



## 367<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group newsletter – Issue # 16 - JUNE 2019

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Dear Friends and 367<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group members,

This time again, thanks to some of my American friends I can illustrate the main article with a lot great pictures. My friend Eddie L. Rosier took photos in flight of two Advanced Landing Grounds (ALG), providing an idea of what the airstrips were looking like. He also took some photos of what was left of these two ALGs on the ground. To see all these pictures read the 4<sup>th</sup> part of the article « The advanced landing grounds in France ».

In 2015 when I visited with my family Wayne and Lois Pecora in their home in California, Wayne showed me the identification book of his father, T/Sgt Francis Pecora, who was a crew chief of the 392<sup>nd</sup> Fighter Squadron. It was great to see this wonderful piece of history. See some pictures of this book in the article « Identification book ».

In last July, a ceremony took place in honor of two pilots of the 367<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group who lost their life during an encounter with the German Luftwaffe. The family of Lt Earl Peters flew from northern California to attend this event. To have more information read the article « Honoring the pilots ».

Thanks to all of the person who have shared with me their documents and photos, providing me the materials for my newsletters.

I wish you a good reading.

Olivier Le Floch

### The advanced landing grounds in France, part 4

After the move to Advanced Landing Grounds (ALG) in Normandy and then north of Le Mans, all north west of France, the next moves will see the 367<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group in the north east of France. The aim of these moves is always the same, stay as close as possible of the front line to support the US armies. If the airfield is far from the front, the load for the missions will be far lesser. The calculation is simple : petrol or bombs and munitions.

With the move to the north east of France, the life will improve for the officers due to living quarters in large houses or even small castles. But for the enlisted men, the living conditions will not really change : pup tents and mess kit.

These moves will see also the first original pilots and early replacement pilots to reach the end of their tour of operation. New batches of replacements pilots, with a lot of training hours on the P-38, will replace them.

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After only a few days in the airfield A-44 Le Peray, the air echelon left the rest of the group and took the direction of the east of France. The allied infantry had moved so fast on the heels of the German troops that the airfields of the west of France were now too far from the front line.

The new advanced landing ground, A-71 Clastres, was not build by an engineer battalion in the middle of a cow pasture or an orchard. This ALG was in fact an airfield used by the German air force until a short time before the 367<sup>th</sup> FG arrive to this site. The 846<sup>th</sup> engineer battalion had to repair the landing strip because this airfield had been bombed by the bombers of the 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> Air Force but also by the 367<sup>th</sup> FG itself.

This airfield was close to Clastres but the biggest town being Saint Quentin, that's also why the men of the 367<sup>th</sup> FG called the airfield Saint Quentin airfield.

This move to a new landing ground was the fourth one on the French soil so the pilots who wrote a diary gave less information on the new airfield. For all men the move to another airfield was a "routine". Nevertheless the monthly report for September of the 3 squadrons give us some information on the move and the settlement of the men.

For the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS : *"On the thirteenth we joined the air echelon at our new field near St Quentin. Operations and Intelligence were set up with Group Headquarters in a former German Headquarters building, and although the roof leaked when it rained, it had its compensations when the cold weather set in. Our camp site was located nearby and very shortly, we were set up. Soon the boys found their way into town and Saint Quentin buzzed with activity"*.

For the 393<sup>rd</sup> FS : *"On the morning of the 13<sup>th</sup> the ground echelon departed A-44 for A-71, wending its way through Versailles, Paris, Compiègne, etc., finally arriving at the present location the former German Base at Clastres. A few small expeditionary parties developed engine trouble, got lost, or just plain "goofed off" to*



*Men of the 393<sup>rd</sup> FS's in front of the Arc de triomphe in Paris, certainly during the trip between A-44 Le Peray to A-71 Clastres (Linda Norris/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*

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*view the Arch de Triumph, Eiffel tower, Cathedral of Notre Dame, and last but not least the beautiful women. Yes, it's true what they say about Paris.*

*On the night of the 22<sup>nd</sup> the enlisted men of the squadron gave a party. It was a party you could almost call a pot luck, with French girls, wine that the German left behind in their hurried rush back to the Fatherland, Officers also contributed to the get together by donating their gin, and the Medics gave the power to the Punch. Dancing and drinking were the main entertainments of the evening and a good time was enjoyed by all”.*

*For the 394<sup>th</sup> FS : « The move to A-71, which began on the eighth, held one memorable event for all – the ride through Paris. Our troops had liberated Paris two weeks earlier and she still wore an air of celebration. Undoubtedly the outstanding memory that each man holds of this great city is her women, beautiful legs and all.*

*From Paris, the convoys rolled on to A-71, the Clastres Airfield seven miles south of Saint Quentin. It was the same Clastres that our pilots had dive bombed thirteen days before and our troops had taken but seven days earlier. On our arrival, army engineers were hurriedly filling in the last bomb craters on runways and taxi strips. This second move in one week took the squadron 350 miles into northern France. On the following three days preceding the arrival of our planes, the air echelon appropriated cots and*



*Left and below :  
aerial view of A-71 Clastres from around 1000 feet in the beginning of the 2000's. The main airstrip and taxiway are clearly visible as well as the hardstands where were serviced the aircrafts. The second airstrip is visible on the first picture, crossing the taxiway and the other airstrip (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*





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*Left and below, the large building at A-71 Clastres was used as control tower, operation room, PX and head quarter of the 387<sup>th</sup> Bomber Group, a B-26 bomber unit. The control tower was the square tower in the middle of the building. A part of this building was certainly used by the 367<sup>th</sup> FG. This building was restored by the General Council (a departmental organization) and serves now as a meeting room for the General Council and as a music school (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*Same building as above. The control tower can be seen on the right of the picture. During the war it had a glass roof (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*Left : aeral view of the hardstands, taxiway and runway in A-71 Clastres from around 1000 feet in the beginning of the 2000's. The little wooden area in te center of the hardstand zone was the P.O.L. (Petroleum, oil and lubricant) and PLUTO system (Pipeline Under the Ocean ) to feed the tanks of the vehicules and aircrafts (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*

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straws ticks left by Herr Kraut, supplemented his “C” ration diet with fresh potatoes and onions from German gardens, and started a nightly liberty run to Saint Quentin.

Our planes arrived on the eleventh and on the twelfth two successful missions were flown to Luxembourg and Koblenz. On these first missions from A-71, as the missions from A-44, we felt the full effect of stretched and overworked line of supply. No bombs, no 100 and 80 octane gasoline, very few “C” and “K” rations, and no Army Post Office.

On the night of the twentieth Major Reed held a party for the Enlisted Men of the squadron. The party took place in a former German mess hall on the outskirts of Clastres. Beer, wine, and punch (made from the pilots’ Gin and grapefruit juice) achieved a liquid and boisterous success.

September twenty fifth, Richard Tregaskis, author of “Guadalcanal Diary”, accompanied the squadron. Taking the bombardier’s place in the droop snoot, he flew with Captain McCarthy, squadron leader. The squadron



Runway in ALG A-71 Clastres in the beginning of the 2000s (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



Hardstand in ALG A-71 Clastres in the beginning of the 2000s (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



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*sighted a train of fifty cars near Siegen and peeled off on it. Lt Tremblay picked off the locomotive with a 1,000 pounder and Captain McCarthy and Lt Dawn scored direct hits on the train. The final results were one rail line cut, one locomotive and twenty-five cars destroyed, and a darn good story for Mr Tregaskis”.*

Jack Reed, commanding officer of the 394<sup>th</sup> FS wrote a quick description for the move to Clastres in his diary: “September 12 : This field we are on now was evacuated five days ago by the huns and we are just now getting the runways in shape. This is the field our boys bombed when they got in big scrap and got twenty 109s and 190s (see newsletters # 9, 10 and 11 for the details on this mission). Seems silly to bomb hell out of a field and then have to come in and repair our own damage. There are wrecked hun aircraft all over the field plus quite a few of our own. Rumor was it that we are to move into Belgium very shortly. Sure, hope not. Would like to settle down long enough to change clothes and have a bath”.



*The 2 pictures above shoes the POL (Petrol, Oil and Lubricant in Clastres. It was used to bring the aviation gas up to the hardstands (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*

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Lt Dick Brennan, 394<sup>th</sup> FS, somewhere in an advanced landing ground in France (Connie Barone/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

Dick Brennan, pilot of the 394<sup>th</sup> FS, gave also just a few information on the move to A-71 Clastres :  
“September 12 : moved to Saint Quentin today. A71. Used UC-78. Pilot Brown, Co-pilot Morud, Page, T.J. (probably Lt. Duane Tjomsland) and me. Very large field. Long runway for a change. Bomb scarred, though. Runway craters filled. Buildings badly beat. All from our previous attacks. Underground quarters around and booby trapped. Orderly room confiscated most of prized furniture. Operations is a large mansion of a building. They say San Quentin is full of quail.

September 13 : Snack bar is in business. Mee-Mee (Mee-Mee was running the snackbar, see newsletter # 15) right on the ball. Flew one mission to Frankfort. Fighter sweep. Dodged a little flak. Saw B-24 get hit and spin in. A few scattered parachutes. Took after 2 P-51's. Looked a little like 109's. Another mission this aft to Koln. Sweep. Lousy weather. My radio went out so stuck close to Hink (lieutenant Lloyd Hinkley). Didn't have a map with me. 02:50, 1<sup>st</sup> mission. 02:00, 2<sup>nd</sup>”.

Ernie Snow, a propeller specialist of the 394<sup>th</sup> FS, gives also a description of the move and installation in A-71 : “We leave, long trip, go through Paris, every one waving at the girls. All along the road were wrecked German trucks, probably the work of fighter bombers. We arrive at new field, A-71 near Clastres and Saint Quentin, this is the field our group bombed some time ago. Lot of bomb craters on it. Very large field and a few wrecked German planes on it. Major Gardner came back at this time but left for States (see newsletters # 9, 10 and 11 for the detail on Major Gardner's fate after the mission on August 25, 1944), Major Reed is new C.O.. Lot of cargo planes coming in bringing gas for Patton tanks. We also are short on gas and planes are almost grounded. We have our squad. first party and it was a real brawl. Everyone was drunk on the beer, wine and the kick a poo juice, which is a straight alcohol and grape fruit juice.

Lot of flying going on and planes are having trouble with water in gas. Lt Lee had one engine sputter on take off, he dropped his bombs and wobbled all over the sky but kept flying. Another pilots engine quit on take off and he couldn't get off ground, running off end of field his nose wheel folded up and plane flipped on its back. He got out of that unhurt (this pilot was probably Lt Ed Martin of the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS who crashed on take off on September 22). Lt Parker and Lt Page collided during ascent through clouds and were killed (see newsletter # 13 in the article “honoring the pilots”).



From left to right : Lts Ernest J. Porter, Lloyd j. Andrews and Cap. Robert Douglas in A-71 Clastres. Lloyd Andrew was killed in action on October 20, 1944. Note the building certainly damaged by the bombing of the US Air Force aircrafts, some of them were the P-38s of the 367<sup>th</sup> FG (Ken Jorgensen via Jean-Luc Gruson/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



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*C-47s Dakota lining up for take off at A-71 Clastres. This picture can be linked to the comment of Ernie Snow: « Lot of cargo planes coming in bringing gas for Patton tanks”. Note the P-38 on the left, certainly of the 367th FG (Lillian Dillon/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*

*A lot of our planes are old and getting war weary. Pilots must take them up and see if they are still fit for combat.”*

Col. Charles Young , the C.O. of the 367<sup>th</sup> FG gives an account of the improvement of the living condition in the new bases in France but also from the loss of the Deputy of the group, Lt. Col. Morris “Mo” Crossen (see issues 1 and 2 of the NL for the article written by his daughter, Stacy Crossen Roberts):

*“25 OCT 1944 Somewhere in France*

*Dear Folks :*

*There is nothing worth writing home about. It is too damn cold even to think. And yet it isn't nearly so cold as it will be later this winter. The temperature here isn't very low, but the air is penetrating and raw. Having lived in Texas for five years I'll never again like cold weather.*

*Tragedy struck our little home circle here in the group when my trusted deputy didn't come home from a mission. He was the man with whom I worked closest in the group, and his loss took a friend and a valuable*



*ALG in France. Note the two P-38 doing their break in the background, above the two men (Junior « Esky » Squires's family/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



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assistant away. There is hope as always that he is a prisoner. He leaves a wife and two kids, one of which he hasn't seen.

We are still thinking in terms of being mobile, and within a few days we'll move again. The next airdrome is also a captured German field and in surprisingly good condition. We will be able to house the officers indoors, but the men will still be in tents. The field has good entertainment facilities, that is, a place for our movie machine and a red cross club. The officer will have a club. I will have to live in barracks without running water, something I hate after having lived so well in my present house. However, I'm going to look around for a chateau or house that will make suitable quarters.

Recently the officers who live in the house with me decided that we needed a change in scenery. So we all took a bath, shaved, put on our Sunday clothes, and went into town to eat a very lousy meal. It was cool to feel dressed up. For the first time I put my ribbons on and they look colorful.

Right : Col. Charles Young, C.O. of the 367<sup>th</sup> Fighter Group with his ground crew on the P-38 « Miss Helena » named after Col. Young's home town in Arkansas (Junior « Esky » Squires's family/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



Below left men of 367<sup>th</sup> FG on the truck used to help to regulate the traffic pattern and to help the pilots to have a steering to come back to base. The man on the left is the radar officer « Dynamite » Donovan (Eddie Rosier via Jack Curtis/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

Below right: another truck with the same role in a French ALG in north east of France. Note the mud in the foreground (Junior « Esky » Squires's family/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



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With the end of the summer time, the life became more difficult for the men. The monthly reports of *“the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS for October 1944 confirms that change : “Gold winds whipped around and in the tents and every spare minute was spent in chopping wood. Early mornings meant longer hours to spend in darkness, and we wondered if the Army would add dehydrated pumpkins to the C-rations in keeping with the season. Thus October came and passed in the ETO (European Theater of Operation) .../... In the morning of the 14<sup>th</sup> of October, Major General Hoyt Vandenberg arrived to A-71 to present the DFC (Distinguished Flying Cross) to some pilots of the 367<sup>th</sup> FG.*



Left: General Vandenberg, C.O. of the 9th Air Force, in A-71 Clastres on October 14, 1944, with Col Charles Young and Lt. Col. Morris « Mo » Crossen in A-71 Clastres (Jean-Luc Gruson/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

Below left : Lt. Col. Morris « Mo » Crossen and the pilots ready to receive their medal from General Vandenberg (Jean-Luc Gruson/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



Lt. Robert Moorhead in an ALG in France (Junior « Esky » Squires's family /archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

*The same day Lt Robert Moorhead, coming back from leave, was asked by Lt Bradley (intelligence officer) his favorite wish. Lt Moorhead answered: “to return to the USA”. He was then asked his second favorite wish to which he answered: “to make my captaincy”. To these answers he was told that both his order to be sent home and his captaincy had come in. The next day he was on his way home. In fact the orders to send back home the original pilots of the squadron started to arrive to the squadron.*

*There was a time that the announcement of a proposed move would stir a multitude of emotions in the hearts of the men but when captain Glotzbach announced that we were going to move, the men received the news with bored acknowledgements.*

*On the 28<sup>th</sup>, with no fuse, bother and trouble, we moved and in record time we were set up for operations. Our new field located at Juvincourt reminded us of the flat plains of Idaho and although the move was eastward, we knew it was one move closer to home”.*



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Ed Whigham, radar officer of the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS, gives a lot of details on the move to A-71 Clastres in his war memories : « *With the Normandy breakout we moved our airbases further into France but still west of Paris. Later at the end of August our advanced echelon was ordered to move to St. Quentin, a town northeast of Paris not far from the Belgium border, to take over the former German airbase there. As our advanced echelon moved beyond Paris along the "route nationale" (national highway), we began to notice gun nests at many crossroads pointing in the direction we were headed. A quick stop and the American soldiers told us they were there to repulse any German efforts to recapture the area. They told us also that control of St. Quentin and the airbase there was uncertain. Nevertheless, we continued on the way and arrived in the middle of the night. For a day or two we were partially surrounded by the Germans, but the American ground forces soon gained full control. The base had been severely bombed, and it took several days to repair the damages enough to make the runways operational and prepare the other facilities needed. Our first customer was an unexpected B-17 bomber of the Eighth Air Force that was rather severely damaged and could not make it back to the UK.*

*At the St. Quentin base the Germans had relocated most of their administrative and sleeping quarters underground, but we did not dare enter them because of booby traps. We lived in tents, as we had throughout Normandy, but those underground areas became a bothersome source of rats.*

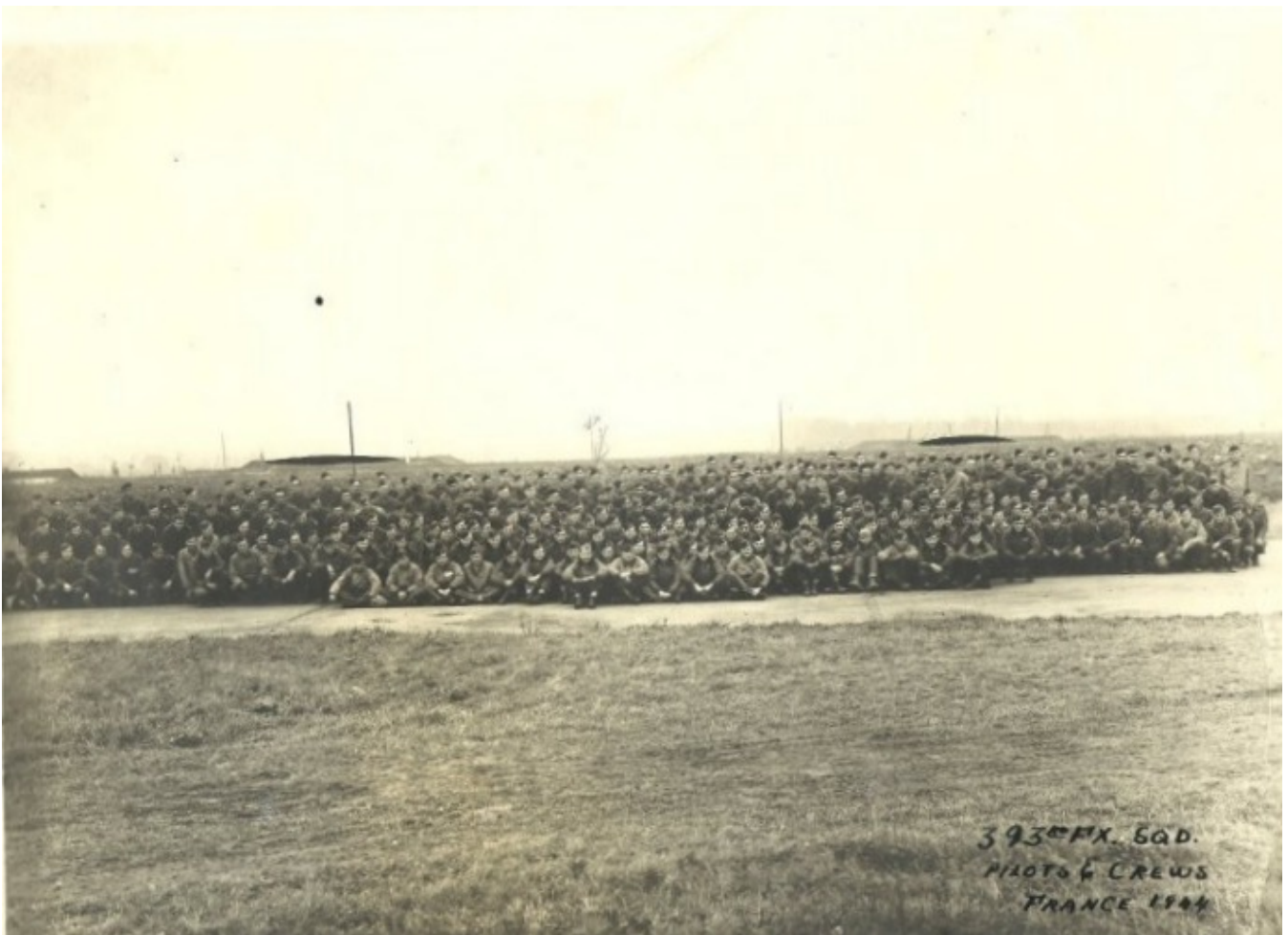
*It was at St. Quentin that I first learned of the terrible German atrocity at the French town of Oradour-sur-Glane. One evening while in the lobby of a small hotel in St. Quentin I noticed a man pass a document to the hotel owner. It was a typed news report (at the time there were no newspapers in small towns) describing how, in reprisal for attacks by the French underground and the kidnapping of a German SS officer, the entire village and its inhabitants were destroyed by an SS division. I have not been to Oradour-sur-Glane but understand the French, as a memorial to those murdered there, have left the village as the Germans left it (The January 11, 1971, issue of Time magazine reported that the commander of the SS division, though convicted and sentenced to death in absentia by a French court after the war, was a building contractor in Dusseldorf). I believe that it was while we were at St. Quentin (though it may have been at an earlier date and another base) that I first saw at close hand a V-1 Buzz Bomb. Before daylight one morning I was awakened*



*Officers and enlisted men of the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS in front of a P-38 Droop Snoot in A-71 Clastres. This photo was probably taken the day Gen. Vandenberg awarded the group of pilots of the outfit on October 14, 1944 (Joyce Yarbrough/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*

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to accompany a BDS (Bomb Disposal Service) team to a site where French civilians reported that a largely undamaged V-1 had landed in a field. It was one of the first to be discovered intact. The purpose of having me along (I knew nothing about rockets or bomb disposal) was to determine if it was radio controlled. When we arrived, the BDS group first set up a base in foxholes about 75 yards from the V-1 and then moved forward and dug a another foxhole adjacent to the rocket before they touched anything. They then strung a telephone line back to the remote foxhole—with me wondering all the while what was the purpose of all those preparations just at daylight on a very cold morning. Then one of the BDS technicians went forward and began to inspect and open the V-1. As he did, he carefully described by telephone every move he was making—for example, “one turn of the wrench fifteen degrees to the right”; and I soon understood that if it blew up, the next fellow opening a V-1 would know not to make that particular move. After he had removed the trigger mechanism for the explosives, we went forward to inspect it. I could see no sign of radio control. In fact, it used an inertial guidance system and the entire rocket was a fairly simple and cheaply produced jet system. An RAF transport flew in that day and took the V-1 to laboratories in England for study. While we were at St. Quentin I went with our chaplain on an unusual assignment. Earlier, while we were in Normandy, one of our pilots crashed in eastern France somewhere near the Marne River, and other members of the flight doubted his survival. Once we moved into eastern France, our CO assigned the chaplain to locate the crash site and determine whether the pilot survived, and the chaplain asked me to go with him because I could speak a little French. We were told that the pilot’s father, who naturally was anxious to know the fate of his son, had powerful connections in Washington and had convinced officials there to request an on-the-spot investigation by his fighter group. We went to the general area where it was thought he had crashed. Many Allied planes had crashed in eastern France, and we had to check several villages before finding one where the inhabitants reported that a fighter aircraft generally fitting the description of our fighter had crashed. We climbed into the hills and located



Enlisted men and officers of the 393<sup>rd</sup> FS around Col. Charles Young, C.O. of the 367<sup>th</sup> FG, probably in A-71 Clastres. If someone has such a picture with the men of the 394<sup>th</sup> FS, it would be great to share it with us (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG association)



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the two crash sites: a bomber aircraft and a fighter. Both were torn into pieces; the bomber was an RAF plane, but the fighter was not the one for which we were searching. After the bomber crashed, the local people said they had brought the bodies to the village church, laid them with flowers before the altar, and later buried them in the church graveyard. We examined the graves in the graveyard, but the dog tags were for RAF fliers. (The bodies of any Americans thus interred later were relocated to an American military cemetery or sent home). Unfortunately, even after several days of searching we were unable to find the site of this officer's crash. The French told us that when the German army reached Allied crash sites first, the bodies were sent to a German military cemetery south of Paris and buried there. Though the chaplain and I were unsuccessful in our mission, I retain an indelible impression of the kindness and concern of the local French in helping us in the search and their grief at the death of the young Allied pilots who lay before the altar in their village churches. (After the war the 367 FG Association determined that pilot for whom we had searched in fact survived the crash and was assisted by French citizens).



Nice drawing on the walls of an old building in A-71 Clastres in the beginning of the 2000's (Eddie Rosier/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

Left : probably Lt. Walter Bingham, 392<sup>nd</sup> FS, in one of the ALG in France (Junior « Esky » Squires's family /archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



Right : unidentified pilot of the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS, in one of the ALG in France (Junior « Esky » Squires's family /archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



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*P-38 of Lt. Donald Packham, 393<sup>rd</sup> FS, and certainly one of his ground crew at one of the ALG in north east of France (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*Lt. Donald Packham, 393<sup>rd</sup> FS, and an unidentified officer in one of the ALG in France (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*P-38 of the 392<sup>nd</sup> FS ready to take off in one of the ALG in north east of France (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



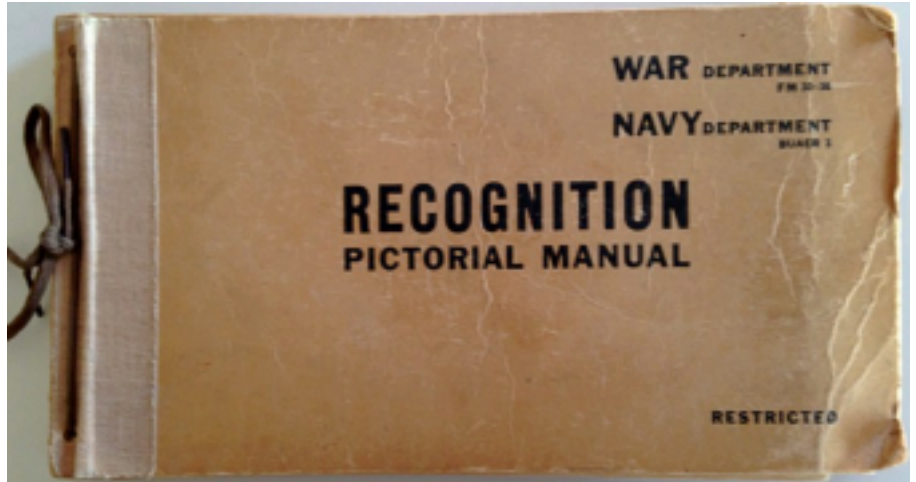
*Above: P-38s of the 393<sup>rd</sup> FS in one of the ALG in north east of France. The 2 pictures are thought to be the same P-38 flown by Lt. Stanley Pacek. Note the belly tanks behind the P-38 on the right (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



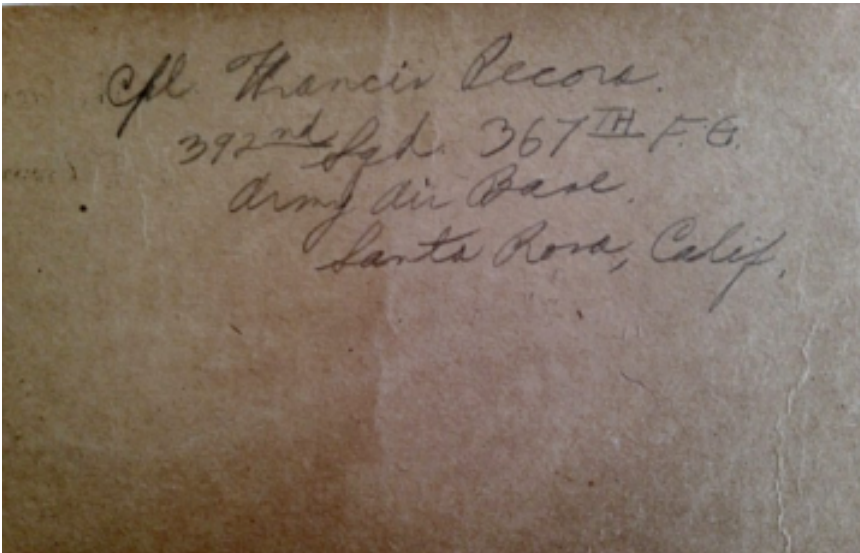
## A SPECIAL BOOK

In July 2015 Wayne Pecora showed me the recognition book of his father, Francis Pecora, a crew chief of the 392<sup>nd</sup> Fighter Squadron. This book was made to instruct the men on the aircrafts of all countries at war.

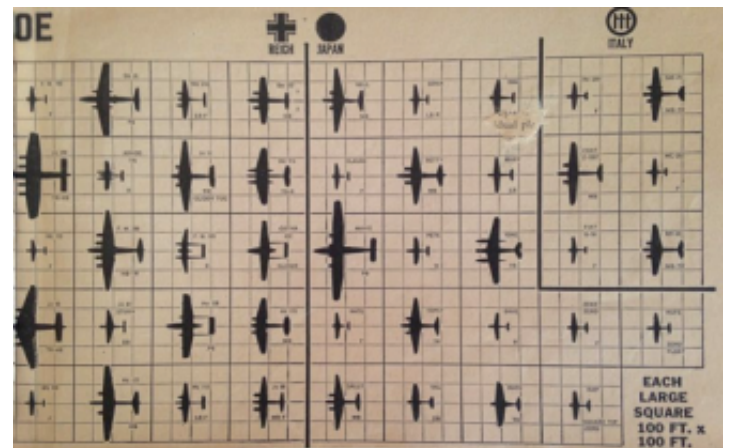
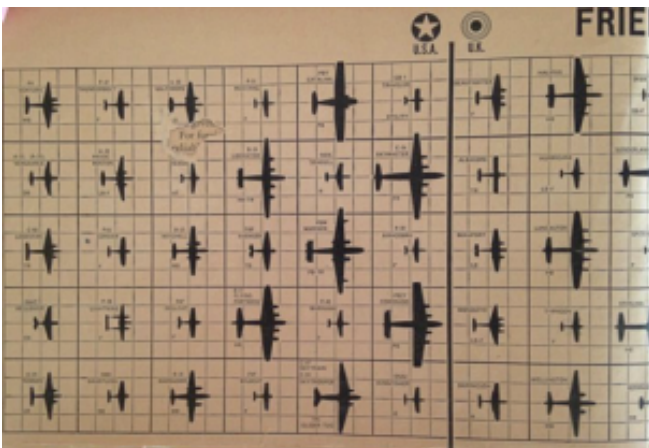
That's a piece of history of the 367<sup>th</sup> fighter group and another family treasure !



Top cover of the recognition book  
(Wayne Pecora/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



Francis Pecora wrote his name on the back of the cover (Wayne Pecora/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

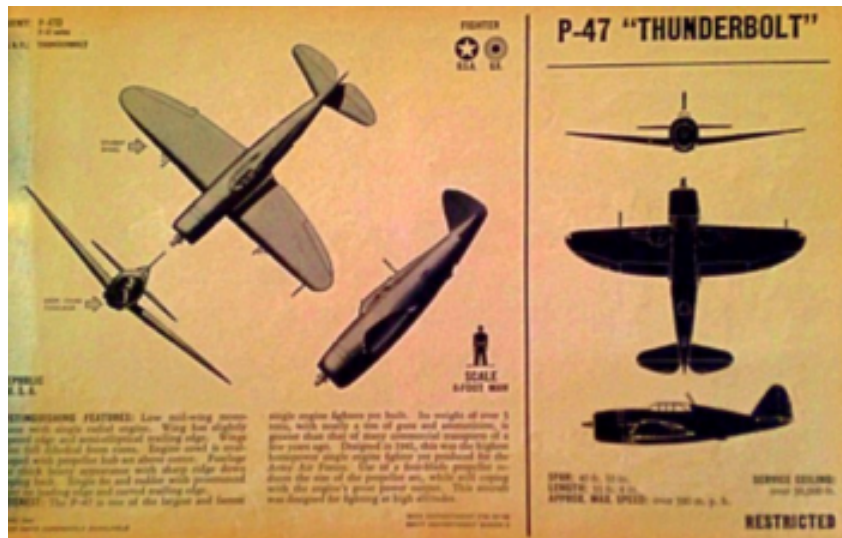


The recognition book contains the silhouettes of the allied and Axis planes respectively on the « Friend » side and « Foe » side (Wayne Pecora/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)

## The « FRIENDS »



Above and right: the fighters of the good guys : P-38 Lightning and P-47 Thunderbolt (Wayne Pecora/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



## The « FOES » !



The fighters of the bad guys : Focke-Wulf 190 and Me-109 (Wayne Pecora/archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)



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## HONORING THE PILOTS – 2<sup>nd</sup> Lts. Henry Gillespie (392<sup>nd</sup> FS) and Earl Peters (393<sup>rd</sup> FS)

We saw in newsletters # 6 and 7 that the 367th FG had its first dogfight against the Luftwaffe on 17 June 1944. During this dogfight Lts Henry Gillespie, Earl Peters and George White (393rd FS) were killed in action. The article « Honoring the pilots » in newsletter # 11 dealt with the ceremony in honor of Lt. White organized by the association Forced Landing in September 1995. This association had organized a new ceremony on Saturday 7 July 2018 to honor Lts. Henry Gillespie (392nd FS) and Earl Peters. This ceremony took place in the small village of Dampierre-sur-Blevy, department of Eure-et-Loir, France.

Earl, the nephew of Lt. Earl Peters, and his wife Karen came from northern California to attend this ceremony. A plaque with the name of the two pilots was unveiled. A flyby was even made by a Cessna 172 RG with one pass a low speed and one pass at high speed. This is the first time we had the chance to have a flyby in honor of men of the 367th FG.

Lts Peters and Gillespie are both buried in the American cemetery in Colleville sur Mer, Normandy, just above Omaha Beach.



*French veterans and Mr. Pierre Colson of the ONACVG (national veteran and war victims office) during the ceremony*



*Lt. Henry Gillespie at the municipal airport in Sacramento sometime between the end of 1943 to March 1944 (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*Plaque in honor of Lts Gillespie and Peters in Dampierre sur Blevy, France, unveiled on July 7, 2018 (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*



*Lt. Earl Peters in Oakland, Ca, in March 1944 (archives 367<sup>th</sup> FG)*





Right: Earl and Karen Peters just after the plaque in honor of Lts. Henry Gillespie and Earl Peters had been unveiled



Left : the graves of Lts. Earl Peters and Henry Gillespie in the cemetery in Dampierre-sur-Blevy, department of Eure-et-Loir. Note the amount of flowers covering the 2 graves  
Below : same place in July 2018. The two graves were just in the foreground of this photo (Forced Landing association)







Invitation card for the ceremony in honor of Lts Peters and Gillespie on July 7, 2018, in Dampierre sur Blévy, France. Note the wonderful work of Christian Dieppedale above and below (Forced Landing association)



Poster for the ceremony in honor of Lts Peters and Gillespie on July 7, 2018, in Dampierre sur Blévy, France (Forced Landing association)

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## Books, DVDs and Links

### **TWIG'S LEGACY or RESILIENCE by Gary Hartwig and Tom Wilke**

A few weeks ago, I received an email from Gary Hartwig, the son of Captain Horace M. (Twig) Hartwig, 392<sup>nd</sup> FS.

He informed me of the book he wrote with his very good friend Tom Wilke that could interest anyone linked to the 367<sup>th</sup> FG. This book relates the history of his father and the tragedies he and his family endured after WWII.

Gary is not one to dwell in his past; it has however haunted him at times. He has had more than his share of tragedy and loss, starting with his mother's stroke when he was 4 years old, the death of his older brother Kent when Gary was 12 and the accidental drowning of his brother Curt.

The biggest blow at age 15, came when his father, Twig, was murdered in Florida in 1971. The circumstances surrounding Twig's death included a land development deal in Florida, involvement with some dark characters, drug smuggling and federal indictments. The truth about what really happened was clouded by the times, the distance and the undercurrent of illegal activity. Tom and Gary's research is a chronical of events that happened that led Twig to give up his life to protect his family; much like he willingly risked his life completing 65 mission flying a P-38 in WWII.

"Twig's Legacy of Resilience" is a true example of how a leader from the greatest generation instilled in his family the drive and determination to succeed through a lifetime of trauma.



### **The forgotten airfields**

You will find a good history on the ALG A-71 Clastres and aerial pictures showing the transformation of a grass airfield to a NATO air base

<https://www.forgottenairfields.com/airfield-clastres-a-71-1127.html>

### **Christian Dieppedale**

Christian is an artist who has done a lot of work for the ceremonies organized by the association Forced Landing : posters, invitation cards, covers for booklets, etc. You can find a part of his great work in his website

<https://chdiep.wixsite.com/illustrations/blank-on6wy>

### **Coming in the next Newsletter**



- The advanced landing grounds in France, part 5
- Transition to the P-47
- Honoring the pilots, part 9