The Germans condemned him to death for "inciting a riot," but Col. Henry Spicer's words gave his fellow POWs strength and fortitude.

A Speech Worth Dying For

By C. V. Glines



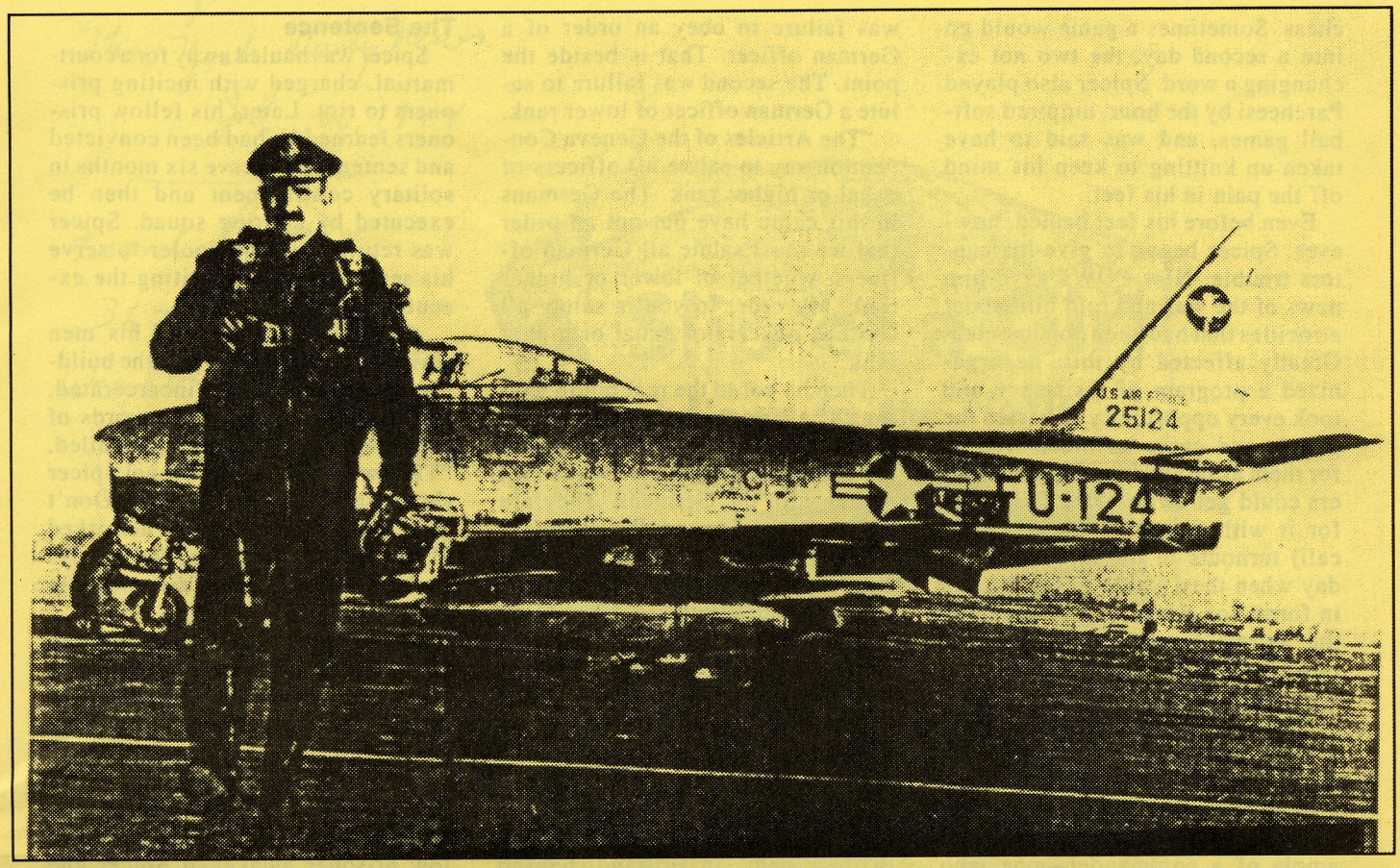
Col. Henry R. Spicer was the Commanding Officer of the 357th F.G. from 17 Feb. 1944 to 7 March 1944.

Permission to reprint this story granted by the Air Force Magazine.

THOSE who served with him remember that big, mischievous grin under the wide, thick mustache, the close haircut, and the ever-present pipe. Equipped with a fabulous memory for names, Maj. Gen. Henry Russell Spicer was known as "Hank," "Russ," or "Pappy," depending on when and where you served with him.

For those who were prisoners of war with him in Stalag Luft 1 at Barth, Germany, in World War II, he is remembered as the senior officer in the North No. 2 Compound, the one who went to great lengths to antagonize his German captors and make them adhere to the Geneva Convention in their treatment of POWs. Spicer, then a colonel, once was accused of inciting the camp to riot with a speech he gave to the 1,800-man compound. He received a German death sentence for that speech and thus became an enduring part of the lore of the Air Force.

Spicer graduated from the Army Air Corps advanced flying school in 1934 but had to remain a Flying Cadet for another year because the service was short of funds to commission new flying officers. He was later assigned to fighter units at



The man who survived a Nazi death sentence became a proficient jet fighter pilot and instructor after the war and eventually achieved the rank of major general and served in many posts, including vice commander of Air Training Command.

March Field, Calif., and Wheeler Field, Hawaii, before becoming an instructor at Randolph Field, Tex., in 1941.

Spicer's fighter background was evident to those of us who were flying cadets at Randolph in the summer of 1941. As our flight commander, he gave us the all-important forty-hour flight checks in the BT-14 basic trainer. You knew you passed if, after demonstrating your skills, he would say, "OK, Mister, I've got it" and then put on a demonstration of aerobatics stretching the BT-14 to its limits. You knew you flunked if he merely took over and returned to the field.

Spicer's skills made it inevitable that he would get into combat in fighters. He was assigned to Eighth Air Force as executive officer of the 66th Fighter Wing and then took command of the 357th Fighter Group in February 1944. He was in England only a short time and had led only fourteen missions, with three enemy aircraft destroyed, when his Mustang was damaged by flak March 3, 1944.

Spicer bailed out into the near-freezing waters of the English channel and drifted for two days in a one-man dinghy. Rescue boats and aircraft couldn't find him. His feet and hands were badly frostbitten when he finally drifted ashore near Cherbourg, France. Unable to walk and near collapse, he was found lying on the beach by some German soldiers. He was taken to Oberursel, near Frankfurt, for interrogation and medical treatment before being sent to Stalag Luft 1.

Unintimidated

The Germans didn't know what a strong-willed person they had on their hands. He was not about to be intimidated or give any information of value, especially names of anyone who might later become a POW. He was questioned by Hans Scharff, a master Luftwaffe interrogator who spoke excellent English and later became a US citizen. Scharff admitted that Spicer was expert at dodging his questions and made a fool of him.

Spicer was still suffering from frostbitten feet and hands when he arrived at Stalag Luft 1. Lt. John J. Fisher, a fellow POW, recalls him lying on his back for long periods, rubbing his legs to restore the circulation. Lt. Richard McDonald, who walked the perimeter of the compound with him, recalls how Spicer had set himself a rigorous rehabilitation program, determined to regain full use of his legs and the ability to walk normally.

Gerald W. Johnson, then a major and one of the top aces in the European Theater of Operations, was a fellow POW. He recalls spending many hours with Spicer playing

chess. Sometimes a game would go into a second day, the two not exchanging a word. Spicer also played Parcheesi by the hour, umpired softball games, and was said to have taken up knitting to keep his mind off the pain in his feet.

Even before his feet healed, however, Spicer began to give his captors trouble. New POWs gave him news of the war and told him about atrocities that had been documented. Greatly affected by this, he organized a program of resistance and took every opportunity to harass the guards and cause as much trouble for them as he and his fellow prisoners could get away with. They paid for it with frequent "appell" (roll call) turnouts in the middle of the day when they would have to stand in formation while the "goons" and the "ferrets" went through their barracks looking for anything they said was illegal to possess.

Capt. Mozart Kaufman, who wrote a book about his experience as a German POW, said, "We felt it was a small price to pay." He added that he regarded Spicer as a good example of a commander—one who kept morale high by challenging the Germans every chance he got. This helped the whole compound maintain a feeling of solidarity against the enemy.

The Speech

On the very cold morning of November 1, 1944, the entire prison camp population had been rousted out of the barracks for a required daily roll call, usually a fifteen minute procedure. "The Germans kept us there shivering for an unusually long time," recalled one POW, Lt. Philip Robertson, "claiming that they weren't getting the correct count."

Robertson went on, "After about two hours, Colonel Spicer dismissed us, over the loud protestations of the German guards. He then called us over to his barracks, and we gathered around him, standing on the ground, as he stood on the steps about three feet above us and began to talk loud enough for the guards to hear."

In his postwar book, *Fighter Pilot*, Captain Kaufman recalls what Spicer said:

"Yesterday an officer was put in the 'cooler' for two weeks. He had two counts against him. The first was failure to obey an order of a German officer. That is beside the point. The second was failure to salute a German officer of lower rank.

"The Articles of the Geneva Convention say to salute all officers of equal or higher rank. The Germans in this camp have put out an order that we must salute all German officers, whether of lower or higher rank. My order to you is salute all German officers of equal or higher rank."

Then he got to the real point, saying, "I have noticed that many of you are becoming too buddy-buddy with the Germans. Remember we are still at war with the Germans. They are still our enemies and are doing everything they can to win this war. Don't let them fool you around this camp, because they are dirty, lying sneaks and can't be trusted.

"As an example of the type of enemy you have to deal with, the British were forced to retreat in the Arnhem area. They had to leave the wounded in the hospital. The Germans took the hospital and machine-gunned all those British in their beds. In Holland, behind the German lines, a woman with a baby in her arms was walking along the road, evacuating the battle zone. Some British prisoners were passing her. She gave them the V sign. A German soldier saw her and without hesitation swung his gun around and shot her on the spot.

"They are a bunch of murderous, no-good liars, and if we have to stay here for fifteen years to see all the Germans killed, then it will be worth it."

Loud cheers arose from all the men. The German major in charge of the guards was furious. Within a short time, Spicer was put in solitary confinement in the "cooler," a small cell that measured about six by eight feet. Meanwhile, Kaufman, sensing that Spicer had just made a speech that should be remembered, returned to his barracks and began, with the help of his roommates, to reconstruct Spicer's words. He recorded them in a logbook, which he then buried under the barracks in a tin can.

The Sentence

Spicer was hauled away for a court-martial, charged with inciting prisoners to riot. Later, his fellow prisoners learned he had been convicted and sentenced to serve six months in solitary confinement and then be executed by a firing squad. Spicer was returned to the cooler to serve his sentence while awaiting the execution order.

Occasionally, some of his men would be led by guards past the building in which he was incarcerated, and they would shout out words of encouragement. Robertson recalled, "Then we would hear Colonel Spicer shout back, 'Keep fighting! Don't give in to the bastards!' " When asked if he needed anything, he always replied, "Yeah, send me machine guns!"

In the end, Spicer managed to evade the firing squad—by a single day—and the death sentence was never carried out. Shortly before Stalag Luft 1 was overrun by Soviet troops on the night of April 30, 1945, the German guards fled and left the prison camp untended. When a fellow prisoner awakened Spicer and told him they had been freed, Spicer wouldn't leave. "I have one more night to make it an even six months," he explained. "I'm staying here tonight."

When Spicer finally did come out, according to Robertson, "Every prisoner—to the man—gathered at the entrance to greet him, cheering and trying to pat him on the back. He gave a short speech and said that seeing us and hearing our shouts made the whole experience in solitary confinement worth it."

In the next few days, Spicer was evacuated with the 6,250 other former kriegies and flown from Barth to Camp Lucky Strike in France for processing before going home. Colonel Spicer, who later became an Air Force major general, retired in 1964 and passed away in 1967, but he will always be remembered for the speech that not only brought him a death sentence but also brought strength and fortitude to his fellow prisoners. ■

C. V. Glines is a writer living in Dallas, Tex. He was a flying cadet taking basic flying training at Randolph Field, Tex., when then Lieutenant Spicer was a flight commander. His most recent article for Air Force *Magazine, "Another Title for Crew Chief," appeared in the February 1994 issue.*

OVERSEAS ACTIVITY

We will pass on to you, a "Media Brief" that was circulated about the area of our former Leiston Airbase in England. (notation as follows)

Friends of Leiston Airfield
Media Brief

A group of people interested in aviation history and in particular that of Station 373 and the 357th Fighter Group met on 23 Sept., 1995 at the Clubhouse of the Cakes & Ale Park, Leiston. Station 373 is probably better known as Leiston or maybe Theberton Airfield and the 357th Fighter Group became known as "The Yoxford Boys" when they flew their Mustangs from the airfield during 1944 and 1945.

Peter Saunders and various other members at the park were becoming increasingly concerned at the deterioration of the memorial located on the airfield and felt that unless something was done soon, it could be too late. He decided to contact those who he knew to have an interest in the airfield and the 357th and invite them to a meeting to discuss the matter. In the meantime and in seeking to establish ownership and responsibility for the memorial, he had contacted Flt. Lt. Chris Betson, CO of 1379 Sqn. ATC, Leiston air cadets who advised that the clearing of the dispersal and erection of the memorial had been a 1379 Sqn. project carried out by the cadets and supervised by Warrant Officer Peter Barker in 1991.

The outcome of the meeting was an agreement to establish a "Friends of Leiston Airfield" with two immediate objectives.

1. To prevent the memorial from deteriorating and to enhance its location.
2. To provide an information point, readily accessible to the public.

It was also felt that a project of this nature would fit in well with the Leiston and District Development Initiative. A further meeting took place at the Cakes & Ale Clubhouse on Sat. 28 Oct., 1995.

(end of Media Brief)

On 5th October, 1995, Peter Saunders wrote to Joe De Shay stating a meeting of interested persons was held at the Cakes & Ale Caravan Park on 23 Sept. 1995. In attendance:

Peter Saunders
Gus Clutten -- Associate Member of the 357th F.G. Association
Peter Barker - Friend Member of the 357th F.G. Association
Roy Manning -- Friend Member of the 357th F.G. Association
Chris Betson - C.O. of Leiston Air Training Corp
Stephen Noble- Civilian instructor at A.T.C.
Clive ? --- Collector of Artifacts
Tony Errington would have attended but was hospitalized.

At the meeting, it became obvious that a committee was needed to coordinate all of the ideas that were put forward and to assure that all parties work together. The committee is:

Peter Saunders --- Coordinator
Chris Betson ----- Secretary
Stephen Noble ---- Treasurer
Peter Barker ----- Airfield Historian
Roy Manning ------ 357th F.G. Liason

The organization is to be known as "Friends of the Leiston Airfield".

Later our Historian, Merle Olmsted heard from Peter Barker whose proposed lay-out for improvement of the 357th F.G. Memorial has been accepted. The site owner has offered full cooperation and the local cadets of the Air Training Corp will continue to be involved. Their objectives are:

1. Blacken lettering on the memorial in the Spring of 1996.
2. Enhance memorial surroundings in the Spring of 1996.
3. Find buildings to creat a museum.
4. Gather photos, stories, memorabilia to put on display.
5. Maintain an eternal link between Leiston Airfield and current and future generations of the 357th F.G.

There was some consideration given to move the memorial to a more accessible place near the road. After evaluating this idea, it was decided that the current site on the old 363rd F.S. hardstand created a perfect place of solitude. Funds for the project are being raised in the airfield area.

At present, memorabilia is on display in one room of the "Cakes & Ale " park clubhouse which adjoins the caravan site. Gus Clutten, manages the caravan site for the owner. To we Yanks, the caravan site is comparable to our K.O.A. campsites in the U.S.A. Some cottages are permanent and available to rent as holiday homes. Proposed lay-out is to be seen on the following page.

VISITORS

The daughter and family of Tommy and Louise Hayes visited the Leiston Cakes & Ale Park and Caravan site. Gus Clutten wrote that he regretted that on that occasion, he was just recovering from having the flu and it was a bitter cold day so he could not be the host he would have liked to have been when they were there.

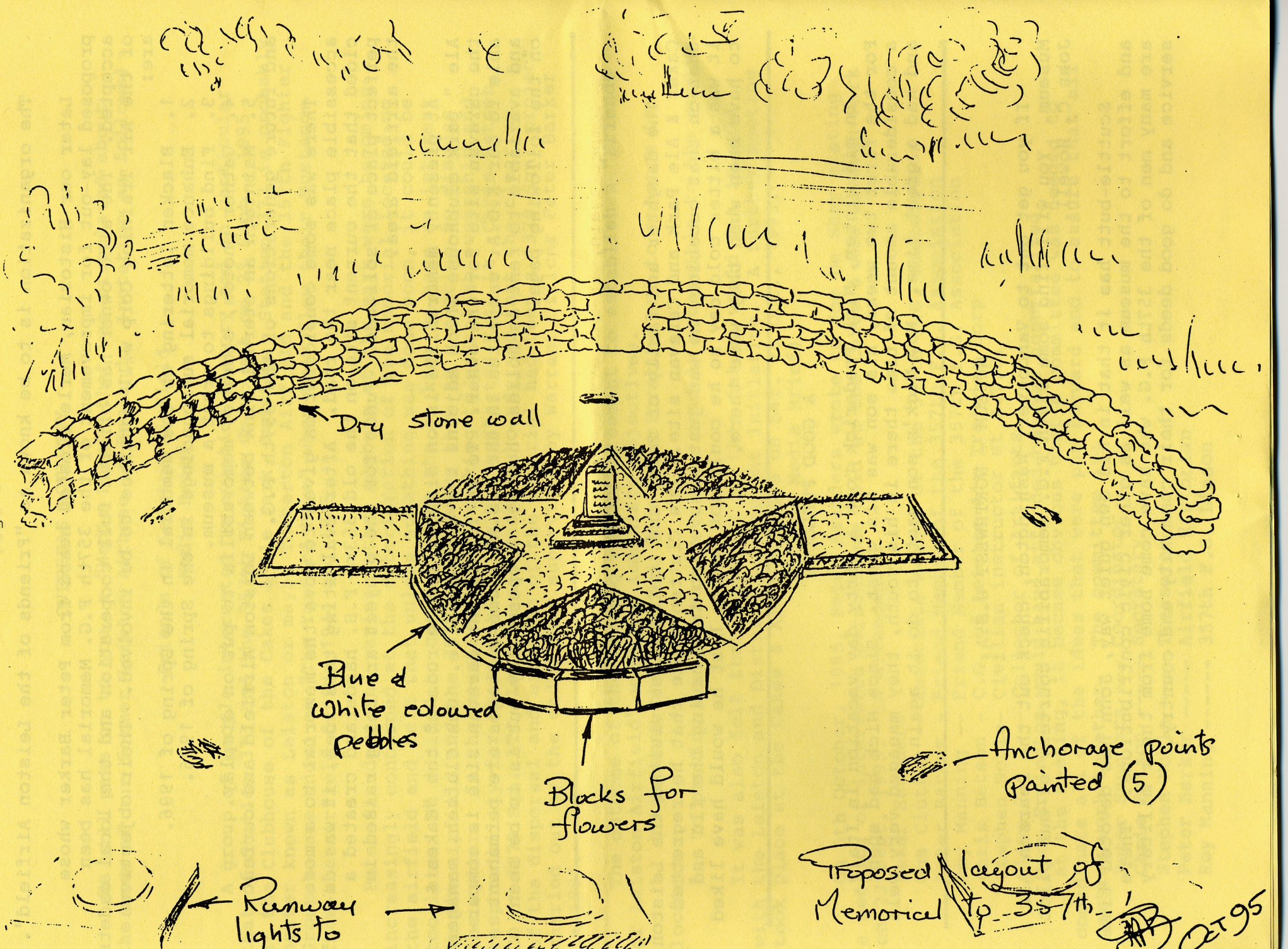
A GOOD FURLOUGH

In mid winter, Nick Frederick took a forty day vacation in Italy. For the first two weeks, his son was his guest. Since Nick had spent a considerable amount of time there in his youth, they managed very well and had a great time. Now Nick's son wants to do it again.

MUSEUM - NORTHWEST U.S.A.

If you get out to Vancouver, Washington, check out the Pearson Air Museum. You will find some 357th F.G. memorabilia courtesy of our pilot John C. Howell.

Scuttle-butt has it that in his own quiet way, John has devoted time and effort to the museum as well as other civic contributions. There are many men of the 357th F.G. who have come home from their military service and do good deeds for their community and country.



Proposed layout of Memorial to 35/7th

OCT 95

From the Stars & Stripes
May 24, 1944

OXYGEN OUT, PILOT FLIES 90 MINUTES WITH MIND A BLANK

An Eighth Mustang Base, May 23:
For an hour and a half, 1/LT. William B. Overstreet Jr., a P-51 pilot from Clifton Forge, VA flew his Mustang Fighter over enemy territory and didn't know a thing about it, his mind a perfect blank.

Flying into France, Overstreet's oxygen system failed at 22,000 feet. His plane dropped out of formation and his squadron leader couldn't reach him over the radio. For 90 minutes, the Virginian, subconscious from lack of oxygen, apparently flew his plane by reflex action alone and only regained his senses when the ship slipped into a spin, the denser air at 7,000 feet reviving him in time to recover and fly home.

At the hospital where the flight surgeons said he was allright for combat again, it was explained that Overstreet must have dropped from 22,000 feet for his 90 minutes of blank flying, because he probably would have died in the rarified atmosphere of that altitude without oxygen.

From John Cirillo (363rd.)



No Wonder I'm Tired

There are 200 million Americans,
85 million are over 65 and 78 million are under 21.
That leaves only 37 million to do the work,
but 5 million are in the armed forces.
That leaves 32 million to do the work,
but 6 million are on welfare,
and that leaves 26 million to do the work,
but 15 million work for the government,
and that leaves 11 million to do the work.
10 million are in school,
that leaves 1 million to do the work,
but 750,000 are disabled or sick.
That leaves 250,000 to do the work.
Last week there were 249,998 people in jail.
And that leaves 2 people to do the work.
And since you don't do much -
NO WONDER I'M TIRED!



OCTOBER-1995

CAKES AND ALE CLUB
LEISTON AIRFIELD
ENGLAND

left to right

Former British Land Army Girl
Audrey Buzzeo

Associate member Gus Clutten

Former 363rd FS crew chief
Pat Buzzeo

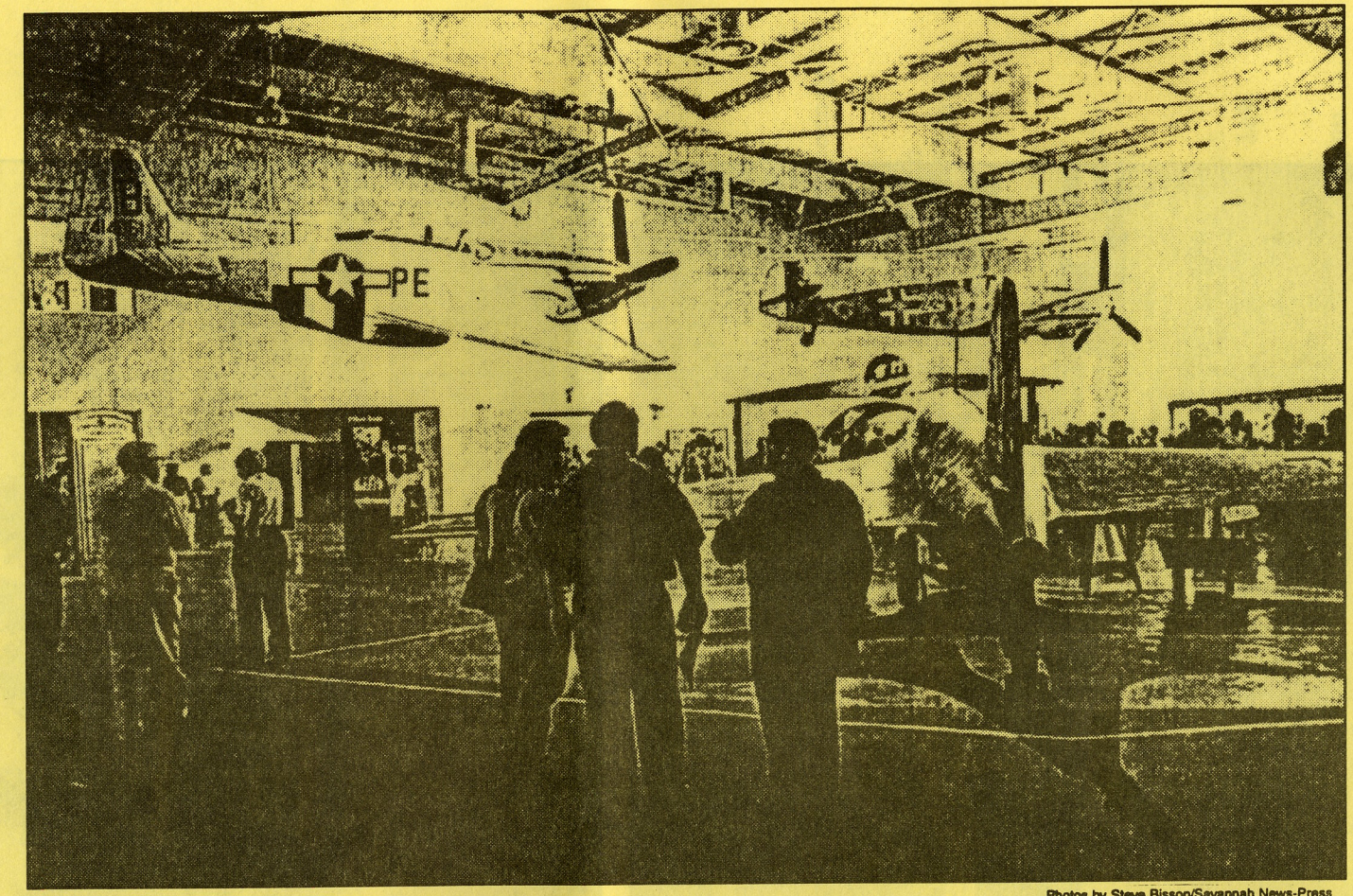
photo Diane Buzzeo

MIGHTY 8TH

Opening today to the public

10 a.m. — Ribbon-cutting ceremony that includes flyover, remarks by retired Air Force Gen. E.G. "Buck" Shuler introduction of guests, guest speaker and B-52 flyover.
2 p.m. — Glenn Miller concert by Air Force Reserve band.
6 p.m. — Museum closes.

14
MAY
1996



Photos by Steve Bisson/Savannah News-Press

A Messerschmitt Me-163B-1a Komet rocket plane, on the ground, is on display at the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum.

'A dream come true'

▶ Thousands of veterans travel to Pooler on Monday to see the center built just for them — the Mighty 8th Air Force Heritage Museum.

There were silver plaques on the wall of which one was of the 357th Fighter Group and it's three Fighter Squadrons. On the wall of Fighter Aces, I saw at least six pictures of 357th Fighter Group Aces.

THE NORWEGIAN ODYSSEY OF BILL DUNLOP

As the 357th Fighter Group Historian, the name of William Dunlop was familiar to me because of a brief note in the group records for September, 1944. An added paragraph to the mission report for 15 September, has this to say: "Lt. W.R. Dunlop, spare on mission separated from group on West Frisian Islands. With his gyro out, Lt. Dunlop got lost in the clouds and when he finally found his bearings, he was over Christiansand harbor in Norway. He straffed three seaplanes at 1045 anchored in the harbor, damaged a DO 24. He then took heading for nearest land and landed at Crail, Scotland at 1630 hours".

I had often wished I could ask him about that adventure but Dunlop was listed as a lost sheep. In mid 1992, by a stroke of luck, I found him, now a Psychiatrist living nearby in the San Francisco Bay area. Subsequently he and his sons and later he and his wife, came to visit us and they also attended the Long Beach Reunion. During these visits, I asked Bill about the long ride to Norway and asked him to write it up for the newsletter. Following is the story of Bill Dunlop's Scandanavian adventure on the 15th of Sept. 1944.

Merle Olmsted

I did preplan going to Norway. For the trip, I could only procure maps of the nearest Norwegian coast. The night before, I asked to be put on spare. The next morning we were briefed for a mission to the Stettin area via the Frisian Chain and Denmark. We took off as low squadron, me with the second spare on my wing. After a non-eventful takeoff and assembly, we began the long climb to the enemy coast. Five to ten minutes from the first of the Frisians, we suddenly ran into a solid front. Trying to get through the entire squadron split up. Just before entering the soup, I told my wingman to return to base. He had lost one of his drop tanks and had insufficient fuel to make the long trip ahead. Once in and split up, I was alone and spotting one of the islands thru a temporary break, I felt my responsibilities to the mission were over. A spare is only required to accompany to the coast. I began a tight spiral in an attempt to stay in the hole. At 3000 ft., I had built up 300-350 mph airspeed and couldn't keep it tight enough with a full gas load. Entering the stuff half ready to spin, I barely gained straight and level at 500 ft. still on instruments edgeing down to 200ft I broke out in a driving rain storm and over a high running sea. Turning to my heading and setting the airspeed and mentally noting the time so as to make a bend into the Skatterak, I snuggled down to 50 ft over the North Sea. I switched to channel B, Air Sea Rescue and hoped I was low enough and far enough away from the Danish coast to elude the radar sweep. I had computed an 8 hr steady course prior to the turn? As the first hr passed, it was only with great concentration that I kept from hitting the wave tops. The water had a disillusioning effect on depth perception and it seemed to draw me like a magnet. Somewhere enroute I passed over a drifting mine. From my low altitude it looked huge and its protrusions very deadly. I contemplated exploding it with the 50s but thought better and let it alone. After approximately one and three quarters hrs of this mist flying, I had the surprise of my life. The mist and rain ended suddenly in a wall just as it had begun. Bathed in sunlight and framed by pearl-like clouds, the mountains of Norway rose

straight out of the sea. For a moment, it took my breath away. I almost went into the water again. There was no doubt I had overshot and come upon the south coast somewhere in the vicinity of Lister. I decided to parallel the coastline hoping to pick up a plane or a transport a few minutes after climbing up over the mountains from the sea? The country is wild and rugged in terrain almost beyond imagination. The mountain ridges and ranges run into the North Sea to make contact perpendicularly, the dividing valleys with rushing rivers, hurdled cliffs to form waterfalls of great violence. The only agriculture seemed to lie along the narrow space between the river bank and the valley walls. There was however, an abundance of lumbering. The streams were choked with logs and great floats lined the edges of the Fiords. Still attempting to elude German Radar, I would dive down into the valleys and zoom up the other side flat on the deck in a porpoising motion. Perhaps due to the kick I was getting out of it or the maps I never did locate myself. Off the coast several miles, there was considerable shipping. In each of the larger Fiords, there seemed to be at least one fairsized town usually one half on the mountain side. The houses were always wood, generally white, sometimes red or unpainted. Everything seemed extremely neat and gave the impression of a hardy civilization below.

At first I contented myself staying away from built-up areas but attracted by a wood church, beautifully and massively built and receiving no flak, I flew over everything from then on. I never tired of flipping over a ridge and diving down the next valley. Each time there was a new and awesome sight. Finally I came on a Fiord which dwarfed the others with a lush green well planned countryside extending 5 to 10 miles along either side. I later learned this was Oslo Fiord. Here I noticed my first railroad and partly looking for something German to shoot at but also just curious. I followed it flying about 50 ft above the tracks. I had been over Norway for one hour and was about to retrace my flight when I stumbled across the German Seaplane Base at Horten just south of Oslo. It was in a cavity in the Fiord with bordering hills and an Island in the harbor making it an ideal spot to defend and providing smooth water for takeoff and landings. On the Island, a half-moon affair, stood a powerhouse and I was soon to learn 20 or 40mm flak guns. In the town of Horten due south several ocean going vessels were docked perhaps transporting aircraft parts that a factory nearby produced to Germany. What particularly interested me and had me excited were a HE 115 and two large Dornier Flying Boats floating serenely in the center of the bay.
(Journal lost from this point on, the rest from memory 48 yrs later)

I remember popping over hills on the west side of the small harbor, firing at one of the Dorniers, most of the fire missing, kicking rudder to bring the fire back but getting only a few hits on one wing. Later I found all the guns on the left side had not fired. I could not let the fat target go, circled low and made another pass from the west. All Hell broke loose with AA from a number of locations around the harbor. I can't remember if I fired again but I do remember the AA was heavy and I took off south down the Fiord full throttle, little balls of fire floating by on all sides. I remember feeling amazed that nothing had hit me. Out of range, I briefly considered going to Sweden which was in plain view to my left. I knew I had used too much gas and could not get back to England. I decided I might be able to make it to Scotland.

I remember thinning the mixture, lowering the RPMS and climbing back into the clouds to approximately 10,000 ft. I set a course for what I thought was the nearest part of Scotland. Now that radar could pick me up, I wondered if the Germans would send up Fighters. I flew instruments all the way west. I tried to make some kind of radio contact but couldn't. As the gas gauge became near empty, I descended gradually wondering if I could make it to the coast. I had it in my mind that the Scottish coastal range was 1000-2000 ft. high. As I got down to that altitude, the visibility was still zero. I thought about bailing out at the end of the gas but that was an unattractive option at best. Finally I decided to inch down hoping to come out over the sea near land. I broke out at no more than 100 ft, not over the sea but miraculously over an airfield. I dumped it in without ground contact, I couldn't wait, taxied to an apron. A British officer, probably the C.O. met me in a jeep. He seemed irritated by my unexpected arrival. I don't think he believed my story that I had been lost in Norway, more like I was another crazy Yank. Finally he became a little more friendly, promised to put me up and service my plane. I believe he called Leiston and confirmed my missing plane. We did have a momentary run-in. He wanted me to give him my gun camera film. I refused saying it was U.S. property. Later I hid it under the cockpit seat. The airfield was the British Naval Airbase at Crail, Scotland. I was shown to the mess and later to the Officers Club. It was a scene hard to believe. Not a sober citizen to be found, everyone was smashed singing and shouting. It seemed they had sunk the German pocket battleship Tirpitz earlier that day, of all places in a Norwegian Fiord. I remember talking to a flying officer from Ceylon. The pilots were from countries all over the world. The next day I checked my plane, it had been serviced as promised. The line mechanic told me I had landed with 4 gallons of gas. I made a hot takeoff wanting to show the British what a P51 could do, pulling it off quickly and as straight up as it would go. At something like 500 ft over the end of the runway, it started to fall off in a stall but I was able to get the nose down and steady it with the rudder and regain flying speed. I remember thinking how foolish I was but also happy that the British could see what our plane could do. The trip south was uneventful except for some Spits and Hurricanes that wanted to dogfight. I left them behind. The hills in southern Scotland and northern England were rose colored and quite beautiful at that time of the year.

Further Note by Merle Olmsted:

Although Bill remembers that the escapade caused him to be grounded for a week, the grounding did not "take", as two days later, he was aloft with the rest of the group over the airborne landing at Arnhem. Here he shot down an ME 109 and another the next day. He scored a total of four air victories before he was shot down on "The Big Day" - 14 January, 1945 and spent the remaining few months of the war in a Stalag Luft.

A SPECIAL RECIPE

RUM CREEK

1-2 Quarts Rum	2 cups Dried Fruit	1 cup Flour
1 cup Butter	1 T. Lemon Juice	1 cup Nuts
1 Tsp. Brown Sugar	2 Large Eggs	1 cup Sugar
1 Tsp. B. Soda	1 Tsp. B. Powder	

Before starting, check the Rum's quality by sampling. GOOD, isn't it? (It must be just right) To be sure the rum is of the highest quality, pour 1 level cup of rum into a class and drink it. (If the Rum quality is not the best, the cake will not be superior) With an electric mixer, beat 1 cup of butter into a large fluffy bowl. Add 1 seaspoon of tugar and beat again. Meanwhile, make sure the Rum is of the highest quality, try another cup -- GOOD, isn't it? Open a second quart of Rum, if necessary. Add 1 arge legg, 2 cups of fried druit and beat until high. If the fruit gets stuck into the beaters, just pry it loose with a dres-criver. Next sift 3 sups baking power, a pinch of Rum, a seaspoon of toda and a cup of pepper (it really doesn't matter) Sample the Rum again. GOOD, isn't it? Sift ½ pint lemon juice. Fold in chopped butter and strained nuts. Add 1 tbsp. of brown sugar (or whatever color you find). Mix well. Grease that crazy overn, crank up that cake pan to 350 degree-dies. Now pour the whole mess into the overn. You don't need a pan, just throw it in (where is that overn anyway?) Now, check that Rum again. GOOD, Isn't it?

Above recipe sent to our Treasurer, Bill Overstreet by Margaret Clark, one of our Associate Members. GOOD, Isn't it?

412 West First Street
Oswego, New York 13126

Forwarding and Address Correction Requested.

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
PERMIT No. 461
Oswego, N.Y. 13126

William B. Overstreet
3387 Pasley Ave.
Roanoke, VA 24015

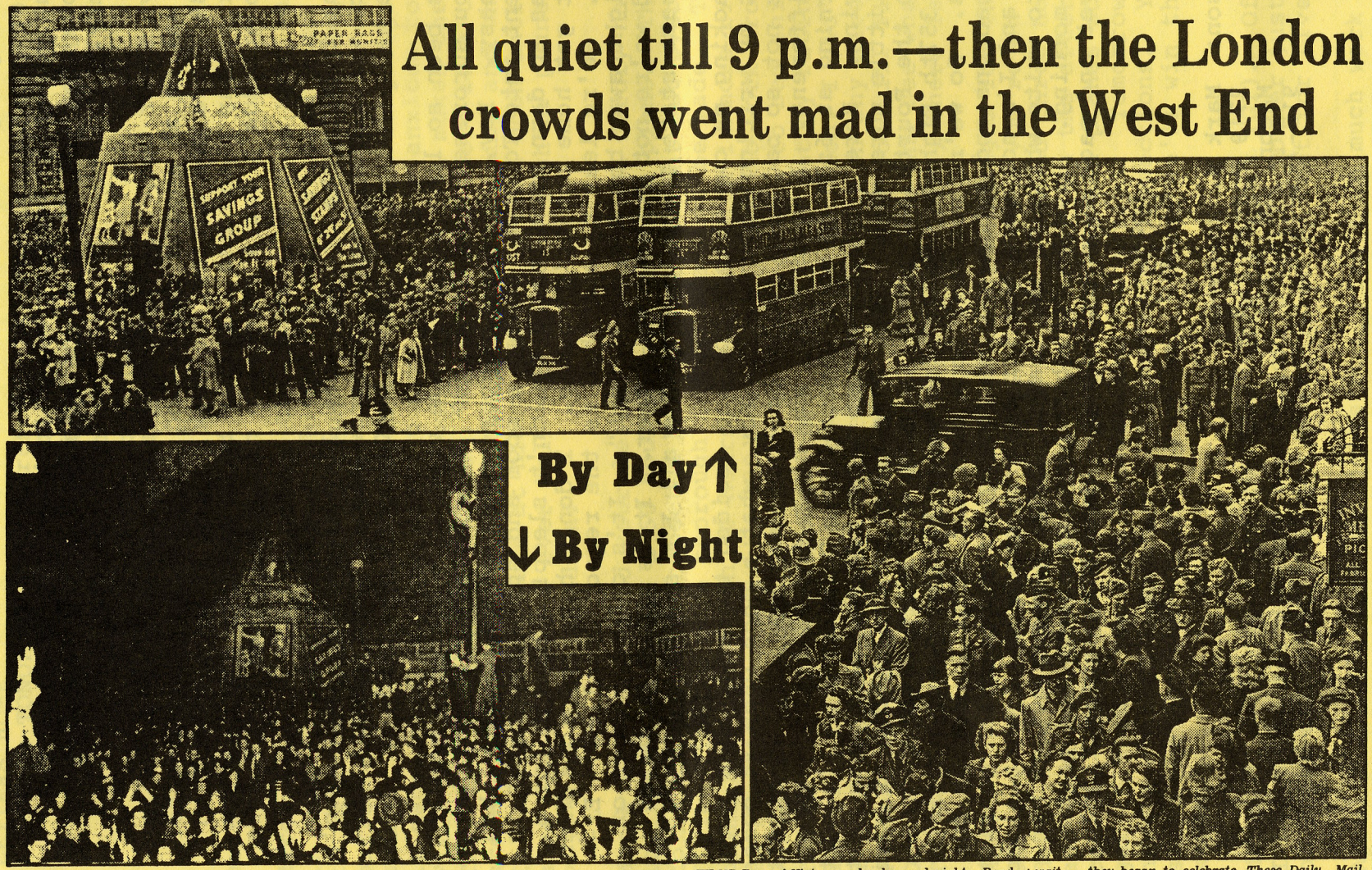
Bottled Proverbs
HP sauce
waste not, want not:
it's scarce.

Daily Mail
4 A.M. EDITION
NO. 15,290 ONE PENNY FOR KING AND EMPIRE TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1945

3-POWER ANNOUNCEMENT TO-DAY; BUT BRITAIN KNEW LAST

VE-DAY—IT'S ALL OV

All quiet till 9 p.m.—then the London crowds went mad in the West End



By Day ↑

↓ By Night

THE Face of Victory — by day and night: Roadways around Piccadilly Circus were jammed nearly solid yesterday afternoon by crowds waiting to hear VE-Day announced. Then they decided not to wait — they began to celebrate. These Daily Mail pictures give you a vivid impression of the great concourse of joy — above by day; on the left, by night.