

Haw Haw: This is the Bremen, Hamburg and Cologne radio...a special service for troops of the Allied Armed Forces...William Joyce speaking. Today out of the heavens over the British Isle another brutal sortie by Mustangs of the American Eighth Air Force, was levied upon defenseless...non-military objectives on the continent... killing several innocent bystanders. Once again, the 357th Fighter Group... the Yoxford Boys...have shown the extraordinary inhumanity and stupidity of the American Air Forces. (Fade Music up)

Announcer: Lord Haw Haw called it...but perhaps he was a bit prejudice. Let's look at the record... Pick out a date... how about June 29th 1944?

Narrator: At a point of rendezvous, a huge force of bombers met their fighter escort... the 357th Fighter Group was an integral part of this non-pleasure trip to Leipzig. For awhile it was just another routine mission...until... suddenly, from out of the sun...down sweeps a large force of Nazi interceptors...down they came... and 22 of the interceptors never stopped their downward trip. In one of the most perfect jobs of bombing escort...not a single American fighter or bomber was lost in the mission. (Music: Up).

Announcer: The bombers learned early in the war to count on the protection of the 357th Mustangs. Remember the famed shuttle-run to Russia... and back via Italy? That was a routine job... and the P-51's could have made the difference between success... or failure.

Narrator: Enemy opposition during every stage of the journey. Making a crazy pattern in the sky... all the way across Europe, the huge convoy met the best the Nazis could send up to stop them. Half the delivery job was done... the biggest C.O.D. ever undertaken... but there was still the return trip. More opposition over the Balkans...fighting their way clear down to Italy... refueled...minor repairs ... and then home. With members of their ground crews acting as aerial gunners in the B-17s...the 357th managed to bring the bombers without a single loss...and plenty of the Luftwaffe's pride and joy went up in flames on that trip.

Announcer: D-Day... the greatest invasion of all time. Wave after wave of infantry stormed the beach...thankful for the great armada overhead which kept the enemy air activity at a standstuck. This task of providing air support for the landing fleet fell upon the pilot of the 357th Fighter Group.

Narrator: For eight hours that day they patrolled the beach of enemy positions. A strong point could be seen now and then opening up on the struggling invaders...a P51 would rake it for a few seconds... and the enemy position would be silenced... Eight missions in all... on that D-Day and with each mission there was more and more security for the landing forces. (Music Up).

Announcer: An airborne fleet filled the sky over Holland in late September... C-47s complete with their paratroop personnel... and gliders...led to the tail with all that makes an Air borne invasion possible. And forming a blanket around this mighty fleet was an aerial cover of fighters and bombers. The 357th Fighter Group was in on that deal too.

Narrator: On the 18th and 19th of September, 1944...somewhere between the border of Northern France...and the D-z at Nijmegen, Holland...45 enemy attackers met the guns of the 357th... and death. (Music: up).

Announcer: January 14th, 1945... the biggest day in the history of the 357th Fighter Group. On this day, the Yoxford Boys destroyed 59 enemy planes over Berlin.

Narrator: The weather was extremely inclement for the first week or so of January...and the pilots were getting restless. Finally the low ceiling broke ...and they drew their next assignment... the assignment to escort a group of bombers to Derben... 55 miles from Berlin.

Narrator: If the buzz bous were itchin for a fight... they weren't disappointed. The Group lead a long column of bombers. A huge cloud passed them...there...silhouetted against the sun were no less than a hundred Messerschmitt 109s...another cloud cleared away above the Messerschmitts... unveiling 80 or 90 Focke-Wolf 109s. As the 109s dove eight abreast at first threat off. The Nazis passed harmlessly under the bombers and attempted to reform for another try. The second P-51 squadron joined the first in a whirlwind attack on the bewildered Messerschmitt pilots. Meanwhile...the third and last squadron of Mustangs watched and waited. Sure enough... the hovering Focke-Wolfs suddenly dove to the aid of their beleaguered comrades...As they did, the last squadron swung on their tail... catching the whole force in a neat trap. For fully 35 minutes... the 357th's 52 mustangs dove and turned in hot pursuit of the would-be attackers. Fifty nine of the Nazi planes went down under their blazing guns and less than a dozen of the enemy planes managed to pierce the fighters screen to attack bombers. Lt. General James Doolittle described that day as "the most humiliating beating the Hun ever took in the air".

(Music: up).

Announcer: Yes, Lord Haw Haw...let's look at the record. In fifteen months of combat flying