

name the pilots

Chapter I

They came down the grass, steel-mated runway in flight formation, the leader in front, one P-38 a little behind on the left, and the other two in a diagonal line on the right, behind the leader. Their eight giant Allison engines, roaring at full rpm, ~~pulling~~ ^{powerful} the P38 fighters, faster and faster toward the end of the British farmer's bumpy meadow. The planes gained speed and lightness, almost disappearing completely in the last dip near the end of the field before becoming airborne. They flew right over High Street, the main street in Andover, right over the Golden Swan, the favorite pub of the flying officers of the 316th Fighter Squadron. Every new pilot, with his first pint in his hand, ^{from one of the veterans,} heard the phony admonition, "If you're not going to make it, Whatever you do, don't hit the pub."

In the air and turning Don't hit the pub The standing joke among the the pilots It was either airborneed at full rpm Eight giant Allison engines, roaring at full rpm, pull the silvery twin fuselages faster and faster toward the end of the British farmer's bumpy meadow. It is more like a roller coaster than a place to launch P38's, but they push on, gaining speed and lightness, almost disappearing in the last dip near the end of the field before becoming airborne. In the air, the leader motions to the pilots to open up. They spread out, climb slowly and turn to the west towards the Channel. Below, another four Lightnings are already halfway down the field.

This is the 316th fighter group morning show. Every morning. Every GI is there as close to the field as he can get, standing on low buildings, perched on fences, packing crates, whatever elevation he could get his ass on. up the formation, They opened up the dip near the end of the field. The eight giant Allisonsathering speed and lightnessEight giant Allisons roaring at full rpm, their three-bladed propellers pulling the silvery twin fuselages toward the end of the British farmer's bumpy meadow. This was the morning show. Every morning. Every GI was there as close to the runway as he could get, standing on low buildings, perched on fences, packing crates, whatever elevation he could get his ass on. The planes are still not airborne. "They always wait for the last hump!" "Here it comes!" The last hump does it. The leader is first in the air, then the left Lightning and then the other two. They open up the staggered "V" formation, climbing slowly and turning toward the channel. . Then his left Here comes the last hump. They're still not airborne. find. What a show! Wow! Did you see that? The pilots Would the four P38's make it? Was this the best they could do? Couldn't they find bigger, empty fields for the P38's anywhere here in the south of England than that? Now, they're hitting the last hump, and the leader is seeing . The leader is looking Lightnings look lighterhumpat the last humphitting the last humpHere comes the last hump!near AndoverWas

THE ART OF TROUT FISHING ON RAPID STREAMS. H. C. Cutcliffe, South Molton, Tucker Printer Square. 1863. This is a reprint of the above produced in Barnstaple, North Devon, in 1970. It may well be the most southern book published in England and included in this work on the soft-hackled fly. Not surprisingly the author, Cutcliffe, too, believed in soft hackles, which makes it quite safe to say the fly was not confined to Yorkshire, and the north part of England, but was used on the clear and rapid trout streams all over the country, including those in North Devon.

A recent tourist guidebook, "North Devon and Exmoor," calls it a "country full of musical names, Clovelly, Appledore, Stockleigh Pomeroy, Withypool, Cheriton Fitzpaine, with a whole host of them ending in '-combe', which means a valley." Where one finds valleys, he finds rivers such as the Exe, the Culm, the Taw and the Torridge, all of which were fished by the author when he wrote the book. There were salmon, too. "Not only would the waters be speedily filled with large trout, but salmon would abound, and soon might the Devonians again realize the times, as of yore, when the farmer was bound by a special clause in his indentures with his apprentices, not to feed them on salmon more than three days a-week. This is a traditional story in North Devon, and is commonly believed to be true, at any rate it is certain that salmon used to be very abundant in North Devon rivers, and that they are now very scarce."

Cutcliffe, like many other nineteenth century fly tyers, kept their fly-tying materials in 'books', one for hackles, winging feathers, hooks, silkworm leaders, and for furs. He tells how to shave a rabbit to obtain his fur. "Take a very sharp razor and shave him downwards, only over the back; you do not of course lather or even wet his hair, but shave him dry, and when you have removed all the cut hair, you will find the remaining stumps looking black and below this

Open new document

- 1- double click on ClarisWorks alias on the desktop
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not only

desktop P38

SAVING:

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- 2- name the document
- 3 - select desktop
- 4 - select P38
- 5 - SAVE

New Draften double click
on Claris works

"all caps"

here is what it is.

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As though cheering them on, the gallant

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stop his work

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This morning's briefing in the squadron's special Nissen hut at 5 a.m., was not much different from the rest. The 316th would join the 323rd from Honington for the 'high' cover protection of two squadrons of B17's, in their bombing mission over Hanover, Germany. The operations room of the 316th was in a Nissen hut, in a cluster of similar Nissens which housed the various departments of the squadron; headquarters, supplies, mess, transportation, medical, and officers' and enlisted men's quarters, which were separate, of course.

There were hundreds, perhaps thousands of Nissen huts on US and British army sites in England at this time. They were manufactured from corrugated steel in the shape of a half-cylinder, delivered to whatever field or woods the US or British army had selected, turned over, equipped with wiring or water, stuffed with cots and filled with 40 or 50 GI's.

The 316th briefing hut was only a little special with 50 or 60 folding chairs and a raised

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*They were mimicking
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*pointed down to the
pub and bar & back
this would make and have drink from his
fringe...*

The 316th briefing hut was only a little special with 50 or 60 folding chairs and a raised platform for a stage at the rear of the hut. A cork bulletin board covered the wall and on it were a huge colored map of Great Britain and France, and most of eastern Europe marked off in grids, along with another map of all of Europe. And as an aid in identifying enemy and friendly war planes, some talented member of the squadron carved and painted many of the better known fighter planes and bombers which were hanging over the cork bulletin board.

On the left side of the bulletin board was also a tally of the 'kills' and 'losses' of the 316th with a row of swastikas on the left and a row of the American Air Force Star insignias, on the right. There were obviously no 'aces' or P38 pilots with 5 or more kills, in the 316th and the tally board showed ten American Air Force star insignias and only six swastikas. It was decided names of the US officers who were killed or missing, should not be included. Some high ranking officers disagreed with Captain Koch, the commanding officer of the 316th, on even including such a lopsided tally, suggesting it was in bad taste, but the Captain, a former butcher from Pennsylvania, thought it would be good for morale. The 316th was a relatively new squadron and was staffed with the not so hot pilots from several other fighter squadrons in the eighth and ninth air forces mostly in southern England. Commanding officers of other fighter squadrons in England who were asked to give up some of their fighter pilots for the new squadron, were not about to hand over the better ones. When these flying officers, mostly second and first lieutenants with undistinguished records, heard they were going to be flying the twin engine P38s, they complained vociferously, with some even threatening to ask for a discharge.

That, of course, was impossible. It was obvious by the way the diminutive country of England was filling up with jeeps, trucks, tanks, Nissen huts, soldiers, and new airfields like this one at Andover, that something big was brewing, and it was not going to be too long before most of the US soldiers, their planes and their equipment were going to move to France. Invasion. Invasion. Every GI, no matter what his rank, talked about it including some soldiers who were already preparing the intake and exhaust systems of their Jeeps and trucks for the short watery travel from landing craft to the dry beaches of France.

The twin fuselage, twin engine concept of the P38 Lockheed "Lightning" was the basic reason pilots didn't want to fly these advanced airplanes. Every other fighter, even including the Germans' and the Japanese' had only one body and only one engine. The extra engine was not an advantage, it was a detriment. Nasty rumors among pilots ran wild. If one engine suddenly quit or was knocked out by enemy fire, the pilot had to make a dozen or so adjustments to keep the plane aloft and flying. If the loss occurred at a low altitude, he was into the ground before the corrections could be made.

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platform for a stage at the rear of the hut. A cork bulletin board covered the wall and on it were a huge colored map of Great Britain and France, and most of eastern Europe marked off in grids, along with another map of all of Europe and Asia. On the left side of the bulletin board was a tally board of the 'kills' and 'losses' of the 316th with a row of swastikas on the left and a row of American flags on the right. There were obviously no 'aces' in the 316th so the tally board showed ten American flags and only six swastikas. Names of the US officers who were killed were not included on the comparison board. The squadron Nissen The back wall was covered with The building England or operations room of the 316th and It was held in one of the the Nissen huts These meetings were usually held at 5 a.m. situated on a hard stand The P38's of the 316th and most of the other P38 units in England had been relegated to guarding B17 and B24 bomber squadrons accompaniment The briefing hut was another Nissen, and it was led at 6 a.m., by Captain Koch briefing was held i(Captain Koch sounded like a German prisoner of war who had switch allegiance after being captured. "W"'s were "V's that morning it was like getting the first 300 miles of any trip freefreestealing the With the The first 175 miles It was going to happen soon All of the planesup the formation, They opened up the dip near the end of the field. The eight giant Allisonssathering speed and lightnessEight giant Allison's roaring at full rpm, their three-bladed propellers pulling the silvery twin fuselages toward the end of the British farmer's bumpy meadow. This was the morning show. Every morning. Every GI was there as close to the runway as he could get, standing on low buildings, perched on fences, packing crates, whatever elevation he could get his ass on. The planes are still not airborne. "They always wait for the last hump!" "Here it comes!" The last hump does it. The leader is first in the air, then the left Lightning and then the other two. They open up the staggered "V" formation, climbing slowly and turning toward the channel. . Then his left Here comes the last hump. They're still not airborne. find. What a show! Wow! Did you see that? The pilots Would the four P38's make it? Was this the best they could do? Couldn't they find bigger, empty fields for the P38's anywhere here in the south of England than that? Now, they're hitting the last hump, and the leader is seeing . The leader is looking Lightnings look lighterhumpat the last humphitting the last humpHere comes the last hump!near AndoverWas anybody sure they couldn't find bigger unused fields near AndoverWould they ever make it? Several hundred air corps GIs watched several hundred farmer's meadow.

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Chapter I

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