

DEAR MR STRONG;

I AM GOING TO WRITE YOU A LETTER, TO TRY TO EXPLAIN A PROBLEM THAT HAS OCCURED, AND HAS HURT ME VERY DEEPLY AND EMOTIONALLY.

FOR 40 YEARS I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO LOCATE A MEMBER OF MY CREW, AFTER JOINING THE 306TH ECHO AND RECEIVING MY DIRECTORY, I LOCATED MY MAN, HIS NAME WAS JOHN HEDBERG AND HE LIVES AT 4870 LOWELL BLVD, DENVER COLO. THE REASON I WAS LOOKING FOR HIM WAS BECAUSE I THINK I SAVED HIS LIFE, BY MY ACTIONS. I CALLED HIM IMMEDIATELY TO SEE IF HE WAS THE RIGHT MAN, AND THEN FLEW DOWN TO SEE HIM.

WHILE I WAS THERE, HE SHOWED ME SOMETHING THAT MADE ME CRY. HE SHOWED ME THE BOOK FIRST OVER GERMANY, AND IN IT WAS A PARAGRAPH FROM THE 1ST BERLIN RAID 3/6/44 OF CAPT. ADAMS CREW OF WHICH 4 CREW MEMBERS PANIC'D AND BAILED OUT, I WAS ONE OF THEM.

WELL THIS WAS A FLAGRANT LIE, AND I WILL TRY TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED.

WHILE WE WERE WARMING UP BEFORE TAKE OFF, WE WERE HAVING A PROBLEM WITH ONE OF THE ENGINES, BUT WE STILL TOOK OFF, LATER EITHER BEFORE THE TARGET OR AFTER I DON'T REMEMBER, WE GOT HIT BY FLAK AND ALSO A WINDMILLING PROP ON THE BAD ENGINE, WE STARTED TO LOSE ALTITUDE CAPT. ADAMS GAVE THE BAIL OUT ORDER TWICE, BUT LT. MATHIS TWICE SAID NO, AT THIS TIME A SHELL BURST IN

THE RADIO ROOM. (I WAS THE RADIO OPERATOR) I WAS INJURED IN THE FACE, LEG, HAND & BACK, I STAGGERED INTO THE WAIST. (THE INTER COM WAS OUT) THE WAIST DOOR WAS PUSHED OUT AND ONE MAN WAS BAILING OUT, THE OTHER WAIST GUNNER WAS GETTING READY TO BAIL OUT. I LOOKED AT HIM AND HE WAS HURT ACROSS THE HEAD, AND HAD BLOOD ALL OVER HIS FACE, HE TOO BAILED OUT. AT THIS TIME JUST BEFORE I WAS GOING TO JUMP, SOMETHING HIT ME IN THE LEG, I LOOKED DOWN AND SAW THAT IT WAS A HELMET WITH GOGGLES. I LOOKED AND THERE I SAW THE TAIL GUNNER (JOHN HEDBERG) STUCK IN THE TAIL. I WENT AND GOT HIM OUT AND SAW THAT HE WAS HIT BADLY IN THE HAND. I IMMEDIATELY PUT A TOURNIQUET AROUND HIS WRIST TO STOP THE BLEEDING. TWO FINGERS WERE GONE, HE WAS IN A DAZE. I ASKED HIM IF HE COULD PULL HIS RIP CORD, AND HE NODDED YES. I PUT HIS LEGS OUT AND KICKED HIM OUT. BY GIVING HIM FIRST AID PROBABLY SAVED HIS LIFE, I THEN BAILED OUT. IS THIS A SIGN OF PANIC? HERE I WAS ALWAYS PROUD THAT EVEN THOUGH I WAS WOUNDED AND GROGGY I YET SAVED THE LIFE OF ONE OF MY CREW.

THIS LETTER IS ALL SCRAMBLED, AND I DID THE BEST TO PIECE IT TOGETHER. I JUST WANT TO GET IT OFF MY CHEST. BECAUSE IT IS A SHAME THAT SOMEONE WOULD HAVE USED THE WORD PANIC, WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT OCCURED ~~THE~~

THAT DAY. HEDBERG TOLD ME HE ENDED UP IN A FEW HOSPITALS IN GERMANY AND LATER GOT REPATRIATED ON A WOUNDED PRISONER EXCHANGE. HE HAS A MANGLE SHAVED HAND WITH TWO FINGERS. HE AND HIS WIFE WERE OVERJOYED TO SEE ME AND SHE COULDN'T THANK ME ENOUGH FOR SAVING HIS LIFE. I FORGOT TO MENTION THAT WE BOMBED AT 11,000 FT. AND I BAILED OUT AT 7,000

SO IN SUMMARY I WANT TO SAY THAT INSTEAD OF RECEIVING SOME KIND OF CITATION FOR ACTION WHILE UNDER ATTACK AND GIVING FIRST AID AND HELPING SAVE A CREW MEMBER, I READ IN A BOOK THAT I PANIC'D.

Thank you for your time
May DeWitt (MATTHEW)
3825 634TH ST.
CLEVE, OHIO 44105



A HOAX to gain publicity for Medal of Honor winner Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, was the charge made today by Mrs. Ernestine Whomble, 21, whom Smith "rescued" from a sixth-floor ledge of a Washington building last week. (UP Photos)

War Hero Accused of Phony Rescue

WASHINGTON, Aug. 5—(UP)—Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, who has had his ups and downs as a hero, faces arrest today for the deed which made him the toast of the capital last week.

False alarm charges were lodged against the Medal of Honor winner after a young mother, whom he "rescued" from a sixth-floor window ledge Thursday, said her attempted suicide was just an elaborate hoax.

Mrs. Ernestine Lucille Whomble, 21, said she was offered \$500 to fake the jump because Smith wanted publicity to promote himself for governor of Virginia.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Clark King issued a warrant for the 41-year-old former Air Force sergeant on charges of causing false reports to the police. Conviction carried a penalty of \$300 fine or 10 days in jail, or both.

Smith Denies Charge

Smith told the Washington Post that Mrs. Whomble may be suffering from hallucinations of grandeur. He firmly denied the suicide attempt was a hoax and said he never had seen or met Mrs. Whomble before attempting to save her off the sixth-floor ledge.

Smith, who works as a salesman in a Washington radio-TV store, said it was ridiculous to say he was running for governor because he just recently moved into Virginia.

Roland M. Bennett, 27, a fellow employee of Smith who was

named by Mrs. Whomble as go-between in the arrangement, termed her story "fantastic and completely false."

Bennett was served with the warrant, appeared at police headquarters and posted \$300 pending arraignment on the charge.

Getting into trouble is an old routine for Smith. He was bumped from sergeant to private on AWOL charges only a few weeks after he won the nation's highest military decoration in World War II for risking his life to put out a fire aboard a B-17 bomber aboard which he served as waist gunner.

In Trouble Before

When Snuffy broke into the headlines again, in 1947, it was for pleading guilty to charges of peddling a fake sex hormone cream. He drew a suspended sentence when the court took cognizance of his war record.

Mrs. Whomble, who was released from the observation ward of Gallinger Hospital after telling her story to authorities, said Bennett visited her soon after her youngest child died of pneumonia July 24 and offered her \$500 to fake a suicide attempt.

She laughed bitterly about the news photograph showing Smith "rescuing" her.

"What's really happening is that I'm trying to get back inside the building by walking past him. He's trying to block me. I was scared to death."

able to sign up the day of the event.

Dear Lightbours
Arbore & Small -

Hope this reaches you both
in good health, although
you probably are happy with

EXPENSE & REIMBURSEMENT RECORD:

you Bank's CD rates!
AARP Mutuals - all the way!

In Orl. I mentioned to
you & Santoro about
S Smith and his problems.

It took a while but
herein is the article.

I expect to see you
both in Savannah. While
visiting I wrote to Cor. ~~the~~
several ^{ago} you ago.
We've seen it & think C'ston
S. Car. is more picturesque by
the water but with the
306 attending Savannah

APPOINTMENTS & SCHEDULED EVENTS

AUGUST 7, 1997

THURSDAY

will be another fond
memory for our coming
old age memories. Beng

73, I keep thinking I'm
still "young" but
bending down I always
hear myself breathing
like an old gezer!

Our best to you
both

Osfiting, Paten

Reggie & Lay Yarak

See you in Dec.

DIARY AND WORK RECORD

WEDNESDAY
AUGUST 6, 1997

WK 32 • Day 218, 147 Left

Snuffy Smith had been -
ordnance, but transferred to
Flying Corps.



Snuffy was a certified war hero, but he wasn't always on the mark

Snuffy would have liked the obituaries.

The newspapers in Michigan and Florida that marked his passing carried the version of his exploits he would have approved of. His own personal rearrangement of those terrible minutes in a burning bomber over the English Channel on May 1, 1943.

Maynard Harrison Smith, 72, Medal of Honor recipient, "Snuffy" to his friends in the Army Air Force and "Hokey" to those who remember him as a troublesome kid in Caro, Mich., died last May 11 in the Bay Pines VA Hospital near St. Petersburg, Fla.

His heroism following a raid on St. Nazaire, France, saved the lives of his fellow crew members, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson flew to England to hang the medal around Snuffy's neck.

Back in Caro, folks downplayed what they called his "Peck's Bad Boy" reputation and welcomed him home with a giant celebration.

There were some speeches from a bunting-draped podium on the porch of the Hotel Montague. Then a parade down S. State Street, with Snuffy riding in an open car with his mother and Gov. Harry F. Kelly.

He left Caro after the festivities, and if he ever went back, no one really remembers. There was not, Snuffy would say in later years, an abundance of love lost between him and his hometown.

And in the years after the war, about the only thing that improved steadily in Maynard Smith's troubled life was his version of what happened that angry day in 1943.

He had, indeed, stayed with the burning B-17 while three of his crew members bailed out. He fought and extinguished the fire himself, jettisoned ammunition cases, tended a wounded crew member and drove off attacking German planes with machine-gun fire, and the pilot was able to fly the plane safely home.

That was enough, a grateful nation decided, to confer our highest award for valor on the little guy from the Thumb.

But little by little, Snuffy upgraded the extent of the heroics. He embroidered the story a bit, embellished a point here and there, improving it until he had worked it into a version he found acceptable.

The 98-pound ammunition cases became 250-pound cases. The 20 German fighters that had attacked the bombers grew to 400.

And Snuffy elevated his ultimate participation in this bit of military history by claiming that after he put the fire out he rushed to the cockpit, pulled the wounded pilot and copilot from their seats, gave them first aid, and then — although he had never flown before — flew the crippled bomber back to England and landed it safely.

But it was, after all, a harmless kind of dissembling. The kind of permissible exaggeration we allow our heroes, and Snuffy Smith was a hero.

We extend this kind of indulgence to the people who fight our wars. Maybe because we're relieved that they are the ones who faced the danger and not us. Perhaps because we are never sure enough of ourselves to predict with any honesty how we would react in a personal confrontation with death.

But also because the world loves a hero, and we have attached certain rights and privileges to that high station. Among them, the right to tell their stories to those who will appreciate the quality of their heroism and

accept it as it is offered. Revisions and all.

So we sit over beer in smoky American Legion halls or at veterans reunions or walk with them on the peaceful beaches of Normandy and listen to their memories and think no less of them if the stories improve with each telling.

Snuffy Smith was no different from the hundreds of thousands who came out of that war with their own personal versions of what it was like.

And though they gave him a medal for his efforts, Snuffy never traded on that. Being able to tell the story was always enough.

On May 13, they had a service for Maynard Smith in the main chapel of the David C. Gross Funeral Home in St. Petersburg. There was an honor guard from MacDill Air Force Base and about 100 people showed up.

Two days later, Snuffy was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. In Section 66, Grave No. 7375, with "modified honors" — body bearers, firing party, horse-drawn caisson. Rites commensurate with his status as an American hero.

Back in Caro, the Tuscola County Advertiser carried Snuffy's obit on Page 16, just above the recipe for Easy Penuche Frosting.

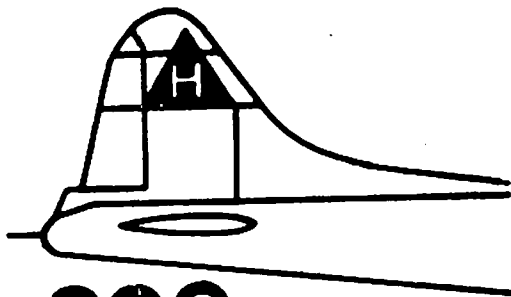
But the version was pure Snuffy, down to the last detail. He would have appreciated the irony of it all.



A hero's welcome home: Sgt. Snuffy Smith, accompanied by his mother and Gov. Harry F. Kelly, tips his cap to Caro.

Snuffy Smith won MH on first mission. Later flew four more.

Plane on that day was 42-29649



367th, 368th, 369th, 423rd Squadrons, and service organizations
Thurleigh, Bedfordshire, England – September 1942-April 1945

306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP ASSOCIATION

Secretary/Historian

Russell A. Strong
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, NC 28205
704/568-0153

16 July 1989

Author

First Over Germany
Command and Staff
Officers, 8th Air
Force, 1942-45

Editor

306th Echoes
306th Directory

Dear Max:

Your story is appearing in the July issue of Echoes, which ought to go into the mail late this week.

I know you have been wondering if I would ever use it.

Also, I am enclosing a copy of the new material I have prepared for a reprinting of "First Over Germany." I will be getting the material to the printer this week, and expect to have copies available in late September or October.

Again, I knew this would be of interest to you.

Sincerely yours,

Award of Meritorious Decorations (Cont'd):

14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt KENNETH H. FULFZ	AIR MEDAL	423rd
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt JACK HARRIS	AIR MEDAL	423rd
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt WILLIAM J. CUNNINGHAM	AIR MEDAL	367th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt FRANCIS H. EZELL	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	T/Sgt SAM P. BEARDEN	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	T/Sgt IMMANUEL J. ENOS	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	Sgt PHILIP W.D. MANTOR	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	S/Sgt FRED H. WABERS	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	Sgt HARRIS R. SHITTS	AIR MEDAL	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	S/Sgt HENRY C. CORDERY	AIR MEDAL	423rd
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt ARTHUR S. MORRIS	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	423rd
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt WALTER Z. MOREY	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	1st Lt THOMAS F. WITT	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	1st Lt LEO S. McINTIRE	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	1st Lt LOUIS G. COOK	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	1st Lt FRED P. SHERMAN	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt DUANE BOLLENBACH	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt KERMIT B. CAVEDO	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	2nd Lt JOHN B. MAZANEK	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th
14/7/43	-- GO 97	F/O WILLIAM F. WAGNER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	423rd
14/7/43	-- GO 97	S/Sgt PAUL G. LESTER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
15/7/43	-- WD	S/Sgt MAYNARD H. SMITH	CONGRESSIONAL	
		US CONGRESS	MEDAL OF HONOR	423rd
15/7/43	-- GO 102	Sgt CLAIR E. DICKINSON	SILVER STAR	423rd
17/7/43	-- GO 105	1st Lt LEROY O. SUGG	CLC TO DFC	423rd
17/7/43	-- GO 79	S/Sgt ALVIS W. TINSLEY	PURPLE HEART	367th
17/7/43	-- GO 79	S/Sgt FREDERICK E. HUTCHISON	PURPLE HEART	367th
17/7/43	-- GO 79	S/Sgt HARRY W. HOSER	CLC TO PURPLE HEART	369th
18/7/43	-- GO 99	2nd Lt L. B. JONES, JR.	AIR MEDAL	369th
18/7/43	-- GO 99	1st Lt WOODROW W. THOMAS	AIR MEDAL	367th
18/7/43	-- GO 99	S/Sgt ARTHUR D. JOHNSON	AIR MEDAL	369th
18/7/43	-- GO 99	S/Sgt PAUL MLLAKOVICH	AIR MEDAL	423rd
18/7/43	-- GO 99	Sgt JAMES C. SEIGLER	AIR MEDAL	367th
19/7/43	-- GO 100	S/Sgt WILLIAM D. BARTON	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
20/7/43	-- GO 101	2nd Lt RUSSELL B. MAXWELL	AIR MEDAL	423rd
20/7/43	-- GO 101	2nd Lt WILLIAM J. TACKMER	AIR MEDAL	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 108	S/Sgt WALTER J. BIELOGA	DIST FLYING CROSS	423rd
21/7/43	-- GO 102	2nd Lt CARL A. ALEXANDER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	Capt KENNETH A. RESCHER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	1st Lt GEORGE E. PARIS	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	2nd Lt RAYMOND L. SLATER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	1st Lt CARROLL D. BRISCOE	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	1st Lt FRANK M. KACKSTETTER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	423rd
21/7/43	-- GO 102	T/Sgt GECIL L. BROOKS	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	S/Sgt LAMONT J. DURKEE	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	T/Sgt HARRIS B. GOLDBERG	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	Sgt WILLIAM J. HIFLER	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	S/Sgt FRANCIS W. FULLIAM	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	T/Sgt VIRGIL A. STRUCKHOFF	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	367th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	S/Sgt GEORGE G. HOLT	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	368th
21/7/43	-- GO 102	Sgt JOHN F. McCABE	OAK LEAF CLUSTER	369th

SENIOR CITIZENS REVIEW & VETERANS VOICE
600 Bypass Drive, Suite 108, Clearwater FL 33546 (813) 797-6544

June 3, 1986

Russell A. Strong
306 Echos
2041 Hillsdale
Kalamazoo, Michigan 49007

Dear Mr. Strong,

With this letter I would like to introduce you to our newspaper, The SENIOR CITIZENS REVIEW AND VETERANS VOICE. Our July 1986 edition will run a total of 40,000 copies, in celebration of our country's greatest senior citizen, The Statue of Liberty. The copy for this edition will be printed in red, white, and blue on the front, back, and centerfold.

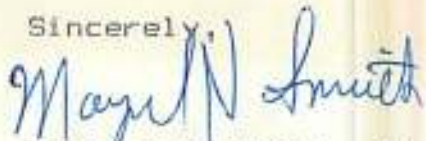
Featured in this edition will be an article on Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, Sr., my father, and a great man. He was the first Congressional Medal of Honor winner of the second World War on the European front, and a lifetime member of the V.F.W., D.A.V., and the American Legion.

We will be distributing this edition free of charge and by the bundle to all Veterans of Foreign Wars posts, American Legion, and Disabled American Veterans posts. In conjunction with this, we will be distributing bundles free of charge to all of the larger mobile home parks in the Clearwater and St. Petersburg area. The remaining bundles will be hand-delivered by car to approximately 20,000 individual homes in the St. Petersburg and Clearwater areas.

Due to the subject matter and the format I have set up for the initial edition of the paper, I would appreciate it if your offices would allow me the permission to publish a reprint of the article you did on my father, Maynard H. Smith, Sr., in your issue Volume 6 #3 in July 1981. Please consider my request and I will be in touch with you in a couple of days for your reply.

Thank you for your attention to this matter.

Sincerely,


Maynard H. Smith, Jr.

MHS/tf

MEDAL OF HONOR SERIES

March 15, 1949

STAFF SERGEANT MAYNARD H. SMITH

Staff Sergeant Maynard H. Smith won the Medal of Honor on his first combat mission while serving as a ball turret gunner on a B-17 Flying Fortress.

During a mission over enemy-occupied Europe on May 1, 1943, the B-17 in which Sergeant Smith was flying was attacked by enemy fighters and hit by anti-aircraft fire. The interior of the plane was so badly damaged that three members of the crew bailed out. Fire broke out in the plane, and Sergeant Smith alternately fought the fire, manned the waist gun, administered first aid to the wounded tail gunner, and threw exploding ammunition out of the plane until it reached its home base.

Sergeant Smith was born at Caro, Michigan, May 19, 1911. He enlisted in the Air Force August 31, 1942, and the following April joined the 306th Bombardment Group of the Eighth Air Force in Europe. Shortly after his fifth mission, he was hospitalized and, upon recovering in November, 1943, was assigned to the personnel office of the 306th Bomb Group. The following May he was transferred to group operations of that group.

He returned to the United States in February, 1945, and three months later was honorably discharged.

Sergeant Smith also was awarded the Air Medal with one Oak Leaf Cluster.

He is now working for the Bureau of Internal Revenue at Washington, D. C.

E N D

Congressional Medal Winner Called From K. P. for Honor



Secretary of War Stimson (right) places the Congressional Medal of Honor on Sgt. Maynard H. Smith of Caro, Mich., at an American air station in England.

—A. P. Wirephoto via radio from London to New York.

By the Associated Press.

A UNITED STATES BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND, July 16.—When Secretary of War Stimson and American Army officials came here yesterday to award the Congressional Medal of Honor, the country's highest award for valor, to a sergeant gunner, they found him—in the kitchen, peeling potatoes on K. P.

Sergt. Gunner Maynard H. Smith of Caro, Mich., had saved the lives of six crew mates on his first raid by beating out flames that enveloped their Flying Fortress as it struggled back from an attack on St. Nazaire, France, May 1. But he had also come back late from leave—twice.

So he walked out of the kitchen into parade before the assembled dignitaries and hundreds of soldiers to receive the medal.

Sergt. Smith, son of the late Circuit Judge Henry Harrison Smith of

the Michigan 14th judicial district, is the second man serving in the European theater of operations to win the Congressional Medal of Honor in the present war. But he is the first to live to wear it. The other was awarded posthumously.

The little sergeant—he is only 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 140 pounds—now is entitled to receive salutes from every officer and enlisted man in the United States Army, from four-star generals on down.

At a ceremony staged in the shadow of a Flying Fortress, Secretary Stimson told the hundreds of officers and men present:

"This soldier's bravery is an inspiration to all the armed forces of the United States."

Since his first raid, Sergt. Smith has been on three additional missions and shot down one Focke-Wulf fighter.

more or less, and we were in sight of land.

"Lt. Johnson brought the ship in okay, and by the time we stopped rolling I had the fires completely out. It was really a miracle the ship didn't break in two in the air."

Many of the details were filled in by the men flying in the Forts on the wings of Lt. Johnson's ship. The ship flown by Capt. Raymond Check, who has since been killed, was closest to the ship in which the story took place.

The men in Capt. Check's ship could see the stubby little ball turret gunner working feverishly, head bobbing as he

tossed a load of stuff out the window, went back to fire fighting again and then hit the floor to lay low for a few seconds to gasp for breath.

At first they could see the tail dragging as the pilot of the stricken Fort fought for control of the ship. Smith heaved enough equipment over, including guns, ammunition and safety devices, so that the ship flew on.

Only the heavy skeleton held the plane together as the fire burned through the sides. Fire reached the ammunition boxes and .50-caliber shells began popping before Smith could get to them to throw them overboard.

The wounded tail-gunner was in agony and besides giving him first aid, Smith had to lie to him to keep his courage up. Every few minutes he would lean over him and shout "Yeah, we're in sight of England now, we'll only be a few minutes longer." It was three quarters of an hour from the first time he said that before they saw the English coast.

From the other side of the radio room, S/Sgt. William W. Fahrenheit, of McKee's Rock, Pa., was doing heroic work, but he didn't have the wounded men and the fire was blowing away from him.

League Results

about a single casualty. The capture was remarkably swift. The capture of the ship was on the 14th. The men were fighting forward. Later they were given prisoners. Five minutes after the Axis aircraft swept over, the batteries were chiefly encountered by the Italian infantry. The start of the invasion.

on was chiefly encountered by the Italian infantry. The start of the invasion.

Shells Here, Army Say Sea Coordination at Its Best

By Paul Lee

At first they could see the tail dragging as the pilot of the stricken Fort fought for control of the ship. Smith heaved enough equipment over, including guns, ammunition and safety devices, so that the ship flew on.

The Canadians have taken advantage of the weak stand of the enemy, and American and British troops are having equal success. It has been a steady march so far through the fields, olive groves, plantations and the chalk dust roads of this part of Sicily. Yesterday (Monday) the Canadians joined up with the Americans on the front and have been keeping pace with a heavy British division.

They town in the Canadians' path. The captured Italians, who are led by a sergeant, numbered 7,000 prisoners had been

asked how the battle was going. "We fired one Bren gun magazine and killed 170 Italian prisoners. We got above and out came the white flag. At one point it looked as if it might be difficult so we finished the magazine and the whole lot surrendered."

Victory March

By Ross Munro

ON THE CANADIAN FRONT in Southeast Sicily, July 13 (delayed) the Italians surrendering in droves, capitulating with scarcely any resistance. These first three days of the Sicilian campaign have been a clean sweep for the Canadians on this sector. I finally caught up with the fast-moving front line troops yesterday afternoon after pursuing them on for two days. They were sitting on the ground. The commanders were so

Team	W	L	Pct.
St. Louis	47	18	72
Chicago	39	28	58
Philadelphia	39	31	56
Boston	38	33	53

Team	W	L	Pct.
St. Paul	42	28	60
Indianapolis	42	29	59
Columbus	39	34	53
St. Louis	38	37	51

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St. Paul	42	28	60
Indianapolis	42	29	59
Columbus	39	34	53
St. Louis	38	37	51

Count Fleet Recovered From Belmont Injury

NEW YORK, July 15 (AP)—Count Fleet will start training next week for the Preakness Stakes at Belmont Aug. 14. The colt has been in excellent shape since suffering an ankle injury in the morning in the Belmont Stakes. The winners got six hits off Pvt. Stanley Gibson, of St. Louis, who suffered his second defeat in eight starts. This was More's sixth win in 11 starts.

Sea Coordination at Its Best

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Troops Surrender Civilian Cheer

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4-1991-142

THE SLIPSTREAM, Laurinburg-Maxton Army Air Base, MAXTON, N. C.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26, 1943

Little Man Has Busy Day Aboard Flying Fortress

Even Veteran Interrogators Surprised at Illinois Sergeant's Story

Sgt. Maynard H. Smith is a little man from Cairo, Ill., who had such a busy day fighting flames, fighting Germans and laying nurse that even veteran interrogators of the Eighth U. S. Air Force were surprised when they heard his story. Being a small man, the sergeant fits comfortably into the turret of a Fortress, and he is sitting there watching for German fighters the other day after the Forts had finished raiding St. Nazaire. "Suddenly there was a terrific explosion," he said. The interphone system went out, along with electrical controls in the turret, so he handed himself into the ship and then another.

just in time to see a sheet of flame spurt out of the radio room and another, fire starting near the tail wheel section. The radio operator lurched past him and dived through the gun hatch. "I watched him hit the horizontal stabilizer, bounce off and open his chute," Smith said. Then the right waist gunner bailed out and the left waist gunner tried to escape through the hatch, but wedged there until Smith hauled him free.

DIDN'T GET JOKE
"Just for a joke I asked him if it was warm enough for him, but he didn't see the point. He said he was getting out and he did."

The interior of the middle part of the ship was a mass of flames, but Smith wrapped a sweater around his head and grabbed a fire extinguisher. He emptied that one and grabbed another and then another.

Gunner Fights Nazi Planes And Two Blazes On His Ship at Same Time

He was just beginning to gain on the fire amidships when "I thought I saw something moving" through the flames in the tail.

DROPS EXTINGUISHER
It was the tail gunner, crawling forward painfully. He had been hit in the back and was covered with blood. Smith dropped his extinguisher, administered morphine and made the wounded man as comfortable as he could.

The gunner asked if the ship was almost home. Smith said yes, lying manfully, then returned to his fireman job, but had to drop the extinguisher again to man a gun and drive away a

Nazi fighter which was trying to finish off the burning aircraft. "You have to show those babies you mean business or they'll finish you off quick," he commented.

AMMUNITION EXPLODES
The fire was gaining again by the time he got back to it and he found all the extinguishers empty, so he grabbed water bottles and broke them wherever the flames were brightest. Again he saw a Focke-Wulf approaching, so he ran to the gun and blazed away until the German slid out of sight.

"It was so hot my ammunition was exploding all over the place and making a terrific racket," he said. "I didn't dare throw it all overboard because I had to keep some for that Focke-Wulf."

He finally killed the fire in the radio room, but he had no extinguisher fluid or water for the blaze in the tail, so he beat on it with his hands and feet

One Buddy Given First Aid And Another Helped Through Hatch

and kept throwing burning pieces overboard. The Focke-Wulf interrupted him just once more and then disappeared.

"It was a miracle the ship didn't break in two up there," he said. "Gosh, I'd like to shake hands personally with the people who built it."

Neither the ship's pilot, 1st Lt. Lewis P. Johnson of Crummes, Ky., nor the co-pilot, Lt. Robert McMallum of Omaha, Neb., knew anything about the situation except that they had a fire aboard.

Army headquarters, in releasing the story, said Smith probably would get the highest possible decoration for valor.

C I T A T I O N

"Award of the Medal of Honor.—By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bull. 43, W.D., 1918), a Medal of Honor has been awarded by the War Department in the name of Congress to the following-named enlisted man:

Sergeant Maynard H. Smith, Army serial number 36,523,097, Air Corps, United States Army. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty. The aircraft of which Sergeant Smith was a gunner was subjected to intense enemy antiaircraft fire and determined fighter airplane attacks while returning from a mission over enemy occupied Continental Europe on 1 May 1943. The airplane was hit several times by antiaircraft fire and cannon shells of the fighter airplanes, two of the crew were seriously wounded, the aircraft's oxygen system shot out, and several vital control cables severed when intense fires were ignited simultaneously in the radio compartment and waist sections. The situation became so acute that three of the crew bailed out into the comparative safety of the sea. Sergeant Smith, then on his first combat mission, elected to fight the fire by himself, administered first aid to the wounded tail gunner, manned the waist guns and fought the intense flames alternately. The escaping oxygen fanned the fire to such intense heat that the ammunition in the radio compartment began to explode, the radio, gun mount and camera were melted and the compartment completely gutted. Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the fire-fighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crew members, without regard of his own personal safety, is an inspiration to the armed forces of the United States.

Residence at enlistment: Caro, Michigan.



Acme Telephoto

Heroic Sergt. Smith Gets Congressional Medal of Honor

Secretary of War Stimson hangs the Congressional Medal of Honor on Sergt. Maynard Smith, 32, of Caro, Mich., first to receive this medal in the European theater in the present war, except for one posthumous award. In his first Fortress raid he saved lives of six crew members by beating out flames which enveloped bomber.

'Little Man' Wins 'Big Medal' For Daring 'Fortress' Feat

UNITED STATES BOMBER STATION SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND, July 15 (C.T.P.S.).—Life had its ups and downs today for Staff Sergt. Maynard Smith, of Caro, Mich.

One minute he was on the spud pile doing disciplinary kitchen police duty and almost before you could say "European Theater of Operations" he found Secretary of War Henry Stimson fastening the blue ribbon of the Congressional Medal of Honor around his neck.

Number One Here

Today the Michigan lad with the mischievous gleam in his eye is the No. 1 hero in these parts. What's more, if they return him to the potato pile for taking a little French leave, he will get a salute from every officer and man who passes by up to and including four-star generals, for that is one of the honors that goes with this medal which has been awarded only once before in this theater of operations and that

time was awarded posthumously.

On the first of May the "little guy with the big medal," as Smith now is known, was on his first mission, a raid on the Nazi U-boat pens at St. Nazaire. He was serving as ball-gunner when the Flying Fortress was hit and caught fire. Smith climbed into the plane and fought the fire single-handed while three of his mates, believing the situation hopeless, baled out.

Hands Put Out Fire

Smith used all the fire extinguishers and water bottles aboard and finally in desperation beat out the flames with his hands.

Meanwhile he administered first aid to the wounded crewmen and leaped from side to side of the

plane, manning first one waist gun and then another as he fought off Pocke-Wulffs pressing home the attack on the burning bomber.

Smith's heroic 90-minute battle against fire and Nazi fighters saved the lives of the pilot, copilot, bombardier, nose gunner, top turret and tail gunners and enabled them to bring the ship safely home, his mates say.

Today the little man—32 years old, five feet four inches tall, and weighing 142 pounds—nervously moistened his lips, clenched and unclenched his fists as a group of distinguished officers headed by Lieut. Gen. Jacob L. Devers and Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, paid tribute to his bravery on the flying field, in the shadow of a Flying Fortress. The band played, troops passed in review and a squadron of Fortresses flew overhead.

It was a great day for Sergt. Maynard Smith—late of the potato pile.

79th Congress }
1st Session }

COMMITTEE PRINT

MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENTS—1863—1963

PREPARED FOR THE
SUBCOMMITTEE ON VETERANS' AFFAIRS
OF THE
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UNITED STATES SENATE



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*K146.6201-12
1863-1963*

SMITH, MAYNARD H.

Rank and organization: Sergeant, United States Army Air Corps, 423d Bombardment Squadron. *Place and date:* Over Europe, 1 May 1943. *Entered service at:* Caro, Mich. *Birth:* Caro, Mich. *G.O. No.:* 38, 12 July 1943. *Citation:* For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty. The aircraft

of which Sergeant Smith was a gunner was subjected to intense enemy antiaircraft fire and determined fighter airplane attacks while returning from a mission over enemy-occupied continental Europe on 1 May 1943. The airplane was hit several times by antiaircraft fire and cannon shells of the fighter airplanes, two of the crew were seriously wounded, the aircraft's oxygen system shot out, and several vital control cables severed when intense fires were ignited simultaneously in the radio compartment and waist sections. The situation became so acute that three of the crew bailed out into the comparative safety of the sea. Sergeant Smith, then on his first combat mission, elected to fight the fire by himself, administered first aid to the wounded tail gunner, manned the waist guns, and fought the intense flames alternately. The escaping oxygen fanned the fire to such intense heat that the ammunition in the radio compartment began to explode, the radio, gun mount, and camera were melted, and the compartment completely gutted. Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the firefighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade, and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery, and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crewmembers, without regard for his own personal safety, is an inspiration to the Armed Forces of the United States.

SERGEANTS

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'It was my first trip out'

By Edwin J. Kosier





Today Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith is a crusty and opinionated 67-year-old retired newspaper publisher living in St. Petersburg, FL.

It's hard to realize that this is the brash and feisty Staff Sergeant Smith of 36 years ago. Then assigned to the 8th Air Force's 306th Bomb Group (H) as a B-17 Flying Fortress combat gunner, he was to become the first Air Force enlisted man to be awarded the nation's highest military decoration—the Medal of Honor.

This is how he personally describes that historic flight:

It was my first trip out. In those days the saying went 'the first time out, you were due back, the second time out you're not coming back.' Why? Well, we were running about 50 percent losses then. It was May 1, 1943, and our mission was to bomb St. Nazaire, France. Thirty-six B-17's went out. This was a major effort at the time.

We were hit by FW-190's prior to target. Eighty-eight-mm. flak hit our left wing. It cut the wing tank off. Gasoline poured into the airplane and caught fire. I was in the ball tur-

ret. At this point I had lost my electrical controls and I knew something was wrong.

I manually cranked the thing around, opened the armored hatch and got back in the airplane when I saw it was on fire. The radioman became excited and jumped out the window without a parachute. At this point we dropped our bombs. It was minus 50 degrees outside.

After we made the drop, the pilot took the plane down real fast. They shot down probably eight or nine of our planes on their first attack. We lost our formation.

We got down to 2,000 feet when one of the waist gunners panicked and tried to bail out but got caught on a .50 caliber gun. I unhooked him so he could jump. He jumped high, the stabilizer hit him and he must have broken into a dozen pieces.

I took my oxygen mask off as the system was knocked out. All the radio equipment was on fire, wires were burning everywhere. I proceeded to put the fire out with fire extinguishers and water bottles. I did the best I could while being shot at. They were coming in at us from both sides. While not fighting the

Bombs from B-17s of the Eighth Air Force pummel the submarine pens at St. Nazaire, France.

fire, I manned the workable waist guns.

Everytime they would make a swoop one or two more planes would go down. Eventually the fighters ran out of gas. In those days pursuit planes were limited to something like 25 minutes. We wound up with four B-17's.

The tailgunner came crawling out of the back. He was all shot up real bad. Blood was coming out of his mouth. He had been shot real bad on the left side of the back. I remembered very distinctly from my classes on how to handle a situation like this. I laid him down, gave him a couple of shots of morphine which put him to sleep immediately. By doing this, he lived, I am very thankful for that.

In the meantime, the plane started to go down and up. I went forward to find the pilot and co-pilot pretty well shot up. I put some tourniquets on them so they could maintain control of the plane. I then went back to put the control cables together as we had no tail control. I think I remembered I repaired the six wires. I then threw all the ammunition out.

We got the plane back.

Q: Was this your last flight?

Smith: No, I flew a total of 13 missions after the first flight. They then put me in operations.

Q: Did you receive burns on your hands during the flight?

Smith: No, I put a scarf around my face and hands to protect myself. I was not burned at all. The plane had about 3,500 bullet holes in it. It was all burned out in the center. There was nothing but the four main beams holding it together. The plane collapsed ten minutes after we landed.

Q: How were you treated following the award of the Medal of Honor?

Smith: Having been brought up in an aura of politics, I knew how to get things done. I will give you a typical example. I wanted a jeep to go into town so I asked the administrative officer, a colonel. He refused. General Doolittle told me that whenever I was at 8th Air Force to stop in and see him. Well, this little old staff sergeant dropped in and I got my jeep. The Medal of Honor opened doors then and still does, from the Pentagon to the White House. I don't abuse it, but if it is necessary I will use it.

The remainder of the interview was of a personal nature. It follows:

Q: What have you done since WWII?

Smith: Well, my father told me you should either be so rich you could go fishing all the time or be so poor that you had to go. I decided to go with the former. I went to New York, published a newspaper and made a lot of money. Now mind you, I didn't know anything about publishing a newspaper, but I knew how to sell advertising and I knew human nature, psychology and sales. If you have that much under your belt, you don't have much to worry about.

Q: What is your impression of today's Air Force people versus that of WWII?



"Snuffy" Smith

They shot down probably eight or nine of our planes on their first attack.

Smith: To begin with, I believe they are much more enlightened and highly educated. I am not sure that they are more dedicated. They certainly get a lot more than we ever did. The Air Force today is a much better one than ours of WWII.

Q: Do you have any ideas on how to retain today's airmen?

Smith: It is awfully hard to entice a young man to put in 20 years. It is one helluva of a long time to think about. But in the long run it goes by awfully fast. After all, he is going to live 20 years and why not put it in the Air Force. When he gets out he will have medical benefits and retired pay. And if he expects to get married and have a family he will provide them with free medical care. You must remember, incur one major medical expense and you will probably be broke for life.

Q: As with the other three Medal of Honor recipients, do you attribute training to your heroic action?

Smith: Yes, it is the only reason I'm alive today. Young people should realize that in an extremely dangerous situation they must react automatically. They should pay extreme

attention to whatever they are taught in the Air Force. There is no question about it, the Air Force teaches you how to survive.

Q: What do you generally think about this generation?

Smith: They're not too much worse than we except for the dope problem. These kids don't realize that this dope will ruin their lives and in some cases shorten their lives. They like to have you buy that marijuana thing as being harmless. I don't. Every kid that gets into marijuana eventually gets into pills and more dope. It is the beginning of the end.

Q: You have been cared for by the Veterans Administration since receiving your discharge. What is your impression of the care?

Smith: The VA treats every man as fairly as they possibly can and to the best of their ability. There is no question about it. Generally speaking, the medical staff is the finest in the country. When a man goes to the VA as a veteran, it doesn't make any difference what his former rank was. If they don't know what's wrong with you, they will consult the finest medical specialist in the world. It is the finest medical service in the world, and better yet it is free. It really is sufficient reason to serve a hitch in the Air Force.

Q: The majority of our members are retired Air Force. Do you have any advice for them?

Smith: Of course, live a happy life. The only way to do this is get out and move, keep moving. Get the hell out of the house. And if your not married, get a girl friend, do some running around. It keeps you young. Look at me.

Q: Do you have anything to add to this interview?

Smith: Yes, tell those lucky bastards who knew me in WWII to write old Snuffy at P.O. Box 9198, Treasure Island, Fl. 33704.



SERGEANT MAYNARD HARRISON SMITH

was a B-17 gunner on a mission to Brest, France, 1 May 1943, when his aircraft was badly damaged by antiaircraft fire and fighter plane attacks. Two crew members were seriously wounded and three others bailed out. Sergeant Smith, on his first combat mission, fought intense flames alone, administered first aid, and manned the waist guns. Ammunition began to explode, damaging the radio, gun mount and camera, and gutting the radio compartment. Sergeant Smith threw exploding ammunition overboard, continued to fight the fire and manned workable guns until enemy fighters withdrew. After further administering first aid, Sergeant Smith wrapped himself in protecting cloth and extinguished the fire by hand.

Born Caro, Michigan, 19 May 1911.

OBITUARIES

TSgt. Frederick W. Bach (USAF Ret.), 67, died May 22 at his home in El Paso, Tex. A veteran of World War II, he retired after 20 years of service.

After his military service, Sergeant Bach entered civil service. He worked for 13 years before retiring again.

Surviving are two stepdaughters and a brother, Dick.

Interment with military honors was at Fort Bliss National Cemetery, Tex.

Lt. Col. Robert F. Gemmill (USAF Ret.), 61, died on May 6 at his home in Merced, Calif. He served for 25 years before retiring from Travis AFB, Calif., in July 1969.

He received his commission after aviation cadet training in 1944. During World War II, Colonel Gemmill flew 26 missions as a fighter pilot in the European theater of operations.

He later served as a fighter pilot and test pilot, his assignments taking him to Iceland, Germany and Vietnam. He served with the 121st Fighter Interceptor Squadron, 95th FIS, 57th FIS (86th Fighter Interceptor Wing), Headquarters 327th Fighter Group, Hq. 17th Air Force, 7030th CAMRON and the 456th FIS. He was chief of maintenance with the 456th FIS at Castle AFB, Calif.

Colonel Gemmill was a member of the The Retired Officers Association. He held the Air Medal with two oak leaf clusters. He also wore ribbons for the AF Outstanding Unit Award with two oak leaf clusters, the American Campaign Medal, the European-African-Middle Eastern Campaign Medal with two bronze service stars, the WWII Victory Medal, the Army of Occupation Medal, the National Defense Service Medal with bronze service star, the Vietnam Service Medal with bronze service star and the AF Longevity Service Award with four bronze oak leaf clusters.

Surviving are his wife, Alice (2820 Tahoe Drive, Merced, Calif. 95340); three daughters, Bobbie Howder, Gloria Donovan and Julia Dolson; a son, Robert S.; three sisters, Lillian Engle, Alice Stewart and Betty Elliott, and six grandchildren.

Interment with full military honors was at the Winton District Cemetery, Winton, Calif.

The family suggests memorial contributions to the American Cancer Society or the American Heart Association.

Lorraine J. McConkey, 55, wife of CMSgt. Robert J. McConkey (USAF Ret.), died April 7 at Fitzsimons Army Medical Center, Aurora, Colo.

She accompanied her husband on tours to Lackland AFB, Tex.; the University of North Dakota; Richard-Gebauer AFB, Mo.; Lowry AFB, Colo.; Travis and Hamilton AFBs, Calif.; the Philippines, and Okinawa.

Surviving are her husband (6762B E. Cedar Ave., Denver, Colo. 80224), and a daughter, Roberta Singer.

Interment was at Fort Logan National Cemetery, Denver.

Brig. Gen. Everett A. McDonald (USAF Ret.), 65, died April 26 at Seton Hospital in Austin, Tex. He was a pioneer in the early development of instrument all-weather flying.

General McDonald was a qualified pilot for 45 years. He flew the P-51, B-7, B-29, B-50, B-36, B-47, B-52 and KC-135 aircraft. During World War II, he trained bomber pilots and later commanded a B-29 squadron in the Pacific theater.

General McDonald served with the occupation forces in Japan. He also commanded an Air-Sea Rescue squadron and later served as chief, Tactical Operations for the 5th Air Force.

During the Cuban crisis and early in the Vietnam War, he was chief of the Control Division, Strategic Air Command, where he coordinated strategic forces worldwide. Before retiring in 1969, he was serving with the Joint Chiefs of Staff as director of a special State-Defense study group for the Secretary of Defense.

After retirement, he returned to Austin and served with the Texas Department of Health as an administrator and pilot.

General McDonald held the Legion of Merit with three oak leaf clusters, the Air Force Commendation Medal and the Army Commendation Medal. He also wore ribbons for WWII occupation and service medals.

He was a life member of the Order of the Daedalians and The Retired Officers Association. He was a graduate of several military service schools, including the Air War College and served as a professor at the Air Command and Staff College for three years.

Surviving are his wife, Margaret; a son Lt. Col. William (USAF); a daughter-in-law, Major Susan L. (USAF); a daughter, Jetty Ann; a son-in-law, Lt. Col. Steven F. Tomhave; his mother, Orma McDonald; two brothers, Frank and Ray; a sister, Dorothy Shank; an aunt, Dorothy Phillips; his mother-in-law, Jetta Farrar, and two grandchildren, Joy and Scott.

Interment with full military honors was at Fort Sam Houston National Cemetery, San Antonio, Tex.

The family suggests memorial contributions to a favorite charity.

Nancy Paige, 52, wife of TSgt. Conrad Paige (USAF Ret.), died April 24 at the Tripler Army Medical Center, Hawaii. She accompanied her husband on tours to Hickam AFB, Hawaii; Itami, Yokota and Kadena ABs, Japan; MacDill AFB, Fla., and Andersen AFB, Guam.

Surviving are her husband (2023 Colburn St., Honolulu, Hawaii 96819); a son, Conrad; a daughter, Deborah K. Dixon, and her mother, Marie George.

Interment was at the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, Honolulu.

SMSgt. Roger E. Penman (USAF Ret.) died May 19 following an automobile accident in Angeles City, R.P. He retired from the service in March 1983 after 26 years of service, which included four years with the Marine Corps.

Sergeant Penman served with the Clark AB Management Engineering Team, Det. 1, 6004th MES, for four years before he retired.

Surviving are his daughter, Vicki Campbell; a son, Roger Jr., and his mother, Alma Alexander.

MSgt. Theodore W. Shipman (USAF Ret.), 51, died February 29 following a fall while working at the United States Post Office in Little Rock, Ark. He retired in 1973 from Holloman AFB, N.M., after 22 years of service.

Sergeant Shipman served at England AFB, La.; McConnell AFB, Kan., and Holloman AFB. He had overseas tours to RAF Bentwaters, England; Spangdahlem AB, Germany; Danang, Vietnam, and Takli AFB, Thailand.

At the time of his death, he was an employee of the U.S. Postal Service.

Surviving are his wife, Martha (10301 Republic Lane, Little Rock, Ark.); two sons, Robert and Kenneth; two daughters, Diane and Jeanie Milam; his parents, Theodore and Ethel Shipman; three brothers, James, Boyd and Harold; a sister, Betty Trantham, and two grandchildren.

Interment with full military honors was at the National Cemetery in Little Rock, Ark.

Sgt. Maynard H. Smith Sr., 72, died May 11 at Bay Pines VA Hospital, St. Petersburg, Fla. He received the Medal of Honor from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson at Thurleigh AF, England, for his actions in saving a B-17 aircraft of the 306th Bombardment Group, 8th Air Force, in May 1943.

Sergeant Smith's actions came on his first combat mission, which was to bomb the German submarine pens in St. Nazare, France. While on the way to France, the bombers were attacked by 400 German fighters and his plane was hit.

An unexploded antiaircraft shell ripped into the fuselage, rupturing a 400-gallon tank of fuel. The fuel spilled into the fuselage and was ignited by loose wires.

Sergeant Smith freed himself, unhooked the waist gunner and pushed him from the plane to parachute to safety. He then alternately fought the flames, manned the waist guns, administered first aid to the crew and made repairs to the plane. When the fire fighting equipment was depleted, Sergeant Smith wrapped himself in protective clothing and extinguished the fire by hand.

Sergeant Smith succeeded in driving off the attacking German planes and realized that the plane was oscillating. He went forward where he discovered that the pilot and copilot both were wounded. He gave them first aid and, with no flying experience, flew the

plane back to England. Ten minutes after he successfully landed the plane, it collapsed.

After this mission, Sergeant Smith flew four more before being grounded for medical reasons and then worked at various jobs in his old group. He returned to the United States in early 1945.

Sergeant Smith went to work for the Treasury Department after the war. Then in 1970, he went to New York City and founded the *Police Officers Journal*, an independent newspaper devoted to police and community affairs.

He was a member of the AF Sergeants Association, the Veterans of Foreign Wars and the American Legion.

Surviving are his wife, Mary R. (of Honolulu, Hawaii); two sons, Maynard Jr. and Lawrence W.; a daughter, Christine Pincine, and three grandchildren.

Interment with full military honors was at Arlington National Cemetery.

Col. Robert L. Stephens (USAF Ret.), 62, died May 21 in Munich, Germany. He was the test director of the SR-71/F-12 Test Force at Edwards AFB, Calif. During this period, the organization twice was named an Air Force Outstanding Unit.

On May 1, 1965, Colonel Stephens established new world absolute speed and sustained altitude records in one of the planes, the Lockheed YF-12A. In his first of two flights in the plane, he averaged 2070 miles per hour over a 17-kilometer straightaway course in opposite-direction runs. On the second flight he held an altitude of 80,257 feet to establish a new world absolute record for sustained horizontal flight.

The records topped those established by the Soviet Union of 1665 miles per hour and 74,376 feet for similar flights in 1966 in an E-166 jet. Colonel Stephens held the records for almost 12 years before they were bettered by the SR-71, sister ship of the YF-12A.

During his career as a test pilot, which began in 1947, Colonel Stephens test flew almost all AF jet fighter aircraft, including the F-80 Shooting Star, F-106 Delta Dart, X-1 and X-5.

Colonel Stephens received the AF Meritorious Service Medal for his contribution to the U.S. Supersonic Transport Development program. He served as technical adviser for three years with the Supersonic Transport Development office of the Department of Transportation.

Following his work on the SST, Colonel Stephens was assigned to the Aerospace Defense Command as commander of the 4628th Air Defense Squadron and as special assistant to the commander, 25th NORAD Region, McChord AFB, Wash., where he retired after more than 30 years of service.

Month of JULY, 1943. Prepared by Capt. W. W. Glass

DAY	EVENTS
4th	This Group celebrated Independence Day with a fine example of precision bombing. 24 of the 27 A/C taking off, led by Major Raper, successfully bombed the Aircraft Factory at Nantes. Pictures of results indicate, "We wont have to go back here any more". Moderate flak and about 50 enemy fighters were seen. All of our A/C returned to base. Score for the day was 7-2-3.
7th	Major Henry W. Terry was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and appointed Deputy Group Commander.
10th	The target today was to have been Villacoublay, but because of 10/10ths cloud the secondary, Caen/Carpiguet Airfield was attacked. Of the 25 of our A/C taking, led by Lt. Vinnedge, 24 got over the target, but because of heavy clouds only 15 of our A/C bombed. Very little opposition was encountered from the enemy. Strike attack photographs show a good concentration on barracks, Officers quarters and Mess Hall. All of our A/C returned safely. Score was 0-0-0.
11th	Captain Robert P. Riordan was promoted to Major and appointed Commanding Officer of the 369th Squadron.
14th	Today, Bastille Day, 24 of our A/C took off, led by Captain Salada, and very succedssfully bombed the repair hangars at Villacoublay, just to the south of Paris.- Ineffective flak was encountered from the enemy coast to Paris. Enemy aircraft attacked in considerable force, out of the sun and most of the tail gunners had a good work out. All of our A/C returned to base with a score for the day of 6-3-5.
15th	Secretary of War, Henry L. Stimson, accompanied by Lt. General Jacob L. Devers, ETO Chief; Maj. General Ira C. Eaker, 8th Air Force Commander, and a squad of Brigadier Generals, arrived at our station to personally present the Congressional Medal of Honor to Sgt. Maynard Smith, who as ball turret gunner on Lt. Johnsons crew did such an outstanding job on May 1st of this year. Sgt. Smith was the first person to receive this medal in person in the ETO, the only other award having been made posthumously.
17th	Our first attempt to bomb the Synthetic Rubber Plant at Hannover, Germany resulted in a recall when our planes were at the Dutch coast. About 30 E/A chased us back over the Channel from the Zuider Zee, All if XX our A/C returned to base with their bombs. Our claims for E/A were 3-0-0.

AG 201. Smith, Maynard H.
(5 May 43) PD-B

MEMORANDUM for the Publishing Branch, Publications Division.
Room 2 E 1009, The Pentagon.

Subject: Citation for publication in War Department General Orders.

It is requested that the following citation be published in War Department General Orders:

"Award of the Medal of Honor.--By direction of the President, under the provisions of the act of Congress approved 9 July 1918 (Bull. 43, W.D., 1918), a Medal of Honor has been awarded by the War Department in the name of Congress to the following-named enlisted men.

Sergeant Maynard H. Smith, Army serial number 36,523,097, Air Corps, United States Army. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty. The aircraft of which Sergeant Smith was a gunner was subjected to intense enemy antiaircraft fire and determined fighter airplane attacks while returning from a mission over enemy occupied Continental Europe on 1 May 1943. The airplane was hit several times by antiaircraft fire and cannon shells of the fighter airplanes, two of the crew were seriously wounded, the aircraft's oxygen system shot out, and several vital control cables severed when intense fires were ignited simultaneously in the radio compartment and waist sections. The situation became so acute that three of the crew bailed out into the comparative safety of the sea. Sergeant Smith, then on his first combat mission, elected to fight the fire by himself, administered first aid to the wounded tail gunner, manned the waist guns and fought the intense flames alternately. The escaping oxygen fanned the fire to such intense heat that the ammunition in the radio compartment began to explode, the radio, gun mount and camera were melted and the compartment completely gutted. Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the fire-fighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crew members, without regard of his own personal safety, is an inspiration to the armed forces of the United States. Residence at enlistment: Caro, Michigan."

J. S. Richards

Date of award: 29 June 1943
Mother: Mrs. Mary G. Smith,
State Street, Caro, Mich.

Adjutant General.

COPY FOR: Chief of Staff
Press Branch, Bureau of Public Relations
Commanding General, Army Air Forces.

Nation Honors An Undersized Sergeant of 32

Flyer Gets Congressional Medal for Heroism in Burning Flying Fortress

By Bert Andrews

By Telephone to the Herald Tribune
Copyright, 1943, New York Tribune Inc.

A U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES BASE. Somewhere in England, July 15.—America's highest military decoration, the Congressional Medal of Honor, was presented today by Henry L. Stimson, Secretary of War, to a pint-size sergeant from Caro, Mich. Staff Sergeant Maynard Harrison Smith, thirty-two-year-old Flying Fortress gunner, was the little man who became the second fighter to receive the big award in the European theater of operations and the first to live to wear it.

Standing not far from the nose of a battle-scarred fortress, symbolic of the one he saved on May 1 with seven of its crew of ten, Sergeant Smith drew himself up to his full five feet four inches as Mr. Stimson placed around his neck the blue ribbon from which hung the priceless bit of gold.

[As Smith received the decoration he winked at some of his non-com friends, according to Morgan Beatty, National Broadcasting Company reporter at London. The reason for the wink was that according to Beatty's broadcast, was on K. P. duty Wednesday for overstaying leave.]

Then at Mr. Stimson's side and a step out in front of high-ranking officers who were proud to give him precedence, the sergeant from Caro looked on as the crews of other fortresses honored him by parading in review, while formations of fortresses roared overhead in a special salute to him.

Proudest among participants in the ceremony were Lieutenant General Jacob L. Devers, commander European theater, and Major General Ira C. Eaker, commanding general United States 8th Air Force, and Brigadier General Frederick H. Anderson, commanding general Bomber Command.

The presentation itself took only twelve minutes. Throughout most of that time Sergeant Smith was completely unflustered, once even displaying the presence of mind to reach out and steady the microphone standard, as it swayed in the breeze.

A moment later the sergeant blinked just a little and a look as of homesickness came over his face when General Eakers said to him and to the radio audience that plans for having the hero talk by telephone with his mother had miscarried. The sergeant's face brightened when the general added that he knew that the sergeant's mother was listening in and that he wanted her to know that all were proud of her son.

Sergeant Smith's deed of heroism has been related previously in dispatches from this theater. On May 1 he was in Flying Fortress "649"—its pilot would have none of the fancy names other pilots adopt for their bombers—when it was hit near St. Nazaire by fire from a Focke-Wulf.

Flames broke out in the radio room and tail-wheel section of the Fortress. The radio operator, the right-waist gunner and the left-waist gunner, believing the Fortress was a goner, bailed out. Smith took off his parachute and fought the fire with fire extinguishers and water gottles. Between times he administered first aid and saved the life of the wounded tail gunner and turned to the waist guns to give battle to pursuing German planes.

Sergeant Smith is the son of the late Henry Harrison Smith, a circuit judge in Tuscola County, Mich. His mother still lives in Caro. He has three sisters. One of them, Mrs. Garrett P. Orr, is the wife of an advertising man who lives on Long Island, N. Y.

301 15 1943

New York HERALD-TRIBUNE

Inquirer (I)
Philadelphia, Pa.

MAY 23 1943

DATE

P.

Just One of the Smith Boys

By all odds one of the top-notch heroes of this war is Sergeant Maynard H. Smith, a diminutive member of the Army Air Force from Caro, Michigan, who "fits comfortably into the ball turret of a Flying Fortress."

When his plane caught fire in two places several of his comrades bailed out. The pilot and co-pilot stuck to their posts, hurrying back toward England from a raid. Smith fought the fire single-handed, first with extinguishers until they ran out, then with bottles of water and finally with his hands and feet.

The tail gunner, badly wounded, crawled forward. Smith halted his fire-fighting to give the man first-aid. Resuming his battle with the flames, he had to stop several times to man his gun and fight off attacking Nazi planes, although ammunition was exploding around him from the heat of the fire.

Sergeant Smith's chief reaction was his admiration for "the people who built that Flying Fortress," because of the way it held together in the circumstances. The point is good. But the one that occurs to us is that we here at home who are building Flying Fortresses, or buying bonds to pay for them, can never do enough to back up his kind of men.

CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOR SOCIETY

MAYNARD H. SMITH, Sec. & Treas.

Box 1453

WASHINGTON 13, D. C.

January 29, 1947
Box 1453,
Washington 13, D.C.

Dear Donald:

Your letter of January 13 arrived here after being sent on from my original home address at Caro, Michigan. You see I am located here in a position with the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

It certainly seems good to hear from you. Do tell me more about how things are going with you in your next letter. Of course I expect a reply to this one.


Well Cham, I understand there was considerable hell raised around after I left Thurligh on account of the rotten deal that lousy outfit gave me via the great judgement of Witt, and some of his cohorts. However that is water over the dam as far as I am concerned. And to be quite frank, I cant say as I care to be reminded of the experience. It was just so much time of my life wasted .

There is a man out in the East, I think his name is Arthur Bovo or some name similar, who has written a complete history of the 306th including pictures and a big volume of crap about the different squadrons, et cetra. He wrote me and wanted pictures, opinions and all that stuff. And as you have no doubt gathered by now that it was just a bad spot in my life so far as my interest goes , my reply was simply that I am not interested. Of course he went ahead and completed the history in quite a detailed fashion. Then he wrote me and wanted my opinion on the book, since as he claimed it had about two whole chapters devoted to my activities at Thurligh. I didn't even reply to that letter, so you can see that my interests are far from the past.

You see, I had a few friends there, and I considered you one of the best ones. The others were people that I had no interest in but was forced to associate with simply because I was in the Army. It has been my long awaited pleasure to run into a couple of ex Thurligh officers since being here in Washington, and I certainly let them have the works, after, of course they greeted me with that piss willy officer line of BS. And then I had one from the Pentagon call up and want somthing, and I gave him the works also. I dont want to be bothered by having some piss willy of an officer calling me at my office. And brother they dont call the second time when I get through putting them in their proper place. So much for the Army, I just want to forget the whole thing.

Yes, Don, the wife is here and the baby is healthy and happy. We have a swell apartment, and I have a damn good high paying position. And things are going along swell.

If it is at all possible, I would appreciate it, if you would just omit me from your history of the 306th. Of course you could insert that the omission is by my request, since I am now happy being completely DISASSOCIATED from the Army and particulari~~ly~~ Thurligh.

Kindest regards, and do write soon. 

900.4
HEADQUARTERS 306TH BOMBARDMENT GROUP (H)
Office of the Operations Officer
APO 557

18 December 1944.

SUBJECT: Reduction of S/Sgt. Maynard H. Smith.

TO : Commanding Officer, Headquarters Detachment, 306th Bombardment Group (H),
APO 557.

1. S/Sgt. Maynard H. Smith has been detailed for duty in Group Operations for a period of 8½ months. At no time during this period has Sgt. Smith displayed any desire to perform his duties in a manner becoming his rank.

2. S/Sgt. Smith was assigned as assistant to the duty night clerk, a duty well performed by a corporal on the other night shift. Duties involved are transportation of duty officers on planning and set-up of missions, a small amount of typing pertinent to mission planning as well as the daily status report, and various other minor details performed by a night clerk in an Operations Section.

3. The attitude of this enlisted man is insufferable. As the recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor, apparently S/Sgt. Smith is of the opinion that he has no responsibility to his duties, or to his officers and fellow NCO's. From the time he began duties in the Operations Section up until the present, repeated warnings and reprimands have been a necessity to obtain even a minimum of performance from Smith. When the process of planning and briefing a mission is in effect, the duty NCO in charge is well occupied even with a competent assistant. With S/Sgt. Smith on duty his work is not only doubled, but definitely hindered. Having no sense of responsibility, Smith has on several occasions absented himself from the office when urgently needed, commandeering the available transportation to visit the Enlisted Men's Club, Red Cross Club, etc. Upon several occasions Smith has been given orders governing specific details, and has carried them out as he deemed necessary, rather than as instructed.

4. Due to his heroic performance as a gunner and his subsequent award of the Congressional Medal of Honor, the undersigned has overlooked many deficiencies in this enlisted man over a long period of time. He has been treated with a deference and patience which would not be accorded any other subordinate officer or enlisted man. However, his inefficiency has not only affected the duty NCO's working with him, but has undermined the efficiency and lowered the morale of the whole S-3 section. It is therefore recommended that S/Sgt. Smith be removed from the Operations Section and reduced to the grade of private for inefficiency.

THOMAS F. WITT,
1st Lt., AC,
Operations Officer.

MEMORIES

By Andy Rooney

LONDON — There's just so much sentimental baggage you can carry through life. I'm not much for reunions. Anyone who has reached the age of 60 could easily spend the rest of his days just sitting around, remembering.

I'm here at this old U.S. 8th Air Force Base near Bedford, England, though, because members of the 306th Bomb Group are having a reunion and I flew with them on the first U.S. bombing raid on Nazi Germany in February 1943. It's sentimental baggage I carry easily and with great pride.

It's been 40 years now since these men flew their four-engined B-17 Flying Fortresses out of here. They're the kind of men Americans like to think are typical Americans, but they're better than typical. They're special. A lot of World War II Air Force men are.

It was a terrible war for them although during this reunion they're managing to recall a lot of the good things about it. It would be too sad if they didn't. It was terrible because so many of them were killed. One evening they'd be sitting around their huts talking, worrying, playing cards and writing letters home. The next evening, if there had been a bombing mission that day, the bed next to theirs or the one next to that — and maybe both — might be empty, its former occupant, their pal, dead. Perhaps he had gone down in a parachute that caught fire. "Who burned Bailey?" MacKinley Kantor wrote. "Was it you?"

It was a great and terrible war for me because, as a young reporter for the Army newspaper, The Stars and Stripes, I was in a strange position. I came to this base often when the bombers went out, and when they returned — if they returned — I talked to the crews about what had happened. Then I'd return to London and write my story. I often felt ashamed of myself for not being one of them. I was having the time of my life as a newspaperman and they were fighting and dying. That's how I came to fly with them just that once to Wilhelmshaven. It made me feel better about myself.

Looking out at the crumbling remains of the old runways at this airfield, I'm haunted by flashes of memory. Often the bombers came back badly damaged and with crew members dead or dying. In April 1943, I was here when they came back from a raid deep in Germany and one of the pilots radioed in that he was going to have to make an emergency landing. He had only two engines left and his hydraulic system was gone. He couldn't let the wheels down and there was something even worse. The ball turret gunner was trapped in the plastic bubble that hung beneath the belly of the bomber.

Later I talked with the crewmen who survived that landing. Their friend in the ball turret had been calm, they said. They had talked to him. He knew what they had to do. He understood. The B-17 slammed down on its belly ... and on the ball turret with their comrade trapped inside it.

There are funny stories, too. Everyone here remembers the eccentric gunner Snuffy Smith, Sgt. Maynard Smith. He was an oddball kind of guy, but he did his job well in the air. The Air Force loved to give medals and they had good reason in Snuffy Smith's case. On one occasion, Henry Stimson, then called secretary of war, came to England, and officials, thinking this would be a good time for publicity for the Air Force and the secretary, arranged to give Snuffy Smith the Medal of Honor. The whole entourage came to this base with the secretary and a dozen generals, but the hero was nowhere to be found. It turned out he was in the kitchen washing dishes. He was on KP, being disciplined for some minor infraction of the base rules.

This reunion is a bittersweet experience. Last evening I had a drink at a bar where there was a gathering, and a strong-looking weather-beaten man came over and quietly said he'd like to buy me a drink. He's a Nebraska farmer now. He had been the tail gunner on the Banshee, the B-17 I flew in over Wilhelmshaven. We'd been hit that day and it was a terrifying trip, but it made a good story for me. We laughed and talked together and he paid for the drink. As we lifted our glasses in a mutual toast, I noticed that two fingers on his right hand were missing. It often happened to crewmen who stuck by their guns while their hands froze.

And he was buying me a drink.

*Hi
This is page 1
(forward) of the
book One Last Look
By Philip Kaplan
and Jeff Alan Smith
The only reference
of the 306th in
their book
Peter*

*See you in
San Antonio*

□ ???



Air Force Photo

WWII Hero 'Snuffy' Honored by Chan

CHANUTE AFB, Ill. — The "tough little sergeant" who battled a blaze and enemy attacks on his B-17 as it limped home across the English Channel now is memorialized at Chanute AFB with a building named after him.

Sgt. Maynard H. "Snuffy" Smith became the first Air Force enlisted member to be awarded the Medal of Honor. And the aerospace ground equipment/egress building at the Chanute Technical Training Center has been renamed Smith Hall.

Smith earned the medal for his actions May 1, 1943, a day of heavy losses for the 8th Air Force's 423rd Bomb Squadron, 306th Bomb Group.

Smith, the son of a circuit judge in Caro, Mich., was a belly-turret gunner on his first mission over enemy territory. He had arrived in England just a month earlier.

Smith's B-17 was returning to England after a bombing mission over Saint-Nazaire, France, in which the aircraft had suffered only one flak puncture, in the left wing.

As the plane began its descent into what the navigator thought was home territory, the plane found itself under heavy fire from German Focke-Wulf FW-190s over what was actually occupied France.

Two B-17s in the group went down immediately in the attack. The pilot of Smith's plane, in an effort to elude the Germans, moved out over the channel and descended to just above the wave tops.

But 20mm shells from the German pursuers tore through the fuselage, destroying the intercom, oxygen systems and some control lines and setting off intense fires in the radio compartment and waist-gunner sections.

Here is how Smith retold the story a few days later:

After a particularly hard hit, "I hand-cranked myself up and crawled out of my turret into the ship. The first thing I saw was a sheet of flame coming out of the radio room and another fire by the tail-wheel section."

The radio operator immediately

dived out of the plane, followed by the right and left waist gunners.

"The smoke and gas were really thick," Smith said. "I wrapped a sweater around my face so I could breathe, grabbed a fire extinguisher and attacked the fire in the radio room."

"Glancing over my shoulder at the tail fire, I thought I saw something moving and ran back. It was the tail gunner, painfully crawling back, obviously wounded. He had blood all over him."

Smith gave the injured man a shot of morphine and returned to fighting the fire.

"I just got started on this when that FW came diving in again. I jumped for the waist gun and fired at him and as he swept under us I turned to the other waist gun and let him have it from the other side...."

"I took off my chute so I could move easier. I'm glad I didn't take it off sooner, because afterwards I found it had stopped a .30-caliber bullet. Another quick burst with the guns and back to the radio fire. Then back again to the wounded gunner to comfort him. When he asked, 'Are we almost home yet?' I lied and told him we were...."

"By now, it was so hot that the ammunition was exploding all over the place and making a terrific racket. I didn't dare throw all of it out because I had to keep some for the visits of the FW."

Finally winning his battle with the flames, Smith saw that the plane was at last approaching the coast of England.

"I could tell that the ship was acting tail-heavy, so I tossed overboard everything I could: guns, ammunition, clothes, everything. I really had a time with the ammunition cans — they weighed 90 pounds and I weigh 130 — but managed to get them out...."

Miraculously, the badly damaged plane held together and landed in one piece.

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25 November 1986

Public Information Office
Chanute AFB
Rantoul, IL

Dear Sirs:

I would be most happy to use a picture of the Snuffy Smith picture unveiling in our Group newspaper. As you probably realize, this is the group with which Snuffy flew his five missions and earned the Medal of Honor--on the first mission he flew.

That occurred 1 May 43, and Snuffy stayed around at Thurleigh until late January 1945, when he was shipped back to the States. During my combat tour he worked a night shift in Group operations, and usually appeared during early morning mission briefings.

Enclosed is a copy of the newspaper which carried his death notice. You may want it for your files.

Thanking you in advance for a copy of the picture, such as appeared in Air Force Times, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong
Editor



A HOAX to gain publicity for Medal of Honor winner Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, was the charge made today by Mrs. Ernestine Whomble, 21, whom Smith "rescued" from a sixth-floor ledge of a Washington building last week. (UP Photos)

War Hero Accused of Phony Rescue

About 20 yrs ago
 WASHINGTON, Aug. 5—(UP)—Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, who has had his ups and downs as a hero, faces arrest today for the deed which made him the toast of the capital last week.

False alarm charges were lodged against the Medal of Honor winner after a young mother, whom he "rescued" from a sixth-floor window ledge Thursday, said her attempted suicide was just an elaborate hoax.

Mrs. Ernestine Lucille Whomble, 21, said she was offered \$500 to fake the jump because Smith wanted publicity to promote himself for governor of Virginia.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Clark King issued a warrant for the 41-year-old former Air Force sergeant on charges of causing false reports to the police. Conviction carried a penalty of \$300 fine or 10 days in jail, or both.

Smith Denies Charge

Smith told the Washington Post that Mrs. Whomble may be suffering from hallucinations of grandeur. He firmly denied the suicide attempt was a hoax and said he never had seen or met Mrs. Whomble before attempting to save her off the sixth-floor ledge.

Smith, who works as a salesman in a Washington radio-TV store, said it was ridiculous to say he was running for governor because he just recently moved into Virginia.

Roland M. Bennett, 27, a fellow employee of Smith who was

named by Mrs. Whomble go between in the arrangement, termed her story "fantastic and completely false."

Bennett was served with the warrant, appeared at police headquarters and posted \$300 pending arraignment on the charge.

Getting into trouble is an old routine for Smith. He was busted from sergeant to private on AWOL charges only a few weeks after he won the nation's highest military decoration in World War II for risking his life to put out a fire aboard a B-17 bomber aboard which he served as waist gunner.

In Trouble Before

When Snuffy broke into the headlines again, in 1947, it was for pleading guilty to charges of peddling a fake sex hormone cream. He drew a suspended sentence when the court took cognizance of his war record.

Mrs. Whomble, who was released from the observation ward of Gallinger Hospital after telling her story to authorities, said Bennett visited her soon after her youngest child died of pneumonia July 24 and offered her \$500 to fake a suicide attempt.

She laughed bitterly about a news photograph showing Smith "rescuing" her.

"What's really happening is that I'm trying to get back into the building by walking past

This enclosed in case you never saw it

*505
 him & he's trying to block me. I was scared to death,*

4

Maynard H. Smith Sr., Medal of Honor winner



Maynard Harrison Smith Sr. was awarded the Medal of Honor for bravery in World War II.

Maynard Harrison Smith Sr., 72, 3701 Park St. N., died Friday (May 11, 1983) at Bay Pines VA Hospital. Mr. Smith was a recipient of the Medal of Honor, the highest military award for bravery that can be awarded to a U.S. citizen.

In his first World War II combat mission, he was manning the ball turret, two 50-caliber machine guns that protruded from a glass bubble on the bottom of a B-17 fuselage. The crew was on its way to bomb German submarine pens in St. Nazaire, France when 200 Focke-Wulf 190 fighters approached them from the front, with 200 more coming from the rear. The plane was hit.

An unexploded 85-caliber AA shell ripped into the fuselage. The radio operator was so frightened he jumped out of the plane without a parachute. The shell ruptured a 400-gallon tank, spilling fuel into the fuselage and igniting loose wires. After Mr. Smith freed himself, he unhooked the waist gunner and literally kicked him out of the plane.

With the fire raging even stronger, Mr. Smith grabbed fire extinguishers and put out most of the flames, then poured water from bottles on the rest.

The plane had straggled out of formation and German fighters attacked them. Mr. Smith shot at the fighters with the waist guns. Next he gave first aid to wounded crewmen and made repairs to the plane. Mr. Smith, who weighed 133 pounds at the time, tossed four 250-pound ammo cases overboard to lighten the plane.

Noticing the plane was oscillating, he went forward and discovered that the pilot and copilot were wounded. The pilot was in shock, pushing and pulling the control column, like a child playing with an airplane. Mr. Smith pulled the pilot from his seat and administered first aid to him and the copilot. With no prior flight training and only a knowledge of the basics, he then flew the plane back to England.

Ten minutes after landing, Mr. Smith's plane collapsed.

Mr. Smith worked for the Treasury Department for a time and then went to New York City 14 years ago with \$1,300 and founded the *Police Officers Journal*, an independent newspaper devoted to police and community affairs. As a lobbyist, he encouraged the passage of the *New York State Security Law*.

He was born in Caro, Mich., and came here seven years ago from Flushing, N.Y., after retiring. He was a life member of VFW; a member of the American Legion Post 704, Pinellas Park; and Air Force Sergeants Association.

He is survived by his wife, Mary R. Rayner of Honolulu; two sons, Maynard H. Smith Jr. and Lawrence W. Smith, both of St. Petersburg; a daughter, Christine Prince of Honolulu; and three grandchildren.

Friends may call 6 to 8 p.m. Sunday at David C. Gross Central Avenue Chapel, 6366 Central Ave., where VFW Holiday Isles Post 4256, Madeira Beach, will conduct services at 7 p.m. Upon instructions from the Pentagon, an honor guard from MacDill Air Force Base will participate in services at the funeral home. Further services and burial will be held at 11 a.m. Tuesday at Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

Empty chair will honor a hero

MILLER DAVIS

Staff Writer

Twelve chairs, 11 supporting the flesh and blood of prominent persons, will grace the speaker's platform Monday at a Memorial Day observance in Bay Pines National Cemetery.

But Chair No. 6 will stand empty. A black drape will cover it. Pinned to the drape will be a piece of metal, suspended from a silk ribbon. Some young members of a Marine ROTC unit from Clearwater will place the colors in front of the stand. They will freeze at attention as a bugler sounds taps.

And an estimated 2,000 spectators will sit in silence for a moment. Few if any of them ever knew the patient, gentle and incredibly courageous man who would have been sitting in Chair No. 6 Monday — if he lived.

That man was Maynard Harrison Smith Sr. He was a B-17 ball turret gunner in Europe during World War II. His plane was on a mission to destroy German submarine pens in St. Nazaire, France when 200 Focke-Wulf fighters screamed in and riddled the B-17. Then an unexploded anti-aircraft shell ripped into the fuselage and ruptured a 400-gallon tank, spilling high octane fuel.

Loose wires ignited the fuel and the interior of the B-17 became an inferno. Smith first freed a waist gunner who had been stunned and literally kicked him out of the plane, so the gunner could parachute to earth. Then Smith attacked the fire

with extinguishers, put out most of the flames, shot at some fighters with a waist gun, and gave first aid to wounded crewmen.

His final action was to take over the controls from the wounded pilot, administer first aid to him and the copilot and then — without any flight training to his credit and just a knowledge of basics — he managed to fly the B-17 back to England. Ten minutes after the landing, the plane collapsed.

For those incredible feats of valor, the nation awarded Maynard Smith the Congressional Medal of Honor, its highest recognition of military bravery.

Smith died May 11 in Bay Pines Veterans Administration Medical Center. He was 72. And thus Chair No. 6 will stand empty when the service begins at 9:30 a.m. Monday.

But sitting on either side of it will be two men who knew Smith, knew him as a small man with a mighty heart and a gentleness to all. These two men are retired Air Force Brig. Gen. John H. Howard and retired Navy Lt. Cmdr. John Michaelowski of Largo. They both hold the Congressional Medal of Honor. And they both sat next to Maynard Smith on the speakers' stand when Bay Pines VA dedicated its new replacement hospital March 16, 1983.

"Maynard belonged to a vanishing breed," Michaelowski says. "A man of great inner strength, of love for people in trouble and of an almost total selflessness. He gave other people strength."

...from states where they were evacuated to Hastings, South and St. Louis, and Memphis, Tenn., and were assigned to the 8888th Central Postal Directory, which was based in England. But Major St. Louis had a wife and children in St. Louis, Mo., and he was determined to get home. He managed to get a pass to St. Louis, Mo., and he was assigned to another B-17 crew. On his first mission out, the plane was shot down and St. Louis was taken to another POW camp. He escaped again. The underground rescued him over the Pyrenees mountains. He was rescued...

NOV 16 30 Continued

4A

go to 3b

recipient for bravery

By DOROTHY EVANS
St. Petersburg Times Staff Writer
MAY 12 '84 - 1 AM

Maynard Harrison Smith Sr., recipient of the Medal of Honor, the highest military award for bravery that can be given to any U.S. citizen, died Friday (May 11, 1984) at Bay Pines VA Hospital. He was 72.

In his first combat mission in World War II, Mr. Smith was manning the ball turret, two 50-caliber machine guns that protruded from a glass bubble on the bottom of the B-17 fuselage. The crew was on its way to bomb the German submarine pens in St. Nazaire, France when 200 Focke-Wulf 190 fighters came at them from the front, 280 more from the rear. The plane was hit.

AN UNEXPLODED 88-caliber AA shell ripped into the fuselage. The radio operator was so frightened he jumped out of the plane without a parachute. The shell ruptured a 400-gallon tank, spilling fuel into the fuselage and igniting loose wires. After Mr. Smith freed himself, he unhooked the waist gunner and literally kicked him out of the plane.

With the fire raging even stronger, Mr. Smith grabbed the fire extinguisher and put out most of the flames and poured water from the water bucket over the rest.

The plane had struggled out of formation, and German fighters attacked them. Mr. Smith shot at the fighters from the waist guns. He then gave first aid to wounded crewmen and made repairs to the plane. Mr. Smith, who at the time weighed 135 pounds, tossed four 250-pound ammo cases overboard to lighten the plane.

He noticed the plane was oscillating. He went forward and discovered that both the pilot and copilot were wounded. The pilot was in shock, pushing and pulling the control column, like a child playing with an airplane. Mr. Smith pulled the pilot from his seat and administered first aid to him and the copilot. He then flew the plane back to England. He had had no previous training in flying a plane but had watched enough to know the fundamentals.



Maynard Harrison Smith Sr. was a World War II hero.

TEN MINUTES after he landed, the plane collapsed.

John Edward Mofield, national headquarters administrator of the Medal of Honor Society, said, "One of America's heroes has died. It is worthy of mention and has historical significance. With Mr. Smith's death there remain only 255 living recipients of the Medal of Honor and only nine from World War II Army Air Corps."

Mr. Smith went to work for the Treasury Department, but in 1970 he went to New York City with \$1,300 and founded the *Police Officers Journal*, an independent newspaper devoted to police and community affairs. As a lobbyist, he encouraged the passage of the New York state lottery.

Born in Caro, Mich., he came here in 1977 from Flushing, N.Y. after he retired. He lived at 3701 Park St. N.

He was a life member of VFW and member of the American Legion Post 104, Pinellas Park, and Air Force Sergeants Association.

Survivors include his wife Mary R. Rayner, Honolulu, Hawaii; two sons, Maynard H. Smith Jr., and Lawrence W. Smith, both of St. Petersburg; a daughter Christine Pincoice, Honolulu, and three grandchildren.

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3

Society, talks about old Times with Maynard Smith at the banquet in Orlando.

3B

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off the coast by an English submarine.

But he was worn out, wounded so many times, his reserves depleted. Marcel St. Louis died in the hospital, fighting, as he always did, to stay alive.

Smith completed 18 missions, sometimes in the waist, sometimes in the ball turret. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroics over St. Nazare.

Then, a couple of months later, he was walking through downtown Bedford when it all caught up with him. In a sort of delayed reaction to the danger and excitement, his mind went blank.

"I just forgot where I was," Smith says.

They took him off flying and put him in Operations, where he got the inside scoop on one of the strangest stories of World War II -- the disappearance of Glenn Miller, perhaps the most popular bandleader when big bands were king.

Maj. Miller conducted the Air Force Band, a collection of swing all-stars in the service. They practiced at the Corn Exchange in Bedford, just a few miles away from Thurlleigh, where Smith's 423rd Squadron, 806th Bomb Group was based. In the many stand downs due to the nasty English weather, Smith and his buddies would go into Bedford and listen to the band.

Smith remembers those days fondly: the Corn Exchange, where he met an English girl he eventually married, the Swan House and the taverns, the Ooze River that ran through town, and the Roman bridge that crossed it.

After the invasion of France, Miller planned to go to Paris to arrange for a broadcast and a rehearsal hall. In the Officers Club (Smith was still a sergeant and, technically not allowed, but no one was going to tell a Congressional Medal of Honor winner to get lost) Smith heard Miller talking with a major about the trip to France.

The major said he'd fly Miller on Monday. Miller said, fine, see you

then, etc.

Smith thought the major was going to arrange for a B-17 for the trip. After all, even though the 8th had finally wrested air superiority from the Luftwaffe, it was still not completely safe. Especially not for the small, single engine Norseman C-64 in which the major planned to transport Miller to France.

But Smith knew too much about the service to contradict a major.

"That Monday," Smith says, "I ordered a jeep and rode with Glenn Miller to the plane."

Miller and the major took off. Smith was one of the last people to see him alive.

It was Dec. 15, 1944. The small plane cleared the English Channel and was never heard from again. The Air Force conducted a 12-day search over the plane's 160 mile route and found nothing. "Lost," said a terse official release. "Presumed dead." Years later, divers claimed to have found a Norseman C-64 off the coast of France. But Miller's body was never recovered.

Smith is sure the plane was shot down, just as he's sure taking a single unarmed plane across the continent was a dumb idea in the first place.

Smith returned to America aboard the *Mauritania*, the sister ship of the *Lusitania*. "I had had enough of flying," he says

Shortly afterward, he went back work for the Treasury Department but, in 1970, with just "\$1,300 and an idea," he founded the *Police Office Journal*, a "pro-police paper. It was great success." Smith sold the paper in 1975 and retired to St. Petersburg.

He still doesn't look like a hero. But he is.

MICHAEL SKINNER, features editor of *Floridian*, and *Orlando Sentinel* photographer RICHARD WELLS could illustrate the story. Nov 16, 1990

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Smith recalls the odds they were giving for combat aircrewmembers.

"The first time out, 50 percent got back. The next time, you weren't due back."

The next day Smith flew another combat mission, to Bremen, Germany.

Smith never set out to be a hero, although he did "volunteer" for the service. But he was working an angle there, too.

He was born in 1911, in Caro, Michigan, population 3,001 ("It never changes," Smith says. "Every time someone's born, someone leaves town.") He went to Detroit to seek his fortune when the war came.

Always working an angle, Smith made a deal with a friend in the post office: When Greetings From the President came for Smith, his friend phoned him, so Smith had plenty of time to "volunteer" before the official draft notice reached him.

Smith soon found himself at Sheppard Air Force Base, along with 50,000 other recruits. He heard through the grapevine about a program that could make him a staff sergeant in just nine weeks: aerial gunnery school in Harlingen, Texas. It sounded great, but there was one hitch -- there were 1,200 men on the waiting list.

That didn't stop a promoter like Smith. He and his friend Marcel St. Louis went to find the major in charge of picking the gunnery school recruits. They were going to ask him to send them to Harlingen.

You just didn't do things like that in the army. But Smith did.

"I'm a promoter, always have been," Smith says. "What could they do to me? I was just a private. You can't get any lower than that."

They found the major in a lonely hanger, all by himself. Smith did all the talking.

Soon afterward, they were ordered to Harlingen.

Smith and St. Louis went through

go to 4A

3A

Maynard Smith doesn't look like a hero. He's 69 now, but even in 1943, he was a short, skinny guy, with a peculiar way of walking, as if he didn't have a bone in his body.

And he doesn't act like a hero. At least, he doesn't come on like the strong silent type. Smith's nickname in the service was "Snuffy," not because he resembles the comic-strip character (which he does, in a way) but because he was "always working an angle."

Still, this night, Smith will wear his Congressional Medal of Honor at a banquet for the 8th Air Force Historical Society. The pale blue ribbon with the constellation of white stars will go around his neck. The gold eagle that holds the bar that says *valor* that holds the star with Lady Liberty that holds the oak leaves will bounce gently against his sternum as Smith lights a candle in memory of the men of the 8th who gave their lives for their country in World War II.

But a handful of men was saved because of what Smith did on May 1, 1943.

It was his first combat mission. Smith was manning the ball turret, two 50-caliber machine guns sticking out of a glass bubble on the bottom of the B-17 fuselage. Hydraulics moved the little bubble up and down. Above, a metal plate separated Smith from the rest of the airplane. There was nothing underneath him.

"It was," he says, "just like you're flying in air."

They were on their way to bomb the German submarine pens in St. Nazare, France when 200 Focke-Wolfe 190 fighters came at them from the front, 200 more from the rear. But the flak was worse. B-17s were going down everywhere. Then his own plane was hit.

An unexploded 88-caliber AA



shell ripped into the fuselage a foot from the radio operator, who was so frightened he jumped out of the plane. Without a parachute.

The shell destroyed the radio operator's position. But, worse, it ruptured a 400-gallon tank, spilling fuel into the fuselage. Loose wires ignited the fuel. The plane was on fire.

Smith pushed the hydraulic control that would let him out of the ball turret. It didn't work. He tried the back-up system. That didn't work

either. Fighting panic, he grabbed the manual crank and hoisted himself back into the plane. The fire had spread.

They were low by then, about 2,000 feet. One waist gunner had bailed out over the Bay of Biscay. He certainly died. The other waist gunner tried to bail out from his position, but caught his parachute harness.

Smith unhooked the waist gunner. "What's the matter, too hot for you?"

he said. He opened the rear door and literally kicked the waist gunner out.

The fire was raging even stronger. Smith grabbed the fire extinguishers and put out most of the flames. He poured the water bottles on the rest. Finally, when it was just a little fire, he urinated on it.

So the fire was out. But they were far from home.

Smith's plane was separated from the formation. German fighters jumped on the straggler. Smith shot at the fighters from the waist gun. He gave first aid to wounded crewmen and made repairs to the plane. At one point he tossed four 250-pound ammo cases overboard to lighten the damaged plane. Smith weighed 135 pounds then, as he does now. He couldn't lift one corner of one case now. He couldn't then, either. But he did. He did it because "It had to be done."

About this time, Smith noticed the plane was oscillating up and down. He went forward and discovered both the pilot and co-pilot were wounded, shot in the legs. The pilot was in shock, pushing and pulling the control column, like a child playing airplane.

Smith dragged the pilot out of the seat and gave him and the co-pilot first aid. Then he flew the plane back to England. He had no training as a pilot, but he "had watched" them enough to know the fundamentals.

Smith flew across the Channel, to England. He put it down the first dry place he could find, the RAF base at Land's End. The people at the base were amazed. Ten minutes later, the plane collapsed in the center, the huge wings folding together like a butterfly.

Thirty-six planes left that day for St. Nazare. Only four returned.

Daylight bombing was still a dangerous experiment for the 8th Air Force that early in the war. The English said it would never work. It was beginning to look like they were right.

NO MAGIC

Salve Puts War Hero in 'Jam'

Snuffy Smith Pleads Guilty

From Our Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — Maynard H. (Snuffy) Smith, the first man from Michigan to win the Congressional Medal of Honor in World War II, pleaded guilty in Municipal Court to a charge of selling a magic cream for men.

Judge Ellen K. Raedy set trial for May 12. Smith's attorney, Emmett Leo Sheehan, said he



MAYNARD H. SMITH
'Firmo' was a dud

would try to get the Government to drop prosecution. The Michigan hero, in the meantime, is free under \$500 bond.

SMITH IS CHARGED under the Federal Food and Drug Act with selling a mislabeled product in interstate commerce.

It was called "Firmo," and was said to contain hormones capable of restoring "lost manhood."

Inspector Harold Barnard, of the Food and Drug Administration, said that in spite of lurid claims that it was a secret discovery brought from the Orient, "Firmo" didn't work.

Federal agents raided Smith's apartment here and seized a bushel-basket of the cream.

POSTAL AUTHORITIES declined to push the case after Smith agreed to return the money to users. It sold for \$1.50 an ounce, and had been offered only a few days.

Smith has had a colorful and checkered career since he was a boy in Caro.

The son of the late Judge Henry Harrison Smith, he received the nation's highest award for putting out a fire on a Flying Fortress with his bare hands May 1, 1943, while it was under attack in the air over St. Nazaire, France.

Smith was a master sergeant at the time. When former Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson made the award, he was a private again, doing KP in London.

ON HIS RETURN to Michigan in 1945, the Legislature officially proclaimed Maynard H. Smith Day. State Troops paraded in his honor and the Thumb District staged a civic celebration for him.

Wife troubles followed. He is living here with his third wife, Mary, an English war bride, and their two children.

His first wife lives at Fairgrove, Mich. A second wife, Mrs. Smith Chapman, has remarried, and two years ago sued Smith here to collect unpaid support allowances. This trouble has been cleared up, Sheehan said.

Smith is employed at the Bureau of Internal Revenue and has received several promotions.

Neal Shine

DETROIT FREE PRESS

SEPT 2

Snuffy was a certified war hero, but he wasn't always on the mark



Snuffy would have liked the obituaries. The newspapers in Michigan and Florida that marked his passing carried the version of his exploits he would have approved of. His own personal rearrangement of those terrible minutes in a burning bomber over the English Channel on May 1, 1943.

Maynard Harrison Smith, 72, Medal of Honor recipient, "Snuffy" to his friends in the Army Air Force and "Hokey" to those who remember him as a troublesome kid in Caro, Mich., died last May 11 in the Bay Pines VA Hospital near St. Petersburg, Fla.

His heroism following a raid on St. Nazaire, France, saved the lives of his fellow crew members, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson flew to England to hang the medal around Snuffy's neck.

Back in Caro, folks downplayed what they called his "Peck's Bad Boy" reputation and welcomed him home with a giant celebration.

There were some speeches from a bunting-draped podium on the porch of the Hotel Montague. Then a parade down S. State Street, with Snuffy riding in an open car with his mother and Gov. Harry F. Kelly.

He left Caro after the festivities, and if he ever went back, no one really remembers. There was not, Snuffy would say in later years, an abundance of love lost between him and his hometown.

And in the years after the war, about the only thing that improved steadily in Maynard Smith's troubled life was his version of what happened that angry day in 1943.

He had, indeed, stayed with the burning B-17 while three of his crew members bailed out. He fought and extinguished the fire himself, jettisoned ammunition cases, tended a wounded crew member and drove off attacking German planes with machine-gun fire, and the pilot was able to fly the plane safely home.

That was enough, a grateful nation decided, to confer our highest award for valor on the little guy from the Thumb.

But little by little, Snuffy upgraded the extent of the heroics. He embroidered the story a bit, embellished a point here and there, improving it until he had worked it into a version he found acceptable.

The 98-pound ammunition cases became 250-pound cases. The 20 German fighters that had attacked the bombers grew to 400.

And Snuffy elevated his ultimate participation in this bit of military history by claiming that after he put the fire out he rushed to the cockpit, pulled the wounded pilot and copilot from their seats, gave them first aid, and then — although he had never flown before — flew the crippled bomber back to England and landed it safely.

But it was, after all, a harmless kind of dissembling. The kind of permissible exaggeration we allow our heroes, and Snuffy Smith was a hero.

We extend this kind of indulgence to the people who fight our wars. Maybe because we're relieved that they are the ones who faced the danger and not us. Perhaps because we are never sure enough of ourselves to predict with any honesty how we would react in a personal confrontation with death.

But also because the world loves a hero, and we have attached certain rights and privileges to that high station. Among them, the right to tell their stories to those who will appreciate the quality of their heroism and

accept it as it is offered. Revisions and all.

So we sit over beer in smoky American Legion halls or at veterans reunions or walk with them on the peaceful beaches of Normandy and listen to their memories and think no less of them if the stories improve with each telling.

Snuffy Smith was no different from the hundreds of thousands who came out of that war with their own personal versions of what it was like.

And though they gave him a medal for his efforts, Snuffy never traded on that. Being able to tell the story was always enough.

On May 13, they had a service for Maynard Smith in the main chapel of the David C. Gross Funeral Home in St. Petersburg. There was an honor guard from MacDill Air Force Base and about 100 people showed up.

Two days later, Snuffy was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. In Section 66, Grave No. 7375, with "modified honors" — body bearers, firing party, horse-drawn caisson. Rites commensurate with his status as an American hero.

Back in Caro, the Tuscola County Advertiser carried Snuffy's obit on Page 16, just above the recipe for Easy Penuche Frosting.

But the version was pure Snuffy, down to the last detail. He would have appreciated the irony of it all.



A hero's welcome home: Sgt. Snuffy Smith, accompanied by his mother and Gov. Harry F. Kelly, tips his cap to Caro.

obituaries

Maynard Harrison Smith Sr., Medal of Honor recipient for bravery

By DOROTHY EVANS

St. Petersburg Times Staff Writer

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In his first combat mission in World War II, Mr. Smith was manning the ball turret, two 50-caliber machine guns that protruded from a glass bubble on the bottom of the B-17 fuselage. The crew was on its way to bomb the German submarine pens in St. Nazare, France when 200 Focke-Wulf 190 fighters came at them from the front, 200 more from the rear. The plane was hit.

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In the Name of Congress

No. 10 IN A SERIES



HINGES of HADES

Raids against Germany's submarine strength were beginning to have a telling effect by spring, 1943, thanks to the determined efforts of the 8th Air Force.

by SMSgt. Hal Bamford

ON May 4, 1943, Grand Admiral Karl Doenitz, one-time commander of the Nazi U-boat fleet, summed up the Allied bombing effects on German submarine production briefly and forcibly in a meeting of the German Central Planning Office. He noted, "The Anglo-Saxons' attempt to strike down the submarine war was undertaken with all the means available to them. You know that the towns of Saint-Nazaire and Lorient (both on the northwest coast of occupied France) have been rubbed out as main submarine bases. No dog or cat is left in these towns. Nothing but the submarine shelters remain."

Late in September, 1942, 8th Air Force headquarters had been ordered to concentrate on the destruction of U-boat production. Doenitz's statement indicates this concentration was paying dividends.

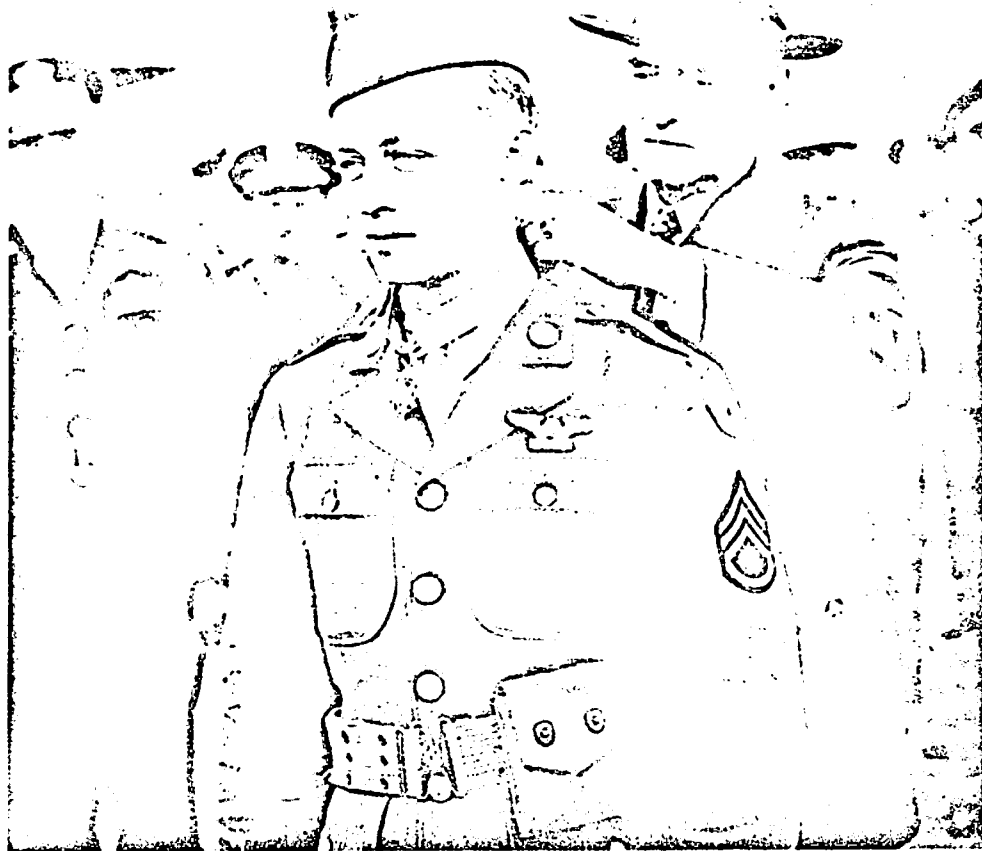
Only six weeks earlier, the concentrated effort had resulted in the posthumous award of the Nation's 11th Medal of Honor to an Air Force member, Lt. Jack Mathis, while leading a raid on Vegesack, Germany, another of the Axis' struggling U-boat yards. On May 1, 1943, the mission leading to the 12th such award was flown. The recipient of this Medal was the first enlisted man in USAF history to be so decorated—Sgt. Maynard Harrison Smith of Caro, Mich.

The citation which accompanied Sergeant Smith's award, while brief, graphically illustrates the immensity of his accomplishment.

For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action

above and beyond the call of duty. The aircraft of which Sergeant Smith was a gunner was subjected to intense enemy anti-aircraft fire and determined fighter airplane attacks while returning from a mission over enemy-occupied continental Europe on 1 May 1943. The airplane was hit several times by anti-aircraft fire and cannon shells of the fighter airplanes, two of the crew were seriously wounded, the aircraft's oxygen system was shot out, and several vital control cables severed when intense fires were ignited simultaneously in the radio compartment and waist sections. The situation became so acute that three of the crew bailed out into the comparative safety of the sea. Sergeant Smith, then on his first combat mission, elected to fight the fire by himself, administered first aid to the tail gunner, manned the waist guns, and fought the intense flames alternately. The escaping oxygen fanned the fire to such intense heat that the ammunition in the radio compartment began to explode, the radio, gun mounts, and camera were melted, and the compartment completely gutted. Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the fire-fighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade, and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery, and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crew members, without regard for his own

*Secretary of War
Henry L. Stimson presents
Nation's highest award
to SSgt. Maynard Smith.*



personal safety, is an inspiration to the armed forces of the United States.

A maintenance description of the wounded Boeing B-17F *Flying Fortress* after its return gives ample indication of the extent of the damage. The radio compartment and tail-wheel section were gutted; control cables and oxygen system shot out; one propeller hit; number four nacelle shot off; interphone and ball-turret controls out of action; top-turret gun out; tail-wheel gear damaged; flaps ruptured by cannon shell; radio system completely destroyed; gas tank in left wing burned out; nose shattered by flak; nine holes from 20 mm. cannon shells in waist section; and the entire ship riddled by .30 calibre bullets.

Probably no one in the history of aerial combat has ever flown quite so spectacular a first mission as Smith's. He was one of hundreds of replacements which had begun to filter in to the ranks of veteran combat organizations during mid-1943. In fact, he was the lone "rookie" among an otherwise veteran crew on this Saint-Nazaire mission.

Its veteran pilot, Lt. Lewis Johnson, filed an affidavit after the mission citing Smith's contribution to the safety of the crew members who remained with the plane, and concluded with "... acts which, by the will of God only, did not cost him his life, performed in complete self-sacrifice and with the utmost efficiency, were solely responsible for the safe return of the airplane, the life of the tail gunner, and lives of everyone

else aboard."

So devastating was the damage to the *Fortress* and so trying the mission that the flight surgeon grounded all survivors until he could determine the extent of personal fatigue suffered by each man. All the veteran members of the crew, which included everyone but Smith, were finally returned to the United States to fill instructor positions in the training of additional combat replacements. Smith was requested by another crew and, as this group had earned a 10-day vacation, he was allowed to accompany them to the rest area.

In reality, Sergeant Smith was a rarity among crewmen. Far above the average age of combat fliers, he had already passed his 32d birthday. In his hometown of Caro, Mich., the 130-pound terror of the skies had been an accountant, a far-cry from aerial gunnery, and little in his background would suggest combat success on a scale which would gain him this Nation's highest honor.

Within weeks he was back in the air to finish out his required tour. Early in July, the 1st Bombardment Wing commander received word that the recommendation for the Medal of Honor had been approved. The following day, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, on a tour of American bases in England, was scheduled to inspect the organization. He was contacted immediately and asked if he would present the Medal to Sergeant Smith. Without hesitation, Secretary Stimson indicated he would be more than honored.

Airman, on KP, Given Highest U.S. Decoration

Stimson Gives Gunner Congressional Medal Of Honor

(Continued from page 1)

character," they say, and that's all they're sure about him.

Several weeks ago he came in after a pass a little late; and a week later he did it again. He was put on KP as a mild form of punishment, and for the last week he's been peeling potatoes in between raids.

After the ceremony someone asked Smith if he had any plans for the night. He didn't have any special plans. "I haven't got a pass for tonight, but I think I can arrange for one," he said.

The general opinion of the ranking officers that were there to congratulate him was that he probably could arrange for one.

Combat crews here are hardened to heroism, but the story of "Snuffy" Smith on his first raid May 1 over Flak City (St. Nazaire) is still talked over in Nissen huts at night. They talk about "Snuffy," himself, too. He is a character—not the typical American hero folks picture.

On May 1, Maynard Smith started out on his first raid. He was flying in a numbered but nameless ship piloted by 1/Lt. Lewis P. Johnson, who had been on 24 missions before.

Maynard Smith tells the story of the trip that won him the Congressional Medal this way:

FWs Followed

"We had left St. Nazaire and headed out to sea with some FWs tailing us. I was watching the tracers from a Jerry fighter come puffing by our tail when, suddenly, there was a terrific explosion. Whoomp! Just like that. Boy, it was a pip!

"My interphone and the electrical controls to my turret went out, so I hand-cranked myself up and crawled out of the turret into the ship. The first thing I saw was a sheet of flame coming out of the radio room and another fire by the tail wheel section.

"Suddenly, the radio operator, came staggering out of the flames. He made a bee line for the gun hatch and dived out. I glanced out and watched him hit the horizontal stabilizer, bounce off and open his chute. The poor guy didn't even have a "Mae West." I think it was burned off. By this time the right waist gunner had baled out over his gun and the left waist gunner was trying to jump but was stuck half in and half out of his gun hatch. I pulled him back into the ship and asked him if the heat was too much for him. All he did was to stare at me and

Fortress Gunner Comes Off KP To Receive Highest U.S. Award

By Andrew A. Rooney

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

A U.S. BOMBER STATION, England, July 15—They took Maynard Smith off KP and gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor today.

Henry L. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of War, draped America's highest award around the little Eighth Air Force gunner's neck while Lt. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, ETO chief, Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, Eighth Air Force commander, and a squad of brigadier generals stood in the background. S/Sgt. Maynard Smith rates a salute from all of them now. The recipient of the Congressional Medal of Honor is entitled to a salute from a four-star general.

The dour little ball turret gunner, who comes from Caro, Mich., took the ceremony in stride yesterday. All the brass which had come to honor him for his hour-and-a-half battle with flames and enemy fighters over France and the Channel was just so much brass.

Smith, who usually answers to "Snuffy," had been on KP not so long before, peeling spuds. He was off KP for the ceremony, so there wasn't much that could really bother him.

He stood quietly at attention while Secretary Stimson read the citation for the second Congressional Medal of Honor won in this theater. (2/Lt. Jack Mathis, who died as he released his bombs over the target, was posthumously recommended for the C.M.H.)

The men on the station don't know Smithy too well. They haven't made up their minds about him yet. "He's a

(Continued on page 4)



Planet Photo U.S. Army Signal Corps Photo
"Snuffy" Smith, the day before decoration day, undressed a barrel of spuds in his messhall. Yesterday, Smith got the Congressional Medal of Honor from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.



watched a ... but. The chute opened okay.

Fire in Radio Room

"The smoke and gas were really thick. I wrapped a sweater around my face so I could breathe, grabbed a fire extinguisher and attacked the fire in the radio room. Glancing over my shoulder at the tall fire, I thought I saw something coming, and ran back. It was Gibson, the tail gunner, painfully crawling back, wounded. He had blood all over him.

"Looking him over, I saw that he had been hit in the back and that it had probably gone through his left lung. I laid him down on his left side so that the wound would not drain into the right lung, gave him a shot of morphine and made him as comfortable as possible before going back to the fires.

"I had just got started on this when that FW came in again. I jumped for one of the waist guns and fired at him. As he swept under us, I turned to the other waist gun and let him have it from the other side. He left us for a while, so I went back to the radio room fire again.

"I got into the room this time and began throwing out burning debris. The fire had burned holes so large in the side of the ship that I just tossed the stuff out through them. Gas from a burning extinguisher was choking me, so I went back to the tail fire. I took off my chute

so I could move easier. I'm glad I didn't take it off sooner, because later I found that it had stopped a .30 caliber bullet.

"I fired another burst with the waist guns, and went back to the radio room with the last of the extinguisher fluid. When that ran out I found a water-bottle and a urine can and poured those out.

"After that I was so mad I urinated on the fire and finally beat on it with my hands and feet until my clothes began to smolder. That FW came around again and I let him have it. That time he left us for good. The fire was under control, more or less, and we were in sight of land.

"Lt. Johnson brought the ship in okay, and by the time we stopped rolling I had the fires completely out. It was really a miracle the ship didn't break in two in the air."

Many of the details were filled in by the men flying in the Forts on the wings of Lt. Johnson's ship. The ship flown by Capt. Raymond Check, who has since been killed, was closest to the ship in which the story took place.

The men in Capt. Check's ship could see the stubby little ball turret gunner working feverishly, head bobbing as he

tossed a load of stuff out the window, went back to fire fighting again and then hit the floor to lay low for a few seconds to gasp for breath.

At first they could see the tail dragging as the pilot of the stricken Fort fought for control of the ship. Smith heaved enough equipment over, including guns, ammunition and safety devices, so that the ship flew on.

Only the heavy skeleton held the plane together as the fire burned through the sides. Fire reached the ammunition boxes and .50 caliber shells began popping before Smith could get to them to throw them overboard.

The wounded tail-gunner was in agony and besides giving him first aid, Smith had to lie to him to keep his courage up. Every few minutes he would lean over him and shout "Yeah, we're in sight of England now, we'll only be a few minutes longer." It was three quarters of an hour from the first time he said that before they saw the English coast.

From the other side of the radio room, S/Sgt. William W. Fahrenheit, of McKee's Rock, Pa., was doing heroic work, but he didn't have the wounded men and the fire was blowing away from him.

American Forces Network

Operated by Radio Section, Special Service Section, SOS, ETO.

1,402 kc. On Your Dial 1,420 kc.
211.2 m. 213.9 m.

(All times listed are PM)

Friday, July 16

- 5.45—Sign On—Program Resumé.
- 5.50—Geraldo and his Orchestra.
- 6.00—News (BBC).
- 6.15—Personal Album—Bea Wayne sings your favorite songs.
- 6.30—Ivy Benson and her all-girl Orchestra (BBC).
- 7.00—Sports news—Presented by the Stars and Stripes radio reporters.
- 7.05—Kate Smith Program.
- 7.30—Tommy Dorsey Program—Dorsey's Orchestra plays "Dinah," "Tea for Two" and "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody."
- 8.00—News From Home—Presented by your Stars and Stripes radio reporters.
- 8.15—Fred Waring—Salute to Dartmouth College.
- 8.30—Tommy Trinder—BBC presents "Tommy Get Your Gun."
- 9.00—News (BBC).
- 9.10—Musical Miniature—Salon Orchestra.
- 9.20—Jack Benny Program—Dennis Day, Mary Livingston and Don Wilson.
- 9.45—Training Time—Five minutes of value to the American Soldier.
- 9.50—Memories—Old-time musical favorites.
- 10.00—Final Edition—Latest world, sport and Forces news presented by your Stars and Stripes radio reporter.
- 10.15—Ziggy Ulman and his Orchestra.
- 10.30—Sign Off until 5.45 Saturday, July 17.

Prb

The New York Times

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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ADOLPH S. Ochs, Publisher 1895-1938.

Published Every Day in the Year by
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GEOFFREY N. NELSON, Secretary.

SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1943.

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Sunday.....4.00 2.00 1.50 .75
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SAY PAPER edition by subscription, with bound, 2 copies per month, \$100 per annum, semi-monthly bound edition, regular subscription, \$15 per annum.

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to

ler's accomplice, a traitor to the true interests of his country.

We would not take back a syllable. Now the day has come when the crime can be atoned for, the harm undone, Italy brought back into the family of civilized nations, where she belongs. There can be no American, no Briton, no Frenchman, who would not thank God with all his heart if this were the next turn of events—and not only because the lives of United Nations soldiers would thus be saved. We want to save Italy—the true Italy of art and song, of good-will, of colorful individualism, of laughter and faith, of genius and hard work, the Italy that so many of us have loved. To what the President and Prime Minister have said millions and millions of us cry amen.

MR. WALLACE AND MR. JONES

The President has put an end to the Wallace-Jones controversy with action so sharp and so drastic that we shall probably hear much less of such official feuds in future. Mr. Wallace's whole Board of Economic Warfare is abruptly "terminated" and he is relieved of all responsibility concerning the matters which it handled. This is a direct public rebuke from a President to a Vice President perhaps unparalleled in our whole experience as a nation. Mr. Jones is likewise stripped of all authority in the field in which he competed with Mr. Wallace. Both men are censured for carrying an "acrimonious" debate to the public. And the heads of every other department and every other agency in Washington are warned that if they go to the press with another controversy of this kind the President will expect them to send to him simultaneously a letter of resignation.

This is drastic action, indeed. It was needed, once the point of an open break between Mr. Wallace and Mr. Jones had been reached; for the President simply could not afford to tolerate in wartime a situation in which his Administration stood before the country (and our allies) so deeply and so disastrously divided.

But plainly more is needed too. If the President stops here, it seems probable that he will merely drive official controversies underground and out of public sight. That is something gained, no doubt. But it is not enough. The more important thing is to remove the causes of such controversies—controversies which are deeply injurious to the war effort. This can only be done

his talents as fireman. When he had used up the contents of the fire extinguishers and water bottles he fought the flames with his bare hands. Three of the crew, believing that the Fortress was a dead duck, had bailed out. Snuffy and six more got home in safety. For his exploit in St. Nazaire Snuffy got the Congressional Medal of Honor at the hands of Secretary Stimson. Since that freshman raid of his he has been on three others and has shot down a Focke-Wulf.

He is a man his mother, his State and his country can't be too proud of. Some of us will like him all the more because he isn't too good for human nature's daily food. To the ceremony of his glory he was summoned from a beautifully contrasting scene. For a week he had been K. P., skinning spuds. Not for any serious infraction was this domestic and culinary task imposed on him. Either his sense of time is inadequate or he appreciates, perhaps too thoroughly, the charm of breaking regulations and stretching leaves. As a fighter he is a stayer. When he gets a pass and a night off, he is an over-stayer. On Thursday he didn't have a pass, but thought that he "could arrange for one." Gen. Jacob Devers, Gen. Ira Eaker and other grantees who were there to congratulate him thought a pass could be arranged. Did he overstay? Well, peeling potatoes, if less exciting than an air raid, is no *peius forte et dura*.

THE MYTH OF INVINCIBILITY

For more than two years of the war Germany wielded a psychological weapon of tremendous power. It was the myth that her armies were invincible. Her swift and terrible conquest of Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France almost convinced the Western world that the myth was true. It brought Italy and her Balkan allies to her side. But the legend was shattered forever on the Russian steppes. It has been left to us to smash the same myth that Japan sought to build up in the Orient.

To the peoples of Asia Japan's rapid seizure of a vast new empire seemed much more significant than the war in Europe. Japanese victory piled on victory through six disastrous months convinced multitudes accustomed to submission that a new Master Race had risen in the East. For the first time in any living memory it was an oriental master. This, of course, was exactly the illusion Japan fostered to create her

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SERGT. M. H. SMITH GETS HIGH HONOR

Stimson Pins Congressional Medal on Flier at a Base in England

SAVED A FLYING FORTRESS

5-Foot-4 American, Called Snuffy, Coolly and Single-handed Fought Blazes

By JAMES MacDONALD
By Cable to The New York Times

LONDON, July 16—Diminutive, fire-eating Staff Sergeant Maynard H. Smith of Caro, Mich., who has been peeling potatoes for a week because of difficulties he has had with his superior officers in a little matter of returning late to his bomber station whenever he got a pass, came off K. P. today in order to accept the highest military decoration within the gift of the United States—the Congressional Medal of Honor.

And now the very officers who consigned him to K. P., as well as other ranks from general downward, will have to salute this dour, little ball-turret gunner, who is 5 feet 4 inches tall and answers to the nickname of "Snuffy" among his friends in the Eighth United States Army Air Force. Snuffy, who is 32 years old, is the second man in the European Theatre of Operations to win the Congressional Medal and the first to live to wear it.

The decoration was conferred on him by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson today at a ceremony attended by Lieut. Gen. Jacob L. Devers, commander of the American forces in the European theatre; Maj. Gen. Ira C. Eaker, commander of the Eighth Air Force, and other general officers. Mr. Stimson read the citation as Snuffy, trying to dispel his usually glum expression with one of pleasant sternness, stood in front of a Stars and Stripes color party under a battle-scarred Flying Fortress at a United States bomber station somewhere in England.

The citation told the thrilling story of the first raid Snuffy ever was in. It was the story of an Eighth Air Force raid on the "fiak city" of St. Nazaire, France, when Flying Fortress 849 helped bomb Nazi U-boat pens. The plane caught fire.

Sergeant Smith fought the blaze

ERSTWHILE K. P. RECEIVES NATION'S TOP MILITARY AWARD



Sgt. Maynard (Snuffy) Smith of Caro, Mich., getting the Congressional Medal of Honor from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson yesterday at a U. S. bomber station somewhere in England.

Associated Press Radiophoto, passed by censor

were solely responsible for the safe return of the aircraft and the lives of everyone aboard." Lieutenant Johnson now is serving as an instructor in the United States.

Other crewmen who returned safely that day included Second Lieut. Robert McCallum of Omaha, Neb., co-pilot; First Lieut. Stanley N. Kissberth of Phoenix, Ariz., bombardier; Sergt. William W. Fahrendel of McKees Rocks, Pa., top turret gunner, and Sergt. Roy Gibson, tail gunner, who has since recovered from wounds.

Since his first raid Sergeant Smith has been on three additional missions and shot down one Focke-Wulf enemy fighter.

In civilian life he said he was employed as an income tax field agent for the Treasury Department at Detroit and later as assistant receiver for the Michigan State Banking Commission.

rites for Gen. Sikorski

Churchill Among 3,000 at the Services in Westminster

GUARDS OF FOE SUSPENDED

Accused of Smuggling Letters for Bishop, Interned as Alien

Several guards employed by the Department of Justice at the alien enemy reservation on Ellis Island have been suspended from duty during investigation of charges that they smuggled letters out of the place for William Gerald Bishop, it was disclosed yesterday. The existence of the inquiry was confirmed by an official of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization at Philadelphia, but no further comment could be obtained, pending completion of the case.

Bishop was among the seventeen men tried in Brooklyn in 1940 for alleged plans to overthrow the government. The charges were dropped after the jury disagreed, but then Bishop was picked up on immigration charges. Now he remains in custody as an alien enemy, the government contending he was born in Austria, while his

NICARAGUA CELEBRATES

Bastille Day Ceremonies Held in Coffee-Growing Region

By Cable to The New York Times.
MANAGUA, Nicaragua, July 15—Bastille Day, which is also a national holiday here, was celebrated yesterday in the coffee-growing region. The day was practically observed as United Nations Day, with a parade by school children, speeches, a band concert and a fireworks display.

A reception for diplomats and Government officials was held. United States Ambassador James B. Stewart declared that "this time next year there will not be one Nazi soldier in France, except as prisoner."

8 AIR TRYIN

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Sergeant Smith fought the blaze single-handed after throwing aside his precious parachute. He used up all the plane's fire extinguishers and water bottles, then beat out the flames with his hands. In between fighting the fire he gave first aid to a wounded tail-gunner, manned two gun stations and helped beat off enemy Focke-Wulfs that swarmed around the crippled bomber. Three of the plane's crew bailed out into the sea. Sergeant Smith and six others managed to fly home.

His fellow fliers at the bomber station refer to Snuffy as a "character." He is a character, all right. Several weeks ago he returned to the station a little late after getting a pass. A week later he did it again. As a mild form of punishment he was put on K. P., and he has been peeling potatoes between raids recently.

After the ceremony today Snuffy was asked if he had any plans for this evening. He said he had nothing special in mind, adding:

"I haven't got a pass for tonight but I think I can arrange for one."

His superior officers who were on hand to congratulate him thought a pass could be arranged all right.

Others in the Plane

A U. S. BOMBER STATION IN ENGLAND, July 15 (AP)—The pilot of the Bomber 649 was First Lieut. P. Lewis Johnson of Crumleys, Ky. He said in an affidavit that Staff Sgt. Maynard H. Smith's acts, performed "in complete self-sacrifice and utmost efficiency,

Sgt. Maynard (Snuffy) Smith of Caro, Mich., getting the Congressional Medal of Honor from Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson yesterday at a U. S. bomber station somewhere in England.

Associated Press Radiophoto, passed by censor

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rites for Gen. Sikorski

Churchill Among 3,000 at the Services in Westminster

LONDON, July 15 (AP)—More than 3,000 persons, including Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Polish President Wladyslaw Rackiewicz and other high Allied officials attended a solemn requiem mass for the late Polish Premier, Gen. Wladyslaw Sikorski, at Westminster Cathedral today.

Burial will take place tomorrow at the Polish Air Force Cemetery at Newark, England.

Jan Ciechanowski, Polish Ambassador to the United States, headed a group of distinguished speakers at a memorial service last night for Gen. Wladyslaw Sikorski, Premier of Poland and Commander in Chief of the Polish armed forces, at Ohab Zadek Synagogue, 118 West Ninety-fifth Street. The ceremony was held under the auspices of the Representation of Polish Jewry, the Association of Jewish Refugees and the Immigrants from Poland.

Army Calls Jersey Prosecutor

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.
ELIZABETH, N. J., July 15—John E. Barger, acting Prosecutor of Union County since a few days after the death last December of Abe J. David, announced today he had been called to active Army duty and would report at Camp Custer, Mich., on July 24. Mr. Barger, who is 38 years old, is a captain in the Army specialist reserve. Before he was named acting prosecutor he was a judge of the Linden District Court, with a term that does not expire until June, 1946.

GUARDS OF FOE SUSPENDED

Accused of Smuggling Letters for Bishop, Interned as Alien

Several guards employed by the Department of Justice at the alien enemy reservation on Ellis Island have been suspended from duty during investigation of charges that they smuggled letters out of the place for William Gerald Bishop, it was disclosed yesterday. The existence of the inquiry was confirmed by an official of the Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization at Philadelphia, but no further comment could be obtained, pending completion of the case.

Bishop was among the seventeen men tried in Brooklyn in 1940 for alleged plans to overthrow the government. The charges were dropped after the jury disagreed, but then Bishop was picked up on immigration charges. Now he remains in custody as an alien enemy, the government contending he was born in Austria, while his contention is that he was born in Salem, Mass. While this dispute is before the courts, Bishop cannot be removed from this Federal district.

14 MORE NAVY CASUALTIES

New Yorker and New Jersey Man Are Included on List

WASHINGTON, July 15 (AP)—The Navy announced today fourteen casualties, including eight dead and six missing. In addition, one man previously listed as wounded now is reported missing.

This brings to 27,134 the total of Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard casualties reported to next of kin since Dec. 7, 1941. The grand total includes 8,287 dead, 4,734 wounded, 10,244 missing and 3,869 prisoners of war.

The casualties announced today (those listed are Navy and non-commissioned personnel unless otherwise specified):

O'CONNELL, WILLIAM STEPHEN, lieutenant (jg. dead); mother, Mrs. William A. O'Connell, 345 First Ave., New York City.
HAGEMANN, PAUL JACKSON, missing; mother, Mrs. Elsie W. Hagemann, 2001 River Ave., Camden, N. J.

African Link Restored

WASHINGTON, July 15 (AP)—The Office of War Information tonight announced that the United States and Great Britain have lifted the ban on commercial communication with French North Africa and French West Africa, effective tomorrow.

NICARAGUA CELEBRATES

Bastille Day Ceremonies Held in Coffee-Growing Region

By Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua, July 15—Bastille Day, which is also a national holiday here, was celebrated yesterday in the coffee-growing region. The day was practically observed as United Nations Day, with a parade by school children, speeches, a band concert and a fireworks display.

A reception for diplomats and Government officials was held. United States Ambassador James B. Stewart declared that "this time next year there will not be one Nazi soldier in France, except as prisoner."

later by the British.

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The story Naval Air St. Atlantic receiving:

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CHANNEL AIR DUEL

today show that the United States Eighth Air Force heavy bombers left the important German war

suffered possible hits or blast damage.

Still another hangar and a large

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... of churches will be praying tomorrow that the Italians understand and act before it is too late.

We have no joy in death and destruction. We do not wish to do harm to a single one of Mussolini's victims and our own possible friends. We would like to see every factory, every railway station, every olive grove, every home in Italy left intact for the needs of the future. We do not wish to shed one unnecessary drop of Italian blood. We want Italy to be free.

Fascism, which many Americans and Britons at first regarded with some tolerance because it seemed to stand for order and purpose, we have learned to hate. We have witnessed its hideous cruelty in Libya, in Ethiopia and in its homeland. In its pure form it is just as vicious as nazism. But we do know, also, that an ingrown rationality and humanitarianism in the Italian people have always resisted its worst excesses. The spirit of Garibaldi and Mazzini has never died. The failure of fascism, its incompetence in the very art of war which its leaders glorified, its gross corruption, of which the Sicilian campaign has produced unanswerable proof, the ridiculous and childish vanity of its leaders, from Mussolini down (or up)—these may now be so glaringly evident that the Italy of the days of the Risorgimento may again awaken from sleep.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill have appealed to the Italian people for the honorable end of a dishonorable war made by Mussolini. They do not question the courage of Italian soldiers. That courage has been displayed, indeed, under the most disheartening conditions, by men "betrayed and abandoned by the Germans on the Russian front, and on every battlefield in Africa from El Alamein to Cape Bon"—and now in Sicily itself. It is no wonder that large masses of Italian troops surrendered. The wonder is that they fought so long and so well.

When Mussolini entered the war against a fatally wounded France in June, 1940, this newspaper said:

If there was ever a decision made by one man, and not by a whole people, it is the decision that now takes Italy into the darkness of night and makes her a moral enemy of every democratic people. If this decision had to be made, if the Italian people had to be led upon this tragic course, it is at least fortunate, from our domestic point of view, that the decision was made by a dictator and not by his people. For there are great numbers of Americans of Italian ancestry—fine, loyal citizens of the nation which they or their forebears adopted as their own—who can in all justice lay the responsibility for this crime at the door of Hit-

tom he is responsible for it. There will continue to be more such affairs in Washington, though they may henceforth be concealed from public view, until the President gives domestic affairs the same serious attention which he gives to war strategy and until he realizes that this country is not rich enough to afford in wartime the sloppy methods of administration which he has so long tolerated and encouraged.

REVOLUTION IN LITTLE

The tiny revolution that has taken place in the French island of Martinique is not to be sneezed at. Martinique, like the little cluster called Guadeloupe, is part of the island chain which protects the Caribbean. So long as Admiral Robert held sway there these points were usable by our enemies, furtively if not openly. Now Henri-Etienne Hoppenot, acting for the French Committee of National Liberation, has abrogated Robert's decrees and restored the republican form of government. Washington has not yet given the Committee its blessing, but it has accepted two facts: first, that M. Hoppenot is a vast improvement over Admiral Robert; second, that there is no agency except the Committee which can speak just now for the French people.

The details of the admiral's downfall have yet to be revealed. It is difficult to guess what his purpose was. In the beginning he may have believed that Hitler would win the war and that an administrator who stood by Hitler's friends in Vichy would be rewarded. When this belief faded what kept him going? Was it a human reluctance to admit himself mistaken? We don't know. We do know that the admiral's position finally became ridiculous and that the "revolution," such as it was, followed. But he was no more ridiculous than some other dictatorial personages. He was merely less powerful and consequently less deadly.

THE PEELER-BOMBER

At a United States bombing station somewhere in England Thursday a bomber highly worth knowing got a well-earned honor. He is a Michigander, Staff Sgt. Maynard H. Smith, affectionately known as "Snuffy" to his intimates. Like Napoleon and Lord Roberts he is no giant, but of a neat size, convenient for his job. He is ball-turret gunner in Flying Fortress 649. May 1 he had his first raid. The Nazi U-boat pens in St. Nazaire were the target. Our Air Force missionaries ran into flak of the fiercest. Of this 649 got an excessive dose.

Unaided Sgt. Snuffy Smith displayed

can accept... the populations of Japan's conquered areas. Though Tokyo is still far distant, our strength masses and the enemy weakens.

JULY 18, 1943

Here in the midst of a temperamental, war-racked summer a lot of folks were taking a moment yesterday morning to draw a deep breath and say to anyone within hearing, "Swell day, isn't it?" Then they squared their shoulders and went on with the job, spirits lifted by at least half a cubit. . . . A swell day it was, after a magnificent evening with a moon that simply took your breath away. It was as though nature and the weather were determined to make up for other matters, if only for a brief span; determined to make us realize what a privilege it is to be alive, to be free, to be able to gaze into the depthless sky without taking note of the nearest bomb shelter. . . . No question about it, it was a day to remember.

STRIKE "STATISTICS"

The Administration and the labor unions often bring forward statistics attempting to show how small the effect of war strikes has been on our production. In his veto of the Smith-Connally bill the President declared:

For the entire year of 1942 the time lost by strikes averaged only five one-hundredths of 1 per cent of the total man-hours worked. The American people should realize that fact—that 99.95 per cent of the work went forward without strikes, and that only five one-hundredths of 1 per cent of the work was delayed by strikes.

Let us test the meaning of this sort of calculation by taking a particular case. The anti-strike bill was passed chiefly because of the soft-coal strike. The Bituminous Coal Division's reports show that for the twelve-month period from July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1942, inclusive, the industry marketed 518,006,302 net tons. (This included coal used at the mine, such as mine fuel, and coal used by employees.) From the sales of this coal there was a gross realization of \$1,129,459,929.

Now the Department of Commerce has estimated the total national income of the country for the period from July 1, 1941, to June 30, 1942, at \$106,600,000,000. This means that the total productive value of the soft-coal mines in that period (out of which its wages, salaries, taxes, rent, interest and dividends had to be paid) amounted to only 1.1 per cent of the total national income.

Suppose, now, that the soft-coal

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Sheet No. 1 War Diary, 306 Bomb Gp. (H) Sqn. THURLEIGHMonth of MAY 1943. Prepared by Capt. Wiley W. Glass

DAY	EVENTS
May 1	<p>Eighteen of our A/C led by Col. Putnam, took off on our seventh mission to St. Nazaire. Three A/C aborted and thirteen A/C released their bombs over the target with poor results due to heavy overcast and clouds. On the return trip, our Group, through error in navigation, mistook Brest for Lands End and at 500' altitude, absorbed violent barrage of heavy and light flak, with result that three ships; Lt. Luby, 367th, and Lts. Papp and Wigginton, 423rd, were lost. Remaining ships, escaping from this mess, proceeded across Channel. Lt. Johnson, of 423rd, was attacked by several FW190's, which set fire to his plane. Three gunners bailed out in the Channel. Due to heroic effort of Sgt. M.H. Smith, the fire was brought under control and ship landed at S.W. England. Lt. Kiss-ebert, who was aboard this ship, was wounded. Score for the day was 0 destroyed, 0 probably destroyed and 0 damaged.</p>
13	<p>Twenty-four A/C, led by Lt. Col. J.W. Wilson, took off for the aircraft factory at Meaulte, France. Two A/C aborted. The remainder, with good weather, Spit and P47 cover throughout, bombed with excellent results. Score was 0-0-0.</p>
14	<p>Twenty-six A/C, led by Major Raper, took off and successfully bombed naval installations at Kiel, Germany. Light opposition over the target was probably due to fact that three other targets were attacked about the same time by U.S. Bombers. All ships returned to base safely. Daily score was 11-1-3.</p> <p>Following message received from Admiralty through 8th Air Force. "Please accept our congratulations on the heavy and remarkably accurate bombing of Kiel on 14th May."</p>
15	<p>Twenty-four A/C, led by Major Terry, took off to bomb docks at Wilhelmshaven. Heavy clouds covered the target, forcing our Group to drop their "eggs" on Heligoland and adjoining Dune Islands, with hits registered on several good military targets. Heavy opposition was met from ground and more than 100 fighters attacked us around the clock with guns, cannon and bombs. Three of our A/C, Lts. Clemons, Mann and Ritland, from 367th, were lost and tall gunner, M.B. Standley, from Robinson's crew of 368th, was killed. Our score for the day was 14-7-10.</p> <p>Commendation from our Group Commander, Col. C.E. Putnam, extending warmest congratulations to every member of 306th Bomb Group for outstanding accomplishments achieved during the first thirteen days of May. During this period we have continued to deliver our full quota of heavy blows to the enemy, both in occupied territory and</p>

From: Barrett Tillman <btillman63@hotmail.com>
To: russell.a.strong306@worldnet.att.net <russell.a.strong306@worldnet.att.net>
Date: Sunday, February 04, 2001 11:44 PM
Subject: Re: Snuffy Smith material

Dear Russell,

Many, many thanks for your thoughtful offer. I do remember the 306th reunion, held in the park just across the way from the Champlin Museum.

My snail mail address is:
3536 E. Camino Circle
Mesa, AZ 85213

(unlisted) 480/832-1898

All the best,
Barrett

28 March 2001

Dear Barrett:

Sorry I haven't gotten this material on Snuffy Smith to you earlier--but too many distractions.

I hope you will find this mixture of interest. I am sure you have seen a lot of it, but also I know that some of it may be new to you, or at least have a different spin on it.

He failed to leave the 306th as a hero, because he constantly impressed everyone that he was an ass. He was one of those CMH people they didn't want back in the States, and it was early in 1945 before the 306th got rid of him, much to the chagrin of the top 8th AF brass, who had wanted him left at Thurleigh forever.

Good luck,

all the American cigarettes he wants. Soldiers in the European Theatre, officers and men alike, are limited to seven packs a week, but Smith seems to have no difficulty in augmenting the ration. Naturally enough, he declines to reveal his sources, but probably the cigarettes are gifts from other soldiers. This is a rare tribute, ~~xxxxxxx~~ since Americansx soldiers, aware of the strangling effect of British cigarettes on American thorats, are rather stingy with their own. As a civilian, after the war, Smith will be permitted to wear, in the buttonhole of his lapel, a Medal of Honor rosette made of blue and white ribbons.

Smith received his medal from Secretary of War Stimson, who, during his recent tour of the Ruopean and Mediterranean Thatres, wehtn to Smith's bombing station to make the award, accompanied by seven generals ~~xxxx~~ about twenty-fôve high Air Corps officers, a group of technicians from two American radio networks, a band, a bushel of newspapermen, and eighteen Flying Fortresses. During the presentation ceremony these planes, with magnificent stage sense, flew not more than a hundred feet over Smith's head and literally ~~xxxx~~ shook the microphone into which he was saying a subdued, "Thank you."

Smith is a waist gunner in a Flying Fotress, which means that he man s one of the two machine guns which project out of the familiar open windows on either side of the middle of the ship. This is usually a young man's job, but Smith, who is thirty-two, and terefore almost senile, in Air Corps terms, fills it extremely well. He is a rather reflective fellow, given to fairly weighty thoughts ~~xxx~~ ^{on} a variety of things like electricity, religionm politics, endocrinology, golf, energy in a pure state, Army life, England, swans, dogs, flowers, Michigan in the winter, Florida in the summer, the British form of government, and the effect on mankind of the Flying Fotress. Since Secretary Stimson hung the Congressional Medal around his neck, Smith

HAS THOUGHT A LOT ABOUT HEROISM AND HAS COME TO THE conclusion that the only thing he really knows is that it's largely a question of adrenalin. "There was a fellow," Smith often says in response to the endless and awkward questions people ask him about how he won his medal, "who was an apprentice seaman in the British Navy. A kid. He got torpedoed and his hands were horribly burned. Just the same, he ~~xxxxxx~~ somehow managed to get into a lifeboat and he took his regular place and rowed. In the morning, his shipmates discovered that the flesh had been burned off his fingers and that he was literally rowing with the bones of his hands. This was probably heroism. But I'm not sure that a bombardier who gets a terrific stomach ache just as he's aiming his bombs and nevertheless gets them off true isn't a greater hero. You never know. In either case, you can be sure, there was plenty of adrenalin being pumped into the blood stream."

About Smith's own heroism there is no doubt; it was in the very best tradition. On the morning of May 1st this year, Smith was sent out on his first bombing mission. He was assigned to the ball turret of a Flying Fortress. This turret, which is a semisphere protruding from the bottom of the plane, was not the station which he, as a waist gunner, had been trained. For technical reasons, the change had been made at the last minute. "The ball turret is extremely small, but Smith is a small man--five feet, four inches and slender--and he could squeeze into the turret with only slight difficulty. Smith dislikes being in a ball turret, and for an odd reason; he says that the sound of the flak "pattering" (the word is his) against the transparent plastic of the turret bothers him. "There are three distinct impressions you get from flak if you are in the bottom turret," Smith says, "and there are only two if you are in the waist. First you hear a tremendous whoosh, then the bits of shrapnel patter against the sides of the turret, then you see the smoke. The

one you don't get in the waist is the pattering sound."

The target on the May 1st mission was St. Nazaire, the U-boat base on the coast of France and one of the most heavily defended towns in Europe. The Forts reached their objective uneventfully and did their bombing successfully, then turned back toward England. Some Focke-Wulfs trailed the American formation on its way home. "We were over the English Channel and I was watching some tracers from a German fighter come puffing by our tail," says Smith, "When suddenly there was a terrific explosion. That was the whoosh. My interphone and the electrical controls of the turret went dead. I crawled out of the

can formation on its way home. "We were over the English Channel and I was watching some tracers from a German fighter come puffing by our tail," says Smith, "when suddenly there was a terrific explosion. That was the whoosh. My interphone and the electrical controls of the turret went dead. I crawled out of the turret and up into the ship." Smith came out in the radio room, a space about as big as the motorman's cab in a subway car, with metal walls and an array of gadgets on one of them. The room was filled with flame, for the exploding anti-aircraft shell had broken and ignited a drum of the oxygen Fortresses carry on their high-altitude flights. Smith made his way from the radio room into the fuselage. He found fires raging in the waist section. At almost the same moment the radio operator, a veteran of twenty-one missions, staggered down the fuselage, made directly for a gun hatch and gived out. Through one of the waist windows Smith watched him hit the horizontal stabilizer and bounce off, and then saw his parachute open. By this time the right waist gunner had jumped out of the plane through his window and the left waist gunner was trying to climb over his gun and jump, too. He got wedged between it and his window, however, and Smith pulled him back into the plane. "I asked him," Smith recalls wryly, "if the heat was too much for him but all he did was star at me at say, 'I'm getting out of here.'" Smith helped him open the plane's rear escape door and watched him bail out. Like Smith, the left waist gunner was on his first mission. Nothing has ever been heard since of him or of the two other men who bailed out. The Channel water is extremely cold in May, and Air Forces officers feel almost certain

that they were lost.

"The smoke and gas were really thick," Smith recalls. "I wrapped a sweater around my face so I could breathe, grabbed a fire extinguisher went back into the ~~radio~~ radio room, and went after the fire. Then the rear ~~gunner~~ gunner crawled down the fuselage. He was covered with blood. Looking him over, I saw that he had been hit in the back and that whatever had hit him had probably gone through his left lung. I ~~knocked~~ laid him down on his left side so the wound wouldn't drain into his right lung, gave him a shot of morphine, and made him as comfortable as possible. The rest of the crew--the pilot, the co-pilot, the ~~midship~~ ^{engine} gunner, the bombardier, and the navigator--stayed forward in the ship." Smith was getting to work on the fires on the waist section when, through a window, he spotted a Focke-Wulf approaching from one side and maneuvering to attack his ship. The Fortress was probably shooting out clouds of smoke and the German must have felt that he could risk a close encounter. Smith grabbed one of the two waist guns, let him have a burst, and, as the fighter came under the Fortress, leaned across the passageway between the left and right waist guns and fired at him with the other one. He missed with both guns, but he apparently managed to frighten off the German.

Smith then went back to the radio room and began throwing out anything he could get his hands on, because the fierce, oxygen-fed fire was melting everything in the room and spatters of the molten metal were eating holes in the floor. Also, some ammunition stored there began to explode. The radio room had no window, but the fire had already burned a hole in one side of the ship, so Smith simply used that. While he was tossing the equipment and ammunition out of the plane, ~~his~~ his parachute got in his way, so he threw it out, too, ~~and~~ thus sacrificing what he must have realized was his only means of escape unless the plane made a good landing. He kept on throwing stuff out until he saw another Focke-Wulf coming in to

attack. Then he let the German have a few more bursts and the enemy went away. The fires, however, did not. After Smith had used up the extinguisher on the fires, he poured on the contents of the crew's water bottle. "After that," he says, "I got so mad I didn't know what to do, so I beat at the fires with my hands and feet until my clothes began to smolder." Looking out through the hole in the side of the ship, which by now was big enough for a man to fall through, Smith saw that the plane was over England, and in a few minutes the pilot set the plane down on the first convenient RAF field many miles from its own station. By the time the plane came down Smith had put the fires out.

Smith's achievement was without precedent; for an hour and a half he had fought fires which the pilot of the ship, a veteran of twenty-four missions, through were fatal, and he had fought them successfully. In between times he had administered first aid to one member of the crew and assisted one other to escape, and he had twice fought off attacking Focke-Wulfs. All of this he had done alone on his first mission.

The pilot, First Lieutenant P. Lewis Johnson of _____, Kentucky, has said that when he was told about the fires burning behind him in the plane, he thought it was the end. He didn't know the details of what was going on in the waist of the ship, but he did know that somehow the plane kept flying. In the

only its motors were salvageable. Smith himself discovered two bullet holes in the knitted scarf he had been wearing on account of the altitude at which the plane was flying. He keeps the scarf, which he has down to only a few of his closest friends, in his duffel bag along with some books and his medal. The scarf is a typical, khaki, loving hands scarf. In one corner, near the bullet holes, is a small red label which reads, "From the Los Angeles Chapter of the American Red Cross."

Smith was born in Caro, Michigan, a town which his associates consistently confuse with Cairo, Illinois. The mayor of Caro, however, is not/all at confused, and shortly after he heard the news of Smith's decoration, he sent a cable to Caro's heroic son. Smith is both touched and amused by this ~~ex-~~~~traordinary~~ compliment. Smith's father, who died in 1934, was a circuit-court judge. Maynard's early life was serene, so exceedingly serene, in fact, that he cannot recall any extraordinary incident of his childhood. His first job, like the one he has now, was with the government. He worked in Detroit as an income tax field agent for the Treasury Department for several years, and then as an assistant receiver for the Michigan State Banking Commission. When his father died, leaving a fairly large estate, Maynard retired. He never worked again until he joined the Army, in 1942. He makes no apology for his extended lounge; he just says that he liked to live in Michigan in the summer and in Florida in the winter, and so did his mother, and since they could afford to, why not? During this period, Smith did some voluminous reading in modern psychology. He doesn't consider himself much of a psychologist, however, for he feels that his extensive reading on the subject was more or less neutralized by some later research he made in phrenology. He read at home, mostly at night,

to suit himself, and he likes to discuss it with anyone. Since this is fairly deep ~~xxx~~ water for most of his friends at the bombing station, he doesn't expect to get very far with them, but he goes to the pubs in the small town near the station and talks at great length with the more contemplative English friends he has made there.

Since fame has come his way, Smith isn't on quite the same easy conversational basis with his friends in the pubs, because they have heard that he is a hero and they constantly ask him to relate the story of his flight instead of asking his opinion on the latest developments in endo-

crinology. It is not only Smith's English friends whose attitude toward him has changed; his American pals at the station are different, too. Since he got his award--he calls it "the Congressional Medal deal" or simply "The Deal"--he wears a faint but unmistakable halo. As he goes about his business at the station, he hands out autographs with the pleased, cooperative air of a brand-new picture star and on occasion he gives bits of advice to gunners who have just arrived from America or have never seen action. His fame has spread throughout the Eighth Air Force. It is not at all uncommon for a man from Smith's station to tell a man from another station the whole story of The Deal and boast about it.

The Deal makes perfect conversation for other noncommissioned officers, largely because Smith was on KP the day he was notified of the honor that was coming to him. A writer for the London edition of the Stars and Stripes began his story of the presentation: "They took Marynard Smith off KP and gave him the Congressional Medal of Honor today." Photographers appreciating the news value of this coincidence, posed him beside a small pile of potatoes, and Smith didn't bother to protest against what he considered foolishness. Smith has been put on KP because he had been late for briefing, a serious misdeed and the only mark against him in his Army career. He was late because he was talking philosophy with his friends in some pub. By the time he returned to the station, his crew had been briefed and a substitute gunner had been given Smith's waist spot. Obviously, the fact that the European Theatre's ranking hero rose to his position straight from the potato pile delights other gunners, who consider Smith a triumphant answer to the junior officers, especially the shavetails. It is probably the beginning of a legend.

A legend has already grown up around the only other man in the European Theatre to receive the Congressional Medal, Bombardier Lieutenant Jack

Mathis. Like most legends, this one is based on fact. In Mathis' case, the facts are these. He was fatally wounded as the Fortress whose bombs he was to aim approached its target-in Vegesack, in Germany. ~~xxxxxx~~ Though dying, he waited until the target appeared on the cross hairs of his bombsight and then he dropped his bombs. He died shortly afterward. Mathis, the legend now goes, had a twin brother, who was in the Ninth Air Force in Africa. Upon ~~xxxx~~ hearing the news of his brother's death, the other Mathis asked to be transferred to Jack's squadron in England. By some magic which the legend does not explain, he arrived at his brother's station only a week or so after Jack's death. Since it was evening, he naturally wandered into the officers' bar, where some of his brother's flying companions were gathered. As he walked into the room someone saw him, thought he was a ghost, and dropped a glass of beer. The noise of the breaking glass instantly quieted the room, and everyone in it stared at Mathis. One man muttered, "Who are you?" "My name is Mathis," he is supposed to have replied, to the col horror of everyone who heard him.

It is a fact that Lieutenant Jack Mathis did have a brother, Mark, but he was not a twin and could not possibly have been confused with Jack. Mark did serve at Jack's station, but had left there long before Jack was killed. Now Jack is dead and Mark is missing in action.

Though Smith is a holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, he is rather undistinguished in appearance except that he knots his tie sloppily. Even at the ceremony at which Secretary Stimson and the seven generals congratulated him, his tie looked like a string shredded off his collar. (Stimson's tie was just right.) Since the proceedings were to be radioed to America, the affair had to begin exactly on time. Ten minutes beforehand, Smith was led up to the microphone, where he stood calmly while newsreel photographers focused their cameras and the radiomen counted

from one to ten repeatedly in throaty voices. (After the ceremony, a girl reporter asked him if standing in front of all those people hadn't been worse than fighting off the fire in the fortress, and he said, "No, it wasn't.") At the appointed time, Secretary Stimson appeared with General J. L. Devers, Commanding General of the European Theatre of Operations, and General Ira C. Eaker, Commanding General of the Eighth Air Force. All of them made short presentation speeches, each of which Smith answered with a smile and a "Thank you." "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action above and beyond the call of duty," the citation ~~xxxx~~ began and it ended, "Sergeant Smith threw the exploding ammunition overboard, fought the fire until all the fire-fighting aids were exhausted, manned the workable guns until the enemy fighters were driven away, further administered first aid to his wounded comrade, and then by wrapping himself in protecting cloth, completely extinguished the fire by hand. This soldier's gallantry in action, undaunted bravery, and loyalty to his aircraft and fellow crew members, without regard for his own personal safety, is an inspiration to the Armed forces of the United States." Then Secretary Stimson hung the medal around Smith's neck, once for posterity and once for the photographers, and at this moment the eighteen Flying Fortresses flew overhead while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

~~xxxxxxx~~ and fellow crew members, without regard for his own personal ~~safety~~ is an inspiration to the

Smith celebrated his award by spending the evening in a pub, talking with his English friends. Smith, in his heavy analytical conversations, would just as soon explain the difference between an engine and a motor as between a molecule and an atom. "A motor," he points out, "propels itself, an engine propels something other than itself." Since he is a

gunner, his thoughts nowadays tend to turn to more or less mechanical subjects. He has read a good deal of the printed matter of aerodynamics and related matters in the bombing station's library. He doesn't neglect other subjects, however. He believes, for instance, that the presence of the American Army in Britain has had a democratizing effect on the British and may well result in the abolition of the House of Lords.

In every American bombing station in England, there is a daily contest called "aircraft recognition." In this game action photographs of aircraft are mounted without captions on a bulletin board, and the fliers are supposed to identify them by dropping ballots in a box beside the display. Smith is good at this game, but he doesn't think much of it. "When you're up in the air," he says, "start shooting and then start recognizing." If he sees a fighter aircraft which ~~he can't~~ can't recognize as friendly and which is seemingly maneuvering into an attack position and if it is near enough to hit with his 50-calibre machine gun, he shoots. "If the plane is friendly," he asks, "what the hell is it doing looking like an enemy?"

Smith came to be a gunner in a Fortress in a way which is scarcely that of the traditional American hero. In the first place, he narrowly escaped being drafted. When the United States entered the war, he was living a carefree life. The war at first did nothing to change his point of view. "Like most Americans," he says, "I'm not particularly pugilistically inclined." Finally, however, Smith's draft board did change it, and on September 1, 1942, he enlisted, beating the draft, he says, by twenty minutes. He soon decided that it was foolish to remain a private, so he attempted to find out how to become something else. He found that if he became an air gunner he would have a sergeant's rating, and he at once asked to be sent to gunnery school at Harlingen, Texas, a request which was granted. He looks back on his six weeks there with distaste but says

his schooling made him a good gunner. A few weeks after graduation, he was sent to England, where he received the additional training which prepared him for his first mission.

While Smith is well known among the gunners of the Eighth Air Force, there is another gunner in his theatre who is considerably better known-- Captain Clark Gable. Smith's reaction to Gable is amiable. "That guy," he says, "is a wonder. No matter what he does, he gets criticized, but he does his job." Smith's admiration of Gable, whom he might be expected to resent, is perhaps the oblique result of the fact that he is indifferent to, and unimpressed by, the movies. He says he likes his scenery better out of doors than indoors. Nowadays, for instance, he prefers to spend his time off strolling in the park of the town near his station and watching the swans in the pond. His strolls are generally solitary, because the fellows at the station don't care much about either strolls or swans. Sometimes, though, one of them joins him and they exchange station rumors.

As is universal in the Army, most bombing station talk is rumor. One rumor that has been circulating at his post is that his award entitles him to a lifetime pension, which he has heard is anything from \$2 to \$150 a month. Naturally, Smith has been trying to find out about it. Actually, all he gets is the \$2 a month increase in pay while he is in service, which brings his salary to \$174.80. He sends \$100 home to buy War Bonds and spends the balance, mostly on the weak beer he drinks in the pubs. Another rumor, which has been going the rounds for many years, is that the winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor has the privilege of addressing Congress whenever he likes. "There is no foundation at all for this rumor. It is difficult to find the basis for any station rumor. but the pension one grew up possibly because of the confusion in English minds between the Congressional Medal of Honor and the Victoria Cross, the British counterpart. A life pension of ten pounds a year goes with the

latter, which, since December 7, 1941, has been awarded about forty times. The Congressional Medal has been awarded about sixty times in the same period. Generally the presentation is made in Washington by the Commander-in-Chief, who, according to law, performs this function "in the name of Congress." Smith is disappointed that this didn't happen to him, because he has long wanted to meet President Roosevelt. Two other people he would particularly like to meet are King George and Queen Elizabeth, to whom he thinks he might conceivably make some suggestions for parliamentary reform.

The Congressional Medal of Honor is a five-pointed bronze star bearing in relief the head of Minerva, goddess of wisdom, encircled by the words "United States of America" and by a laurel wreath of green enamel. The medal is suspended from a bar on which is inscribed the word "Valor" and, surmounted by an eagle, which is attached to a light blue ribbon bearing thirteen white stars. The ribbon, in turn, is suspended from a neckband of light blue, watered silk ribbon twenty inches long. All other American medals are worn pinned to the left breast, but the Medal of Honor is worn on its ribbon around the neck. Before the Congressional Medal of Honor could be awarded to Smith, the award had to be recommended by his pilot, his squadron leader, his commanding officer, his theatre commander, and a War Department board. All this was done in about six weeks. Around the time the confirmation of the award reached Smith's station word came that Secretary Stimson was coming over on his tour of inspection, so it seemed likely that Stimson would make the award. Then it was discovered that in the entire European Theatre, with its hundreds of thousands of American soldiers, there was not a single Congressional Medal to hang around a hero's neck. An anonymous Eighth Air Force officer made the obvious suggestion, and Stimson carried Smith's medal from America to England in his coat pocket.

-Sam Boal



Air Force Photo

WWII Hero 'Snuffy' Honored by Chanu

CHANUTE AFB, Ill. — The "tough little sergeant" who battled a blaze and enemy attacks on his B-17 as it limped home across the English Channel now is memorialized at Chanute AFB with a building named after him.

Sgt. Maynard H. "Snuffy" Smith became the first Air Force enlisted member to be awarded the Medal of Honor. And the aerospace ground equipment/egress building at the Chanute Technical Training Center has been renamed Smith Hall.

Smith earned the medal for his actions May 1, 1943, a day of heavy losses for the 8th Air Force's 423rd Bomb Squadron, 306th Bomb Group.

Smith, the son of a circuit judge in Caro, Mich., was a belly-turret gunner on his first mission over enemy territory. He had arrived in England just a month earlier.

Smith's B-17 was returning to England after a bombing mission over Saint-Nazaire, France, in which the aircraft had suffered only one flak puncture, in the left wing.

As the plane began its descent into what the navigator thought was home territory, the plane found itself under heavy fire from German Focke-Wulf FW-190s over what was actually occupied France.

Two B-17s in the group went down immediately in the attack. The pilot of Smith's plane, in an effort to elude the Germans, moved out over the channel and descended to just above the wave tops.

But 20mm shells from the German pursuers tore through the fuselage, destroying the intercom, oxygen systems and some control lines and setting off intense fires in the radio compartment and waist-gunner sections.

Here is how Smith retold the story a few days later:

After a particularly hard hit, "I hand-cranked myself up and crawled out of my turret into the ship. The first thing I saw was a sheet of flame coming out of the radio room and another fire by the tail-wheel section."

The radio operator immediately

dived out of the plane, followed by the right and left waist gunners.

"The smoke and gas were really thick," Smith said. "I wrapped a sweater around my face so I could breathe, grabbed a fire extinguisher and attacked the fire in the radio room."

"Glancing over my shoulder at the tail fire, I thought I saw something moving and ran back. It was the tail gunner, painfully crawling back, obviously wounded. He had blood all over him."

Smith gave the injured man a shot of morphine and returned to fighting the fire.

"I just got started on this when that FW came diving in again. I jumped for the waist gun and fired at him and as he swept under us I turned to the other waist gun and let him have it from the other side. . . ."

"I took off my chute so I could move easier. I'm glad I didn't take it off sooner, because afterwards I found it had stopped a .30-caliber bullet. Another quick burst with the guns and back to the radio fire. Then back again to the wounded gunner to comfort him. When he asked, 'Are we almost home yet?' I lied and told him we were. . . ."

"By now, it was so hot that the ammunition was exploding all over the place and making a terrific racket. I didn't dare throw all of it out because I had to keep some for the visits of the FW."

Finally winning his battle with the flames, Smith saw that the plane was at last approaching the coast of England.

"I could tell that the ship was acting tail-heavy, so I tossed overboard everything I could: guns, ammunition, clothes, everything. I really had a time with the ammunition cans — they weighed 98 pounds and I weigh 130 — but I managed to get them out. . . ."

Miraculously, the badly damaged plane held together and landed in one piece.

The Medal of Honor was presented to Smith by Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson. Ironically, at the time the award was made Smith was serving KP duty "for some mis-



Air Force Photo

Standing before a picture of World War II hero Sgt. Maynard H. "Snuffy" Smith, which hangs in a Chanute AFB, Ill., building that was recently named after him, are (from left) Chanute Technical Training Center commander Gen. William H. Grove Jr.; Smith's granddaughter, Summer Christ Smith, 9; his daughter, Christine Smith Pincino, and her husband, SSgt. Robert E. Pincino.

WWII Hero 'Snuffy' Smith Honored by Chanute AFB

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demeanor or another," wrote Edward Jablonski in his book, *Fly to Fortress*.

Smith completed four more combat missions before returning Stateside and being discharged after the war.

In addition to the Medal of Honor, he earned a number of other awards and decorations. He died May 11, 1984, and is buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

Smith recalls the odds they were giving for combat aircrewmembers.

"The first time out, 50 percent got back. The next time, you weren't due back."

The next day Smith flew another combat mission, to Bremen, Germany.

Smith never set out to be a hero, although he did "volunteer" for the service. But he was working an angle there, too.

He was born in 1911, in Caro, Michigan, population 3,001 ("It never changes," Smith says. "Every time someone's born, someone leaves town.") He went to Detroit to seek his fortune when the war came.

Always working an angle, Smith made a deal with a friend in the post office: When Greetings From the President came for Smith, his friend phoned him, so Smith had plenty of time to "volunteer" before the official draft notice reached him.

Smith soon found himself at Sheppard Air Force Base, along with 50,000 other recruits. He heard through the grapevine about a program that could make him a staff sergeant in just nine weeks: aerial gunnery school in Harlingen, Texas. It sounded great, but there was one hitch — there were 1,200 men on the waiting list.

That didn't stop a promoter like Smith. He and his friend Marcel St. Louis went to find the major in charge of picking the gunnery school recruits. They were going to ask him to send them to Harlingen.

You just *didn't do* things like that in the army. But Smith did.

"I'm a promoter, always have been," Smith says. "What could they do to me? I was just a private. You can't get any lower than that."

They found the major in a lonely hangar, all by himself. Smith did all the talking.

Soon afterward, they were ordered to Harlingen.

Smith and St. Louis went through training and were assigned to different squadrons. Smith went on to England. But Marcel St. Louis had a more tragic journey.

St. Louis was on the crew of a B-17, ferrying it from the U.S. to England. The plane crash-landed in the African jungle. There were 10 crewmen aboard. Natives killed everyone but St. Louis and a colonel. They escaped to Morocco, where they were supposed to be interned for the duration of the war.

But they stole a plane and escaped from Morocco, only to be shot down by the Germans in the English Channel. They were taken to a POW camp, where they escaped in a stolen German fighter, only to be shot down again, this time by an Allied plane.

But at least they were behind their own lines. St. Louis was assigned to another B-17 crew. On his first mission out, the plane was shot down and St. Louis was taken to another POW camp. He escaped again. The underground sneaked him over the Pyrenees mountains. He was rescued

Continued





CHEWING THE FAT: Robert E. Vickers, president of the 8th Air Force Historical Society, talks about old times with Maynard Smith at the banquet in Orlando.

off the coast by an English submarine.

But he was worn out, wounded so many times, his reserves depleted. Marcel St. Louis died in the hospital, fighting, as he always did, to stay alive.

Smith completed 13 missions, sometimes in the waist, sometimes in the ball turret. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroics over St. Nazare.

Then, a couple of months later, he was walking through downtown Bedford when it all caught up with him. In a sort of delayed reaction to the danger and excitement, his mind went blank.

"I just forgot where I was," Smith says.

They took him off flying and put him in Operations, where he got the inside scoop on one of the strangest stories of World War II — the disappearance of Glenn Miller, perhaps the most popular bandleader when big bands were king.

Maj. Miller conducted the Air Force Band, a collection of swing all-stars in the service. They practiced at the Corn Exchange in Bedford, just a few miles away from Thurlleigh, where Smith's 423rd Squadron, 306th Bomb Group was based. In the many stand downs due to the nasty English weather, Smith and his buddies would go into Bedford and listen to the band.

Smith remembers those days fondly: the Corn Exchange, where he met an English girl he eventually married, the Swan House and the taverns, the Ooze River that ran through town, and the Roman bridge that crossed it.

After the invasion of France, Miller planned to go to Paris to arrange for a broadcast and a rehearsal hall. In the Officers Club (Smith was still a sergeant and, technically not allowed, but no one was going to tell a Congressional Medal of Honor winner to get lost) Smith heard Miller talking with a major about the trip to France. The major said he'd fly Miller on Monday. Miller said, fine, see you

then, etc.

Smith thought the major was going to arrange for a B-17 for the trip. After all, even though the 8th had finally wrested air superiority from the Luftwaffe, it was still not completely safe. Especially not for the small, single engine Norseman C-64 in which the major planned to transport Miller to France.

But Smith knew too much about the service to contradict a major.

"That Monday," Smith says, "I ordered a jeep and rode with Glenn Miller to the plane."

Miller and the major took off. Smith was one of the last people to see him alive.

It was Dec. 15, 1944. The small plane cleared the English Channel and was never heard from again. The Air Force conducted a 12-day search over the plane's 160 mile route and found nothing. "Lost," said a terse official release. "Presumed dead." Years later, divers claimed to have found a Norseman C-64 off the coast of France. But Miller's body was never recovered.

Smith is sure the plane was shot down, just as he's sure taking a single, unarmed plane across the continent was a dumb idea in the first place.

Smith returned to America aboard the *Mauritania*, the sister ship of the *Lusitania*. "I had had enough of flying," he says.

Shortly afterward, he went back to work for the Treasury Department, but, in 1970, with just "\$1,300 and an idea," he founded the *Police Officers' Journal*, a "pro-police paper. It was a great success." Smith sold the paper in 1975 and retired to St. Petersburg.

He still doesn't look like a hero.

But he is.

MICHAEL SKINNER, features editor of the *Floridian*, and *Orlando Sentinel* photographer RICHARD WELLS could not talk to Maynard Smith for hours.



From the desk of
JOHN WOOLNOUGH

8TH AF NEWS
SINCE 1975
P O BOX 4738
HOLLYWOOD FL 33083-4738

Dear Russ:

Thought you should see the
noted job that Neal Shine,
Detroit Free Press, did on Scruffy Smith.

I never heard him embodying his
effort -

John

Please return the clipping to
my file - John

Dear John

Sept 5 1984
15545 GAYWOOD
RENFORD MI 48239

THIS ARTICLE WAS IN THE DETROIT
FREE PRESS LAST SUNDAY NEAL SHINE
IS THE MANAGING EDITOR. - IT MAY
BE OF INTEREST.

MY WIFE & I SPENT SOME TIME
WITH MAYNARD SMITH - THE HOTEL
BAR TO BE EXACT - AT THE
WASHINGTON D.C. REUNION. I DIDN'T
HEAR HIM MENTION ANYTHING OF HIS
MEDAL - BUT WE DID CHAT ABOUT
OUR SERVICE DAYS

Tom Cassidy
95TH Bomb Grp.

M. H. Smith
3701 Park Street N.
St. Petersburg, FL 33710

Feb 25 - 81

Mr. Wm M. Collins Jr.

Dear Mr. Collins,

My pilot in the 306 BG is
now a captain flying 747's
world wide for Pan Am.

He will join the PTH AF
Historic Society and be a member
of the 306 BG.

Please send him a copy of the

↓ ↓ January issue.

SEE

REVERSE SIDE

FOR ADDRESS

Thank you,

Maynard H. Smith - CMM

Mr. L. P. Johnson
131 Tullamore Road,
Garden City,
New York 11530

Russ :

Add -

L P JOHNSON

131 Tullamore Rd

Garden City, NY 11530

16 May 1984

Mr. William Van Norman
669 47th Av
San Francisco, CA 94121

Dear Bill:

I hope your health is reasonably good at this time.

After you have read the attached piece on Snuffy, I would appreciate it if you would consider writing something for the June issue of Echoes on how the "big" story affected you and how you handled it at the time and in the next three months.

I am sure others in the 306th would find your reactions to the events an interesting sidebar to the obit itself.

As you will note in the obit, Snuffy tended to enlarge his role a bit as time went on. I have seen several interviews he gave over a period of five years, and in each one he became a little more important. At the end I am sure he could not separate fact and fiction.

Anything you might decide to do will be most appreciated, and I ought to have the copy in about a month.

Please give it your serious consideration.

Sincerely yours,

Russell A. Strong