On April 18, the USAF Museum in Dayton will host the 70th anniversary of the Doolittle Raid on Tokyo. The 5 remaining members of the 80 will be honored. Last December, the National WWII Museum in New Orleans also praised these airmen. They spoke of the mission and Roosevelt's plea to stem Japan's advance across the Pacific. The Doolittle raiders gave America its first glimmer of hope since Pearl Harbor. In New Orleans, it was riveting to hear their first hand accounts. I talked with one of those Raiders, Sgt. Edward J. Saylor, and learned about his remarkable story of improvisation to keep his plane no. 15 airworthy. Ed's work would be a stroke of luck for pilot, Ted Lawson, and the crew of the iconic, plane no. 7, the Ruptured Duck. Lawson would later author the first personal account of the Raid in his book, THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO. LTC Edward J. Saylor would complete a distinguished 28 year military career in aircraft maintenance with a stellar record of never grounding a plane for lack of air worthiness. That record started on the deck of the HORNET with plane no. 15.
The elder Ed Saylor, Sr., epitomized that adventuresome spirit of first generation immigrants to the new world. His Bavarian born parents settled in Mankato, Minnesota where Ed was born in 1896. Mankato was fertile farm country of the northern tier states. The soil yielded an abundant harvest of grains, vegetables, and fruits. Wildlife abounded and was there for the taking. Life in Mankato was too comfortable and complacent for the young wanderlust. The lure of the great western expanse was his dream. "A truly nice place to live, but you couldn't tell me that when my feet began to itch and I could only see one direction.....West!

No sooner than earning the price of a train ticket, Ed Saylor, Sr. was headed for Big Sky Country. Arriving in Great Falls, Montana; eager to learn, and wanton for food and shelter, Ed enrolled in a business school. To support himself, he secured a variety of work from livery stable tender, teamster, cattle driver, store clerk, hotel night clerk, anything to pay his room, board, and tuition. Life was good. There were no complaints until Ed came up against the reaching tentacles of the labor movement and a certain union organizer who seemed to harass him from job to job. The demands were untenable for both employer and employee. The catch 22 dilemma was confounding. To keep his job, Ed had to join the union. If he joined, his employer couldn't afford to pay him and would have to let him go. It might have been understood in the big cities east of the Mississippi, but in the wild and free range country of the West?

Things came to a logger head when Saylor confronted the rotund union business agent on the "busiest block of Central Avenue" in Great Falls. "Something about the way he looked at me was just too much. I hit him hard, mashed his cigar over his face." Saylor continues: "We fought all over the street before a cop separated us." Although he was fined, Ed Saylor said it was worth it, having purged that burning feeling inside.

There was little time to mull over his plight. When word came that the battleship Maine was blown up in Havana harbor, Ed Saylor and four of his buddies signed up to become members of Co. A, 1st Montana Volunteer Infantry. In short order, the Montanan was slugging it out in the jungles of the Philippines. Following the war; discharged in San Francisco, arrangements were made to bring back the Montana infantry by rail on a special coach car to Great Falls. The veterans were greeted as heroes and promptly given jobs in the lead smelter. For many of his buddies, it was the beginning of a comfortable life, not for Ed. He found the smelter work aggravating his wellbeing, both mentally and physically. With repeated visits to the doctor for chronic skin disorders on his feet, he was given the ultimatum by the tending physician. Either quit or expect matters to get worst. The answer was simple: "I figured he knew what he was talking about, so I quit that job."

Now as parents, we all know what our kids do when they have experienced a personal crisis. They go home, of course. Ed was no exception. Mankato would be a short visit, ultimately reinvigorating that underlying yearning to return to Montana. The opportunity came with a temporary job while in Mankato. The father of a friend was involved in real estate transactions with surplus properties of the Northern Pacific Railroad right of ways south and west of Duluth, Minnesota. A parcel of land caught his eye and Ed became a landowner and resident of Barnum, Minnesota.

The move from Mankato to Barnum was a logistical feat. Ed loaded up his few possessions, livestock, brother Art, and stowed away younger brother Julius and dog Rex, all in a box car. In Barnum, it didn't take long to establish roots and become a pillar of the community as the head of the school board. Once again, conflict forced his hand. The townspeople resented an unpopular school board decision rendered by their young leader. For that he was shunned and treated like a pyorrhea. For Ed, it was a short lived disappointment. He really longed to get back to Great Falls. Now he had the excuse.

He worked as a tenant rancher just long enough to realize he wanted a place of his own. So, once again, with brother Art, lock, stock, and barrel were packed up and this time, driven, as in a cattle drive driven, south and east of Great Falls. Their journey was not easy, taking several weeks to cross over a snow covered mountain trail. The pioneers would eventually settle down in tiny Brusett, Montana located in present day McCone County. As homesteaders abandoned their ranches, Ed and Art slowly bought and expanded their ranch operations.
A measure of permanency was the registration of their ranch brand, **Backward K, bar lazy U**. It was an usual brand in that two irons were required to mark their livestock, twice the work.

Ed Saylor, Jr. and the 100 yr. old pair of branding irons of the family ranch in Brusett, Montana

THE RANCH AT BRUSETT, MONTANA

With his own land firmly under foot, the senior Saylor married another pioneer, Lorena Heisel in 1909. Tiny ranch hands soon followed. Their children, Richard, Francis, Dan, John, Kay, Ed jr. and Ervin, fit the bill. The lessons of the work ethic, adventure, and patriotism molded the Saylor family. Life was rewarding but difficult on the Brusett ranch. The closest amenities were 30 miles away in the town of Jordan, a post office, general store, and boarding school, and not much more. It was in Jordan where the kids started their formal elementary school education. Later, they would attend G.C.H.S., Garfield County High School. However, it was Brusett where the clan learned the real lessons of life. As Ed put it, there was never want of work; never ended, and not much time to do anything else.

For Ed, that would change dramatically. One day, when at the Jordan Post Office, an Army Air Corp flyer advertised for men with mechanical aptitude. That portion was likely glanced over. After all, any ranch hand worth their salt, tackles all the challenges of operating and maintaining a fully fledged cattle spread. Older
brother John convinced his younger brother to enlist with him. All doubts quickly vanished when Ed read the $72 per month pay that was being offered. It was big money back in 1939. Ed knew it would be his ticket off the ranch and would ease the financial hardships of ranching. Not until he was 'in the Army Now', did the enlistee read the fine print of 'earn up to $72 per month. In the meantime, he would start out at $21 per month. 'How do I get the $72?' was one of the first questions to his sergeant. The answer of course, was by study and qualifying exams.

In preparation, Ed applied himself and devoted all energies to learning as much as possible about aircraft and their maintenance. Aside from the potential pay, he was genuinely interested in all things aircraft related; earning a 96% test record at aircraft mechanics school at Chanute Field, Illinois. His first orders were to report to the new McChord Air Base, Tacoma, Washington. Airman Saylor was now officially part of 17th Bomb Squadron. It was the start of a historic rendezvous with the Squadron's famed leader, Colonel Jimmy Doolittle.

Eager to demonstrate his skills, Saylor entered a competition at McChord that tested the aircraft mechanics capabilities. Against more experienced members, Ed claimed the first place cash prize. It bolstered his confidence. He was ready to claim the title of Crew Chief. The only impediment was his rank. During the infancy of the Army Air Corps, officers were being drawn from the Army and given that title. The only problem was that while some had mechanical experience, aviation mechanics and crew chiefs were just as new as the aircraft being put into service.

At Geiger Field in Spokane, Ed knew he had the 'right stuff' to be a crew chief but lacked that privileged rank of a technical sergeant. When his commander relented and gave him a conditional 'yes', based on an oral exam by a panel of regular army crew chiefs. It was the fait accompli. Ed knew his stuff; more so than his superiors. After answering a few questions, the examiners quickly acknowledge his superior understanding. He was promoted to corporal, becoming the very first crew chief below rank of technical sergeant with the caveat of a special pay rate equivalent to that of a tech sergeant. He had arrived, surpassing his goal of $72 to $84 per month. It was a gift, a wedding gift, for in short order he met Lorraine Howard and they were married less than a week after the attack on Pearl Harbor. The war took precedence and Ed moved with the 17th Bomb Squadron from Pendleton, Oregon to Columbia, South Carolina. It was in South Carolina where Colonel Doolittle assembled his group and asked for volunteers for a highly secretive mission.

Without reservation, Sgt. Ed Saylor volunteered. In interview, he played down the risk, telling me that many soldiers were doing just the same all over the theatres of war. It was expected when you put on the uniform for
your country. Training started in earnest at Elgin Field, Florida. The rigorous short field take-offs, in less than 500 ft., didn't seem unusual for Saylor. He explained that the common belief was that crews were being trained for action in the Pacific Theatre where makeshift jungle airstrips would require skills in short takeoffs.

Neither did it seem out of the norm when the qualifying crews were ordered to report to the newly christened USS HORNET at Alameda Naval Air Station, California. It was assumed that the 16 B-25s on the flight deck were going to be shipped to the Pacific. How wrong they were.

To get warmed up to Sgt. Edward J. Saylor and his fellow Doolittle Raiders, watch the conference segment in the link below, labeled: THE DOOLITTLE RAIDERS IN THEIR OWN WORDS.

\DOOLITTLE RAIDERS\Webstreaming of the WWII Conference New Orleans Dec. 2011.htm

'TNT' A.K.A. 'DEMOCRACY'S ACE IN THE HOLE'

CREW OF PLANE NO. 15

navigator/bombardier       pilot                  M.D. / gunner              co-pilot                       engineer/gunner

Sgt. Edward Saylor
THE 'KEYS' TO SUCCESS

It's every mechanic's nightmare. Your machine has a potential catastrophic problem and you are miles away from your shop. That's what confronted Engineer/Gunner Sgt. Edward J. Saylor, thousands of miles from his air base; at sea, and on the deck of a pitching and yawing carrier.

About a week under way; while doing his routine checks, Ed found the disturbing evidence. Checking the oil level of the right engine sump, Ed pulled the dual purpose dipstick. The magnet at the bottom, designed to pick up metal shavings and ferrous sludge picked up some bad news.

"On this day when I pulled the magnetic plug out of the right engine, there were 2 horseshoe-shaped keys stuck to the plug and I knew that the planetary drive gear system in the accessory case of the engine couldn't run without the gear system because it drove all the accessories and the hydraulic and the fuel pump and everything, the engine couldn't run without it. If one of those gears slid out on its shaft a little too far, then it would just strip out and the engine would quit. So I reported this to the General. And he said, "Can you fix it?" I said "probably, but I've never done anything like this before." He said "You've either got to fix it or push it over the side." So I took the engine off."  

On that encounter, Colonel Doolittle actually had cut Sgt. Saylor some slack. The colonel's normal modus operandi was to pose the question; but never reveal his appropriate and sometimes harsh directives prior to the response. Upon arrival at McClellan Field, San Francisco, each of the pilots of incoming B-25s was asked: 'How's your plane?" If the responding pilots had given any inkling of a problem, Doolittle was prepared to scrub that plane and its crew from the mission. One such pilot had a mechanical problem; thought better of telling, and reported it to be flight ready. The repairs were repaired under normal maintenance check procedures. Sgt. Saylor likely saved his plane and the crew from Doolittle's imperative to push it overboard. If he had 'misspoken'; knowing how attached the engineer was to his plane, one wonders if Sgt. Saylor would have chosen to follow the navy tradition of the captain going down with his ship?

Removing the 2000 lb. engine from the B-25 was no easy task. It had never been done at sea. There were many constraints. To start with, the bomber was going nowhere. Even if it could, it was too large to elevator down to the hanger deck. Whatever Ed's plan was, it would have to be done in place. That meant the engine removal would require some extraordinary rigging to both lift the engine and secure the plane from the resultant change in the center of gravity. If not done right, the engine could damage the airframe or once removed, the tail would drop onto the deck. Any airframe damage and 'TNT' would have likely been pushed over to meet the Neptune of the Sea.

The Hornet's machine shop and personnel rallied around Sgt. Saylor and 'Democracy's Ace in the Hole'. First task was to rig additional tie downs to the nose. Then a lift over the right engine was put in place. It all had to withstand the static and dynamic forces of the engine removal, and withstand the pitch and roll of the carrier deck as it cut through the terrible weather of the Pacific. As mentioned, the procedure had never been done on a carrier deck. Sgt. Saylor not only had never done it before, but also stated that according to the Army Air Corps he was not authorized to perform the work. It wouldn't be the only disregard of regulations. "It would have normally been done at the maintenance depot. He added, "On land."

Removal of the cowling and all those bolts, fasteners, hoses, tubing, and wiring harnesses had to be secured from the wrath of wind and sea. Ed saw to it that every piece was safely stowed away in the plane. As he put it, "If one part got washed overboard, that would have been it." Safely removed and in the machine shop, work on the engine's planetary gear system began. It appeared that there was just too sloppy a clearance for the displaced keys. They needed to be a little tighter. Unable to fabricate new keys, the navy's machine shop came up with the solution. They would knurl the surfaces just enough to make it a tight fit.
I wanted to find out just what these keys looked liked. If only, I could get my hands on a pair and present them to the sergeant for verification. That proved difficult. We are not definitively there yet, but well on our way. It served as an excuse to make several visits to Sgt. Saylor's home. Valuable information came from Aero Traders and their A&E technician, Carl Scholl. Aero Trader is a premier player in the restoration and rebuilding of vintage WWII aircraft engines. My first phone contact with Carl was a big letdown, to say the least. When I told the story and explained the part I was seeking, Carl politely informed me that there were no such keys on the planetary gear assembly of the Curtis twin row 14 cylinder engine.

In an effort to bridge the gap between Ed's description and Carl's statement of fact, I set out to create a replica of what Ed was describing. Somewhere between the MK1 & MK2 versions I received the following picture and comment from Carl:

My partner and I have done a little research on this "key". We overhaul R2600 engines which are used on the B-25. The early model -9 engines used on the B-25B has a different method of attaching the gears in the supercharger planetary assembly than used on later -29 models. I have included a few photos of the actual gears and the "clips" that retain the gears. I think these might be the parts he is referring to. There are no -9 engines around, but the -8 is similar I suspect. It does not conform exactly to the photos you sent. Is that an actual photo of the part or something made up?

When I showed Ed the pictures of the assembly, we appear to be getting closer to his 70 year old recollection. For now, the MK3 replica is being worked on. To get a hold of one of those originals would be a real gift.
Once repaired, the reverse operation to re-install the engine was started.

**Rule 1:** Everything in its place and a place for everything. You don't want to end up with a basket full of unidentifiable parts.

**Rule 2:** Test out your work. Now that might be a problem. Just exactly how do you test flight a plane that has fourteen others ahead of it and nowhere to go? The answer, as engineer/gunner Sgt. Saylor related: "You don't. We started the engine up and it seemed just fine." In disbelief, I asked: 'So your test flight was when you took off for Tokyo?' Ed nodded in the affirmative. 'Were you or the crew worried that it might not work?' "No, I was pretty certain it would get us to Tokyo." Ed elaborated that if they were forced to ditch, in those days there wasn't much of a rescue plan. No planes were going to search for their aircraft. Naval vessels were ordered to immediately turn direction after the launch and head out of harm's way. Their rescue resources amounted to life jackets, a rubber raft, and a whole lot of confidence in their pilot, the crew, their plane, and Ed's capabilities.

There was another item, equally important, that was 'fixed' while underway. It would be just as important, maybe even more so, than the air worthiness of plane no. 15. This had to do with retrofitting the crew roster. 'Doc' Thomas White had acted as the equivalent of what we call today the flight surgeon. From the inception, he administered the medical needs and instructed the crews on basic and advanced first aid. Aside from that, he desperately wanted to be a crew member. Back in Florida, the brass informed 'Doc' that the only remote chance was to at least qualify as a gunner. With purposeful resolve that he did do, qualifying as the 2nd best gunner in the entire squadron.

At sea, it was continued harping and waiting. His opportunity came when the pilot of TNT, Lt. Donald Smith, expressed reservations about a crew member. Right or wrong, for whatever reason, Doolittle did not want to have any doubts about the crew's cohesiveness. With that, 'Doc' White was granted his wish and became a crewman of record for plane no. 15. He also claimed the longest title of record: Lt. Thomas R. 'Doc' White, M.D., Flight Surgeon / Gunner. The crew and plane no. 15 were now ready to launch. The waiting game began.

**TASK FORCE 16**

On April 2nd, the USS Hornet steamed out of Alameda Naval Air Station with its hybrid crew of airmen and sailors. Like two dogs confronting each other, the respective services were 'sniffing' each other out. With their unusual cargo of bombers and their crews, both groups still assumed they were bound for the Pacific. Nor did they know that the USS Enterprise and Vice Admiral William 'Bull' Halsey was steaming to a Pacific rendezvous with Task Force 16.

For the air crews, the first days aboard the Hornet were of discovery. Having never been at sea, they explored the ship while settling in to naval routines, battle station drills, fire drills, air crew drills, etc.. One military protocol was unquestioned. Officers had rank over enlisted men for everything from galley services to bunking assignments. Ed Saylor mentioned that sleeping arrangements for him amounted to a cot in the mess hall that had to be removed every morning at 4:00 am before the cooking staff started breakfast preparations. Seeking undisturbed and longer sleeping hours, some of the airmen slept on deck with their planes.

The corrosive environment of the Pacific added to the normal maintenance checks on the aircraft. Engineers were reporting generator failures, fouled plugs, turret and hydraulic problems. There was plenty of work that kept them and their navy counterparts busy. They quickly bonded as a multi-service team. The Pacific's turbulent weather and heavy seas constantly swayed, tugged, and jarred at the Hornet's precious cargo.
mysterious auxiliary fuel tanks fitted in the Mitchells fell victim to leaks. There were no idle hands. This may have served as a distraction from the rumor mills.

On the afternoon of April 12th, the skipper of the Hornet, Capt. Marc Mitscher ordered the semaphore message to all ships of his task force: **THIS FORCE IS BOUND FOR TOKYO.** The response was more vocal when the same message was delivered over intercom on the Hornet itself. Ed Saylor's reaction was typical for the air crews. 'Now it made all sense'. Although he did not say precisely when it was done, but Ed took a piece of chalk and wrote on the side of his aircraft, plane no. 15: **DEMOCRACY'S ACE IN THE HOLE.** It should be noted that the 'official' name painted on plane no. 15 was **TNT**, Ed's hand written message was his personal statement about their mission. It was part of the 'graffiti' and symbolism that abounded on everything attached to Doolittle's planes.

**LAUNCH YOUR PLANES**

![Image of B-25 Mitchell and USS Hornet](image)

The modified planes; drilled and briefed crews, and all the preparation would lead one to believe that it was just a matter of getting the word from command to 'Launch Your Planes'. From the accounts, that was far from the truth. While the planned day and time of launch had passed on down the chain of command, it ended, under strict orders, at the pilot level. Even there, the information was limited. According to C.V. Glines in THE TOKYO RAID, the pilots were informed on the 17th to be ready at a moment's notice for the 18th. Doolittle spoke.

pg. 64 "On the afternoon of the seventeenth, he called the flying crews together for a final briefing. "The time's getting short," he said. "By now every one of you knows exactly what he should do if the alarm is sounded. We were originally supposed to take off on the nineteenth but it looks like it will be tomorrow, the eighteenth, instead. This is your final briefing. Be ready to go at any time.""

What prompted Doolittle to forewarn his pilots of the advanced launch date? Could it have been naval intelligence picking up more 'chatter' from the broken Japanese code? Did the intelligence value of the code and its protection supersede the importance of the Raid? Or was it just prudent preparation? Remember, this all
preceded the actual alert prompted by the Japanese communications trawler radioing Tokyo of the task force's position.

In any event, at 7:45 am, on the morning of April 18th, confirmed sighting by Ens. J.Q. Roberts, prompted overall task force commander Halsey to semaphore from the Enterprise to Capt. Mitscher of the Hornet:

**LAUNCH PLANES**

**TO COL DOOLITTLE AND GALLANT COMMAND GOOD LUCK AND GOD BLESS YOU**

In response, Mitscher ordered the alarm and spoke through the Hornet's Intercom:

"ARMY PILOTS, MAN YOUR PLANES"

Following that announcement, pandemonium and chaos broke loose. C.V. Glines does an excellent job in detailing the confusion. Suffice it to say that the crews were not waiting in the ready room, all suited up and ready to go at a moment's notice. That image was Hollywood. Crews were spread throughout the carrier in varied activities. For starters, most of the crewman had packed their canvass B-4 Air Corps bag as if they were going to land in Chungking as originally planned. The hurried announcement changed their itinerary. Imagine yourself at the airport with a standard 50 lb piece of luggage and your airlines announces that your flight is leaving immediately; at a different concourse, limited to a single carry on, and the final destination will be predicated on fuel capabilities. That picture was the Hornet and its rattled passengers. Ed Saylor said he was somewhere below deck after finishing breakfast and made haste with everyone else.

These moments were pivotal for 'Doc' White. His foresight paid off. Back at Alameda, he had 'acquired' 80 quarts of 'medicinal' bourbon. When on board he parlayed each of them for two pint bottles of rye whiskey from the ship's pharmacy. His thinking was that these would be more readily portable in their bags or flight jackets. As the crewmen scrambled, 'Doc' White passed out as many bottles as possible. Besides the antiseptic properties of alcohol, Sgt. Saylor said that it also served to calm our nerves. He confessed that it was the only time in his long military career that he ever drank on the job. "We passed the bottle around during the flight and drank the whole bottle." With 'Doc' White aboard, they could say they were under direct doctor's orders.

**KOBE AND BEYOND**

Once airborne, TNT was assigned to drop their four 500 lb bombs on an aircraft factory and shipyard on the edge of Kobe. There is plenty of documentation in the literature about this phase of the operation. Once again, in spite of the hasty change of plans, luck was with the crews. Fuel was an issue. Upon launch, in spite of the additional fuel tanks, disposable 5 gallon Jerry cans, etc., the crews believed that they stood a slim chance of making it to the mainland of China. On the inbound leg, they were bucking severe head winds, tempestuous weather, and the inevitability of a night landing. What delivered the squadron to a slim chance of hope was the unusual weather pattern in the East China Sea. Normal wind patterns are from the mainland of China towards Japan in an easterly direction. On that evening, as the Raiders were nursing their planes towards the Chinese mainland, they had a tailwind blowing westward.

The pilot of 'TNT', Lt. Donald Smith, managed to get sight of what he thought was the mainland of China. He was faced with the decision confronting every plane, where and how to land.

"The visibility was almost zero; the ceiling about 300 feet and it was almost dark, when we caught the outline of a mountain sticking out of the sea directly ahead. I immediately started a bank to the right, began to climb and turned due east to head back out to sea. The right engine was giving very little power, and the left one was back-firing. It was evident we could not remain in the air so we prepared for a water landing alongside the island."

(From my readings, I believe the island in question was Tantou Shan, Zhejiang, China)

Latitude 29.1825; Longitude 122.0411
Plane no. 15 stayed afloat long enough for the crew to evacuate and deploy their raft. For Ed Saylor, the baptism of the crash landing was not over. As a casual aside he mentioned: "I couldn't swim", apparently not a big requirement for Army Air Corps servicemen. Minutes later, the B-25 nosed under, lifting the twin tail out of the water as it began its plunge to the sea bottom. Not yet completely clear of their aircraft, the aileron sliced through their raft, leaving it half inflated. The half mile voyage to shore found Saylor in the water, hanging on to the raft's rope. The rough seas upended the tiny raft several times, but all made it ashore. With the exception of navigator/bombardier Sessler who swam ashore, the crew arrived together.

By Divine Providence plane no.7, Ruptured Duck, ditched within a half mile of no. 15, TNT. Ruptured Duck's landing was violent, like its name portrayed. With landing gears down, Pilot Ted Lawson planned a beach landing on a small island. Because of poor visibility with the darkness reducing depth perception, the Ruptured Duck fell just a few feet short of the beach. The error was just enough for the wheels to catch the surf and Ruptured Duck split open. Bombardier, Lt. Robert Clever was thrown through the plane's Plexiglas nose. With the exception of engineer/gunner Sgt. David Thatcher, the rest of the crew, pilot Ted Lawson; co-pilot Dean Davenport; and navigator Charles McClure were badly injured. If they were to survive, they would require medical attention beyond the first aid capabilities of the airmen. That is where the good fortune of 'Doc' White came into play. Within two days, the two crews managed to link up on the mainland. With the assistance of 'Doc' White, Ted Lawson's mangled and gangrene infected leg was amputated. Lawson's recovery enhanced his chances for escape. It would also mark his literary debut. As one of the very first personal encounter books on the raid, Ted Lawson was praised for THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO, published in 1943. Subsequently in 1944, the war film of the same title, starring Spencer Tracy as Col. Doolittle; and Van Johnson as Lt. Ted Lawson was a morale booster for the war weary country.

Some forty years ago, in high school, I read the book and submitted it for a book report. Admittedly, I didn't do a very good job on the report. The book was great, more appealing than anything on the suggested reading list. This report should purge that C+ grade.

THE WAY TO WRIGHT PATTERSON AIR FORCE BASE

The Puget Sound area is blessed with a large contingent of aviation related museums, enthusiasts, veterans, and the benefactors of a supportive aerospace industry. My encounters with them have always been enriching. John Sessions and his HISTORIC FLIGHT FOUNDATION is one such institution. When John was informed of a Doolittle Raider in our midst, an immediate invitation to visit the museum and his B-25, Grumpy followed. The planes at HFF are all flyable. Grumpy is, in fact, scheduled for the big fly over at Wright Patterson and John invited the colonel to speak at their preflight meeting. Ed promptly agreed.

Tony Caruso of Cascade Warbirds, assisted in shuttling Ed on the inbound leg of the mission. Neither of us were able to return LTC Saylor home. 'Maybe he'll just stow away on Grumpy and fly in his old warbird to Dayton?' The guest of honor mesmerized the crowd with personal accounts of the mission and details of the engine repairs. In appreciation, John Sessions presented Ed with a leather flight jacket, just the right apparel for Ed's historic reunion.

Rick Bray and Lori Greer volunteered to drive Ed home. It was as Rick said 'an honor'. Rick will be one of the 6 passengers to fly with Grumpy back to Dayton. Both journey and destination will be a once in a lifetime experience, one of those at the top of his bucket list.

Read more about the Historic Flight Foundation. Follow Grumpy to Wright / Patterson AFB.

<!--DOOLITTLE RAIDERS/Grumpy Honors Raiders.htm-->
DOOLITTLE RAIDER MEETS AN OLD FRIEND, B-25 'GRUMPY'

John Sessions welcomes Ed Saylor to the Historic Flight Foundation Museum
PRE-FLIGHT WARM UP FOR ENTHUSIASTS AND PASSENGERS OF GRUMPY' HISTORIC FLIGHT

LORI GREER      LUCKY PASSENGER RICK BRAY    ED SAYLOR WITH HIS NEW FLIGHT JACKET
THE 70TH ANNIVERSARY AT WRIGHT PATTERSON FEB. 18, 2012

RAIDERS WARM UP FOR THE 70TH AT THE NEW ORLEANS CONFERENCE DEC. 2011

LTC RICHARD COLE  SGT DAVID THATCHER  MAJ THOMAS GRIFFIN  LTC EDWARD SAYLOR
PLANE NO. 1  PLANE NO. 7  PLANE NO. 9  PLANE NO. 15
CO-PILOT  ENGINEER/GUNNER  NAVIGATOR  ENGINEER/GUNNER
THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS
GOBLETs OF THE DOOLITTLE RAIDERS
The assembly of the Raiders and their planes would not be complete without their sterling goblets; 80 in all and each engraved with the name of a Doolittle Raider. The collection, a gift by the city of Tucson, was displayed between reunions at the Air Force Academy's Arnold Hall until 2006 when the USAF National Museum was endeared with its care. While only 5 goblets remain upright, we will never forget all 80 men they symbolize.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF TODD JOYCE / OFFICIAL WEB SITE OF DOOLITTLE RAIDERS
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

At every reunion, the surviving Raiders meet privately to conduct their solemn "Goblet Ceremony." After toasting the Raiders who died since their last meeting, they turn the deceased men's goblets upside down. Each goblet has the Raider's name engraved twice -- so that it can be read if the goblet is right side up or upside down. When there are only two Raiders left, these two men will drink one final toast to their departed comrades.
One of those goblets has the name of Lt. Richard Joyce, pilot of plane no. 10. No greater honor has been
given to the memory of his endeavor than that of his son, Todd Joyce. Todd is the webmaster/creator of the
official web site of the Doolittle Raiders. It is packed with information and photos. Go there and it will lead
you on a vicarious journey with the Doolittle Raiders.

While at New Orleans, I thought about that collection; the goblets, and the ceremony. My version of that
collection amounted to a stainless coffee mug autographed by the 4 active Raiders. As they were signing, I told
each of them all that, at the appropriate moment, I would raise my mug and toast them with my own shot of
Remy Martin cognac.
CTOR CHRIS MILLER WITH HIS IDOL
BILLIE SAYLOR, DAUGHTER IN LAW/AID DE CAMP

DAUGHTERS OF SGT. ROBERT C. BOURgeoIS, BOMBARDIER, PLANE NO. 13
POSTSCRIPT
My visits to Ed's home always revealed something new. Adorning his home were many stained glass pieces that he created. He took me into his shop and gave a quick rundown on the process. After that, the natural question was if he had ever done a recreation of the classic picture of Doolittle's plane just as it leaves the Hornet. It gave him thought, saying that it would be difficult. To help him along with the concept, I printed up a large image of that scene. Step one is to cut up the poster into smaller pieces for the glass templates. With Ed's talents, the engineer/gunner knows how to tackle a challenge. I suspect Ed will be taking commissioned orders for the one of a kind pieces of WWII art history.

G. Perry White Fioretti
editor in chief
THE COLE CREEK CHRONICLE