

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE PACIFIC WAR

The Nimitz Education and Research Center

Fredericksburg, Texas

An Interview With
Lewis E. Burke
Centreville, VA
February 5, 2013
398th Bomb Group
603rd Bomb Squadron
8th Air Force
Co-Pilot B-17

My name is Richard Misenhimer: Today is February 5, 2013. I am interviewing Mr. Lewis “Lew” E. Burke by telephone. His phone number is 703-631-0510. His address is 5287 Ellicott Drive, Centreville, VA 20120. This interview is in support of the National Museum of the Pacific War, the Nimitz Education and Research Center for the preservation of historical information related to World War II.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Lew, I want to thank you for taking time to do this interview today and I want to thank you for your service to our country during World War II.

Mr. Burke:

All right, I appreciate your feelings there and some times people tell me that and I kind of I tell them that they’re OK but it’s in your hands now.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes, right. Now, the next thing I need to do is read to you this agreement with the museum. So let me read this to you. (agreement read) Is that OK with you?

Mr. Burke:

It is certainly OK, I approve of it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Thank you. Now the next thing I’d like to do is get an alternative contact. We find out that sometimes several years down the road, we try to get back in contact with a veteran, he’s moved or something. So do you have a son or daughter or some one we could contact if we needed to?

Mr. Burke:

Well, both of my boys passed away back in 2010. I guess maybe I could give you my wife’s

name and number, etc. She is about ten years younger than I am so she ought to be around a little longer.

Mr. Misenhimer:

OK, that will be fine. We can go with that unless you have another relative or somebody.

Mr. Burke:

Well, Lillie Burke is my wife and she would have the same telephone number I guess. Let me see, I don't know if you have my address or not.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Yes, I do. You gave it to me: 5287 Ellicott Drive, Centreville, VA 20120.

Mr. Burke:

Yes, that's right I gave it to you. Lillie, I hope, will certainly be around after I'm gone.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Well, you never know, sometimes we need those, sometimes you don't. Thanks for that. Now you have some things you want to read to me. Go ahead, read it to me, what it is there. Tell me what you want to tell me.

Mr. Burke:

All right. I was born in Washington, D.C. in a row house, a flat, depending on just how the disparaging it needed to sound, the house, not my birth. I arrived on a hot evening, July 9, 1923. I did turn out to be an only child. According to my mother, she did a lot of screaming and this may have deterred my father from bringing that on again. We moved to Arlington, Virginia, when I was about one year old. Arlington is across the Potomac from Washington and actually I lived probably about a mile and a half from Washington. I don't think there were any outstanding or noteworthy acts on my part prior to my enrollment in grade school. My father

worked as a carpenter and my mother worked at a department store in D.C. about the time I was two or three. Perhaps the reason both my father and my mother worked was that they were buying a small bungalow that we lived in. I don't know if thirty year mortgages were available at that time but I think our house was financed in a much shorter period. Public sewer and water were not available in our part of Arlington. During my younger years we had no indoor plumbing but we did have a path. The path ended at the door of a combination outhouse and coal shed. Almost all Arlington houses backed up to public alleys providing a route for the infamous honey wagons. An incentive to youngsters like me to attend school and do well was the admonishment that we might only be able to get a job on a honey wagon when we grew up. I wonder now if the reason that I did very well in grade school and barely made it in high school was because the public sewer and water came to Arlington about the time I started high school. This replaced the honey wagons for most residents at that time. I did get my first bloody nose at approximately the age of four. Don't know who started it but a kid from a big old shack of a house across the alley and I squared off in the alley. He threw the first and only punch and yours truly saw a lot of stars and experienced the taste of blood, mine. I ran to my father and was almost immediately ashamed that I did so and it was not the only fight I ever lost but it was the last one my parents found out about from me. My mother did not understand boys. She was a great parent but never did get the hang of thinking like the competitive, boisterous young scalawag she brought into the world. My mother would admonish me nearly every day to be more of a little gentleman. She would say, "Lewis, why do you and Norman have to tussle with each other every time you go outside?" My family came from the northern Shenandoah Valley. My father had grown up on a river bottom farm on the north fork of the Shenandoah about three miles from where the two forks combined. My mother was born in Howellsville, several miles

down the river. Her father ran a store in Howellsville and her mother was from a large, Scottish clan with a great deal of wild, mountain land. When my mother was about nine they moved to the "Fork District" in Warren County. The Fort District is sort of west of the south fork of the Shenandoah. They bought a farm there about 1906. The court records show that the property was acquired for nine hundred dollars in cash and a nine hundred dollar promissory note to the seller. Obviously they paid off the note for the farm has been passed down to me. Grandfather and grandmother Brown built a store on the side of the house. The store was added onto at least two or three times. I think Ed Brown, my grandfather, became a drummer so that if I have any sales skills maybe I inherited that from him. Drummers were really traveling salesmen but drummers sounded less promiscuous. When I visited my grandmother Brown, I overheard talk that was usually about her side of the family, the McDonalds. Apparently my great-grandfather on the McDonald side had ridden with John Singleton Mosby during the Damn Yankee punitive expedition into Virginia. One story I remember most distinctly was that he had been captured by said "damned Yankees" and put in prison in Richmond. Obviously this had to be late in the war. The part that still stands out most vividly in my mind was that he escaped and returned home. He traveled only at night and slept in graveyards during the day to evade recapture. To a small boy he seemed a great hero. Well probably he was. From the time I was about seven or eight I spent my summer vacations from school in the country which in my father's family there were still twelve living children, the youngest of which was just two years older than me, so I had playmates, six of them still living at home. There wasn't much playing, however. Everyone worked from before sunup until either sundown or the horses played out. Dinner at midday was a large meal after which we all lay down beneath a large shade tree and took a fifteen or twenty minute nap. This was not for our enjoyment. It was done because the horses had not finished

eating and resting. About sundown maybe we could get in the river for good splashing around. From the time I was twelve years old I carried newspapers in Arlington. This ended my summer-long stays in the country. My experience with delivery from time to time of four of the five Washington newspapers taught me many things about life, responsibility, self-discipline, handling money and maybe a little shrewdness. One of my first disappointments for a young, budding entrepreneur was that I was fired from my first job in about thirty days. My downfall was that a family on my route moved out and I didn't get the new residents to subscribe to the paper. As mad and disappointed as I was, I now realize it was probably the most beneficial thing that ever happened to me in more ways than one. It taught me the world was not fair and I've never counted on it to be since. About the time I entered the eleventh grade at Washington-Lee High School I finally hit the big time. I obtained a route with the Washington Star which was the premier paper at that time. It was also an evening paper. Most households subscribed to an evening paper to read after work just as today many watch the six o'clock news after work. Although many of the kids at that time wanted a paper route, only a few were hired. I considered myself very fortunate. I kept the route until I graduated. I might add that the main reason that I originally sought a job was that I wanted a pair of long pants. As I mentioned earlier, my mother did not understand boys. She sent me to school in knickers and socks of the type that golfers wore on the course. Although I was the only boy dressed in this manner, she could not understand that this was the cause of my once or twice a month fight. Usually it just stopped that particular tormentor from ridiculing me further. Even when I lost the fight I had always managed to leave the other contestant with a bruise or two. Although after the weather warmed up, playing marbles and some passing time with a yo-yo, it was time for the big game, baseball. I may have left out kite flying in March or April. We made our own playing field on some vacant lot or

grassy area of a church property. We stomped down the grass and marked off the bases. Bases usually consist of an old burlap bag partly filled with dirt. Very little equipment was available. We could have a game if one kid brought a bat and another brought a ball. Most times the ball was one that the cover had been knocked off and was now covered with friction tape in order to keep the string from unraveling. We seldom had full teams of nine players. If we had six or seven, we could then play a game. We wore no equipment or uniforms unless you count new tennis shoes instead of bare feet. No adults were ever present. We played and worked out our differences of opinion about who was out and who was safe. The way we handled playing together probably contributed in a major way to us later becoming what some have called the "Greatest Generation." We would let the two biggest guys choose each team from among the rest of us. Sometimes a kid was told to scram because he was a poor sport or was an out and out cheater. There was damned little juvenile crime, no judges, juries, reform schools, or need for them. We taught each other to play together, to respect each other's property and to not go running home to mama with each little grievance, imagined or real. In the sixth grade at Thomas Nelson Page School a terrifying thing happened to me. At the time in most schools a kid did not get promoted before he or she had mastered the work for that grade. One old, ugly girl, about fifteen, her name was Dorothy, as she walked past one day she palmed a folded piece of paper on my desk. I opened it and was surprised to read that I should meet her in the churchyard that evening at seven o'clock and we would, well, I can't read the word. Anyway, I wouldn't go out of the house after dark for about two months. As I reached about fifteen or sixteen years of age, I guess I began to experience and experiment with puppy love. I was fortunate enough to learn somewhat about girl thinking. I went all out and asked one young female if she wanted me to take her to the junior/senior play. She agreed and I ponied up fifteen cents for her admission and

the same for mine. About halfway through the play I looked over and she was holding hands with the boy in the next seat. I sat through the play because I had invested all that money and didn't want to be a complete loser. When the play was over, she walked outside with me and must have been my turn to disappoint someone. She said something to the effect "Are we going to the drugstore so you can buy me a soda?" Now it was my turn so I said, "No, I'm going home. Get so-and-so to buy the soda." It was one of those pleasant good-bys I ever experienced. Her name by the way was Evelyn. So I learned about girls and it was only an expense of fifteen cents. After finally graduating from Washington-Lee High School, I first worked at a job in Washington, D.C. This was a five and a half day job and it paid all of ten dollars a week. My old paper route paid almost that much and I sure was sorry to not still have it. I worked at another job and it was at a glass company. In this section of the glass company that they put me in, they also made and re-silvered mirrors. Before we could use the old mirror, it had to be stripped of existing coatings. This was done by inserting the damaged mirror down in a bath of acid. One wore some very large rubber gloves to drop the mirror in and pull one out for inspection to see if all the damaged backing was burned off or if it needed more exposure. Needless to say I did burn myself on the acid more than once. I found an extra part-time job working in the drugstore fountain two nights a week. I learned many things on this job, some of which were not exactly job related. I next went to work for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company. After the first two weeks I found I had to give up being a part-time soda jerk. I was expected to work overtime and could not be available in the evenings. I think I should say how this job came about in view of the fact that it was one of the luckiest things that happened to me. While sitting in my favorite watering hole I was enticed by a friend to drive him downtown the next day while he tried to get a job with the telephone company. Seemed better than another day playing in the

mirror acid and I agreed. When he went in and talked to the receptionist I sat down on a bench and then the receptionist asked me if I wanted to apply for a job. I said, "Sure" and soon I was going through the formality from which I emerged with an appointment to show up the next Monday to start work. My friend and I spent a career with the telephone company. I have been lucky that Lady Luck at least was kind to me. Some experiences were not really pleasant. Climbing telephone poles and extension ladders might seem exhilarating. Maybe to a degree that's true, but doing it in rain or shine, in blizzard or hurricane wasn't so rewarding. Well, it was financially. We worked rain or shine in the worst of the weather, the more we earned in overtime. I worked a lot and all the overtime they offered. I had helpers from time to time that had more service than I did. I think the company had hopes I would continue to learn and become more valuable to them. I was always curious but did not always end up on the plus side but a repairman at any task cannot be good unless there is curiosity to satisfy. I learned from this curiosity and became very good at whatever my assignments were. At the time I left Arlington for a management job, I could repair and/or install any outside telecommunication system that existed. I spent the next eighteen years in Washington, D.C. where I could advance and did. Management is a skill and I'll admit that I had some very helpful hints from some higher management who had reasons to see me mature. I did work hard but I also knew lady luck was in the seat beside me. I retired early at the age of 55 because working for Ma Bell stopped being fun and I was expected to do some things that my sense of fair play would not let me do. It was a great ride up until then though. Now I have a story about my service in the military and it was a little attempt to be humorous and I have labeled it "Why I should have been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross."

Prior to enlisting in the aviation cadet corps I had never even touched an airplane. I did see them take off and land when my father would sometimes take my mother and me down to the Hoover Airport in Arlington where the Pentagon is now located. By October of 1942 I was able to convince my parents that the draft would get me soon and if they would give their consent I could enlist in the branch of the service of my own choosing. I am sure they didn't think I was going to go up in one of those dangerous flying machines. I did go across the Potomac River to Washington and enlist in the U.S. Army Air Corps Aviation Cadet program. I was really surprised that I passed the test. Of the 150 questions, I think I answered three more correctly than the minimum required. Although I enlisted in October I was not called up until January 29, 1943. Since this was four days short of February 2nd when the telephone company had hired me, I did not qualify for one week's vacation pay that I would have received. That was just the first inconvenience that the Army had in store for me. My basic training took place on Miami Beach with thousands of other Army recruits. We lived in hotels but there was sure no room service. My hotel was the Henry which was more of a motel and was located around 5th and Washington Streets as I remember. The mess hall was just a couple of blocks away. They often served pelican disguised as chicken. Well, probably wasn't pelican but if you bit down on it, it was so tough that your mouth kind of flew open again. Kool-aid must have become a rich company. We had it twice a day. We learned close-order drill in one of the parks which had become a sea of dust, two or three inches deep. When we marched on it, a brown haze would envelope us. It gave us all colds as any person with a cold would spit on the ground and the germs would then penetrate everyone else's nostrils. After about a month the Army came to the conclusion that we had learned as much as we probably ever would about how to about face and do a column right so we took off from the warm beach and were shipped into Buckhannon, West Virginia, to

smarten us up a mite. We arrived in a six-inch snow at West Virginia Wesleyan, a Methodist college in the middle of nowhere. We were assigned six or eight to a dorm room. Unfortunately for us and maybe the girls, they had been evicted. In the typical wisdom of the U.S. Army, the Captain ordered that no overnight passes were to be given to aviation students as we were called, except for those who were married. By the way, Buckhannon only had one beer joint which paid off their mortgage on a Monday after our first Saturday night out. I managed to get a Saturday night pass whenever I wanted to, even though I was not married. I moved into a small former storage closet that did have one window and had it all to myself. It was next door to the room the Squadron Student Officers had and the walls were far from soundproof. My just mentioning various activities I overheard obliged them to approve a pass for me. Knew it wasn't exactly blackmail it was just practicing to be devious in case I ever became a POW. We received what the powers to be called an orientation flight while at Buckhannon. The civilian pilots did it at the local cow pasture in Piper Cubs. On the first flight of my life in the first plane I'd ever climbed into the engine cut out about three minutes after takeoff. The pilot did a dead stick landing on the strip, got out, fiddled with the engine, got back in and took off again. We flew up and down between the mountains and landed some minutes later. Probably any sensible person would have deserted on the spot but not Mrs. Burke's little boy, Lewis. Boy, was I dumb. In August we shipped out to the assessment center in Nashville where if you put a round peg in a round hole you were qualified to be a navigator or bombardier. If you could manage to get a square peg in a round hole, you were off to train as a pilot. Didn't know what else to do with them, I guess. Seeing a TV show much later where Andy Griffith met with the Army psychiatrist always reminded me of my encounter in Nashville with a so-called psychiatrist. In my opinion, Andy's and my experience were equally comical. When we became proficient enough to be able to tell

which side of a radio beacon we would be on, we departed for primary training. I have to back up a minute and say we did go to pre-flight at Maxwell Air Field. I never saw an airplane but we did a lot of marching and a lot more educational training. Anyway, being the Army we had to wait about three more weeks as the flying schools were backed up. The cadets ahead of us were probably not as smart as my class, because we managed to complete each flying phase in the time allotted. Primary flight training for my group was at Camden, Arkansas. Camden is near the Louisiana border and not far from Texas. It ain't near anything else except a lot of pine woods which supplied the local paper mill in town. The paper mill smelled like gross or more of rotten eggs but we loved it. Smoke from it could be seen for miles. None of us got lost. I don't think that it can be said for other cadets who trained at other fields. Some of us had some lost weekends brought on by Saturday night visits to a local roadhouse named the Rendezvous. Don't know where all the high-class girls came from but the place was full of them. Along about closing time some of them actually appeared to be real beauties. That's what the big boys told me. I was too young and timid to know anything about that. We flew PT-19s which were very sharp looking monoplanes. My instructor banged my knee with his stick to teach me to keep the wing up on the downwind leg. He did this so often I think that's why I have arthritis more in my right knee than the left. By the time I soloed and was able to fly another five or six hours I was the hottest pilot in the world. At least I thought so. I taught myself aerobatics so early that when my instructor started to do it I had to intentionally split ess out of a barrel roll so that he wouldn't think I had already figured how to reverse controls when inverted so as not to split ess. I won't admit to any unauthorized flight performances, such as one time some one dropped down in a field and was headed straight for a house where some guys were working on a car in the front yard. This caused them to run into the house and dive through the back window as a PT-19

practically rolled the wheels up the roof. Nor would I admit to a time when two guys were running a handcar down the railroad track and a PT-19 dropped down on the far side of the woods and came out at exactly the same time as the handcar passed in front of it. The two guys jumped off the handcar into the ditch but as I have said I would not be able to confirm that it happened. To the surprise of everyone and the relief of my instructor I passed all my check flights and headed for basic training with the rest of the class. Basic was in Malden, Missouri which is even further from nowhere than Camden. It is in the boot heel that sticks down into Arkansas and is bounded on the east by the Mississippi River, another reason not many of us got lost. Now if you couldn't see the Mississippi River, you shouldn't be walking around without a white cane and a seeing eye dog. We lived in the only real tarpaper shacks that I ever saw close up. We flew the PT-13 called the Vultee Vibrator but not always affectionately. It had been somewhat built by the Vultee Aircraft Company and yes, it did vibrate. Now we began instrument training along with being able to change the pitch of the prop. This made me an even hotter pilot. Or at least I thought so and that's what counts. We all did some formation training and I really excelled at this. If you are young and dumb enough, you can stick your wing in between the wing and elevator of the plane next to you and keep it there without freaking out. You know, stupidity is sometimes mistaken for courage. In order to save some of the planes for the next class, we were sent to advanced flight training. That took us back to Arkansas but to a much larger town, Blytheville was its name. It was seven blocks long, was located in the northeast part of the state and again the Mississippi was nearby. Still didn't get lost. Here we flew the Curtiss AT-9G for pleasure. It's the only plane I ever knew about that took off at 120 mph, climbed at 120, cruised at 120, let down at 120 and landed at 120. When landing, your glide path was so steep they had to put windows in the roof so that you could see the beginning

of the runway. I was told that to do a dead stick landing you needed to simulate dive-bombing into the runway. This plane really taught me to fly. They took them away from us about half-way through advanced and gave us AT-10s. In comparison this was like changing from a Corvette to a Yugo. Recently I found the following description of the AT-9 on the U.S. Air Force Museum internet site: The AT-9 advanced trainer was used to bridge the gap between single engine trainers and twin-engine combat aircraft. The AT-9 was not easy to fly or land which made it particularly suitable for teaching new pilots to cope with the demanding flight characteristics of a new generation of high performance, multi-engine aircraft such as the Martin B-26 and the Lockheed P-38. And by the way I heard that the Martin B-26 was called the Widowmaker. Seven hundred ninety-one AT-9s were built before production ended in February 1943. The plane was almost ten feet high, had two Lycoming, 295hp engines and cost just under \$35,000 to build. You'd probably pay more for a decent car today. On the last night before graduation it was discovered that some of us had not gone on a night cross country flight. So I was assigned to fly from Blytheville to Little Rock, into Memphis and back to Blytheville. I was assigned another cadet as co-pilot. The leg to Little Rock was just boring but the leg to Memphis took on a different edge. As we approached Memphis, lightning was lighting up the sky to the south, showing some of the tallest clouds I'd ever seen at that time of night in the air. When we reached the north edge of Memphis the lightning was striking the south side of the city. I turned back north even though I wasn't exactly at my destination but I was in the outskirts. I'll admit I was dumb back then but I wasn't stupid enough to fly into a raging thunderstorm just to follow my flight path. By the way, the cadet assigned as co-pilot went to sleep about ten miles north of Memphis even though you could easily see the storm ahead. Probably another example of my reputation as a superb pilot I guess. I did wake him up to help with the landing back at the field.

On the day of graduation there was an air show. Part of it consisted of a flight of nine AT-10s in formation boxes of three. I was the only cadet that flew with another cadet as co-pilot. All the others had instructors. I think I really must have been damned good at formation flying. This fact may have triggered the next phase of my service to Uncle Sam. Following the ceremony declaring us officers and gentlemen with the coveted pilot's wings, twenty-two of us were issued orders for a five-day leave and overseas to a cold, wet and windy climate. Now that could describe several parts of the globe but as we learned weeks later, it was England. Of course when we returned from the five-day leave, we had to hang around Blythesville for days just eating and maybe drinking a little. From Blythesville we shipped to Greensburg, North Carolina. We hung around there for days and then shipped out to Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. In addition to other items we were accumulating as new pilots, we were then issued a big old .45 caliber automatic with a shoulder holster. This began to look like we were going to where we might not be liked by some of the fellow men. About two weeks later we hauled down to the docks and made a walk up the gangplank of the Mauretania along with what looked like about half of the U.S. Army. As officers we had staterooms but it was eight to a double room. In daytime we had to go up on the top deck and stay until evening mess. After the evening mess we were expected to stay in our rooms but we didn't always. There was some Red Cross girls and some nurses on this ship. They were all assigned to one section of the ship. An MP was stationed at each end of that corridor and they were both equipped with real submachine guns. I don't think anyone was going to get to wish any of the girls good night. Needless to say, the Colonel in charge of the troops was hated by all with a passion. Some of the 120 of the contingent heading for the cold and windy climate came up with a uniquely devilish plan to get the Colonel's goat. About twenty hundred hours, a brand-new Second Lieutenant showed up at sick bay, requesting a prophylactic treatment. Now

for anyone without a military background, it was a standing order that if a soldier had sexual intercourse he was to report with all possible haste to an aid center for the above-referenced treatment. In about five minutes, the first Second Looney was followed by another with the same request. Five or six minutes after that another one reported. By this time the Colonel had been alerted and he was hopping around like a chicken with his head cut off. Since the officers reporting for treatment could not by rights be requested to divulge any details, he had to use his imagination to find this alleged female source of this phenomenon. All lifeboats were searched, every other nook and cranny. Of course nothing was found because it was all a hoax but there were 120 smirking new pilots on the top deck the next morning. Our newly graduated pilots disembarked at Liverpool on a cold, wet and windy day in late September. From there we went by train to a camp named Stowe. We found this was a replacement depot but no one told us what we were doing there. Of course we stayed several days at Stowe. We could leave at night but there were two requirements to leave the base. One was that we had to carry our raincoats. The other was that we had to accept a package with two condoms in it. Talk about wishful thinking. On about my fourth night I displayed my raincoat to the MPs but refused the package of condoms. When the MP insisted that I had to take them, I told him that even though I had a duty to use two government issue condoms each of the previous nights, I wanted to have time to just drink some beer for a change. He didn't see the humor so I ended up dropping another package of condoms in the river when I reached town. Nine of us were loaded on a truck and hauled God knows how far to a gate of a nearby base. When we went through the gate, we asked the MP what kind of planes they had. He answered, "B-17s." Now we had more information but didn't know what to make of it. Remember that the last plane that we had flown was a AT-10 on August 4, 1944. The hut I was assigned to was located and I entered to find the navigator sitting

on a bunk and from the crutch he was holding and the way his leg was positioned, I knew he had been wounded. He verified that and displayed a big, ugly flak wound. He said he was shipping home and this was to be my bunk. I began to hang up my clothes and again demonstrated that stupidity and not courage was the reason that I didn't desert right then. Now we came to reason that I should have been awarded the DFC. All replacements prior to this group were already trained in B-17s at whatever position they were to fly. We did not receive any transition training prior to being assigned as co-pilots in the 398th Bomb Group, 8th Air Force. According to other info in the web, all pilots received several weeks training in this airplane before they would see combat. In my case, transition training was eight hours in the right seat with a total of two landings before I flew my first combat mission on November 9, 1944. I flew with a first pilot named Jack Brandstatter and the target was Metz, France, the only target I ever bombed in France. I flew a total of 29 missions before the war ended. I flew most of them with a flight officer named Joe Alwood. However if a new crew reported in from the States, that co-pilot would fly with Joe and I would fly with the new pilot. Now don't think flying with a new crew on their first mission isn't hairy. Every one of them tried their damndest to get killed on that first mission. It was the case on all missions I flew without Joe Alwood. We took turns being pilot about every fifteen or twenty minutes. We alternated landings in the same way. Thus I became as proficient as a co-pilot could get. It was agreed between us that I was better than Joe at formation flying but we still argued about who could land better. On one of the missions Joe and I flew together, we were shot up and a bullet lodged in the hinge of the elevator just like a rivet had been pounded in. Also, some of the cables for the elevators had been severed. The elevators were frozen in one position. We flew the plane back by using the engines for climb and descent. We landed on an emergency field using just the throttle. I think I kept us from

pancaking in because I hit the throttles when you bounced about thirty feet in the air and as any pilot knows, that's what needs to be done so it settles the plane down before it stalls and lands on its nose. With this bit of flying and being able to walk away from the plane after landing, Joe received the DFC. However I take credit for a well-written recommendation for Joe, most of which was really factual. I flew my last mission with a pilot by the name of Norman Williams but I don't know why. I had not been assigned to fly that day and I had tied one on the night before. I thought the war was over and they hadn't been able to kill me after all. I protested but to no avail when the C.Q. woke me with the news that yes, I was to fly that day. After managing to eat a little all the while being careful not to make any fast moves with my head, which might aggravate my hangover, I arrived at briefing. At that time, we were told the target was the Skota Works of the munitions factory in Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. We could guess they wanted to wait until the Russians could not obtain it in working order. Another bit of unique information was that news of our pending mission had been broadcast on the radio for the workers, warning them not to report for work or they would be killed in the bombing. Don't you know the damned Krauts heard the broadcast too. They must have moved every flak gun they had to Pilsen. When we went over the target, you could have walked on the black smoke. We had a new light Colonel who wanted to make full bird and he insisted that we three sixty at a target if the formation was not tight enough to ensure a good bomb pattern. The lead pilot on this mission must have been an eager beaver because he ordered a three sixty and another pass over the target. I don't know what kind of bomb pattern we had but I do know that we lost two planes and their crew on that second pass. I was also now definitely sober. So you can see why I should have received DFC. As a short answer related I'm alive, ain't I. Now, Richard, I can go into each mission and a little bit of information on it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

OK, go ahead. That would be fine.

Mr. Burke:

That was the humorous side of our military service, here's a more serious side. My arrival in England was at Liverpool. From there I went to a replacement depot. As I said before, when we arrived on the field I'd never seen a B-17 on the ground before and really didn't know what the other eight and I would do there. I do not know the exact date I arrived at 131 but I do know I flew my first combat mission on November 9, 1944. At that time instead of a few weeks transition training from the twin-engine trainer that I had flown I just got eight hours and two landings as a co-pilot. I did not keep a formal diary of my missions as some people did but I did record the dates and targets as well as a remark or two. A book I received as a gift from a friend, Bob White, who went through cadets with me lists all the Air Force targets, dates and locations. I used this along with some stories and comments about the missions from some other people who flew on the same mission and I have access to some of their diaries. So, Mission Number One and I'm going to say which mission, what date and the target and a few remarks.

November 9, 1944, target Metz, France. This target was an old and formidable fortress. General Patton with his Third Army could not begin his sweep through France and Germany without the elimination of this fort. We were only over German occupied territory for a short while so it was not as dangerous as the targets that followed. There was some flak, however. Since I and the other eight co-pilots had been on the base for several weeks for our pilot assigned this milk-run target, both for my benefit and the benefit of the poor bastard that had to have me as his co-pilot. Anyway, I think I did well when my turn came to fly the plane. Formation flying in a B-17 is very tiring and the normal switch in the handling of the plane took place about every fifteen or

twenty minutes, between pilot and co-pilot. Another air crew member that was on the same mission stated in his diary that we carried eight one thousand pound bombs and bombed from 27,000 feet. I did not fly another mission until November 29. Winter weather kept the group grounded many days between flights. However, the group did fly several missions before I was assigned another combat mission. I flew in several practice missions. They could be worked out on days when we had just a few hours when the field wasn't socked in.

November 29, 1944, the target was an oil refinery at Misburg, Germany. The Eighth Air Force flew a thousand bombers on this mission. My diary lists moderate but inaccurate flak over the target. It was an eight and a half hour mission and we bombed from 26,000 feet.

January 17, 1945, the target was Paderborn. Over 650 bombers bombed three oil refineries and other targets. On this mission I flew in the tail gunner position. The purpose of this assignment was that the higher ranking officers leading the group wanted a commissioned officer to report on the status of formation and other information necessary for him to more effectively lead the mission. My tail gun position in the lead plane has the best view of the group formation. My diary said we did not encounter flak this day. It does not say that the flying for many hours on my knees aggravated an old football injury and I could hardly get out of the cramped gunner position when we landed or before we landed. I limped around for about a week.

February 14, 1945 I went with the formation and bombed Dresden, Germany which was the assigned target. The First Bomb Division which included the 398th was led that day by our new Group Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Ensign. He disregarded his experienced lead navigator's plotted course, and our group and at least one other group following us, bombed the open city of Prague, Czechoslovakia. This was my first mission with pilot Joe Alwood. I would fly all but four of the rest of my missions with Joe. There was flak during this mission. We ran low on gas

and had to land on a British-held field in France. It took three days before gasoline was procured so we could take off and return to our home base. The crew did not have comfortable quarters, I can tell you. When I returned, I enjoyed my three biscuit mattress I had inherited from the RAF group that was on that field previously.

February 19, 1945 the target was a marshalling yard at Munster, Germany. Nearly 1100 bombers attacked this and other yards as well as oil refineries. My diary states that we had moderate flak. This was an eight-hour mission.

February 21, 1945 the target was Nuremberg, Germany and it was a railroad marshalling yard and the main station of the locomotive shop. My diary states that no flak was on the target and not on the bomb run. Of the 1200 bombers bombing this target, just think 1200 bombers, each carrying approximately six thousand pounds of bombs. That is 720,000 pounds of explosives on one large city transportation facility. This was an eight and a half hour mission and the flak coming to the target was from 155mm guns. We were on oxygen five hours, the temperature was minus 48 degrees. This was my sixth mission and I was awarded the Air Medal.

February 22, 1945 the target was Stendel, Germany and we again bombed marshalling yards. This mission was unique that we bombed from an altitude of 10,000 feet. Normally we reached altitudes of 25,000 feet or more as soon as possible and then bombed the target and returned to an area where flak would not be expected before we lost much altitude. One plane was lost when we were hit by enemy anti-aircraft on this mission. This was the only mission I ever flew on where we strafed an enemy transportation facility we saw on the way home from the target. My diary states that I sweated like hell on this mission.

February 23, 1945 the target was the marshalling yards at Lichtenfels, Germany. This mission was also unique in that we bombed from an altitude of 15,000 feet. There were 1193 bombers on

this mission. My diary again states that I sweated again. Some diaries state that we bombed Eger, Czechoslovakia. I don't think that we did though. A fighter made a pass at the formation and we had some flak. This was a ten-hour mission.

February 28, 1945 the target was a marshalling yard and a manufacturing plants in Schwerta, Germany. We bombed using radar to pinpoint the target. There were 1054 bombers on this mission. Due to weather we finally took off about noon. We bombed from 25,000 feet and the fighters downed one plane from the group.

March 1, 1945 the target was Neckersuim, Germany and there were 1153 bombers. Encountered light flak at the Rhine River. We bombed from 20,000 feet, making three passes over the target. We hit a tank factory and on this nine-hour mission, eight different marshalling yards were bombed this day.

March 2, 1945 our target was Seusfeld which was deep in southeast Germany. On this mission 1159 bombers were sent out to bomb synthetic oil and refinery plants. The 398th target again was marshalling yards. From our cloud cover our group made a 360 turn and dropped bombs on the second pass. We had our bombbay doors stick open as we started the large 360 turn with the formation and we were out on the outside of that turn. At the time a single FW-190 fighter popped out of the clouds below us came in about seven o'clock low and flew past our right wing as it completed its pass. I could see the pilot plainly as he was only a few feet from our wingtip. He was slumped in the cockpit and the FW-190 fell off on one wing and disappeared into the clouds below as the plane began spin. I believe our gunners had hit him but I cannot be sure as I could only see the pilot for a split second. Another reason I believe he had been hit and did not try to shoot down any of the B-17s which were pretty spread out in the formation. I think he had been hit. When the German passed by our wingtip it was an easy target for our top turret gunner.

However, he was unfortunately out of the turret, trying to crank up the doors, crank the doors shut manually. But it was not so unfortunate for him. One of the FW-190s bullets went right through the side of the top turret gun. Obviously it was fortunate for him that he was not there. After the FW-190 hit us with both 30 caliber bullets and 20 caliber cannon shells, we had to feather one engine. One of the cannon shells knocked a large hole in the left wing but fortunately it was just behind the gas tank. Had it hit the gas tank we would have exploded and then Burke's little boy would not be here today. Needless to say, we could not keep up with the formation and now had to salvo our bombs unaimed. Maybe we hit at least an outhouse but more likely we dug up a potato field. We made it back to an Allied base in France. I don't recall at all how we got back to the base but apparently we accomplished it the same day.

March 5, 1945 almost 400 bombers again sought marshalling yards. My diary states that this was a milk run. I know had enough missions to receive my first oak leaf cluster to my Air Medal. This was a nine-hour mission and we bombed from 28,000 feet. The temperature was minus 44 degrees.

On March 7 the target was Siegen, Germany. Again we bombed marshalling yards. 872 bombers were dispatched this time. We were awakened at 2:15 a.m. for this mission.

March 9 the target was Kassel, Germany. As part of over 1000 fleet of bombers we again struck marshalling yards. My diary indicates we encountered a lot of flak. This was a very odd and shaky mission. We were carrying a high explosive and touchy type of bomb load. The squadron ahead of us dropped their bombs on the target. However, when they did that there was a large reddish cloud visible immediately just below their formation. One plane blew up completely; one went down with an engine on fire. My memory is that four of the ten planes fell out of the formation and were headed down, including what was left of the one that blew up. I also

remember the co-pilot of one of the falling planes remained at the controls while the rest of the crew, including the wounded pilot, jumped out. The plane blew up before the co-pilot could jump. His name was Ed Kline and he was one of the members of the group in my hut. At a ceremony during one of the 398th's reunions a few years back, Ed was posthumously presented the DFC. It was concluded that two or more of those touchy bombs somehow hit each other while still in close formation and the explosion caused the loss of so many planes and men. On March 19 the target was Plaven, Germany. The day's fleet consisted of 1321 bombers and again we struck marshalling yards. This mission was very different in that I flew co-pilot for a new crew on their first combat mission. A new crew is understandably shaky and not likely to be as coordinated as experienced personnel are. They are definitely over-excited. All in all, flying with them is not a position I would eagerly volunteer for. Their pilot, Norman Williams, occupied a vacant bunk in my hut so I was already acquainted with him. In addition to all this, there was according to my diary "lots of flak."

March 11th the target was Bremen. We bombed a U-boat yard. There were 1212 four-engine bombers needed on Bremen and Kiel that day. My diary states there was lots of flak but it was below us.

March 15 the target was Oranienburg, Germany. Again we bombed marshalling yards. There were a total of 1282 bombers that hit this target ' their Army headquarters at this target and an Army headquarters at Zossen. Marshalling yards and other transportation targets were hit at Stendal, Birkenwerend, Guardelegen, Wittenberge and a road bridge at Gusen. My diary states that this target was on the northern outskirts of Berlin and has one word "rough".

March 17 the target was Bohlen, Germany. My diary shows the target to be Leipzig. I think this is accurate because we bombed a synthetic oil plant. It also states flak was heavy but inaccurate.

I sometimes wonder if comments such as that really matter that we didn't suffer any damage to our plane. That day the 398th bombs with 1260 bombers. Also collected another oak leaf cluster to my air medal.

March 18, 1945 defined target was Berlin, Germany. I stated "defined" target as we had to abort the mission before reaching the target. We had a total failure in one engine and couldn't keep up with the group.

March 19, 1945 the target was Plavæn and 1223 bombers flew that day. Again we bombed a marshalling yard. Some time between the 19th of March and the 17th of April our crew was given what we referred to as a flak leave. I know that Joe pilot , Jim Banks the navigator, and I went to Edinburgh, Scotland for this seven-day leave. I don't believe we toured any of the historical sites at Edinburgh. We were too busy sampling Scotch whiskey as well as the room temperature beer. We had some encounters with some of the lassies of Edinburgh but it's best that I don't go into that matter I guess.

April 7, 1945 the target was Kohlenbissen, Germany. Over 1200 four-engine heavy bombers bombed marshalling yards, explosive plants, oil storage depots and ordnance depot in central and northern Germany. Unfortunately, I did not list this mission in my diary. I'm quoting from the book "The Army Air Forces in World War II." We met opposition from well over a hundred conventional fighters and fifty jets. The fighting was described as fierce and fifteen heavy bombers were shot down. It also states that our fighters downed sixty of the enemy and that the bombers shot down forty. Although we outnumbered the enemy, we were using more inexperienced pilots. I personally don't feel we had as many victories as they claimed. I do not know why I didn't list this and the previous two as well but they weren't in my diary. I do know

that we were on them because I have some research information that shows every target that I bombed.

On April 8 we went to ^{Perben} Germany and used more than 1150 heavy bombers on airfields, oil storage depots, ordnance depots and factories.

On April 9 Oberptafienhofen was the target. We bombed similar targets to the ones the day before but our group target was an airfield. I think that was a milk run.

April 11 the target was Krainburg. Targets were the same as the previous two missions with no opposition. Again we used over 1250 four-engine heavy bombers on these targets. This mission earned me my third oak leaf cluster.

April 13, 1945 the target was Neumunster. We used only 200 B-17s on marshalling yards. Parked aircraft in the area were strikes by the fighter escort and they reported they had destroyed 289 parked planes. Again it was possible the number was inflated.

April 18, 1945 the target was Rosenheim, Germany. Again this target was transportation facilities.

April 19 was Elsterwerde, Germany and 550 heavy bombers hit the railroad network.

April 21 the target was Munich, Germany. We were part of just 300 four-engine bombers that made it to the target. Another 200 turned back in bad weather. The target again was marshalling yards.

April 25 the target was Pilsen, Czechoslovakia. Just 275 bombers were used on this target. The 398th along with other groups bombed the Skoda Works. This was a large munitions factory and a part of Czechoslovakia that was slated to be taken and occupied by the Russian army. As I said before of this target, my opinion is that the U.S. bombed this target into rubble so that the communists would not get it intact and in working order. There was one unusual thing about this

target. Eisenhower had given orders to radio stations and they broadcast it to warn the workers. I had mentioned this before.

My last combat mission for the 8th Air Force in the European Theater. One more and I would have collected another oak leaf cluster. Six more and I would have completed the tour earning me the right to ship back to the States. As it was I, along with most of the other 398th Bomb Group, shipped back in June. Had I flown more combat missions I might have bought the farm and I'm therefore not displeased that combat was over in that theater. The 8th along with the 9th and 15th did fly some food drops after the combat phase of service was over. Although I did not fly on any of these missions, I did fly with my group on a mission to bring some POWs out of a camp at Barth, Germany. Barth had been overrun by the Russian army and there was worry that we wouldn't get our servicemen home if we didn't get them out of Russian hands. This was no idle threat as it was known that the Russians had no concern for anyone's life or safety.

Thousands of prisoners and civilians taken or liberated by the Russians have never been heard of again. The Russians were not the best allies we had to be teamed up with. I returned to the States from overseas in June of 1945. I had a thirty-day leave which I spent at home in Arlington. After the thirty-day leave I returned to Ft. Meade and then to Drew Field at Tampa, Florida. Let me mention a little about the enemy that we fought in Europe. The German nation at that time had a mere sixty-six million population. That is as of 1939. Of that number less than thirty-nine million were men. Now in the same period, Russian had over 107 million population. England had over 46 million and France had over 35 million. Obviously this is a population of Belgium, Netherlands, the Baltic countries and Norway. Yet Germany was able to conquer all but England and Russia. They did wreak a great deal of damage on Russia and would have no doubt conquered Great Britain had it not been protected by the English Channel. Now in 1940 the

population of the United States was 132 million but of that total, our military forces consisted of just 458,000. The German military consisted of something over twelve million. We had to build up a force to effectively combat Germany and Italy as well as Japan. As the war progressed, Italy was more of a drag on the Axis than an asset. By the end of World War II we had a force of over twelve million. We were fighting on two fronts because of the war in the Pacific against Japan. Before we entered the war in Europe, Germany had conquered all of Europe except Sweden, Switzerland and Spain which were neutral. If you look at a map, you can see a relatively small military held an immense area of land which it had conquered with a small but very effective and well-led armed forces. We were also involved in the Pacific with a small but efficient, well-armed enemy military that was led by good officers. They too had conquered immense areas of Asia and that is what we faced with 458,000 military personnel when we entered World War II. These enemy forces were superb, I don't care what you say about the politics involved, they had a great, great military.

I think I spent about three weeks in Tampa on the ship and then was shipped out to Fort Wayne, Indiana, along with some other 398th guys. I was heading for the Pacific, which I knew. I did not know I was destined to an assignment in troop carrier. Meaning most likely I would be flying C-46s or C-47s, hauling paratroopers into Japan. After being shot at at 20,000 or more feet over Europe, now it would be going in at about 900 feet with an airspeed just over stalling so the airborne troops could jump with as little slipstream as possible and close to the ground as possible so as to not be a target from small arms fire for as short as time as possible. Fortunately the war with Japan ended before the Army could get us into the fight in the Pacific. One day the old Army up and shipped me to Pope Field which is located on the edge of Fort Bragg. This was just outside the town of Fayetteville, North Carolina. It was handy that it was attached to Fort

Bragg because that's where the 82nd Airborne was. I was introduced to the C-47 airplane and rated as co-pilot again. I didn't care, I got to fly fairly often but did not have any responsibility to look after for anyone but myself. We dumped paratroopers out once in a while and on one occasion visited a nice beach on the Gulf Coast out of the Florida. This was in the panhandle section. First time I had ever seen really white sand. I think that we had landed at Eglin Field. Most of my friends that I hung out with before the war were home again. Four of us guys were really close friends at home and I would get together with them when I came home.

I'm talking about coming home from Pope Field. I was able to do that most every weekend if I wanted to if they didn't have an assignment for me which they didn't have often. Going home led to an encounter that lasted for a while. I met this young lady by the name of Betty Darcy and she and I eloped on my twenty-third birthday. A friend of mine and his girlfriend drove us around while I downed a part of a bottle of booze. We had a health exam and ended up in front of "Marrying Judge McCarthy" across from the Arlington courthouse. He and I had a drink and he performed the ceremony making Mrs. Burke's little boy a husband. Betty and I took off then in my car for a honeymoon. Betty and I moved into my father's house. My mother was up on the farm, taking care of the chores for her mother. Later we moved into an apartment which was where our firstborn popped up on October 16, 1948. In 1954 another surprise occurred, my second child was born. I bought a larger home. I bought a horse for my oldest boy and I named the horse Gypsy. She was coal black and I had a little trouble getting along with her in the beginning but once she realized I fed and took care of her, she warmed up a little to me and she was a funny horse. She accepted me and to a great extent she accepted my oldest boy, Buddy, and that it was about it though because nobody else could really handle her very well. She loved to be ridden but only by me or Buddy. I rode her in the Halloween parade through this little town

of Vienna. Gypsy was coal black and I would tie a red bandanna to the top of her bridle. We and the other horses would ride through Vienna in this parade. The powers that be mentioned something about what human marchers might have to walk through so we were last in the parade. Gypsy was funny, she would show off. She didn't do this any other time but she did it every time I was in the parade. Part of the way down the road she would walk side-ways and then she'd walk straight and then she'd walk side-ways and all the little kids that watched the parade would shout, "There's Gypsy!" For some reason, they didn't know my name but they knew the horse. For most of the time I owned Gypsy I drove a VW Beetle to work. When I would come home in the evening, Gypsy would hear that car about two blocks from my house. She would run up to the fence when I got out of the car and she would nicker and stomp her feet. Of course I would go and rub her ears, and talk to her before I went into the house. One evening Betty complained that I greeted the horse before her. I told her if she would run up to the fence and nicker and stomp her feet, I would talk to her first. I ended up in the doghouse again for two weeks.

That's about all that I have written, Richard.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now you mentioned the AT-10 and the AT-9. What's the difference in those two?

Mr. Burke:

The At-9 as I say apparently had been built maybe for use as a Navy plane, being able to take off from an aircraft carrier. It had pretty good horsepower for a plane that size. Apparently that fell through and they used them as trainers and as I say, I read that description from the museum and they were a dangerous plane to fly. Being kind of dumb, like I am, I didn't realize that until long after I had gotten out of the military. I thought it was just a real nice plane to fly. An AT-10 was

made by Beechcraft. I think the AT-9 was made by Curtiss. The AT-10 was made by Beechcraft and I'm pretty sure it was made with a lot of plywood. It was a much easier to handle plane and that was the difference. You didn't have to cope with the problems that you had with the 9 when you were flying the 10.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Were either one of these twin tail or were they single tail or what was that?

Mr. Burke:

The AT-9 was...both of them were single tail, yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Both were single tail?

Mr. Burke:

Yeah.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now, the one they called the Bamboo Bomber. Did you ever hear of that one?

Mr. Burke:

There was a bomber that the British used...

Mr. Misenhimer:

No, this was a trainer. It was one of those two planes.

Mr. Burke:

I don't know.

Mr. Misenhimer:

It was a Cessna.

Mr. Burke:

No, I don't know.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What date were you commissioned when you graduated from pilot school?

Mr. Burke:

Commissioned on August 4, 1944.

Mr. Misenhimer:

You were in the 398th Bomb Group, in the 603rd Bomb Squadron?

Mr. Burke:

Right.

Mr. Misenhimer:

On your flights in England, were you the pilot or the co-pilot?

Mr. Burke:

I was co-pilot. Just between you and I, I got some scuttlebutt that they wanted to check me out as first pilot. That doesn't mean you're going to do it but you had that rating. I knew we had a crew that was good and they knew what each other was doing and you know superstition and things but I felt like it was a lucky crew. I managed to be where they couldn't find me that morning and so that irritated the squadron C.O. again so they never made another effort. I stayed with that same crew as co-pilot and you know you think the thing is when you get to be my age...

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now, if you aborted a flight like you said you had aborted, does that count as one of your missions?

Mr. Burke:

It depends on whether you're over enemy territory or not. I think they considered it once you entered the continent from England.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever fly a B-24 or ride on one?

Mr. Burke:

No, and the one time I went in one and that was like at a little air show where they were parked. I went in one and crawled through that little sort of tunnel and I figured bad as the B-17 was to get back and forth through between the bomb racks, etc. I was glad I didn't have to be in a 24 and crawl through that tunnel. I crawl through a tunnel in my yard but I didn't want to do it over Germany.

Mr. Misenhimer:

How was the morale in your outfit?

Mr. Burke:

The morale was pretty good. It got a little touchy when the Colonel made changes because he was going to "fix the group." He figured they needed sharpening up and maybe they did. I don't know. That doesn't sit well when somebody announces that you're lousy and they're going to fix you.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you ever hear Axis Sally on the radio?

Mr. Burke:

No, I never heard her, no.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Now when you got out did you have any trouble adjusting to civilian life?

Mr. Burke:

No. I had no trouble at all. I came back to the job that I had so when I got out I knew I had a way to make a living. You know I enjoyed the job I had before so I had not trouble adjusting.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Did you have any experience with the Red Cross?

Mr. Burke:

Yes. When we were at Maxwell Field, we were held over after we had finished our training there because wherever it was that they were going to send us was backed up I guess weather, they hadn't been flying as much so they had no place available right then to send us. So we were hoping that they'd give us leave since we were there. The only thing that we did was they made us do P.T. half of the day and then the other half we'd just hang around. They didn't tell us they would give us a leave. Then about I don't know, I guess the 24th I guess it was, the 23rd or 24th of December they told us we could go home and said we could have a five-day leave. In my case I had to go to find a Greyhound or a train because I could get on a train back to Washington and then return the same way. This is toward the end of the month and some of the guys didn't have enough money to get a ticket home. They went to the Red Cross and told them that they just wanted to borrow enough so that they could get home and the Red Cross told them "well, you should have saved your money so you'd have it." So I got a pretty bad taste of the Red Cross at that time. Now I had, before I went in the service, I had known one young lady that her mother was kind of high in the Red Cross some way and of course I liked her mother but that Red Cross there at Maxwell Field where they wouldn't loan people any money and just told them they should have saved their money so they would have had it. I have never contributed to the Red Cross.

Mr. Misenhimer:

What ribbons and medals did you get?

Mr. Burke:

I got the Air Medal and I got the E. T. O., that's the European Theater whatever and I mentioned that my group had got it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

The P.U.C.?

Mr. Burke:

All of us that were in the crew.

Mr. Misenhimer:

Lew, thanks again for your time today and thanks again for your service to our country.

Mr. Burke:

All right. Well, again it's up to you now so you take care of it.

Mr. Misenhimer:

OK, will do.

End of Interview

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