

Lt. August Krause was an officer observer on Lt. Howard Donlon's plane flying lead. I was on Captain Hank Hendrickson's ship flying deputy lead. Lt. Donlon's plane was hit shortly after and went down in flames. Gus finally got out and the crashing plane blew his chute open. Gus, who was from Ohio, said we had flown on the bomb run over Leipzig. He didn't know what happened to the rest of his crew.

Lt. Krause was the only P.W. to openly defy the Germans. (To openly defy would have you watch your teeth bounce off the floor.) Every German that came in would say, "Ah! Krauser, that's a good German name." This would infuriate Gus and he called them everything you could think of. He would say, "My name is Krause. I'm an American and I wouldn't be no damn German." They all walked away seemingly taking no offense.

One day, they brought in a French soldier. His leg was blue and had a large hole in it. I said to the doctor, "That leg looks bad." He told me the artery was gone and he was hoping the veins would expand and take over the job. "Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't," he said. A couple days went by and the leg turned black. Gangrene had set in. They carried him to the operating room screaming, "No, no, no, it's going to work. Wait another day, please." They brought him back and placed a sheet over him. You could see one leg was gone. The anesthesia hadn't worn off and he was still mumbling, "It's going to work." When he woke, his scream sent a shiver down my spine.

I was surrounded by misery, pain and hunger. To offset this was compassion, generosity and the cheerfulness of P.W.'s willing to help each other. Each day, time became less important. Dates faded until they didn't exist anymore. Only yesterday and tomorrow remained.

One day a couple of P.W.'s helped an Italian soldier, on crutches, to his bunk. He was saying, "Be careful of my leg. Ooh! Ooh!" He moaned and groaned as they carefully lay him on his bunk. They gently lifted his leg in beside him. He kept pleading, "Be careful. Be careful." I could see he was a cry baby. This was rare. The men tried to smother their cries with gritted teeth. It didn't work all the time, but they tried.

The overhead siren went off. The Germans had a good system. The forealarm meant the planes were within a hundred mile circle.

The overhead meant they were within a fifty mile circle. It worked pretty good until near the end when it got all screwed up. Some of the P.W.'s headed for the cellar. Quite a few who hadn't felt the power of the B-17 stayed put. The Italian with the bad leg was one of them. The flack barrage went up over the city. One shell, that didn't explode, whistled down and knocked the corner of the building next door off with a loud bang. The Italian soldier screamed and ran for the cellar, bad leg and all, without his crutches. He was never helped again.

Parting Is The Sorrow

I don't know how long I stayed at Leipzig, but I do know it was freezing. A German came in and said I was leaving. They placed me on stretcher and covered me with a blanket. A British soldier placed a pair of GI boots on my chest. They were size 5 1/2. I told him I wore a 10 and couldn't use them. He told me to keep them; I might find someone to trade with. (Later on, when I could walk I found a P.W. with a size 6 foot who was trying to stay in a black pair size 12. He could squeeze in the 5 1/2's and we made a trade.)

The P.W.'s carried me outside where we were stopped by a guard. They placed me on the ground and started arguing with the guard. My teeth were chattering. I had on only a shirt. The guard took his rifle off his shoulder and looked mean. He took the blanket off of me. "This belongs to the hospital," he said. A Yugoslavian major stepped forward. He wore a white jacket with gold buttons. He was very proud of this jacket. It was the only part of his uniform not in tatters. It was the only thing that made him an officer. He took it off, and with a flourish, placed it on me. His generous action choked me up. I didn't really know him, except to see him about. I did know how he felt about his jacket. I refused with many thanks. I would rather freeze to death. Angry eyes turned on the guard. The guard had watched this scene with some agitation. He looked all around; then shoved the blanket under me. "Don't use it until you pull out of the station," he whispered.

I was never to see any of them again. I hope they all made it. I was carried to a puffing train; the prime target of fighter planes. I was on a trip to meet the mad major and his luger. A trip, I'd rather forget, but that's another story.

PRESIDENT'S REUNION MESSAGE

I've always looked forward to attending 92nd Reunions and all have been memorable occasions, but this one coming up this fall is special to me. First, I know it's going to be the largest turnout yet because of the number of early registrations and inquiries, but also because I've been contacting all the former Squadron Commanders and Senior Staffers I could find, as well as many other old 92nd colleagues, and it's always delightful to hear from old friends.

Almost everyone I've called or written is coming—and this list includes: Willie Buck, Gaston Alford, Stuart Porter, Jim Smyrl, Moose Hardin, Jim Griffith, Al Cox, Ed "Bush" Jones, Tom Sadler, Julian Thornton, Harry Hughes, Vic Cherbak, and many more. Our only doubtfals are Jim Wilson and maybe Wilson Todd. Each is to contact the Senior Enlisted Personnel of his Squadron and try to get them there too.

There are a few I need help in finding. Col. Bill Nelson seems to be missing from all lists so far, Ed Worth has apparently dropped out of sight since Mel Stevenson's demise, and I haven't heard from George Ott, McGhee Word, or Frank Ward. If any of you know where these men are, please send me their addresses and I'll do my best to get them there. Also if any of you Californians can contact John Morgan and get him to join us I would appreciate it as he is our only Congressional Medal of Honor holder and one of only two or three in the entire 8th AF.

Meantime, our plans are proceeding on schedule and Ray Griffith and company, our Tampa Host Committee, is doing a great job in preparing an interesting and what I know will be a memorable meeting. So make your plans now to join us and get your registration forms in. I promise you'll never regret it and neither will your old 92nd friends. Father time is gaining on all of us, so "You All Come."

See you in Tampa,
J. Kemp McLaughlin

AIR FORCE LOCATOR SERVICE

The Air Force maintains the addresses of its reserve forces and more than half million retirees in addition to the organization addresses of all active members. If you need Air Force help contacting someone in active, reserve or retired status whose address you don't know, proceed as follows. The service is free to retirees, their family members living with them and their surviving spouses. (Telephone inquiries are accepted for official business only.)

Write a letter to the person you are looking for and place it in an envelope with the addressee's full name and your (return) address. Seal the envelope and affix sufficient postage, including international postage if you believe your letter may go overseas. Place the sealed envelope in another envelope with information about yourself (full name, retired grade, SSN, address, etc.) and an additional sheet of paper with essential information about the addressee such as SSN, service/serial number, date of birth, last known grade and former duty assignment(s) and duty station(s).

Mail your request to HQ AFMPC/DPMD003, 9504 IH35N, San Antonio, TX 78233-6636. The Air Force Worldwide Locator office will research your inquiry and mail your sealed envelope after entering the address. Include a self-addressed stamped envelope with your inquiry if you want the Air Force to inform you in the event it fails to find any information about the person you are looking for or if he or she is deceased.

Courtesy of Afterburner, U.S. Dept. of Defense.

LOST

Francis W. Carey	(WI)	Fred McCafferty	(OH)
Robert Garson	(TX)	Joseph A. Pagenkopf	(TX)
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