

Members of the 515 Bombardment Squadron, Heavy, of the 376th Bomb Group, Heavy, of the 5th Bombardment Wing of the 15th Air force.

**Wilbur Parvin,
Pilot**

September the 8th, 1980, and it is remarkable in that three B24 crews from World War II have gathered here at Camp Fellowship for our first reunion in 35 years. The three pilots of the three crews are my cousin, Dick Parvin and his good friend Ed Naul, and myself, Wilbur Parvin, and the members of our crews, at least those that we could get to come and most wanted to come and some could not. And in some cases, some of us have members of our families with us, our wives, and or a few of our children. Most of us that have children of course know that they are grown and out on their own.

Our crew was assembled in Topeka Kansas in 1944 as I suppose were the other crews present. We were first brought together there for this overseas assignment. We had all had our training separately as pilots or as gunners or as engineers or as radio operators, or whatever and this was the first time we had gotten together in Topeka Kansas.

The members of our particular crew in addition to myself were: Moody Mulky, copilot, Lou Cali, Navigator, Harvey Coulter, Bombardier and the enlisted men who were both gunners and served in other capacities were Gordon Wright, Jim Peach, Floyd Bedor, Charlie Wall, Don Derfer and John Lukens

Of this group of ten, there are five of us present, the four who were officers then, Parvin, Mulky, Cali, and Coulter, and Jim Peach who was our radio/operator/gunner. The other men could not come or we have lost track of through the years.

Our assigned area of service during World War II was in southern Italy. Of course we were in the 15th air force and 376th bomb group. And we were based down in the heel of Italy at a little place called San Pancrazio. It was just a landing strip with tents around it mostly, as were most of the bases during the war, very temporary, and rudimentary.

We were overseas nine months and did a complete tour of bombing missions over Europe and in the Adriatic area. We were very fortunate, of course, we went over in August of 1944 and completed our missions about March of 1945, I not sure but I know we were on our way home on shipboard when the war in Europe ended. We had been expecting to be reassigned to the Pacific area when we got home, but we were very happy that they didn't need us when the war in Europe ended. Our missions were, for the most part fairly routine and fairly pleasant if any kind of war activity is pleasant.

We didn't have any enemy fighter opposition which was certainly something that pleased us. We did have a lot of enemy anti aircraft to worry about over targets, but that was rather brief on most missions. We flew all over Southern Europe and northern Italy and Yugoslavia on our 49 missions or 35 sorties.

We had no casualties on our crew, thank goodness, and, most of the damage to us from enemy action to us was flak holes in the air plane which was as close as we cared to come anyway. We had an enlisted man assigned to our crew at Topeka Kansas that we did not take overseas with us. This was a sergeant who had been in some trouble before, we didn't know it. I'm not sure just what his problems were but we had some trouble with him when we were in Newfoundland waiting for overseas clearance.

So we left him there in Newfoundland and proceeded to Southern Italy, and were assigned a man to take his place overseas. The man we left in Newfoundland was Floyd Bedore and the man we picked up in Italy to take his place as our nose gunner was Guile Casilino.

Guile was an enlisted man in Italy and he was wanting to get in a tour of combat missions so that he could rotate home and he did even though it was difficult for him because he was one of those unfortunate people who got airsick every time he went aloft so He had to take along an extra helmet for him on each mission for his own personal needs.

After we came home to the states, it was March or April, or maybe April or maybe even May I guess it was May as I recall in 1945. They offered us discharges, if we wanted to get out, and as far as I remember most of us did want to get out. We had plans for further schooling or for other responsibilities.

I personally decided to try Theological seminary after I was discharged and went to Columbia Seminary in Decatur, GA for three years along with my wife and son who was born while I was overseas. I've been a Presbyterian Minister ever since having graduated from seminary in 1948 and of course am nearing the end of the line with oh, three or four more years more left in active ministry probably.

It is interesting that our crewmembers have done quite a variety of things and you will be hearing from some of the others about their own work and vocation and professions. We have all chosen a different field or endeavor with the exception of two of our men, both of them who are lawyers and you will hear both of them on the tape soon.

I've seen some of our crewmembers during the intervening 35 years, but only a few, so this get-together 35 years later is an opportunity for us that we all are enjoying.

We only wish that the others could be here who are not present. At least two of them very much had wanted to come and had planned to come but could not because of other family responsibilities. The three that we have lost track of, I don't know anything about their circumstances, and they are: Gordon Wright, and Charlie Wall, and Val Casilino.

Living as we did during the war in Southern Italy many of us had a lot to learn about Italians in general and the Southern Italians in particular. It seemed to us that Italy is very much like our own United States in that the southern people are more agricultural and more, well, those that we saw at least were living a simpler life style in small villages with the main activity seeming to be the cultivation of grapes and the production of wine. There were a lot of olive trees in the area and a lot of almond trees in the area. But, it was a relatively poor section of Italy.

We were able to visit Naples and Florence and Rome a little bit during the war. We spent a week in the Isle of Capri which was enjoyable. We didn't really get to see most of the better known and more famous parts of Italy.

I was personally surprised that Italians come in all kinds of shapes, sizes and colors just like everybody else. They are not all dark skinned or brunettes. We saw some blonds and redheads as well blue eyes as well as brown. Of course this is normal, but we just hadn't anticipated it

Most of our activities and experiences in Italy were fairly routine on an air base during World War II. Because we succeeded the Germans who had succeeded the Italians, some of these bases, a lot of the buildings we used and the area we used had been part of the service activities of these former military units. We began our life in Italy living in tents, and in time were able to move to some wooden barracks, which were quite primitive and crude, even so, but at least were better than tents. The officers lived together in a small room, I think all four of us were in the same room, I'm not sure. I believe there were four of us together. I know Moody and Harvey were in the room with me and I think Lou was also in the room; anyway enlisted men lived in separate quarters. And yet in the air force during the war, rank meant very little so far as relationships would go. We didn't have too much formality about who was an officer and who wasn't.

Everybody had a job to do, and we tried to do it, and we worked together very well. There wasn't too much consciousness of rank or of sir or saluting or of military discipline as such.

We didn't have any especially harrowing experiences during our many missions. We had a few hits from anti aircraft fire to our ship. One particular one cut a gas line in the bomb bay, and we had gasoline running all over the place and we were worried about explosions because of some of the electric motors that were in that section of the airplane, especially if we opened the bomb bay doors or when it came time to land, we didn't know if there would be a spark that would be enough to do us in or not, but anyway, when that gas line was cut, we left the formation and headed for the closest emergency field that we could find which was in Northern Italy. It was a British fighter bomber base, and we landed there thinking that we would have to spend some time making repairs, but we were lucky and we were able to patch the gas line ourselves in a makeshift form and take off and then fly on back on back to base in the same day.

We did come home a number of times from missions with one engine out, on one or more occasions we came home with two engines out. And of course this isn't too difficult if you have plenty of altitude and aren't carrying too heavy a load. A B 24 flies pretty well on two engines, at least if they are not both on the same side. On one occasion on our way to target, we lost two engines, and of course, the normal procedure was to feather the props so that there wasn't any particular drag. We lost those two engines and of course had to turn around and head for home. The normal practice was to drop the bombs over the Adriatic so that you didn't have to try and land with those bombs on board. On one occasion there were clouds under us, and we didn't know who was going along on the Adriatic down there so we kept hanging on to the bombs as we were flying back towards base.

And by the time we got back to base, we still had plenty of altitude and we still had the bombs on board. So I decided that there wasn't any point in trying to drop the bombs; they were not alive. We did not pull the pins on them so we just figured that we could go ahead and land with the bombs on board which we did without any trouble. It was a foolish choice on my part, because had we had an emergency and had to go around I'm not sure we could have done it with the bombs on board but subsequently the base commander said nobody lands a ship at this base

with bombs on board on two engines. So I realized indirectly, that that had been poor judgment on my part, but we were lucky and it caused no problem.

Most of our crew flew together on most of our missions. All of us flew with another crew, I guess on the first mission or two, and once in a while a crew would need an engineer or a navigator or somebody and would use one of our crew members, but for the most part, we all had about the same number of missions, and so we finished up about the same time. I think maybe there was a little bit of an exception in the case of one or two of the men who may have finished first or a little later than some of us.

Our crew was, I think, remarkably well suited to each other. We didn't have any big personnel problems about getting along with each other. The four officers got along very well; once in a while we had a little bit of trouble with some of the men drinking too much and not being able to hold it and messing up the floor there in our small bedroom, and that didn't please me very much but anyway, it was not a big thing.

We also had an interesting fact that some of the men liked to drink, and some of us didn't, so after every mission, everybody was given two ounces, I think it was two ounces of whisky. This was to relax those who wanted it and needed it and a lot of the men instead of taking the shot of whisky then would save it up and have a party on a particular occasion. So, since I was a non drinker, and I'm not sure who else drank, and who didn't in the crew but. Oftentimes they were trying to get me to try this and try that and do this or do that, so I didn't see any reason just to try to learn to drink to suit them. So I never did learn.

Some of the men, not on our crew, overindulged. Now most of the men were very careful to not drink the night before a mission. We usually knew when we were scheduled to go on a mission, so if a man knew he was scheduled to fly the next day he didn't do a lot of drinking.

Occasionally a man would forget, or didn't know or was changed the last minute and was assigned to a mission after he had had a rather heavy night at the officer's club at the bar. On one occasion one of our fellow pilots who was still pretty well inebriated was taking off, I don't know just what happened but the plane went off the runway at a rather sharp angle when it wasn't supposed to, and here he was heavily loaded with bombs and gasoline and was taking off on a mission, and here he was now going off the runway in a way which looked almost like certain disaster. Well, he didn't know what else to do but he just pulled back on the stick enough to force the airplane into the air before it was supposed to go in the air and somehow it responded and he was able to become airborne and to clear the obstacles which were in front of him.

So there was no disaster at all, but we often wondered how in the world he could have survived that kind of maneuver. Other incidents happen at a base like that are sometimes funny and sometimes serious and sometimes both.

On one day, I was officer of the day in the tower the observation tower where the controls were given to men coming in or men taking off. And we had a signal from a plane coming back from a mission that they had been hit and that they were on two engines, and furthermore that one of their tires had been shot out.

Well, we didn't see how in the world they could land a bomber on two engines with a tire shot out, because we knew that as soon as that flat tire hit the runway that plane was going to

veer off the runway and spin and probably crash. So, we cleared the area and had the fire trucks and the ambulances ready and the plane came in, and they tried to land on the good tire as long as possible to hold the flat tire up, but we knew that as soon as that went down, things were going to start happening, and they did. The plane veered off the runway and went slithering across the dirt field with parts flying off the plane the thing was just skidding along and it was soon on its belly because the one wheel couldn't hold it up and the nose wheel either. Anyway it was slithering along on its belly and just kept going and kept going and I could hear the metal crumpling and things coming off; and it just looked like it never would stop but I was glad that it kept going. And finally when it was just about to stop it went up on its nose but it didn't turn over; it flopped back down on its belly, and I said "Well, maybe it won't blow up. The men came out just as fast as they could get out. They came out like ants out of an ant hill. The plane did not blow up. So there was no real emergency, but of course we knew that it was quite likely to blow up.

We were fortunate, they were fortunate that it did not. That was a sad and tragic and yet funny experience all at once and we were happy for the outcome. A number of our experiences, I'm sure the others will remember, one particular occasion, I think it was Armistice Day in 1944. We were on a group mission, and we were flying in the clouds. Many of our missions were in the ice clouds, the Cirrus clouds at high altitude, because you can see other planes in the Cirrus clouds without too much difficulty.

We were over the northern Adriatic, and we came into some cumulus clouds which are water vapor and, and of course, they are like fog. You can't see through them. So our formation went into this cumulus cloud, and we didn't know what to do or what not to do because here we were, seven planes flying almost within touching distance of each other and nobody could see anybody else, at least barely. I was flying number four position, that's the tail; I was right under and behind the lead ship

Of course other planes were on either side of the lead ship and either side of me. Well, we, of course, tried to maintain our cool, and the men on the side tried to see as long as they could and then they veered off some. When we finally broke out of the cloud, I was still in number four position of the lead ship, but nobody else was around us, and we didn't know where anybody was. We found out later on that two of the planes did collide and crash. We had some near collisions with others, but no other collisions. So, of course we turned around and went back to base. The lead ship and I were still together, and the others came in one by one as they were able to except those two that crashed and fell into the sea. So that was probably our most serious tragedy of our particular bombing missions, because two whole crews were lost even though it was not to enemy action. It was because of the clouds which we ran into and we couldn't help.

Moody Mulky

Co Pilot

This is Old Moody Mulky. I say old because I am old, and because I'm the oldest member of the crew. In fact I had an unusual experience about my birth certificate.

When I went over from Vienna, Georgia to Americus, Georgia to take my test for flying training, I passed all the tests. I was 26 years of age of the time, which was a maximum, and I did not take my birth certificate with me because I didn't have one. And they told me that they could not swear me in until I produced a birth certificate. I called my father, and the doctor that brought me into the world was still living. He called him. My father made a mistake. He didn't remember my birthday. I was born in 1915.

My father told my doctor that I was born in 1916. So, my birth certificate showed 1916. When I received the birth certificate, my wife Edith, and naturally so, said "Good," "You don't have to go for another year, you could wait" but something was there you know that wouldn't let you wait after I had already passed the test for flying training. And that old spirit was there, so that was in June, and the following October four months later I had a meeting in Atlanta. I took my birth certificate with me and passed all the tests again and let them swear me in and went home and told Edith; she didn't like it, and I couldn't blame her, but that's why I'm still the oldest one on the crew at 65 years of age..

When I went into training, they sent us to Miami Beach along with ten thousand others. They weren't prepared for us. We lived in the best hotels on Miami Beach less the furnishings and the carpets. We were in army cots. From there they sent us to Cookeville, Tennessee, a college training detachment situation where you would stay from one to three months. I can't remember if I stayed one or two months.

From Cookeville, Tennessee, I was sent to Nashville, Tennessee for screening where they put you in a revolving chair and asked you all these questions. The deal was that if you said you didn't take a drink, and if you didn't like to go out with girls, then you had had it. So I admitted to taking a drink, and I was married so that settled the girls situation.

This is where we were classified as to whether you would be a pilot etc. From there, I was sent to Maxwell field, Alabama near Montgomery for two months. It was a little West Point, spit and polish deal. From there to Ocala, Florida for primary flying training in the old PT17 in the crop duster biplane. Had no problem. This was at Ocala, Florida.

From Ocala, Florida I went to Bainbridge, Georgia for basic flying training in the BT 13s and 15s. I had a little problem in Bainbridge, I had an Ohio Captain who was CO of our squadron, and he just didn't like this old slow talking Southerner. He picked on me no end. On many occasions, he would have me go out in our little shack on the flying line the ready shack, and bring a piece of coal in for the stove one piece at a time.

He would pick on me alone, and when I flew with him, cause this was part of the deal in basic flying training, the psychological deal. They tried to harass you, curse you, do everything to say “I give up” I’ve had it; I don’t want any part of it. I knew this, and I was determined not to let them get me down. But it came close with my old Yankee Captain. Downtown I would walk across the street to keep from saluting him.

He was responsible for my having to stay over an extra month there; he said I needed more time flying. I’m surprised he didn’t wash me out. But I made it through alright. I went from there to Albany, Georgia for my advanced training in the old AT 10s. As you know the old AT10 training plane was called the bamboo bomber.

I guess up to this point getting my wings and my little gold bar. Of course, we sweated out getting that little blue bar as you well remember. But I guess the most thrilling parts of my military life up this time was soloing in the old PT17. And getting my wings and bar.

From Albany I was sent to Laredo, Texas for flying training in B24s. And from there, our crew assembled at Topeka, Kansas and we went to Tucson, Arizona for further training as a crew.

Let me say at this point that if I had it all to go all over again, and could pick the fellows I wanted to be with, the other nine fellows; I wouldn’t change one single person in the crew. We all got along fine together. We had a good time together, and we worked as a team.

My memories are not as it used to be, but I believe that we left from some place in New Hampshire and went to Gander Field where we lost our nose gunner. Actually he got a little too much to drink and was trying to get some items for our crew and for our ship, a coffee maker that you plugged into the plane and one or two other items that he took at his state where he had a little too much booze, but he was caught by the MPs at Gander Field which accounted for us having to stay at Gander Field for nearly a month for a court martial procedure. We were very unhappy that he was given six months of hard labor. We did not appreciate that decision.

We left from there to go to the Azores. I stayed on the intercom most of the time and had trouble with our navigator Lou Cali because I’d call him on the intercom on the way to the Azores.

I’d say “Lou, where in the heck are we?”

He’d say, “I don’t know. I’m lost.”

That was the standard routine from then on. We were in the plane going somewhere and I’d have to call Lou.

“Where are we?”

“I don’t know. We’re lost.”

So we enjoyed that very much. It helped break the tension a lots of time on the way.

Lou hit the Azores on the head, missed Marrakesh in North Africa by just a few miles. Went from there to Tunis.

We were looking for a night club in Tunis. I never will forget. We approached a nice looking white woman. She had a small child in a baby carriage. And I told the fellows I said, just stand back, I had three years of French in school, and I said I handle French very well. I went up to the lady and was trying to ask her in French the location of a night club in Tunis. And she said, “No Compris. Please speak English.” That was a little embarrassment for me and my French.

I never will forget landing at this town in Italy where we were designated to land for reassignment. We ran into this fellow from New Zealand. He had been lost from his company for months and months, but he went every month and collected his pay from the British Paymaster in the city. He became our guide and took us around to a few places you could eat without fear of getting food poisoning. We often wondered what happened to him.

I'm sure Par mentioned about our quarters in San Pancrazio on the base there. First we were living in a squad tent and then moved into these little old barracks that the Italian Air Force had used.

There was barely room for four cots in this little cubby hole where we stayed, and one of the problems was rats. You couldn't leave any food lying around. The big wharf rats would guff it up. In the wintertime we feared for our lives from this 100 octane gasoline from this Jerry-made stove that we had in our room. We were in more more danger from that stove blowing up than we were on many missions.

My first five missions as a co-pilot, I flew with another crew so that I could get experience. And an experienced co-pilot was assigned to Wilbur for obvious reasons I can't remember all the details, but I know some way or another I wound up with 51 missions. The rest of our crew had 50 missions. I'm just pleased that I didn't get my posterior shot off on that 51st mission.

As I mentioned earlier about talking to Lou on the intercom, Wilbur had to guard the outside channels on the radio and I and of course the rest of the crew on the intercom. And we tried to keep up, particularly when we were on our way to a mission to keep some light banner going along so that nobody would freeze up. Our only problem was Wall the top turret gunner. You never knew whether he had his mike on or what he was doing. He didn't say a word. You could call him. You could call him and he wouldn't answer on the way to a mission. He would just stay frozen up there. We had to go around and visually look to see if he was in position. That was the only way of checking on Wall.

All of us remember our Italian barbershop. Haircuts were a dime and shaves were a nickel or vice-versa. I grew a mustache and you had to take your own hot water in a bucket when you wanted a shave. You sat in a straight chair which was very uncomfortable. But my barber when I grew the mustache he was just exceedingly happy because it was different and giving him something to fool with and the fact is he would have kept me in that doggone chair for an hour getting every hair in place if I'd let him do it. Then when I decided to grow a beard he was really ecstatic. Everything had to be perfect before he would let me out of the chair. He didn't raise the price when I grew the beard. It was still the same price.

I think we can all remember going to briefings and they would say that the Moosbierbaum oilfields in Southern Austria was our target for the day. Then, if there was any conversation in the room, it was quickly quelled—no more cause everybody got scared to death. This was the worst target for flack that we had.

After briefing actually I know at times I would say a little prayer that some bad weather would come up where we could see that red flare and maybe the mission would be changed for the next time.

We were fortunate that we never did have a purple heart on our crew. We had two close calls. Lou Cali, we had a little bubble window up on the flight deck where he could stick his

head and look down and make observation. He had dropped his pencil, and when he went to stick his head back in the bubble window he noticed that a piece of flack had gone directly vertically up through the bubble window and would have killed him if his head had been in the correct position.

The other close call is back in the waist, I can't remember and Jim Peach didn't remember either because he was in the waist and we were talking about it here at our reunion as to which one was involved. But I remember clearly that a piece of flack cut the mike cord off between the chin and the chest. It was either Peach or Derfler. Maybe somebody will straighten me out on this.

I say again, if we had to do it all over again that I would select the same crew members to serve with.

After the war was over, but before the war was over, when we were sent back to the states I met my wife Edith in Atlanta and we were walking down Peachtree St. and we heard the announcement that the war in Europe was over. I went back to my old job as manager of the Middle Georgia Electric Membership Corporation in Vienna, Georgia where I left from. Since then, my life has been rather routine, no big deals. We enjoy our two daughters, Twila and Selina and now are enjoying our two grandchildren, Tracey and Scott. I hope all my crew members have many grandchildren, because they are a great joy in your life.

It has been a great pleasure to have served with such a nice bunch of fellows.

Lou S. Cali Navigator

My name is Louis S. Cali. I was the navigator on Wilbur Parvin's crew. We are presently having the first reunion after approximately 35 years of being a member of this crew. It is a very nostalgic occurrence.

Perhaps I should start as to how I got into the service originally, I was in college, my first year of college in Villanova University when the war in 1941 broke out. And at that time, contrary to how the youth of today feel, most of the young people of draft age felt that we should defend our country. And we had a sense of responsibility to the country in which we lived. Therefore many college students joined various reserves. My choice was the Air force reserves. And of course, we had no idea that we might be called for a year or two or maybe three years and perhaps we could finish our college education first.

Many of the students who joined the naval reserve were able to finish their college education. This was not the primary reason they joined the reserves though.

At any event early in 1942, suddenly they called approximately 2000 college students of the Air Force Reserve and shipped us all to Miami Beach, Florida where my basic training started. Spent about two months there, and we were sent to various places.

And was tested, became a cadet, and was tested for whether I should be a bombardier navigator, or pilot, and once went through various means and schools and ended up as a navigator, and joined with the crew of Wilbur Parvin, and Harvey Coulter and Moody Mulki. They were the four officers, Parvin being the pilot, Mulki the copilot, and Coulter, the bombardier with me the navigator.

The peculiar part was that I was the youngest member not only of the four officers, but perhaps of the other six crew members, the enlisted personnel. There may have been one younger than I or the same age. But it turns out that I had to live with Parvin and Mulky and Coulter and bunk together as we went through the war together on combat missions. They were all older than I as I said with the closest one being Harvey Coulter being four years older than I was.

I tell them now that they took advantage of a young kid who was naïve and didn't know what the score was, and if anything I ever did wrong it was their fault because I was with them in my early stages of my young adult life. .

The only redeeming thing that probably saved me was that Wilbur Parvin who had gone to forestry school really had intentions of being a minister; of course, he is now a minister and has been since he got out of the service and went to Divinity School.

But, he probably had a very good influence on me. I would say

Coulter and Mulky were the reprobates. And the redeeming and saving feature was Parvin He was obviously going to be a minister and a man of God someday, and that's why I didn't become a drunk; I probably would have.

The only serious problem I had with this crew, I was a Yankee and I was thrown in with these "Show nuff, and down yonder boys, and you all come over here and that kind of thing. And boy that was all new to me. And boy, they took advantage of it, too. They thought I didn't know

how to speak English. But they were a little mixed up. They never did learn the English language properly. Besides being the youngest member and being stuck with all these southerners. I had a third problem.

You must understand I was only 18 years old. I was a Roman Catholic, and they were all Protestants. I think that in the crew there was only one other. One of the gunners was a Catholic. But of course we weren't together that often. So I had a problem. We had some psychological discussions. Very interesting. I learned something about the Protestant religion, mainly from Wilbur.

But I got back at them. When we were in Rome we all ended up seeing the Pope, and I figured they would all see the light eventually. One of the interesting things about seeing the Pope is that at that time there was a room where about 200 people could go to, and the Pope would then come and speak. What amazed me was that he spoke in Italian and then he spoke in English with a heavy accent. The most outstanding thing was the ferventness and the high emotionalism that the Italian people had on seeing the Pope. They would scream and yell, "Il Papa, Il Papa," which means, the Father, the Father. And it was such an amazing thing to see how excited they would become. It seemed they were going to faint with the emotion.

Over the years there are two stories which I tell which are true stories about my overseas experience. One has to do with a very dangerous mission which our crew flew. I forget the exact town. There was very heavy flack. And it was a very dangerous mission. Anyway when we had been approaching the target and going over the target. And one of the duties the navigator had and other crew members if they had the presence of mind was to look and see how we were doing with the bombs and the target whether we had hit the target and how close we had come, and I was looking out a bubble on this the side of this particular plane which it had for the navigators to look out of, and I looked out of the bubble and as I was doing so I dropped my pencil,

I went down to pick up my pencil, while I was picking it up, I heard this rattle. I went back to look out the window. And right where my temple had been in this bubble there was a hole about the size of a quarter. And through which a piece of heavy metal, "flack" this piece of metal had gone through the bubble; it would have gone through right through my temple and no doubt, I wouldn't be here making this tape. I always felt that providence had something to do with it. For some reason, my life was spared. After that mission I did locate some pieces of metal which was flack which was being shot at us in that airplane. I still have a piece of it. I don't know if it's the particular piece that went through that hole, but at least it's a piece that came out of that mission,

Another story, also a true story has to do when I nearly was asphyxiated. I was sort of a small person, very thin in my younger days. The Bombardier, Harvey Coulter, was sort of a big lummo, I always said, a big southern lummo, I always referred to him, not to his face because he was bigger than I was, and I was a little afraid of him. But anyway we were on a mission, and as I relate the mission, part of it is true as I relate it. The story is true, but not all of it as I relate it. At any event I always say

There I was at 30,000 feet, we were upside down, and my bombardier stepped on my oxygen hose. Well, we weren't upside down, but he did step on my oxygen hose, and he was leaning on it with his knee, and I was, I had no oxygen. Of course we needed oxygen at 30,000

feet, and I actually was passing out, and so what I did was, I couldn't hardly move. We had all this equipment. We could hardly move to begin with all these hoses with oxygen and radio and all these kinds of things, and any event, I fell forward, thinking if I fell on top of him he would move to see what happened, and he would get off my hose and I could get back—could get some air. That's exactly what I did.

I fell on top of him, probably on his head and or shoulder, and he turned around and moved to see what happened. He got off my hose. I got my breath back. And then I think that-- I didn't curse him, but I did suggest that he wasn't the brightest guy in the world.

Cindy, the wife of Harvey Coulter is really making these tapes. She's edging me on here. She's telling me that I should be putting some of these things on tape that I'm telling her off tape. One of the things is that as I said, I was sort of small in stature when I was younger, and still am I suppose and Harvey, the bombardier was large in stature. And, I don't know. He's not going to like this, but I think we should be truthful, but he is clumsy. Apparently he has never changed. He's still clumsy. But in any event, up in the nose of a B24, the bombardier and navigator are in close quarters, and we always had trouble. I don't blame it on me, but we had we had lines crossing each other beside that, just to make it believable about his falling on my oxygen hose is because we're always getting tangled. All kinds of things. In that nose place was a bombsight that he had to kneel down and work over, and right to his rear and about two feet, was my navigator's table over his head, and I had to stand there and navigate.

We didn't have a place to sit, and right behind us in about another three or four feet was the nose wheel, which if we backed up and went too far, we could fall through the nose wheel and the nose wheel door. If you fell on them, they might very well open, in fact when we first went overseas we flew the ships over and that did happen to one navigator. Apparently he stepped back on that nose wheel door and it opened and they lost him in the Atlantic Ocean. At any event, we did have our problems up in the nose gun, not the nose gun, gun, the nose area; I mean the navigator and the bombardier area.

Getting back to the four of us, the officers on this crew who lived together. One day, somehow we obtained a jeep. We were in Italy, of course, and we went somewhere and for the day. And I remember it was dark at night when we started coming back. Of course, we had going somewhere where they was drinking.

Wilbur Parvin didn't smoke or drink and it didn't bother him that other people would do that but, apparently we had found a place, and I would say that the three of us, Cali, Mulky and Coulter were feeling pretty good, and that would be putting it mildly. What we were feeling was pretty close to a stupor. In any event, we were riding back in the Jeep, and I think Parvin had a problem. I was trying to act like I knew what I was doing and I wasn't drunk. And he was trying to decide how we were going to drive back in this open air jeep and keep us all in the darned thing, because if you've ever seen a jeep on a bumpy road in Southern Italy, it bounces a lot.

Well, we got into the jeep; He put me in the front seat, and I kept tilting to the right, about to fall out the whole trip, and he had to keep pulling me back in, and in the meantime we both tried to look back every once and a while and see if we still got Mulky and Coulter, and every once in a while he had to reach back there and grab one of them and try to tie them together and keep them in, and pull me in and all at the same time. I was pretty far gone, but at

least I remembered all this, and I kept remembering I'm going to be killed in this thing; I can't stay awake.

And he had to keep pulling me back in, but somehow, I guess at least him being a minister or going to be a minister, a man of the cloth, a man of God. We all were saved and we all got home safely.

There were many other experiences which do not come to mind now, but I feel serving my country was a necessity. I think it broadened me a great deal as it brought me together with what I considered wonderful people. And, although it's belated, I welcome this opportunity after approximately 35 years to again be with these men. All of us depended upon each other for our lives during those days, and technically in our early youth, when I say early compared to our ages now, 50s and 60s. The late teens and early twenties seem very youthful to us now it seems.

And from all parts of the country, we came together, and I think we all learned from those experiences. We came through without a scratch. None of the crew members of the entire ten were injured of course not killed. As far as we know they are all still alive. I guess we have a great deal to be thankful for, that providence gave us that opportunity and brought us through.

I will now relate to you what I've done since coming out of the service. After leaving the service, I went back to college. My thoughts were in pre law going through college, but I took an accounting major anticipating that I might not be successful as a lawyer and getting into law school. In any event, I completed my college education as an accounting major and started an accounting business and immediately was accepted at law school, and went to law school, and graduated as a lawyer. Did quite a bit of tax work, but eventually went into trial law and dropped accounting, but kept the tax angle of it, but not doing accounting work.

In 1950 I got married, to my wife who had graduated from nursing school. We have three children. The oldest is 29 years of age has been going to school and is apparently still going to different school. Still has not gotten her basic degree although she is in the theatre and arts, and she is living in California. In any case she may come back to New York. She is now singing opera, dancing, and working for an insurance company. She became involved in dance therapy idea, worked with many experts in the field of dance therapy, and as a matter of fact has taken post graduate courses. The problem is that she has still not gotten her basic degree yet.

Our other daughter graduated from Emerson College in Boston, has now moved to New York and is interested in being an actress and the arts and being in the theatre. My son, I started two weeks ago, August 27th, 1980 at American University in Washington, DC taking science and possibly a pre med course. None of my children are married, so I have no grandchildren to talk about.

I've had my own private practice since I graduated from Law School, plus I have, one of my largest clients is a savings and loan cooperation which I represented and have been on the board of directors, and have been chairman of the board of directors for approximately 10 years, and recently we merged with a larger organization and because of the size it is taking up at least half of my time and has become one of my main endeavors. But I still maintain my private practice with the other half of my time. I have heretofore stated but I want to say now I am very happy and indeed it is a privilege to meet again with these men from so long ago, of whom I have fond memories and great respect. There was always a question whether we would ever see

each other again, and recently I've had major surgery, which somehow seems to enhance and bring into focus deep feelings, and perhaps even the necessity of meeting again before we all end our days.

Jim Peach

Radio Operator and Gunner

This is Jim Peach, radio operator and gunner on Wilbur Parvin's crew. I originally enlisted in the Army Air force as a Pilot cadet. Went to Nashville where I got a 30 day furlough. Went back home. Then I went out to Santa Anna California for preflight training. Visalia California for primary, and Bakersfield, California for basic flying training, at which point I flunked out because they said that I could fly, but I couldn't land. After that for basic training in Amarillo Texas, Scott field, Illinois for radio school and gunner school in Yuma.

I really don't remember much about meeting the crew in Kansas, but I do remember flying in Topeka or Arizona. I remember flying overseas with the crew, when we landed in; I believe it was New Hampshire. We had a little engine trouble that day and Parvin didn't think we could continue the next day so we all got together and played poker all night. We had been told we could take \$50 apiece only overseas, and I ended up with all everybody's fifty dollars, I wasn't supposed to have that much so I had to lend it all back

The next morning, Parvin came in and said that the next day were flying after all So we flew on up to Newfoundland where had an enjoyable visit while our nose gunner was court marshaled including lots of good skeet shooting which the air force supplied up there for gunners And then we flew into the Azores, Marrakesh, and Tunis and then up into Italy.

We had a couple of scary missions, I guess, once we had the gasoline line cut in the bomb bay and had gasoline all over the place. We landed at a small British air field for repair. While we were on the ground there I remember seeing a B26 come in that had been in trouble and even though they had rigged parachutes off the waist to try to stop them, they didn't stop on the runway. They went right out through the vino patch and then man; the guys really came out of there in a hurry when it stopped.

The other most scary mission I guess was when Derfer and I were in the waist and a piece of flack came up from below and went right up the back of Derfer's flack suit and hit a 50 caliber round in the belt overhead and that exploded with a ball of fire about a yard in diameter right over our heads which was a pretty exciting time.

Another time we had one of the oxygen tanks hit. They were located in the crawl space above the bomb bay just ahead of the waist gun position there when one of those got hit and exploded, that was pretty exciting too.

I remember a group of I believe British paratroopers set up shop. They were probably resting. They were close to our field there. And a couple of guys came over about the time they decided Coulter needed some practice bombing. So we were flying practice bombing missions. Two of those Limeys came over and they wanted to fly with us. They both had on shorts, and we told them how cold it was going to be upstairs, but they wanted to go anyway so they rode the waist along with me.

We were up there making bomb run after bomb run. I think and Coulter was only dropping one bomb at a time. Those two poor guys were up there in shorts with an oxygen hose they were sucking on and freezing to death. But they got back and they enjoyed the ride.

It seemed to me that the Italian men weren't worth a darn, but the women, they were quite a good looking and an aggressive bunch. Of course the kids, they were not only selling their sisters and mothers, but they also sell food. The kid offered you a choice; you could go to his house you and have spaghetti or scrambled eggs or something like that. They had both brown spaghetti and white spaghetti, and I guess in between too because they had all kinds of flour there.

Of course the Italian, Casilino, he had a few drinks of that that he'd drink there. He would go down to the streets and push all the Italians off the sidewalk into the street. I guess he was fortunate he had the other five of us along with him. He usually ended up with one on each of Casilino's arms and legs, and we carried him home and unfortunately I guess we were always counting flack at twelve o'clock. We were not too well of at the time either. But I hope that didn't give Casilino a problem later. I did get to be an officer one time. I think Moody loaned me a shirt and bars on the Isle of Capri, and I went to the Officer's Club and danced with the debutants they had brought over from the mainland. All in all, I guess being in the air force and being lucky enough not to have any real problems over there, I just enjoyed the heck out of that war, I couldn't have had all kinds of playthings like airplanes and radios and things like that to play with any other way I guess.

We finished our missions and came back on the US ship, Mariposa, a big luxury liner; I think we made it in about four days even. A very fast ship, a big ship. The only thing is that when we were leaving the harbor some colonel grabbed me and volunteered me for the hospital section of the ship and I was more or less a ward boy for about eight or ten very unfortunate fellows who had some massive problems as a result of the war.

I also had the dubious distinction of cleaning up after about eight female warriors who spread Kleenex all the hell over that room. I often wondered if they were coming back pregnant.

We came back into camp Miles Standish in Boston got on a troop train and wandered all over the north east of the United States before they finally let me take a furlough to Arkansas. I didn't have enough points to get out at that time because my battle stars and air metals and clusters hadn't caught up with me yet so I had a 30 day furlough at home and had a very nasty experience with some infantry people who felt like the 15th Air Force had bombed them in the invasion of Southern France. Several of them wanted to have fisticuffs in a bar or two.

So the 15th Air Force was not universally admired. After my furlough at home, I proceeded to the west coast to Santa Anna, California again for reclassification. There my battle stars caught up with me and I had enough points for discharge. So they sent me back to Fort Smith Arkansas where I was discharged.

I didn't really want to go to work, so I went down to Georgia Tech on the GI bill, and I finished my work for a degree of Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering in September of '49. Graduating class of '50

September of '49 was a depression period, and I was lucky enough to get one offer of a job at ___bag and cotton mills in Atlanta where I worked for one year.

My wife was a bit pregnant at that time, so I needed more money and I got a job at Smuts manufacturing company in Louisville, Ky. worked there three years, and I went up to Baltimore with Westinghouse. I have now almost 27 years at Westinghouse doing design work in regard to induction heating equipment for industry.

I got married on the last Saturday that I attended classes at Georgia Tech to Judy Morgan, actually Ruby Morgan, but she doesn't like that Ruby handle. And we have two kids which are both grown in Louisville, My daughter, Patricia, and my son, James Morgan Peach.

My daughter married Gary Wayne Little from Newport News, and they set up housekeeping in Williamsburg, Virginia where they have given us a pair of twin granddaughters, and another granddaughter who is at this time about one year.

One thing I can never figure, Gordon Wright had very healthy habit, regular as clockwork; he had to go in the morning. And this always happened on mission days pretty soon after we had taken off, and somehow he managed to do it in a K ration box.

I never could figure how he did that.

Harvey Coulter

Bombardier

My name is Harvey Coulter. I was the bombardier on the crew led by Wilbur Parvin. **We were members of the 515 Bombardment Squadron, Heavy, of the 376th Bomb Group, Heavy, of the 5th Bombardment Wing of the 15th Air force.**

On December 7, 1941 at 12:30, I was on duty at my father's service station in Knoxville, Tennessee. Had the radio playing, waiting on customers, and about half an hour later, around 1 PM the radio program that I was listening to was interrupted by a news announcer who pronounced that the Japanese had just bombed Pearl Harbor, that little was known of any damages. He repeated himself and said that the Japanese airplanes had attacked the naval installations at Pearl Harbor in the Hawaiian Islands.

I was really excited by the news, not that I expected to enlist the following day, but I knew that the United States was in the war. This was December 7, of 1941. I went along attending school at the University of Tennessee where I was enrolled as a student of Liberal Arts. In May of 1942, I applied for and took the aviation cadet examination. Passed the exam. I was called up for active duty on the 26th of October in 1942 at Berry field in Nashville, Tennessee at the US army Air force classification center. And after taking the series of tests, I was classified as a navigator and placed on immediate home leave at the convenience of the government until facilities became available for flight training.

Around January 15th the following year, 1943, I was called up for active duty again at Selman Air force Base, Salmon Field it was in those days, at Monroe, Louisiana. I reported for duty there, and underwent a training program of preflight navigation training completing this phase in about 9 weeks. After completing preflight for navigation school, I was then asked if I wanted to continue there at Selman or transfer to another flight school at another place. The alternate option was the US Army Air Force's contract flight school at Coral Gables, Florida conducted by Pan American World Airways. I elected to go there and took a troop train trip from Monroe, Louisiana to Coral Gables, Florida,

We arrived there sometime in Early April of 1943. We enrolled in classes which were held at the University of Miami in Coral Gables, and I completed several phases of navigational training, but finally was washed out of navigational training about July of 1943 because of flight deficiencies, and then transferred to Turner Field in Albany, Georgia for reclassification. I was reclassified as a bombardier and sent to the air force gunner's school at Tyndall Air Force Base at Panama City, Florida. After completing gunnery school in November of 1943, I was then transferred to the bombardier school at San Angelo, Texas.

I started cadet training as a bombardier at San Angelo Base and after about 16 weeks completed the training, and graduated from bombardier school and received my commission as a

second lieutenant and was given about a ten day leave and ordered to report to the Lincoln Air Force Base in Lincoln, Nebraska for crew assignment.

After reporting there and being there probably a week, I was assigned to second Lieutenant Wilbur Parvin's crew consisting of Parvin, and the copilot Mulky, the navigator, Cali, and myself and the enlisted men.

We went from there to Davis Monthan field in Tucson, Arizona, where we formed our crew for crew training, and stayed there for two months and after finishing several versions of flight there in the B24s, we were ordered to an overseas assignment, secret orders, destination unknown, and ordered to report to the staging center at Topeka, Kansas. We arrived in Topeka in late July of 1943. After about three days leave, we spent probably one week there at the staging area and were assigned our airplanes that we were going to fly overseas.

We took off in the B-24 about the last day of July in 1943 for Grenier Field, New Hampshire. We stopped overnight in New Hampshire, and continued on to Gander Field in Newfoundland. When we arrived in Newfoundland, the weather was such, that we were unable to continue our flight for almost 30 days. About the last of August we were then sent on our way to resume our flight still not knowing what our destination was, the pilot having been given instructions to open secret orders after we had left Gander. So after we were in the mid Atlantic, just before we got to the Azores, the pilot opened the orders, and discovered that we were assigned to the 15th air force at Bari, Italy.

We landed on the Azores and stayed overnight and the following day we continued our flight to Marrakesh, French Morocco. After a flight of about six hours, we arrived in Marrakesh, landed and stayed there over night.

In Marrakesh we saw the French Foreign Legion in full uniform. The following day we took off again for Tunis, flying over the Atlas Mountains and part of the Sarah Desert, and noticing the scars of war, the bomb craters, the shell holes, We landed at Tunis, probably early in the afternoon of the same day. We spent the night in Tunis at a former held airfield of the German [Luftwaffe](#), and the following day, we continued our flight to Bari, Italy flying over Sicily and the end of the Italian Peninsula. We landed at Bari around the first of September and were immediately put on board six by six trucks and transported about a hundred miles to our final destination which was Gioia Del Colle in Southern Italy in the heel, and from there to our airbase which was San Pancrazio, a former Italian airbase. After reporting in, we were given our living quarter assignments, and all the officers were put together in one barracks and the enlisted men in the other, and probably three days later were ordered to fly our first mission which was Budapest, Hungary. After getting out to the airplane on this particular day, I was early. The airplane was scheduled to take off about 8 o'clock. I got out there about 6:30 and met the engineer. We went over the bomb load with the ordinance crew making sure that all the bombs were placed right in the airplane in the bomb racks. I didn't want to foul up on our first mission, and then got ready to take off and finally took off and flew our first mission to Budapest approximately 400 miles from our base over the Adriatic Sea across to Yugoslavia and up to Budapest, the capital of Hungary.

It was a fairly uneventful flight except for a few scattered bursts of flak. We bombed our target and came back and landed safely. And so we continued on our missions. Most of them would be classified as milk runs, but we did have a few exciting ones.

Probably the most memorable ones included a rather hectic one over Vienna when. We flew as the lead group for the whole air force, and I was flying in the command airplane with the group commander. And because the target was obscured by smoke pots, we couldn't see the target. I told the Commander, the Colonel. We did a 180 and came back over our target so we could see better, and then dropped our bombs.

Another was the night mission to Munich where we were flying as a group of four airplanes called a lone wolf mission taking off approximately midnight flying from our base up to Munich which was about 600 or 700 miles probably or maybe not quite that far through mostly cloud cover, very poor flying conditions, midwinter, very cold. We didn't carry much of a bomb load. Most of our bombs were small and carried attachments which made loud screaming noises which supposedly carried a psychological effect. That was the first mission that we had where we bombed completely by radar. We had a radar operator in the airplane who told me when to drop the bombs because visibility was completely obscured.

We also saw on the far horizon flashes which later we were told were the first jet fighters in operation anywhere in the world. The Germans had the Messerschmitts 262s which were sent up to intercept us; however, they were very far away and they didn't have enough of sustained flying time to come close enough to attack. So we came back, a fairly uneventful mission although long and cold. Later we flew some rather harrying missions up in northern Italy near the Brenner Pass where the flack guns were close by and much more accurate. We picked up some shell holes in the airplane. We almost had what might have been a fairly close call. One of the gas lines was severed and filled the bomb bays with gas vapors. We landed at a auxiliary British airfield which was just behind the front in Northern Italy long enough to make some temporary repairs and to get the vapor out of the airplane, and continued on back to our base.

Well I shouldn't pass up the opportunity to mention the companionable adventures I had with members of the crew, I guess really the one member of the crew that I was closest with as far as traveling around together with and doing things together with was Moody Mulky our co-pilot. Every opportunity we had to leave the base.

It is me again, the bombardier Harvey Coulter continuing with the Italian adventure. I saying before that my off time adventures were mostly in the company of Moody Mulky who thought much as I did about taking the opportunity to visit old Roman Ruins, the countryside and see anything of interest. And so we did. We hitchhiked and walked all over most of Southern Italy, I guess.

And a few times we got away from base quite a distance and wondered if we were ever going to get back on time especially the night before missions we sometimes had to worry about getting back.

Moody was a true companion of the road. We had some fairly hair raising adventures in Naples. I remember once that we were caught out after curfew one time up on the rim of a hill overlooking the Naples harbor, a beautiful harbor, but in wartime, it was completely blacked out and, we had been up at a place on the side of the mountain called the Jardina Dela'Ranche, which means literally, the Garden of the Oranges. It was a sort of a restaurant and museum, and

we had a few drinks there and the day got away from us, and suddenly dusk fell, and the hour kept getting later and the place closed. And we discovered that it was after 10 o'clock and we had no taxi service or anything else to get us back to the hotel. The only route that we knew a back was down the

funiculari track which was the elevated railroad that came from Naples up to the top of the mountain. We started walking down the track towards Naples, very dark, and we could see very little of anything, just starlight. We could see just a little gleam of the rails to know that we were still on the railroad track. As we walked along, we approached a curve, and we heard what we thought was a noise, but it didn't sound very loud.

Mulky was walking in the very middle of the track between the rails stepping on the ties. I was walking a little to the side. I was looking off towards the harbor. We were still fairly high up where we could see out over the area pretty well even though it was dark, and I looked up and suddenly and looming just almost on top of us was a huge blue light, and it was the headlight of this funicular headed straight for Moody, and I grabbed him and pulled him out of the way just in time. He thought I was trying to get smart I think. He never did realize what danger he was in. So we continued on. This was one of the few experiences had.

Of course the isle of Capri which is another story all in itself. We spent almost a week of a delightful spring break there that we got as a result of flying several combat missions in a row, and we got five days rest leave. The facilities on the island were terrific. We hit there in early spring which in southern Italy is like Florida almost with the wisteria blooming and the oranges and everything else is just very sweet scented.

But Capri is a storied island. Many old Roman ruins, Tiberius' villa, a very interesting, historical place to visit. I guess that we probably set foot on practically every inch of that island before we got through. We taxied over it; we walked over it; we climbed over it, and we did everything practically to see it including the villa of the Swedish philanthropist, Axel Multha. It was supposedly one of the big homosexual haunts back in the late 19th century. I remember as Peach did about the beauty of the Bella regotsi, the Italian girls. Of course Italian girls are always prettiest when they are in their late teens or early 20s. As they get older, they add weight and become less attractive. But I remember the incident that he tells you about being at the debutant ball at one of the large hotels or officer's clubs there at Anacapri which is the main town on the island. I remember the incident real well.

I remember better an incident at the Alabama club or was it the Arizona club; anyway, in Naples they had this huge nightspot that attracted all ranks of all forces. You could walk in there. You could see Tommys from the British 8th Army. You'd see the RAF; you'd see the Royal Australian Air Force. You would see the South Africans. All the British Commonwealth forces as well as all the allied forces including Poles and Czechs and anybody else that was fighting in the allied armies.

It was almost like a dress review of all ranks and all uniforms. It was a very interesting place to visit. It was a little rowdy but not really rough. You would occasionally see a fight or two, but spirited military people, that's not too unusual, and it seemed like that they never could get the place closed. They were ordered to close it, at 11 o'clock I believe on week nights, and the MPs would usually have to come around about five or six times before they actually could ever get everybody out and get the place closed down.

I guess many of you remember the Alabama Club, probably except Wilbur. Of course Wilbur didn't drink. But I want to say something about Wilbur even though he was a teetotaler, and thank God for it because he got us back safely. He came across sometimes as a moralist, but he had a great sense of humor too. He had a real concern about the crew from the standpoint of their mental health and their physical health, and he almost acted as if he was the father of the group although he wasn't really that old. He was a little bit older than I was, and not quite as old as Mulky was, but he really was a first notch airplane commander and we really appreciated him.

As far as the other members of the crew were concerned, of course Lou and I were thrown together mostly in flights because we were occupying the nose together, and as he tells in his memoirs, I was talking up most of the room, and he had a little trouble getting around me. I was bigger in those days. But we got along fine. He would sometimes get a little irritated and I guess I would too.

The incident of his almost getting his head blown off has been told, and it was a true story, and I remember it with a great deal of almost total recall. It really didn't get to me until afterwards as many things that are dangerous do.

I remember the gunners, especially Derf. He was the baby of the crew and always smiling and happy-go-lucky fellow, everybody's kid brother, and we all kind of babied him.

And John Lukens, he was the tail gunner. I remember Peach; of course, he was our radio operator and saw more of him since he was a little bit closer to the command section of the crew, being up closer to the front.

Wright, I worked with very closely, since he was the flight engineer, and I always relied upon him to assist me if I ever had a technical problem. If the bomb ever jammed in the rack or had problems with the bomb bay doors, whatever problem I had, I could depend on Gordon Wright to have a solution for it, because he was really a mechanical wizard. I'm sorry we lost track of him, because he was one outstanding fellow.

Charlie Wall was the top turret gunner, a very good natured fellow. I didn't really spend much time with Charlie, except I remember meeting him in Topeka and we had a few adventures of our own together there, but we somehow got going our separate ways when we got overseas.

The crew, I think, was well matched. We had a very compatible group. Even with as many different personalities as we had, we managed to have cohesiveness in the crew which was a bit unusual. We were very loyal to each other. We had a real team spirit, and I think that carried us through in many ways.

I didn't mention Mo Caselino, which was an oversight because I do remember Mo as well as anyone else. He was the nose gunner, and of course being the nose gunner was very close to Lou Cali and myself since our office was up in front. I remember a particularly interesting mission that we were flying, and it was a clear day which was very unusual for winter flying in Europe in that year.

We were flying over the Alps heading for a target; I believe it was Munich or maybe one of the Austrian towns at the north end of the Brenner Pass, possibly Innsbruck. Probably we were flying at 28,000 feet, and it was a clear, vivid, sparkling day probably in January. We could see the snowy Alps and most of the countryside and everything else. There was very little cloud cover that day. I remember we were on the intercom, and Mo was always

on the lookout for the field of view in front which was really his responsibility to keep the pilot posted on anything unusual occurring in front of the airplane.

On this particular day, we were flying formation and a very tight formation as a matter of fact. There were probably three or four squadrons ahead of us. You know Mo called out excitedly to look up front at something that looked like a huge fireball, and he couldn't identify it. I looked up as well as I could see out of the side view of the nose.

We couldn't look directly in front because of the gun turret up there. It looked like a huge flower opening up, a huge red flower. It was probably; maybe a mile or possibly a little bit less in front of us but it was very vivid. And it was one of our airplanes had been hit, and hit with a solid burst of flak. And nobody this day really understood how that happened because it was an isolated shot like somebody had just shot at a flock of birds and got one of them. And there was no repeat fire. It was just one single burst of flack that brought this airplane down, and of course it disintegrated. It was a solid hit. I don't know if they got the bomb load or what, but it just went up. It didn't. Apparently it didn't take but one airplane out. Flying a tight formation you wondered, I guess the bomb load didn't go up but, it dropped a little bit out of formation and it flashed. And the other planes were rocked around a bit, but they recovered formation.

And oh yes, I've got to tell you about the time that Mulky discovered hypnotism. Mulky was always trying something new. First he grew a beard. This was quite a sight back in those days because even as raunchy an outfit as the air force was beards were not really looked on with a great deal of favor, but Mulky had read the regulations and discovered that there was no military regulation against beards as long as you kept them trimly cut, and so he grew one, and the commander of the squadron thought it was rather amusing and didn't say anything to him much about it. And shortly after the beard growing, he discovered hypnotism and he elected as his first subject, Gordon Wright, our flight engineer.

Gordon agreed to go along with the experiment, so Mulky had just finished his first book on the subject and he thinks he is ready for his first hypnotism subject. So he calls Wright in and gets him to agree, and he gets Wright relaxed and comfortable.

And he says, "Now I want you to just get relaxed, be comfortable, think about something pleasant, and I'm going to keep talking to you, and when I get through counting to ten, you are going to be completely under."

So Mulky starts out and he says, "You are very relaxed, your eyelids are getting heavy. You are getting sleepy. I'm counting one, two, three," and he gets up to ten. And sure enough Gordon has passed out completely with his eyes open. He looks like he is in a deep trance.

Old Mulky looks at me grinning like he has performed a second miracle, and he's got to go over to his book and find out what to done next. So he looks over at Wright. Wright is still looking, is flat on his back looking straight at the ceiling with his eyes open and not moving.

And Mulky says, "Now when I count to ten again, I want you to wake up and come back, and as soon as you recover, I'm going to give you a post hypnotic suggestion that you are going to go over to Casilino and call him a 'Dirty Wop'".

So he did, he counted to ten and Wright appeared to wake up, and he started carrying on a conversation and Casilino comes in, and almost like he's saying it involuntarily, he says, "You dirty Wop.

Casilino gets a little bit irritated, and then Wright bursts out laughing. So then it turns out that the whole episode has been a complete act on Wright's part and he hasn't been under at all. But we had a lot of fun.

Peach had a story about Moe Casilino, too. I don't know if it was Moe or not, but one of the Italian fellows that was in our outfit. When I say Italian, I mean Italian descent Americans, had a grandmother who lived in Naples, and still lived there. When we went to Naples, he asked me to go out with him to visit his grandmother. She lived in a house out in the suburbs of the town, the city and we finally managed to get started in the right direction and find the address.

And we were walking down this Italian street. We got some directions. My Italian then was much better than it is now. I could understand spoken Italian pretty well, enough to carry on a limited conversation. So we got directions to this specific house where his grandmother lived, and it was an attractive little house with a garden. We knocked on the door. If I remember right there was not a grandmother, but like an aunt came to the door and Casilino or whoever it was, I'm not sure it was him, did speak some Italian enough to identify himself

Whoever it was said, "excusa me," and invited us in. And we went inside, and it was a rather modest Italian home, and the lady who let us in the door called to another room, like "mama," to announce to the grandmother that there was a visitor from America. This old lady came out walking kind of falteringly, and her eyes were kind of dim, but she looked at this fellow I was with and said something in Italian to mean "Who are you?"

He identified himself as being the son of her daughter, or who it was. Anyway, they had a tearful, embraceful kind of a reunion and she was asking all sorts of questions about the family in America and had a very pleasant time, and she brought out some wine, and we had a glass of wine.

And then the conversation drifted to the war, for some reason, I don't know why. We talked about where we were, of course we couldn't tell them too much, but they knew we were over there and knew we were over there fighting the war, so we could tell them a little bit. But as we talked more and more about the war, the old lady kept getting more and more excited and more hostile toward my friend, Casilino or whoever it was, about the Americans bombing Naples which had happened once or twice, but mostly by Germans who blamed it on the Americans. And the more she talked, the more excited she got, and pretty soon she got so carried away she just ordered the fellow I was with out of the house, calling him dirty American bomb, or something like that, and how much misery he caused his relatives. She just practically threw us out of the house, and he couldn't understand that, but we got a big laugh out of it.

Then I'll have to tell you about the time after I had gotten over to San Pancrazio which was our base, the little village. It was right after the wine harvest, the grape harvest and wine making, and, one day I was walking along the street there on a pleasant autumn afternoon Sparkling day, I remember it real well. I was new in town. I hadn't been to the village right after I arrived on the base. I hadn't gotten out there. This was the first time I had really walked down the street. I was with someone, I don't know if it was Mulky or who, but, anyway, as I walked down the street, I noticed that people looked at me very intently, and as I approached, they would draw back as if I had some disease or something they didn't want to catch. And we walked a little further.

I know what I was there for. I was over there to take some laundry, and the houseboy we had was guiding me to the laundress's place. That's what it was.

As we progressed on down the street, I noticed more and more people were withdrawing from my approach. It got to be rather unnerving. So I finally couldn't stand it any longer, and I said to this Italian houseboy. I said, "What's happening here. I don't know why these people are getting out of my way. Why do they avoid me like this? They don't the other Americans. The other Americans walking along and they don't pay any attention to them.

So he said, "Well," he says, "Luogotenente," the Italian word for Lieutenant. Before the Americans came to the base, this airbase was occupied by the Luftwaffe, the Germans, Tedesco, he called them, The Germans were Tedesco. You very much resemble one of the German officers who spent much time in the village and was very cruel and abusive to the Italian people here. They remember him very vividly, and he was quite a threat to them He said, "It'll take a while for them to get used to you." They think he has come back in an American uniform. We laughed about that much after that.

Well, I will cover some of my post war biography now. When I returned to the states from Italy, I traced much the same course that Peach did. Landing at Camp Miles Standish after traveling across the Atlantic on the Mariposa. I had it a little better than he did coming across the Atlantic, but we were still awfully crowded. It was not any pleasure cruise by any means. We landed at Camp Miles Standish on a beautiful May Day in the spring. It was very nice. We got leave to go home. And we had a choice either going to Miami Beach or California. I had never been to California, and I decided that I wanted to go there. So I elected to go. Wound up at Santa Anna and stayed there, a total of, let me see, it must have been four months. Left there in October when I was discharged, and I think I arrived out there in June, so I believe it was four months. Very Pleasant. An enjoyable stay. They called it recuperative leave, I believe R&R.

If the war hadn't ended we were scheduled to head over to the Far East, and that was really expected. I was surprised that the war ended as soon as it did. I left the air force in October of '45. Went back home to Knoxville, Tennessee and immediately reenrolled in the University of Tennessee, and stayed on that campus attending school for four calendar years without any let up and, buddy, I was really sick of school when I got through.

I flirted with several disciplines, started back in engineering having had some time in liberal arts before the war. And then I decided that engineering was not for me so I got back into business administration, and then, I just decided that I would go back on my original career objective and get back into law, pre law. And I did. I finished up my prelaw in 1947 and entered law school in June of '47, and finished in the December 1949 class. I had the good fortune to pass the Tennessee bar exam before I got out of law school.

Out of the three. I didn't realize that I was so long-winded. I was telling you on the other side of this tape that I had completed my law school education and taken the bar exam in my senior year and passed it, so that when I got out of school in December 1949, I was ready to hang out my shingle and practice law, and I did for a year locating first in Knoxville, and then Maryville, Tennessee which is a small town fifteen miles from Knoxville with two different partners. Then in December, 1950, I was notified that I could expect to be recalled as a bombardier, so I immediately applied for a commission in the Judge Advocate General's

department which I managed to get accepted in just a couple of weeks or so and they called me for active duty in January of '51.

I went to Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Alabama for orientation, and then I got reassigned up to first Air force at Hempstead, NY at Mitchell Air Force Base. The next few years were spent at either Mitchell, or Fort Dix, New Jersey, or finally Camp Kilmer, New Jersey which was processing groups. I was attached to a legal office at a detached processing group which handled the transfer of replacements to the European theater. Finally in the early part of 1953 I was called up myself for foreign service again and given a choice of going to either Alaska or Korea, and I hadn't been to either place but decided that my first choice would be Alaska so I elected to go there and spent two very delightful years at or near Fairbanks first at Ladd Air Force Base which is in Fairbanks and then at mile 26 which is Eielson.

Very beautiful country, Very fine service. I enjoyed it a great deal. I did some gold prospecting, some big game hunting, and some fishing under the midnight sun. It was a completely different kind of experience than I had ever had before. After completing my Alaskan tour, I was reassigned to Biloxi, Mississippi at the technical training center there at a large general court martial jurisdiction handling a great deal of trial work, first as a prosecutor and then as a defense council.

I spent three gay years there as a bachelor sampling the night life in New Orleans and the Mississippi Gulf coast. It was a very unprofitable, but completely enjoyable experience.

I might add that I met my wife there, she was a Red Cross girl and it just happened that she was from my home state of Tennessee although at the opposite end of the state. I met her at a flight line of a one of the local airports where we both were taking light plane flying lessons. She in fact was ahead of me and had soloed. We got to talking hanger talk there. It eventually developed into something more, and then in a very short time later I decided that this girl is for me, and I proposed. I'd only met her about two months. We had a whirlwind courtship. I guess it was just as fortunate because I was on overseas orders this time for Korea as she was also. We scheduled our wedding in Halls, her home town north of Memphis, July of 1959 and had a big church wedding at the local Methodist Church. All of her relatives were there and some of mine. We had a real bash. It was a fine wedding and a lot of happy, convivial good times.

Then we headed out west on our Honeymoon traveling in my old Pontiac and crossed the Mississippi into Missouri on our wedding night, and kept going until we got to Kansas City and the and there we stopped and got Cindy a passport. And then we continued on out through Kansas and Nebraska, through South Dakota and then to Wyoming and Yellowstone and just had a delightful time. We camped out some and stayed in motels some and took a real leisurely trip through the west and we both enjoyed it immensely.

Cindy had to resign from Red Cross as soon as she got married. I had managed to get her on my flight orders, space available and she couldn't accompany me, but I left in early August. About a month later she managed to get over to Tachikawa, Air Force Base, and eventually to Korea as a schoolteacher. She taught in the Pusan Christian School the children of the missionaries, the Protestant missionaries there, and we spent a year in Korea.

I saw her on weekends. I'd ride the train from Oson my base to Pusan which was about 200 or 300 miles, an old coal burning locomotive, and throughout the winter. It was a cold winter; it was almost a Siberian Winter, not too much snow, but very intensely cold. We had a

thoroughly delightful time. We spent some wonderful days in Japan sightseeing in Yokohama, and Osaka, Tokyo, of course, Nara and all the way out to Hiroshima, and then we got to go down to Taipei, Taiwan, and back up to Okinawa. Eventually I got to Hong Kong, which Cindy didn't make. We enjoyed our trips together, very much.

I was reassigned from Korea to Hancock Field in Syracuse, NY. There Cindy continued her education. She had a bachelor's degree in Journalism from the University of Tennessee, and she took a Masters at Syracuse University in Social Science. I spent a year. I left the service in 1961. We came back to Knoxville, and both of us got back into school. I spent some time picking up a degree in Industrial Management which I never used, and Cindy did some post master's work at the University.

Our first child, a daughter, Rachel Anastasia, we call Stacey, was born there in 1961. And our second daughter, Alexandra, born in June of 1963, and then that same summer in '63 we left Knoxville and came to Florida and settled here, permanently, I guess. We've been here 18 years. Our children have grown up here. Our third child, Charlie, was born here in 1967.

Cindy teaches at Seminole Community College in the department of economics. She is a good teacher and well respected on campus, and has made her mark in her school. She carries quite a bit of clout on that campus.

I set up a local country law practice here in Forest City which is a small village northwest of Orlando and all the population growth and overspill has come to us. We are in an area which used to be located on a two land highway, and now it is 6 lanes and the place has mushroomed and grown out of all shape

But Florida has been very good to us. We appreciate the good fortune we've had here and the golden years we've had raising our family. Watching them develop into young adults. Our two oldest are now 19 and almost 18. Charlie, our youngest is 14. We are settled in Florida and enjoy this state very much. We look forward to having all of you or most of you down to see us if you get a chance. The latch string is always up. We would be happy to put you up, so just give us a call. You have our address and our phone number. If you haven't, I'll give it to you in the next Christmas card.

God bless all of you. This has been a very great and enjoyable experience getting our crew together again, and talking to the old comrades and sharing the adventures and experiences we had together so many years ago. I would like to do this more often, and I hope we can. Maybe our stories will get better as the years go by. Godspeed.

Several members of the crew assembled for a discussion, 1980

Moody Mulky, copilot; Lou Cali, Navigator; Harvey Coulter, Bombardier; Jim Peach radio/operator/gunner. Wilbur Parvin does not appear to be in the group. Lucinda Coulter Burbach, (Cindy) was the recorder and transcriber.

(Harvey Coulter) Can I ask a question?

(Cindy Coulter) Yes.

(Harvey Coulter) What I would like to have clarified is, how come Moody Mulky says that he heard the news about VE day when he was walking down a street in Atlanta, and we were on the ship Mariposa coming through the Strait of Gibraltar, and got the news at that time.

(Lou Cali) That's right. That's when we got it.

(Moody Mulky) Well, I'll tell you distinguished gentlemen, I figure this. After they told us that our records were behind because the base had been closed down, and that's the reason you were going back on a ship, cause your records weren't there. If your records had been intact, you could have flown back as I did. I figured it this way, that I had flown my 51 missions, and I didn't want to get on a doggone ship and get sunk on the way home, and so, I found out what records were required. I filled them out, and forged signatures on them, and therefore arranged for my flight home to Presque Isles, Maine.

(Harvey Coulter) One more question

(Harvey Coulter) What route did you take back from Italy when you flew back?

(Moody Mulky) We went to, I can't remember the city. It was the principle city on further north in Africa from Marrakesh. And we landed in the Azores.

(Harvey Coulter) Algiers? It wasn't in Algiers was it?

(Moody Mulky) No. When we landed in the Azores, a bunch of Navy pilots bumped me off the flight I was on, and that was the first booze I'd had to speak of in quantity so I got roaring drunk that night and cussed out all the navy pilots cause they kicked me off the plane. But I managed to catch one in a day or two and went to Presque Isle's, Maine. They promptly put me on a train. Would not let me fly. The pilot of the plane going to Presque Isle's was the CO, the flight commander, who directs all flights. Could he get me a flight to Atlanta? He said no, they cut my orders to ride the train to Atlanta. End of Story.

(Harvey Coulter) And you flew. What kind of an airplane did you get out of the Azores to Presque Isles?

(Moody Mulky) C54s all the way?

(Harvey Coulter) Navy?

(Moody Mulky) Air Force.

(Cindy Coulter) Did you have a question?

(Lou Cali) Yeah, I understood that when we were coming through the Strait of Gibraltar on that ship coming home, that's when we heard that Japan had surrendered, and I always figured—isn't that right?

No.

(Moody Mulky) It was the Germans.

(Harvey Coulter) 6th of May. It was VE day,

(Lou Cali) OK Then I was wrong. I had a good story to go with that.

(Harvey) Unless there was a false DE day. Really. When did you hear it? Wasn't it on the 6th of May? Do you remember that?

(Moody) I don't remember

(Harvey Coulter) The day is the 6th of May.

(Moody Mulky) We were walking down Peachtree Street when we heard it

(Harvey Coulter) You remember the day you left Italy.

(Moody Mulky) No, I don't remember the date.

(Harvey Coulter) You probably made it in plenty of time. It took us as I remember about nine days.

(Moody Mulky) You were probably delayed for your records. How long were you in Naples?

(Harvey Coulter) We left Naples about the 3rd of May,

(Moody Mulky) I probably left Naples before you did.

(Harvey) It took us a couple of days to get to the strait of Gibraltar. We left there on the Sixth of May, VE day.

() I can add something about that. Listening to what the men had said. I remember North Africa something there. Remember that 14 year old boy who spoke about 12 languages, and we ask him to take us to night clubs, and eventually he did. Remember that?

(Harvey Coulter) Maybe in Tunis?

(Lou Cali) Yeah, maybe it was Tunis—somewhere.

(Moody Mulky) Yeah, Tunis.

(Harvey Coulter) We never left the base in Marrakesh

(Lou Cali) It was a Jewish boy, and I was always impressed that he could speak about 12 languages which included Arabic, about four or five different dialects of Arabic, besides English French, Italian, Jewish, and German

(Lou Cali) Remember that? Really outstanding

(Harvey Coulter) I didn't realize he was that gifted. I knew he spoke English to a degree. I'm sure he spoke French.

(Moody Mulky) The woman who did the strip tease act in that night club—Remember she had on a dress down to the floor. I didn't think she was ever going to get those clothes off.

(Harvey Coulter) You wanted to help her?

(Lou Cali) Remember that night club, the women with the half mask, the white--.

(Harvey Coulter) The veil.

(Lou Cali) The Jewish boy was the one that little kid that told us that they weren't allowed to look at the men. The men weren't allowed to look at their faces. That was some kind of a disgrace or something.

They made them put it back on. Am I right?

And Moody, that thing we had going about... You would call up and ask where we were and I would always say that we were lost. I just wonder if the rest of the crew wasn't scared the whole doggone time that we were there. One thing we had going. It sounds kind of silly now, but I

guess it relieved the tension then. I used to call you, Moo Moo the Mulk. Remember what you used to call me?

(Moody Mulky) Lou Lou the cow.

(Lou Cali) And that was the way we would greet each other. Jim, you remember hearing that on the?

(Jim Peach) I don't remember that.

(Moody Mulky) I don't know. That helped me immensely all that chatter we carried on, when we were heading on a mission, particularly, because things were pretty tight.

(Harvey Coulter) One other thing I remember the crew especially Moody, if he was interested in some historical landmark he would always call the navigator, thinking that the navigator was the crew historian. He didn't realize it was the bombardier who was the crew historian. I had to get him straightened out. He would ask Lou for the historical significance of Sicily, one of the towns we passed over Sicily before that but I gave him a spiel, whatever it was. I may not have been right. I was always urging to give the answers to the questions before Lou had a chance to think about them. He could probably have answered them too.

(Moody Mulky) It hadn't been pointed out, I don't believe, I traveled with Harvey all over southern Italy, and around the base, every time he sat down or had a minute, he pulled a book out of his pocket and started reading. Invariably, you never saw him without a book in his pocket, and if he had an idle moment, he had the book out reading. He should be smart by now.

(Lou Cali) Some people, you know you have to help them.

(Moody Mulky) He was slow to learn

(Lou Cali) One thing I remember about the barracks. Remember when four of us were in that room together. It wasn't very large. I think Wilbur didn't even remember whether I was there. I certainly made an impression on him apparently, but I remember that rat we couldn't get out of that room for a long time. I still have a leather jacket at home with a piece bitten out of it by that rat, and you remember that trap that we finally devised. I don't know who made that up. Did you Harvey? Anyway, it was bigger than a breadbox, I would say. And we finally caught that thing; half of him was still sticking out. That's how big it was. We finally had to drown it.

(Harvey Coulter) There were several rat stories going around. You brought that up. Somebody shot a rat with a 45.

(Lou Cali) right next door to us,

(Harvey Coulter) and shot a hole through the stove a beer can and something else.

(Lou Cali) Remember it was that doctor, I guess he was shooting at the rat. He hit the oil stove and set the place on fire. Remember that? We finally got it that out.

(Harvey Coulter) We had several fires. I wasn't accurate when I said we first lived in barrack. We did live in a tent before that. I don't know how long it was. I'd have to change that part.

(Jim Peach) Speaking of the 45 remember we had the backpack in our chutes going overseas, and we had a 45 filled with birdshot.

(Harvey Coulter) Yeah. I still got mine.

(Jim Peach) I used mine to shoot the lizards off my vino patch; I know I killed a lot of lizards back then. That was fun.

(Harvey Coulter) I was telling Wilbur today when Cindy noticed the silk maps that they had spread out today. They had them on exhibit. I now realize that all that was part of the escape kit

pack which we never had any occasion to break open. We always brought it back intact, so we never knew exactly what was in those things. I never saw one displayed. They always told us what was in there, but they never opened one up and show us exactly what was packed in there.

(Jim Peach) There were sulfur pills they told us.

(Moody Mulky) I was playing golf with a fellow in Miami Beach last year and told him that I that was a copilot on a B24 crew in WWII, and I don't think he believed me. He asked me a question about what that pack contained and if it contained a silk map, and I said I didn't remember, so I reckon that was the reason. I never had seen it.

(Harvey Coulter) You never saw it. I didn't see one today, until Cindy said, "Why didn't I bring one of those back?" The reason was, we always had them taken away from us as soon as we came back.

(Moody Mulky) It had a shot of morphine in it didn't it?

(Harvey Coulter) Yeah.

(Jim Peach) I think it had a big bold machete too.

That's right

(Jim Peach) A great big thing.

(Lou Cali) And sulfur drugs and money for the country over which we were flying. They had a different one for each country. I think that was why they took them back; I don't know how much money was in there. They were worth something.

(Harvey Coulter) Absolutely, American greenbacks.

(Lou Cali) Yeah, I guess so

(Harvey Coulter) I don't know how much, but they had some in there.

(Moody Mulky) A little pack on your parachute strap where it was located?

(Harvey Coulter) I think I've still got my Multilanguage identification card, you know, it had my picture, English, American Aviator, a flag. Remember that. You still got that?

I didn't see it

(Cindy Coulter) You still got your language books for every country you flew over.

(Harvey Coulter) I used my Italian guide to some degree, a little bedroom Italian there.

(Cindy Coulter) Yeah, none of you have said too much about that. I thought from these movies that yawl all spent the whole campaign with Sophia Loren.

(Harvey Coulter) That's the reason I'd like to get back over there to see if there are any kids running around there, you know, the 30-35 year old young man who looks like Mulky and Coulter.

(Moody Mulky) In Georgia we call them yard children.

(Harvey Coulter) I think we ought to have a charter flight for the crew to revisit the battle fields of WWII.

(Jim Peach) Some people go back to Italy to the school and where the children in the yard, they throw dimes because they figure some of them must be theirs.

(Lou Cali) One thing that I remember, when you talked about the barber. Apparently the proprietor of that barber shop. They took care of you because of your beautiful mustache and beard and so forth. I remember 10 years old, maybe he was younger used to have to stand on a box, and he was cutting hair. You remember that? Stood on a box and cut hair.

(Harvey Coulter) One of the stories, I may have told somebody, Peach, But when we were walking along in San Pacrazio, it was only three or four weeks after we had gotten there, during the wine festival when they were pressing grapes with their feet and all, and this particular day, there was a lull in the activities, and people were standing there talking outside, and I think it was Moody and me were walking outside, and as I came along, people started drawing back away from me. What have I got here, the plague or something? I never did find out what it was all about until I went back, and I finally got the story out of the laundry kid or somebody else there who came out the base all the time. Apparently there was a German SS Officer who looked enough like me, for them to think he had come back in an American uniform and was really out to get them.

(Moody Mulky) Remember Wilbur talking about that two ounce shot you could get when coming back from a mission hour. You could build up reserves. Remember our medical officer got in trouble because his inventory didn't work out. He had absconded with a lot of the booze. Remember that. That happened. He got into serious trouble because he couldn't account for a large quantity of whisky. U.S. government whisky.

(Harvey Coulter) He didn't say he would give an extra ration for all those heavy??

(Harvey Coulter) Well we were talking about the furthest target that we flew to it seemed to me was Bratislava, which was in the western end of Czechoslovakia—almost to the Polish Border, and probably as I remember was about 800 miles one way, That would be 1600 miles round trip.

(Lou Cali) I remember that name, and I guess you are right. That would have been the longest. I have all my, I think I have them all in a box at home, I have all the flights, what do we call it, my logs of missions.

(Harvey Coulter) Didn't you have to turn those things in?

(Lou Cali) Apparently, you turned them in and they turned them back to you. I have them all.

(Harvey Coulter) Weren't they classified information

(Lou Cali) They were then, but somehow I got them back. I don't know whether I have them all or not but there is a stack of them.

(Jim said something about the Brenner Pass,

(Jim Peach) There was one in the Brenner Pass that I can't remember that was a rough one, and I can't remember the name.

(Harvey Coulter) "Bolzano?" was at one end, and Innsbruck was at the other end.

(Harvey Coulter) Innsbruck was not really seriously heavily defended target or town, but going to approach it was worse. The only way you could come was to go back through the pass. You go there and come back the same way. It was like going down a bowling alley or shooting gallery, because they would get you on both sides. They had gun emplacement on those mountain tops.

(There had a lot of guns and a lot of flack no matter when we went up there.

(Lou Cali) The Moosbierbaum. Any of you guys remember that name.

Yeah.

(Moody Mulky) Oh gosh. In my opinion that was the worse one

(Lou Cali) That was the big M, we called it. It seems to me that was where the oil works was.

A concentration.

(Moody Mulky) The Austrian Oil fields and a refinery.

It was heavily defended. That was really...

(Harvey Coulter) It was the heaviest concentration of intense flack, but as far as accuracy, I think the Brenner Pass beat it. I don't think...

Probably the Brenner Pass was more accurate.

We were out there quite a bit

They would send it up there at all levels

It was like a blanket of flack, popping up and you would fly into that

The flack was so thick you could walk on it.

No wonder we had to kid around.

No wonder you taught me to drink so well. That was good stuff

(Moody Mulky) If I hadn't taught you to relax you would have probably never gotten to the target, you would be so uptight.

Shook up.

Right.

(Moody Mulky) You needed the wisdom of an older man to guide you there and look out for your morals.

Didn't we call you grand pop to make you feel better—or to insult you, I don't know which.

(Harvey Coulter) You want to tell them your hypnosis story, Moody?

(Moody Mulky) I got hold of a book on hypnosis from some place and was reading it, and I wanted to experiment on somebody and Wright, our flight engineer agreed to be the subject. He just went on with me 100%. He went to sleep. I would give him a command, and I would assume that he was under hypnosis and he would carry out the command exactly as I commanded. This went on for quite some time, and I was elated with my success at my first try at hypnotizing somebody. And come to find out that old Wright was just playing possum and going along just to try to please me and fool me. And give me a snow job all at the same time (You found that out because you asked him a question or something.

You told him to do something.

He said "Now what did you say?"

"What did you say?"

And that's how we found out wasn't it?

(Moody Mulky) I think Mrs. Coulter, Cindy, deserves some credit for handling this interview, and taping and so forth. We appreciate it very much, Cindy.

(Cindy Coulter) When your kids say "What did you do in the war daddy?" You have all this collaborations

Or they would never believe it, huh?

(Harvey Coulter) We will have a validation ceremony. Check it against the air force archives. See how much of this is true.

(It seems to me Kids don't want to hear about this. They don't listen when we talk about this.

(Harvey Coulter) It's like she said today. WWII is a very remote war. They don't even remember Korea.

(Lou Cali) We were talking about the war and one of the reasons why we won. Maybe it wasn't so good at the time, and maybe we were lucky. There were times it could have gone either way I think somebody said. But I can remember as Navigators we would get the briefings for the important targets to go to, and they would give us secondary targets in case the first target was either socked in, and we couldn't get to it, or for whatever reason. We always had secondary targets to go to. Anyway, we got really deep briefings in intelligence on how many planes the enemy—the Germans, it was at that time could put in the air, and they would tell us like, I remember our first few missions they would say.

“There are 150 air planes going to be around this target we are sending you to, 150 enemy aircraft.”

Which to us was a lot of airplanes, a lot of enemy aircraft. Fighters we are talking about. Four or five fighters hit a squadron by itself usually they could take one or two of us down. Then as time went on, and we kept bombing these oil works and all types of factories, plane factories. Then the next time it would be 90. The next time we went to that area they could only put up 22 air planes. It was such a stark difference. It used to be 150. Then I remember on the late missions they would say. Well they have 80 airplanes in the area but they probably only have enough gasoline to put three up in the air. Well, this was pretty good intelligence, and this was about true.

Finally they said, “We don't think they can put anything up in the air.” Remember that. I think you were in on the same briefing.

(Harvey Coulter) Yeah, it was the war of attrition. We all had these debriefings they asked, sometimes these debriefing, would be handled instead of general questions they asked specific question. But to get back, the assignment of targets, you had a primary target which was considered the most important one but if something happened and the primary target could not be reached because of the course, or it was obscured or too heavily defended,

The mission commander had the authority to abort the mission on the primary target and go to the secondary. Same thing about the secondary, we would go to the third one

After then after that it would be targets of opportunity whatever. The mission commander had the authority to select targets that had been assigned as the targets of opportunity.

The flexibility was planned which is what I was trying to say here, so we weren't locked into to one particular target, and if something happened to that and bring it all back and start tomorrow. They wanted to make the day count. You had the bombers in the air. Get something done with the bombs.

We didn't waste the gas or the bombs. It was a logistical nightmare in a way to get all the armament and gasoline to the war theater.

(Harvey Coulter) In editing this tape I discovered that I had mistakenly referred to July and August of '43, and that should read '44 because our crew didn't form until the summer of '44. That was an error in the year.