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INVADER Magazine

Official Publication of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association

The Amazing Story of Charlie Drew

1st Lt. Charles W. Drew

Bob Koehne

I trust that all of you and your families have stayed safe and healthy these past several months since our last INVADER. We have finally firmed up a date for our next reunion which will be held in San Antonio, April 19-24, 2022. As I mentioned before, we needed to work around the Fiesta days there to avoid the crowds and extra costs. I'm sorry that we still can't give you all of the details including a registration form in this issue, but mark your calendars for now and watch for the next issue. In the planning stages is a hotel on San Antonio's River Walk, a tour of the WWII museum in Fredericksburg, and attending a basic military training graduation at Lackland, hopefully with a B-2 flyover and perhaps one of our active duty members being the reviewing officer for the parade.

Speaking of our active duty members, one of our recent 13th commanders is returning to Whiteman. Colonel Geoffrey "Fletch" Steeves is assuming command of the 509th Operations group in the 509th Bomb Wing.

I'm pleased to report that all of our 13th association board positions are filled. Just recently, I asked Don Mathews if he would take on the WWII era rep. Don is a WWII veteran although his time in the 13th was as a navigator in A-26's in 1951-1952. Welcome aboard Don.

I mentioned in the last INVADER that I would include a little more information on our other recent board members. Brian "Pico" Gallo, our global war on terrorism rep, is a recent USAF retiree who served in the 13th at Whiteman and in 2005 was named 13th Bomb Squadron warrior of the year. Like Fletch, he also returned to assume command of the 509th Operations Group. Pico is currently flying for United Airlines and working part time with Northrup Grumman on the B-2 mission planning.

Dan Pipkins is our new Vietnam era rep. Dan was a B-57G model pilot in the 13th in 1969-1971, and like myself, Dan logged a lot of C-141 time after his tour with the 13th.

Our Korean era rep, Perry Nuhn needs no introduction. Perry, an A-26 Navigator, 1954-1955 was a very early member of the association and has served as president twice. He graciously volunteered to return to the board to represent our Korean War members.

One note of interest for us bomber types is that Rolls-Royce has been selected for the B-52 commercial engine replacement program. The contract calls for 650 F130 engines to equip 76 Buffs plus spares and they will be built in the US. USAF is already flying aircraft based on Gulfstream and Bombardier business jets with that engine. If you are wondering why it's an eight for eight replacement instead of just hanging four big commercial fan jets on the B-52, the re-engineering and modification costs made that option prohibitive.

That's about it for this issue. I'm excited about our approaching reunion in San Antonio. It will be our first reunion in 31 months! We have a lot of catching up to do, seeing our squadron mates, friends and attending to association business.
Stay tuned.

Bob

In Memoriam

Rest In Peace

Stephen Habay
September 13, 2020
Crew Chief, 1946-47

Frederick J. Misich
May 19, 2021
Gunner, 1954-55

Lowell E. Titus
June 6, 2019
Pilot, 1952

John L. Wright
November 14, 2020
Gunner, 1952-53

Charles W. Cassidy, Jr.
July 18, 2021
Flight Engineer, 1953-54

Louis F. Makowski
September 6, 2021
Navigator, 1966

Raymond A. Ritter
March 9, 2021
Pilot, 1944-45

John H. Swenson
May 18, 2021
Gunner, 1944-45

13th Bomb Squadron
ASSOCIATION
THE DEVIL'S OWN GRIM REAPERS

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*Members of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association must maintain contact with the Association or "after two years of not communicating with the Association, a member will no longer receive the INVADER or the Directory".
Editor: Don Henderson, e-mail: Don@HendersonGDI.com

Cover Photo: Charles Wallace Drew piloting a Curtiss JN-4 Jenny aircraft, circa 1917-1918. Charlie Drew served with the 13th Aero Squadron in WWI. Photo courtesy of The Charles W. Drew Collection/The Museum of Flight

Officers of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association

President

Robert R. (Bob) Koehne
23332 SE 225th St.
Maple Valley, WA 98038

1st Vice President/

Ron Silvia
20 Green Lane
Assonet, MA 02702-1410

2nd Vice President

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3219 Tavern Oaks St.
San Antonio, TX, 78247

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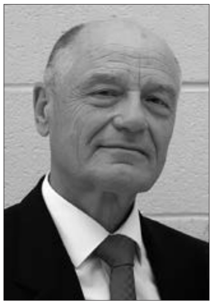

Charlie Breitzke
8 Hobkirk Drive
Bella Vista, AR 72715-3404

Member at Large Korea

Perry Nuhn
15 Osprey Circle
Okatie, SC 29909-4228

Member at large

Brian Gallo
10355 Obernai Path,
Schertz, TX 78154

Member at Large Vietnam

Dan Pipkins
112 Golden Oak Dr.
Macon, GA 31216-5776

Member at Large WWII

Donell Mathews
1156 Cypress Trace Dr.
Melbourne, FL 32940-1619

Donell (Don) Mathews, Colonel, USAF (Ret)

Donell Mathews

I enlisted in the Army Air Corps Pre Aviation Cadet program at age 17 and my training was as a tail gunner in the B-29, and in gunnery training. I was with a navigator, a bombardier, a flight engineer, and two other gunners. We were on orders to go to Lincoln to pick up two pilots, then to the Pacific. We were on our last training mission in the B-29 on August 6, 1945 when the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. No more gunners needed so I became a clerk typist at Buckingham Army Air Field in Fort Myers, Florida, and after many assignments and cancellations I ended up at Napier Field, Alabama to help close it. From there it was down to Tyndall Field where my first sergeant told me to go to the Base HQ and take the OCS exam. I was commissioned when I was 20 (December 7, 1946), and in early 1947 all temporary officers (2nd Lt thru Colonel) were offered the opportunity to get discharged as officer and reenlist as M/Sgt., E-7, the highest enlisted grade at the time. I became a M/Sgt at age 20 and worked for another M/Sgt who was a former major. This was for about 2 1/2 months, then after turning 21 I was called back to active duty, sent to Eglin, volunteered for Europe and I was assigned to Anchorage the end of 47. In 1948, the C/S Army gave all temporary officers and all first three graders the opportunity to apply for regular warrant officer. I applied and qualified in 3 areas, taking Military Personnel. I began flight school at Randolph, washed out, graduated Navigator training February 1951 at Ellington and volunteered for Korea, Fall of 51, arriving in Kunsan 1 December. After being in the 13th at Kunsan for about 6 weeks, I was assigned to the 3rd Bomb Wing HQ as Military Personnel officer but continued to fly with the 13th. One of the tasks in that job was to dispatch all MIA messages for the three bomb squadrons. In September 1952, I was assigned to Palm Beach AFB with MATS.

During the two years at Palm Beach, I qualified in navigation in the SA-16, C-54, C-74, C-97, C-118, and C-125. In January 1955, I was assigned to the Officer Assignment Division in the Pentagon. Most every 3-star general in the Pentagon had two C-54s assigned at Bolling AFB and many of them called on me for over water trips. After three years, I transferred to Denver where I paid all Air Force retirees; in 1958 PL85-422, 20 May 58, effective 1 June 58, was passed establishing the E-8 and E-9 grades. I Helped write it as the retirees were dropped from further active duty pay raises.

In 1960, promoted to Major, entered Command and Staff College at Montgomery, and upon graduation in 1961 assigned to HQ, PACAF, where my job was to handle assignments for all crew members and AC&W personnel. I began with 9 F-100 squadrons, 5 102 squadrons, 2 RF 101 squadrons, and 2 C-130 squadrons with supporting staffs. Six of the F-100 squadrons (3 on Okinawa and 3 at Itazuke) began transitioning to the F-105 in 1961 and deployments began to Thailand and Vietnam. I made numerous trips in C-54 to those locations and flew three missions nuclear testing on Christmas Island in Operation Dominic. In 1964, I became Executive to the Chief of Staff PACAF and promoted to Lieutenant Colonel in 1965.

During 1966 and 67, I attended the University of Omaha to obtain my Bachelors Degree and attended the Air War College at Montgomery; also attended George Washington University and received my Masters Degree. After the AWC, I was assigned to Personnel Plans in the Pentagon, promoted to Colonel (1968), and was Head of the Department of Defense Per Diem Committee for three years. This committee established all per diem rates, housing and cost of living allowances for all seven uniformed services, and entailed visiting overseas locations where uniformed personnel were serving. This was a two year tour but SECNAV asked the SECAF for me to keep the job the third year.

At the end of 1971, I was assigned to Pacific Command Headquarters at Camp Smith, Hawaii which was headed at that time by Admiral McCain, Senator McCain's father. My job was Deputy J-1 and my first job of importance was to represent Admiral McCain at Teipei to close that location as an R&R center. This job entailed several trips to Vietnam and Thailand with the draw down of the personnel in those two countries. In February and March 1973, I met several of the planes at Hickam Base Operations transporting released POWs from Vietnam.

In July 1975, I transferred to Norton AFB where I was Director of Personnel for my remaining time in the Air Force. For my retirement in 1977, after 33 years, there was a big parade where I was awarded the Legion of Merit for the work I did while in Pacific Command Headquarters.

Report September 14, 1918

13th Aero Squadron Reconnaissance Report

Visibility Near Lines: Good
Mission: Squadron Patrol
Route Actually Followed Toul, Lachaussee, Toul.
Names of Pilots on Patrol and Leaders:
Capt. Biddle, Lieuts. Seerley, Stivers, Guthrie, Armstrong, Kull, Este, Richards, Hays, Stiles, Brewer, Bartron, Drew, Freeman, Brody, Brodie.

Squadron 13th
Date: Sept. 14
Hour of Departure: 7:15
Hour of Return: 9:10
Altitude: 4000
Number of E.A. Seen: About 12
Number of E.A. Encountered: 4
Type: Bi-plane Fokkers
Region: Preny
Combats: 6
Number of Rounds Fired: Several hundred
Confirmations Requested 2
Planes Seen to Have Gone Down in Flames.
E.A.:
Allied:
Planes Seen to Have Crashed on Ground.
E.A.:
Allied
Planes Seen to Have Gone Down Out of Control.
Markings of E.A.:

In the Opinion of Those Who Took Part in the Combat, What Pilots are Entitled to Share in Confirmation: Lieuts. Stiles, Stivers, Guthrie.

Detailed Report of Pilots and Other Observations:
At 800 o'clock two Fokkers at 2500 meters over Thiaucourt following 5 Liberties. They returned to their own lines before patrol could come up with them, leaving the Liberties as soon as patrol approached.
E.A.: 2 Allied 1
8:00 one Fokker dove past patrol, was followed by SPAD.

8:10 three Fokkers dove on rear of patrol from above firing on Lieut. J. J. Seerley. Lieuts. Guthrie and Stiles attacked one firing several hundred rounds at short range. Fokker diving vertically when last seen.

Confirmation requested. Lieut. Stivers attacked a second, firing 150 shots at short range. Fokker diving vertically at low altitude when last seen. Confirmation requested. I attacked third Fokker driving him from 3000 to 2000 meters and firing several bursts without apparent result. Then caught sight of SPAD following Fokker at 50 meters from ground. Followed into German lines above him but SPAD was in turn attacked by another Fokker. I dove to assist him but motor failed, then motor retook but by time I had reached 100 meters saw white smoke come out of SPAD's motor and it was forced to land in region of Pournoy-la-Grasse. SPAD landed normally and then went up on its nose while rolling on the ground. I watched SPAD on ground but could not see pilot get out of machine. SPAD was heavily fired on by machine guns from Goin balloon when he passed it while pursuing the Fokker. I was also fired on by machine guns on ground. All combats commenced at about 3000 meters and ended at l000 except as otherwise set forth above. Some Fokkers seen in distance were dark in coloring. Those attacked by 13th patrol had red wings and tail. At 1000 Lts. Freeman, Drew, A. A. Brody had not returned. 18 planes started on patrol, four forced to return within ten minutes with motor trouble. Combats started at Preny and progressed north along river. Fokkers had red body as far as pilots seat. Rest of fuselage pure white. Black crosses on wings and tail.

Chas. J. Biddle Captain A.S.U.S.A.

Details of locations in reports of individual pilots.

Was having motor trouble between Pont-a-Mousson and Metz. Observed our patrol above me in combat with red Fokkers at 800. One firing about 150 rounds. I am sure that the fire took effect and the enemy plane disappeared from sight in the region of Pagny-sur-Moselle in a straight nose dive. I noticed three other Fokkers in the combat painted the same (red fuselage, white tail).

G. D. Stivers, 1st Lieut. A.S.U.S.A.

A Bi-plane Fokker dove on the rear of Flight 1. Lieuts. Guthrie from Flight 2 [and] Stiles from Flight 1 at once dove on this plane opening fire at 100 meters and closing in to 20 meters. Both pilots saw their tracers entering fuselage of the Fokker, who was last seen at 2000 meters going straight down in a nose dive. Lieuts. Guthrie and Stiles were forced to withdraw on account of both guns on each plane jamming after about 150 rounds. Were not positive whether Fokker was in or out of control. The Fokker had red wings and red fuselage forward of the pilot's seat, and red vertical stabilizer. Black crosses on top wings and rudder.

R. M. Stiles. 1st Lieut. U.S.U.S.A.
M. K. Guthrie, 1st Lieut. A.S.U.S.A

Due to badly fouled plugs was unable to continue in formation with 2nd Flight but continued with group of 48th [?] which had joined formation. Was at considerable distance when 3 followed (E.A.) Fokkers dove on patrol. Was unable to gain formation but fired approximately 30 rounds at long range (300 to 400 meters) at single Fokker. Saw 8 E.A. at same distance a few moments later. Altitude 3200 meters. Time, 810; Place, Between Metz and Pont-a-Mousson.

***E. F. Richards, 1st Lieut. A.S.U.S**A.*

Patrol was attacked by Fokkers. Rear of 1st Flight was attacked by 3 red Fokkers. I saw one SPAD go down smoking considerably. Became lost from patrol in general fight and went to Pont-a-Mousson to await reforming of patrol. Picked up flight 3 for awhile and later a patrol of 49th Squadron saw 15 E.A. in formation about over Verny, south of Metz, returned to field at 905.

L. Brewer, 1st Lieut. A.S.U.S.A.

Statement by 1st Lieutenant Harry B. Freeman:

On the morning of the fourteenth of September, I was one of a patrol of fourteen planes of the 13th Squadron, led by Capt C. J. Biddle. We left the Airdrome at about 7:00 A.M. and crossed the lines at an altitude of about 2500 meters. This patrol was to keep low, not over 3500 meters as another squadron was on the same sector, on a higher patrol. Our sector was to be five kilometers in advance of the lines of battle between the large three fingered lake, north-west of Thiaucourt and the east bank of the Moselle river. At about 7:45 A.M. our patrol was attacked by four Fokker planes which had gotten between us and our lines at a greater altitude than we were flying. I was flying directly behind the leader (Capt Biddle), and witnessed one of our planes shot down out of control. Immediately afterwards I saw another plane being forced down within the German lines. I was about to make a right hand turn to stay with the leader and attack the Boche behind us, but on seeing this, another plane being forced down by a single Boche plane, I turned to the left and started to go to his assistance. They were considerably below us and I put my plane into a steep nose-dive. I attempted to turn the valve on the nourrice tank, but it was stuck and could not be moved. At about one thousand meters I drew close to the Boche plane, which was gradually forcing the SPAD to the ground, shooting continuously. I commenced firing at a long range to draw him from this plane. At that moment my motor stopped, and I turned toward the lines, trying to start it again. This all took place about eight kilometers within the German lines, a few kilometers east of the Moselle River. When my motor failed, I was at an altitude of about nine hundred meters. I was unable to restart the motor and was forced to land in the second-line trenches (German) on the east bank of the Moselle River, just north of Pont-a-Mousson. I was unable to destroy the plane as I landed among German troops. I attribute the motor stopping to the pressure on the gasoline tank down[?], due to poorly constructed nourrice valve and motor pump. During my stay in Germany I visited the following camps: St. Avold, Strassbourg, Karlsruhe, Landshut, Villingen and Constance. On the whole, the treatment received was not bad, although the food in most places was terrible and insufficient to live on. The Red Cross supplied us with food and clothing when we reached our permanent camp at Villingen. Especially bad treatment was received when I was first captured, while in Strassbourg. Eight of us were kept confined in a small room, with two bowls of soup a day.

The Story of Charlie Drew 1896-1979

By Charles Wallace Drew

1st Lieutenant Charles W. Drew, 13th Aero Squadron

FIRST AIR WAR

As a young fighter pilot in World War I, I was officially, but erroneously, reported as "killed in action". This is my story, and, incidentally, the story of the birth of the United States Air Force. After finishing high school, and while studying at "Newark Tech", I had served in the Signal Corps of the New Jersey National Guard. Later on, I was briefly associated with the Pyrene Manufacturing Co. of New York as an industrial fire protection consultant and salesman, working with firms in the middle eastern states and in Ohio. In April, 1917, I applied to the United States Army for the First Officers' Training Camp. I was accepted and received orders to report to Fort Benjamin Harrison in Indiana in May. As an officer candidate I was assigned to Captain Bull's company. Shortly thereafter, at the request of the Adjutant, I was temporarily assigned to the Commander's Office to prepare their sham battle plans. The operation was carried out successfully. I do remember that in the sham battle our platoon had the misfortune to have to advance thru woods, wading up a very cold stream. I felt guilty because I had knowingly planned it that way, but war is war and the best practice is to advance out of sight rather than by a more comfortable route. A request by the Aviation Section, Signal Corps for volunteers for pilot training was received and posted shortly thereafter. Capt. Bull asked me if I was "Aviation Pilot minded" and I told him that, although I knew nothing about flying I would like to try it. He recommended me as suitable militarily and probably able to pass the complete medical tests. The Adjutant and the Commander approved the recommendation. The medical team had arrived (by railroad!) with their high speed revolving chairs and other equipment to ascertain the physical effects on eyes, head, blood pressure, etc., for the simulated spinning of an aircraft. The tests lasted all night and I passed OK. Orders were issued immediately and I left, by train, for the first Military Aviation Ground School at Ohio State University with the good wishes of Capt., the Commanding Officer and the Staff. The Ground School was interesting but was less oriented to the training of fighter pilots than to flyers of two seaters and bombers. Among other things my training included the preparation of an aerial map of that portion of Ohio so that the officers in command could find their way by air to visit an exposition field on the Ohio River. I completed the Ground School course in record time and received my orders to report to the U.S. Army Aviation Field at Dayton, Ohio. (This later became the Wright Patterson Air Force Base.) The next day I met my instructor-to-be who had been taught by Glenn Curtis himself. He showed me the plane, a Curtis bi-plane, then commonly used for training. It was the first plane I had ever been close to. He took me up in it. I sat in the rear seat and watched carefully everything he did. He taxied along in front of the hangar to the approach end of the grass field. After looking all around he took off using the full length of the field. He circled and landed twice, and then he asked me if I thought I could do it alone: take off, half circle, approach and make a landing. I said I thought I could, speaking more confidently than I felt. So he got out and I took the pilot's seat. He stood on the field while I was scrutinizing the air in front, at the sides, and behind me. I speeded up the engine, took off and turned right parallel to the field. Then the unexpected happened. I saw a plane from nowhere approaching the field just where I was supposed to turn and begin my descent to a landing. I pulled the nose up and completed a circle well above the altitude of the approaching and descending plane which landed and taxied off. As I flew by on the left side

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of the field I could tell that my instructor was pleased. Still well up in the air, I turned right. Now that the approach end was clear and nothing on the landing strip, I increased my distance from it to make a longer approach and reduce my altitude. So my first landing was made without further problem and I came to a stop beside my instructor. I was the first one of our group to be turned loose and flew continuously thereafter without any difficulty. There had been, previously, quite a few accidents on the field, some of which I had photographed. In one case a plane had landed too short, squarely on top of an open hangar door. Another side-swiped and partly lifted up a wooden outhouse whose occupant was startled and embarrassed but not seriously hurt. The field Commander asked me if I would help him teach a student pilot how not to go into a spin which he had done several times. Luckily the instructor had been with him and had corrected it. Apparently I was successful, because I was made Assistant Officer in Charge continuously instructing new student pilots. I was able to visit Orville Wright at their field, close by. I enjoyed listening to him and talking "shop" and admiring their planes. Unfortunately these were not being used on our field. Meanwhile I had tried out several types of planes but they were anything but fit for flight by novices, or even skilled pilots. One was a standard bi-plane with the radiator hanging up above the top of the engine. This not only reduced forward vision, but it could become disconnected. This happened while I was flying it and, swinging like a heavy pendulum, it criss crossed back and forth a foot or so in front of my face. Needless to say, I reduced speed at once and landed as soon as possible before it broke off completely. I marked that type off as unfit and dangerous for any pilot, new or experienced. A French military Officer Pilot who was sent over to the United States to help us teach our future pilots, was, fortunately, temporarily assigned to our base. He was of great help, particularly to those of us who would be sent over to France for training in French fighter planes. At that time in this country we did not have any fighter planes to train on. I had now learned everything I could on the base and I did not wish to stay in the States as an instructor in charge of flying, so I asked for overseas duty. I was accepted and ordered to report to Roosevelt Field on Long Island, New York, for transport to France. Financially, it was unfortunate that I had not yet received my active duty orders as a first lieutenant, although my commission had been sent to my mother. So I was still on the Army payroll as a candidate officer, First Officers' Training Camp. I was taking a chance in volunteering to go overseas on my meager candidate pay, but I wanted to get fighter aircraft training which was then only possible overseas. The sea trip in the early fall of 1917 was almost too interesting. We left New York in the middle of the night so we would not be spotted by spies. The ship was a Dutch passenger steamer. It was curious that, with all that space, it was carrying only our very small group of primary trained pilots, tho the other troop ships were all filled with soldiers above and below decks. I got the explanation later from the Captain. Although I was not the Officer in Command of the group, I did help the Captain a little in checking the loading and positioning of the forward and aft guns such as I had handled in my National Guard training. So after I got to know him

Cont. Pg 10

better, I asked him about our light passenger load. He explained that General Pershing had issued strict orders that “military soldiers” were not to be carried on munitions ships and that our ship, below decks, was loaded with all the munitions it could carry. I told him that our small group of pilots had cost the United States many thousands of dollars on their training. It did not seem sensible to risk their expensive and valuable lives. A submarine attack could blow this ship into “Kingdom Come”. But at that time, the military leaders did not believe that war could be fought in the air. They merely tolerated the air corps. We made one stop, at a harbor in Nova Scotia, then we were not allowed to go ashore. As we steamed out later in a convoy headed for Europe, I noticed that we were keeping well to the north of the usual shipping lanes hoping that we would be less likely to be attacked there. We were also on the outer edge of the convoy as far as possible from the other ships. Finally we sighted the west coast of Scotland and we soon landed in Liverpool where we disembarked. The Captain went ashore with us and insisted on buying me a drink in the hotel bar room. I accepted it but did not tell him that this was the first liquor I had ever tasted, as my father and mother were “teetotalers”. The next day we all went by train to Southampton, with no opportunity to see London nor the rest of England. I bought some warmer and more appropriate clothing and also some knee-high boots of soft leather. The trip across the Channel was in a ferry selected by the military and carrying only our small group. Many became seasick in the lounge, but I stayed on the upper deck near to the anti-attack guns which I could handle if necessary. Our first night ashore in France was spent in a military campground. Our tents were adjacent to those of some Scottish troops. As I was of Scottish descent on my father’s side (Wallace Clan), I was soon over visiting with them. Later I learned that some of the equipment belonging to members of our group had disappeared during the night, but nothing of mine was taken. After stopping at Tours we went on to Issoudun, south of Paris. There we did not have the leading new French fighter planes but were trained to fly the older ones. The SPAD 13 being used on the front could not be spared for training. In fact it was not for another half year that they were in sufficient supply for American pilots to learn on before being sent to the Front. These older single seater fighters were very acrobatic and had a pronounced tendency to turn to the left. Some fledgling pilots were killed when they kept on turning all the way to the rear where they crashed on the left side of the field. However these planes had good visibility all around and excellent climbing ability. One confused member of our group finally landed at a large chateau some distance from the field. He was well entertained there. I broke the altitude record and learned what it was like to get too high and be too long a time without enough oxygen. No permanent harm was done. I also finally received my active duty orders and was at last being paid as a First Lieutenant with flying pay extra. I never did get any of my back pay, however, tho it was six months overdue. Winter at Issoudun was wet and cold and unpleasant but conditions were infinitely better than those being endured by our troops on the Front. However the increase in fatal American accidents reached a high level. Headquarters issued an order that no pilots were to attend week-end funerals except for relatives or roommates. One rather amusing Army regulation which was then posted was that all officers wearing boots were required to wear spurs. Boots had to be

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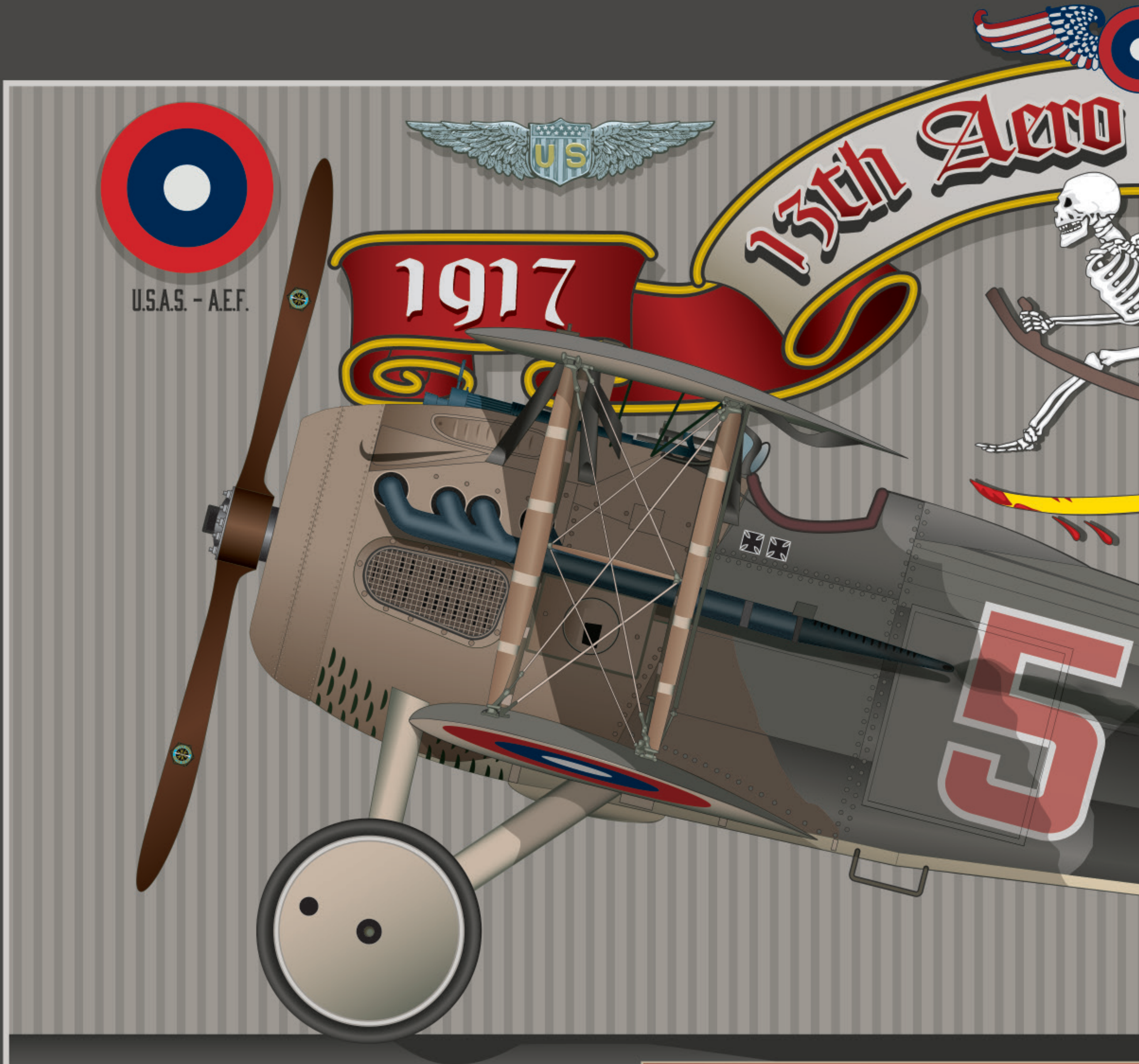
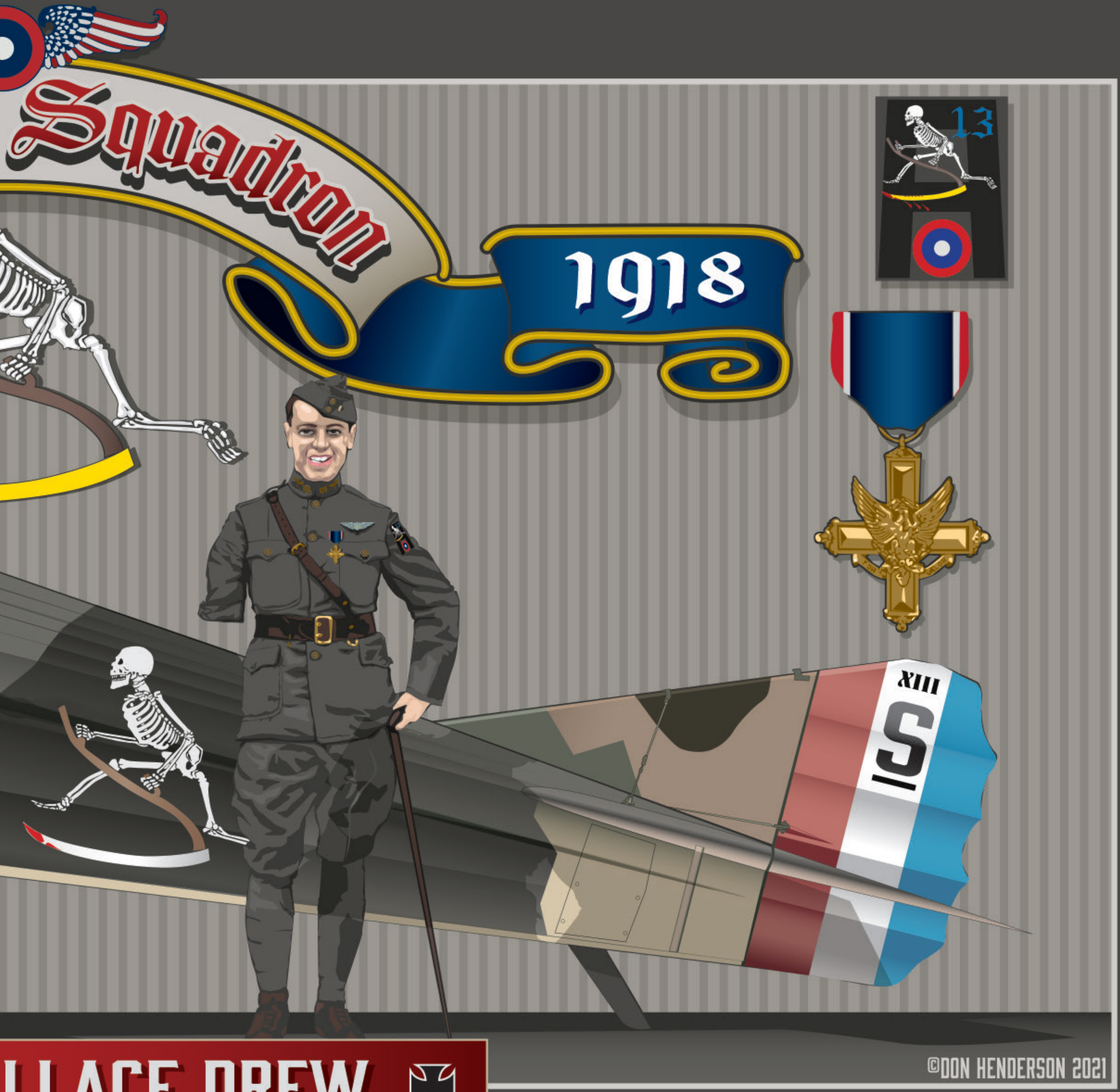
worn on duty, which meant every day except Sunday. Before stepping up on the left side of the air plane we carefully removed the spurs, otherwise we would have scratched the plane's fabric. We could not risk snagging the spurs on the fuselage or even possibly catching them on the rudder bar. Our French instructors, old hands in military ways, were amused by this order and would walk up to the side of the fuselage and then mount the cockpit as they would a horse, scratching their heels on the side of the plane and then grinning at us. This order was removed after General Pershing's visit, by train, to our air base. Possibly the greeting his train received from some of us might have had something to do with it. Two pilots, whom I won't name, flew over the General's steam train as it approached our field and made very careful touch and go contact with their wheels on the cars' roofs. This was done in fun by well-trained pilots who apparently appeared from nowhere and departed the same way. Later they were somewhat ashamed of their boyish prank. The General was "not amused". Everything went very well in early Spring and I was in the final Field, 76, with an assigned personal aircraft and an excellent U.S. Captain in command. It was then that I violated a basic rule, which is not to volunteer, and as a result I almost finished my career before even reaching the front lines. What happened was this. Our Command in Paris hoped that night time flight attacks could be made by fighter pilots to try to shoot down the German bombers who were successfully attacking Paris, not to mention other cities and targets including our new air bases behind the lines. The proposal was that fighter pilots, after engagement with the enemy bombers, would be assisted in landing on their own dark runways by the light of rockets. These were to be shot up in front of the landing plane to help guide the pilot down. Landing was the most dangerous part of the night flights. It should be remembered that no night lighting of the field was feasible because of the bombing attacks. I volunteered and was the only one who did. At first, everything worked out quite well and then one or two other pilots tried it but with considerable trouble and crack-ups on landing. Then I was asked to try it again to show that it could be done. I said I would and everything was fine until just before my landing approach to touchdown. Then the Signal Corps Sergeant accidentally shot the Flash Beam Rocket too close in front of my plane, completely blinding me, temporarily. I knew nothing of what happened next until I woke up the following day in the military hospital. I was told by the Surgeon that the first thing I said when I became able to see something was, "What! A woman, nurse: And a blue-eyed one at that". Later he told that he was afraid that my flying career was over and he enumerated all of the broken bones and damaged tendons and muscles that resulted from my crash. I did not like his verdict that I would be sent home as soon as I could be moved. Several weeks later I felt so much better that I asked permission to be moved to my regular quarters, reporting to the hospital as necessary. This was granted. Later, of course, I could think only of flying again. I, myself, felt that I was fit enough to do that although I could not have stood the physical strain if I had been a foot soldier in the trenches. The day finally came when I felt less damaged internally and I asked the Captain when he was going to be off the Base. He said that he would be in town all day the next day. That was what I wanted to hear. So the following morning I casually walked down to the hangar where our fighter planes were housed and asked the sergeant to push out one of the planes. Then with his assistance, I got into the cockpit and after checking the controls, had him turn the prop over. I taxied out onto the field, carefully checked the sky and ground and took off. I did not feel entirely at ease at first, but as soon as I was off the ground and away from the field I felt right at home and thoroughly enjoyed the flight. That night I saw the Captain again and told him I had flown and felt fine and would be



CHARLES WA

– Distinguished

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, July 9
(Air Service) Charles W. Drew, United States Army Air Service, for extraordinary
Army Air Service, A.E.F., near Flirey, France, 15 August 1918. Lieutenant Drew ope
the fight which followed he attacked in succession three of the enemy airships, drivin
received ten bullets in his own plane, one of which penetrated his radiator, while
altitude within the enemy's lines and shot it down in flames. During the latter part o
separated from his companions and his engine had become so hot because of the le



LLACE DREW

Service Cross –

9, 1918, takes pride in presenting the Distinguished Service Cross to First Lieutenant
heroism in action while serving with 13th Aero Squadron, 2d Pursuit Group, U.S.
erated one of a patrol of four machines which attacked four enemy battle planes. In
ng one of them out of the battle. He then engaged another machine at close range and
another pierced his helmet. In spite of this he followed the German plane to a low
of the combat he courageously refused to abandon the fight, although he had become
ak in his radiator that there was imminent danger of its failing him at any moment.

back on active duty the next day. However I did not volunteer for night flying again and we did not hear any more about the night defense of Paris. Soon thereafter I received orders to report to our Aerial Gunnery Base at Arcachon near Bordeaux for the final step in fighter pilot training. It was very interesting. It involved competitive shooting at a towed wind sock target without, of course, accidentally hitting the tow plane or pilot. I would not have cared to tow the target myself. For some time I held the record for the number of hits on target. Later on, Lieut. Frank Luke Jr. from Arizona broke the record again. Next we were assigned to the air base at Orly Seine where fully trained pilots spent their time flying various kinds of military training aircraft to bases all over France, or even to England, until there was room for them at our bases behind the battle lines. The interesting part of this duty was that we would step into a plane, the like of which we had never flown before, nor even been close to. Without a trial flight we would often go over routes that we had never flown before and which were not well marked on the map. Further, the condition of these older aircraft was chancy. This is the story of one of my early flight deliveries. I had an old fashioned, twin engine bi-plane. I got only as far as Orleans when both engines failed as I was over the city. I had been scanning the terrain ahead as I flew along and had noted a possible green field that looked as tho it could be landed on in case of emergency. It was there ahead of me when the engines failed and I was able to glide down across the street beside the property. It would have been practically impossible to have landed from the north as there was a high walled garden on that side. My glide from the south was reasonably clear with room to set down before reaching the walled garden. On landing, I noticed that the men working in the field on each side, seemed anything but cooperative. They had started for my plane grasping their long pitch forks which were pointed my way. I also noticed that the gate house to this estate, or whatever it was, had a custodian. Not having any means of defending myself from these tough looking field hands, I stepped out of my plane and walked across the field away from the advancing rustics and toward the gate house. The custodian told me that the "estate" was an institution for mental cases and the field hands were the inmates. She said she would have to get a guard to come to protect the plane. She told me that there was an American military building a short distance down the road where I could phone my base destination for help. That I did. In a reasonable time they arrived with a truck to pick up the aircraft, after folding the wings. They sent a car to take me down to the Base nearby. The plane had not been damaged in the landing which had been as smooth as could be. But what poor maintenance or manufacturing and assembly was responsible for the engines quitting without any warning: I went back to Paris by train. On another flight I had a problem when a piston rod snapped off and pushed the rotary engine shield cover into the path of the propeller forcing me to land without power on a small narrow island in the Loire River. There was barely enough space between the river and a thick woods to set the plane down. I did it without any further damage. It had been a long flight and it was now near night. There was a small bridge from the island to the right hand side of the river where there was a road at the foot of a steep slope. There was a large riverside estate where I was able to phone for help. While waiting for someone to come to get the plane trucked out and to take me to the Base, the proprietor asked me if I would like to go down to the wine cellars which were in caverns below. He said they were special because of their age, dating back "to the days of Christopher Columbus". I enjoyed seeing the cellar and its aged contents. He offered me a drink of the wine but I realized that it was very potent. It was necessary that I keep sober, so I poured some out on the floor when he wasn't looking. He had told me proudly that the wine was 500 years old. What an experience I had denied myself: My fellow pilots were horrified when I told them about it. They felt that wasting such rare wine was practically a sacrilege. On another longer delivery flight when I stopped at a British air base for gas, an American novice pilot asked

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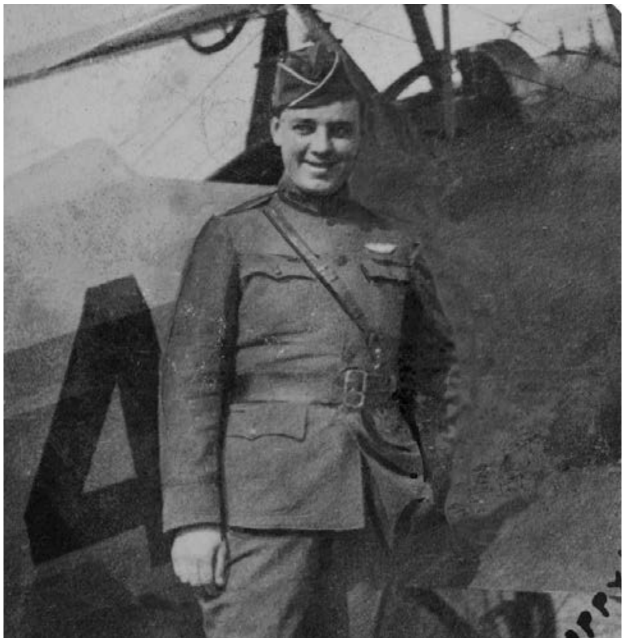
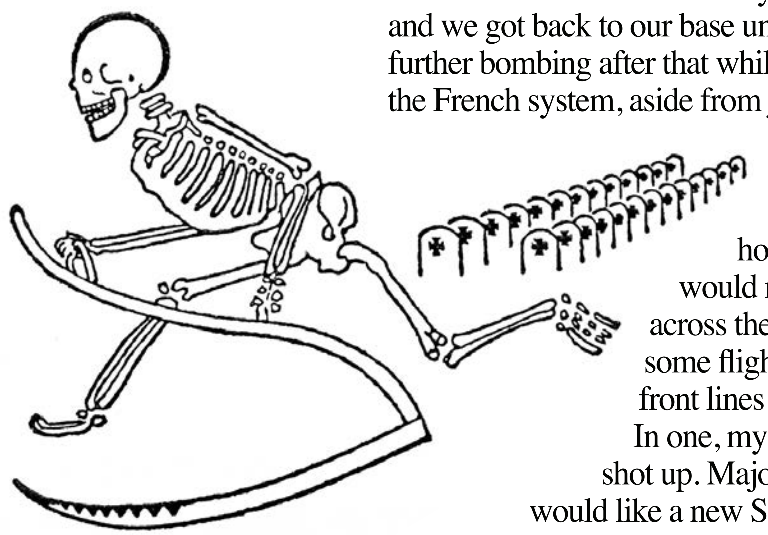
me for assistance. He had landed there on a triangle flight from his home base to two other fields. This was part of early training. It was later done in the United States in primary flight training. I was headed to his home base and he wanted to follow me there. I told him I would have to slow down as his little old plane was not as fast as the one I was delivering. We started off OK, he following easily as I cut back to his speed. When we were about half way I noticed that he had lost quite a bit of altitude and appeared to be headed downward toward a large grain field. I turned back to try to see what the trouble was. Unfortunately whatever it was it ended when he hit the high crops in the field. I could not see any signs of movement in or around the upside-down aircraft. There was no sign of him under nor beside the wreck, so I made an immediate nose-up landing within a short distance of his plane. It was some time before I found his body. It was over a hundred feet beyond the wreckage. What had happened was that he had been thrown out of the open cockpit and probably hit the tail vanes, breaking his neck. There was nothing I could do except put his pocket book and other identity items in an envelope that I could give to the base Adjutant. The farmer's son, who had reached the scene with others, carried the body on a hastily assembled stretcher to the porch of his farmhouse. The French peasants have a strong fear of having a corpse inside their houses. They agreed to get the message to my base from a telephone about a mile away. Meantime I asked them to get some field hands to help get my plane off by holding the tail and wing tips down as long as possible. The grain was high enough to make it difficult to take off without doing just what the young pilot had done in his landing. Fortunately, with the help of strong arms, I was able to get off without catching the wings. The rescue team had already left when I reached their field and there was nothing else I could do except to write a letter of condolence to his parents who lived in the State of Washington. (I visited them many years later when I came to Seattle to live.) I told them of their oldest son's last flight and that I was certain that his death had been instantaneous and that he did not suffer as many others had. Eventually I was pleased to receive my orders to report to Colombay Les Belles for assignment to a fighter squadron. Two others had similar orders; one was the son of the President of the United States. These two went up to their assigned base on a motorcycle, I went by train. Upon reaching the behind-the-lines supply station I was given my choice of squadrons: either the 103rd commanded by Major Thaw, which was the continuation of the Lafayette Escadrille, or the newer 13th Aero Squadron commanded by Major Charles Biddle, formerly with the French Aero Fighter Squadron. He had a splendid record. I thought it over and then chose the 13th. I was transported to their Second Pursuit Group Base and reported to Major Biddle. Finally and at last after almost a year of aviation training and service I was going into action! Later, when I met Major Thaw, he asked me why I had chosen the 13th instead of the 103rd with the old experienced flyers of the Lafayette Escadrille. I told him that I had decided that I might have a better opportunity serving with a relatively new squadron of fighter pilots rather than with more experienced ones and besides Major Biddle was from Philadelphia as I was. After getting settled I was assigned my plane, a new SPAD 13 which looked like and flew like a really excellent fighter. Major asked if I would like to serve as Mess Officer in addition to my other duties. I appreciated the offer and really enjoyed going shopping with my Mess Sergeant. We usually went to Nancy with me riding in his motorcycle side-car. Sometimes I would change seats with him, and so I learned how to handle a motorcycle, having never driven one before. One problem about being an army Mess Officer was that you had to have enough money of your own to get things started. I just barely had enough. Of course I was reimbursed later, or rather, I was supposed to be. But in my case this did not happen because I was too soon reported killed in action. That is unimportant. There was one thing that Major Biddle insisted on and that I was





thoroughly in favor of. That no hard liquor was to be bought, nor was it to be drunk at Mess at any time. Beer was allowed but not before flying. In my opinion that was a life saver for fighter pilots who otherwise might not have been capable of doing their best when in engagement with the enemy. As this was a brand new squadron, the need for an insignia to be painted on the sides of the fuselages was in order. Various colored sketches were made and submitted for choice by the pilots. It turned out that my sketch was chosen. It showed "Old Man Death" on the run with his sickle. There were to be notches in the blade for each victory by an individual pilot, and white tombstones with German crosses on them to represent each victory by the squadron as a whole. The heart of the ground fighting at that period of the war was somewhat to the north of us so that there appeared to be less ground fighting and probably less aerial fighting during the summer months. However the aerial capability was there on both sides so many short engagements, consisting of one or several fighters on each side, kept us busy. Flights of three to five fighter planes were often proposed with a leader and were carried out with some success. This system had worked reasonably well for the French. At that time action by fighter pilots was not feasible in some areas against certain actions of the enemy such as their night bombing of our air bases, artillery batteries, cities, etc. Our airdrome was bombed constantly. It was particularly severe one night with considerable damage to our barracks and other buildings but not to the hangars and planes. My assignment, because it was my idea, was to cover up the damage as soon as possible early the next morning so that the high altitude reconnaissance flights with cameras would not show them how much damage they had done nor where their bombs had landed. We all worked hard, covering up and removing fragments on the ground, etc... until our flights that afternoon could scarcely see any damage from the air. On second thought it occurred to me that the Germans, disappointed in the results of their bombing might choose to try it again right away. So my roommate and I decided that we would move down to a spot about a mile away on the road to Nancy. After dark, we did. To our complete surprise, when the bombers came over, we could hear them but not see them. Then the whole load was dumped not on the Base but directly on the spot we had chosen. The bombers must have thought that they had hit the wrong target the night before and so had chosen a new area. Fortunately the bombs missed us and we got back to our base unscathed. We had no further bombing after that while I was there. Following the French system, aside from joining squadron patrols and first flights with five planes, I would take on individual sorties at hours that the Germans would not expect enemy flights across their lines. Naturally, I had some flights on both sides of the front lines with a variety of results. In one, my plane was pretty badly shot up. Major Biddle asked me if I would like a new SPAD in place of my No. 5, which my mechanics were working on to repair. I flew this new SPAD up to our base from the depot at Colombay Les Belles, but decided not to keep it. Crews go with the plane and my old crew had been working on the shot-up SPAD night and day and they had repaired it splendidly. I did not have the heart to leave my crew. In Nancy where we bought many of our Mess supplies, I had met a French officer, usually accompanied by a nurse or an attendant, who apparently was on duty there although I don't know in what capacity. They both spoke and understood our American English very well. From the beginning of our acquaintance I was completely silent in regard to military matters because I was suspicious that the nurse might be a German informer. Later, when I saw this nurse in Metz, I was glad of my discretion. I did not suspect the French Lieutenant of anything but he did seem to be quite close to his companion. Months later, after the German surrender, I saw the nurse walking alone toward the retreating soldiers. After Spring and Summer months of continuous duty, Major Biddle decided that several of us in turn should have a short leave of absence from the Base. I enjoyed a weekend trip down to the Sector Headquarters, well away from the front and with very nice girls to talk to and dance with. Of course they were busy during working hours

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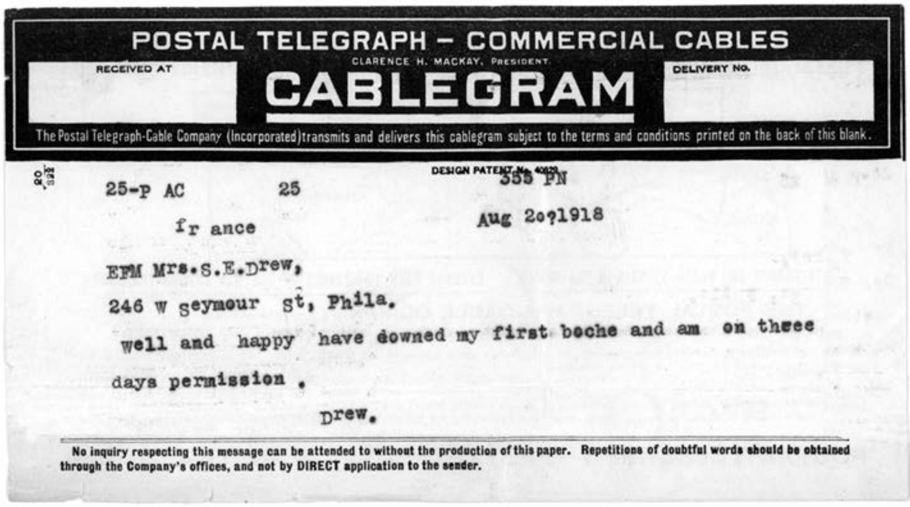
but were free thereafter. Some very strange things could happen then in the air. One such involved an American Day Bomber Squadron in our sector. The Germans commented on it sarcastically immediately after it happened. What had occurred was that the entire squadron had flown across the front lines and well into Germany with a strong west wind behind them. It was so strong, in fact, that they went too far and then ran out of gas in trying hopelessly to fly back in the teeth of the gale. They all had to land behind the German lines. The next morning the German radio reported, in English, on the capture of the entire flight, thanking the U.S. Air Force for the unscathed bombers. They said they were glad to have the aircraft and their crews and cargo, but they did not know "what the Hell to do with the Major", the commanding officer. The battle of San Mihiel was in the planning stage and our squadron was to have its part in the battle. This was well organized. Our squadron was to take the lead crossing the lines and engaging the enemy while our troops were advancing. We were to be at a fairly high altitude, attacking the German planes behind their lines as we met them. As usual, I was given the number 2 position: to the right and behind and slightly higher than Major Biddle, the squadron leader. If anything were to happen to the leader I could move forward and down taking the lead. The aerial battle started after we were well over the lines and were on a climbing turn to the left. A split second before this what happened to my Hispano Suiza engine was the worst thing that could happen. It had dropped from 2600 r.p.m.'s its maximum speed, to a few r.p.m.'s which reduced my forward climbing, and instead I was descending and falling well below and in back of our entire flight group.



POSTAL TELEGRAPH – COMMERCIAL CABLES
CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT.
RECEIVED AT
CABLEGRAM
DELIVERY NO.
The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company (Incorporated) transmits and delivers this cablegram subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

DESIGN PATENT No. [illegible]
25-p AC 25 355 PN
fr ance Aug 20?1918
EFM Mrs.S.E.Drew,
246 w seymour st, Phila.
well and happy have downed my first boche and am on theee
days permission .
Drew.

No inquiry respecting this message can be attended to without the production of this paper. Repetitions of doubtful words should be obtained through the Company's offices, and not by DIRECT application to the sender.

Above me, in back and below, were German fighter planes moving in from the right to finish me off. I did manage to shoot a gun burst forward as I was spinning down. Within seconds I had received a fusillade from the right and slightly above. My right upper arm was hit by an explosive machine gun bullet and my right thigh burned to the bone with incendiary machine gun bullets. The oil line of my helpless, no speed engine was also pierced. In smoke from the damaged engine and with my right arm almost shot off, I was able to keep my left hand on the stick and my left uninjured leg jammed into the rudder bar. I was able, somehow, to land my shot-up and burning plane in a clearing. It was probably the only spot I could have landed without crashing. Realizing the danger of an explosion, I did my best to get out of the left side of the plane using my unharmed left arm and leg to climb over the rim of the cockpit. I slipped and fell to the trailing edge of the left wing and then landed on my left side on the ground. I inched away from the side of the plane as far as I could, about ten feet. I was losing so much blood that I knew I had little time to live unless I could reduce the flow which was spouting from my arm and shoulder and from my leg. Using my left hand, I tried to twist the shredded right sleeve into a tourniquet. This helped a little. We all carried a hand gun in a holster fastened to the right hand back side of the seat. Of course there was no way I could reach it. It was probably only minutes before a small party of German soldiers arrived, coming from an anti-aircraft battery nearby. I pointed to my wounds and the gushing blood and the captain who was leading them said something to his men, but then he suddenly noticed our squadron insignia, "old man death on the run" and the five grave headstones behind with a German cross on each one. He turned angrily toward me, pulling his Luger out of its holster and pointing it at me. He said, in guttural English, "You have kilt five Germans". With the barrel of his gun a few inches from my forehead I answered, "Non, two Germans only, par moi; five squadron victories". After what seemed a long time but was probably only minutes, he turned away putting his Luger back into his holster. I pointed again to the blood still streaming from my wounds. He motioned to one of the soldiers to tie up my right arm. They tied it tight enough to stop the spouting blood. Then they rigged up

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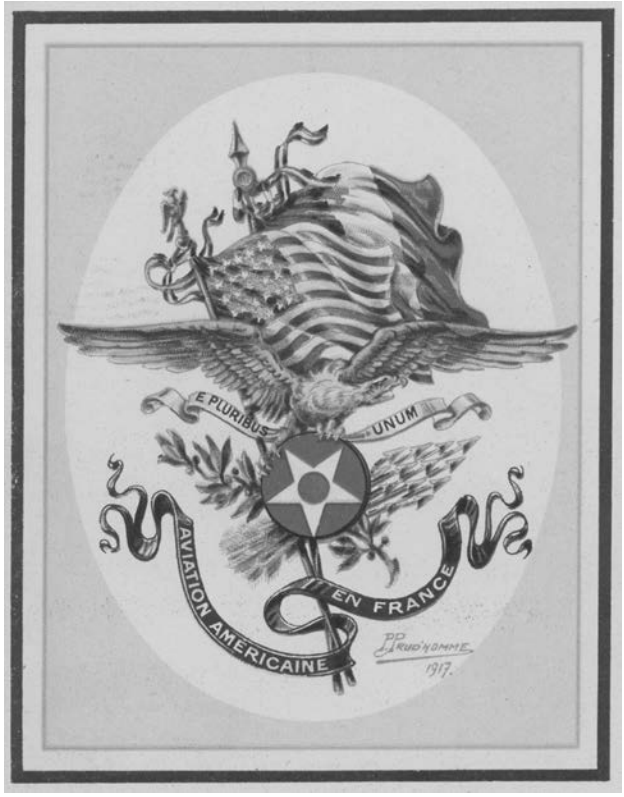
a stretcher. Apparently they had carried enough material with them. By this time I had only fleeting moments of consciousness. But I realized I was being carried across the field and over a fence and put on the floor of a small rattling wagon. Thence to a Red Cross Emergency Station where they put a better tourniquet on my arm and also bound up my leg. It was probably early afternoon by the time I was put on a flat bed truck. I was unconscious most of the time but occasionally came to enough to realize that we were headed toward Metz. The nearest prisoner of war hospital (so called) was in Metz. It was well into the evening when we reached there. I had had no food all day of course but had been given a drink of water at the Red Cross place. Apparently the British were bombing the Metz area, particularly around the railroad station where we had stopped. I was carried down a steep, narrow stairway to a below ground bomb shelter full of German troops. It seemed like a long time before the bombing stopped and I was carried upstairs again and taken to the hospital. This was on the other side of the river in what had been the old French side of the city. I was picked up and carried to a room upstairs which was full of wounded officers. No doctors and no nurses were on duty at night. An American Private from downstairs who was a "walking wounded" went around to the rooms to give the patients water, pull up the scant bed covers and try to do something to keep the men alive until the following morning when a doctor would arrive. After a small breakfast of ersatz coffee, I was picked up again and taken downstairs on a stretcher to a small surgery. The doctor arrived at 10 AM or later and left at noon. In the afternoons we were cared for, more or less, by Catholic nuns, acting as nurses - volunteer, I suspect. The doctor got around to me after a while, put new bandages on my arm and leg and indicated that he thought there was no chance of saving my arm. He was able to pull out the twisted remains of the incendiary bullets from my leg. They had wrapped themselves around the thigh bone but had not broken it. One day a British bomber captain was the next patient after me. He had been shot thru the back and was badly wounded internally. The doctor was trying to reach into his insides from behind when the Englishman started to scream "My stomach, my stomach:" The doctor swore. Apparently he had been trying to reach the lungs from behind and had grabbed the stomach instead. He could not understand what the wounded captain was saying, so I translated in a mixture of languages, enough to be understood. After that I was asked to remain on my stretcher in the surgery every morning beside the patient on whom the doctor was working. This was every day except Sunday when there was no doctor on duty. They had no anesthetics, not even chloroform nor ether, at least in prisoner of war hospitals. I found out later that they were short of them even for their own people. As I was there from the night of September 14th until the day after the armistice, November 11th, I hope that I was as helpful in the surgery as it was possible to be under the circumstances, in preventing accidental wrong handling of our own and allied wounded soldiers. At least they all seemed thankful to have me there with them. As for my own wounds, my leg began to heal naturally after the removal of the twisted metal casings of the incendiary bullets from around the bone, etc. After considerable work on my right arm, the surgeon felt certain that it would be impossible and even, dangerous for it to heal, and there would be no control whatever by the nerves, and no blood circulation, so I finally consented to its amputation which, of course I endured and supervised without anaesthesia. Later in Washington, the doctors there thought it could have been saved. I had been naturally right-handed. September and October moved on with the number of wounded increasing daily. Some American infantrymen from the battle of September 26th were practically all that was left of a battalion which had been caught in a crossfire. Those who lived



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thru it were very badly wounded, mostly internally, though there were also arm and leg injuries. Their rate of survival was very low with one or more dying every night right up till the time of the armistice. Another matter which affected most of the wounded was that communications thru Switzerland with their families did not work as it was supposed to do. The prison hospital food did not contribute to health or morale either. We were given an occasional cup of "ersatz" coffee, but our regular meals consisted chiefly of "soup". This was hot water with bits of what looked like weeds floating around in it. It is only fair to admit that, at this time, everywhere the Germans were themselves practically starving. Finally, on November 11th, some Alsatians who lived across the street from the hospital came to their second floor windows and waved to us, some with small French and American flags. On November 14th the guards who had patrolled the walls around the hospital disappeared. It was obvious to us that the war was over and that the German troops were on their way home. In any case they would get out of Metz which was to be French again. Another American officer and I were invited to have dinner with the mayor of Metz and his wife. How an elected French mayor could have retained that office during the long war when Metz was part of Germany, was puzzling. He was very nice to us and we certainly enjoyed that dinner, the only real meal we had had in months. By then I weighed less than 100 lbs. and my normally black hair was gray. I asked the mayor about the problem of care for the wounded in the hospital since the doctor and the few German nurses had left. He assured us that others would be sent there right away. Some Catholic sisters did show up tho there was no doctor that day. The mayor wished to give me the key to the city to pass on to the French in Nancy. However I did not have time to get it as my friend and I left Metz early the next day. The problem was how to get transportation back to our side as everything was going the opposite way with the retreating Germans. That was settled purely by accident. We happened to see a Y.M.C.A. car with two Americans in it. They had broken the rules of the Armistice Agreement and had driven across the lines past the retreating troops. We told them that we had to get back to our side as soon as possible in order to arrange for an ambulance train (so called) to be sent right away to Metz to take the wounded from the prisoner of war hospital back to France. This would result in saving many lives as the daily death rate in Metz was so high. The Y.M.C.A. men agreed immediately to start back with us. So we started for the lines passing all the Germans going the opposite way. They never failed to salute me although my uniform was rather strange. It consisted of a British officer's cap, patched and ill-fitting jacket and trousers and no insignia. Finally we reached what had been the front lines and our first sight was of French cavalry. As soon as we reached the first place with a telephone, I got in touch with our Section Headquarters. I told the Adjutant Officer in charge what the situation was, how our own soldiers and Allied military wounded were in the Metz prison hospital and that I wanted an "ambulance train", motor driven, sent immediately to bring the wounded out and get them into our hospitals. He told me that the order had been sent out as we talked and help was on its way. I had given him the location of the hospital and directions for getting there. Then he asked me if I felt well enough to talk to the New York Times. The Editor could be put onto the cable and he would personally phone my mother in Philadelphia and tell her that I was alive and back in France. I had been reported "killed in action" when they saw my flaming plane shot down. I was very tired and weak after the long day with nothing to eat, but was grateful for this opportunity to get the good news to my mother. The Times man was put on the line immediately and I gave him the details of the situation of our wounded in the hospital and that the ambulances were now on their way. I told him of the friendliness of the Metz mayor and of the safe ride my companion and I had passing by the almost endless line of retreating Germans. I never saw the article that the Times published, but many of my friends and relatives did. After a good night's sleep I went to the American Military Hospital where I was immediately put to bed in spite of myself. After that rest, of course I wished to see Major Biddle and my old Squadron mates and my crew. But after I had been lost, changes in command had been made. The old 13th was still on the Base but Major Biddle had moved on to another, higher command some distance away so I did not see him again until I was back in the States. I was cleared for return to the United States without going on a hospital ship provided I had an officer to escort me. He turned out to be a very fine officer and companion whose uncle was a United States senator. We went to the ship by rail, not stopping over in Paris. Luckily we found my personal effects including a uniform at one of our storage bases. They had been sent there in order to be sent on to my mother, eventually. The ship we sailed on was the sister ship to the *Kroonland* that I had come over on. We landed at Baltimore and then went on to

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Washington, D.C. to report in and to have another checkup at the Military Hospital there. I was officially decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross while at the hospital. My mother and sister were present at the ceremony. Eventually I was placed on staff duty in Washington wearing new uniforms unlike those we wore in France; no Sam Brown belts, for instance. But they were still army uniforms as, of course, there was no separate Air Force. Soon I was in military orders that I, along with some others including Eddie Rickenbacker, had been made a captain by act of Congress. I had also been receiving my flying pay after getting out of Germany, tho not, of course, while I was in there. Living in Washington, D.C., was quite different from being on an air base, even tho I was on the staff of the already famous General Billy Mitchell, who was very popular tho much criticized and deplored by the military hierarchy. Without him a separate Air Force would not shortly thereafter have come into being. Life in the nation's capitol was full of social activities and obligations. This was exciting for a while but soon palled. After clearance from the medical staff, I asked for orders to a regular air base. I was assigned to a group under the command of Colonel (later General) Davenport Johnson at Selfrige Field on Lake Michigan. After reporting Colonel Johnson asked me to act as Group Supply Officer. The only thing I missed was flying fighter planes, so I soon started flying the SE 5s which handled beautifully. With my left hand on the stick and both feet on the rudder, I could take off. Then I could hold the stick with my knees and instantly adjust the throttle with my left hand. In fact, about the only problem I had was handling a canoe on the lake, which was one of our "keep healthy" activities. I also found that riding horseback was something of a problem but not impossible. Then we had orders for the whole Group to go to Kelly Field in San Antonio, Texas, leaving our planes in Michigan for others. We had different planes in Texas but again no problem and there was all of Texas to fly in. A border patrol was anticipated but did not materialize, but I was busy getting all the equipment ready for it. Unfortunately, it now came officially to the attention of the Surgeon General that a disabled officer was flying planes. He convinced the army that this was bad public relations, so I was honorably discharged and given a disability award of, as I recall, $57 per month. After my discharge I spent almost three more years recuperating from my wounds and regaining my health. Then I went to college to continue my education, graduating from Yale in 1925. In 1928 after the army signal corps had parted with its aviation section and a separate air force was in existence, I was made "Captain U.S. Air Force (Retired)".

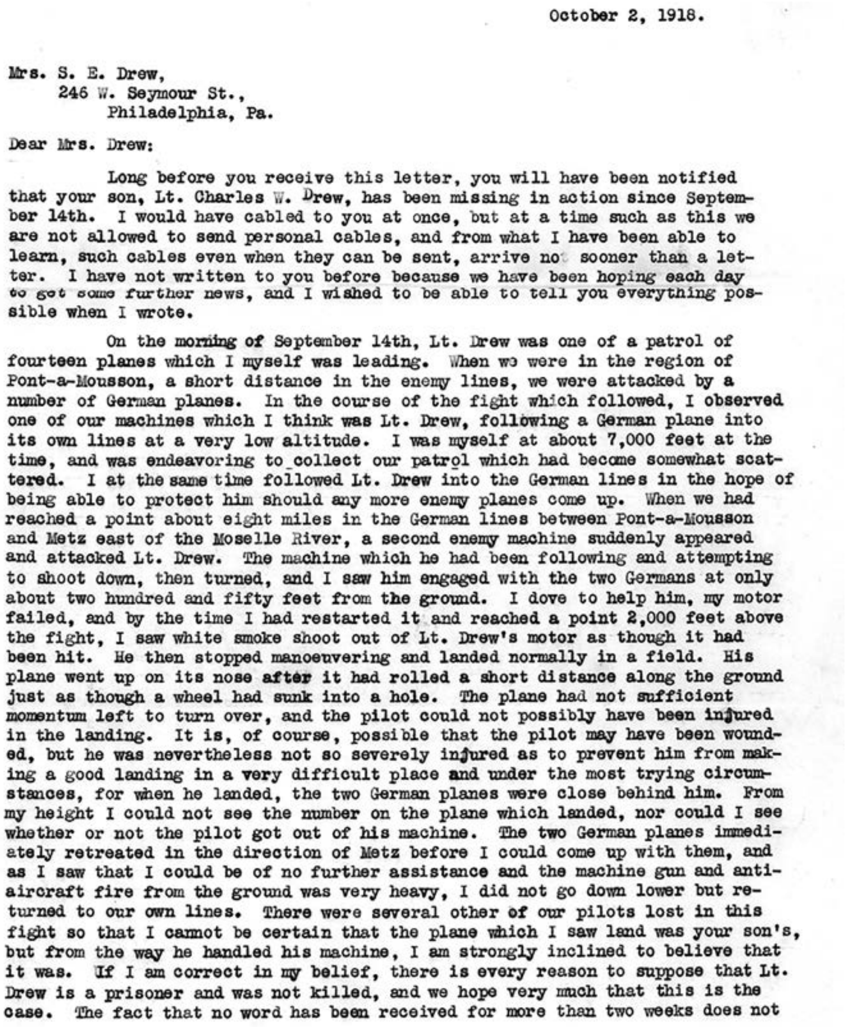
Captain Drew's Distinguished Service Cross was awarded on the basis of the following report: "On August 15, 1918, Lieut. Drew was one of a patrol of four machines which attacked a formation of enemy planes in the region of Flirey. During the course of combat which followed, Lieut. Drew attacked in succession three of the enemy planes driving off one that was attacking one of our formation. By so doing he extricated his companion from a very dangerous situation and probably saved his life. Lieut. Drew engaged the enemy machine at point blank range, receiving ten bullets in his own plane, one of which carried away an interplane strut, another punctured the radiator, two others broke a mirror within six inches of his face, covering him with broken glass, while still another pierced his helmet. In spite of this he continued the fight and followed the enemy plane to a very low altitude far within its own lines and finally succeeded in shooting it down in flames. During the latter part of the combat, Lieut. Drew courageously refused to abandon the struggle though he had become separated from his companions and there were other enemy planes in the immediate vicinity, and regardless of the fact that he was sprayed with water from the broken radiator, his motor was boiling so that there was imminent danger of its failing, and his plane was otherwise in badly damaged condition. Throughout this combat Lieut. Drew showed most remarkable and conspicuous bravery--particularly when it is taken into consideration that he was but a new-comer at the front and that this was only the second fight in which he had been engaged."

FURTHER NOTES Later Captain Drew, during the Second World War, was a civilian senior engineer for the 13th Naval District in connection with the acquisition and development of airports on the Pacific Coast for the U.S. Navy. His only son fought in the Philippines and became a paratrooper.

After that war, Capt. Drew became the District Airport Engineer for the C.A.A. (later F.A.A.), helping northwest communities to acquire, or reacquire, and update airports. He also served a term as Colonel in charge of the Washington Wing of the Civil Air Patrol. He died in 1979 at the age of 83 (accidental death).

– Muriel A. Drew

The Charles W. Drew Collection/The Museum of Flight



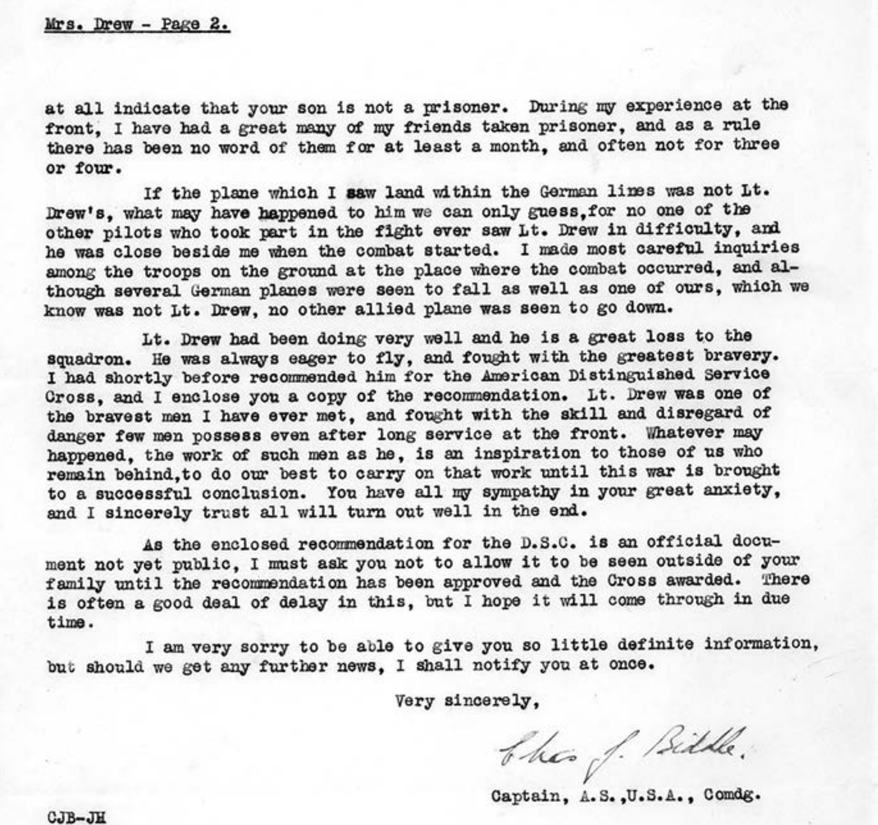
October 2, 1918.

Mrs. S. E. Drew,
246 W. Seymour St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Drew:

Long before you receive this letter, you will have been notified that your son, Lt. Charles W. Drew, has been missing in action since September 14th. I would have cabled to you at once, but at a time such as this we are not allowed to send personal cables, and from what I have been able to learn, such cables even when they can be sent, arrive no sooner than a letter. I have not written to you before because we have been hoping each day to get some further news, and I wished to be able to tell you everything possible when I wrote.

On the morning of September 14th, Lt. Drew was one of a patrol of fourteen planes which I myself was leading. When we were in the region of Pont-a-Mousson, a short distance in the enemy lines, we were attacked by a number of German planes. In the course of the fight which followed, I observed one of our machines which I think was Lt. Drew, following a German plane into its own lines at a very low altitude. I was myself at about 7,000 feet at the time, and was endeavoring to collect our patrol which had become somewhat scattered. I at the same time followed Lt. Drew into the German lines in the hope of being able to protect him should any more enemy planes come up. When we had reached a point about eight miles in the German lines between Pont-a-Mousson and Metz east of the Moselle River, a second enemy machine suddenly appeared and attacked Lt. Drew. The machine which he had been following and attempting to shoot down, then turned, and I saw him engaged with the two Germans at only about two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. I dove to help him, my motor failed, and by the time I had restarted it and reached a point 2,000 feet above the fight, I saw white smoke shoot out of Lt. Drew's motor as though it had been hit. He then stopped manoeuvering and landed normally in a field. His plane went up on its nose after it had rolled a short distance along the ground just as though a wheel had sunk into a hole. The plane had not sufficient momentum left to turn over, and the pilot could not possibly have been injured in the landing. It is, of course, possible that the pilot may have been wounded, but he was nevertheless not so severely injured as to prevent him from making a good landing in a very difficult place and under the most trying circumstances, for when he landed, the two German planes were close behind him. From my height I could not see the number on the plane which landed, nor could I see whether or not the pilot got out of his machine. The two German planes immediately retreated in the direction of Metz before I could come up with them, and as I saw that I could be of no further assistance and the machine gun and anti-aircraft fire from the ground was very heavy, I did not go down lower but returned to our own lines. There were several other of our pilots lost in this fight so that I cannot be certain that the plane which I saw land was your son's, but from the way he handled his machine, I am strongly inclined to believe that it was. If I am correct in my belief, there is every reason to suppose that Lt. Drew is a prisoner and was not killed, and we hope very much that this is the case. The fact that no word has been received for more than two weeks does not



Mrs. Drew - Page 2.

at all indicate that your son is not a prisoner. During my experience at the front, I have had a great many of my friends taken prisoner, and as a rule there has been no word of them for at least a month, and often not for three or four.

If the plane which I saw land within the German lines was not Lt. Drew's, what may have happened to him we can only guess,for no one of the other pilots who took part in the fight ever saw Lt. Drew in difficulty, and he was close beside me when the combat started. I made most careful inquiries among the troops on the ground at the place where the combat occurred, and although several German planes were seen to fall as well as one of ours, which we know was not Lt. Drew, no other allied plane was seen to go down.

Lt. Drew had been doing very well and he is a great loss to the squadron. He was always eager to fly, and fought with the greatest bravery. I had shortly before recommended him for the American Distinguished Service Cross, and I enclose you a copy of the recommendation. Lt. Drew was one of the bravest men I have ever met, and fought with the skill and disregard of danger few men possess even after long service at the front. Whatever may happened, the work of such men as he, is an inspiration to those of us who remain behind,to do our best to carry on that work until this war is brought to a successful conclusion. You have all my sympathy in your great anxiety, and I sincerely trust all will turn out well in the end.

As the enclosed recommendation for the D.S.C. is an official document not yet public, I must ask you not to allow it to be seen outside of your family until the recommendation has been approved and the Cross awarded. There is often a good deal of delay in this, but I hope it will come through in due time.

I am very sorry to be able to give you so little definite information, but should we get any further news, I shall notify you at once.

Very sincerely,

Chas. J. Biddle.

Captain, A.S.,U.S.A., Comdg.

CJB-JH

The Charles W. Drew Collection/The Museum of Flight

Charlie Breitzke, Locator

Locator's Radar

Are You on Our Radar?

Please contact
Charlie Breitzke at
info@13thbombsquadron.net

Fun with numbers.

I haven't had any requests related to the member database, so I'll just go ahead and throw out some things that might be interesting. As always, if anyone wants to know how many whatever we have in whenever time frame, shoot me a message and I'll see if I can comply. My first real dealing with a database was when I started here, and I'm finally getting around to the point where I feel reasonably confident. I actually found some points that look really strange on the surface, so I'll probably be researching for myself before the next Invader.

Addressing the total number of folks who were with the 13th and those that are active, we have:

WWI – 0 of 409
WWII – 1 of 509
Korea – 90 of 2174
Vietnam – 89 of 952
Big Bombers – 29 of 355

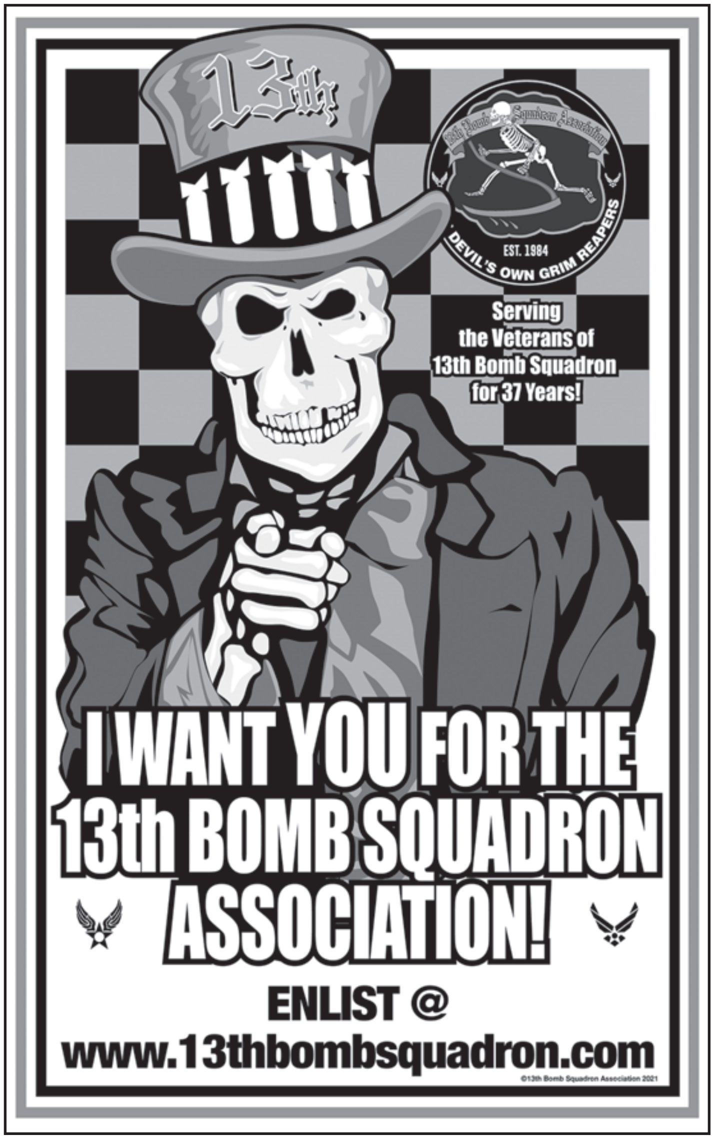
Those of you who remember saying that there are slightly over 7,000 entries may ask "where are the rest of them?", just as I did. Turns out the sketchy info that was available when this all started left some entries with just barely a name, no dates of service with the squadron. This also includes the 'other' categories, including

Friends – 9
Associates – 4
Honorary – 2
Survivor (family) – 41

One other number that's important is the active mailing list for the Invader and yearly update packet. When I took over in 2017, I remember there being about 450 of those. For the issue you're reading, it's 334.

Make what you will from the above, but it is food for thought. Again, suggestions for future research are welcome.

CORRECTION… In the Spring INVADER on page 19 of the article on 13th Gunners, A2C Robert K. Festa of the 13th Bomb Squadron was incorrectly listed as KIA. Robert Festa was shot down on his 48th mission and was a POW for several months. A big thank you to Leo J. Welling of the 8th Bomb Squadron for pointing out this error. I notified Johnathan Clayborn of the Invader Historical Foundation who wrote the article about the error. I also checked the 13th Bomb Squadron Association Directory, we don't have Robert K. Festa listed as active or deceased, if anybody can give us any additional information on the status of Robert K. Festa, please let us know and we'll update our records. Thanks again Leo!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THE HOT SEAT

Editor's Comments

You're probably wondering why this issue of the INVADER is so late. This started out to be the summer issue, but a whole bunch of stuff got in the way, not the least of which was a strange reaction to the COVID-19 booster shot that knocked me for a loop. My wife was very sick for a day after her booster, but my reaction was off and on headaches and a feeling of malaise that lasted the better part of 4 days. After that I was fine and back to normal, but those 4 days really put me behind.

As summer ended, we got incredibly busy with work and with several exhibits of art and photography. The whole month of September was a blur, just constantly running, putting up shows and taking them down. It really has been a bit overwhelming. No rest for the weary, but like they say, it was a good tired.

At the end of September, we took a trip to Myrtle Beach with my daughter and her husband, my sister, my cousin and Pam and I. It was a nice break. We hit all the tourist spots, as well as spending a day at beautiful Brookgreen Gardens. I shot a lot of photos, both 35mm and 120mm, as well as digital. I know several of you were stationed at Myrtle Beach during your USAF careers, If you haven't been back since the base closed, I think you will be shocked at the transformation. The place has really changed in the 44 years that Pam and I have been vacationing there, but I can always find something to photograph.

Charlie Drew shooting clay pigeons in his backyard. Photo by Josef Scaylea

After a couple false starts with trying to come up with a theme for this issue of the INVADER, I stumbled onto a bunch of info and photos on the Museum of Flight's Digital Archive web site about a 13th Aero Squadron pilot named Charles Drew. This took me down a rabbit hole that became the basis for this issue. I really want to thank the Museum of Flight's Digital Collections for allowing me to use their material and photos.

1st Lt. Charles Wallace Drew was a new pilot with the 13th Aero Squadron. He actually picked the 13th over the more prestigious 103rd Aero Squadron. Drew's name came up in almost all the books written about the 13th Aero Squadron. Drew is mentioned in the epic poem by Leighton Brewer, *Riders of the Sky*, "There was Charlie Drew who meant All that he said". Drew was a well liked and respected pilot. His loss and the loss of 3 other pilots on 14 September 1918 sent a shock wave through the squadron. They had all assumed the worst. Capt. Biddle saw Drew's plane go down, landing roughly with its tail in the air, inside the German lines. Biddle knew that Drew's SPAD, No. 5, had taken some heavy fire from German fighters. Things did not look good for the young pilot. Lt. George Krull was confirmed dead and two other pilots were missing. It was not a good day for the Grim Reapers. September 14th was the darkest day for the 13th. Capt. Biddle remained optimistic about Charlie Drew, you can see that in his letter to Drew's mother, but Biddle knew the reality of war, especially the war above the trenches. He had seen many brave pilots die and he himself had been wounded severely while flying with the French. Hometown newspapers in Pennsylvania and New Jersey were already reporting that Charlie Drew was KIA. Amazingly, this plucky kid survived, although at a cost. Charlie Drew lost his right arm, just below the shoulder. In a 1958 newspaper article, titled "One Arm's Enough for a Full Life", the writer, Janice Krenmayer described all the activities that Charlie Drew excelled in, from hunting, fishing, skiing, swimming, even painting and photography! Then there was his professional career as a District Airport Engineer with the Civil Aeronautics Authority at Seattle-Tacoma Airport and Boeing Field, where Charlie and his wife moved to in 1926. There they raised and educated 3 children. Sadly, Charlie Drew passed away in 1979, but his legacy and his "Can Do" spirit should be an inspiration to us all. I hope Charlie Drew's story inspires you to tell your story. If you haven't written down your story, you need to do it ASAP, so future generations can know what you did while you were serving in the 13th Bomb Squadron.

Don Henderson, Editor

Don

13th Bomb Squadron Association
Charlie Breitzke
8 Hobkirk Drive
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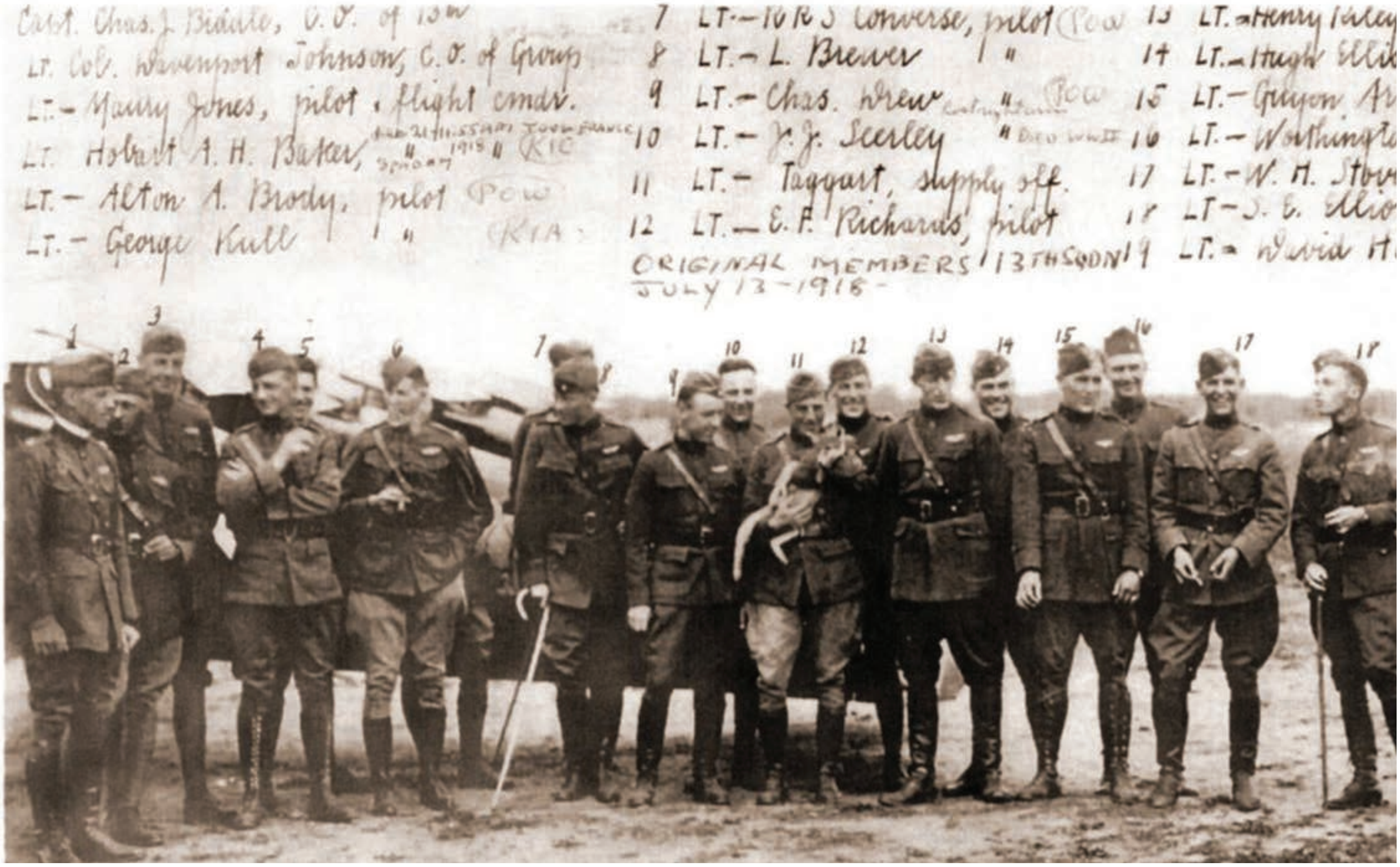

Capt. Chas. J. Biddle, C.O. of 13th
Lt. Col. Davenport Johnson, C.O. of Group
Lt. – Maury Jones, pilot & flight cmdr.
Lt. Hobart A. H. Baker, " " (KIC
Lt. – Alton A. Brody, pilot (POW
Lt. – George Kull " " (KIA)

7 Lt. – Tom S. Converse, pilot (POW
8 Lt. – L. Brewer " "
9 Lt. – Chas. Drew " " (POW
10 Lt. – J. J. Seerley " "
11 Lt. – Taggart, supply off.
12 Lt. – E. F. Richards, pilot

ORIGINAL MEMBERS 13TH SQDN
JULY 13 - 1918 -

13 Lt. – Henry Talley
14 Lt. – Hugh Ellio
15 Lt. – Guyon Ar
16 Lt. – Worthingto
17 Lt. – W. H. Stov
18 Lt. – S. E. Ellio
19 Lt. – David H