



EIGHTH of MINNESOTA

NEWSLETTER

Published Quarterly Volume 21, Number 1
Winter, 2011

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The 8th Parties at Mancini's: Members Enjoy Local Folk Duo

Just under 100 members of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society of Minnesota, their friends and family joined together December 5 to celebrate Christmas at Mancini's Char House in downtown St. Paul. A pair of folk singers from Duluth, Kate & Bill Isles, inspired us with their stories and their original folk songs. Attendance numbered about 30 fewer people than in prior years.

Nevertheless all seemed to very much enjoy the music program produced by our Vice-President Dick Hill. The women attending enthusiastically accepted beautiful boxed ornaments generously provided by our own Larry Bachman. Our skilled emcee, Stan Turner, provided terrific background stories and gracefully managed the pace of events. The active 8th of Minnesota continues to be in the forefront of 8th Air Force organizations across the country.



Luncheons are Wednesday, 11:15 AM
K of C Hall, Bloomington, MN.
See our website: www.8thmn.org





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Don Bruns (379th BG)

Larry Bachman (392nd BG)

Don Kent (401st BG)

Clyde Thompson (490th BG)

Dick Kaminski (457th BG)

Robert Clemens (15th AF)

Al Anderson (ARDC)

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Recte Faciendo Neminem Timeo – "I Fear None In Doing Right."





President's Report

Another year is gone. It seems like it just started! The annual Christmas party at Mancini's Char House in Saint Paul was enjoyed by all who attended. Thanks to the Program Committee for another job well done.

It was another great year with the many Air Shows we participated in, our trip to Hinckley, MN as honored guests at their airport event, our now legendary Wednesday meetings and lunches that we have all come to cherish and enjoy.

Thank you for the privilege of being your President for the past two years. Please give your full support to your new Board of Directors that takes over in 2011. They have a big job to do in the next few years as we lose more and more of our WWII veterans of the Mighty 8th Air Force. Many of the Bomb Groups have already turned their meetings and reunions over to the next generation to carry on the legacy of the Mighty 8th and all veterans that fought in WWII.

We must not forget the price that our veterans have paid to preserve the freedom we enjoy.

May the legacy continue.

-Al Anderson

Chaplain's Message

Jimmy Stewart's Airman's prayer:

Throughout the war, he carried with him a copy of the 91st Psalm, a gift from his father. According to the Jimmy Stewart Museum, he said, "What a promise for an airman. I placed in His Hands the squadron I would be leading.

And, as the psalmist promised, I felt myself borne up."

Psalm 91: He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee. Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone. Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

**"After age seventy it's patch,
patch, patch."**

-James Stewart



Editor's Notes

- Lawrence Sagstetter

Election of Officers for 2011

An annual membership meeting was officially held Wednesday, December 8 at the first weekly luncheon after the Christmas dinner. The existing Board developed a slate of new directors that it recommend to the membership for ratification. With unanimous consent, a new Board Of Directors was installed for 2011.

Members of the new Board are listed on page 2. At its first meeting in January, the new Board elected Steve Marks as president for 2011.

Steve Marks was in the USAF from 1964 to 1968. Says Steve, "I was in SAC the whole time: 462d Strat. Aerospace Wing (SAW) 9/64 to 3/66 Larson AFB, WA; 22d Bomb Wing (H) 3/66 to 4/68 March AFB, CA. I was a jet engine technician. I went 'Arc Lite' tdy from 4/67 to 9/67 at Kadena AFB, Okinawa. When the North Koreans captured the USS Pueblo in January, 1968, the 22d BW went to Anderson AFB, Guam. We thought the B-52s were there to obliterate the harbor (and the Pueblo) where the Pueblo was. Instead, the TET offensive took place. I spent that time at Anderson."

"I retired from Northwest Airlines after 35 1/2 years. I started at North Central/Republic, then went to NWA. I volunteer weekly at the NWA History Center. I'm a history buff, mainly military history."

"I'm married to Faith and have a son and daughter. My 5th grandchild is due next April."

At its first meeting of the new year, the new Board received an updated financial report. It was not a good one. Our organization finished last year \$4,308.86 in the red. That is, we

spent about \$4,309 more than we took in for 2010. Losses like this cannot be sustained if our organization is to continue into the future.

We need members to pay their annual dues. And please update us about your address changes. We want to make sure that those who want to receive this newsletter continue to get it. A dues/address update form is printed inside the back page.

Roger Sit, Chair of the Minnesota Military Appreciation Fund, sent us a letter of appreciation for our contribution last year. We gave the fund \$1,000 to help them help Minnesota veterans returning from Iraq. The Board also committed \$3,000 over three years to the Knights of Columbus Hall in Bloomington to help them install an elevator.

We urge all members to join us at our weekly luncheons at the K of C Hall, 1114 American Blvd. W, Bloomington 55420. Luncheons take place every Wednesday around 11:15 AM. Bring friends and family if you can. Tell us your stories. Offer us your suggestions about how to improve the organization.

Speakers are often lined up to talk after lunch as part of the program. Dick Hill has done a great job scheduling speakers, finding and playing topical DVDs. The Board Of Directors thanks him for his efforts.

Thank you Larry Bachman for again providing ornament gifts to the women attending the Christmas party at Mancini's.

Barbara Sommerville is writing a book about her father, Chauncey "Speed" Nelson, entitled; *"I Came Through Swell"*. The second of three excerpts from the forthcoming book is printed below. The third and last excerpt will be in the next issue. Thank you Barbara for providing this excellent material for our newsletter. You have done terrific work!

Chauncey "Speed" Nelson flew the B-17 through 40 missions with the 15th Air Force, earning the Air Medal with oak leaf clusters and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

After the war, he joined the Air Force Reserves and eventually became the Commanding Officer of the Army Reserves 305th Aviation Company stationed at Holman Field, attaining the rank of Major before retirement in 1980. Equally important as flying to dad, was his family of ten children. He died in 1994 at age 74.

"I CAME THROUGH SWELL" Part II – Primary Flight Training and "wings"

By
Barbara Sommerville

"It sure is a big thing," Speed said of the PT Stearman he climbed into for the first time on November 3, 1942, his second day at Thunderbird Field in Glendale, AZ. Yet the 32-foot wingspan of the biplane paled in comparison to the 103-foot span of the B-17 he'd eventually fly. Speed took his place in the rear cockpit behind his instructor and listened to him, but could not speak, through a Gosport tube.

The next day he wrote, "Today I made my first landing. My turns and banks were a lot better today. My instructor and I went above the clouds, does it ever look pretty. The mountains don't look so very big when you're up in the air, either."

A week later Speed reports, "Well, I haven't washed out yet. My instructor taught me to do a spin and recover from one. I don't think I will ever forget that first spin. What a sensation! He and I went up to 3,500 feet and put the plane into a stall and then he kicked the right rudder, down we went for 1,000 feet or so, then the recovery. We were spinning straight

down and when we pulled out, I felt as though I was going through the seat.

"It was my turn to do it next and lucky for me I did okay. I also made the takeoff and landing." Speed soloed on the morning of November 20. "My instructor and I were the first ones out, and we did quite a few landings and takeoffs. After fifty minutes of flying around, my instructor says, 'Well, do you think you could take her around by yourself?' I gulped a couple of times and said, 'Sure!' in a

pretty weak voice. Then I taxied over to the edge of the field and he got out."



Speed's instructor wished him luck. Speed taxied back to the runway, alone, and aligned his plane into the wind. "I

looked all around to make sure nothing was in the way," he said, "pulled my goggles down, gave the safety belt a hitch tighter and gave her the gun. Boy! did that engine roar when the front seat was empty.

"Well, I got the tail up and held her straight and after a short run, I was in the air, climbing pretty fast. I got up to 200 feet, made a ninety degree turn and went up 500 feet and headed for the other end of the field to land. I went a little too far so I had to glide under half throttle part of the way down to clear some telephone wires. I made a good landing and stopped. I then taxied over to the instructor and he said everything was okay."

Speed took off and landed two more times that day, which he said, was "okay by me because now I knew I could do it." He added, "the second and third time were even better than the first so I had a pretty good day." He was the first to solo out of his group of six and

the fourth out of ninety-six new pilots. To celebrate, the "fellows" tossed him into the swimming pool during physical training. "Was it ever cold," he said.

After scoring 96 on his engines test, he wrote, "right now things look pretty good for me but I'm not raising any false hopes. His good buddy "Ham" whom he met at Kelly Field, "is just about washed out. One more check and they will send him back to Santa Ana." He added, "It sure is a funny feeling to see a fellow get washed."

Speed made it out of primary at the end of January 1943, and into basic flight training. Now he got a new toy, a BT-13A Vultee "Valiant" an open cockpit single-engine trainer with a lot more horsepower and many more dials on the instrument panel. "My office" as he called it, "sure looked complicated at first with all those dials, handles, knobs, levers, buttons etc. all around me. Now it seems as simple as a car but a lot more difficult to operate."

Between 1941 and 1945, 40 percent of cadets "washed out" of flight training due to academic or physical problems, and death in training accidents. On Valentine's Day, after only five hours in the new plane, Speed had his picture taken with 54 others in the fourth training squadron, Class 43-F. With eyes piercing the photographer's lens, it's obvious the boyish expression has been replaced by a deadly serious one that seemed to be calculating the deadly business he was in.

On February 19, he recorded his first solo flight in the Vultee – a half-hour long. On March 2, he took his first duo formation flight, and four days later, his first solo formation flight. That one lasted two hours. Within two weeks, Speed would take his first night flight.

By the end of 82 hours in the Vultee, Speed was good to go from basic at Minter Field in Bakersfield, CA. to advanced training

at Roswell, New Mexico. Here, Speed faced a new challenge, a twin-engine aircraft known as the "Bamboo Bomber". The AT-17 Cessna had lightweight wood construction in the fuselage and wings, hence the nickname.

Speed's task was to master the dual power source, perfect his instrument flying skills and continue to practice formation flying in preparation for the heavy bomber, the B-17. If he could manage the strain for another nine weeks, Speed would achieve all he'd been working for and win the prize of silver wings.

When Speed waved good-bye from the train station in Minneapolis headed for San Antonio almost eleven months earlier, a



nineteen-year-old tomboy named "Sally" waved back. The spirited brunette, who's real name was Lucille, had known Speed several years before the pair had reached a romantic "understanding".

Now she took a train, and arrived in Roswell in time to celebrate the graduation of Second Lieutenant Chauncey "Speed" Nelson on June 22, 1943. After a total of 317.2 hours in the air, Speed gained his commission in the U.S. Army Air Force, received his sterling silver pilot wings – *and* became a new husband when he and Sally married the next day. Life, indeed, was "swell".

Next stop: Welcome to the War

(..in our next issue)

8th Air Force Lecture Highlights

Special thanks to Kevin Callahan for transcribing the following luncheon lectures.

M. A. "SPOOK" JOHNS, AD-6/7 SKYRAIDER PILOT

On October 13, 2010 M. A. "Spook" Johns was the featured speaker at the *Eighth Air Force Historical Society of Minnesota*. Spook described his many experiences flying Skyraiders in the Navy during the Cold War and Vietnam.

"Joining you guys a few years ago, Al (Anderson) let me know about the Eighth Air Force and your weekly meetings, and I was trying to gen' up some interest in going on some of these charters sponsored at Sun Country,² and, since then, this has been a real nice addition to my life, to meet all you guys. The brothers of the air and combat experiences are getting smaller and smaller, but we all speak the same language, and its great to see you guys."

After graduating from Michigan State University, Spook talked about joining the navy. He trained to be a carrier pilot. At one point, while training in Corpus Christie, TX, "my first instructor at Saufley Field in T-28s was a Skyraider pilot, and he'd entertained us with flying the Skyraider."

I was a real fan of World War II history and all, and I thought, "Gee, I wonder if I'll ever get a chance to fly in this again." A lot of guys thought that flying jets was going to be great, and I'm sure it was. They only took three students to fly the Skyraider every couple weeks because the Skyraider was being phased out of the Navy. They were being replaced, ultimately, by the A-6 Intruder and also the A-7 Corsair, so I thought, "Gee, I'll get the chance to fly this, and maybe if I stay in the

Navy, then I'll transition into these other type of airplanes."

"Well, that was one of the greatest decisions I ever made in my life. I just loved that airplane."



Spook trained on a number of different Navy aircraft carriers, trained to drop nuclear

weapons. Then he was sent to the Ticonderoga, just as the Gulf of Tonkin Incident occurred.

Our squadron launched eight airplanes. "I was not one of them. There were two divisions of four airplanes. A guy named Sam Catterlin was the leader of the division that went to Loc Chao, and his number four man, a guy named Dick Sather got shot down. He was the first naval aviator killed in Vietnam. There was another you may recall hearing about, [Everett] Alvarez [Jr.], he was an A-4 pilot off our ship. He was also shot down, and he was captured, and he spent almost nine years as a prisoner of war."

Spook proceeded to have other adventures in Southeast Asia. One day, "I was flying wing on a guy named Kent Brooks, he was a Lieutenant (j.g.) also, and we had barely gotten in the air and our ship called us up and said go to this point. It turned out to be in Laos. It was where the Ho Chi Minh trail comes through a place called the Mu Gia Pass, and then it goes out in a flat area there. So we had four rocket pods, 19 folding fin 2.75 inch rockets. And it took us the better part of two hours, I guess, to get up there, as I recall."

"And there was an Air Force F-100, one of two that were escorting an RF-101, a reconnaissance airplane, that got shot down. The name was "Ball 3," as I recall. And we were going to help in a rescue, if it was possible."

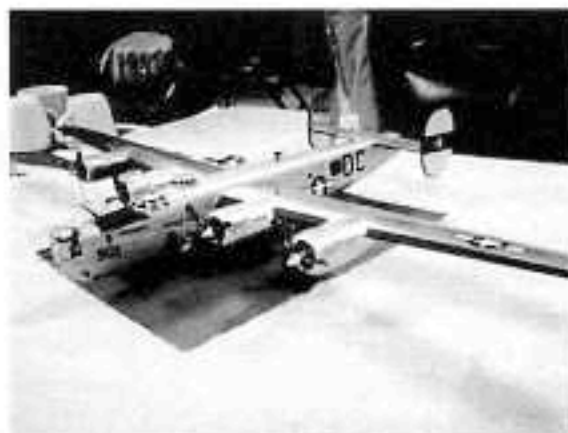
"Well it turns out it wasn't. He was killed, but we got up there and we saw these AA sites that were situated at the mouth of the Mu Gia Pass, and so, its one of the dumbest things we ever did in our lives, we started to shoot it out with an AA site. We laced them pretty good with our 2.75s, but I was on my last run with our 20 mic mics, coming down, and a 37 mm coming this way. And I ducked my head, and just during that time I must have lost another four or five hundred feet, and I'm looking like I'm going to crash into the ground, so I pull up and, man, got out of there. Whew! "



"So we're running a little low on fuel so Kent said, "We'll go over to Udorn, Thailand. And we landed over there for fuel, and an Air Force Airmen walked up and said, "Do you know you have a hole in your prop?" A 37 mm right there, but the Aero Products prop on the AD probably saved my life because it's a hollow prop. Its built of two pieces of steel that are aerodynamically shaped and welded together, and I didn't even know it. If it was a Hamilton standard, I'm sure I'd be dead because it would have shattered."

Since the days of his youth, Spook Johns has

been building model airplanes. "I can't tell you how many I have made. But I've been able to combine my vocation with my hobby, and it's a really nice way to spend your lives. Some of you have seen my efforts along the way up here."



Model of a B-24 Liberator built by Spook Johns that he gave to Larry Bachman.

GLENN FROBERG, CATAPULT AND ARRESTING GEAR CREWMAN

On September 22, 2010 Glenn Froberg was the featured speaker. Glenn described his training, duties, and experiences launching and recovering airplanes as a Catapult and Arresting Gear Crewman¹ working on the flight deck of the aircraft carrier *Badoeng Strait*² (CVE-116) after the close of World War II.

"I was stateside, primarily. I didn't get out to the Pacific until the fighting was all over. Harry Truman had decided to drop the bomb and that ended the war, and everything pretty much came to a standstill, although we were still on alert. I think perhaps maybe a million casualties [were avoided] by ending the war at that point because if we had [had] to invade Japan, it would have been a horrendous operation, and we would have lost a lot more men.

"On May 20th 1944 I was sworn in the Navy, and I was put on inactive duty until September, and was called up September of '44.

It was well over a year that I was in training during the war, while there were other Navy



people were fighting the Battles of Leyte Gulf, like Ted [Murphy] over here, and you fellas were all flying bombing raids over Germany, and I was in school. I was anxious to

get out, and finally when I did get assigned to the *Badoeng Strait CVE-116*, the fighting was over, so we missed that."

Duties of the Catapult Crewmen

"Our duty as the catapult crewmen would be to get up from the side of the deck--on the side of the deck there was a catwalk where our equipment was that was just below the deck level--we'd get up; we'd crawl across the deck, or run across the deck, get underneath the airplane and attach the bridle to both sides of the airplane, and then signal that the bridle was all attached and affixed down to the shuttle--and the hold-back release man would do the same thing.

Accidents

"As far as accidents, we had six accidents during the period of our carrier qualification. Each pilot had to make six successful landings in order to be considered a carrier qualified pilot, and some of them had to make quite a few landings to get six in there and others made six in a row. We had airplanes that crashed into the catwalk, and I was in the position, if I was operating the arresting gear, I could dive right into a hatch if I saw a plane coming for the catwalk, which happened

several times. We had some planes that landed in the water.

We only lost one pilot. Lieutenant Worthington, when he was making his turn from his base onto his final, throttled back a little too much; and cut power too much, fell off on a wing, and went into the water. The destroyer, plane guard--we had a small destroyer, plane guard that would pick up our pilots--got over there right away, but the plane went down before Worthington could get out. A Corsair⁹ would stay afloat for maybe 30 seconds, and in that 30 seconds the pilot had to get out with his life raft. In most cases they did. I was amazed at how quickly they got out in those situations."

The Breeches Buoy: Transferring Downed Pilots and Ice Cream

"When a pilot was picked up by a destroyer that trailed us, the destroyer would come over beside the carrier and a cable would be strung between the smaller ship, the destroyer, and the carrier, and then the pilot would be put in a basket and then hauled across from the smaller ship to the carrier. It was called a "breeches buoy" and that's how we got our pilots back. But it wasn't free, because we had ice cream machinery aboard our ship, the carrier, and so we could make our own ice cream. The destroyer didn't. So in return for getting our pilot back, we had to send several gallons of ice cream back. I don't know if that was a good deal for the pilot or not. At any rate, that was quite interesting to see."

Videos, photos and extensive notes of recent luncheon speakers have now been posted to the home page of our website www.8thmn.org.

Jim Johns, Aviation Historian & Aircraft Restorer

On December 22, 2010 Jim Johns was the featured speaker at a meeting of the Eighth Air Force Historical Society of Minnesota where he described the history of CG-4 Army combat gliders during World War II.

"What I want to talk to you about today are the World War II gliders. 'I'm telling you straight out. If you ever have to go into combat, don't go by glider. Walk, parachute, swim, float, anything but don't go by glider. And this comes from one who did, just once.'"



Classic Jim Johns: quoting Walter Cronkite who once flew in a WWII glider. And of course he was talking about the CG-4, troop carrying, 15 place, assault glider, of which almost 14,000 were manufactured, that fought in every theater of World War II, some 1500 of them manufactured right here in the Twin Cities. As a matter of fact there were only three aircraft in all of World War II manufactured in greater quantity than the CG-4: the P-47, the P-51, and the B-24.

The CG-4 was so loved by the Army that they referred to it as "the flying coffin." The Army Air Force was a little more descriptive. They referred to the CG-4 as "America's answer to the Japanese kamikaze."

Jim provided a lengthy history of the CG-4 combat glider program and their production in the Twin Cities. He is well qualified to do so. That's because he is the leading architect behind the complete renovation and re-build of an original CG-4A at Villaume Industries, the original builder of the plane.

Jim talked about the origins of the glider

concept which was conceived in Hitler's Germany. And the world soon saw Germany's development of the combat glider in 1940 when Germany invaded France, Belgium, and Holland.



When the time came for the United States to build a glider to get silently behind enemy lines in WWII, the Waco Aircraft Corporation of Troy, Ohio submitted the winning design. That was for a fifteen place cargo, troop carrying, or assault glider.



The Twin Cities soon became a center for glider production. Jim went on to tell the tale of the marshaling of resources and innovation necessary to commence building the aircraft. He discussed the training of the men required to fly in it. He gave a history of its effectiveness in Sicily and on D day.

Contact Jim Johns directly about the ongoing glider restoration project @ 952-881-1797.

Night blindness: Eating carrots won't improve your vision. Lack of vitamin A can cause night blindness, and carrots are high in vitamin A. But the legend about eating carrots so you can see at night has better roots.

During World War II, the British government wanted people to grow and eat carrots to ease food shortages. So they put out a story that carrots were the reason Royal Air Force gunners were having such good luck spotting German bombers at night and shooting them down.

People started eating carrots to help themselves find bomb shelters in the dark. And the RAF kept the Germans from finding out the real reason for the gunners' success: The launch of a new airborne radar system!



"Sure war is hell, but thank heaven this is the 'war to end all wars.'"

Geraldine Doyle, 86, dies; one-time factory worker inspired Rosie the Riveter and 'We Can Do It!' poster

By T. Rees Shapiro

Washington Post Staff Writer

Wednesday, December 29, 2010; 11:30 PM

Geraldine Doyle, 86, who as a 17-year-old factory worker became the inspiration for a popular World War II recruitment poster that evoked female power and independence under

the slogan "We Can Do It!", died Dec. 26 at a hospice in Lansing, Mich.

For millions of Americans throughout the decades since World War II, the stunning brunette in the red and white polka-dot



bandanna was Rosie the Riveter. Rosie's rolled-up sleeves and flexed right arm came to represent the newfound strength of the 18 million women who worked during the war and later made her a figure of the feminist movement.

But the woman in the patriotic poster was never named Rosie, nor was she a riveter. All along it was Mrs. Doyle, who after graduating from high school in Ann Arbor, Mich., took a job at a metal factory, her family said.

One day, a photographer representing United Press International came to her factory and captured Mrs. Doyle leaning over a piece of machinery and wearing a red and white polka-dot bandanna over her hair.

In early 1942, the Westinghouse Corp. commissioned artist J. Howard Miller to produce several morale-boosting posters to be displayed inside its buildings. The government funded the project as a way to motivate workers and perhaps recruit new ones for the war effort.

Smitten with the UPI photo, Miller reportedly was said to have decided to base one of his posters on the anonymous, slender metal worker - Mrs. Doyle.

For four decades, this fact escaped Mrs. Doyle, who shortly after the photo was taken left her job at the factory. She barely lasted two weeks. A cellist, Mrs. Doyle was horrified to learn that a previous worker at the factory had badly injured her hands working at the machines.

She found safer employment at a soda fountain and bookshop in Ann Arbor.

In 1984, Mrs. Doyle and her family came across an article in *Modern Maturity* magazine, a former AARP publication, that connected her UPI photo with Miller's wartime poster.

The artist did take some liberties with Mrs. Doyle's physique, her family said. "She didn't have those big muscles," said her daughter Stephanie Gregg of Eaton Rapids, Mich. "She was busy playing cello."

two weeks in February 1942. As time passed, however, it took on a whole new life.

In the early 1940s, Redd Evans and John Jacob Loeb composed the song "Rosie the Riveter."

Simple lyrics helped the tune become a rotation staple on radio stations coast-to-coast: "All day long whether rain or shine, she's part of the assembly line. She's making history, working for victory, Rosie the Riveter."

For Jimmy Stewart Museum, a Not-So-Wonderful Plight

By CLARE ANSBERRY, *The Wall Street Journal* – December 21, 2010

INDIANA, Pa.—It used to be a wonderful life at the Jimmy Stewart Museum.

Attendance is down at the Jimmy Stewart Museum in Indiana, Pa. State funding is drying up, grants are dwindling, and executive director Tim Harley doesn't know how long the modest venue, in the actor's hometown, can hang on.

Past years, every year before Christmastime, busloads of senior citizens would come to the actor's hometown to see costumes and scripts from his 81 movies, his childhood bed and the red leather booth excavated from the acclaimed, now-shuttered Chasen's Restaurant in Hollywood. The Stewart family dined there

According to her family, the original photo of Mrs. Doyle was featured on the cover of the 1986 Time-Life book "The Patriotic Tide: 1940-1950."

"You're not supposed to have too much pride, but I can't help have some in that poster," Mrs. Doyle told the *Lansing State Journal* in 2002. "It's just sad I didn't know it was me sooner."

The "We Can Do It!" poster was scheduled to be displayed in Westinghouse facilities for only After the song had become popular, the May 29, 1943, edition of the *Saturday Evening Post* cover featured a Norman Rockwell illustration of a muscular, red-headed riveter with the name Rosie painted on her lunch pail.

From then on, many people began to associate the hardworking female factory employee with the name "Rosie," and so the title stuck to Miller's poster.

on Sunday mornings and Thursday evenings.



The entrance of the Jimmy Stewart Museum on Philadelphia Street in Indiana Pa. The canopy was a gift from Rich Little, a longtime friend of Mr. Stewart.

Often, guests would stop in the museum's 50-seat theater for a special holiday viewing of Mr. Stewart's 1946 classic "It's a Wonderful Life," which tells the story of George Bailey, whose

failing savings and loan was saved by the community, while he himself, distraught and about to leap from a bridge, was saved by his guardian angel, Clarence, on Christmas Eve.

"We could use a Clarence," says Timothy Harley, executive director of the museum. There hasn't been a single charter tour bus this month and none have been scheduled for the spring. In December, typically one of its busiest months, the museum had three smaller bookings. One was a chapter of the Red Hat Society, a network of older women known for their crimson headgear. Another was a student group.

Attendance has slid to about 5,000 this year, down from a peak of roughly 11,000 in the late 1990s, when the museum opened. That's far less than the droves that typically turn up for Groundhog Day, a tourist draw in nearby Punxsutawney.

He was, Mr. Harley notes, not only a Hollywood star. He was also a decorated military hero, a Boy Scout, as well as a good husband and father. Mr. Stewart's simple four words of advice to his twin daughters as they went off to college: "Be nice to everyone."

Fewer visitors mean fewer sales of \$5 to \$7 tickets, as well as Jimmy Stewart movies and greeting cards hawked at the gift shop. Local and state funding is down, too. The Pennsylvania Historical and Museum Commission, which last year provided \$5,500 to the museum, cut its funding to \$1,400 this year. Next year, it will be zero. With a \$140,000 operating budget, Mr. Harley is concerned the museum won't be able to continue.

So he has been looking for other sources of revenue. A stack of about 70 rejection letters from area foundations sits on his desk. He pleaded with county agencies in a pitch for

funding entitled "The Museum Advantage: A Concise White Paper Citing Some of the Benefits that the Jimmy Stewart Museum Provides to the Indiana County Regional Area." The paper notes that the museum generated an estimated \$407,000 for the local economy.

The Stewart family has been generous, Mr. Harley says, both with funds and artifacts. It donates \$25,000 every year and gave the county a \$500,000 endowment fund for various agencies. Other supporters include impressionist Rich Little, who funded a \$20,000 museum canopy, and Nick Clooney, father of actor George, brother of singer Rosemary, who lived two blocks from the Stewarts, and a former host on American Movie Classics.

"It really needs an endowment," says Mr. Clooney. Mr. Harley, the executive director, agrees. In the meantime, he is marketing the museum as a possible site for weddings and a resource for schools and the Boy Scouts.



Jimmy Stewart Museum

The cover of the 1945 Life Magazine featuring Jimmy Stewart returning from the war. Mr. Stewart's father, Alex, who owned the local hardware store, made a "V" for Victory out of lumber, illuminated with three bulbs, and had it installed on the roof of the courthouse.

Images from Veterans Day



Steve & Lori Huebl of Jordan, MN visited the 8th luncheon with their children: Brittany -18 years old; Evan -17; Tasha -15; Joseph-13; Trenton-11; Greta, 10. They are friends of

Road Knutson. The children are home schooled. The Huebl's brought a cake and gifts for the veterans. The children learned first-hand the stories of the WWII airmen.



Broken Wings

Willis "Bud" Skiff had a distinguished military career serving in the US 8th Air Force during WWII. He flew 42 combat missions and continued

serving in the Air Force Reserve where he earned the rank of Lt. Colonel. Retired Electrical Engineer with NSP after 32 years of service. At age 89 Bud passed away on January 26, 2011.



Earl Joswick, B-17 Ball Turret Gunner

Earl B. Joswick, Staff Sergeant, Ball Turret Gunner, Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress; United States Army Air Forces, Eighth Air Force, 95th Bomb Group (Heavy), 334th squadron, aircrew "Ten Aces." European Theater, WWII Veteran. POW Stalag IV, Awarded the Air Medal, Purple Heart, and POW medal. Member of The Eighth Air Force Historical Society of Minnesota (past President), The 95th Bomb Group (H) Association, American Ex-Prisoners of War and proud to have been part of The Greatest Generation. Thanks Earl!





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