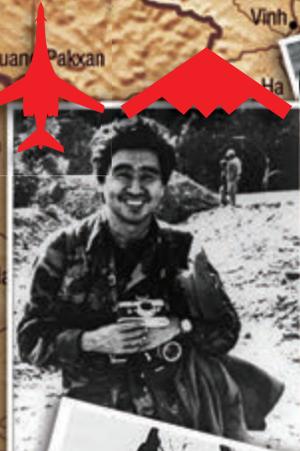
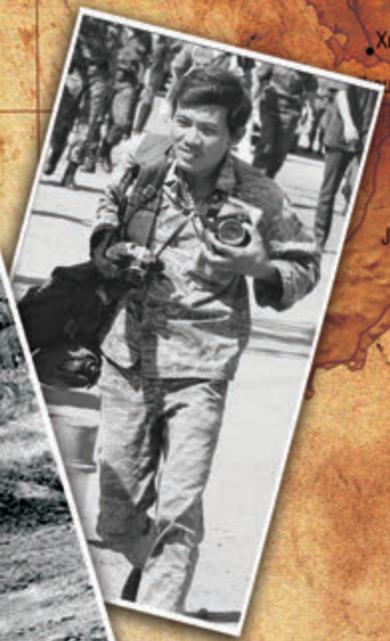


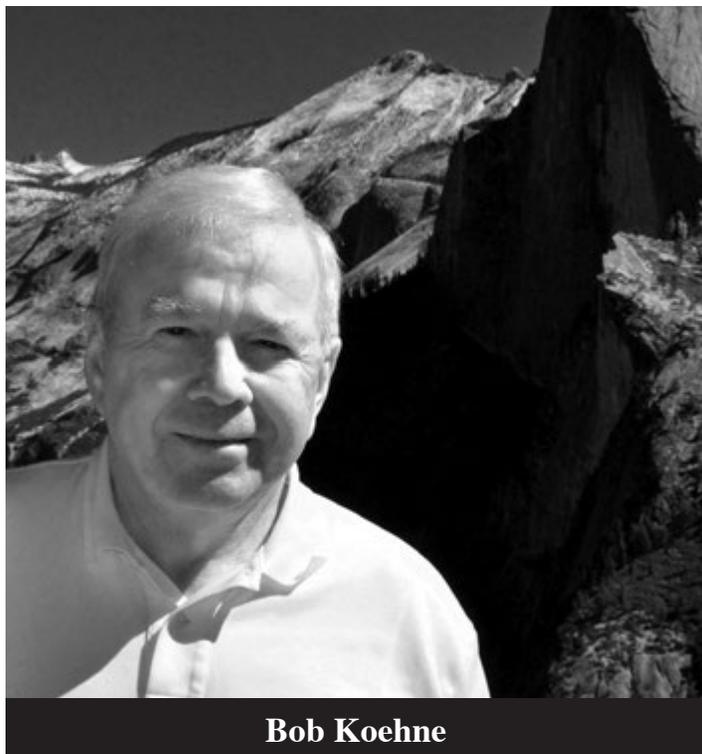
# INVADER Magazine



Official Publication of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association



# Vietnam, the Last Assignment



**Bob Koehne**

## President's Corner

I hope that all of you are coping with these once in a life time circumstances caused by the COVID-19 pandemic. We have association members in forty-six states, and the three states with our largest number of members are California, Florida and Texas, which are currently going through a surge in new cases. Also, the ages of our members are a concern. Here in Washington state, slightly over half of the COVID deaths are 80 and older. We are all pretty much in the same boat, with travel plans shelved indefinitely, and staying close to home, keeping busy with long due house and yard projects.

I spoke with Bob Parks recently, and we agreed that the board certainly made the right decision to postpone the San Antonio reunion. In fact, our scheduled reunion hotel is no longer even available. The warm summer months have not mitigated the virus like we expect it to do with the regular flu. If anything, outdoor gatherings, especially among the young have increased its spread. It is probably too early to even forecast a rescheduled reunion right now. I think we will have to wait until an effective vaccine is readily available.

A recent Air Force Association magazine featured an article "The Difference in Korea". The lead off photo was of two B-26s on a bomb run. That got my attention. About all everyone read about US air power in that "police action" was about the first ever jet to jet dogfights over "Mig Alley". When North Korea invaded South Korea in June 1950, they planned to seize all of South Korea in a month or less, before the US could respond. The only thing that prevented that were the 7000 close support and interdiction air strikes by the Far East Air Forces in July. In fact, during the course of the entire police action, almost four times as many close support and interdiction sorties were flown as counter air. While no specific units were mentioned in the article, most of those missions were by B-26s and B-29s, the B-29s flying out of Okinawa. There was no mention of A-26s, so I wondered if that was an error and called Perry Nuhn. Perry confirmed that it was, that there were no Martin B-26s in Korea, only the Douglas A-26s, but that the A-26 Invader had been redesignated as B-26 after the Maurader had been retired. <https://www.airforcemag.com/article/the-difference-in-korea/>

On June 11th, the Secretary of the Air Force, Barbara M. Barrett, flew a B-2 training mission with Lt. Col. Nicola C. Polidor, of the 509th Bomb Wing and wife of the current 13th Squadron Commander and association member, Lt. Col. Michal T. Polidor.

The flight lasted two hours and Secretary Barrett, an instrument rated pilot, took the controls during part of the mission.

This past July, US Secretary of Defense Dr. Mark T. Esper and his wife Leah, also visited Whiteman AFB to receive an in depth understanding of the combat readiness of the Air Force's only B-2 base. They were greeted by the 509th Wing Commander, Colonel Jeffrey Schreiner, "Opie", a former 13th Squadron Commander and an association member.

The 13th was recognized for the use of a virtual reality T-38 simulator which was noted for being an 80% solution in terms of realism with the actual jet. This somewhat new technology's equipment and software are continually being updated to decrease the gap between VR and the real aircraft, keeping pilot training costs down and flight experience up.

Hope you enjoy this issue! Be safe!



*Secretary of the Air Force Barbara Barrett, left, and Lt. Col. Nicola C. Polidor, commander, 29th Training Systems Squadron Detachment 5, stand in front of a B-2 Spirit stealth bomber at Whiteman Air Force Base, Missouri, June 11, 2020. Barrett spoke with base leaders, first responders and maintenance personnel across the installation to understand Team Whiteman's mission in maintaining global support and combat readiness during COVID-19. Staff Sgt. Dylan Nuckolls*



Charlie Breitzke, Locator

# Locator's Radar

**Are you on our Radar?**



Please contact **Charlie Breitzke** at [info@13thbombsquadron.net](mailto:info@13thbombsquadron.net)

In the last issue, I provided some numbers that show the Association's continued health is in the hands of the 21st century members of the 13th. Because Association representatives made visits to Dyess and Whiteman, odds are that there are few, if any, 'modern' 13th members who aren't aware of us, so tracking down the missing as was done by (primarily) the Korean War alumni around the turn of the century isn't going to be effective.

Not being particularly imaginative, I was out of ideas. However, Don Henderson, our editor, mentioned a connect-the-dots scenario in which someone he knows had a grandfather in the 13th who flew with one of our recently departed members. That rang a bell, as I had a call after the last issue from someone requesting a copy of that INVADER, as he was related to someone in the cover article. In other words, there is perhaps an opportunity to expand the Association by bringing in more people that may not have served with the 13th but have an interest through relatives or others that they know, who did. We have family members as associate members, some who joined because of their interest in the group and also the social aspect of the reunions. The bottom line is - if you have relatives or friends who might be interested in joining the Association, our arms are open. Just give them my contact information, and I'll take it from there.

---

Joseph H. Girard  
August 3, 2017  
Navigator, 1956-59

John E. Beckwith  
June 13, 2020  
Flight Engineer, 1953

## Rest I n Peace

Edward F. Pesik  
April 16, 2020  
Pilot, 1950

Vincent R. LaBerge  
April 29, 2020  
Squadron CO, 1952-53



The INVADER is the official newsletter of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association, a non-profit organization. The INVADER is published three times yearly for the benefit of the Association members. Views expressed in this publication are not necessarily those of the Association or of the Department of the Air Force. \*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](mailto:Don@HendersonGDI.com)

**Front Cover:** The cover art features a photo montage of photographers killed covering the wars in Vietnam.

## 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**



James R. (Bob) Parks  
3219 Tavern Oaks St.  
San Antonio, TX, 78247



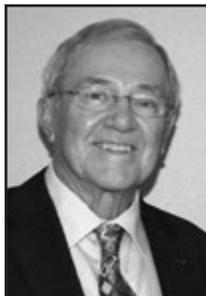
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Edward T. (Tighe) Carvey  
6980 Olympic View Ct.  
Silverdale, WA 98383



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Bill Hamann  
1898 SE Coronado lane,  
Stuart, FL 34996-5140



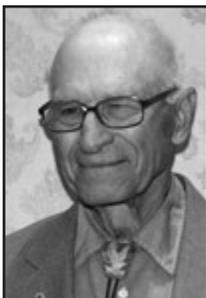
**Locator Data Manager**



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



**Member at Large Korea**



Ron Jarrett  
10349 416th Avenue  
Britton, SD 57430-5005



**Member at Large GWOT**



Major Nicholas Anderson,  
"Wolf"  
13th Bomb Squadron,  
Whiteman AFB, MO



Please note, due to the sad passing of Ed Connor and Dave Clark, we are without representation for both WWII and Vietnam War-era Veterans of the 13th Bomb Squadron Association. Since this is an appointed/volunteer position, if you are interested in representing the Association, please contact Bob Koehne at [info@13thbombsquadron.net](mailto:info@13thbombsquadron.net) for consideration.

As always, we are looking for your stories and photos for future issues of the INVADER, please contact Don Henderson with your stories and photos so that we can continue to build the history of the 13th Bomb Squadron!

# The Last Assignment

-Don Henderson

Growing up in the 1960s and 70s, I watched the Vietnam War on the nightly news and in the pages of LIFE and Time Magazines. As a kid, I was enthralled by the stark B&W images in the magazines and news footage on our TV. This is only a partial list of some of the more famous photographers killed during the Vietnam War.

While some in this country avoided the war, there was a segment outside of the military who actively sought out the war. I'm talking about the reporters, journalists, photographers and TV camera crews. Famous names and names, that would become famous, were drawn to Vietnam to try to tell the story in words and pictures.



Many of these men and women took great risks to bring us the news and many died doing it.

## Robert Capa

A decade before the first American soldier set foot in Vietnam, the famed Hungarian-American war photographer Robert

Capa lost his life, ironically while on assignment for LIFE Magazine in the First Indochina War.

Capa was no stranger to war, having previously covered the Spanish Civil War, the Second Sino-Japanese War, World War II in Europe, the 1948 Arab-Israeli War, and then finally the First

Indochina War. At the time, he was considered the world's greatest war photographer.

His fame was well established long before he came to Southeast Asia. Capa's 1936 photo "Death of a Soldier" during the Spanish Civil War drew world attention.

Decades later, several boxes of negatives that became known as the "Mexican Suitcase" were discovered in Mexico City. The boxes contained 4,500 35mm negatives of the Spanish Civil War taken by Capa, Gerda Taro, and David "Chim" Seymour. These negatives had been considered lost. They had been given by Capa to his darkroom manager just before Capa fled France ahead of the Nazis. The negatives changed hands several times before ending up in Mexico where they remained until being discovered in 2007 long after Capa's death.



During WWII, Capa covered the war from London and was the only civilian photographer covering the D-Day landings on Omaha Beach. Only 11 of the 106 photos taken by Capa survived the landing at Omaha Beach, but they gave the world the only close up, ground level view of the landing at Omaha Beach. Capa continued to cover the war in Europe until the fall of Berlin.

In 1947, Robert Capa co-founded Magnum Photos in Paris with Henri Cartier-Bresson, William Vandivert, David Seymour, and George Rodger.

Also in 1947, Capa was awarded the Medal of



Freedom by General Dwight D. Eisenhower for his photographic coverage of WWII.

Capa could have easily rested on his laurels, but that wasn't his nature. While in Japan in the 1950s to attend the opening of an exhibit of Magnum photos, Capa was approached by LIFE Magazine to cover the 8-year long war in Indochina.



Previously Capa had stated that he was done with war photography, but somehow he was convinced by LIFE to take one last assignment.

On 25 May 1954, Robert Capa was accompanying a French Regiment out of Thái Bình Province. While under fire, Capa left his Jeep to go up ahead to photograph the French advance, when he stepped on a landmine and was killed. Robert Capa was 40 years old.

Capa wouldn't be the last photographer to die covering the wars in Southeast Asia. From the 1950s to the fall of Saigon, 135 photographers on both sides were killed or listed as missing in action.

## Huynh Thanh My

Several years ago at Barnstorm, the Eddie Adams Workshop, my son and I had the pleasure of meeting AP photographer and Pulitzer Prize winner, Nick Ut. Nick won a Pulitzer Prize for the "Napalm Girl" photo in 1972, but in 1965, Nick was a 14 year old teenager when his older brother who he affectionately called "7" was killed while covering the war for Associated Press.

Huynh Thanh My was the 7th of 12 children. He was an actor and celebrity in Vietnamese cinema. He appeared in and filmed several movies.

Huynh Thanh My was born in 1937. In 1960, My began working as a reporter and cameraman for CBS News. In 1963, he joined the staff of Associated Press. At AP, Huynh proved to be one of the toughest photographers in the Saigon Press Corps, always in the thick of the fighting. In May of 1965, Huynh was wounded by machine gun fire. Soon after being released from the hospital, he returned to work with AP. On 10 October 1965, as he covered a firefight between Viet Cong and South Vietnamese Rangers in the Mekong Delta, Huynh was wounded in the chest and arm. While awaiting medical evac, the makeshift aid station was over run by the Viet



Cong. Huynh and the other wounded were all killed. He left behind a wife and young daughter. Huynh Thanh My was the first AP photographer killed in action during the Vietnam War.

Huynh's younger brother would go on to work for AP and covered the rest of the war. Nick Ut was wounded 5 times while working for AP and won a Pulitzer in 1972 for the Napalm Girl photo. He recently retired after working 50 years with Associated Press.



*Cont. Pg 7*

## Dickey Chapelle

The first female photographer killed in Vietnam was Dickey Chapelle.

During WWII, Dickey Chapelle worked as a war correspondent/photojournalist for National Geographic Magazine. Her first assignment was covering the U.S. Marines during the Battle of Iwo Jima and later covered the Battle of Okinawa. Although having just basic photography training, and standing only 5' tall, the feisty little lady gained the respect of the Marines she covered. Noted for wearing pearl earrings, Harlequin glasses and an Australian bush hat with her military fatigues, she proved time and again that she could get both the story and the photos!

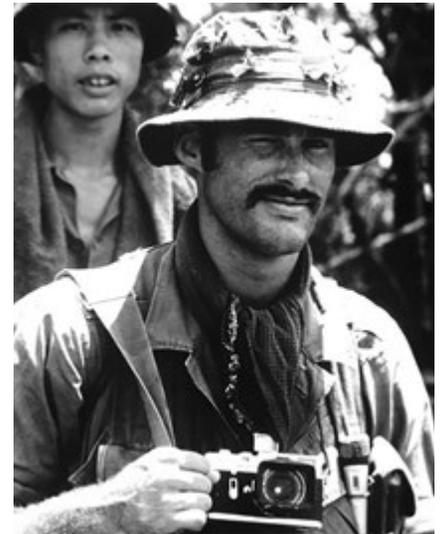
On 4 November 1965, an incident occurred while on patrol with U.S. Marines during Operation Black Ferret, a search and destroy operation



near Chu Lai, Quang Ngai Province. A Marine lieutenant in front of Chapelle tripped an IED, made up of a mortar shell and a hand grenade. Dickey Chapelle was hit in the neck by a piece of shrapnel that severed her carotid artery. She died shortly afterwards. Her dying moments were captured on film by Henri Huet who would later die himself covering the war for the Associated Press. Dickey Chapelle's body was repatriated by a six man Marine honor guard. She was given a full Marine burial.

## Sean Flynn

Being the son of a famous Hollywood movie star, you would have thought Sean Flynn would have been able to seek out adventure any number of ways, but he ended up in Vietnam covering the war as a photographer.



On 6 April 1970, Sean Flynn, working for Time Magazine, and Dana Stone, working for CBS News, set out on motorcycles headed for the Cambodian border. They were never seen again. A final photo by Steve Bell shows the pair on motorcycles just before they set out on Highway 1. Flynn was described by British war photographer Don McCullin as a "cowboy who did more harm to



photojournalism than good." No doubt that Flynn had a swagger about him, carrying pearl handled pistols and traveling by motorcycle rather than taxi and limo, but others had a different impression. UPI journalist and close friend of the pair,

Perry Deane Young, said that “Sean Flynn and Dana Stone were among the bravest and best of that daring young crew of photographers who covered the Vietnam War”. Young’s book about Flynn and Stone, “Two of the Missing”, tells their story and the mystery behind their disappearance in a more flattering light.

There has been speculation ever since as to what happened to the pair, but it was believed that they were taken prisoner by the Viet Cong and later turned over to the Khmer Rouge. It is believed that Sean Flynn and Dana Stone were executed by the Khmer Rouge in June 1971. Both were declared legally dead in 1984, their remains have never been recovered.

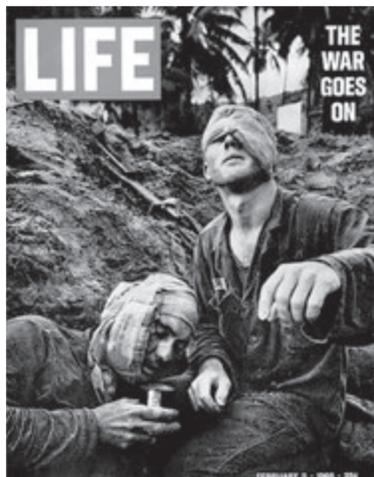


### Henri Huet

10 February 1971 was a particularly bad day for photographers covering the Vietnam War.

Most people know the name Henri Huet of AP from a series of 12 published photos taken of army medic Pfc. Tom Cole, though wounded himself, tending to the

needs of his wounded comrades. The photos appeared in LIFE Magazine on 11 February 1966. Huet was later awarded the Robert Capa Gold Medal for the “best published photographic reporting from abroad, requiring exceptional courage and enterprise”. Huet was of French and Vietnamese heritage and at 44 years of age was one of the most well known and respected photographers covering the Vietnam War. Being the senior AP photographer at AP’s



Saigon bureau, Huet had his pick of assignments. On returning to Vietnam, Huet was having issues with his visa. Nick Ut offered to take Huet’s place on the South Vietnamese Army UH-1 Huey, so that Huet could get his visa straighten out, but Huet declined, saying that this was too big a story and that he would work the visa issue out when he returned. The helicopter was taking an inspection tour of the battlefield during South Vietnam’s invasion of southern Laos, known as “Operation Lam Son 719”. Huet and 4 other photographers on board never returned.

### Larry Burrows

On board the South Vietnamese Army UH-1 Huey with Henri Huet was world renowned British war photographer, Larry Burrows, also 44 years of age and working for LIFE Magazine. Burrows had been covering the Vietnam War for nearly a decade and had previously covered WWII as well as conflicts in Suez, Lebanon, Cyprus and Central Africa. His photo in LIFE Magazine, “One Ride with Yankee Papa 13”, appeared in LIFE Magazine, 31 March 1965, where he captured the death of Yankee Papa 3’s co-pilot Lt. James Magel USMC. At the landing zone, a wounded Magel was assisted onto Yankee Papa 13. Airborne door gunner, Lance C. Farley, attempted to render first aid to Magel. Unfortunately, Lt. Magel was gone. Larry Burrows captured Farley’s grief at the loss of his comrade.

When asked about the tragic photo, Larry Burrows said: “It’s not easy to photograph a man dying in the arms of a fellow



countryman. Was I simply capitalizing on the other men's grief? I concluded that what I was doing would penetrate the hearts of those at home who are simply too indifferent." Burrows had also been awarded the Robert Capa Gold Medal Award.

## Kent Biddle Potter

Also on board the ill fated helicopter was 23 year old photographer Kent Potter of United Press International. Porter was a Quaker from Philadelphia and had worked at UPI's picture bureau before joining the Marine Corps Reserves to train as a Combat Photographer, before accepting an assignment with UPI to Vietnam. Another photographer on the flight was Japanese war photographer Keisaburo Shimamoto of Newsweek. Shimamoto was 34 years old.



While not famous like Huet and Burrows, Porter and Shimamoto were talented photographers and hard workers, destined for greatness. Along with the Vietnamese Army helicopter crew was a Vietnamese Army combat photographer, Sgt. Tu Vu.

At some point during the flight, the helicopter missed the landing zone and flew over a very heavily defended section of the Ho Chi Minh Trail.

As the pilot realized his error and made a sweeping turn to correct, the helicopter took a direct hit and exploded, killing all on board. The crash site in Laos, No. 2062, eventually was located and an intensive archaeological dig was conducted in 1988, but none of the remains found could be positively identified to be any of the four



photographers or the seven Vietnamese military on board the helicopter. Bits and pieces of bone, teeth, shoes, cameras and lenses, even decayed rolls of film were found. The top plate of a Leica camera was positively identified as Larry Burrows' camera. The small amount of remains recovered, after forensic examination,

were encapsulated and interred at the Newseum in Washington, DC. <https://www.newseum.org/>

Marine Corps combat photographer Sergio Ortiz took the last photo of Shimamoto, Huet, Burrows and Potter as they waited for the helicopter to take off.

The Vietnam War was very costly from a military standpoint. Total American lives lost was 58,200, and of those, 40,934 were killed in action.

Of the roughly 5000 journalists, photographers and camera crews that covered the war, from the beginning until the fall of Saigon in 1975, there were never more than a few hundred news people in Vietnam at any given time and of those few hundred, only a small fraction of those ever went out into the field. The loss of these photographers was significant for several reasons. These were people who volunteered to go to Vietnam to cover the war. They wanted to tell the story of the thousands of young



Americans who were fighting and very often dying there. The photographs and news film footage brought home the horror of war, if not in living color, then in grizzly B&W. Looking back at their work, how else would those of us who weren't there know what happened, were it not for these intrepid souls?

## Colonel Norris Miller Overly (Ret USAF)

Col Norris Miller Overly (Ret USAF) passed away on December 6, 2019 after a prolonged battle with laryngeal cancer. Norris was born in the fall of 1929 in Wheeling, West Virginia and, at a very young age, moved with his family to Detroit, Michigan where he was raised. He enlisted in the U.S. Air Force as an Aviation Cadet in May 1951, completing pilot training with the 3500th Training Squadron at Reese Air Force Base, Texas on June 20, 1952, where he was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant.



After completing B-29 Super Fortress Combat pilot training in October 1952, he deployed to the Korean theater in support of the Korean War. From July 1954 to 1965 he piloted the KC-135 Stratotanker, among other aircraft, including an assignment as a flight instructor. During that time he was stationed at various Air Force Bases around the United States and its territories. In October 1962 while stationed at Ramey AFB, Puerto Rico, he stood on alert duty and participated in the Cuban Missile Crisis. In 1966, Major Overly was assigned to the storied 13th Air Force, 13th Bombardment, Tactical a.k.a. "The Devil's Own Grim Reapers". Norris attended 6 months of air to ground training in the deserts of Utah and Nevada to pilot the B-57 Canberra, a two seater, twin jet engine, tactical dive bomber before deploying to Clark AFB in the Philippines. From Clark AFB, he was further assigned to the FOB at Da Nang AB and Phan Rang AB in South Vietnam in 1967 to fly, strafe and strike missions by day and strafe and interdiction missions by night to halt communist aggression from North Vietnamese forces. He flew over 100 missions,

about 20 percent of which were in Laos and Cambodia, before that fateful night on September 11, 1967 when his B-57 was shot down in enemy territory. Norris was instantly thrust into a brutal struggle for his very survival for the next seven weeks while his Viet Cong captors drug him through the jungles of North Vietnam, beating him, torturing him, humiliating him and starving him until his weight dropped from a normal 170 lbs. to just 115 lbs. before delivering him nearly dead and half naked to the door steps of the infamous HOA LO prison in

Hanoi, a.k.a. The Hanoi Hilton.

While in prison in Hanoi he endured further torture both physically and psychologically. One night months later, his cell door was opened and a severely wounded and dying naval airman was laid on the cement floor. His name was John McCain. His captors told Norris "if he dies, you die". Norris didn't need to be told that, he got to work caring for McCain that very night. McCain could do nothing for himself due to his injuries. Norris managed and cared for McCain's wounds. Over the ensuing months, McCain slowly regained his health and the rest is history.

Along with two others, Norris was released in 1968 as a propaganda gamble by the North Vietnamese under amnesty due to global pressure to stop the torture of the POW's. The gamble backfired on the North Vietnamese as Norris told of the horrible conditions when he arrived back in the U.S. He was listed as MIA before his release and returned with the names of many other MIA's helping to secure their survival as well now that the North Vietnamese would have to be

accountable for them.

In 1971, he participated in the Paris Peace Talks in France, while also attending the National War College at Fort McNair in Washington D.C.

Colonel Overly retired from Norton AFB, San Bernardino, California in March 1979.

Medals Colonel Overly has been awarded: Silver Star Medal, Legion of Merit with one star, Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal with three oak leaves, Air Force Commendation Medal with two oak leaves, Purple Heart Medal, Presidential Unit Citation with three oak leaves, Air Force Outstanding Unit Award with two oak leaves, Combat Readiness Medal, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal with one star, Korean Service Medal, Vietnam Service Medal with three stars, Air Force Longevity Medal with four oak leaves, Small Arms Expert Marksmanship Ribbon, United Nations Korean Service Medal, Meritorious Service Medal with one oak leaf, Republic of Vietnam Campaign Medal.

Over the course of Norris' lifetime he greatly enjoyed spending time outdoors with his family. Some of his hobbies included camping, fishing, trail riding and traveling to and exploring National Parks.

Norris married Nola Ruth Bailey in May 1954. They shared 65 years of marriage together, raising two children and moving 27 times over 18 years. Norris was preceded in death by his siblings Robert, Fenton and Kate Liike and daughter (Debbie Padilla) and is survived by his wife Nola Ruth, son Norris Michael (wife Sandy) and three grandchildren, Emily Ehler, Capt. Norris Hunter Overly (U.S. Army), Savana Lynn Overly, one great grandson Miles Ehler, and sister Mary Lindsey. Norris also leaves numerous nieces and nephews throughout the country.



## Norris Miller Overly

### DATE OF BIRTH:

November 3, 1929

### PLACE OF BIRTH:

Wheeling, West Virginia

### HOME OF RECORD:

Detroit, Michigan

Norris Overly was interned as a Prisoner of War in North Vietnam

after he was shot down on September 11, 1967, and was held until he accepted an offer of EARLY RELEASE by the North Vietnamese on February 16, 1968.

### AWARDS BY DATE OF ACTION:

Silver Star

### AWARDED FOR ACTIONS DURING:

Vietnam War

### SERVICE:

Air Force Battalion: 13th Bombardment Squadron

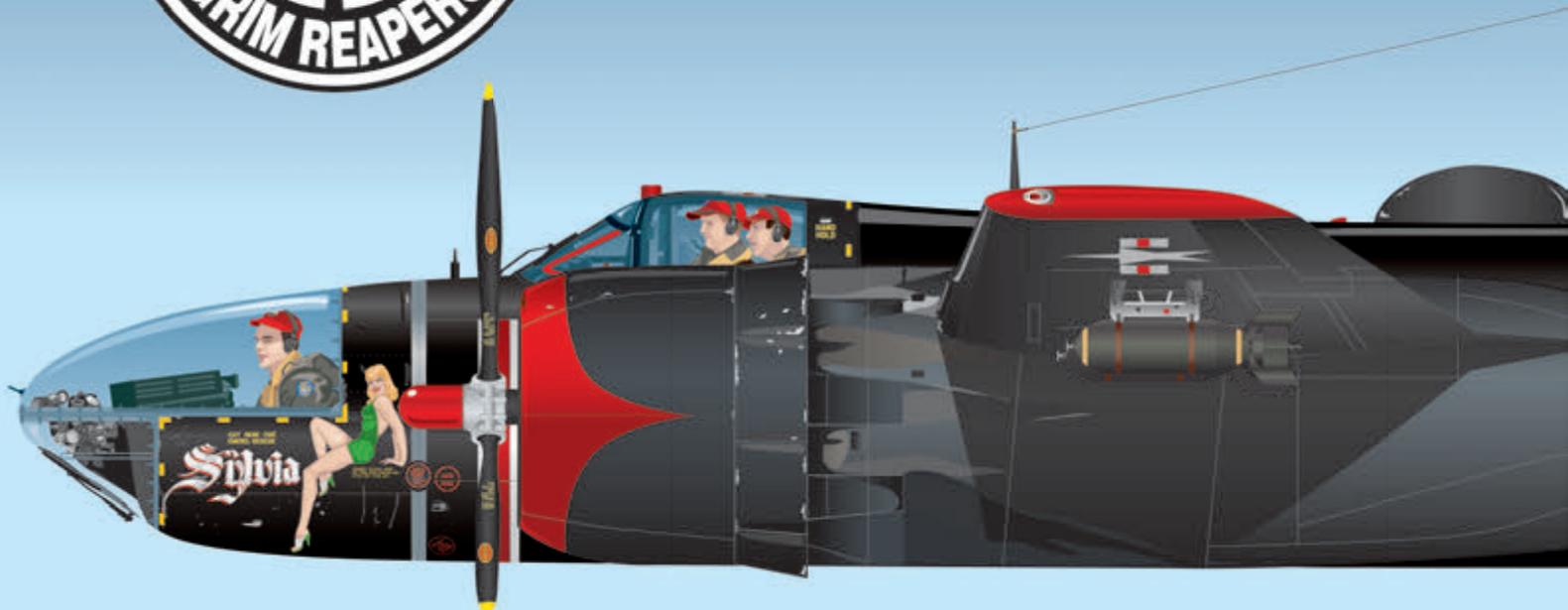
### CITATION:

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, July 8, 1918 (amended by act of July 25, 1963), takes pleasure in presenting the Silver Star to Colonel Norris Miller Overly (AFSN: 16363722/45067/2224354), United States Air Force, for gallantry in connection with military operations against an opposing armed force as a B-57 Pilot of the 13th Bombardment Squadron, in action beyond the borders of the Republic of Vietnam, on 20 August 1967. On that date, Major Overly, flying a single B-57 at night, provided vital close air support for a vastly outnumbered friendly force under attack by a battalion-sized insurgent force. Diving beneath flare light over treacherous mountains, Major Overly exposed himself repeatedly to intense hostile fire in order to turn back the numerically superior hostile troops. With complete disregard for his own safety, Major Overly made repeated attacks on the hostile force, drove them from their positions, and saved the beleaguered friendly unit. By his gallantry and devotion to duty, Major Overly has reflected great credit upon himself and the United States Air Force.

# DOUGLAS A/B-2



13th Bombardment Squadron  
Douglas A/B-2  
Aircraft "Sylvia" Serial #  
Korea



# 26C "INVADER"



ndron (Light, Night Intruder)  
B-26C "Invader"  
422342 at Kunsan AB, K-8,  
ea 1952.



# The RAF and the US Navy

-Johnathan Clayborn, Invader Historical Foundation

This month I'm going to talk about another little known piece of A-26 history and discuss what the RAF and the US Navy have in common. In 1944, the war in Europe raged and the A-26 was entering production full swing. In the July of 1944, the RAF expressed interest in the A-26. The US sent over a test model, serial number 41-39158. The RAF gave it to the Aeroplane & Armament Experimental Establishment (A&AEE) for testing. The plane was destroyed in an accident that September.

In January 1945, a second A-26, serial number 43-22479, was sent to the RAF. They gave it the RAF serial number KL690. It was assigned to A&AEE for armament testing. It was followed by a third Invader, serial number 43-22482 (KL691), sent to the RAF in July and given to Cunliffe-Owen Company for weapons modifications. By the end of this testing, the RAF had decided to purchase A-26s and RAF 88 Squadron and RAF 342 Squadron would be converted over to the Invader. The RAF ordered 200 Invaders with special modifications. Among these specifications were a glass nose, moving the bomb release panel from the pilot station to the bombardiers station, installing British Gee and GH navigation radios, and allowing the provisioning of 2 additional 500lb bombs. These requirements were sent to Douglas, who set to work building the British Invader (BI) variant. A fourth Invader, 43-22604, was given to the RAF (KL692) with the intention of being transferred to England, but the transfer was never completed despite the aircraft record stating "to Brit". It was used for several publicity photos, such as the one pictured here flying over Tulsa, Oklahoma.



As Douglas was finishing the production of these British Invaders, the war in Europe was winding down. D-Day had occurred and the Allies had pushed well into continental Europe. With victory in sight, the RAF cancelled the order confident that the war would be winding down. These planes were accepted by the USAF but weren't used because of the modifications.

This is where the Navy comes in. The Navy was interested in a fast, medium range utility plane for use as target tugs, pulling aerial gunnery targets for pilot training. The Air Force happened to have 200 A-26s that they weren't using, so in 1947 they gave 2 of the old British RAF planes (44-34217 & 44-35467) to the US Navy for Testing. Those planes became Buoy Numbers 57990 and 57991 respectively. They were classified as XJD-1 Invaders. The two initial planes were painted bright yellow with black engine pylons. They were both assigned to Utility Squadron 4 (VU-4) out of NAS Norfolk. 57991 is pictured here during evaluations. The US Navy liked the A-26 so much that they acquired a total of 154 of the 200 that were

*Cont. Pg 15*

originally intended for the RAF. All 12 of the Navy's Utility Squadrons received A-26s, some being completely converted over to the A-26, and some getting them as supplementary aircraft. The Navy adopted these planes as the designation of JD-1 and the sailors and naval aviators affectionately referred to them as "Jim Dogs".



the original C-model clamshell noses, as shown in this photo from Amarillo, TX in 1952. A special radar dome is fitted in the nose.

By the mid 1950s the Navy had modified the JD-1s to have a unique glass nose not found on any other type of Invader. The new nose can be seen in this photo of BuNo 77218 of Utility Squadron 5.

During their time with the US Navy the planes started out with



Most of the Navy's Invaders performed target towing, much like the USAF counterparts in the 1950s. This photo shows a JD-1 from Utility Squadron 10 towing a target in the retracted position.

The second photo shows a JD-1 from Utility Squadron 7 deploying a target.



The Navy also tested the Ryan Firebee drone, just like the Air Force Drone Controller squadrons of the 1950s. This photo shows Buoy Number 89075 from Utility Squadron 3 with a Firebee drone under the starboard wing. The Drone variants were named JD-1D.



At least 3 JD-1s that were carrier based. This first photo shows an JD-1 on the deck of a carrier, with the tower in the background.



The second photo shows 3 JD-1s on the aft end of a carrier, visible in the very back row.

Perhaps the most important contribution of the Navy's JD-1s was the ejection seat testing that they performed in late 1951. They modified the bomb bay of a JD-1 to house the ejection seat mechanics and made a special roof compartment to simulate a cockpit. They tested the ejection seats until early 1952 and, satisfied with the results, made them mandatory on all US Navy aircraft. This photo shows the Navy performing ejection seat testing with a 200 lb test dummy at 1000 feet over El Centro, CA.

Most of the JD-1s were brightly painted in order to make recovery operations easier in the water. This photo shows a flight of JD-1s from Utility Squadron 2 on patrol.



This photo shows the flight line of Utility Squadron 7 which based in Hawaii and California.

The US Navy was still using the Invader in 1962, at which time they designated the JD-1 as the UB-26J and the JD-1D became the DB-26J. The Navy operated them until they were replaced with the DC-130A.

# B-26 Combat Crew Pipeline to Korea

-Perry R. Nuhn

**Pipeline Overview** - On December 4, 1953, I received my wings and became a “rated Aircraft Observer-Navigator Bombardier.” I had my choice of assignments, and passed by B-45s in England, and B-26s in France; and instead chose an assignment to B-26s in Korea. At times, I wonder at my selection, but Korea was where the action had been most recently, so I chose it. My orders assigned me and several other classmates to the B-26 Combat Crew Pipeline with initial assignment to 423rd Bomb Squadron (Light) at Langley Field in Virginia. The purpose of the B-26 Pipeline was to train, transition and integrate crews before they reached the operational units in Korea, thereby relieving the units of this training task. By early 1954, the need for the Pipeline was reduced and our class was one of the very last. By the time I reached Korea, new crew personnel began arriving as individuals and I soon found myself appointed an instructor navigator and training new arrivals in the intricacies of the Norden Bombsight and navigation à la the Intruder low-level mission. Later when the Shoran mission was moved to K-8 from K-9, I established and taught those skills as well.

The Pipeline had two principal training phases followed by deployment to Korea. Phase one was an intensive two-month introduction to the B-26 and checkout at Langley Field. Phase two was a ten-day survival school at Stead AFB, a dusty location 10 miles outside of Reno, Nevada.

**Langley Field and Aerial Checkout** – The Langley Field training unit was an operational squadron and the instructors were all combat veterans who focused on current tactics, aircraft specifics and hands-on training. The program started with a month of ground school and ground trainers followed by a month of daily, or occasionally twice-daily, B-26 flight missions. Our weekends were free and the only travel restriction we had was that the Washington D.C. area was off-limits. Some of those previously entered into the Pipeline had visited with the Personnel people in the Pentagon and got their assignment changed. Our attitude was generally, “what else can they do to us, we already are 2nd Lieutenants (bottom of the food chain) and we are



going to Korea!” So, in many ways we were pretty loose after months of being aviation cadets.

On the first day of ground school we were formed into crews. For me, this was a crew assignment that lasted through most of my time in the 13th Bomb Squadron. I was crewed with Bob Seaton, Troy Cox, and Kenneth Moore. Bob and I were both 2nd Lieutenants, newly commissioned, with a total time flying around 200 hours or less apiece. Bob was recently married. Bob and his wife, Ginny, had attended college in Wooster, Ohio, but Bob spent a large part of his childhood in China and the Philippines. His Father and mother were medical missionaries and he lived in Hainan Island before WWII. The family left China in 1941 as his father fortunately had a year’s sabbatical leave, and returned to China shortly

after the Japanese surrender. Bob had attended high school in Peking and in the Philippines. He spoke fluent Chinese. We hit it off immediately. And best of all, he proved to be an extremely competent new pilot. Troy Cox, our gunner, was also a jewel. Coming from Cajun country, Troy was always filled with enthusiasm and fun. He also was a professional when it came to his aerial duties. Ken Moore, our engineer, stayed with us until shortly after we arrived in Korea. At that time, he was transferred out of the 13th and joined a detachment that was sent to Clark Field as technical support to the French Forces flying B-26s in Vietnam. All three are now deceased.

The other crew in our Pipeline Class that was eventually assigned to the 13th was Jim Madsen’s crew. Madsen’s navigator was Jim Plunkett, a classmate of mine through Harlingen and Mather; his gunner was Clarence Dewitt and Ben Marshall was his engineer.

The training program began with four weeks of ground school. The details of our ground school curriculum are now after fifty-four years a bit hazy. I saved many documents and used them in Korea and later Japan. These proved most useful in my chores as a navigator-bombardier-Shoran instructor. However, early in the Vietnam War when the Jungle Jim A-26 Program was initiated, I loaned them all to Bob Seaton and they disappeared either at Hurlburt Field or

in Southeast Asia. So this brief description of ground school is from my aged memory.

As I recall, classes were almost all oriented to the B-26, related equipment and ordnance and current tactics. We studied the Dash-1, had cockpit checks, and us bombardiers reacquainted ourselves with the Norden Bombsight. We also had minimal Shoran training with a few flights in a C-47. We learned about weather, bombs, fuses, and tactics related to route recce missions. More or less, aside from B-26 specific instruction, much of it was a repeat of what we had studied in the B-26 course at Mather AFB months earlier. We attended many classes as a crew, so we were all exposed to new and old information depending on our previous training. Classes were composed of lecture, film and practice. Two films stand out. One was gunnery film of a MIG 15 that hit a high speed-stall and tumbled end-over-end. The other film documented a NACA analysis of various aircraft and aircraft shapes being ditched. Some did quite well, but when they came to the Douglas B-26, it flunked the course. The B-26 entered the water like a bullet and then looked like a submarine making a “crash dive.” The lesson was “do not ditch a B-26.”

Training at Langley also included small arms indoctrination including firing North Korean and Chinese weapons. We repeated this again at Stead. And, in Korea when we had nothing better to do, Bob Seaton and I would check weapons out from the armory and fire at bottles and such which we placed on a seawall.

None of us had much flying experience and were “green as grass.” No one had any B-26 time, although both navigator-bombardiers and pilots had trained in B-25’s while in Air Training Command. I had slightly less than 200 hours, mostly in T-29’s with about 50 hours in B-25’s. Bob also had around 200 flying hours mostly in T-6’s and B-25’s.

The air training once we began it was quite intensive. Between February 18th and March 18th, we accumulated nearly 80 hours of B-26 time as a crew and mostly at night and except for few “cherry rides” with either a pilot or navigator instructor we were on our own. Navigation equipment in the B-26 was minimal, map reading, Norden and Reflex Bombsights, absolute altimeter, and in a few aircraft, Loran sets for which we had neither charts nor an effective antenna. We used the Norden as a drift meter, but almost all navigation was dead reckoning augmented by map reading. On occasion we were permitted to check our locations using DF. The little Shoran training we had was in a few flights for only us navigator-bombardiers in a C-47, Goony Bird, equipped with a Shoran Set.

I think some of the pilots felt we “nav-bombs” were a little nervous about their lack of flying experience as we spent half of our training missions on our knees. The B-26 had

very limited space in the nose and the navigator-bombardier sat on a metal shelf with his feet on the nose hatch. In order to use the bombsight he merely knelt down and kneeled on the nose hatch. Not much room.

Our navigation missions while at Langley Field were designed to train us to conduct route reccees. Norden bombing missions were primarily dropping blue bombs at the Ship Shoal Island Range, a barrier island located on the Atlantic Ocean. Pilot bombing and gunnery missions were at the Plum Tree Range, which was much closer to Langley. We navs practiced using the Norden or reflex sights and the pilots practiced dive-bombing and skip bombing. The gunners had a few mission when they were able to fire their turret mounted 50’s on the Plum Tree Gunnery Range.

Some of the night flights were at low levels in Virginia and North Carolina. We were encouraged, to make simulated strafing runs against targets of opportunity. We were assigned low-level night routes and graded according to how well we flew the routes. Grading was based upon the navigator’s log. It was always thrilling to charge out at night and hope that we really knew where we were as we flew along the deck in the dark. Along the route, we were permitted to practice simulated attacks against road, airfield and other facilities down to 500 feet. It was almost a license to “buzz”. There are a lot of high hills in Virginia and North Carolina. Fortunately, we hit none of them. One night, I became a bit disoriented. We were near Blacksburg, Virginia on Virginia’s southwest tip, and I truly did not know where I was. Then I saw a flare in the distance to our east. Luckily, I had noticed flare drops in the vicinity of Pope AFB earlier, so I had a fix and we returned home without incident.

Langley was a place where they wanted to instill early crew coordination. The class before us included a crew that ran out of fuel over the Bombing Range. The pilot was running both engines from the same tank. And, not aware of the error, when his engines stopped, the crew bailed out. The navigator was picked up by a fishing boat after nearly freezing in the cold, winter water. The gunner landed in the water but walked ashore, and the engineer landed on dry land. Just after the engineer bailed out, the pilot discovered his error, switched tanks, started both engines and returned to Langley and landed. The crew was complimented for following orders and good crew coordination.

Another crew ahead of us was not complimented. A day prior to their next training mission, the pilot and navigator were in town and met a couple young ladies. They hit it off and soon had arranged a date for the following evening. But, upon returning to the Base, they discovered they were scheduled to fly on the night of their dates. Not wanting to miss out with the local belles, they hit upon a plan. They would wear civilian clothes under their flying suits, pre-

position a car on the far side of the airstrip, and after reporting for their scheduled flight, simulate a take-off, and go to town rather than fly. All went well. It was a late flight take-off and the moon phase was dark. Taxiing out, they turned on the aircraft's lights, took the active runway, advanced the throttles and part-way down the runway came off power, doused the aircraft lights and turned off the taxi way. They parked the aircraft by their pre-positioned car. Soon they were on their way to town to meet the girls. Several hours later, they returned to the Base, re-started the airplane engines – no fireguard, called for landing instructions and then taxied out on the active runway with their landing and wing lights out. Halfway down the runway, they turned on their landing and wing lights, and taxied the plane off the active runway. They parked the aircraft in the training squadron's ramp area, completed the Form 1 and turned in "doctored" mission reports and navigation logs.

In their minds, the scam went well, that is until the following morning. They were awakened at an early hour and asked to report to the Operations Officer. He had one question, "How did they manage to fly three hours and not use any fuel?" After they left the parked plane, in the early morning hours the crew chief attempted to refuel it. The tanks would not accept more than a few gallons. He dipped-stick the tanks to be sure, and then somewhat perplexed reported that the tanks were full, yet the records showed a three-hour flight.

The pilot and navigator's punishment was minimal – mostly embarrassment, after all they were 2nd Lieutenants and their destination was Korea. What else could be done to them? I suspect a few words were also added to their training reports, but they did make it to Korea and K9.

Once we completed training at Langley Field, we received our "operational" assignments: us lucky ones, two crews, Seaton's and Madsen's were assigned to the 13th Bomb Squadron (Light Night Intruder) at K-8, Kunsan, Korea. Others were assigned to the 8th and 90th Squadrons at K-8 or the B-26 Squadrons at K-9, Pusan, Korea.

**Stead and Survival** – From Langley Field, we had a few days leave, then reported to Stead Air Force Base for survival training. At the time, General Curt LeMay's Strategic Air Command (SAC) was running Stead and the training conducted there. I make this distinction, as SAC under General LeMay was an entity unto its self. In September 1954, Air Training Command became responsible for Air Force resident survival training at Stead



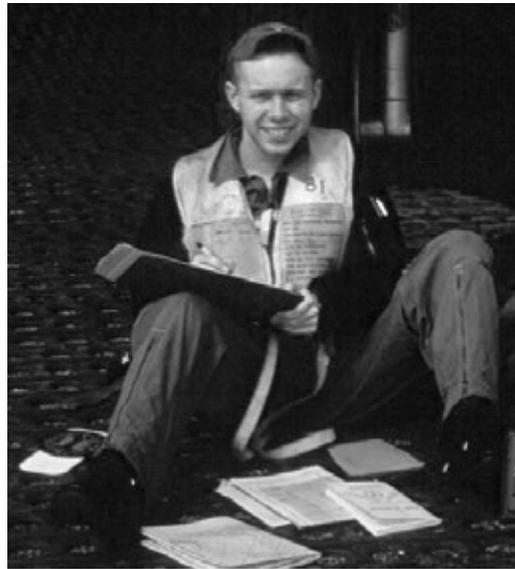
and assumed command of the base. Facilities at Stead were minimal. A tent and a corrugated building base snuggled to the Sierra Nevada Mountains on one side and desert on the other. It had a small airfield and some maintenance facilities. But, by and large, it was more like a forward operating location than an Air Force Base. It also had a concentration camp compete with interrogation rooms, barbed wire and prisoner barracks. We all had a chance to spend a few days there as part of the course.

A little over a year after I was at Stead, it became a news item in Time magazine. Titled "Training by Torture," the article charged that "... 'prisoners' are subjected to electrical shocks, crammed into an upright box where they can neither sit or stand, forced to stand shoulder deep in water for hours of darkness, fed a mixture of raw spinach and uncooked spaghetti, made to stand naked before their captors, and to listen to slanderous talk about their wives." While some of the over-blown charges were factual, I do not remember electrical shocks, or any food – instead we were starved, or real brutality. That portion of the course was designed to give everyone a taste of interrogation and prison camp life. We were also encouraged to form escape plans and attempt to implement them.

The classroom portion of survival training provided a basic knowledge of survival tools and techniques through a variety of classroom and practical instruction. During the classroom phase we were instructed in parachute control and landing; survival medicine and hygiene; special problems posed by life as a prisoner of war, resistance to all aspects of exploitation, and escape; the procurement of food from available plants, fish, and game; and other survival principles. We were taught some basic principles of land navigation, camouflage, and evasion movement.

Our parachute training stopped short of an actual jump. We began with the principles and procedures for control of the parachute in the air, landing falls, and recovery. Then we all reviewed how to inspect, wear and fit of a parachute. We then practiced how to land by jumping, falling and rolling from a four-foot platform, both left and right sides. We each continued to do this until achieving the correct form. Following falling, we moved onto the dragging phase. The

object was to acquire the technique avoiding being dragged by a full canopy if caught in a high wind. This was simulated by attaching us to a harness attached to a jeep that drove about 15 mph over a rocky path with us in the dust behind. We quickly learned to lie on our back, head and legs raised, spring open the quick releases, and spill air from an imaginary parachute by releasing ourselves from the moving jeep. We also practiced doing a quick roll from stomach to back while on the move. Our parachute “graduation” stunt was a drop from the high tower



in a harness with a controlled chute canopy above us. This was a “thrill” and a chance to put all the theory and practice into one unforgettable experience. The tower sure looked high both from the ground and especially from the jump platform. We all survived parachuting with a few bumps and very dirty after being dragged around by the Jeep. Clearly we were not jump qualified, but we at least had experienced some of the actual parts. My ride in an ejection seat would wait until a few years later when I was assigned to B-57s at Blytheville AFB, in Arkansas.

Having completed the school part of the survival course, we moved onto the night evasion exercise. All the SAC and us few TAC crews were gathered together and loaded aboard trucks. Our uniforms were our dirty fatigues that we had spent the past week wearing. We were driven out into the desert and dumped off individually in where appeared to be random locations. Our task was to get back to Stead proper without being caught, where we would be feted as successful evaders. We were told tales of “famous Stead evaders” who ran the gamut of aggressors in the field and were home in their bunks in their tents before the aggressors even knew they were gone. Not true, even if you could evade, you also would be a guest in the concentration camp.

In my case, I began a slow, low creep across the sandy soil, filled with cactus and other desert growth. It was a dark night and a desert at night is really a strange place to a newbie. I was hoping to evade and also avoid any crawly things that frequent deserts like snakes and fearsome insects. After about an hour of crawling and creeping, I heard a jeep coming toward me. I laid still. On it came, and then its right headlight pointed at my head and his left headlight pointed at my feet. It was get up and get captured or lay still and be run over. I got up. A quick ride and I was a prisoner in

the interrogation center in the prison camp.

The camp was a wooden planked structure, like a western fort, with barbed wire and guard towers. I was placed in a room and told to take off my clothes and than wait in a standing position. After what seemed a long time, the “bad guys” arrived and the interrogation began. The questions were like in a bad war movie starring Randolph Scott. This was before the POW CODE came into being, but our training was starting to reflect lessons learned from Korea. But, to start, the only answer was name, rank and serial number. We had

been told we could fabricate a cover story if things started to go bad. The questions kept coming about my being a SAC aircrew member and it was my duty as a prisoner to fess up. With no answers the cold water treatment began, and it was early spring, the room was unheated and I was getting a bit cold. No answer, more water: then a little time in a cramped detention area. Then back to the interrogation. More water. All the time, I was stark naked: supposedly being naked belittled and embarrassed a detainee. Under the circumstances it only bothered me because I was cold. This process continued. Probably not long, but it seemed long. I decided my fabricated tale could be the truth. To the SAC line of questioning, I said I had never been in SAC, did not know anything about SAC and so forth. After, whatever was their allotted time with me, after all this was only a training exercise, not the real thing; we hit an impasse. Of course there were insults of a private nature and other threats of dire punishment if I did not respond. Finally, they returned my soiled clothes and I was marched to the camp barracks. The bunks were makeshift hard wooden affairs and the dawn was in the east. Then followed the better part of a day living the life of a POW: line-up, be counted, fall out, line-up, be counted, pick up the area, line-up, be counted and on and on. A little push here, and a little shove there. You grew to hate those bad guys. If you did not follow instructions or followed them too slowly, you caught time in the detention box, out in the now hot sun. I think even if you were a perfect prisoner, you also caught time in the hot box as it was part of the training. It was rumored that there was an escape tunnel somewhere in the camp, but if so, none of us ever found it. Anyway, morning turned to afternoon and soon the prison camp phase of our training came to an end. We were marched back to our tents, cleaned up and headed for the mess hall.

At the time I went thru Stead, the course was heavily weighted to train SAC crews. TAC crews were an anomaly as we were only at Stead for a little over two weeks of training. The SAC crews were there for more than three weeks. The difference was the time spent “camping out in a static camp environment and the associated mountain trek. This was referred to as the mobile phase of training. At the time all this training occurred in the Stead area. Later, I think the mobile phase was moved up to Fairchild AFB in Washington State. In any case, SAC guys had three days static camp and then walked for seven days while we spent only a total of five days for the entire mobile phase. Later, when ATC came in charge, all crews had the same trek. In any case, the job was to live off the land with a few pemmican bars and even less pressed cereal bars and some condiments like chili powder. Our survival and fresh rations totaled approximately 2000 calories. We were allowed to augment that by living off the land.

The first three days were spent in a static camp learning and practicing field techniques. Our tent camp was located in an idyllic mountain site near a small, very cold running stream. It was early spring and the water was icy cold. We ventured into it to bathe, quickly, and just as quickly got out and dressed. It was so cold and hard that soap just would not even lather or the scum rinse off. At first we toyed with the idea of catching fish to eat, but they were too elusive and the water was too cold. So our food augmentation was mostly foraging thru the woods looking for wild onions and other such “good eats.” I also recall finding some wild potatoes left from some farmer’s long-forgotten farm.

We were grouped into small training elements – several crews in each, with our own instructor. He explained, discussed, and demonstrated survival principles, techniques, and procedures, and we practiced with supervision. Static camp was our transition between the academic phase and the mobile phase of training, as it provided us with an opportunity to review what we had learned thus far and then practice it in a field application. As an “experienced” Boy Scout, I was ready to camp and learn. For three days and nights we listened as our instructor, a knowledgeable sergeant, lectured us regarding shelter and clothing; shelter location and selection; shelter construction; fire-craft; care and use of equipment; improvised clothing; and equipment, procurement, preparation, and preservation of food and water; field medicine and personal hygiene; preparation of communications; position determination; and day and night navigation on the ground. We were evaluated on all that we learned as individual reports on our training were kept at each phase.



Some individuals fared better than others. Our worst student was a fellow navigator and Mather classmate who just could not stomach eating pemmican no matter how much chili powder and wild onions were added to the weak watery stews we prepared. He finally offered \$20 – lots of money in 1954 – for a cereal bar. One of his “buddies” wrapped a pemmican bar in a cereal foil wrapper and sold it to him. We fortunately prevented the “murder” before it occurred, but it was quite a chase.

After our three days of camping, we moved on to being mobile rather than static. We would tramp thru the woods and mountains.

For SAC crews this was the most demanding portion of survival training, their seven-day trek. But for us, it was mostly a two-day long walk and a long night sleeping out on the ground.

We traipsed the countryside and up and over some mountains. We continued to eat our pemmican and what ever else we could hunt or scrounge. It was rumored that there were aggressors in the forest and we were to avoid them to the best of our ability. We saw none, guess they were all busy harassing the SAC crews. The night out we started a fire to keep warm in our bedrolls. They taught us that we could eat anything with hair growing on it, but we found no animals worth eating. We could hear what we thought were beavers or bears slapping their tails in the stream nearby. We never saw one. We covered our TAC allotted distance, and arrived at a site, in a meadow, out in the woods. It was there that we were to “prepare” a landing place for a C-47. Earlier, back at Stead proper, we had been given a C-47 short field landing and take-off demonstration. The plane landed in less than 400 feet, rudder-controlled stall all the way to the ground, turned around, and took off in the same 400 feet with the help of rocket assist. So even our short meadow would have provided a suitable path to escape.

Our trek was over. We were successful and we were free. We arrived back at Stead proper and quickly discarded our dirty clothes and hit the showers. After cleaning up, it was off to the mess hall. We went for the best food ever. A fabulous steak dinner! It was good to be back in civilization, as we headed back to Reno.

By going thru Stead, our crew avoided going to a similar survival school in Korea that included transiting Korean rice fields filled with night soil. Cannot say that appealed to me then or now. The survival course at Stead was a good introduction to what could come on a very bad day. It was not brutal as later charged, but a realistic first look. That night, we had one grand celebration in Reno, the day we were released from Stead Survival School. We were now a qualified “Night Intruder Crew.” Soon we were in California on our way to Korea.

# THE HOT SEAT

## *Editor's Comments*

Hope everyone is doing well and making the best of the cards we've been dealt. Summer really has whipped by. I have spent most of the time working on, repairing, restoring, replacing and painting my front and back porches. Not wanting to travel due to Covid-19, this staycation quickly turned into a workation. I still have lots to do, but things are coming along.

I have continued to hone my film shooting and developing skills. I'm still shooting lots of digital photos, but shooting film with vintage cameras, really makes you appreciate shooting digital. It has made me more deliberate and more focused when I shoot digital.

I started back at the Frick Car & Carriage Museum on August 16th, it was an interesting and somewhat intimidating experience with all of the new Covid-19 rules in place and of course not knowing what to expect. So far so good, but we aren't out of the woods yet.

I've been reading a book that inspired the feature article in this issue. The book "Lost Over Laos" captures the chaotic nature of the war from the perspective of those who covered it. This was before computers and digital cameras, and the almost instantaneous access to news stories like we have today. This was a time of typewriters, film cameras and darkrooms, teletype and wire service photos. It took days for the news to get back home to our local papers. There were stricter rules in place as to what could be shown. This was the world of Associated Press and United Press International, as well as Life Magazine and Time Magazine, all jockeying to get that one defining moment. Journalists and photographers had almost unlimited access to the war and many suffered and died trying to bring the news to the folks back home. For you guys that served in Vietnam, you were the story and the pictures that those of us back home saw in the papers, the magazines and the TV news. Many writers and photographers made a name for themselves covering the war. These news



people came to Vietnam voluntarily. They were more often than not in their 30s and 40s, some were even older. Many had covered previous wars- WWII, Korea, the Middle East, the Congo... Some of the photographers like Eddie Adams, had served with the Marine Corps in the Korean War. Others had served in WWII. Henri Huet had served in the French Army during the Indochina War. True grizzled veterans of wars. Any one of them could easily have been someplace else, but they wanted to be in Vietnam. Henri Huet, after being wounded in Vietnam, was

assigned to the safety of AP's Tokyo bureau and he fought to be sent back to Vietnam. He would later die in Laos in 1971.

As a kid growing up in the 1960s and 70s, I was aware of some of what was going on, but I wasn't totally aware of the photojournalists that were killed there until I became involved with trying to get a Pennsylvania

Historic Marker for Eddie Adams. In 2012, my son and I, and our friend Gary Sprague were guests at the Eddie Adams Photography Workshop, also known as Barnstorm. Every year photojournalism students from around the world submit portfolios in the hopes of being one of the 100 students chosen for this intense 5 day workshop held in October on Eddie Adams' farm in Upstate New York. They really work these kids hard. They get very little sleep during the workshop as they complete their assignments. There isn't much time to relax, but on the Sunday before the final day of the workshop there is a ceremony held in a stand of pines. In the middle of the pines is a large flat stone with the names of all the photographers killed in Vietnam etched in its surface. During the ceremony they lay sunflowers and Eddie's signature black hat on the stone. In this quiet peaceful place, Eddie Adams chose to honor his fallen comrades, who like him, had covered the Vietnam War so that those of us who weren't there would know what happened.



Don Henderson, Editor

*Don*



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## 13th Bomb Squadron Association

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

ADDRESS SERVICE REQUESTED



U.S. Secretary of Defense Dr. Mark T. Esper bids a socially distanced farewell to Col. Jeffrey Schreiner, 509th Bomb Wing commander, and former CO of the 13th Bomb Squadron at Whiteman Air Force Base, Missouri, July 22, 2020. Esper visited Whiteman AFB to engage with Airmen and senior leaders and get a firsthand understanding of the operations supporting the B-2 Spirit stealth bomber. Schreiner is responsible for the combat readiness of the Air Force's only B-2 base, including the development and employment of the B-2's combat capability as part of Air Force Global Strike Command. (U.S. Air Force photo by Senior Airman Thomas Barley)