with European opposition to an NMD deployment. Here, one of the more interesting points is Strobe Talbott's response to the ferocity of European opposition. Like Captain Louis Renault, who is "shocked, shocked" to discover gambling in Rick Blaine's Café Americaine, Talbott is shaken to discover the intensity of European opposition and is emotionally bruised by the experience. (pp. 155-56) Chapter 9 focuses on NMD during the last couple of years of the past century. Here, Graham tells us that Lt. Gen. Ronald T. Kadish and Maj. Gen. Willie Nance, Jr., each "had a reputation for being among the toughest-minded, most thoroughly informed acquisition officers in their respective military branches. They knew how weapons got built, how to deal with contractors, and how to organize a development program." (p. 195) Section three is rounded out by a chapter dealing with the failure of the NMD IFT-4 test in January 2000 and its ramifications, along with a chapter that details charges that NMD would be incapable of handling countermeasures.

The fourth and last part of Graham's book covers the final run-up to President Clinton's decision, the decision itself, and events that continued to unfold right into the current presidency of George W. Bush. Included here is a reprise of an earlier *Washington Post Magazine* article in which Graham detailed events surrounding the critical IFT-5 test of July 8, 2000. The importance of this test was captured by General Kadish who referred it as a binary event—if it succeeded, President Clinton would probably give the go-ahead for the Shemya, Alaska, radar construction, which would be the first step in an NMD deployment; if it failed, he would not. Chapter 15 recounts the lonely efforts of Secretary of Defense William Cohen to convince President Clinton that he should still approve construction of the Shemya radar despite the IFT-5 failure. In this struggle, Cohen not only faced a skeptical President, but was also opposed by the number one and number two at State (Madeleine Albright and Strobe Talbott, respectively) and the

President's national security adviser, Sandy Berger. The outcome was essentially a foregone conclusion. Graham provided the following assessment of where the President's decision left America's missile defense program.

Clinton's decision to defer deployment marked another halt in the decades-long quest to provide the United States with a shield against intercontinental ballistic missiles. As with previous efforts during the cold war, technological shortfalls and political resistance had once again dashed the dream of antimissile protection, at least for the time being. But Clinton stopped well short of dismissing the idea of missile defense. To the contrary, his speech, read closely, amounted to an argument for it, provided it could be shown to work. Significantly too, his embrace of the idea appeared rooted less in a vision of shielding America against a dangerous world than in establishing a new global strategic order. (pp. 329-30)

The possibility of implementing a new strategic order figured prominently in the national security vision espoused by George W. Bush during his campaign for the presidency and in his policy statements during his first year in office. Graham discusses how this vision was shaped in the final chapter of Part IV. He also includes here an account of the successful IFT-6 flight that was completed in July 2001.

Graham continues his discussion of the Bush strategic vision in the afterword with which he concludes his book. Here the author concludes that "for the Clinton administration, missile defense turned into a strenuous exercise in damage control and deployment avoidance" (p. 377) He also tells us that the ABM Treaty is in the midst of its death throes. "Clearly," Graham wrote, "the ABM Treaty's days are numbered. Whether it will be revised or replaced altogether, the treaty, conceived in a bipolar world, no longer addresses today's reality, where the ability to build long-range missiles and arm them with deadly warheads is spreading." (p. 378)

In preparing his book, Graham had extraordinary access to top government officials, including both President Clinton and President Bush. All told, he interviewed over twenty-five senior officials, some of them, more than once. His sources include six interviews with General Kadish, who was the BMDO Director throughout the critical period leading up to President Clinton's September 2000 decision. Graham also completed three interviews with General Nance, who was the NMD program manager during this critical period. On five different occasions, he interviewed Strobe Talbott, deputy secretary of state and point man for U.S. dealings with Russia on arms control issues. Using these and other interviews, Graham has effectively lifted the veil on the decision machinery of the Clinton

administration. Some of what emerges into the light of history is less than tidy.

One messy matter that Graham explores is the interaction between top officials at State, DOD, and NSC. Not surprisingly, Graham sees a natural tension between Defense and State. This tension arises from the fact that these agencies favor different means of ensuring our national security—Defense emphasizing a strong military establishment and State stressing diplomacy. The tension is illustrated by the legendary conflict between Secretary of State George Shultz and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger during the Reagan presidency. It was this clash of strong willed officials under Reagan that prompted Clinton to boast to several aides that his administration's handling of the NMD decision had been orderly by contrast. Perhaps this is true, but at what price was this apparent orderliness purchased?

In the picture Graham paints, the "House of Clinton" was more divided than its head might have supposed. Apparently, Sandy Berger was very careful to keep frank, open discussions of NMD issues out of meetings between State and Defense to preclude the possibility of a rupture. (pp. 134, 139) Instead, Berger managed to keep the lid on things by assuring that nettlesome issues were worked through him, thereby preventing direct debate between the principals. In short, Berger served as a buffer, removing the sharp edges from the various positions of State and Defense. What might this process have cost the Clinton administration? Perhaps it was because of the absence of blunt, open exchanges that Strobe Talbott found himself "blind-sided" in 1998, when he finally realized how critically short was the time for negotiating the treaty changes that could preserve the ABM Treaty while allowing the start of construction on the NMD radar at Shemya. (p. 148)

Overall, Graham has produced a balanced, readable account of a major facet of the U.S. missile defense program during the Clinton presidency. Anyone who is serious about understanding this subject would do well to start by reading *Hit to Kill*.

Don Baucom, BMDO Historian. The views expressed here are those of the author and do not reflect the official policy or position of the Department of Defense or the U.S. Government.



René Leduc: Pionnier de la propulsion à réaction. By Jean Lacroze and Philippe Rico. Paris: Editions Larivière, 2000. Pp. 255.

This large, illustrated book is the result of two amateur historians' decade-long effort to assemble and document a little

understood aspect of French aviation history. Based on primary sources obtained from archives, collectors, and a few of Leduc's contemporaries, the authors trace the development of René Leduc's aeronautical career and of his technological solutions to the problem of high speed flight.

Unlike others of his generation, Leduc came to aviation by accident, when he started working for the Bréguet company in 1924. As Lacroze and Rico explain, Leduc's participation in the design of the steel-based fuselage of the Bréguet 27 prototype pushed the young engineer to focus his energies on the study of metals and their resistance to high heat. At the time, knowledge of jet propulsion was theoretically-based, and several solutions had been proposed to deal with associated problems. By the 1930s, Leduc's idea consisted of what he called thermopropulsion, later ramjet. Using Bernoulli's Law, the device, called for air to be pushed through a cylinder that varied in diameter, and compressed into a combustion chamber hot enough to inflame injected gasoline. Leduc was not the first to advocate such a solution—Robert Esnault Pelterie and René Lorin, for example, had patented such solutions—but he was eager to test it based on his knowledge of metals. However, such a design would require extensive experimentation at a time when nations were preparing for war. Leduc, who predicted by the early 1930s that the speed limit of propeller aircraft would soon be reached, nonetheless obtained contracts from the French government to develop ramjet prototypes. Unfortunately, World War II interrupted most of his work, though he was able to discreetly start building his first prototype in 1942.

Consequently, Leduc's machines became associated with France's Fourth Republic (1944-1958), a time of great creative energy as well as deep frustration for the French aerospace industry. In many ways, Rico and Lacroze's study, though it focuses primarily on Leduc's life and the technical aspects of his aircraft, serves as a mirror of those frustrating years. On the one hand, the French government, eager to catch up (by 1944, the U.S. had tested a ramjet aboard a P-80), offered funding, but the troubled economic and political situation in France as it engaged in decolonization wars complicated matters. Leduc's engineers often had to wait for parts to become available, while workmanship was not uniformly good. Technical challenges as well as personality conflicts hurt the Leduc operation, and the authors provide a few explanations of such matters. Last, but not least, Leduc was but one of many companies, both governmental and privately-owned, to receive funding for prototypes, and thus had to compete with other firms to maintain funding.

By 1949, the first prototype, model 010, was ready to fly and was launched from atop a modified Languedoc 161 transport plane.

It crashed three years later, following a separation incident with the mother ship. Several more models, each improving on earlier designs, flew, but by 1958, the government cut funding. One model, 016 ended up at the Musée de l'Air in Le Bourget, where it can be seen today identified as an "010" model (missing several parts, it looks more like its predecessor). By the time Charles de Gaulle came to power, one aircraft builder, Marcel Dassault, had gained the upper hand in the development and supply of new fighters, none of which was a ramjet.

Lacroze and Rico are to be congratulated for the quality of their work, as should the publisher for its willingness to switch from its more traditional 7-inch by 10-inch size for other books in the "Docavia" series, to a coffee table format. This decision improved the quality of the engineering drawings and contemporary color photographs that grace this fine work. The reviewer's only regret is that more context was not provided to explain the trials and tribulations of Leduc and his associates during the Fourth Republic. However, this is a minor quibble with what is an otherwise excellent technical study.

Prof. Guillaume de Syon, History Department, Albright College, Reading, Pennsylvania.



Pushing the Envelope: The American Aircraft Industry. By Donald M. Patillo. Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 2000. Pp. iv, 459. \$29.95 ISBN 0-472-108659-7

The author of this volume styles himself as one with a lifelong fascination with aviation and the aircraft industry. Although his professional career led him elsewhere, he sensed the lack of "a comprehensive analytical survey of the aircraft manufacturing industry from its origins to the present." (p. 1) He narrows this ambitious goal substantially by excluding the makers of components and including engines and propulsion systems only as they relate to aircraft production. So, in essence, this is a business history of airframe companies. The book is almost exclusively based on secondary works and journal articles. His uncritical bibliography lists a few manuscript collections but there is little evidence of extensive use of these documents. The work is further buttressed with two dozen useful tables indicating appropriations, aircraft production by years, exports, labor statistics, and major manufacturers. An appendix, "Chronology of the Aircraft Industry" is in reality a highly useful genealogical chart of the complex story of reorganizations, mergers and name changes which characterize the industry.

What the author offers is a rapid romp

tracing the industry from its earliest beginnings, through the troubled World War I period and what he describes as the "Golden Years" leading up to the spectacular production of World War II. From there on the narrative becomes more detailed. Scattered among the many company histories are brief expositions of the major problems confronting the industry: its heavy reliance on government orders; the inadequacies of government procurement procedures; the difficulties of bidding on paper designs without a firm grasp of development costs; the troubled benefit from export sales; the temptation to use improper means to foster sales or build congressional support, and the necessity for merging to save firms which use up their capital on failed development designs, etc.

The author casts the company histories largely in terms of personalities, in the beginning mostly creative designer entrepreneurs, then later the professional managers and financiers, stressing the remarkable extent to which these leaders migrated from one firm to another. Unfortunately, the author's concern with personalities is not paralleled by an equal concern with analysis. He seldom gets below the surface; this is a work of journalism rather than objective, analytical history. The author is at the

mercy of his secondary sources; when they are solid, carefully researched monographs, he mirrors them with some fidelity, but he appears to rely uncritically on less objective secondary sources. However, despite these shortcomings, the author deserves credit for attempting to describe the airframe industry over nearly a century within the covers of a single book. Newcomers to the field may well find this a useful introduction to the personalities, companies, and major problems involved.

Dr. I. B. Holley, Jr., Duke University



Once in a Blue Moon: Airmen in Theater Command. Lauris Norstad, Albrecht Kesselring, and Their Relevance to the Twenty-First Century Air Force. (CADRE Paper No. 7). By Howard D. Belote. Maxwell AFB, Ala.: Air University Press, 2000. Notes. Bibliography. Pp. 107. ISBN: 1-58566-082-5.

[http:// research.maxwell.af.mil](http://research.maxwell.af.mil),
"Research Papers," "Special Collections."

The author's initial concept was to shed light on why only one airman during the

first fifty-three years of the post-1947 United States Air Force, was chosen to become a joint forces theater commander. Using the light of history to illuminate the characteristics airmen should cultivate if they aspire to theater command, the author laid out a baseline by looking briefly at two early theater commanders who were not airmen—Generals Dwight D. Eisenhower and Jacob L. Devers—to set the stage for more detailed examination of the careers of Air Force General Lauris Norstad, who was U.S. and Allied Commander-in-Chief in Europe during the Cold War, and *Luftwaffe* Field Marshal Albrecht Kesselring, wartime Commander-in-Chief of German and Italian forces in the Mediterranean.

However, during the final stages of preparing the manuscript for publication, the current Commander-in-Chief of the U.S. European Command (and Supreme Allied Commander, Europe), USAF General Joseph W. Ralston, assumed his posts. Although it was too late for him to be a subject of the detailed examination given to Norstad and Kesselring, Ralston's appointment was noted in the introduction and concluding pages. As a result his image appeared on the cover in the most prominent position, overshadowing the two principal subjects. Nevertheless,

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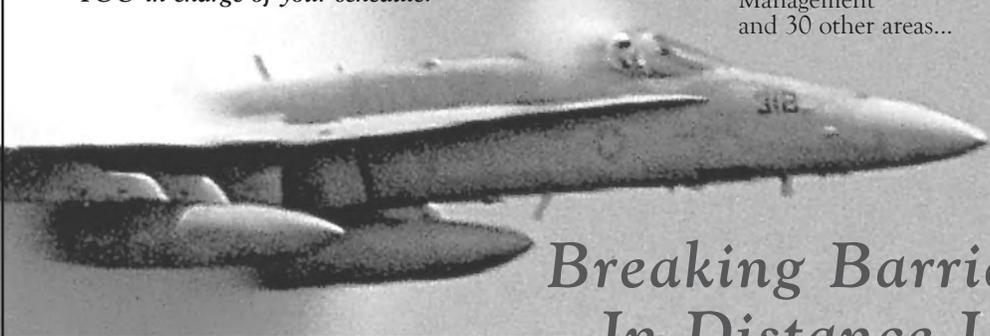
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when this reviewer first saw *Once in a Blue Moon*, the question that called for an answer was not why Ralston dominated the cover, but how anyone could write on "Airmen in Theater Command" without examining the career of Lt. Gen. Frank M. Andrews, the first airman to hold theater command.

The author explains that omission as a deliberate decision, based on the brevity of Andrews's command of the U.S. European Theater of Operations, before his death in May 1943. However, apart from the fact that Andrews's tenure in London was notable, despite its brevity, for the level of accomplishment he had in those few months, the more relevant question, from the standpoint of the study itself, is why did Gen. George C. Marshall repeatedly select Andrews for theater command—in 1941, 1942, and 1943? The answer to that question provides support for the very thesis the author wants to set forth.

Andrews's broad professional education, unlike that of most Air Corps officers, included his graduation from the Army War College and extensive service on the prewar General Staff. In 1939, Andrews was the only airmen with experience at the higher level command of combat air forces. As war broke out in Europe, George C. Marshall

made him G-3 of the Army, the first airman to head a War Department General Staff Division. From 1941 to 1943, Andrews held three separate joint warfighting theater commands. His first one, the Caribbean Defense Command, became the model for subsequent overseas theater commands. The omission of Andrews is a major flaw. Nevertheless, this study has much to commend it and readers can gain useful insight into the nature of joint theater command, and why it is that airmen have only held it "once in a blue moon."

Dr. H. O. Malone, Hampton, Virginia



The Complete Idiot's Guide to NASA.

By Thomas D. Jones and Michael Benson. Indianapolis, Ind.: Alpha Books, 2002. Tables. Diagrams. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Appendices. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xviii, 335. \$18.95 ISBN: 0-02-864282-1

Don't be fooled by the title, *The Complete Idiot's Guide to NASA*. The authors, Dr. Thomas D. Jones and Michael Benson, are

experts in their subject and that is what enabled them to produce this informative and fascinating little book. If you've ever wondered how to become an astronaut, Tom Jones, a veteran astronaut (class of 1990) with fifty-three days in space, tells you how. What is it like to live and survive in space? Again, it's in the book. The *Guide* is organized into five parts, totaling thirty chapters. The major subjects are space science, history, manned flight, "Moonwalkin,'" and the future of space travel. In addition, the book contains a series of sidebars that define technical terms in layman's language, and provide interesting trivia and facts, short biographies of the astronauts, and Jones's personal observations on myriad subjects. Although this book generally pays tribute to NASA, the authors do not mince words when dealing with the agency's failures. Thus, in commenting on the Challenger disaster, Jones says, "NASA had gotten it backward—we shouldn't fly until we can prove that the risks are understood and it is safe to launch." Similarly, he doesn't avoid discussing the failure to properly grind the Hubble telescope's mirror. And, contrary to conventional wisdom, he calls space tourism "a good and necessary development for the future of commercial work in orbit."

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The book is disappointing in only one area—the origins of the ballistic missiles program. This is surprising because Jones served in the U.S. Air Force (as a B-52 commander), and should have paid more attention to his service's history. Thus, the book accords top billing to Wernher von Braun and Hermann Oberth for their work in rocketry, while overlooking American contributions to rocket engines. Worse yet, Gen. Bernard Schriever, the “father” of USAF missiles and space, is not even mentioned. The first ICBM—the Air Force's Atlas—is erroneously lumped with the Army's Jupiter-C—an IRBM. There are other omissions concerning missiles, such as, no mention of the first successful test launch of the Atlas ICBM—it occurred on December 17, 1957; or that Project SCORE, orbited in December 1958, was boosted into space by an Atlas ICBM; indeed, it was largely Air Force ballistic missiles that enabled NASA to conduct many of its early space launches.

Nonetheless, despite this shortcoming, the book delivers what it advertises—inspiration for would-be astronauts and fascinating information about NASA.

Jacob Neufeld, Editor, Air Power History

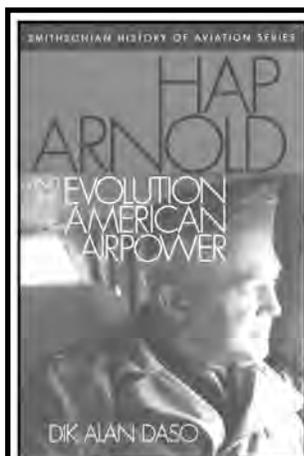


History of Rocketry and Astronautics: Proceedings of the Twenty-Eighth and Twenty-Ninth History Symposia of the International Academy of Astronautics. By Donald C. Elder and Christophe Rothmund, Eds. AAS History Series, vol. 23. San Diego, Calif.: Univelt, 2001. Tables. Photographs. Illustrations. Notes. Index. Pp. xiv, 552. \$85.00 ISBN: 0-87703-477-X

The American Astronautical Society (AAS) history series, now marking its first quarter-century, continues publishing papers delivered at International Academy of Astronautics (IAA) history symposia. This twenty-third volume in the AAS history series contains thirty-five papers from the IAA's 1994 and 1995 symposia held in Jerusalem and Oslo, respectively. Arranged topically under three categories—Pioneering Efforts, Applications, and Cold War Projects—the essays address a broad range of subjects. Individual chapters include corporate and organizational histories, personal reminiscences, biographical memoirs, and scholarly investigations that explore bits and pieces of space and rocket history, altogether spanning the entire

twentieth century. Editors Donald Elder and Christophe Rothmund deserve congratulations for their effort to draw these disparate pieces into a coherent whole.

In the substantial section titled, “Pioneering Efforts,” several chapters stand out as exceptionally informative. Frank Winter discovers how pre-1915 entertainment shows, most notably Frederic Thompson's electro-mechanical “Trip to the Moon” simulation at the 1901 Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, New York, stimulated popular interest in space flight. An intriguing study by Michael Neufeld explains how the Nazis systematically excluded pioneers Hermann Oberth and Rudolph Nebel from wartime rocket development. In a biographical memoir of Dr. Homer Stewart, author Shirley Thomas surveys one key participant's role in the unfolding drama of space flight from the mid-1930s through the 1970s. Technically oriented narratives by Philippe Jung, Christophe Rothmund, and J. Harlow, respectively, describe French SE1500 missile tests during the late 1940s-early 1950s, development of France's large Etude 4212 liquid rocket during the same period, and the United Kingdom's Delta Project to construct LOX/Kerosene engines in the 1950s. Finally, George James and Hervé Moulin



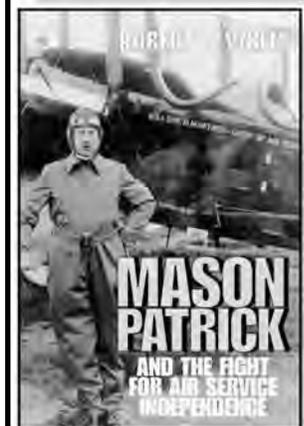
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examine the evolution and accomplishments of the Supervision of Youth Research Experiments (SYRE) subcommittee of the International Astronautical Federation's Education Committee.

The Applications section also contains worthwhile material. Another chapter by Rothmund assesses a half-century of rocket engine development in France, beginning with the Société Civile d'Etude de la Propulsion par Réaction (SCEPR) in 1944. Ross Fleisig provides a heavily illustrated look at the first manned, lunar-landing spacecraft from design to mission performance, and Frederick Ordway surveys how newspapers, magazines, space-oriented journals, books, video and film productions, and exhibits and celebrations covered the twenty-fifth anniversary of the first lunar landing. In a thought-provoking consideration of the problems and opportunities associated with the historical study of rocketry and astronautics, Russian academicians B. V. Rauschenbach and V. N. Sokolsky conclude that "only the united efforts of many professionals from different countries" (p. 266) will ensure the successful preservation of the historical record.

Three-fourths of the chapters in the Cold War section shed light on hitherto unknown aspects of Soviet space history. These range from James Harford's paper on what the Russians learned from German V-2 technology to B. V. Rauschenbach's discussion of the USSR's program for lunar surface research. Jacques Villain, Oleg Sokolov, and D. V. Shatalov present three separate perspectives on the history of Baikonour cosmodrome. In two different pieces, Maxim Tarasenko discusses the evolution of the Soviet space industry and the role of Cold War competition in the development of Soviet and American space systems. Among the chapters on non-Soviet topics, Dwayne Day's exploration of the institutional origin of the National Reconnaissance Office and Bruno Augenstein's explication of RAND's contributions to the pre-Apollo space program are especially insightful.

Like the other fourteen volumes from earlier IAA history symposia, this one contains a veritable treasure trove of factual details and analytical perspectives that can be found nowhere else in the literature. It lacks, however, the overall thematic integrity found in many published proceedings, and its chapters are distinctly uneven in quality. The absence of an index to names, places, systems, and events makes it difficult for readers to locate specific references. Nevertheless, the *History of Rocketry and Astronautics* merits the attention of every serious space historian.

Dr. Rick W. Sturdevant, Deputy Director of History, HQ Air Force Space Command.



Reflections and Remembrances: Veterans of the United States Army Air Forces Reminisce about World War II.

By William T. Y'Blood, Jacob Neufeld, and Mary Lee Jefferson, eds. Washington, DC: Air Force History and Museums Program, 2000. Illustrations. Pp. 73; and **Pearl to V-J Day: Proceedings.** By Jacob Neufeld, William T. Y'Blood, and Mary Lee Jefferson, eds. Washington, DC: Air Force History and Museums Program, 2000. Illustrations. Notes. Bibliography. Pp. 196.

These two books rightly are sent bundled since they both resulted from the Air Force History and Museums Program and Air Force Historical Foundation events commemorating the 50th anniversary of the end of World War II.

Reflections records the remarks of, and discussions among, members from two panels of distinguished former combatants who met on August 7, 1995. One group, moderated by Gen. Bryce Poe II, served in Europe. The other fought in the Pacific and was moderated by Dr. Richard Hallion. Not only are the stories related by these veterans groups highly interesting, but also one gets a sense of the very different wars fought in the two hemispheres. One of the most revealing examples was given by Lt. Col. Don Lopez noting that mission preparation in the Eighth Air Force consisted of detailed briefings with big wall maps and minute details. In contrast, squadron commander "Tex" Hill briefed his pilots in China, "Y'all follow me," and the squadron took off! Until the advent of large-scale operations from the Marianas, in which hundreds of B-29s took to the air, there was nothing like the mass formations of European operations in the Pacific and CBI areas. The U.S. strategy of European primacy, that contributed to these differences comes out vividly in the narratives. My only complaint about the book concerns the photos. They could add a lot—if the reader could see them. Cramming five to seven photos plus captions and background in a 5.5" by 7.5" space leaves one almost having to take the word of the caption as to what the picture depicts! Still, this one-evening read is tremendously interesting.

Proceedings presents scholarly papers given at a symposium on July 20-21, 1995. These cover not just the air war but all aspects of the monumental campaign in the Pacific. Topics addressed are grand strategy, joint operations, the island campaign, intelligence methodologies, the sea war, military technology, strategic intelligence and war termination, submarine warfare, the strategic air war, and the decision to drop the atomic bomb.

While every paper is top-notch, I found Dr. Ted McNelly's treatise on the atomic bomb decision the most fascinating. Everyone who engaged in the *Enola Gay* controversy during the Smithsonian's 1994-1995 debacle, should read this paper to under-

stand that the simple black-white, did this didn't do that, brilliant-stupid positions of the "warring" factions just didn't fit this complex event—nor most historical events, for that matter. The many intermingled activities, both overt and covert, before and after August 6 and 9, 1945, cannot be summarized simplistically. This paper—along with the audience participation that followed—unravels much of this complexity very well.

Dr. Richard Hallion's technology paper is another outstanding paper. Despite some minor glitches (e.g., incorrect aircraft designations such as F-2A, F-4F, and F-6F; the 585 mph [km/hr] B-29; and a picture caption of Marines [should be U.S. Sixth Army troops] landing at Leyte), it very well outlines the major technologies that contributed so heavily to the Japanese defeat. In keeping with the symposium's theme, these are not limited to air technologies but cover all facets of the military effort.

Although hundreds of volumes have been written about the events covered in both of these books, readers—whether casual or professional—will find unique insights and perspectives that make both books valuable additions to their libraries

Col. Scott A. Willey, USAF (Ret.), docent, NASM's Garber Facility



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Voices from the Rear

Vietnam 1969-1970



Books Received

Alexander, Joseph H. *Fleet Operations in a Mobile War, September 1950-June 1951*. [The U.S. Navy and the Korean War Series.] Washington, D.C.: Naval Historical Center, 2001. Maps. Photographs. Bibliography. Pp. 53. Paperback ISBN: 0-16-050905-X

Biddle, Tami Davis. *Rhetoric and Reality in Air Warfare: The Evolution of British and American Ideas About Strategic Bombing, 1914-1945*. Princeton, N.J.: Princeton University Press, 2002. Notes. Bibliography. Index. Pp. viii, 406. \$45.00 ISBN: 0-691-08909-4

de Syon, Guillaume. *ZEPPELIN! Germany and the Airship, 1900-1939*. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xi, 295. \$29.95 ISBN: 0-8018-6734-7

Duffner, Robert W. *Airborne Laser: Bullets of Light*. New York and London: Plenum Trade, 1997. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xvii, 398. ISBN: 0-30645622-2

Duffner, Robert W. *Science and Technology: The Making of the Air Force Research Laboratory*. Maxwell AFB, Ala.: Air University press, 2000. Tables. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Appendices. Glossary. Index. Pp. xix, 307. ISBN: 1-58566-085-X

Jones, Thomas D. and Michael Benson. *The Complete Idiot's Guide to NASA*. Indianapolis,

Ind.: Alpha Books, 2002. Tables. Diagrams. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Appendices. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xviii, 335. \$18.95 ISBN: 0-02-864282-1

Lam Quang Thi. *The Twenty-five Year Century: A South Vietnamese General Remembers the Indochina War to the Fall of Saigon*. Denton: University of North Texas Press, 2001. Maps. Photographs. Notes. Glossary. Index. Pp. 423. \$32.95 ISBN: 1-57441-143-8

Leighton, Richard M. *Strategy, Money, and the New Look, 1953-1956*. Washington, D.C.: Office of the Secretary of Defense, Historical Office, 2001. Tables. illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xvi, 792. GPO Stock No. 008-000-00863-9

Mudgway, Douglas J. *Uplink-Downlink: A History of the Deep Space Network, 1957-1997*. Washington, D.C.: NASA, 2001 [SP-2001-4227, NASA History Series]. Tables. Diagrams. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Index. Pp. xlvi, 668.

Noggle, Anne. *A Dance With Death: Soviet Airwomen in World War II*. College Station: Texas A&M Press, 1994 [2d ed., 2001]. Photographs. Pp. xiv, 318. \$ 24.95 Paperback ISBN: 1-58544-177-5

Peattie, Mark R. *Sunburst: The Rise of Japanese Naval Air Power, 1909-1941*. Annapolis, Md.: Naval Institute Press, 2001. Maps. Tables. Diagrams. Illustrations.

PROSPECTIVE REVIEWERS

Anyone who believes he or she is qualified to substantively assess one of the new books listed above is invited to apply for a gratis copy of the book. The prospective reviewer should contact:

Col. Scott A. Willey, USAF (Ret.)
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e-mail: scottville@aol.com

Photographs. Notes. Appendices. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xxi, 364. \$36.95 ISBN: 1-55750-432-6

Record, Jeffrey. *Making War, Thinking History: Munich, Vietnam, and Presidential Uses of Force from Korea to Kosovo*. Annapolis, Md.: Naval Institute Press, 2002. Notes. Bibliography. Index. Pp. 201. \$28.95 ISBN: 1-55750-009-6

Smith, Truman. *The Wrong Stuff: The Adventures and Misadventures of an 8th Air Force Aviator*. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1996. [Red River Books ed., 2002] Maps. Illustrations. Photographs. Index. Pp. 358. \$17.95 Paperback ISBN: 0-8061-3422-4

Thigpen, Jerry L. *The Praetorian STARShip: The Untold Story of the Combat Team*. Maxwell AFB, Ala.: Air University Press, 2001. Maps. Illustrations. Photographs. Notes. Appendices. Glossary. Index. Pp. xxxiv, 488.

Tucker, Spencer. C., ed. *Encyclopedia of the Korean War: A Political, Social and Military History*. New York: Checkmark Books, 2002.

Maps. Photographs. Notes. Glossary. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xlii, 851. \$29.95 ISBN: 0-8160-4682-4 Paperback

Vulcan-the Fire God. [CD ROM on the Avro Vulcan] Warwickshire, UK: Power Point Communications. £25.49 www.govulcan.com

van der Linden, F. Robert. *Airlines and Air Mail: The Post Office and the Birth of the Commercial Aviation Industry*. Lexington: The University Press of Kentucky, 2002. Photographs. Notes. Bibliography. Index. Pp. xv, 349. \$35.00 ISBN: 0-8131-2219-8

Wallace, Robert F. *From Dam Deck to Okinawa: A Memoir of Antiaircraft Training in World War II*. [The U.S. Navy in the Modern World Series, No. 5.] Washington, D.C.: Naval Historical Center, 2001. Photographs. Bibliography. Pp. 58 Paperback ISBN: 0-16-050986-6

**History of
Rocketry and Astronautics**
Donald C. Elder and Christophe Rothmund, Editors



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Coming Up



Compiled by George Cully

June 6-7

Siena College is sponsoring its 17th Annual Conference on the 60th Anniversary of World War II. The focus for 2002 will be 1942. Contact:

Professor Thomas O. Kelly, II
Department of History
Siena College
515 Loudon Road
Loudonville, NY 12211-1462
Tel.: (518) 783-2512, FAX 786-5052
e-mail: legendziewic@siena.edu
Website: <http://www.siena.edu/sri/wwii/>

June 6-8

The 2002 **International Symposium on Technology and Society** will be held in Raleigh, North Carolina. This year's theme is "Social Implications of Information and Communication Technology." Contact:

Joseph R. Herkert, Conference Chair
Dept of Multidisciplinary Studies
Box 7107
North Carolina State University
Raleigh, NC 27695-7107
(919) 515-7993, Fax x1218
e-mail: joe herkert@ncsu.edu

June 11-13

The **American Helicopter Society** will hold its annual convention and exhibition at the Montréal Convention Center, Montréal, Quebec, Canada. This year's theme is "Vertical Flight Technology: Building Global Consensus." Contact:

AHS International - The Vertical Flight Society
217 N. Washington Street
Alexandria, VA 22314-2520
Tel.: (703) 684-6777, Fax 739-9279
e-mail: Staff@vtol.org
Website: <http://www.vtol.org/index.html>

June 18

The **Military Classics Seminar** meets for dinner-discussion on the third Tuesday of each month from September through June, at the Ft. Myer, Virginia, Officers' Club, to review outstanding works in military history. This month's selection is Mark A. Stoler's *Allies and Adversaries: The Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Grand Alliance, and U.S. Strategy in World War II*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 2000. It will be reviewed by David W. Hogan. Contact:

Rebecca C. Raines
2307 Candlewood Dr.
Alexandria, VA 22308-1508
(202) 685-2094
e-mail: rainesdandbecky@starpower.net

June 26-27

The **General Douglas MacArthur Foundation and Old Dominion University** will co-host a 50th Anniversary of

the Korean War Int'l Historical Symposium at Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Virginia. Contact:

Korean War Project
Attn: Mary G. Denyes, Coordinator
MacArthur Memorial, MacArthur Square
Norfolk, VA 23510
(757) 441-2965, Fax 5389
e-mail: mac_koreanwarcom@mindsprings.com

July 9-11

The **Association For Unmanned Vehicle Systems International** will hold its annual symposium and exhibition at the Disney Coronado Springs Resort in Orlando, Florida. Contact:

AUVSI
3401 Columbia Pike
Arlington VA 22204
Tel.: (703) 920-2720, Fax x2889
Website: <http://www.auvsi.org>

July 10-14

The **Council on America's Military Past** will hold its annual meeting at the Wyndham Old San Juan Hotel in San Juan, Puerto Rico. Contact:

CAMP
P. O. Box 1151
Ft. Myer, VA 22211
Tel.: (703) 912-6124; (800) 398-4693, Fax x5666
e-mail: nereyn@earthlink.net or camphart1@aol.com
Website: <http://www.campjamp.org/>

August 6-8

The **Conference of Army Historians** will be held in the Washington, D.C. area. The theme is, "The Cold War Army, 1947-1989." Contact:

Dr. Robert S. Rush
U.S. Army CMH
Attn: DAMH-FPF
103 Third Ave.
Ft. McNair, Wash., D.C. 20319-5258
(202) 685-2727
e-mail: rushrs@hqda.army.mil

August 8-11

The **Fifth International Mars Society Conference** will be held at the University of Colorado, in Boulder. Contact:

The Mars Society
P.O. Box 273
Indian Hills, CO 80454
e-mail: rzubrin@marssociety.org
Website: <http://www.marssociety.org>

September 5-8

The 45th Annual **Tailhook Convention and Symposium** will be held at the Nugget Hotel and Casino in Sparks (Reno), Nevada. Contact:

The Tailhook Association
9696 Business Park Ave.
San Diego, CA 92131
(858) 689-9223/(800) 322-4665
e-mail: thookassn@aol.com
Website: <http://www.tailhook.org>

September 13-15

The U.S. Branch of the **Western Front Association** will hold its annual National Seminar at the Liberty Memorial Museum in Kansas City, Missouri. Contact:

The Western Front Association
(352) 379-3200, Fax -9408
e-mail: lshurtleft@aol.com
Website: <http://www.wfa-usa.org>

September 16-18

The **Air Force Association** will hold its annual National Convention & Aerospace Technology Exposition at the Marriott Wardman Park Hotel in Washington, D.C. Contact:
Air Force Association.
1501 Lee Highway
Arlington, VA 22209
Website: <http://www.afa.org>

September 19-21

The History Department of the **University of Arkansas**, Fayetteville, will host a Mid-America Conference on History. Contact:

Tricia Starks
Department of History
University of Arkansas
Fayetteville, AR 72701
e-mail: tstarks@uark.edu
Website: <http://comp.uark.edu/~tstarks/MACH.html>

October 2-5

The **Society of Experimental Test Pilots** will hold its 46th Annual Symposium and Banquet at the Westin Bona-venture Hotel & Suites in Los Angeles, California. Contact:
SETP
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e-mail: setp@netport.com
Website: <http://www.setp.org>

October 4-5

The **Hagley Center for the History of Business, Technology, and Society** will host a conference on "The Technological Fix" at the Hagley Museum and Library in Wilmington, Delaware. Contact:

Dr. Roger Horowitz, Associate Director
Center for the History of Business, Technology,
and Society
Hagley Museum and Library
P.O. Box 3630
Wilmington, DE 19807
Fax: (302) 655-3188 e-mail: rh@udel.edu

October 5-6

The **Fina-Commemorative Air Force AIRSHO 2002**, featuring one of the world's largest gathering of warbirds, will be held at the Midland International Airport, Texas. Also, the American Airpower Heritage Museum will hold its "Remembrance of War" seminar series. Contact:

Ms. Tina Corbett, Dir. Marketing
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October 10-19

The **World Space Congress 2002** will be held, with the theme "The New Face of Space." Events include meetings of the Committee on Space Research, the International Astronautical Federation, and the International Institute of Space Law. Contact:

American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics
1801 Alexander Bell Dr., Ste. 500
Reston, VA 20191-4344
(800) NEW AIAA, Fax 703-264-7551
Website: <http://www.aiaa.org>

October 17-20

The **Society for the History of Technology** will hold its annual meeting at the Delta Chelsea Hotel in Toronto, Canada. Contact:

SHOT, Dept. of the History of Science,
Medicine & Technology
216B Ames Hall
Johns Hopkins University
Baltimore MD 21218
(410) 516-8349
Website: <http://shot.press.jhu.edu/associations/shot>

October 21-23

The **Association of the United States Army** will hold its annual meeting and convention at the Marriott Wardman Park/Omni Shoreham Hotels in Washington, D.C. Contact:

Association of the United States Army
2425 Wilson Blvd
Arlington, VA 22201
(800) 336-4570
e-mail: ausa-info@ausa.org
Website: <http://www.usa.org>

October 27-30

The **Association of Old Crows** will hold its 39th Annual International Symposium and Convention at the Renaissance Hotel in Nashville, Tennessee. Contact:

The Association of Old Crows
1000 North Payne Street, Ste. 300
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November 7-9

A Conference on **Cities as Strategic Sites: Militarization, Anti-Globalism, and Warfare** will be held in Manchester, England. Contact:

Stephen Graham
Professor of Urban Technology
School of Architecture, Planning and Landscape
3d Floor, Claremont Tower
University of Newcastle upon Tyne
Newcastle upon Tyne NE1 7RU, U.K.
e-mail: s.d.n.graham@ncl.ac.uk
Tel. +44(0) 191 222 6808,
Fax +44(0) 191 222 8811
Website: <http://www.ncl.ac.uk/cut/>

November 7-10

The **History of Science Society** will hold its annual meeting in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This year's theme is "Crossing the Borders." Contact:

History of Science Society
Executive Office, Box 351330
University of Washington
Seattle, WA 98195-1330
(206) 543-9366, Fax 685-9544
e-mail: meeting@hssonline.org
Website: <http://www.hssonline.org/>

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Twenty-four *Air Power History* readers correctly identified our “What is it?” aircraft in our last issue as the McDonnell XP-67 fighter.

In 1939, James S. McDonnell rented office space at Lambert Field in St. Louis, Missouri, to create the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation. The following year, he began work on the XP-67—the “mystery plane” in our previous issue. Because of delays with the McDonnell XP-67, by the time test pilot E. E. “Ed” Elliott made the initial flight on January 6, 1944, the U.S. was equipping with the P-51 Mustang, a single-engine fighter with greater range than the twin-engined XP-67.

The XP-67’s first flight lasted barely six minutes and ended with an emergency landing due to engine problems. The XP-67 used two Continental XI-1430-17/19 engines with 1,350 hp each. McDon-

nell predicted a maximum speed of 472 miles per hour. Elliott was the only person to fly the XP-67 until May 1944, when, over a three-day period, Col. M. F. Cooper, Lt. Col. O. J. Ritland, and Major F. A. Barsodi tried it out. They liked the aircraft, except for its cockpit layout, which they rated “fair,” and deemed inferior to the P-51. By then, P-51s were escorting American bombers over Berlin. Several more military pilots flew the XP-67 later, including Col. M. S. Roth. Elliott was back at the stick on September 6, 1944 when the aircraft caught fire in flight. Elliott landed safely but the blaze did irreparable damage. A second XP-67 was never completed. The XP-67, no longer needed, had flown only 43 hours. Contrary to myth, the XP-67 was never called the “Moonbat” although some McDonnell employees dubbed it “the Bat”—a name the company’s founder detested.

Marc Elliott of St. Louis, Missouri, contacted *APH* to tell us that his mother had been McDonnell’s personal secretary in the early 1940s and that the aviation giant introduced her to his father at a Christmas party. Test pilot Elliott died in April 1981 and Marc’s mother now resides in Jacksonville, Florida.

This quarter’s “History Mystery” winner is Tom McMullen of Alexandria, Virginia.

This Issue’s Mystery Plane

Once again, we challenge our ever-astute readers. See if you can identify this month’s “mystery” aircraft. The rules, once again:

1. Submit your entry on a postcard. Mail the postcard to Robert F. Dorr, 3411 Valewood Drive, Oakton VA 22124.

2. Correctly identify the aircraft shown here. Also include your address and telephone number, including area code. If you have access to e-mail, include your electronic screen name. Note: two postcards identifying our latest mystery plane

had to be disqualified because no telephone number was included.

3. A winner will be chosen at random from the postcards with the correct answer. The winner will receive a book by this journal’s technical editor.

This feature needs your help. In that attic or basement, you have a photo of a rare or little-known aircraft. Does anyone have color slides? Send your pictures or slides for possible use as “History Mystery” puzzlers. We will return them.



Historiography and Air Power History: Caveat Reader

When we read history, we do not read the men, the equipment and the countries. We read *about them* in the writing, photography, and film-making of other people. The history we read is the telling and retelling of what someone thinks happened.

To determine what really happened, readers must be aware of the influences and motivations of the interpreters of history. What did they include and what did they exclude, and why? Even professional historians, who provide context and analysis, are influenced by their personal biases and backgrounds. Only if we know who the interpreters are and why they wrote, can we learn the “lessons” of history.

This is especially true in the case of the history of air power. The military services and American citizens require an accurate and comprehensive history. For instance, the history of the Norden bomb-sight and of its use by the U.S. Army Air Forces in World War II shows the effects of every kind of information management on both military and civilian attitudes. Military aviation is especially subject to pressures from many sides and for many reasons. A worthwhile history of military aviation sorts out these reasons and reveals the motives of the various participants.

Similarly, economic considerations exert tremendous influence in the design and procurement of military equipment, but this is often overlooked in historical writing. Thus, the practical need to channel business to different aeronautic firms throughout the United States, in order to provide jobs (and ultimately votes), is a powerful motive. Moreover, reporting these issues in the aviation press is clearly influenced by the magazines’ financial supporters.

A contemporary clash of views of history occurred in 1994-1995 over the *Enola Gay* exhibit at the Smithsonian Institution’s National Air and Space Museum. Each of the several factions debating the issue felt that it had the one correct set of facts—what happened at Hiroshima and why. They were strong and outspoken in their convictions. As a result, the Museum received a lot of embarrassing publicity, and subscriptions to the Smithsonian’s two magazines fell sharply. All of the Museum’s projected exhibits are now inspected more vigorously ahead of time. Ironically, in Japan in the mid-1990s the curators of the

Nagasaki Atomic Bomb Museum planned to display photographs of some of the earlier Japanese atrocities in China. Immediately, they were attacked by the Citizens to Rectify the Nagasaki Atomic Bomb Museum.

Failures in the planning, design, and development of military hardware do not usually appear on the public record until late in the acquisition process. Thus, the public first learns through the media about various problems that had beset the space shuttle *Challenger*, the Air Force’s B-1 and B-2 bombers, or the Osprey aircraft. But this information usually comes out only following some serious scandal or disaster. Prior to that, the aviation trade magazines generally describe these air vehicles in glowing terms, concentrating on their expectations, rather than what was demonstrated in flight testing.

History undergoes continuous revision as succeeding generations discover new information or rewrite history to articulate and interpret their philosophy. If the architects of air power are to learn from the past, then they—and aviation historians—must understand more about how aviation history has been presented and why.

Leonard E. Opdycke, Editor, *WWI AERO*

Airlift Wars, Part II.

Goodness gracious! My little letter in the Spring issue has generated a multi-columnar reply—with eight footnotes, yet! What have I done to deserve such attention? As for “launching an attack,” I would never be so ungentlemanly as to do same upon a lady. Besides, virtually all my combat flying, from World War II through Vietnam, was done unarmed. I’m vastly more familiar with the duck mode than the attack mode.

But I digress. There is no need to defend AMST to me since, as I said early on in my missive, I am overjoyed to see the C-17 in the inventory. The more the merrier. I would expect a defense only if the big bird were not hauling more, faster, farther than the Herk. If we consider the -17 the answer to an airlifter’s prayer, perhaps it’s the procurement of the C-130J that needs defending. Just a thought.

Let us also realize that when one goes on the stump for anything new and improved, it is necessary, in a federal republic such as ours, to make a best case

before the non-experts who guard the national purse. And sometimes enthusiasm for making said case leads the sayer to put the knock on the current equipment, as well as to go down some dodgy paths. The first italicized quotation is a good example of this sort of fancy footwork. The statement begins by denying everything the airlift C-130 actually is, throws in some suspect comments (non sequiturs, really) about the safety of operating the Herk onto less than 3,000 feet of runway, and ends with blather. Not a wise move before an audience of aviators.

Tangential data about YC-14 and YC-15 record performances are interesting, but apropos what exactly? Records in machines such as Y-types are set by exceedingly sharp pilots, usually hired by the manufacturers, under ideal conditions, and are, of course, an integral part of the gee-whiz that makes up any effective commercial. What counts is how things do down in the dirt, while the hostiles are out for your scalp.

Finally (aren’t you relieved?), I read with much amusement of the French, their forklift, and the 30-minute offload of the Herk. If the aircrew stuck around to watch this “performance,” they were probably doubled over with laughter. More than likely they took advantage of a brief respite, put up their feet, and enjoyed a cup of coffee. French? Forklift? Who needs either? Open ramp and door, taxi slowly, shove the pallets out onto the ground. No need even to stop. It’s called combat offload, and I’m sure the C-17 can dump an even bigger load on somebody’s ramp in exactly the same fashion, in exactly the same time.

Col. Robert J Powers, USAF (Ret.)

Great Article!

The Spring 2002 issue of *Air Power History* contains an absolutely remarkable piece by Stephen B. Johnson entitled, “Bernard Schriever and the Scientific Vision.” It lays out General Schriever’s creation of the Air Force’s missile and space programs and, in particular, his major efforts to “bring into the air Force the three major methods created in the 1940s and 1950s to deal with complex technologies: operations research, project management, and systems engineering.” I personally have never read a better paper on General Schriever’s management initiatives and processes. I recommend that the article be included in the

archives of the Association of Air Force Missileers (AAFMM).

Maj. Gen. Richard Boverie, USAF (Ret.)

The Atlas ICBM

In his article "Bernard Schriever and the Scientific Vision" (*Air Power History*, Vol. 49, No. 1, Spring 2002), Stephen B. Johnson states that redesign of the original javelin-like Atlas ICBM reentry vehicle was a key factor in the reduction of the missile's weight from 230 to 120 tons, and a corresponding decrease in the number of engines. While reentry vehicle redesign was a factor in the "miniaturization," of the Atlas, it was not the only factor.

Equally important was the reduction in Atlas warhead weight that occurred between 1950 and 1953. In 1950, the Atlas was to have been a seven-engine vehicle, twelve feet in diameter and 160 feet long, carrying an 8,000 lb. nuclear warhead.

Following the successful proof-of-concept test of a liquidfueled U.S. thermonuclear device in November 1952, Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory moved quickly to develop relatively compact solid-fueled thermonuclear warheads, including warheads adaptable to the Atlas. By October 1953, the Air Force Strategic Missiles Evaluation Committee concluded that a 1,500 lb, one-megaton ICBM warhead could be developed by 1960 to fit a 3,500 lb. reentry vehicle that was planned for the Atlas, and that high-

yield weapons of one to two megatons, weighing 3,000 lbs. or less, could be expected well before 1960.

These warheads were an order of magnitude more powerful than the fission warheads heretofore envisioned for application to the Atlas and they changed the course and pace of U.S. ICBM development.

Lowering warhead weight meant that the Atlas could be reduced in weight nearly 50 percent, mainly by decreasing the number of engines required, with the corresponding loss of fuel weight. Accuracy requirements could also be relaxed considerably.

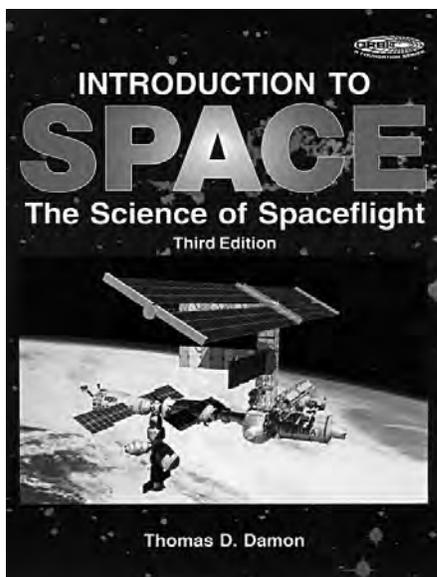
The first thermonuclear warhead assigned to the Atlas missiles was to have been the Los Alamos-designed W-35, with a weight of 1,500 to 1,700 lbs. and a yield of 1.75 megatons. For various reasons, the W-35 program was canceled and the first thermonuclear warhead carried by operational Atlas ICBMs was the LASL W-49, with a weight of 1,650 lbs. and a yield of 1.49 megatons. (Later Atlas models carried the Livermore-designed W-38, with a weight of 3,080 lbs. and a yield of 4.5 megatons.)

Chuck Hansen, Editor, The Swords of Armageddon, www.uscoldwar.com

The Author Replies

Mr. Hansen correctly points out that Ramo-Wooldridge's efforts were not the only ones that reduced the mass of the Atlas missile. Prior to the arrival of Ramo-Wooldridge on the scene as the technical direction contractor in late 1953 and early 1954, the size of the Atlas was significantly reduced because of new nuclear warhead designs, as he describes. This reduced the number of engines from seven to five. This was the design that Convair was promoting in 1953. When Ramo-Wooldridge engineers investigated the Convair design in 1954, they found that redesigning the nose cone led to further major size reductions, allowing the removal of two more engines, down to the three that Atlas ultimately used. I did not emphasize the earlier efforts of the Los Alamos scientists since the focus of the article was on Schriever's contributions, and he had nothing to do with this earlier redesign. Both size reductions were crucial to the evolution of the Atlas and the development of U.S. ICBMs.

Stephen B. Johnson



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The 12th Bomb Group

APH Spring 2000, vol 47, no, 1, p. 17, the quote near bottom of first column states "the 83d and 84th were stationed at Ishmailia further up the Suez Canal." There never was an 84th Squadron in the 12th Group. I was in the 434th "four and three-quarters" Squadron for almost four years. I organized the 434th's first reunion in Chicago in 1946. The other squadrons never had reunions until 1966, when I organized the first reunion of the 12th Group at McChord Field, near Takoma, Washington, where we originated in January 1941. Our fifty-seventh reunion will be held in Cleveland in September 2002.

Robert P. Roth, Ft. Myers, Florida.

News

Early Russian and Eastern European Aviation

August Blume, a reviewer for this journal, has arranged for the National Air and Space Museum to inherit his rare aviation collection. He has provided the museum with a comprehensive index to the archive. The *August Blume G. Blume Archive of Russian and Eastern European Aviation, 1910-1922*, consists of some 250 research notebooks, each between one and three inches thick. The collection includes 144 notebooks compiled from the Moscow archives, beginning with pre-1910 materials. Mr. Blum's major undertaking is his manuscript on the "Russian Military Air Fleet, 1910-1917."

National Aviation Hall of Fame

The National Aviation Hall of Fame's (NAHF) 41st Annual Enshrinement Ceremony will take place in Dayton, Ohio, on Saturday, July 20, 2002, when four more outstanding pioneers of aviation will take their place of honor among the 174 men and women previously enshrined. Often referred to as the "Oscar Night of Aviation," the black tie gala is held in the Dayton Convention Center and draws hundreds of aerospace, military, government and industry leaders, as well as NAHF members and previous enshrinees.

Prior to the formal events, on Friday, July 19, the NAHF will also present the Milton Caniff Spirit of Flight Award to the American Eagle Squadrons during the NAHF President's Reception and Dinner, held at the NAHF Learning and Research Center and United States Air Force Museum, in Dayton. Eagle Squadron fighter pilots are remembered for their voluntarily bolstering the ranks of Great Britain's battle weary Royal Air Force prior to the United States' entry into World War II. The four individual enshrinees being honored in 2002 for their achievements and lifelong contributions to aviation are pilots and Vietnam heroes, Richard "Dick" Rutan, and James B. Stockdale, as well as World War II ace and tactician Hubert "Hub" Zemke, and helicopter designer and pilot Frank N. Piasecki.

Philadelphia native Frank Piasecki, founder and head of the PV-Engineering Forum, made America's second successful helicopter flight in the PV-2 in April 1943. He and his forum then built the world's first tandem rotor helicopter, known as "the flying banana" for the Navy. By 1946, the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation was producing and designing helicopters for the U.S. Navy, Army and Army Air Forces as well as the Canadian and French navies. Piasecki continues to devote his time and energy improving the Apache and Super Cobra helicopters.

As an Air Force fighter pilot, Dick Rutan of Loma Linda, California, flew 325 combat missions in Vietnam, of which 105 were classified as high risk. Following his Air Force retirement, at the rank of lieutenant colonel, he flew flight test development programs and set numerous speed and distance records. In 1986, Rutan and his co-pilot, Jeana Yeager, completed the first around-the-world, non-stop, non-refueled flight in nine days in the Voyager. Rutan made a



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second around the world flight in 1997 in a Long EZ plane that he had built in 1981.

James Stockdale of Galesburg, Illinois, is best remembered for his heroism as a Vietnam prisoner of war and as Ross Perot's vice presidential running mate in 1992. This highly decorated U.S. Naval aviator served two combat tours flying fighters in Vietnam. It was during his second tour that he was shot down, taken prisoner by the Viet Cong in 1965, and held in the infamous "Hanoi Hilton" until February 1973. This senior naval officer's unflinching courage, leading prison resistance for eight years, set the standard for and provided hope to the other prisoners-of-war. He retired from the U.S. Navy as a Vice Admiral in 1979.

Tactician and World War II ace Hubert "Hub" Zemke was a professional fighter pilot before the United States entered the war. A preeminent fighter commander in the European Theater, Zemke's 56th Fighter Group, nicknamed the "Wolfpack," was credited with 665 air-to-air victories, leading all fighter groups in the European theater. In 154 combat missions, the Missoula, Montana native had over 19 confirmed victories, making him one of the top 25 World War II aces. On his last mission, and just prior to his assignment to a desk job, Zemke was forced to bail out of his damaged aircraft and was captured by the Germans. As senior commanding officer of the Allied prisoners, Zemke developed a working relationship with the prison commandant and staff, which improved the prisoners living conditions and saved many lives. Zemke died in August 1994 at Oroville, Calif.

For advance reservations for the NAHF President's Reception and Dinner, July 19, or the formal dinner and enshrinement ceremony, July 20, contact:

Hall of Fame
Ron Kaplan
(937) 256-0944 ext. 16
e-mail: rkaplan@nationalaviation.org
website: www.nationalaviation.org.

Collier Trophy Presented to Air Force Museum

In April 2002—about seventy years after the event—the 1924 Collier Trophy has finally found an appropriate resting place at the Air Force Museum, Dayton, Ohio. The adventure began on April 6, 1924, when four military airplanes, bi-winged, single-engine Douglas World Cruisers (DT-2s), took off from Seattle, Washington, on a round-the-world flight. Not until September 28—175 days and 27,533 later—did they achieve their goal, when three planes (two from the original flight) landed at Seattle. The feat was rewarded with the Collier Trophy for the most meritorious flight of the year. The trophy went missing until Neil R. Planzer, Associate Director for Civil Aviation at the Pentagon, discovered it while searching through some art work. Planzer contacted the 175th Wing of the Maryland Air National Guard and asked them to deliver the trophy to the Air Force Museum in conjunction with a scheduled C-130J mission. Maj. Gen. Charles D. Metcalf, USAF (Ret.), gladly accepted the artifact on behalf of the museum.

See photo (right): General Metcalf and Major Brick Eisel, USAFR. Photo by Jeff Fisher Wright-Patterson AFB.

Malcolm D. Wall, Air Force Historian

Malcolm Dade Wall, who worked for thirty years as a United States Air Force historian, died in January 2002, at the age of 86. He was born in Warsaw, North Carolina. Mr. Wall attended the University of North Carolina and graduated from the College of William and Mary. He then received a master's degree in history from the University of Minnesota. Prior to his Air Force career, he taught at the University of Minnesota, at Oklahoma State University, and at Bemidji Teachers College in Minnesota.

Mr. Wall began his Air Force career in 1951, as a historian at the Arnold Engineering Development Center, Tullahoma, Tennessee, at that time part of the Air Research and Development Command. After a ten-year tenure there, he transferred, in July 1961, to the newly-designated Air Force Systems Command headquarters, at Andrews AFB, Maryland. Following his retirement in 1981, he became involved with the development of Collington Episcopal Life Care Community Inc., in Prince Georges County, Maryland, serving on its board and as vice president of the corporation. His wife, Jane, predeceased him in 1996. Survivors include three children, Edward Davis Wall of Ann Arbor, Michigan; Barbara Wall Wells of Baltimore; and Anne Wall Compton of Columbia; and three grandchildren and three great grandchildren.

WW1 AERO (1900-1919)

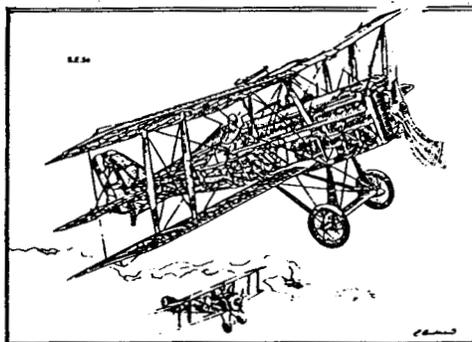
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Notices

Call for Papers

Siena College is sponsoring its eighteenth annual international, multidisciplinary conference on the "60th Anniversary of World War II" on June 5-6, 2003. The focus for 2003 will be on 1943. Papers dealing with other issues of the war years will also be welcome. Topics include, but are by no means limited to fascism and Nazism, New Guinea and the South West Pacific Theater, Central Pacific campaigns, the air war, Sicily and Italy, the North Atlantic, literature, art, film, diplomatic, political and military history, popular culture, minority affairs and women's and Jewish studies dealing with the era. Asian, African, Latin American, and Near Eastern topics are also solicited. Obviously, collaboration and collaborationist regimes, the events on the home front, religion, conscription and dissent will also be of significance. Inquiries from those wishing to chair and/or comment are also invited. Replies and inquiries to:

Professor Thomas O. Kelley, II
 Department of History
 Siena College
 515 Loudon Road
 Loudonville, NY 12211-1462
 (518) 783-2512
 fax: (518) 786-5052
 e-mail: legendziewicz@siena.edu

Deadline for submissions: November 15, 2002.

Send: one- to three-page outline or abstract of the proposal with some sense of sources, archival materials, etc., consulted and a recent c.v. or brief current biographical sketch.

Final Papers Due: March 15, 2003

Reunions

The **VR-52/VR-62 Detroit** reunion will be held July 26-28, 2002, at Port Clinton, Ohio. Contact:

Bill Borrusch
 (727) 862-6343
 e-mail: acdsbill@juno.com

The **American Society of Aviation Artists (ASAA)** will hold its sixteenth annual aviation art forum in Savannah, Georgia, August 5-10, 2002. A "call for entries" has been announced for its associated juried exhibition, to be displayed at the Eight Air force Heritage Museum. Contact:

Art Lumley, ASAA Executive Director
 P.O. Box 799
 Gold Hill, OR 97525
 (541) 855-9087
 e-mail: lumley@cdsn.net
 website: www.asaa-avart.org

The **Air Force Photo Mapping Association** reunion will be held September 25-28, 2002, at Wright- Patterson AFB, Ohio. Contact:

AFPMA
 225 Southside Ave.
 Webster Groves, MO 63119
 (314) 961-0519; FAX (314) 961-3177
 e-mail: photomapper@aol.com

The **USS Antietam CV/CVA/ CVS-36 and CG-54** reunion will be held September 26-29, 2002, at Branson, Missouri. Contact:

Bill Hiebert
 7901 Candlewood Dr.
 Alexandria, VA 22306
 (703) 768-6419
 e-mail: william.hiebert@worldnet.att.net

The **USMC/Vietnam Helicopter Association** reunion will be held October 3-6, 2002, at Pensacola, Florida. Contact:

USMC/Vietnam Helicopter Association
 5918 Free State Rd.
 Marshall, VA 20115-2521
 (540) 364-9424
 e-mail: papasmoke@erols.com

The **USS Rudyerd Bay CVE-81/VC-77/VC-96** reunion will be held October 10-13, 2002, at New Orleans, Louisiana. Contact:

William Flanagan
 1316 El Dorado Drive
 Billings, MT 59101
 (406) 259-0697
 e-mail: DinaMLRS@aol.com

The **USS Saratoga CV-3/CVA/CV-60** reunion will be held October 10-13, 2002, at Branson, Missouri. Contact:

John D. Brandman
 (877) 360-7272
 e-mail: cva360@aol.com
 website: www.usssaratoga.org

The **Association of Air Force Missilers** will hold its reunion October 23-27, 2002, at Santa Maria, California.

Contact:
 AAFM
 P. O. Box 5693
 Breckenridge, CO 80424
 (970) 453-0500
 e-mail: AAFM@afmissileers.org
 website: www.afmissileers.org

The **A-3 Skywarrior Association** reunion will be held October 25-28, 2002, at Van Nuys, California. Contact:

Airtel Plaza Hotel
 7277 Valjean Ave.
 Van Nuys, CA
 (818) 997-7676
 website: www.a3skywarrior.com

FRANCIS S. GABRESKI 1919-2002



America's top living fighter ace and top-scoring U.S. Army Air Forces pilot in the European Theater in World War II—Col. Francis S. “Gabby” Gabreski, USAF (Ret.)—died at Huntington Hospital on Long Island, New York, from an apparent heart attack on January 31, 2002. He was eighty-three.

Born of Polish ancestry on January 28, 1919, in Oil City, Pennsylvania, he left his studies as a pre-med student at the University of Notre Dame, in July 1940, to join the Army Air Corps. He graduated from pilot training at Maxwell Field, Alabama on March 14, 1941.

Assigned to the 45th Fighter Squadron at Wheeler Field, Hawaii, he witnessed the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. In October 1942, he was sent to England to serve as liaison with a Polish Air Force squadron. After flying twenty missions in Spitfires, he was reassigned, in February 1943, to the 56th Fighter Group at Boxted. Over a period of seventeen months, he racked up twenty-eight victories against German aircraft in aerial combat (he also destroyed three enemy planes on the ground, for a total of thirty-one), before crash landing near Coblenz, while strafing a German airfield nearby. Captured and imprisoned, he spent the rest of the war in Stalag Luft 1.

During the Korean War, he became one of only seven “two-war aces.” He was credited with destroying six and one-half MiG-15s, while flying F-86s with the 4th and 51st Fighter-Interceptor Wings. He finished his Korea tour as commander of the 51st. Following a succession of command assignments, he retired in November 1967, as commander of the 52d Fighter Interceptor Wing at Suffolk County AFB, New York.

Following his retirement from the Air Force, he held executive positions with Grumman Aerospace until August 1978, when he was named president of the Long Island Railroad, a position he held until his second retirement in 1980.

Colonel Gabreski's military awards and decorations included the Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished Service Cross, Silver Star with one Oak Leaf Cluster, Distinguished Flying Cross with twelve OLCs, Legion of Merit, Bronze Star, Air Medal with six OLCs, British DFC, Polish Cross of Valor, French Croix de Guerre with Palm and Legion d'Honneur and the Belgian Croix de Guerre.

He is survived by three sons, Donald, of Dayton, Ohio; Robert, of Holmes Beach, Florida; and James, of Melbourne, Florida; six daughters, Djoni Murphy of Trego, Wisconsin; Mary Ann Bruno of Dana Point, California; Linda Kay Gabreski of Huntington Station, N.Y.; Frances Phillips of Westhampton Beach, New York; Patricia Covino of Quogue, N.Y. and Debbie Ann Burkhardt of South Huntington, New York; two sisters, Bernice Stranozah of New Castle, Pennsylvania; and Lottie Kocan of Erie, Pennsylvania; eighteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

Adapted from the notice in the Spring issue of the American Fighter Aces Bulletin by Ward Boyce

Guidelines for Contributors

We seek quality articles—based on sound scholarship, perceptive analysis, and/or firsthand experience—which are well-written and attractively illustrated. The primary criterion is that the manuscript contributes to knowledge. Articles submitted to *Air Power History* must be original contributions and not be under consideration by any other publication at the same time. If a manuscript is under consideration by another publication, the author should clearly indicate this at the time of submission. Each submission must include an abstract—a statement of the article's theme, its historical context, major subsidiary issues, and research sources. Abstracts should not be longer than one page.

Manuscripts should be submitted in triplicate, double-spaced throughout, and prepared according to the *Chicago Manual of Style* (University of Chicago Press). Because submissions are evaluated anonymously, the author's name should appear only on the title page. Authors should provide on a separate page brief biographical details, to include institutional or professional affiliation and recent publications, for inclusion in the printed article. Pages, including those containing illustrations, diagrams or tables, should be numbered consecutively. Any figures and tables must be clearly produced ready for photographic reproduction. The source should be given below the table. Endnotes should be numbered consecutively through the article with a raised numeral corresponding to the list of notes placed at the end.

If an article is typed on a computer, the disk should be in IBM-PC compatible format and should accompany the manuscript. Preferred disk size is a 3 1/2-inch floppy, but any disk size can be utilized. Disks should be labelled with the name of the author, title of the article, and the software used. WordPerfect, in any version number, is preferred. Other word processors that can be accommodated are WordStar, Microsoft Word, Word for Windows, and AmiPro. As a last resort, an ASCII text file can be used.

There is no standard length for articles, but 4,500-5,500 words is a general guide.

Manuscripts and editorial correspondence should be sent to Jacob Neufeld, Editor, c/o *Air Power History*, P.O. Box 10328, Rockville, MD 20849-0328, e-mail: neufeldj@starpower.net.