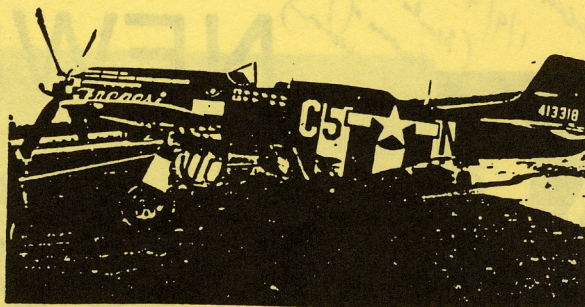




8th AF



THE FIRST JET PROPELLED REVETMENT

By Former Crew Chief S/Sgt. Robert L. Krull
of the 357th Fighter Group, 364th Ftr. Sqdn.

One day in England during WW II, the 357th Fighter Group was slated for a maximum effort mission. My Pilot and Squadron Commander of the 364th Ftr. Sqdn., Lt. Col. Thomas Hayes was leading the squadron.

Everything was going OK and our plane (Frenesi) was all ready to go. It was the procedure to fill the English made paper drop tanks just before the mission because they had a very short life. The gas truck came around and filled the drop tanks and everything was OK so I got in the plane and ran up the engine to get all the air out of the lines. When I got down from the plane, I saw gas gushing out of the left drop tank. I had to do something fast because Hayes was leading the squadron and I knew he wanted to fly his own plane. In WW II, we just did whatever was necessary to get the job done so I got some help and pushed the plane out of the revetment so that the left wing tank was over the grass and dropped the tank. We kept on pushing the plane until it was almost out to the taxi-strip and then I put on a new drop tank which I always had ready in case of a leak. I sent Gene Barsalou, my Assistant Crew Chief to find the gas truck and they came and filled the new tank. I ran up the engine again and had the plane ready just in time for the mission.

As soon as the planes left, Gene and I started to clean up the mess. We got the gas truck to suck as much gas out of the bad tank as possible. Then we cleaned up the revetment and moved everything out. At that time, it was time for early chow so I sent Gene to eat and I stayed to finish the job. What little gas was left in the tank, I poured on the revetment. I thought I might as well have a clean revetment.

Then and I am sure, against all regulations, I lit a rag and threw it onto the revetment. There was instant wall to wall fire and the oil spots and all were being cleaned up. All of a sudden I heard a rumble and roar from the back of the revetment. I ran around and there was about an eight or ten foot blue flame coming out of the drain tile. I was so embarrassed and looked all around to see if anyone had seen it. I guess everyone went to early chow as no one was around.

After several minutes, it stopped and I had a sparkling clean revetment. What had happened was that much more gas than I had expected had run down the drain and when it took off, it was quite a spectacle.

I was so embarrassed that I never told anyone about it. As far as I know, no one knew what had happened. After the war, I finally told Tommy Hayes at one of the reunions. I often think what would have happened if such a thing had happened today with Osha and all the environmental regulations. Anyway, like everything else, WE DID GET THE JOB DONE in WW II and that was really important.

MAJOR REED G. LANDIS
40 SODN, RAF
CAPT. KEEHN LANDIS
363RD FS
357TH FG

TWO GENERATIONS OF FIGHTER PILOTS

ENCOUNTER REPORT, 1st LT. KEEHN LANDIS: 18 September, 1944

"Vectored to combat by M.E.W. I was flying in Cement Blue Flight, #3. The flight chased two Me 109s flying about 100 yards apart. My flight leader overshot and I pulled into position in a left-handed turn, pulled two radii and fired from 400 yards, continued firing up to 50 yards. Observed hits and smoke. Pilot rolled plane on back and bailed out. Parachuted down successfully. 109 painted grey. Encounter took place between 6,000 - 9,000 feet"

I claim one Me 109 destroyed. Ammunition expended: 1020 rounds, .50 cal."

(signed)

Keehn Landis
1st Lt. AC

Just short of 26 years and 1 month earlier, on 19 August, 1918, his father, Lt. Reed Landis, shot down a German Fokker D-7 over the Western Front in France.

Reed Landis was born on 17 July, 1896 at Ottawa, Illinois. His father, Keehn's grandfather, bearing the unusual civil war battlefield name of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, was a well known judge, and later commissioner of baseball. Before he was 20, Reed had enlisted in the 1st Cavalry of the Illinois National Guard as a private, the unit soon deploying to the Mexican border. It was 1916, and the 1st Ill. Cavalry was only one of many units which were part of General John Pershing's campaign against Mexican bandit/revolutionary Pancho Villa. By the time his outfit returned from the border in 1917, the U.S. was involved in the great war. Reed was accepted for officer training and then as an aviation cadet in the fledgling air service.

Due to a trade agreement with the British, he was shipped to England to train with the Royal Flying Corps (later Royal Air Force, after April, 1918). After completing his training he went to France in the spring of 1918, where he was assigned to the RAF's 40 Squadron to gain combat experience. This he did in a spectacular fashion, shooting down 12 enemy aircraft between May and September. (1 balloon, 2 observation types, and nine single engine fighters. This figure 12 is from British sources. Official USAF records credit him with a total of ten.)

In September, the U.S. Air Service claimed him as their own, and he returned to England, now wearing the blue and white ribbon of the Distinguished Flying Cross. Promoted to Major, he was given command of the 25th Aero Squadron. This was a new pursuit squadron just forming and was equipped with British SE5a aircraft, the same type he had flown with the RAF.

Although he did take his squadron to France, the war ended before it could be committed to combat.

Although a U.S. Army officer, all of Reed Landis' combat time, and his victories were with 40 Sqdn, RAF.

After the war, Reed Landis left the Air Service for a business career, and in the years just before WW2, he was vice president of American Airlines. In May, 1942, he was called back to active duty in the USAAF as a colonel and held several commands in training and then in Troop Carrier units until his release in June, 1946. Colonel Reed Landis died in 1974.

Keehn Landis, our 357th member, was born to Marion and Reed Landis on 17 June, 1922, growing up in the suburbs of Chicago. Although his father was no longer an active pilot, he maintained a strong interest in aviation and promoted many flying activities in the Chicago area. Young Keehn grew up accustomed to the presence in their home of many of the flying greats of the time. As with many of us of our age, Keehn had his first airplane ride in a Ford Trimotor. After high school and a summer at Culver Military Academy, he was due to take up an appointment at the Military Academy at West Point. However, he chose Princeton University where he studied in the School of Public and International Affairs.

When Pearl Harbor burst onto the American conscience he had completed 2½ years at Princeton. He at once joined the Air Corps Enlisted Reserve, which allowed him to remain in college until called up. He was ordered to active duty in May, 1943, at which time he had already begun flying with the Civilian Pilot Training Program. His cadet class was 44A, and on completion of training he sailed for the United Kingdom, reporting to the 357th on 11 July, 1944. Among those reporting at the same time were Moebius, Ferron, Dunlop, Mooney, Winks, Maxwell, McGuire, Reid, Corwin, Carter, Kirla, Pelon, Perry, and Schimanski. Of this group, Mooney, Ferron, Corwin and Perry were KIA, Dunlop, and Reid become POWs.

Keehn Landis' first mission with his new squadron, the 363rd, was on 21 July, 1944, and he flew almost 254 hours of combat in 60 missions. In January, 1945, orders took him back to the ZI for an advanced gunnery school, where he was injured in a take-off accident. Unable to remain on flying status in the army due to a head injury, he left the AAF. He was able, however, to obtain his Commercial pilot's license.

Today, almost 50 years later, Keehn says he is somewhat embarrassed to be compared to his father's WWI record. However, any attempt at comparison would be fruitless and needless. It was a different time with different circumstances. Both generations of Landis fighter pilots did their duty to the fullest.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: Our purpose here was to illustrate the fact that one of our own 357th pilots was a 2nd generation fighter pilot, whose father had been a WWI ace. This was probably a fairly uncommon situation. If there are any other 357th pilots whose fathers had also been fighter pilots (or military pilots) before them, we would like to know it.

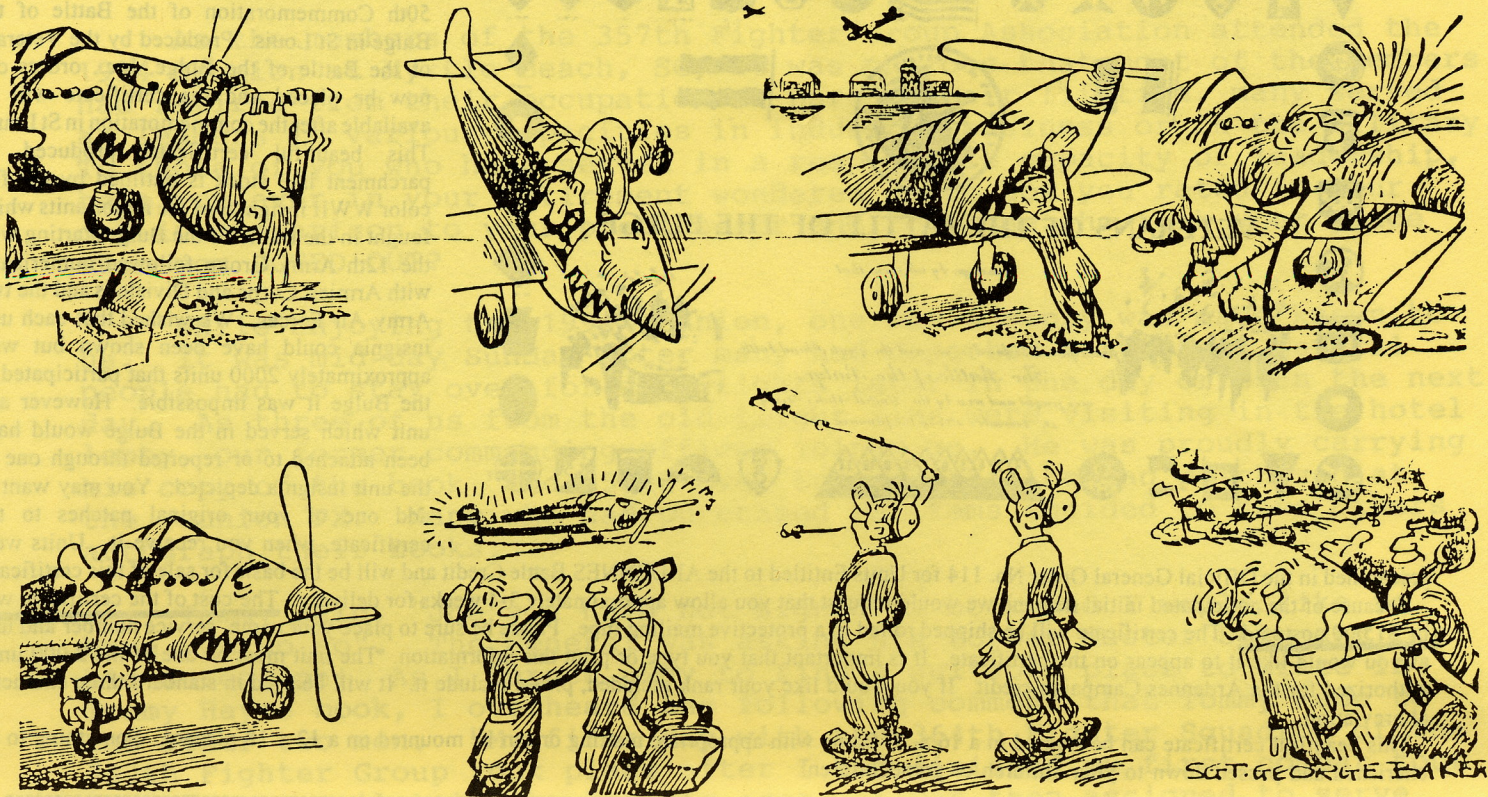
Merle Olmsted

SAD SACK.

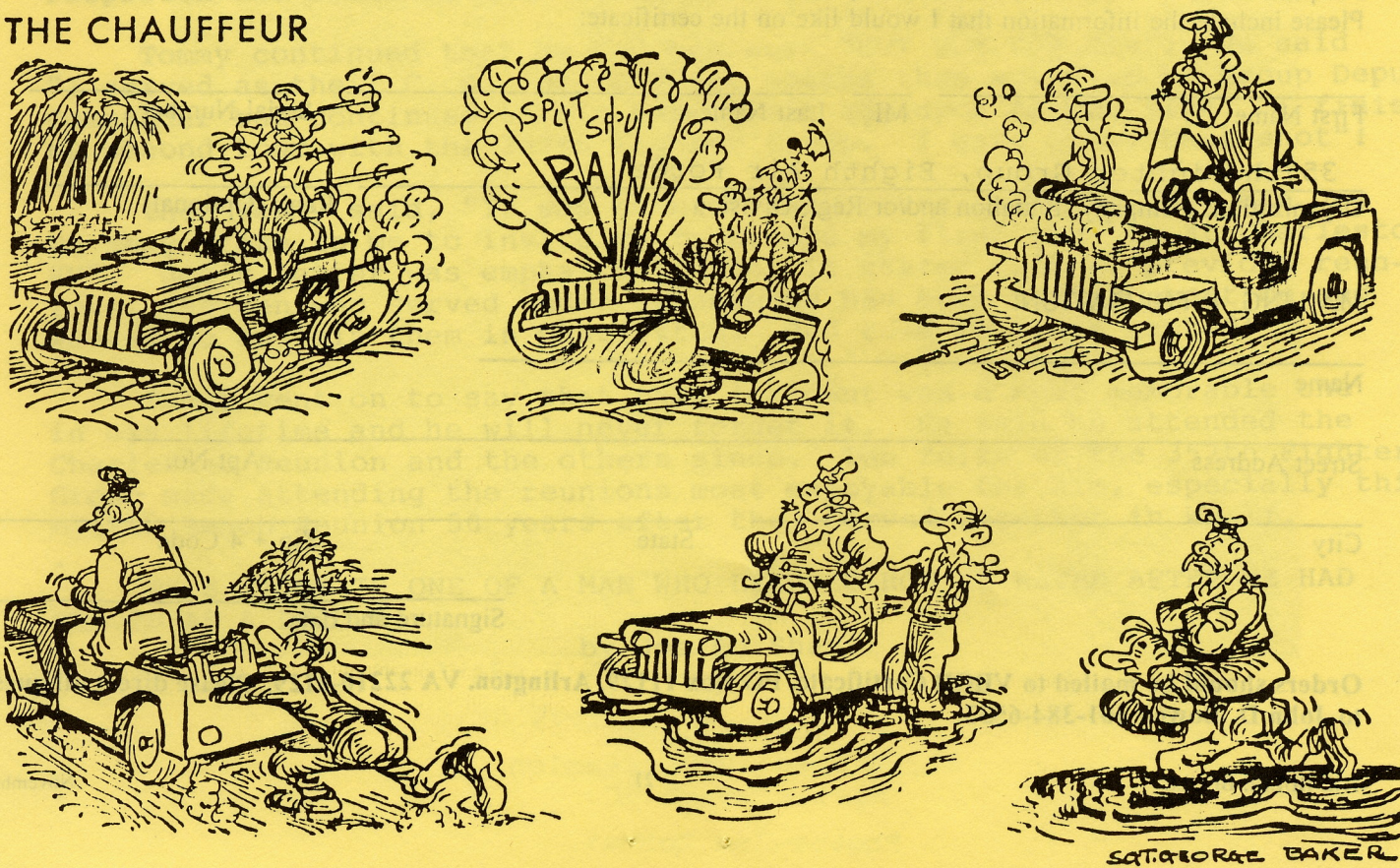
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Our Treasurer W.O. barrowed these cartoons from someone?

THE MECHANIC



THE CHAUFFEUR



A SEARCH MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED

On 15 March 1994, Jacques Thiry of Belgium wrote to our Associate Member David Hudson at Leiston. Mr. Thiry had been assigned a project by the people of his village of Stave, Belgium, to obtain information about the American Fighter Pilot who died during WW II. The Pilot was Capt. Lloyd M. Hubbard of the 357th Fighter Group, 363rd Fighter Squadron, S.N. 0-730498 whose aircraft, a P-51B was shot down and crashed in Mr. Thiry's hometown of Stave on February 8, 1944.

In September 1994 an official ceremony was planned to celebrate the 50th anniversary of Capt. Hubbard's crash. This coincided with the 50 year celebration that Belgium had been liberated from the enemy.

David Hudson passed Mr. Thiry's request on to Joe De Shay and on 27 May 1994, Mr. Thiry wrote directly to Joe. There were two avenues of research to be pursued. Both very difficult to accomplish. The second part of the request was even more difficult for Mr. Thiry wished to contact someone of the Hubbard family.

Joe and Merle and others had no direct answer. Lloyd's brother Glenn who survived the war as a pilot of the 364th Fighter Squadron in the 357th Fighter Group had died in the early 1980's. Joe went to his city library computer which has a phone directory listing of the U. S. Searched for Hubbard concentrating on the State of California where Lloyd's brother Glenn had lived. Found a Glenn Hubbard address and phone number and sent it to Olmsted in California to pursue. It turned out to be Glenn's widow Hazel and she had no knowledge of a Memorial honoring her brother-in-law Lloyd in Belgium. Evidently Hazel Hubbard contacted the older Hubbard brother of the four brothers and he completed the needs for Mr. Thiry.

Bill Overstreet, "O'Bee" O'Brien and Harvey Mace each wrote fine letters to Mr. Thiry relating what a fine personality Lloyd Hubbard had possessed. Bud Anderson did likewise with a copy of his book.

Mr. Thiry wanted to know about the markings on Lloyd's P-51 for replicas and paintings were to be made of his aircraft. This was not the normal 357th Fighter Group situation. The 357th Fighter Group had just about received its full compliment of new aircraft to become operational. Lloyd was flying an "Orientation Mission" with the 354th Fighter Group a week prior to the 357th Fighter Group being declared operational.

Historian Merle Olmsted and Joe De Shay decided that the red and yellow checkered Group identification on the nose of the 357th aircraft had not been assigned at that time based on early photos. At that early date, that aircraft nose area was painted all white. We were not sure if the squadron identification letters on the fuselage had been assigned. Merle's advice to Mr. Thiry was to have the white nose identification and B6 to identify the 363rd Squadron and omit the letter for the specific aircraft in the squadron on their paintings and replicas.

Joe dug out an old photo of a pilot that was labeled HUBBARD. Bill Overstreet confirmed that the photo was of Lloyd. The photo was passed on to Mr. Thiry via Olmsted.

We reserved space in our newsletter for this interesting story in that it reminds us that those of our 357th Fighter Group who gave their lives were not and have not been forgotten. To our knowledge, no member of our association was aware of the Monument in Belgium dedicated to our pilot Lloyd M. Hubbard.

Stave, september 4 1994

To commemorate the 50 th Anniversary of the liberation of Europe.

IN HONOR OF CAPTAIN LLOYD M. HUBBARD.

Like in many other towns and villages across Belgium, we are gathered here today to celebrate the 50 th Anniversary of our liberation.

Coincidentally, exactly 50 years ago, the first American allies arrived in Stave, to the great relief and great joy of the local population.

At the time of the liberation, even though the scenes of joy were very intense, there was also deep remorse and sorrow for the parents and friends of fallen soldiers.

Along with our compatriots a large number of allied soldiers lost their lives in the efforts to chase the agressor and thus re-establish freedom.

Among these soldiers, there was the brave American Pilot, Captain Lloyd Moore Hubbard, who was shot down on the 5th of February 1944, at this very location.

50 years later, we would like to particulary honor him, along with his brothers in arms. In sum, here are several words which describe the circumstances in which the couragous U.S. Army Air Corp Pilot perished.

In the beginning of 1944, the allies intensified the raids and bombardments against Germany, thus systemically destroying the Nazi industrial complexes. These operations were part of a grander strategic plan, that of the allied invasion of occupied conti-nental Europe.

Between Great Britain an Germany, flying over Belgian territory was inevitable for the British bombers that operated during the night, and for the American bombers that operated during the day.

On February 8, 1944, a raid in the region of Francfort organized by the 8° Air Force was conducted. Both the B-17 an B-24 bombers were escorted by several fighter planes, the P-51 "Mustang".

At the command of one of these "Mustangs" was a young Californien, 23 years of age, the Captain Lloyd Hubbard, who was part of the 357 th fighter group, based at Leiston on the east coast of England.

Lloyd Hubbard came from a family of five children, four of which were brothers. All four were passionate aviators and possessed private pilot licences. after attending Hayward Union High School, they joined the U.S. Army Air Corps. Once separated by their war duties, the four Hubbard brothers served their respective divisions. Harry was assigned to serve in the Pacific in a Unit of B-29 bombers; meanwhile Lloyd and Glenn were assigned to the 357 Fighter Group based in England. The youngest Melvin was stationed in the Islands of Açores, in a Unit of B-24 bombers.

Within the 357 th Fighter Group, Lloyd Hubbard, known as "Hub", was considered as an excellent pilot. His flying techniques were exceptional and thus gave confidence to his compassions for their subsequent mission. By February 11, 1944 the P-51 B "Mustang"s were operational.

But Captain Hubbard is already trained and ready with his new plane. So, on this 8 th February, he is flying with the 354 th Fighter Group.

After accomplishing his mission over Francfort, the "Mustang"s headed back towards England. Yet upon their return the "Mustang"s flew over the Florennes Air Base which was occupied by the Luftwaffe (German Air Force). Therefore again the "Mustang"s prepared themselves for another battle against the enemy. The four Mustangs plunged dangerously close to the ground and thus opened fire on their military installations.

It was the beginning of the afternoon, and the visibility was good. In the village, the people were alarmed and surprised to see the great American fighting machines. Although the danger was omnipresent, some villagers remained outdoors to personally witness the mass destruction inflicted upon the Nazi aggressors.

Suddenly, drama; one of the fighters is shot down by a deadly weapon. The plane bursts into flames and smoke before it crashes upon this very spot, in a field situated between the homes of the family Delmulle and that of the family Chenut.

Eyewitness rushed to the scene in hope of aiding the shot down pilot. Unfortunately the impact of the crash was extremely violent, and the wreckage continued to burst into flames. The unfortunate pilot was dead.

The German soldiers also arrive very quickly at the crash site. They investigate the premises and evacuate the villagers from the area.

Nonetheless some of the villagers managed to acquire pieces of the wreckage without the Germans' knowledge. Part of the propeller was quickly found and hidden. Even some personal belongings of the unfortunate pilot were found and hidden away from the German investigators. Among these belongings, the helmet was retrieved, which revealed the identity of the pilot, Captain Hubbard of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

At the 357th Fighter Group, the news of Captain Hubbard's death created enormous sorrow. The young pilot, and among them Glenn Hubbard, just lost one of their future "Flight Leader".

Three days later, the 357th Fighter Group is operational. It will distinguish itself through its great efficiency. By the end of the war this group will have accumulated 600 victories in an air combat. Among these pilots some have gone on to establish great reputations. Some being the friends of Lloyd Hubbard, such as Clarence E. Anderson, and Charles E. Yeager, who broke the record for the speed of sound, on his Bell X-1 on the 14th October 1947. After the war they kept the memory of Lloyd Hubbard in their memoirs !

At Leiston where the 357th Fighter Group was based, a commemorative monument was erected to honor the members of this distinguished group that perished during the war. The name of Captain Hubbard appears on this monument.

In Stave, Belgium; the population also has been very affected by the events of 1944. This is why by the end of the war the people of the village under the initiative of the family Delmulle have expressed their gratitude by constructing a monument in the memory of the pilot. The monument built at the very site of the crash is decorated with a piece of the propeller retrieved by at the time. It was inaugurated in August 1945.

Personal belongings were handed over to the American Military authorities. The family Chenut had sent a letter to the parents of the dead. This letter was of great comfort to the Hubbard family which was greatly affected by the loss of their son.

Fortunately the other three sons survived the war.

In 1946, the body of the deceased was transferred to the American Military cemetery of Margraten, nearly Maastricht. Captain Hubbard was decorated with the Silver Star and the "Purple Heart" is now resting with this numerous compatriots fallen during the war.

The information above resulted from a long search. This search was successful thanks to the contribution of eyewitnesses through their recollection of these past events. As well as thanks to friends and acquaintances motivated by this kind of research. They have been of great help for both their experiences and documentations.

I have been able to rely on the precious help from people in U.K. and Holland. In the U.S.A. people from Kansas City as well as members of the veterans association 357 have spared no effort to assemble my documentation.

Support from the Hubbard family, and particularly from Colonel Harry Hubbard have contributed for a better understanding of the personality of his brother Lloyd.

I would like to thank the following people.

This commemoration of the 50 th Anniversary of the Liberation has offered a special opportunity to recall the memory of Captain pilot Lloyd Hubbard. His bravery is embedded in the villages history affecting the memories of our eldest and in setting up for the youth an example for meditation.

I thank you very much for your attention.

THIRY Jacques.