

Chapter 1 : Family remembers airman who died in overseas accident

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Based on the testimony of First World War pilots, a commission of jurists attempted to codify this practice with the Hague Rules of Air Warfare. Article 20 prescribed that: When an aircraft has been disabled, the occupants when endeavoring to escape by means of parachute must not be attacked in the course of their descent. There was no legal prohibition of targeting parachuting enemy airmen before or during World War II. However, despite this, military manuals around the world issued prohibitions on attacking enemy personnel parachuting from aircraft in distress. Persons Descending by Parachute The law of war does not prohibit firing upon paratroops or other persons who are or appear to be bound upon hostile missions while such persons are descending by parachute. Persons other than those mentioned in the preceding sentence who are descending by parachute from disabled aircraft may not be fired upon. No person parachuting from an aircraft in distress shall be made the object of attack during his descent. Upon reaching the ground in territory controlled by an adverse Party, a person who has parachuted from an aircraft in distress shall be given an opportunity to surrender before being made the object of attack, unless it is apparent that he is engaging in a hostile act. Airborne troops are not protected by this Article. First World War[edit] Targeting parachutists became an issue during the First World War when fighter pilots targeted manned enemy observation balloons. After shooting down a balloon, most pilots refrained from firing at the balloon observers as they escaped by parachute, because they felt it was inhumane and unchivalrous. The extension of this courtesy to enemy pilots began towards the end of the First World War when parachutes were provided for pilots of fixed-wing aircraft , but it was again widely perceived that once aircrew were forced to bail out of a damaged aircraft, presuming they did not offer any further resistance, they were considered to have been honorably defeated in battle and should not be "finished off". The Heinecke chutes that German and Austro-Hungarian pilots received were not perfect and sometimes failed to operate safely. Some were destroyed by fire before they could open, and occasionally pilots faced the peril of being shot at by Allied fighters. British flying ace James Ira T. Jones had no compunction in doing this. I just pointed out that there was a bloody war on, and that I intended to avenge my pals. They regarded themselves as "knights of the air" and shooting parachuting enemy aircrew was contrary to their code of honour. The question of shooting an enemy pilot parachuting over his own territory aroused bitter debate on both sides. After dinner, they discussed the morality of shooting parachuting Luftwaffe pilots. Dowding suggested that German pilots were perfectly entitled to shoot RAF pilots parachuting over Britain as they were still potential combatants i. Churchill was appalled by this suggestion, arguing that shooting a parachuting pilot "was like drowning a sailor". Galland replied that, "I should regard it as murder, Herr Reichsmarschall. I should do everything in my power to disobey such an order". Goeringâ€”who had been a fighter ace himself during World War Iâ€”said, "That is just the reply I had expected from you, Galland". On September 1, , in the Modlin area, during the German invasion of Poland , pilots of the Polish Pursuit Brigade encountered a group of 40 German bombers escorted by 20 Bf and Bf fighters. Aleksander Gabszewicz was forced to bail out of his aircraft. While in his parachute, Gabszewicz was strafed by a Bf Tadeusz Sawicz, flying nearby, attacked the German plane and another Polish pilot, Wladyslaw Kiedrzynski, spiraled around the defenseless Gabszewicz until he reached the ground. On September 2, Sec. Jan Dzwonek, along with eight other Polish pilots, attacked a couple of German fighters approaching their direction. Hanging in his parachute, he was attacked twice by a Bf Apparently, the Luftwaffe pilot was so busy attacking the defenseless Dzwonek that Corporal Jan Malinowski, flying an obsolete P. Dzwonek later recounted the story: I was hanging in the chute at about meters altitude when I noticed tracers passing near to me. They missed, but this pirate of the Third Reich did not give up and attacked me again. This second time the wave of bullets also spared me. Shells passed to the left and right of my body. On the first attack he set the right engine of the Bf on fire, and on the second pass killed the pilot. The aircraft fell, crashing in pieces. During my landing I damaged my backbone. I was transported to the hospital in

Pabianice, where I heard someone say I had no chance to see next sunrise. I did go into a coma for 20 hours. When I awakened, the doctor told me, that in the same hospital was a Bf pilot – the one I downed. Many Germans charged that this was regular practice by the Poles and the Czechs, but there was little hard evidence of it. The leading historian of the Polish Air Force, Adam Zamoyski, conceded that "it is true that some pilots still finished off parachuting Germans by flying directly over them; the slipstream would cause the parachute to cannon and the man would fall into the ground like a stone. There are verified accounts of German fighter pilots stopping their attacks to allow bomber crews to parachute from mortally stricken bombers. Nevertheless, the air war was bloody business and the objective of both sides was to wipe out the other. Some USAAF fighter pilots claimed they received unwritten orders from their officers to shoot enemy airmen parachuting over their own territory as they would rejoin their own units upon landing and fly in the air again to kill more Americans. Virgil Meroney of the 7th Fighter Squadron never shot a German pilot in his parachute, although on the other hand, he understood the mean realities of warfare and had no problem about killing an enemy aviator, regardless of whether or not he was helpless. On March 8, 1945, Meroney and his Blue Flight were at the rear of the 7th Fighter Group as it reached the end of its escort leg. The group turned to leave as they crossed the Dutch border into Germany near Meppen. When the German pilot realized that his Bf was badly in flames, he jumped out of his plane and pulled out his parachute. This might have been because he and his flight were low on fuel and there was no knowing if there were other enemy aircraft in the area. Indeed, that more pilots and aircrew were not shot in their parachutes was probably due at least in part to the nature of aerial combat. The fights were a confusing whirl and a pilot who concentrated too long and hard on killing a man in a parachute could easily fall prey himself and end up, ironically, in the position of being shot up while in his parachute. Not molesting enemy pilots in their parachutes was a practical matter as well as a chivalrous one. Luftwaffe pilot and ace Franz Stigler then approached the crippled bomber. He was able to see the injured and incapacitated crew. Brown refused and flew on. Still, both German and American pilots did shoot enemy airmen in their parachutes, albeit infrequently. Richard "Bud" Peterson, a P-51 pilot with the 7th Fighter Group based out of Leiston, agreed that "normally, nobody, including the Germans, would be shooting anybody in a parachute. After Peterson forced the offending German pilot to bail out, he killed him as he was descending. He recalled that some of his unit were nervous that this would invite a retaliatory response from the Luftwaffe. Hans Thran bailed out successfully but, according to ground witnesses, was shot in his parachute by a P-51 pilot while only sixty feet above the ground. German pilots had a fear of being killed while hanging helpless in their parachutes, and every such report was investigated and carefully documented. These incidents were especially common during the summer and autumn of 1945. Hofmann gave this advice to his pilots: If you ever have to bail out, remember that the Americans are known to shoot us in our parachutes. Therefore, free-fall to about 1000 meters; only that way can you be sure of survival. I have seen one of my best friends torn to bits by enemy cannon fire while still hanging in his chute. It was believed that these pilots were a special elite and that training them to fly such aircraft was a protracted and expensive effort. This logic held that killing such men whenever possible could help shorten the war. For their part, many German pilots were so concerned about being attacked in their parachutes that they waited until they were at low altitude before pulling their ripcords. With his face and hands badly burned, he bailed out at low level. His parachute deployed at the last moment, but did not completely fill, and he was hanging by just the left strap when he hit the ground heavily in a ploughed field and dragged into a barbed wire fence. He reported that the P-51s then strafed him, but he feigned death and, as the P-51s departed, made his way to the safety of a deep furrow. But at the same time, the pilot in the other Mustang has me in his crosshairs and fires. I notice that my bird has become uncontrollable, jettison the canopy, unbuckle and get out. I notice that we are really, very low – will my chute open in time? I immediately pull my ripcord – the chute opens – I am just over some woods, see a Mustang flying towards me, it shoots at me. I have arrived in the tops of some trees and finally hang suspended between the branches. I turn the buckle on my harness, leave my chute in the trees and climb down using some branches. Already the first people arrive at the scene. They have seen the dogfight and have also seen that the Mustang fired at me in my chute. He recalled that he and his crew bailed out in their parachutes and while descending back to earth, they were attacked by German Me 262s: Three fighters came after me. The first one missed and the

second also missed. When the third one came by I was too low for him to shoot at me. When I hit the ground a burst of machine gun was fired at me. I hit the dirt fast. Then German soldiers came and drove me on a motorcycle to a building. On the way we passed a row of dead American airmen, about twelve of them covered with blood soaked parachutes. I knew they were shot dead on the way down. They insisted that they were trying to destroy aircraft rather than pilots. If an enemy airman perished with his aircraft, it was simply the brutal nature of war. But shooting him while he was in his parachute was quite another matter that few of them could stomach, even if he stood a good chance of flying in the air again. After getting involved in a dogfight with one of the German planes for a while, Miles shot down the plane, which caused the German pilot to bail out in his parachute.

A German Airman Remembers by Schroder, Hans and a great selection of similar Used, New and Collectible Books available now at calendrierdelascience.com

Family remembers airman who died in overseas accident By: Julia Bergman, The Waterford, Conn. James Grotjan, who went by his middle name, Tyler, family was number one. Grotjan fly free with the angels. He was about two months into a six-month deployment. The Air Force did not provide any details on the incident that led to his death, which is under investigation. He became unconscious and ended up in a coma on life support. His mother, father, Randy Grotjan, and wife, Taylor, traveled to Germany to be with him and say goodbye before he was taken off life support. The couple, who knew each other since they were in diapers, were married for seven years. Why are they here? Her husband had been in a bad accident, they told her. From what we know now, it bothers me. Grotjan knew he wanted to join the military from a young age, wanting to follow in the footsteps of his father, a retired Navy senior chief. These are the type of people that write a blank check for their life to protect the country and he was that guy," Randy Grotjan said. James Mosher, said by phone Wednesday that Grotjan was a hard worker who showed up on time, even early on some occasions. While a jokester, he took his job "very seriously" and was eager to teach others what he knew. My job is safe. When she sent him several messages on Facebook the morning of July 8 and never heard back, she got worried. Grotjan was beloved by his siblings, who bragged about him being in the Air Force. The second oldest of eight children, Grotjan had yet to meet his newest sister, Grace, born seven weeks ago. A Facebook page has been set up to help the Grotjan family with travel and funeral expenses. In the week since his death, the family has been sharing memories and pictures of Grotjan and their plans for keeping his memory going.

Chapter 3 : Hans Schröder (Author of A German Airman Remembers)

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Contact Author Carl Edon Reincarnation. The more I look into reincarnation stories the more I am blown away by the detail and memory of all these people who believe they have lived before in a past life. Not only do they have memories from an early age, they also seem to be born with the memories intact and take it for granted that their family will automatically understand what they are talking about. But the one thing that is missing from a lot of the stories is proof. And this is why the story of Carl Edon is so extraordinary. Apart from the memories that Carl insisted were true, there is a bizarre and stunning twist to the story! When Carl was three years old, he began to tell a startling, and rather disturbing story. He said he remembered being a German bomber pilot. His parents were really confused. Where on earth did he get these strange stories from? His father James soon began to take an interest and was the first to start an investigation into the stories. He repeated these words many times over the years, and it was always swiftly followed by a Nazi Salute. He also insisted that he had been shot down in ! He went on to say that he was on a bombing raid over England when he crashed. This was still when he was two or three years old, and had just started to learn how to draw pictures. Not only that, he would draw pictures of the plane with the swastikas on them. Which was closely followed by an eagle which closely resembled the German Eagle emblem. But he was still slightly vague on the names. By the time he was six years old, he had drawn a detailed plan of an airplane cockpit, and described what the different gauges were for. He also told of a red foot pedal that would release the bombs. He then stunned his parents by explaining that the plane was a German Messerschmidt! He believed that the number on the plane was either or By this time his parents were totally involved in trying to work out the details, and one night when they were watching a program about the Holocaust, Carl said that he believed his air base was close to a concentration camp. They were not sure which one. Studies have shown that when someone tells of a past life there is often something on the body of the claimant that corresponds to the original past life person. By the time he was eleven, Carl was showing how he could do the goose step, the typical march of a German pilot or soldier. When his class mates began to laugh at him, he decided that it was time to stop telling his memories. Psychologically, Carl also showed traits of his past life by being meticulously neat and tidy. And when he stood to listen to someone he would stand in a straight stance, as though he was a soldier. Even down to the fact that he had his hands firmly by his side. Even at school, his memories would come forward and when a school play was casting for a German character, Carl would insist on taking the part. German goosetep Aryan Blond. They were very dark haired. He did have blue eyes like his mother, but the rest of the family had brown eyes. As Hitler would have said, he would be a perfect candidate for the Aryan Race. The trouble with all of these memories and stories was at the time they could not be corroborated. There was no proof, no documentation, nothing. But soon something happened, that was so strange it goes beyond the realm of sheer disbelief. In Heinrich Richter was shot down in his Dornier Bomber airplane along with three other crew members. The details of the crash included the fact that the plane had been damaged by anti aircraft fire before it crashed into a barrage balloon, and fell from the sky. Three of the pilots were recovered and buried in Thornaby, approximately four miles from Middlesborough just after the plane crashed. Here is where the story gets slightly weird! Within the wreckage, the three bodies did not include Heinrich Richter! Then, in twenty five years after Carl had told his story, more wreckage was discovered! Buried off Tilbury road Middlesborough. When the plane was dug up, they discovered another body. That of Heinrich Richter. Heinrich Richter Reincarnation New photographs of Heinrich Richter have emerged after a local historian took up the tale, and doggedly followed it through with enormous amounts of research. When the photos are placed together there is an uncanny resemblance between the two men! As you can see in the photograph they could have been brothers, or it seems in this case, the same man! Two years before the discovery of the downed bomber airplane, and the recovery of Heinrich Richters body, Carl Edon

was murdered. Vinter, who had a history of extreme violence suddenly turned on Carl and in a few seconds of complete horror, stabbed the boy 37 times. He punctured every single one of Carl Edons organs. Carl left behind his girlfriend Michelle, their daughter 22 month old Sophie, and his parents. Two months later Michelle gave birth to his second daughter Carla. On the day that Gary Vinter carried out his vile attack and murder, Carl Edon had traveled to Skinningrove to collect train carriages. He was 22 years old. More than 40 years earlier on the day the Heinrich Richter died, his plane had bombed Skinningrove and flew on to Middlesborough following the railway line. He was 24 years old. Carl Edon and Heinrich Richter had both died taking the same route to their death. He only served 10 years before being let out on licence. He soon went on to meet mother of four Anne White, and they married in Her family warned her to get away from him, but she refused. Soon she was telling her friends that she wanted to leave him but was too scared. He attacked Anne and went back to prison, only to return after his release and murdered her. He is now serving a life sentence. Police photo fit picture made to show the family together. After the service they said that they hoped this would be the end of it all now. There are many tales of reincarnation, but this has to be the most bizarre, sad and poignant of them all. Not only was Carl reincarnated he was cruelly taken once again from this life. Even stranger was the fact that he died within feet of where he, as Heinrich, came down in the plane many years before. To find the plane and the body of Heinrich and realise that there was no way that Carl could ever have known the story of the missing pilot was amazing. Many tales of reincarnation leave a question mark. Did they somehow read it? Did the boy or girl in question hear it from someone else? And then we have doubts. But in the case of Carl Edon and Heinrich Richter, there can be no doubt. These were certainly strange circumstances, or Fate, that connected these deaths together, of one soul and one place. We will never know.

Chapter 4 : Remembering World War Two Airmen: Norris King--Shot Down by the Swiss

Then we will remember the sacrifices that confronted millions of our soldiers, sailors and airmen who died for us in the past. The Sun () This revolutionary aircraft will provide the best protection for our soldiers, sailors and airmen for 35 years.

Stephen Losey May 21, Col. It was August 24, McGee and 51 other pilots from the 48th Fighter Group "the first and only unit to allow black airmen to fly in World War II" took to the sky in their distinctive red-tailed P Mustang fighters. Escort B-24s from the 5th Bomb Wing on a mission to strike Pardubice Airdrome in Czechoslovakia and the rail yards nearby. He made a turn that put him right in my gun sights. And that was it. They became known and respected for their exceptional fighting skills as they escorted bombers over Europe, and their example helped lead the Air Force, and then the rest of the military, to fully desegregate beginning in 1948. The Tuskegee Airmen are a central part of Air Force history, and the subject of numerous books and movies. The legendary Tuskegee Airmen are an integral part of Air Force history. Air Force Fauntroy "who jokingly called himself "the baby of the bunch" signed up for the Army Air Corps Reserves at age 17 in October, 10 months after he took the exam, McGee was called up and started training at the Tuskegee Institute. Training was a good experience, McGee said, and by the time he got to Europe, he felt Tuskegee had properly prepared him for the job. He and his fellow airmen flew P-51s, P-51s and P-51s to support ground forces in Italy, before switching to the P-51 to help guard the vulnerable bombers on their missions. So they started painting their tails "one group of escort fighters had yellow tails, another had red-and-white candy stripe tails, a third had a black-and-yellow checkerboard pattern, and the Tuskegee fighters from the 48th had red tails. We were trained well, we were prepared for the opportunities, and although we were segregated, fortunately the record we established helped the Air Force. It was American opportunity. If they were attacking the elements that we were escorting, then we would dispatch a unit to fight them off. He saluted the bomber pilots, because they had to fly through the heart of the flak to reach their targets. McGee and the other P-51 pilots could fly above the flak and still get the job done, he said. Sign up for the Air Force Times Daily News Roundup Get the top Air Force stories of the day delivered to you every afternoon Subscribe Enter a valid email address Subscribe For more newsletters click here McGee said the airmen also conducted "fighter sweeps" to destroy enemy planes before they even got their propellers spinning. I happened to be in love with the flying. He has served in England, Africa, Sicily, and now in Italy. Mechanics like McGee are credited with keeping the aircraft in the air and helping the pilots maintain their confidence. Air Force The war ended before Fauntroy had a chance to be deployed. But the combat veterans who came back and instructed Fauntroy in aircraft like the AT-6 Texan trainer taught him well, he said, and if he had been deployed, he was sure that he would have been ready. Robinson saluted mechanics like Anderson for keeping the planes in the air and keeping pilots confident. Anderson said there were about 15 support personnel for each pilot "everything from mechanics to cooks to quartermasters to nurses and others. When United States entered the war in 1941, Anderson was a 17-year-old high school student. When he turned 18, he registered for the draft and was called up three months later. After basic, he went to occupational school for about four or five months and learned to be an aircraft sheet metal repairman, patching up bullet holes in B-24 Mitchell bombers. He was assigned to the 48th Bombardment Group, a primarily black unit that was being trained on the B-24, but the war ended before its training was finished, and it did not deploy. Anderson was honorably discharged in 1945. In March, the 48th moved to Freeman Field in Indiana. In an incident that became known as the "Freeman Field Mutiny," black officers peacefully repeatedly attempted to enter the O-club. On April 9, 1945, Col. Robert Selway, commander of the 48th and the base, issued regulations mandating separate O-clubs, mess halls, quarters, latrines and recreation facilities. They were later given written reprimands and released. Three others were court-martialed, and one was convicted. Fifty years later, the Air Force vindicated those airmen, removed the reprimands from their records, and exonerated the one airman convicted in court. Freeman Field Mutiny Col. Charles McGee tells the story about how black officers in the 48th Bombardment Group peacefully protested their exclusion from a whites-only officers club, and how it led to the arrest of officers. But today, top Air Force leaders remain

concerned about a lack of diversity in the ranks of pilots and other key career fields, and the service is rolling out a slate of programs designed to improve opportunities for female and minority airmen. Former Vice Chief of Staff Gen. It all came from a basis of doing something for our country.

Chapter 5 : Marienfelde, An ex-airman remembers. Part

Hans Schröder is the author of A German Airman Remembers (avg rating, 1 rating, 0 reviews, published), Der Raum Als Einbildungskraft Des Dichte.

I managed to bring the temperature up to around 10 degrees Celsius, or sometimes nearly 15 or even 20 degrees if I was very lucky. But usually I had little time to spend on heating, and consequently the temperature mostly stayed below 10 degrees Celsius, or 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Besides being cold, the place was very dark and damp. That evening I had the shock of my life. I was an usher for a church meeting at the Urania, and whom did I see come walking up the stairs? Brunhilde with a boyfriend arm in arm! I was completely stunned! I never would have dreamed that she would want to have a boyfriend, especially at that time in her life. While assembling my Schrank in my apartment, Rudi had told me a rumor to that effect, but I had discarded it as utterly unlikely. She cheerfully introduced him to me and he gave me a curt but proper handshake. I could tell right away that I was not the most important person in his life. From that time on they were seen together at Nolli. That was the final blow for me. Outwardly I showed no feelings but inwardly I was crushed. Soon afterwards my feelings for Brunhilde had completely disappeared. That marked the terminal point of the "Brunhilde affair" that had dominated my life during the previous year. Brunhilde and boyfriend married at Nolli four years later, after which they moved to West Germany and were never heard from again - at least by anyone I knew. My Buddy Bodo Bodo and I had been planning on meeting together, and on Monday the 20th we finally got together. We met at 2: We went to see my apartment, and then to his place. A long staircase led up to the top floor, and by the time Bodo reached the top he was puffing and panting. Bodo was always late and occupied with various things at his place. A few weeks later we stopped meeting, but a friendship was established between us as a result. He was very much concerned that I get a job after my discharge, and was always trying to help me out. The Putzfrau with Julie was one that I never forgot, since on Friday and Saturday we spent the whole day replacing ceiling tiles at Marienfelde. It was a dirty, miserable job. Before starting I thought that it was going to be easy, but I soon realized that it was not. The tiles were dirty and dusty, and the powder from the tiles was very scratchy and irritating to the skin. I remember leaving an empty soda pop can up on top of one of the new tiles as I was working, as a kind of "time capsule" for the next person to find a few years later the next time the job would be done. I always wondered who ended up finding the can. The Coal Cellar Tuesday the 3rd I had an interesting experience at my apartment. I had ordered coal for my cellar, and when I arrived at the place that morning, I found my cellar door broken and the lock broken off. A couple days later Steve B. The coal delivery man himself was also an unforgettable experience. The cellar was dark, and the stairs leading down to it were steep. He was carrying a load of briquettes stacked on a rack strapped to his back, and staggered down the dark stairway, cursing all the while at the inadequate lighting. After leading him to my cellar stall, he rudely dumped his load on the ground and stormed out. I was left with a jumbled pile of briquettes on the cellar floor, many of which had broken in the fall. The place was full of old books, household items, clothes, pictures, and other miscellaneous junk from vacated apartments. She had short brown hair, a square jaw, and wore glasses. She and Dan got along very well, and consequently we saw a lot of each other during the following weeks. I once drew a caricature of her working on the line at Marienfelde, and it remains the only image I have of Celeste. My Nolli friend Klaus-Dieter had encouraged me to do so, and was convinced that Mr. Bird could help me out. But it turned out to be a big disappointment. Bird was basically an entrepreneur, and had nothing to offer me but the same kind of advice that I had already heard about getting a civilian job with the U. Monday the 16th was my last day of break, and I spent the day with Bodo. He had suggested that I try to get a job with British Airways, the place where he worked, and offered to connect me with one of the managers that he knew at Tegel airport. So off we went, driving to Tegel. I was pretty nervous. After finding his office, he had me go in alone and ask for Mr. It took me a long while to get up the courage, and when I finally did, the secretary informed me that he was not in. So that ended that little adventure. As a consolation, Bodo invited me to try an "Irish coffee" with him, a beverage that he raved about, but which I must admit I found pretty revolting. Saturday the 21st Dan B.

She was leaving Berlin the next day. After a while the two of them went off somewhere, and I went back by myself. That was the very last time I ever saw Pat, walking across the street with Dan B. Hildchen Sunday the 22nd was the first mid, but I had a hit. I got to Nolli late that morning, and the place was full to overflowing. Afterwards I rode with Hildchen in her car. It was a nice, clean neighborhood, and behind their apartment building was a green area of some kind. She lived there with her husband, a very nice but unsmiling bald man who spoke a very rapid Berlin dialect, and son, an introverted year-old with a stocky build and curious personality. They were all very much interested in me and my background. I had brought along some slides, which we all saw, and they in turn showed some of their travel movies. The family loved to travel, and had many reels of film documenting their adventures. I could never figure out whether the guy was playing dumb or not. In any case Hildchen always seemed annoyed with his humor, a reaction which struck me as a bit odd. One quote I will never forget. It struck me as very funny, but apparently I was the only one who thought so. He was to meet me at the front gate at I stood there waiting and waiting, and finally gave up and left. When I got back to my room I got a phone call. It was Volkhard, an hour late. We had originally intended on eating in the chow hall, but since it had already closed for lunch at 1: There he told me how I should be bolder in finding a job, and that I should let people know about my abilities. He told me how through a lot of advertising he has put on big meetings and experienced big results because he planned big - even landing in first-rate hotels wherever he went. This was all good for Volkhard, I thought, but it seemed to go contrary to my own personality. He also confided to me how he lies flat on the floor before God, face down, powerless and helpless, before he puts on a big meeting. He encouraged me to have the same kind of attitude, and thought the idea of advertising myself in a big newspaper could bring some results. That was one of the most interesting personal conversations I ever had with Volkhard Spitzer. Bodo had bought a vacation home in a small village in West Germany called Olxheim. Thursday the 4th of March was the first day of my last leave. I took the duty train to Braunschweig, recording the clickety-clack of the railway on my stereo cassette recorder, which I had brought along for the weekend. It was the first time I had ever taken the duty train, the military train that commuted between West Germany and Berlin. It was an interesting experience. He and the others would be arriving the following evening. Later that day the whole troop arrived, and then took off in two or three cars for Olxheim. It was uncomfortably cold. When morning came we had breakfast together. The farm boy inside of me was very excited about being out in the country. Little Danni was running around singing "slava gospodu", some verses from a Serbocroatian Christian song. It was now daylight, and I could see where we were. Just a short distance away from the building I noticed there was a railroad track, and I seem to remember at least one high-speed passenger train whizzing by. That afternoon we left Olxheim and visited the nearby town of Einbeck, a typical small German town with a church, a town square, picturesque buildings and quaint streets. In the evening we all spent together relaxing and playing games. One of the games that Christiane presented was "das Wundertier". A group of about three people, all in the know, presented a "Wundertier", i. Ken was to inspect the animal, front and back, while Manfred lauded its various traits to the public.

Chapter 6 : The Reincarnation Of Carl Edon The Most Convincing And Bizarre Story Ever Told | Exemplor

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Marshall Draper kneeling of the 15th Bombardment Squadron. Draper had the unfortunate distinction to be the first U. POW in Germany, shot down on 21 June Lindquist and Houser are wearing German reversible padded parkas, probably gathered as "war booty". They kept together on the march in January , sharing food and emotional support. Airmen recount forced march, liberation Note: In late January, as Soviet troops neared the prison camp, the Airmen were told one night by their captors to pack what they could and immediately head west. They used their pillows to tie it around their necks and all they did was drain their energy. They ended up throwing cans away. I took what I was going to eat and stayed light. It was bitterly cold. His father was a bishop in the Episcopalian Church in the Laramie Diocese in Wyoming and I used to call him a son of a bishop. I kept George warm and kept him covered with my body. He was just shivering," recalled Colonel Frey, his eyes watering. That was the lowest point of the whole thing. From there, they took "40 and eights," boxcars designed for forty men or eight horses, to the town of Moosburg, where Stalag Luft VII-A was located. Everyone was throwing up. It was a very bad ride. You could hear our bombers overhead. We were on high ground and we could look right into the village. There was a big flagpole there with the swastika flying. All of a sudden, we noticed that the guard had left the guardhouse. I have pictures of two or three of them who were killed. We were hanging on the fence and we were in tears. I caught some bread and jam, and shortly after that, in comes General George Patton the Third Army commander in his jeep with his helmet and scarf on, his ivory six-shooters on each side. And he was just like a mother hen to us. They had to eat a Red Cross parcel in 24 hours, with the exception of the soap and cigarettes, obviously. In that parcel was a pound of powdered milk, a pound of sugar, a pound of margarine, a pound of corned beef and two D-bar chocolate bars. It was a big event to us," he said. You bet, oh yeah. My social security number? Mister Scharff was welcomed with open arms by the veterans and their families, as was his father, who attended at least one reunion before his death in

Chapter 7 : The World Remembers - TWR

For Air Force Staff Sgt. James Grotjan, who went by his middle name, Tyler, family was number one. He was the family's rock, what kept them together.

Capture -- Airmen remember falling into enemy hands. This is the second of four articles in a series about Airmen from World War II who were shot down and captured by the Germans. These Airmen were interviewed during a reunion in Kansas City in April. Fred Frey, a year co-pilot on a B Flying Fortress. So Lieutenant Frey, who retired as a lieutenant colonel in , was picked as a pinch hitter for a bombing run on Munster, Germany, which had key railroad junctions and was a part of the Ruhr industrial area. After hearing about the amount of possible German resistance over his target that day, Colonel Frey said he felt a little uneasy during his pre-flight briefing. And what flak anti-aircraft you can expect on the route going in and coming out. Thousands of these cannon dotted German cities and industrial centers, waiting for American and British bombers. Your position was covered completely around the aircraft. The minute you clear the target, they hit you again. As they explode, the shrapnel hits the engines and whatever else. We wound up with millimeter shells coming in the cockpit," he said. I had my glasses knocked off. A shell blew up right in front of my face. It came in from behind me and I got the burst from the flash. I wound up with first- and second-degree burns. Shrapnel from the shells wound up in my leg and A2 jacket and my sleeve was all shredded. You hit the button to bail out. We lost 33 planes that day. I had to take off my oxygen mask and climb out of my seat and get my chest pack on. The plane was going through all these crazy movements. My bombardier was froze in the hatch and I had to place myself against the bulkhead and shove him through with my feet. As I regained consciousness, I see this ME coming at me. I could almost see his face. He was coming back down from attacking and he flew straight at me. He slide slipped around me. He was trying to collapse my chute with the backwash from his propeller, which he did, to a halfway point. As he got closer to landing, Colonel Frey said he realized he had one more hurdle to jump, literally. One of the trains was just leaving the marshalling yards with a full head of steam. I pick my feet up right as I was coming down on the embankment alongside the railroad track and I wound up banging into the hillside. There was a kid standing at the foot of the bed. It was clear as a bell. His head was all bandaged up. Charles Woehlerle, 90, and a St. Nazaire, on the French coast and bailed out over the ocean. Six weeks after his arrival at Polebrook, Northamptonshire, England, he was shot down May 29, The gunner in the belly turret radioed that the four-engine plane had been hit by flak. There was no trouble leaving the plane. I knew something was wrong. I looked down and the chute had not opened. We bailed out over 25, feet and it was cold up there, very cold. I was running out of space. I had about 3, feet left and a whiff of wind came by and opened the chute. Lieutenant Woehrle said they took him to their home on an island. Given his injuries, he said he was especially grateful for their assistance, as short-lived as it would be. They were poor people, but they were generous with me. A woman made me something with eggs in it, and some toast and wine. It tasted awfully good to me. I was going through my escape kit - money, maps, compass, a Colt. Homer Reynolds, a Rosalia, Kansas, resident, also had some reflection time in his parachute. He was a flight engineer and upper turret gunner on a B Liberator, shot down by flak on April 23, , near the Hungarian-Czechoslovakian border. Flak hit us between the third and fourth engines and set us on fire. The pilot got us to where we could bail out without oxygen. We bailed out around 10, feet. It was real good weather, clear across the target that morning. My wife was home. She was supposed to have a new baby. And you just wonder. It was in the lower part of the leg and it was just a flesh wound, but it swelled up to the size of a pumpkin. Bill Whitney, of Quilcene, Wash. The lead navigator in the formation made a mistake and we had two minutes on the bomb run. They knocked the port engine out and we started a very steep spiral, and the other engine was running wide open. There was no response with the controls. There was fire and smoke. I buried the chute and crawled up a ditch. The Germans were thick around the coast. They took me to St. Omer, a famous World War I spot, and threw me in a cell. I took a few head blows with a club. The first interview I had was by an SS captain and that was underground at a V-1 site. In fact, two of them, retired Col. Stephen King, 83, of La Mesa, Calif. Jim Gregory, 82, of Long Beach, Calif. Colonel King, a B

pilot who was a first lieutenant when he was shot down June 18, , said he landed in a field outside Hamburg, Germany. Before he knew it, his hands were tied behind his back and a noose was thrown around his neck. All of a sudden, a couple of German soldiers came through the crowd. Thank God there was an antiaircraft battery near-by and they cut me down and took me off for interrogation. He said he also landed near some not-too-friendly farmers. One guy had a gun. I think he saved my life. Lieutenant Gregory ended up in the town of Camburg, Germany. There he was seen by a German doctor and had some poignant and almost humorous interactions with other locals. All these people wanted to see this prisoner. A teacher came in and then an old lady with a shopping bag, and she asked me why I was dropping bombs on her family. Former prisoners of the Americans in World War I came in. Everyone asked me if I knew their cousin Mathilda in Milwaukee and things like that. That was one of the tragedies of the day. We dropped our bombs and got hit by flak - shot up going in to Bremen. According to the briefing ahead of time, there was supposed to be no flak and it was the first time this crew was over Germany. He finally took a silver coin and a stick of chewing gum. The Airmen noted they were shocked and discouraged at the amount of information the Luftwaffe had on them. They were also stunned when they realized some of their interrogators were "Americans. I had this crap on my face for my burns. When it dried up, it looked like a dry riverbed. The colonel gave only his name, rank and serial number, so the interrogator, he said, "begins to recite to me when I graduated from flying school, when I arrived in England. What are you asking me for? It was unreal the way he asked those questions. No matter what you said, they would have got something out of it. He hit me in the mouth and knocked off two teeth, chipped them off with his pistol.

Chapter 8 : Attacks on parachutists - Wikipedia

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A lot of the guys had the day off. Several promotions took effect on the first of the year. This was in the Wedding district, near the Anrumer U-Bahn station. Dan and I had a really nice time with Peter that night. He cooked dinner for us, and it turned out to be almost more than I could eat. Peter was an amateur photographer, and he showed us a lot of his photos. It was a very nice way to start out the new year, and afterwards I always remembered that pleasant evening with Peter and Dan. That sure sounded nice to me. I knew that I had to make the most of the time while I was still there. Friday night the 11th I took along some books to work to read during slow spells. It was the second mid, and the last one for me for this cycle. A new schedule was going into effect on the 13th, and some of the Able flight guys were switching over to other flights that had other schedules. I worked half the night. They showed a movie about U. I got pretty sleepy, and went right to bed after getting back to the hangars. Dan was in the room, got up at 9: Early Tuesday morning the 15th Dan got up at 1: He had found out that day that he would be leaving Berlin in September. I knew then that our days together were numbered, and that was indeed quite sad. It was hard for me to imagine life in the Hangars without my good buddy Dan. Tuesday was a dark, wet day. I got up late and went to see Michael, the young German teenager from Nollie whom I started visiting last fall with English lessons. On the way there I ran into Kevin who told me that he had been accepted by the Air Force Academy in Colorado, and would be leaving on Friday! That was interesting news. Recently Ted was all excited about getting orders to go to Monterrey. He was going to be leaving Berlin soon as well. It was a busy night. I noticed that Paul C. He told me that I had burn detail that week. I started that night around 3: That night was a busy one. There was a tremendous backlog of work, and some of it was pretty hard. I did the burn detail again, and Sgt. Afterwards I found that I had slightly singed my hair without even realizing it. Thursday night was another busy one. I still had burn detail, though, and worked until 4: Vaughn and I Play Hookey Monday the 21st was our second day of a two-day break. I was standing in line at the chow that forenoon with a couple of the guys when Joe P. I was upset and confused. I asked Don and Vaughn what they were going to do. Don said, "Forget it. I then rather reluctantly went along with their way of thinking, and decided to stay on base. Dan got up, extremely cheerful. He got dressed and disappeared. Later that afternoon Jim came back from the day watch. I dreaded going to work the next day, and spent all evening worrying what they might do with Vaughn and me. Tuesday morning I got up past 6: To my surprise, Paul C. No one seemed upset. I could tell that Vaughn was as worried as I was, and was also a bit surprised that nothing was coming of it. A little later, though, W. Other than that, it all blew over without incident. I was very relieved. That night Dan came in, lost and confused. He said he had lost it at work that night, and devoured five Almond Joy candy bars. He was the very picture of confusion, fumbling around in his things, finding money orders that he had forgotten he had bought, and generally getting things mixed around. Days and Swings Thursday the 24th was the third day watch for me. Dan was on a second day of break. I had to stand in the bus that morning, since it was so crowded, and it was a busy day at work. Friday evening Jim was working his first swing, and Dan was in the room. He had some big news. There was an announcement on the bulletin board about single airmen being able to extend their stay in Berlin, which was good news for me. I was definitely going to go for it. He told me that when he started here as a 1-striper in January of , some of the guys were giving him a hard time about his DEROS, i. Now he was a short-timer himself. Bleeding on Mids The Air Force in general, and our job in particular, had many buzz-words and acronyms that were in common use. Two words associated with the brutal shifts we worked were "bleeding" and "hanging. If your supervisor gave you a day off, you had a "hit. A "lifer" was someone who had opted to make a career out of the Air Force. Monday, February 4th, the day before our first mid, I got up late. The whole day was gray and bleak for me. The mid that night was a dead one, and I was "bleeding. Apparently there was a lot of opposition from upstairs. I was "bleeding" again. I was told that I was a Class A operator, and would have to do some extra specialized work that they had. It was pretty difficult, and W. February 7 I went to the dental clinic at Andrews Barracks to see Mrs. Mundt, the dentist that Dan had told me

about. Friday was the last mid. It was not that bad. That was really joyous news. They had gone to Siggi V. The wedding would probably be in July, with a honeymoon in Spain in August. Siggi and Jochen V. Siggi had a face that seemed oddly familiar to me, and I could never quite place it. Jochen was a good-natured Berliner. Both were about the same age as the rest of us. Sunday night I met John H. On Monday I wore my dress blues to work for the first time. The big general visit turned out to be an anticlimax. They came by at around 8: It was much ado about nothing. I was to give Hebrew lessons to Lucy that evening on base, while Dan would be giving German lessons to Randy and Erik. It was a little awkward for me being alone with Siggi, Jochen, and Lucy while Dan was gone. We whiled away the time until Dan returned around 8: There was some koolaid there, and Jochen and Siggi tried some. To my great astonishment, they found it "terrible. That was one of the first great cultural differences between German and American tastes that made such an impression on me, and which I remembered throughout the rest of my life. I was very happy about that.

Chapter 9 : Avid airman remembered by family and friends

The World Remembers The World Remembers is a non-profit Canadian company, based in Toronto, Canada, whose sole purpose is to build and facilitate The World Remembers. The World Remembers will display the names of those who lost their lives in names-display installations in participating nations.

He was given the piece, which shows part of the naked lady painted on plane and comes from the nose section, fifty years after the war by a Swiss friend. In Norris wartime log and journal, two pictures of the remains of his plane and a cartoon of his plane he drew while in captivity. Norris was one of the earliest internees in Switzerland after his B bomber was shot down, not by the Germans, but by Swiss anti-aircraft guns, killing seven of the ten men on his crew. The many photos in this article are just that--photos--and do not have the quality of a scan. I did the best I could with what I had available, but some are a little blurry. A little history is in order concerning Swiss internment. These men could still draw their monthly pay and conditions for many of the internees, though Spartan, were not overly harsh. American airmen interned in Switzerland were sent to one of three small resort villages high in the Swiss Alps--Adelboden, Davos or Wengen. They lodged in stripped-down resort hotels. If they signed an agreement not to escape, they were allowed to go hiking, visit the town, and even ski. If an airman refused to sign the no-escape agreement, his movement was limited. And if an airmen attempted escape, punishment could be very harsh. Some escapees ended up in the Swiss federal prison of Wauwilermoos, a prison for the worst criminals in Switzerland run by a Swiss Nazi who was charged with war crimes after the war. The main reason allied aircraft diverted to neutral Switzerland during the war was because the planes were severely damaged in combat and were unable to make the return trip to bases in England or North Africa. Other reasons for diversion to Switzerland included low fuel or the need for immediate medical treatment for severely wounded crewmen who would have died before the aircraft could make it back to base. German airmen were also interned in Switzerland, at least according to the agreement. However, most were allowed to return to Germany. Over seven hundred German airmen actually refused repatriation and remained in Switzerland of their own accord. October 1, is a day that Norris King will never forget. Their target for today was a Messerschmitt factory in Augsburg, Germany. The mission was the longest of the war for the group, over 1, miles round-trip. The crew, led by pilot Burton C. Today they flew a B named Sugarfoot. This piece was retrieved from the wreckage of the plane by the man who shot her down, Colonel Ruegg, and he kept it in his home as a war trophy. The formation became lost in the clouds and by the time the navigators were able to get a fix, they were way off target. The planes were ordered to drop bombs on targets of opportunity. A swarm of German Me fighters jumped the formation and a fierce firefight erupted. The American bombers tightened their formation to protect against fighter attack, and while so engaged, the American bombers drifted into Swiss air space. It was commanded by Swiss Colonel C. Ruegg ordered his battery to open fire on the American planes. Sugarfoot had already taken some serious hits from the Me fighters in two passes. The pilots struggled to keep her in formation. Norris found himself floating down to earth like a leaf in the severed waist section, which had detached from the front and tail sections of the aircraft. He simply had to roll out the waist door. I landed in a tree, kind of fell through the branches onto the ground. I sat under the tree, head spinning. I had a concussion. A soldier came up to me. I assumed he was German and put my hands up. But he identified himself as Swiss. He was very, very friendly. While he was in the hospital, he was surprised when Swiss President Gisen came to visit him and two men from another crew who had also been wounded. The Swiss civilians seemed to be pro-American. The Swiss president, President Gisen, who visited Norris in the hospital after the demise of Sugarfoot. Norris found that he was one of only three survivors from his crew--himself, left waist gunner Marion Pratt, and ball turret gunner Joe Carroll. The other seven, pilot Burton C. English, co-pilot Donald M. Prentice, bombardier Irving B. Stanley Finseth, flight engineer Peter B. Machiodi, radio operator Charles R. Burgett, and tail gunner Elmer Wheedon were all dead. Another B had also gone down that day, shot down by German fighters before crashing in Switzerland. Five men died on that crew. It had been a disastrous day for American airmen over Switzerland. Thirteen young men had lost their lives. Each coffin was draped in an American flag, and the thirteen airmen were buried at a

small cemetery with much pomp and circumstance. Only seventy Americans were interned this early in the war, and all attended the funeral, with some acting as pall bearers. Norris was too badly injured to attend the funeral, but his fellow crewmen Pratt and Carroll were there, and made the front of the Swiss newspapers and magazines getting condolences from the Swiss government officials. First photo, below, one of the coffins from the tragic October 1, downing of two Bs over Switzerland. American internees serving as pall bearers. Second photo, below, flag-draped coffins in the church and at the cemetery. Norris was still in the hospital recovering from his injuries and did not attend. He kept records, pasted in articles and photos, during his long and often boring stay. Norris still has his wartime log, a thick scrapbook given to him by the YMCA after his internment. With little else to do, he spent a lot of time writing in it, drawing pictures, and pasting in various photos and souvenirs of his stay in Switzerland. Norris, above, holds his wartime log. He covered the log with fabric from his parachute--the chute that saved his life after he bailed out of the waist section at 12, feet. In the front, he has a memorial page to the seven men on his crew who died that day. Each man is listed, along with his position. A poem accompanies the memorial: Norris and his fellows were taken to Adelboden, where they stayed in a Swiss resort hotel that had been converted into a dormitory. A reception was held for them when they showed up. He was a heck of a good guy. Below, Norris stayed at the Nevada Palace Hotel while interned. This is an advertisement for the hotel from the time period. The cover of a Swiss photo weekly shows the first American internees captured in Switzerland. He had no desire to escape, and spent the time hiking or visiting in the town. However, as the war dragged on, he became bored and together with some other internees, decided to attempt an escape. Below, wildflowers Norris picked and pasted into his wartime log sixty years ago. Above the wings is his leather squadron patch from the 99th Bomb Group, 15th Air Force. There were five of us. We paid off the driver. He took us to Lucerne, and we got on a train to Geneva. We stayed in Geneva at a safe house for three or four days, then we each got a passport for France. A Jeep came and took us to an American Army camp. This was in September of And then an airplane came from Italy and flew us back to our base, which now was in Foggia, Italy. Norris and Marilyn returned to Switzerland in for the 50th anniversary of the downing of the first American plane in Switzerland. The Swiss feted them and treated them like celebrities, even having a parade. Norris found himself riding in the same Jeep in the parade with an elderly Colonel Ruegg, the very same man who had shot down Sugarfoot years before. When I asked Norris if Ruegg seemed apologetic for killing seven of the ten men on his crew, Norris shook his head. He was proud of it. A Swiss friend later sent Norris a photograph shown in this article taken at Col. It showed the top part of the naked lady the crew had painted on the plane shortly before her demise. On a later trip, Norris was presented with a piece of Sugarfoot as well. He got it fifty years after the war. Norris, now 83, looks young and fit, and remembers his time in Switzerland with fondness. However, he still misses his brothers from his crew, young men who were robbed of their futures by the guns of the neutral Swiss. Contact him for permissions.