



Mary Greene Forgy's
World War II
Album

*Letters and Photographs from
Harold and
James C. Greene*

Introduction

This is an electronic reproduction of Mary Greene Forgy's World War II album. Mary was my father Harold Greene's sister and the wife of Lawrence Forgy of Lewisburg, Kentucky. Mary kept the album during the time her brothers, Harold and James, J.C. as he was known, served in the Second World War.

The book is in two sections. The first section contains Harold's letters, photos, and other items from the early stages of U.S. involvement in the war, 1942-1945. The second half holds similar items from JC's tour which began late 1944. Harold was in the Army Air Corps (later the Air Force) in England and J.C. was in the regular Army in France and Germany.

A common observation about WWII veterans is that they didn't talk much about the war. This was certainly true of my father. It has been a challenge, some sixty years on, to reconstruct his experience in any detail. While I have had some success, including contacts with his former pilot and a fellow crewmember, most of the physical records of his tour have been lost. The historian for the 306th Bomb Group verified that a great number of the official records were destroyed in the St. Louis Army Logistics Center fire in the sixties.

Aunt Mary's album has been valuable for simply understanding when and where things happened to Harold and JC. To say that both men were in the thick of it is an understatement. Statistics testifying to the hazards of being in these places at this time abound, but one is worth repeating. In 1942-3 in the 8th Air Force, more than 70% of the men in combat failed to complete their required 25 missions, due to injury, capture or death.

Mary also provides valuable historical context via the many newspaper clippings interspersed with the letters throughout the book. Among the events captured in newsprint is the declaration of war, D-Day, Roosevelt's death, and VE day.

I created this digital record of the album to make the contents more generally available, and to preserve the album itself. Physically, the book is showing its age. The papers, glues and photographs have deteriorated significantly; a process that is accelerated with each handling. While a poor substitute for the real thing, this "virtual" volume can be viewed without further damage to the original.

A couple of items about the disk. The letters do not appear in the album in the order in which they were written. It is apparent that Mary assembled them in the order in which they were received, that is, practically random. This is not surprising considering the varying routes they took to get to Kentucky, but it can be confusing. A good example is Harold's letter from Sarasota, FL on page 13. It was written before he left for England but is preceded in the album by letters that were written several years later. A key to the chronological order of the letters is provided below. I considered reconstructing the virtual book in chronological order, but thought better of it. Which brings me to the next item.

You will be impressed with the quality of the writing in this correspondence. Not only the structure, spelling, and grammar of the letters, but even the penmanship recalls a

bygone era. Perhaps Mary's status as a teacher caused her brothers to take extra care in their writing. Whatever the reason, the errors are few and far between. In transcribing the letters I was tempted to correct the occasional misspelling and typo, but again thought better of it, since I think more would have been lost than gained once I got started down that road. The transcriptions are as close to the original as possible, warts and all.

The CD is created using MS Word, a common word processing application. It should display on most computers. Although the clarity of the digital images are not perfect, you can read most of the documents directly from the photos by increasing the zoom to 150% or beyond. I made the transcripts for those who cannot read the letters and to provide any notes that seemed relevant. I also transcribed a few of the smaller news clippings—those with direct reference to my father or J.C., for clarity and to note some inaccuracies.

This book came to me in February of 2004 while visiting Alice and Jim Kerr and at their home in Lexington, Kentucky. I want to express my very great thanks to them for graciousness and for granting me stewardship of this unique family artifact. My thanks also to Aunt Mary for keeping this beautiful record of a different time and place.

Finally, my sincerest thanks to my father for serving in (and surviving) the Second World War.

- Michael Harold Greene, Christmas 2004

Chronological order of Harold's letters.

Date	Item	Location in Album	Location on CD
January 1, 1942*	Letter from HCG	Page 13*	Page 37
February 17, 1942	Letter from HCG	Page 3	Page 7
September 18, 1942	Letter from HCG	Page 1	Page 5
April 6, 1943	Letter from HCG	Page 5	Page 13
June 12, 1943	Letter from HCG	Page 4	Page 9
October 7, 1943	Letter from HCG	Page 11/12	Page 28
October 26, 1943	Letter from HCG	Page 6-1	Page 18
December 28, 1943	Letter from HCG	Page 6-2	Page 19
April 17, 1944	Letter from HCG	Page 7	Page 22
June 26, 1944	Letter from HCG	Page 9	Page 24
August 18, 1944	Letter from HCG	Page 10	Page 25
May 1, 1945*	Letter from HCG	Page 12*	Page 35
May 23, 1945	Letter from MHG	Page 12	Page 33

* Letter not dated, date approximate based on content.

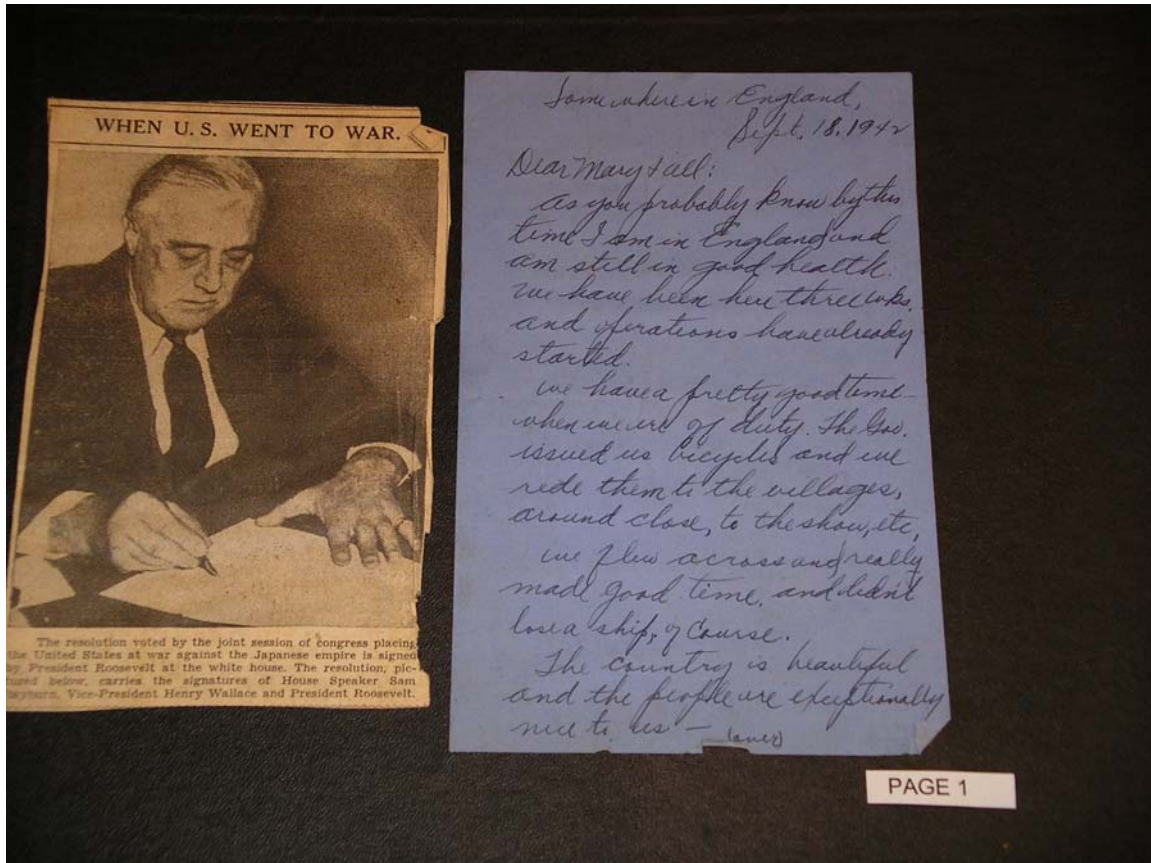
Chronological order of JC's letters.

Date	Item	Location in Album	Location on CD
August 15, 1944*	Letter from JCG	Page 31	Page 70
January 5, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 56
January 6, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 28	Page 68

January 12, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 57
January 28, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 58
February 6, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 59
February 18, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 60
March 9, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 26	Page 61
March 17, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 31	Page 73
March 27, 1945	Letter from JCG	Page 27	Page 63
April 25, 1945	Letter from JCG	Page 26	Page 53
September 16, 1945	V-Mail from JCG	Page 31	Page 71
October 24, 1945	Letter from JCG	Page 27	Page 66

* Letter not dated, date approximate based on content.

Page One



Location: Page 1 (inside front cover)

Item: Letter dated September 18, 1942

Description: This is a handwritten letter, 4 ½" X 7", blue note paper. Pasted down on page 1.

Text:

Somewhere in England

September 18, 1942

Dear Mary & all:

As you probably know by this time I am in England and we have been here three wks. and operations have already started.

We have a pretty good time when we are off duty. The Gov. issued us bicycles and we ride them to the village, around close, to the show, etc.

We flew across and really made good time and didn't lose a ship, of course.

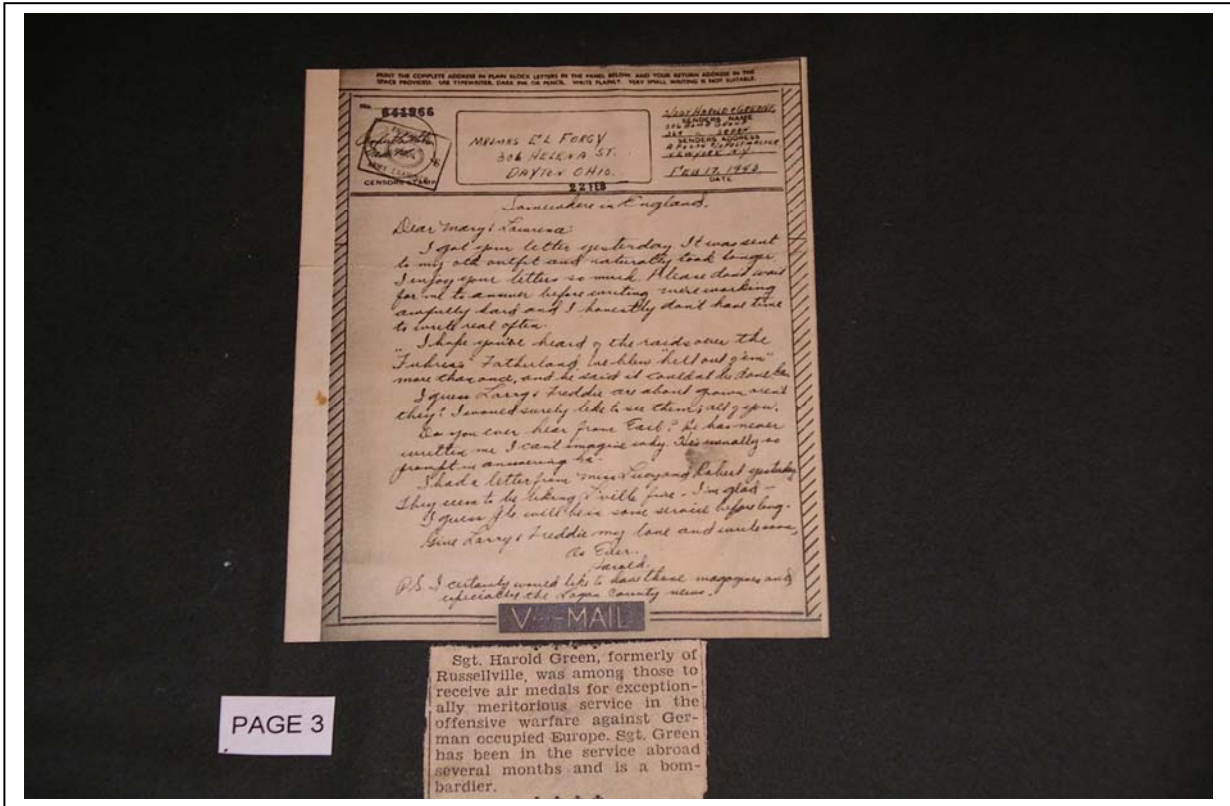
The country is beautiful and the people are exceptionally nice to us - (over)

Note: the letter is pasted down, page two is not accessible

Page Two



Page Three



Location: Page 3

Item: V Mail, February 17, 1943

Description: Victory Mail (V-mail) letter, 5 1/2" X 4", handwritten, photographic paper. Pasted down on page 3.

V-Mail Header:

ID number 641966, censor's stamp

address: Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Forgy, 306 Helena St., Dayton, Ohio

sender's name: S/Sgt/Harold C. Greene

sender's address: 306th Bomb Group, 369th Bomb Squadron, APO 634 c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Date: February 17, 1943

Text:

Dear Mary & Lawrence:

I got your letter yesterday. It was sent to my old outfit and naturally took longer. I enjoy your letters so much. Please don't wait for me to answer before writing. We're working awfully hard and I honestly don't have time to write real often.

I hope you've heard of the raids over the "Fuhrer's" Fatherland. We blew "hell out of 'em" more than once, and he said it couldn't be done. ha.

I guess Larry & Freddie are about grown aren't they? I would surely like to see them; all of you. Do you ever hear from Earl? He has never written me. I can't imagine why. He's usually so prompt in answering. ha.

I had a letter from Miss Lucy and Robert yesterday. They seem to be liking L'ville fine - I'm glad - I guess J.C. will be in some service before long.

Give Larry & Freddie my love and write soon,

As ever, Harold.

P.S. I certainly would like to have those magazines and especially the Logan County news.

Page Three Clipping

Location: Page 3

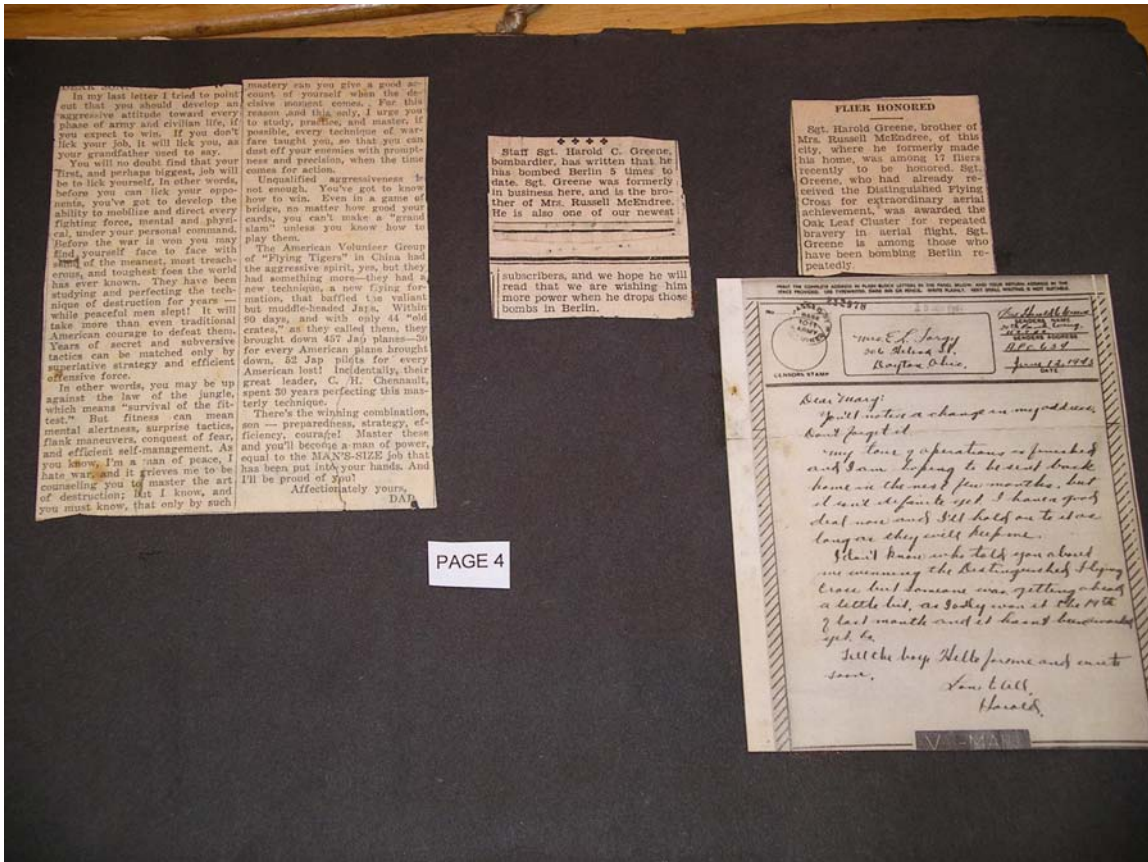
Item: newspaper clipping

Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated

Text:

Sgt. Harold Green, formerly of Russellville, was among those to receive air medals for exceptionally meritorious service in the offensive warfare against German-occupied Europe. Sgt. Green has been in the service abroad several months and is a bombardier.

Note: Sgt. Greene was a radioman/gunner.



Location: Page 4

Item: V Mail, June 12, 1943

Description: This is a Victory Mail (V-mail) letter, 5 1/2" X 4", handwritten, photographic paper. Pasted down on page 4.

V-Mail Header:

ID number 212978, censor's stamp

address: Mrs. E.L. Forgy, 306 Helena St., Dayton, Ohio

sender's name: T/Sgt/Harold C. Greene

sender's address: 20th Bomb Wing, 11 CCHC (?), APO 634 c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Date: June 12, 1943

Text:

Dear Mary:

You'll notice a change in my address. Don't forget it.

My tour of operations is finished and I'm hoping to be sent back home in the next few months, but it isn't definite yet. I have a good deal now and I'll hold on to it as long as they will keep me.

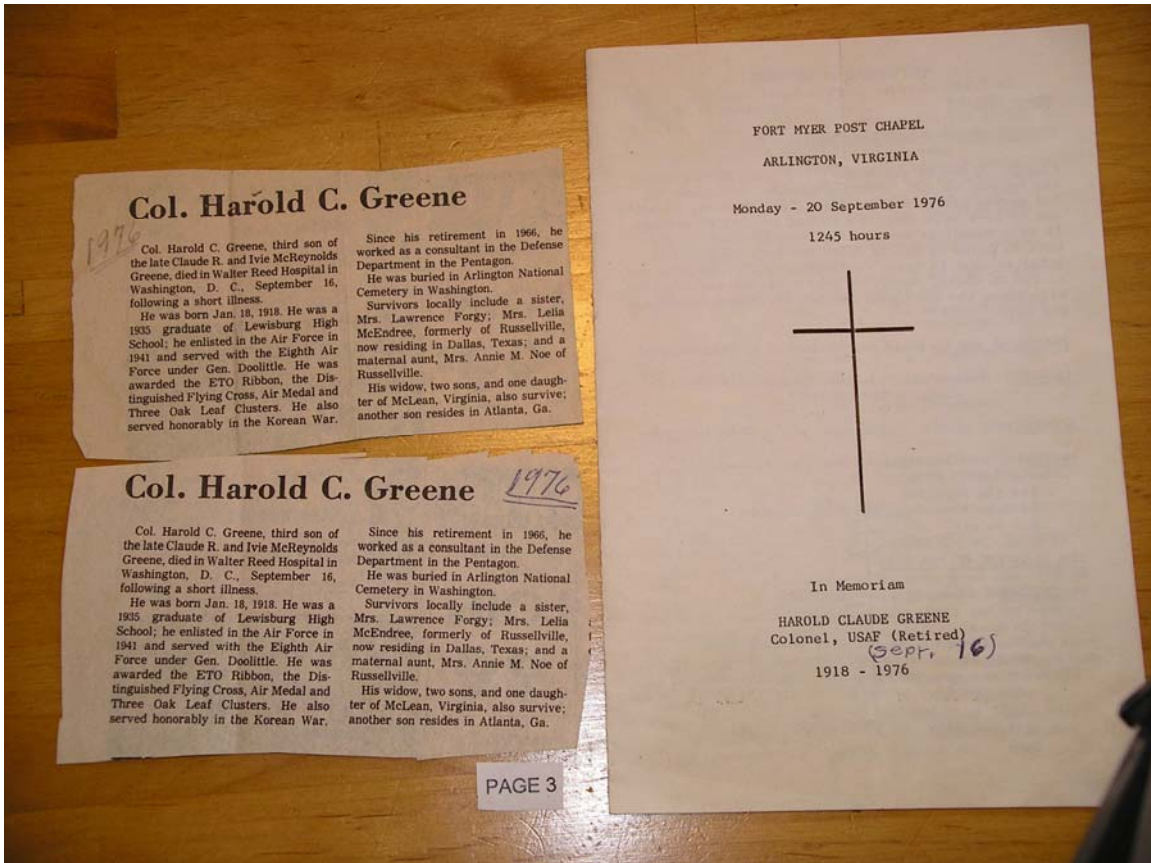
I don't know who told you about me winning the Distinguished Flying Cross but someone was getting ahead a little bit, as I only won it the 19th of last month and it hasn't been awarded yet. ha.

Tell the boys Hello for me and write soon.

Love to all,
Harold.

Note: Apparently Mary received much of the mail from her brothers out of chronological order. Items from subsequent pages of the scrapbook are dated earlier than V-mail such as this.

Clipping between Pages Three and Four



Location: Loose between pages 3 and 4

Item: Newspaper clipping

Description: This is one of two newspaper clippings (identical) with Harold Greene's obituary. Each contains the hand-written notation: "1976".

Text:

Col. Harold C. Greene, third son on the late Claude R. and Ivie McReynolds Greene, died in Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D.C., September 16, following a short illness.

He was born Jan. 18, 1918. He was a 1935 graduate of Lewisburg High School; he enlisted in the Air Force in 1941 and served with the Eighth Air Force in 1941 and served with the Eighth Air Force under Gen. Doolittle. He was awarded the ETO

Ribbon, the Distinguished Flying Cross, Air Medal and Three Oak Leaf Clusters. He also served honorably in the Korean War.

Since his retirement in 1966, he worked as a consultant in the Defense Department in the Pentagon.

He was buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Washington.

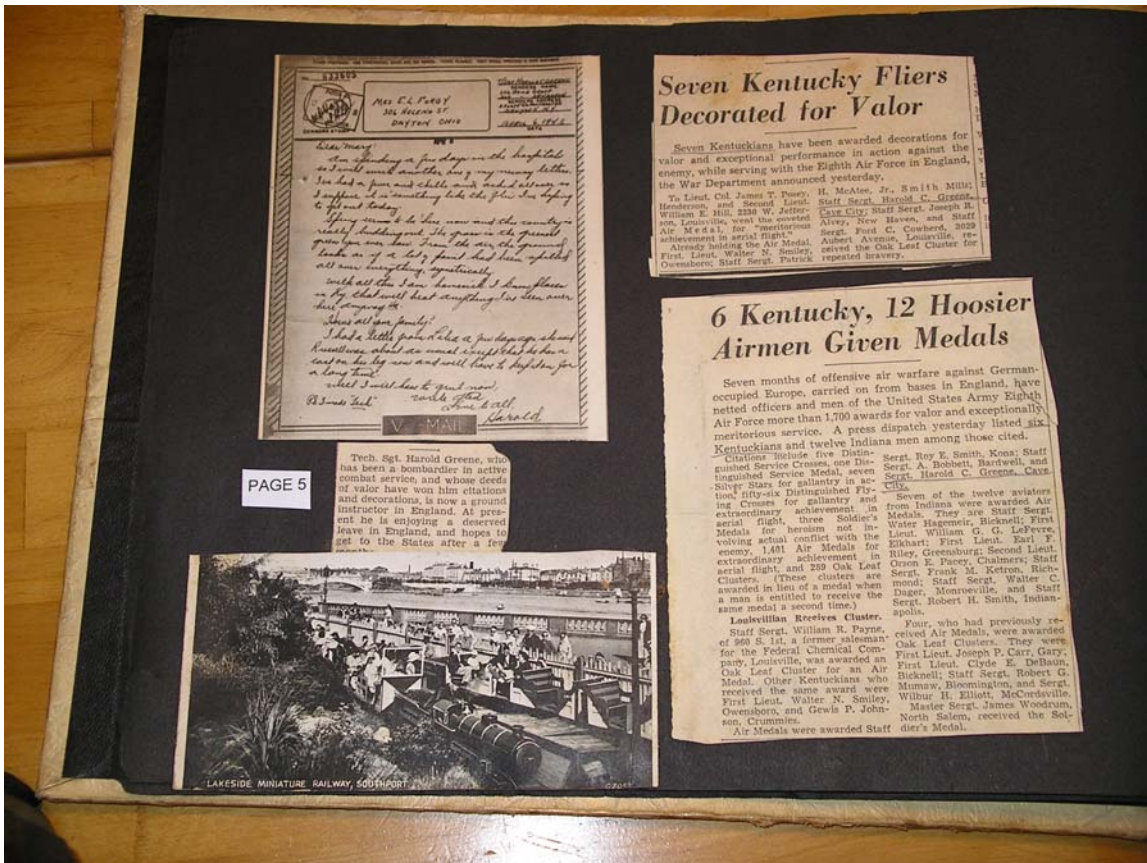
Survivors locally include a sister, Mrs. Lawrence Forgy; Mrs. Lelia McEndree, formerly of Russellville, now residing in Dallas, Texas; and a maternal aunt, Mrs. Annie M. Noe of Russellville.

His widow, two sons, and one daughter of McLean Virginia, also survive; another son resides in Atlanta, Ga.

Note: this one of four items that appear, unaffixed between pages 3 and 4 in addition to the four items that are pasted down. The loose items are:

- 1. a hand-written version of the obituary, no identification*
- 2. two newspaper clippings (identical) with "1976" hand-written on them*
- 3. a copy of the funeral service program, at Fort Meyer Chapel, September 20, 1976.*

Page Five



Location: Page 5

Item: V Mail, April 6, 1943

Description: This is a Victory Mail (V-mail) letter, 5 1/2" X 4", handwritten, photographic paper. Pasted down on page 5.

V-Mail Header:

ID number 633605, censor's stamp

address: Mrs. E.L. Forgy, 306 Helena St., Dayton, Ohio

sender's name: T/Sgt/Harold C. Greene

sender's address: 306 Bomb Group, 369 Bomb Squadron, APO 634 c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Date: April 6, 1943

Text:

Dear Mary:

Am spending a few days in the hospital so I will write another one of my newsy letters. I've had a fever and chills and ached all over so I suppose it is something like the "flu". I'm hoping to get out today.

Spring seems to be here now and this country is really budding out. The grass is the greenest green you ever saw. From the air, the ground looks as if a lot of paint had been spilled all over everything, symmetrically.

With all this I am homesick. I know places in Ky. That will beat anything I've seen over here anyway. Ha.

How's all your family?

I had a letter from Lelia a few days ago. She said Russell was about as usual except that he has a cast on his leg now and will have to keep it on for a long time.

Well I will have to quit now,

**Write often
Love to all,
Harold.**

P.S. I made "Tech"

Note: Apparently Mary Greene received much of the mail from her brother out of chronological order. This V-mail predates the letter on the previous page of the scrapbook.

Location: Page 5

There are five items on page five: 1 V-mail letter, 1 postcard (clipped), and 3 newspaper clippings. This appears on the left side of the page between the letter and the postcard.

Item: newspaper clipping

Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated, pasted down

Text:

Tech. Sgt. Harold Greene, who has been a bombardier in active combat service, and whose deeds of valor have won him citations and decorations, is now a ground instructor in England. At present, he is enjoying a

deserved leave in England, and hopes to get to the States after a few months.

Note: Sgt. Greene was a radioman/gunner.

Location: Page 5

There are five items on page five: 1 V-mail letter, 1 postcard (clipped), and 3 newspaper clippings. This appears on the right side of the page, top.

Item: newspaper clipping

Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated, pasted down

Text:

Seven Kentucky Fliers Decorated for Valor

Seven Kentuckians have been awarded decorations for valor and exceptional performance in action against the enemy, while serving with the Eighth Air Force in England, the War Department announced yesterday.

To Lieut. Col. James T. Posey, Henderson, and Second Lieut. William E. Hill...went the coveted Air Medal for "meritorious achievement in aerial flight."

Already holding the Air Medal, ... Staff Sergeant Harold C. Greene, Cave City.

Note: Note: Article includes other names and addresses not transcribed here.

Location: Page 5

There are five items on page five: 1 V-mail letter, 1 postcard (clipped), and 3 newspaper clippings. This appears on the right side of the page, bottom.

Item: newspaper clipping

Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated, pasted down

Text:

6 Kentucky, 12 Hooser Airmen Given Medals

Seven months of offensive air warfare against German-occupied Europe, carried on from bases in England, have netted officers and men of the United States Army Eighth Air Force more than 1,700 awards for valor and exceptionally meritorious service. A press dispatch yesterday listed 6 Kentuckians (underlined in pencil) and twelve Indiana men among those cited. Air medals were awarded...Sergt. Harold C. Greene, Cave City.

Note: Article includes other names and addresses not transcribed here.

Page Six (detail of letter 1)

Location: Page 6

Item: V Mail, October 26, 1943

Description: This is a Victory Mail (V-mail) letter, 5 ½" X 4", handwritten, photographic paper. Pasted down on page 6. This is one of two V-mails on page 6. This is on the left.

V-Mail Header:

ID number 94?804, censor's stamp

address: Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Forgy, 601 E. Chippewa Ave., South Bend Indiana

sender's name: 2nd Lt. Harold C. Greene

sender's address: 306 Bomb Group, 369 Bomb Squadron, APO 634 c/o
Postmaster, New York, N.Y.

Date: October 26, 1943 (note: the letter itself is not dated, this comes from the time stamp)

Text:

Dear Folks:

I had good luck today and of course can't wait to tell you about it.

I was commissioned today by direct appointment after just having made M/Sgt. I didn't have time to get my stripes on, and I feel pretty good about the whole thing. At least I can say I made every rank and didn't have to go to O.C.S.

Haven't even bought my uniform yet but will go after it tomorrow.

I wrote to Lloyd but didn't mention it to him. I just signed the letter and censored it, so he is sure to notice it.

Had a letter from Mildred last week and from what she says, Barry must be quite a lad.

That's about all for now. Write soon

Love,
Harold.

P.S. I made "Tech"

Page Six (detail of letter 2)

Location: Page 6

Item: V Mail, December 28, 1943

Description: This is a Victory Mail (V-mail) letter, 5 ½" X 4", handwritten, photographic paper. Pasted down on page 6. This is one of two V-mails on page 6. This is on the right.

V-Mail Header:

ID number indecipherable, censor's stamp

address: Mr. and Mrs. E.L. Forgy, 601 E. Chippewa Ave., South Bend Indiana

sender's name: Lt. H.C. Greene

sender's address: 384th Bomb Group, 544th Bomb Squadron, APO 634 c/o Postmaster, NYC

Date: Dec. 28, 1943

Text:

Hello Murt:

The pigeon finally got here with that letter last night and it was about time although in two months you were the only one to get one through. Thanks Honey.

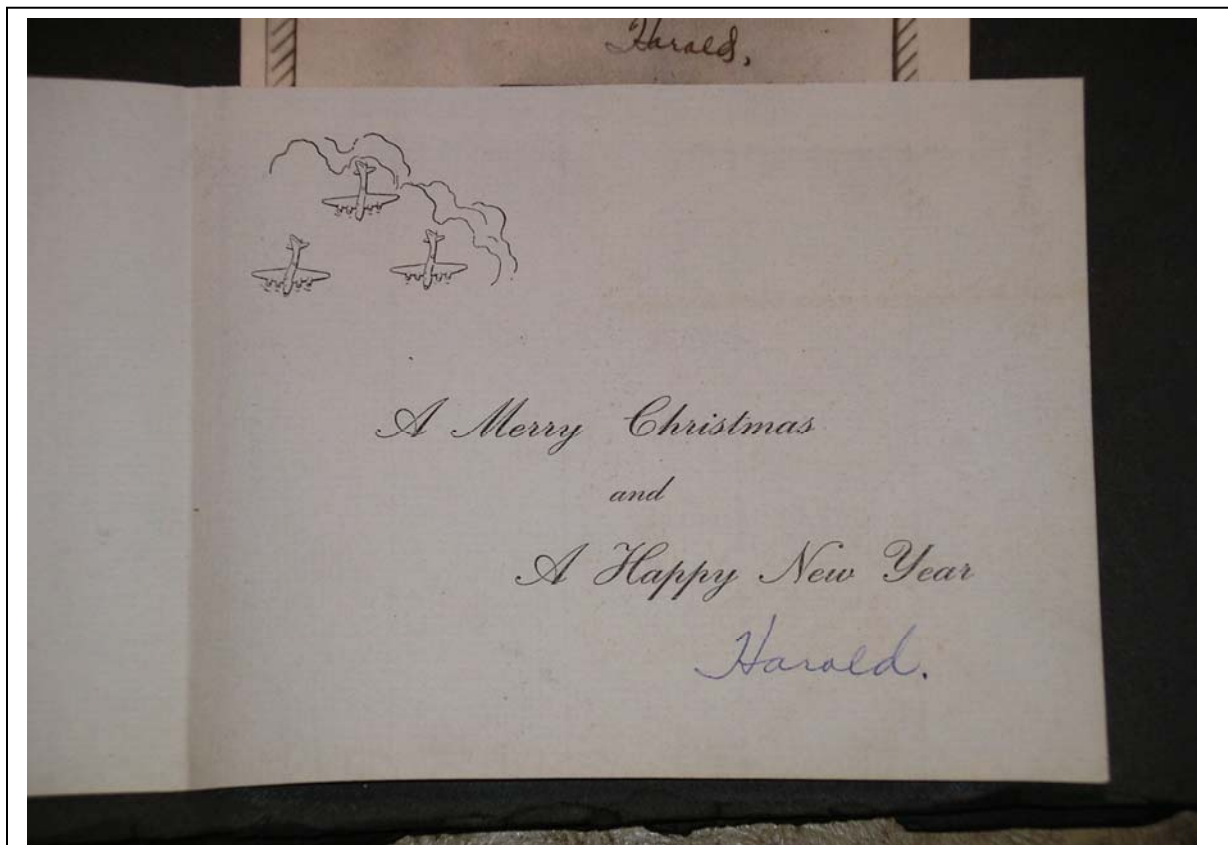
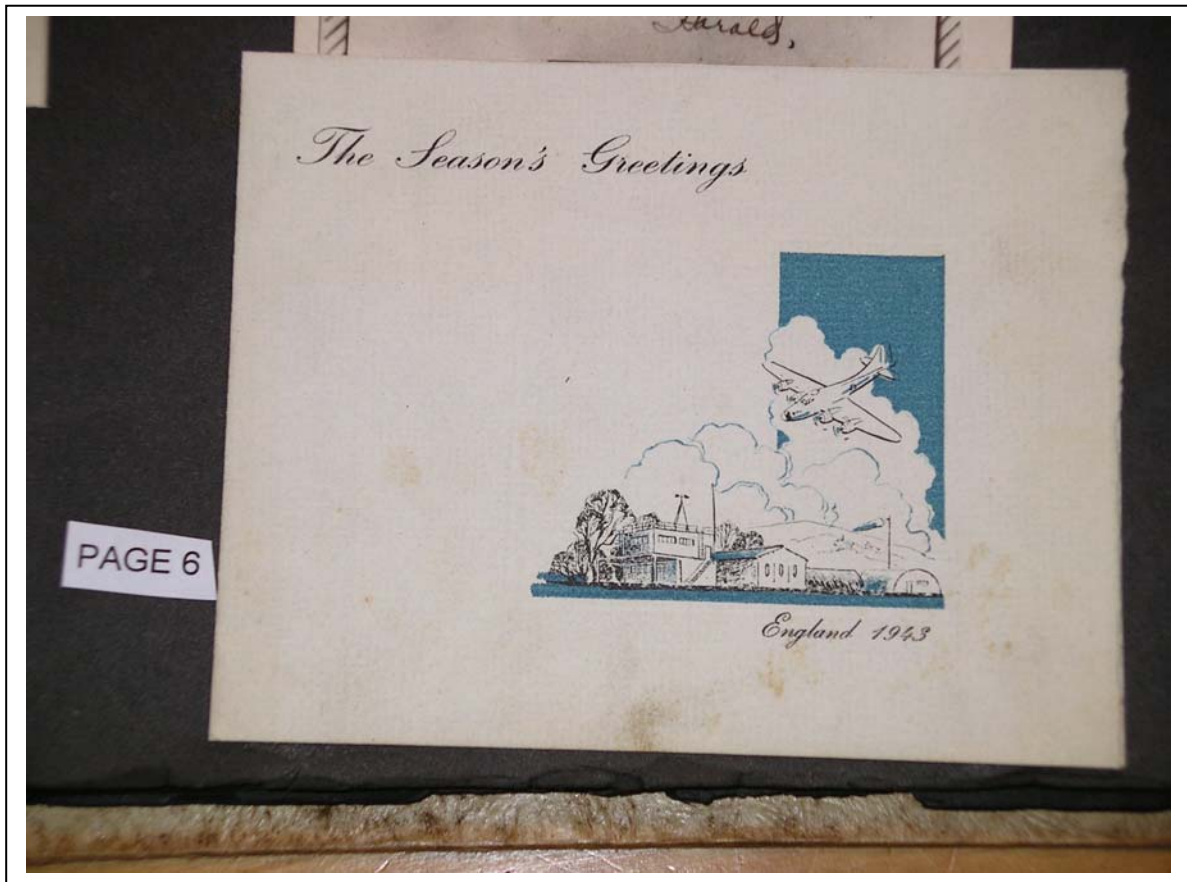
I wrote you and told you that my package came and I thank you again. It was most welcome - How're the boys? O.K. I am still trying to get to come home but there is less chance now than ever - "Big Push" you know - I must be here to help push -

I got a lot of letters last night and I must try to answer them tonight so I will close for now as I wrote you since any one else -

Love to all,
Harold.

Note: This is the first letter with the new bomber group and squadron listed as the return address. Lt. Greene transferred there after receiving his commission.

Page Six (detail of card)



Page Six Clipping

Location: Page 6

There are four items on page six: 2 V-mail letters, a newspaper clipping and a Christmas Card. This appears on the left side of the page under the V-mail of 10/26/43.

Item: newspaper clipping

Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated, glued down

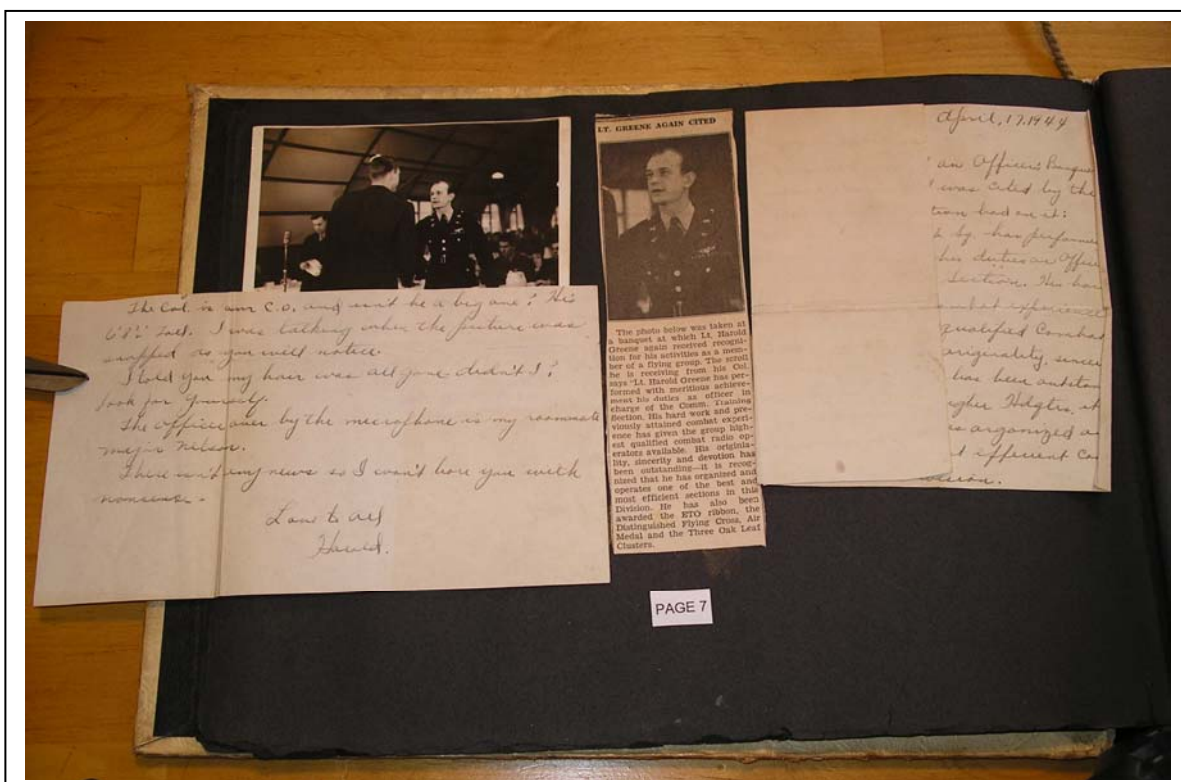
Text:

Greene Adds Bars to Other Decorations

Harold C. Greene of the 8th Army Air Force, stationed somewhere in England, has finished his combat service, and made ground crew instructor with the rating of Master Sergeant.

Recently he refused a furlough to order to stay in England for the duration and upon this decision was immediately made Second Lieutenant by a "direct commission." He is sending his Distinguished Flying Cross and three Oak-leaf clusters to his sister, Mrs. Russell McEndree of Russellville.

Page Seven



Location: Page 7

Item: Letter, April 17, 1944

Description: This is a handwritten letter that has been cut in half and pasted on opposite sides of page 7. The upper half of the letter is on the right, the bottom half is on the left. No other identifying marks.

Text:

April 17, 1944

Dear Mary:

Enclosed is a photo taken at an Officer's Banquet last Friday night at which I was cited by the Group C.O. Here's what the citation had on it:

Lt. Harold C. Greene, 544th Bomb Sq. Has performed with meritorious achievement, his duties as an officer in charge of the Comm. Training Section. His hard work and previously attained combat experience has given this group highest qualified Combat Radio operators available. His originality, sincerity of purpose and devotion to duty has been outstanding. Through commendations from higher Hdqtrs. it is recognized that Lt. Greene has organized and operates one of the best and most efficient Comm. Training Sections in this Division.

The Col. is our C.O. and isn't he a big one? He's 6'8 1/2" tall. I was talking when the picture was snapped as you will notice.

I told you my hair was all gone didn't I? Look for yourself. The officer over by the microphone is my roommate Major Nelson.

There isn't any news so I won't bore you with nonsense.

Love to All

Harold.

Note: Mary apparently passed this along to the paper since the clipping on page 7 includes the photo and citation.



Commander of the U. S. Eighth air force, California-born Major Gen. James H. Doolittle has been flying 20 years, since he was 21. A flying cadet in the first war, he later set peacetime speed records, became America's first Tokyo-bomber, headed the strategic air forces in Africa. He is 47.

PLYE: Doolittle's Stories. 44

BY ERNIE PYLE.

LONDON, June 6.—Here I've been galivanting around with lieutenant generals again. If this keeps up I'm going to lose my amateur standing. This time it is Jimmy Doolittle, who is still the same magnificent guy with three stars on his shoulder that he used to be with a captain's bars.

Gen. Doolittle runs the American Eighth air force. It is a grim and stupendous job, but he manages to keep the famous Doolittle sense of humor about it. Doolittle, as you know, is rather short and getting almost bald.

Since arriving in England from Italy he has implicitly started a couple of false rumors circulating about himself. One is that his nickname used to be "Curley," and he occasionally throws his head back as though tossing hair out of his eyes. His other claim is that he used to be 6 feet tall but has worried himself down to his present small height in the last five months.

He is one of the greatest of story-tellers. He is the only man I've ever known who can tell stories all evening long and never tell one you've heard before. He can tell them in any dialect, from Swedish to Chinese.

ABOVE ALL, he loves to tell stories on himself. Here is an example:

He was at a Flying Fortress base one afternoon when the planes were coming back in. Many of them had been pretty badly shot up and had wounded men aboard.

The general walked up to one plane from which the crew had just got out. The upper part of the tail-gun turret was shot away. Gen. Doolittle said to the tail-gunner:

"Were you in there when it happened?"

The gunner, a little peevishly, replied:

"Yes, sir." As the general walked away, the annoyed gunner turned to a fellow crewman and said in a loud voice:

"Where in the hell did he think I was, out buying a nam sandwich?"

A frightened junior officer, fearing the general might have overheard, said:

"My God, man don't you know who that was?"

"Sure I know," the tail-gunner snapped, "and I don't give a damn. That was a stupid question."

With which Jimmy Doolittle, the least stupid of people, fully agrees when he tells the story.

ANOTHER TIME the general went with his chief, Lieut. Gen. Spaatz, to visit a bomber station which had been having very bad luck and heavy losses. They thought maybe their presence would pick the boys up a bit. So they visited around awhile. And when they got ready to leave a veteran Fortress pilot walked up to them.

"I know why you're out here," he said. "You think our morale is shot because we've been taking it on the nose. Well, I can tell you our morale is all right. There is only one thing that hurts our morale, and that's having three-star generals coming around to see what's the matter with it."

Jimmy tells these stories wonderfully, with more zest and humor than I can put into them second-handed. As he says, the heartbreaks and tragedies of war sometimes push all your gaiety down into the depths. But if a man can keep a sense of the ridiculous about himself he is all right. Jimmy Doolittle can.

WAR IS CHANGING DAILY ROUTINES

Jean Does a Man's Work and Henry a Woman's.

BY MRS. HENRY MLEMORE.

DAYTONA BEACH, Fla., June 21.—What a topsy-turvy world we are living in. Most of our lives have changed so completely and in such a hurry that we've scarcely had time to realize it. This little incident brought that fact home to me with great clarity:

I was writing a letter to Henry telling of my day's activities. I told him that I had mended the garden hose and patched the screens on the porch. I described how large the tomatoes were getting and that I had chopped up a wooden box to get some sticks to prop them up with. I told him I had mixed some cement and mended the cracks in the sidewalk.

While I was writing, the postman brought me a letter from Henry. He told me he had done his week's washing that afternoon and had mended all his clothes. He said he had just finished a hot supper—he had borrowed a little stove from another GI and had heated his rations.

I looked again at the letter I was writing and at Henry's letter. He had told me of his day's work and I was telling him about mine. Both of them matter-of-fact letters.

Who'd have guessed.

If it could have been possible for someone to have shown me these two letters a year ago I would have scolded mightily. I would have explained that Henry didn't know how to do laundry or how to sew or how to get his own dinner. And, I certainly didn't have the slightest idea how to prop up plants or mixing cement.

The funny thing is that if I hadn't happened to see those letters simultaneously I don't think it would have occurred to me the number of things both Henry and I have learned to do in the last year. Just as it has happened with all the rest of you, the necessity for peace and we all met it in the best way we could. If any good can come out of this war it is that countless of us have learned to do things we wouldn't even have attempted to do before.

I'm going to be perfectly frank. A year ago I did war work and bought bonds. Today I am doing more war work and buying more bonds plus being my own cook, maid and yard man and I am writing a syndicated column. I have a feeling not of happiness (we'll all feel that after the war) but of well-being. I work hard from morning till night and I get great satisfaction out of it. I realize now that I am too few generations removed from my pioneer ancestors to feel anything but vague dissatisfaction when I delegate physical labor solely to others. Unfortunately, up until now, I have always done that except for the first year Henry and I were married.

Almost a Playboy.

Henry had become almost a playboy. He'd finish his column by noon and then he either went to the racetrack or played bridge or golf. Too often in the evenings it was either gambling or a night club.

Just before he left for overseas he said to me, "I can never repay my debt to the army. It has changed me not only physically but mentally. If I shouldn't come back, I don't dare to grieve. Just remember I will have died A MAN instead of what I might have become if I hadn't been able to take an active part in this war."

Page Nine



Location: Page 9

Item: Letter, June 26, 1944

Description: This is a handwritten letter (front and back) on plain white paper pasted down at the top, face down. The lower portion of the page is missing, leaving just the upper portion, front and back.

Text:

June 26, 1944

Dear Mary:

A letter came today from you, and in it you mentioned that I hadn't written you in quite awhile. Don't feel slighted, I haven't written anyone recently. I've been awfully busy since D-Day and still am but am taking time to write some letters so my mail won't stop completely.

So Lawrence is going to have to go into the Army after all. I thought he & Earl & Loyd were going to get by without having to go but I guess not, there's one thing that will console you though, he won't have to be in long because we'll have this thing over, over here, before long, then the "Little (page ends here)

(back) Haven't heard from home lately so I don't have any news from there to tell you. I was promoted the first of the month. I didn't tell you before did I? I have graduated from the "Shave-tail" class now. I can laugh at them myself now. I lost my "diaper pins"—I made 1st Lt. Thank you—the next jump is Captain but I'm afraid it's too long a jump to get excited about - I can hope can't I?

That's all for now - write often.

Love to all,
Harold.

Page Ten



Location: Page 10

Item: Letter, August 18, 1944

Note: There are five items on page 10 a postcard "The Illuminated Gardens and Pavilion, Bournemouth", a newspaper clipping, a photograph, a short letter and a blue cardboard disk with the numeral one and the words OPA Blue Point surrounding the numeral.

Description: Typewritten letter on plain white paper pasted down on page 10. Harold's serial number, 19059420, is written in the lower left-hand corner in pencil.

Text:

Friday Afternoon

August 18, 1944

Dear Mary:

I had some photos made a few days ago and I am enclosing one for you. You can do with it as you see fit. There several uses I could suggest but they cant be written here.

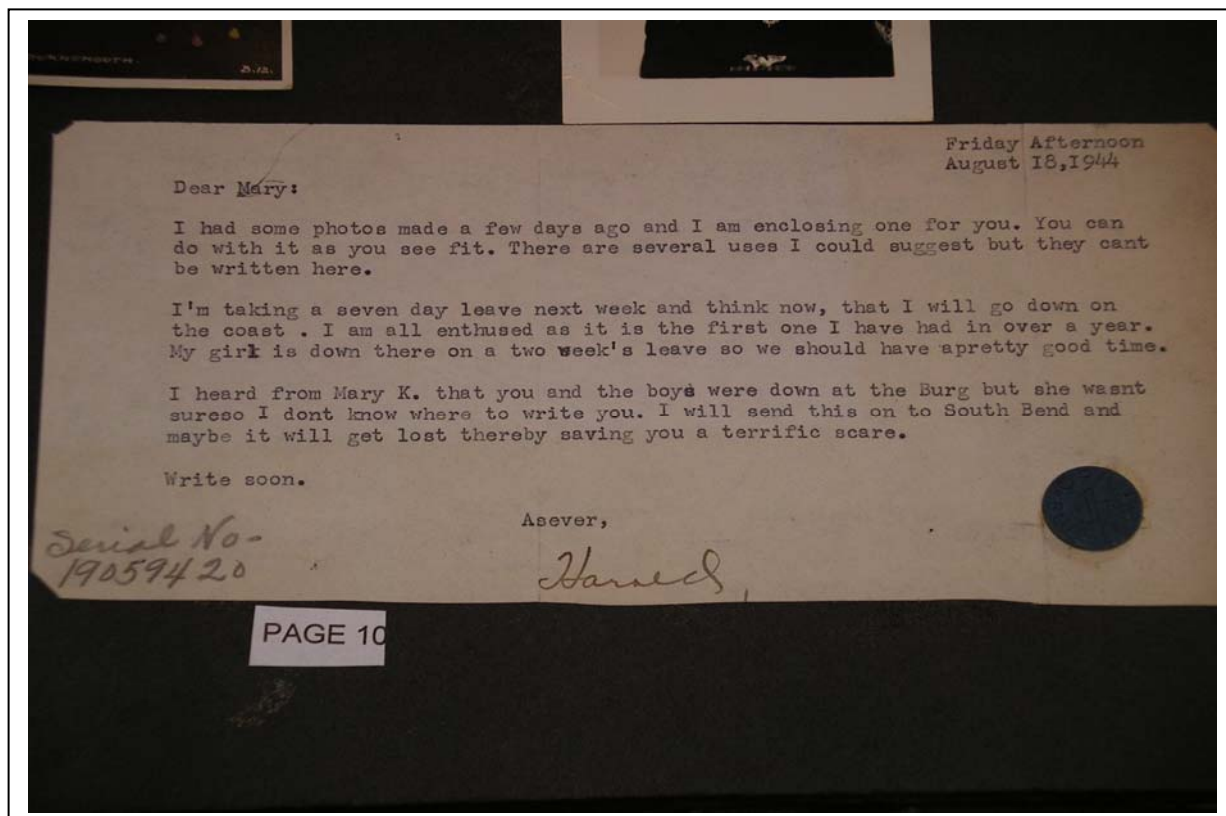
I'm taking a seven day leave next week and think now, that I will go down on the coast. I am all enthused as it is the first one I have had in over a year. My girl is down there on a two week's leave so we should have a pretty good time.

I heard from Mary K. that you and the boys were down at the Burg but she wasnt sure so I dont know where to write you. I will send this on to South Bend and maybe it will get lost thereby saving you a terrific scare.

Write soon.

As ever, Harold.

Page Ten, Detail



Nazi Bullets Taught Lebanon G. I.

Paul Chitwood Escaped Ambush On Vire River

Sgt. Paul E. Chitwood, Jr., Lebanon, related recently how the Nazis taught him to swim in one not-so-easy, bullet-splashed lesson in a 29th Division crossing of the Vire River in Europe. Ambushed by the enemy after a night crossing, Chitwood said his detachment got orders to withdraw across the river.

"The funny part of it was that I couldn't swim," he declared. "But I learned in a hurry and I guess I did swim, because I got safely to the American side." For his part in the action Chitwood was awarded the Bronze Star to which has been added the Oak Leaf Cluster. He also received the Purple Heart. A former student at Western State Teachers College, he entered the Army three years ago. His wife, Mrs. Josephine C. Chitwood, lives at Lebanon.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 27, 1944

A Louisville G.I.

To the Editor of The Courier-Journal.
Without trying to take any honor from our little neighboring city of Lebanon, Ky., I think credit should be given where it is due.

The subject of the article in The Courier-Journal December 27, about my son Paul learning to swim and escaping ambush on the Vire River, France, is a "Louisville G.I." He was born, reared and educated in Louisville with one year at U. of L. and the remainder of his college work at Western State Teachers where he was graduated in June, 1941, with a B.S. degree. The story so far as I know is absolutely correct.

Louisville.

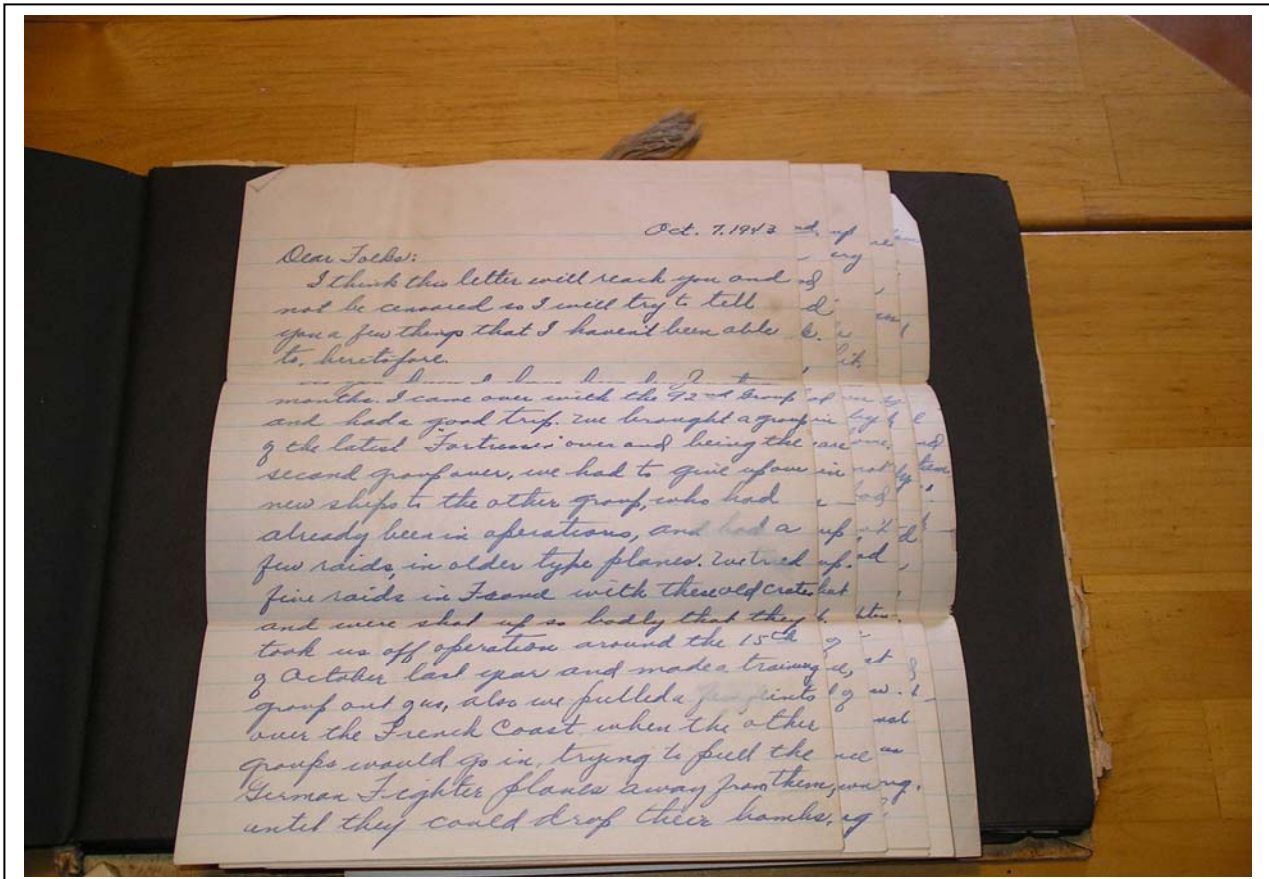
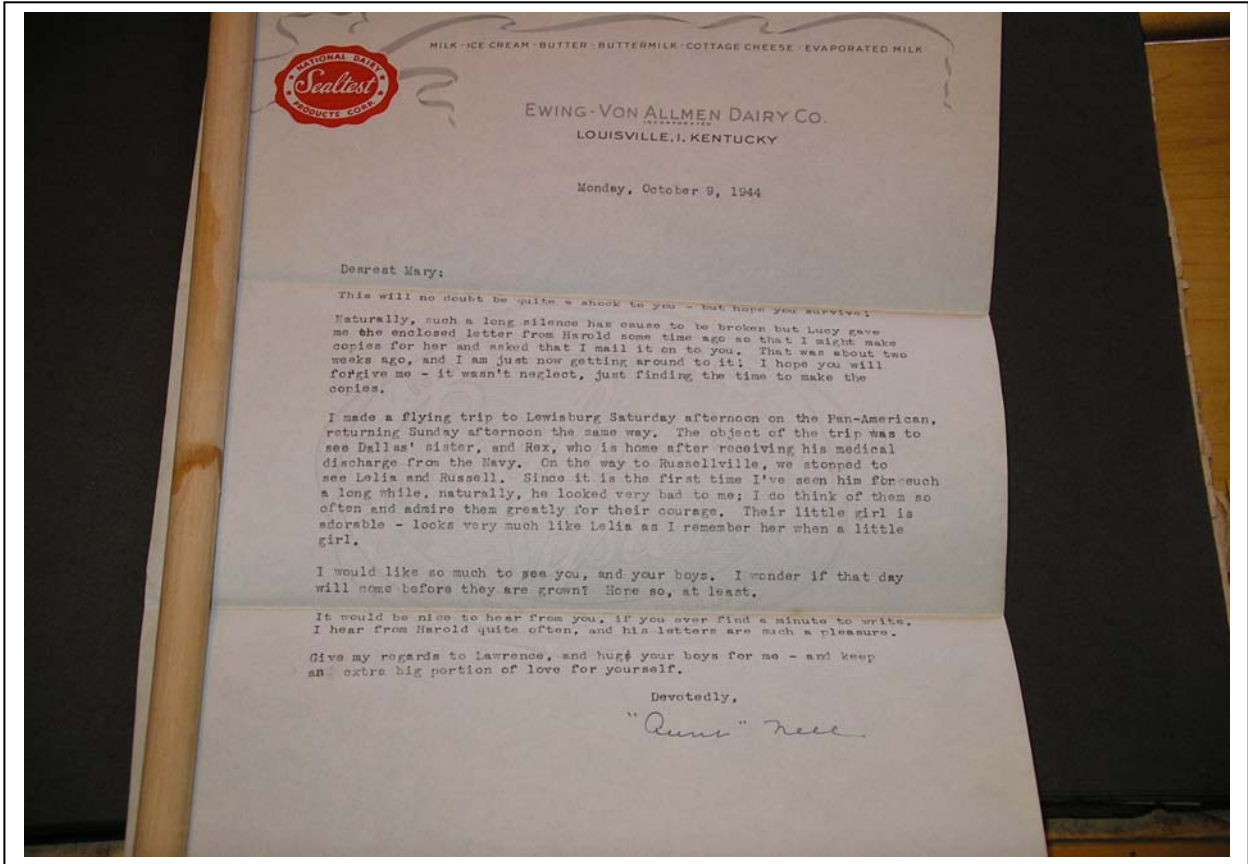
PAUL E. CHITWOOD.

Letters should be brief (rarely above 300 words), preferably typewritten on one side of the paper. The writer's name and address must be signed, to be published only with his consent. The Courier-Journal reserves the right to condense.

A/C Marion P. Pitt, Lewisburg, has just been moved to seaman Field at Monroe, La. There he will study advanced navigation. Mrs. Pitt will remain in Harlingen, Texas until school is out and then she will join Cadet Pitt in Monroe

PAGE 11

Letter Between Eleven and Twelve



Location: Loose between 11th and 12th pages

Item: Handwritten letter dated October 7, 1943. This is one of three enclosures to a letter from "Aunt" Nell Moore on Ewing – Von Allmen Dairy Co., stationery. The first is a letter from Nell to Mary Greene (October 9, 1944) indicating that she had received Harold' letter "some time ago" from Lucy. Lucy had asked Nell to make copies and mail the letter to Mary. The second enclosure is Harold's Combat Operational Missions sheet, listing his 25 missions with the 8th AF. The third is the following letter from Harold.

Description: seven pages, handwritten in blue pen, 8 1/2" X 11", lined tablet.

Text:

Oct. 7, 1943

Dear Folks:

I think this letter will reach you and not be censored so I will try to tell you a few things that I haven't been able to, here-to-fore.

As you know I have been here for fourteen months. I came over with the 92nd Group and had a good trip. We brought a group of the latest "Fortresses" over and being the second group over, we had to give up our new ships to the other group, who had already been in operations, and had a few raids, in older type planes. We tried five raids in France with these old crates and were shot up so badly that they took us off operations around the 15th of October last year and made a training group out of us. Also we pulled a few flights over the French Coast, when the other groups would go in, trying to pull the German Fighter planes away from them, until they could drop their bombs.

(page 2)

I made the first four raids with the 92nd and only one was easy. The rest were a series of batterings. I lost some very good friends in planes that went down, and one especially good friend from Ark. who, upon seeing the plane burning, baled out, and the plane came home. That was the 9th of Oct. last year. I had a letter from him in May and he is in a German Concentration Camp. There are so many of them that I couldn't begin to tell you all of them now - later -

I was transferred out of that group on the 29th of Dec. into the present group. You will see by the list of my raids, that I have pulled twenty-one with this grp.

My pilot and I were the first two of our crew to finish our raids and since, the whole crew has finished and most of the enlisted men are home. I was the Radio Operator and since I finished I spent three months down at a replacement center, instructing *(page 3)* in Radio. Now I'm back in my old group and since I've been back, I've done very little of anything.

I'm still flying but not combat.

I failed to mention that whole crew got through without being hit, with the exception of our tail gunner who was killed on his 24th mission.

Our plane was hit several times by fighters and flak but we always got home.

The conditions last winter were not good at all. We were operating in bad weather and living conditions weren't too good either. The food isn't too bad but it isn't what we had back there.

You might have read about the Fightin Bitin Squadron over here who had 42 raids without the loss of a plane, that was my squadron, the one I'm in now. That's the world's record and is exceptional in this theater of operation, inasmuch as this is the toughest theater for bombing. The German Fighters are plenty good (*page 4*) and we all respect their pilots.

I had 10 missions over Germany and was on the first one that was pulled over Germany by Americans. (That is in the list.) The rest were over France with the exception of one over Holland.

I was the first enlisted man to finish 25 raids in my squadron and am going to enclose a picture taken of my pilot and myself when we hit the ground. (*This photograph is no longer in the envelope. Possibly the photograph pasted on page 2. – mhg*)

I could tell you why I'm not coming home, but that would ruin a little surprise I have for you later, so just be patient and I'll tell you soon.

Things are much different now than when we first came over. Where we were going over with 25 & 30 bombers and no fighter escort, they never send less than 250 to 300 now, and a big escort, and the "Jerry" isn't what he used to be.

My pilot didn't get to come home yet. He is in London on a board for selecting transferees from the R.A.F. to A.A.F.

(page 5)

These are boys who joined the R.A.F. before we came into the War. Americans –

In summing up the English people I would say they are at least 30 years behind us in everything. They are a simple-minded people who are satisfied with the things their forefathers did and the methods they used and seem very happy with their lot. They think the "Yanks" are big liars, spendthrifts, and braggarts, but the girls especially are crazy about them.

A good deal of friction has been created by the fact that we make so much more money than the boys in the R.A.F. They try not to show it, but they are envious of us, and our ability to take their girls. I'm speaking of our Army as a whole and not of any personal conquest of Conflict. I've gotten along with the people fine – and most of

- and most of the boys do.

The people as a whole don't have good teeth but have good complexions - The *(page 6)* morals of the women definitely aren't what our girls are, or were, before the War. Naturally, we have to take into consideration that they were at war three years before we came here. The morale is good and getting better all the time.

I haven't had a piece of white bread since I've been over here and when we go to London we eat at the Red Cross Cheks *(sp.?)* or we would half starve. Fresh eggs and milk are unheard of in Camp or in a restaurant. Sometimes we get friendly with a farmer's wife or daughter and get a few eggs. There's a potato-patch close to our camp-site and we fry potatoes in our mess-kits at night - "We swipe 'em".

The boy who will mail this letter has been in my barracks for quite awhile and he is going to mail my D.F.C. & Air Medal after he gets home, so they will be a little later in coming. They represent a lot of *(page 7)* thrills and chills so please take care of them for me - I have three Oak Leaf Clusters to the Air Medal, which means that I won it three times more.

I haven't seen Charley Barker yet. I was transferred back here before I had time to go see him.

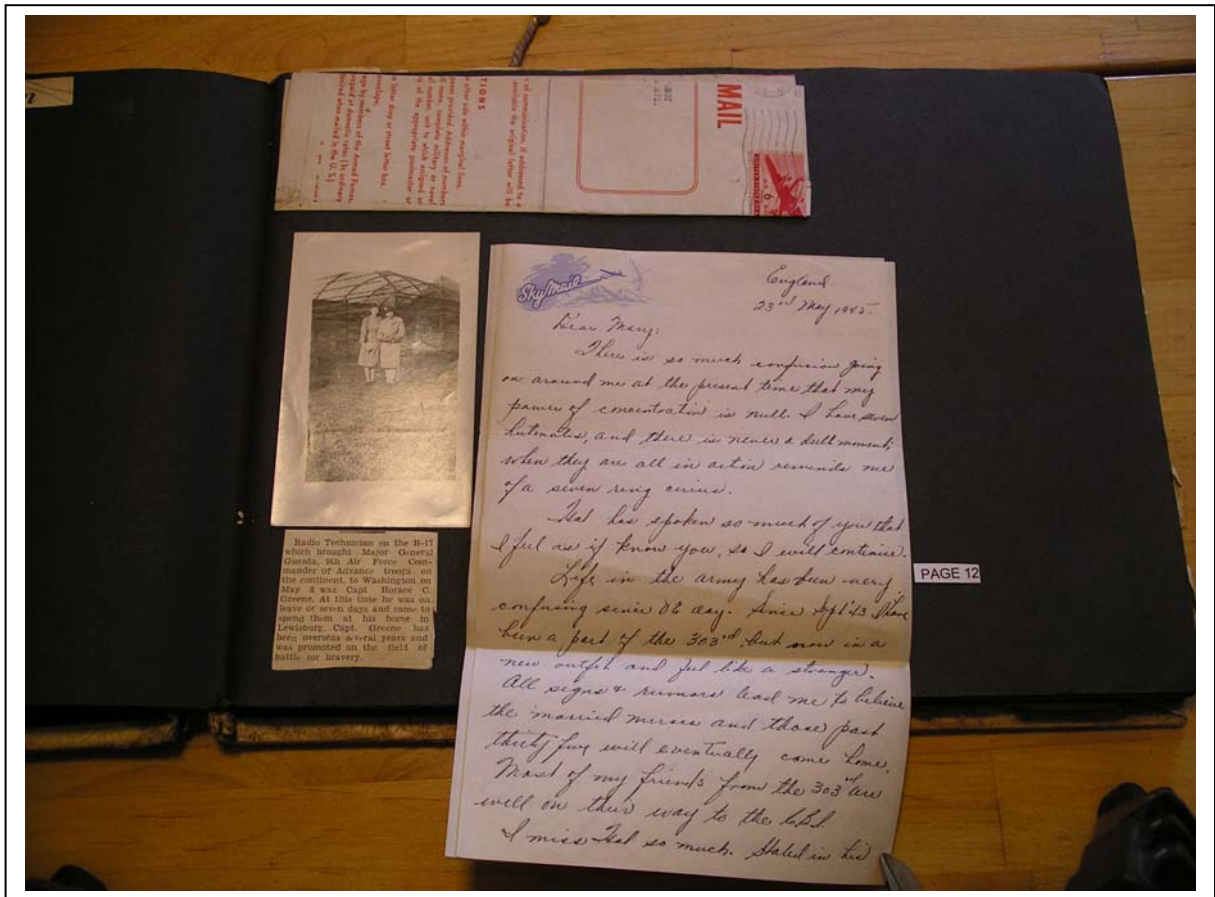
I suppose I've put enough in here to get me hung if it's caught so I will close. I need some vitamin pills and I'll ask for them later if I don't get them soon. Please send some vitamins D & B. The food and sunshine are a little weak.

I hope everything is o.k.

Love to All
Harold.

Notes: As he indicates in the letter, Harold was able to mention a number of things in this letter that would not have been possible with V-mail. However, the delay between when it was written and relayed from Louisville is significant (it is postmarked more than a year later) so much of it may have been old news by the time Mary received it.

Page Twelve

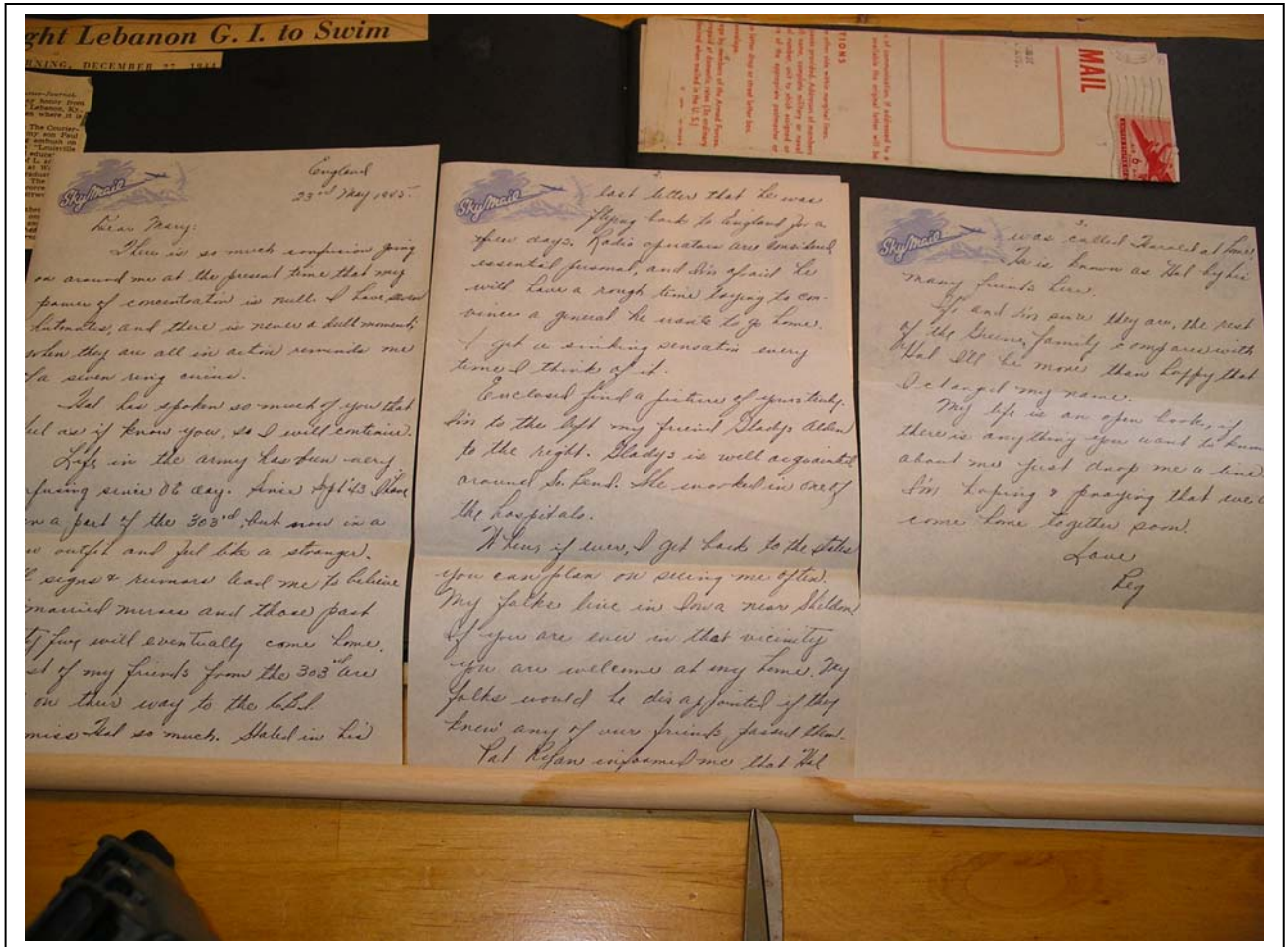


Location: Page 12

Note: There are four items on page 12: The handwritten letter is from Margaret (Honkomp) Greene to Mary Forgy, the photograph is of Margaret and a friend and is referenced in the letter. The V-Mail is from Harold to Mary, and the clipping is unidentified.

These are detailed on the following pages.

Page Twelve Letter



Location: Page 12

Item: Letter from Margaret Honkomp Greene to Mary dated May, 23 1945

Description: Handwritten letter, three pages, black ink, 6x9", SkyMail logo at the top left of each leaf, pasted down on page 12.

Note: This is one of X items on page 12. The photograph is the one referred to in the text below.

Text:

England 23rd May 1945

Dear Mary:

There is so much confusion going on around me at the present time that my power of concentration is null. I have seven hutmates, and there is never a dull moment; when they are all in action reminds me of a seven ring circus.

Hal has spoken so much of you that I feel as if know you, so I will continue.

Page Twelve letter (cont.)

Life in the army has been very confusing since VE day. Since Sept. '43 I have been a part of the 303rd, but now in a new outfit and feel like a stranger. All signs and rumors lead me to believe the married nurses and those past thirty-five will eventually come home. Most of my friends from the 303rd are well on their way to the CBI.

I miss Hal so much. Stated in his (p.2) last letter that he was flying back to England for a few days. Radio operators are considered essential personnel, and I'm afraid he will have a rough time trying to convince a general he wants to go home. I get a sinking sensation every time I think of it.

Enclosed find a picture of yours truly. I'm to the left of my friend Gladys Alden to the right. Gladys is well acquainted around So. Bend. She worked in one of the hospitals.

When, if ever, I get back to the states you can plan on seeing me often. My folks live in Iowa near Sheldon. If you are ever in that vicinity you are welcome at my home. My folks would be disappointed if they knew any of our friends passed them.

Pat Ryan informed me that Hal (p.3) was called Harold at home. He is known as Hal by his many friends here.

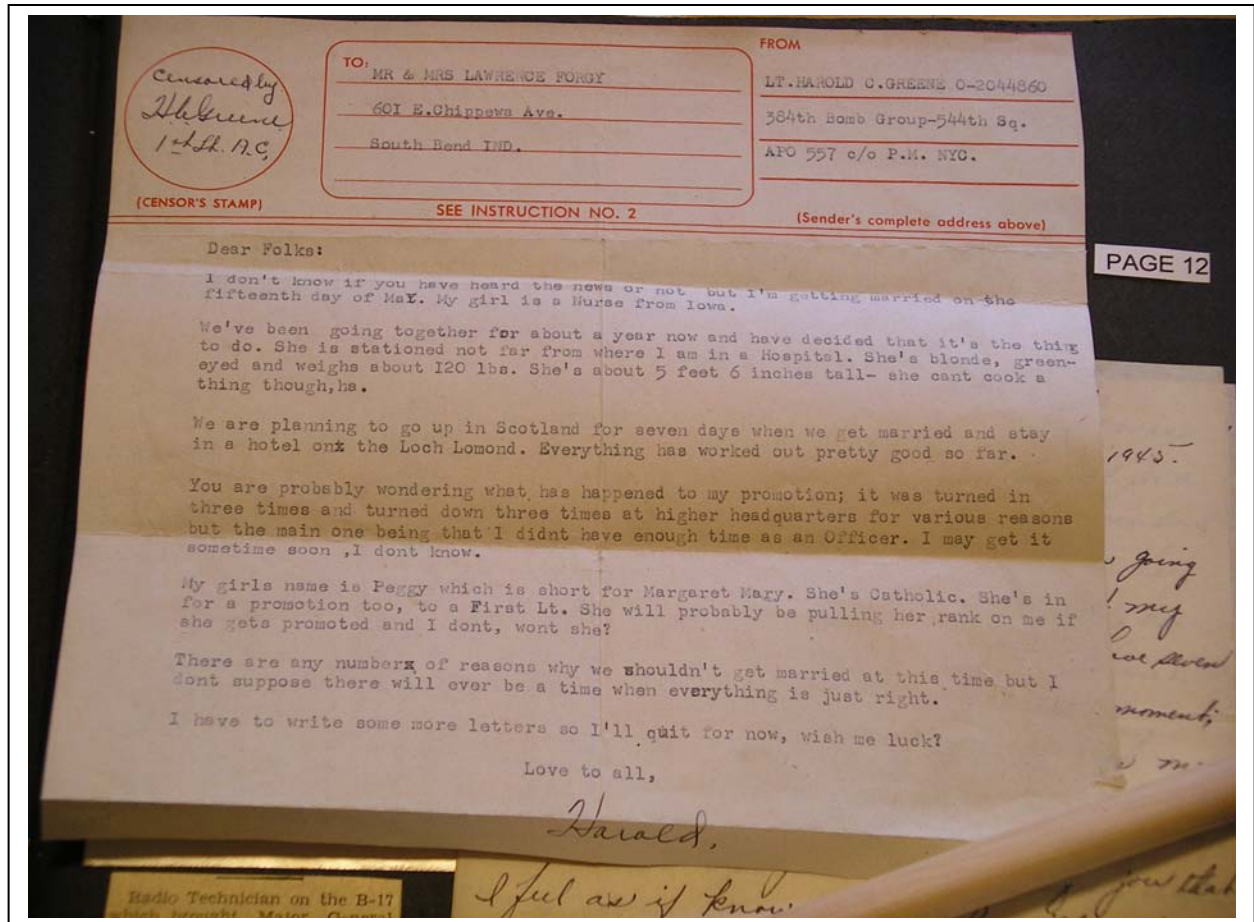
If, and I'm sure they are, the rest of the Greene family compares with Hal I'll be more than happy that I changed my name.

My life is an open book, if there is anything you want to know about me just drop me a line. I'm hoping and praying that we can come home together soon.

Love
Peg

Note: The letter is signed "Peg" which was apparently a nickname for Margaret at that time.

Page Twelve V-mail



Location: Page 12

Item: Typewritten V-mail to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Forgy from Lt. Harold C. Greene O-2044860, 384th Bob Group, 544th Squadron.

Description: This is a typewritten letter. Glued down on page 12. Undated.

Text:

Dear Folks: I don't know if you have heard the news or not but I'm getting married on the fifteenth day of May. My girl is a nurse from Iowa.

We've been going together for about a year now and have decided that it's the thing to do. She is stationed not from where I am in a Hospital. She's blonde, green-eyed and weighs about 120 lbs. She's about 5 feet 6 inches tall - she cant cook a thing though, ha.

We are planning to go up in Scotland for seven days when we get married and stay in a hotel on the Loch Lomond. Everything has worked out pretty good so far.

You are probably wondering what has happened to my promotion; it was turned in three times and turned down three times at higher headquarters for various reasons but the main one being that I didnt have enough time as an Officer. I may get it sometime soon, I don't know.

My girl's name is Peggy which is short for Margaret Mary. She's Catholic. She's in for a promotion too, to First Lt. She probably will be pulling her rank on me if she gets promoted and I don't, wont she?

There are any number of reasons why we shouldn't get married at this time but I dont suppose there will ever be a time when everything is just right.

I have to write some more letters so I will quit for now, wish me luck?

Love to all, Harold

Page Twelve Clipping

Location: Page 12

Item: newspaper clipping

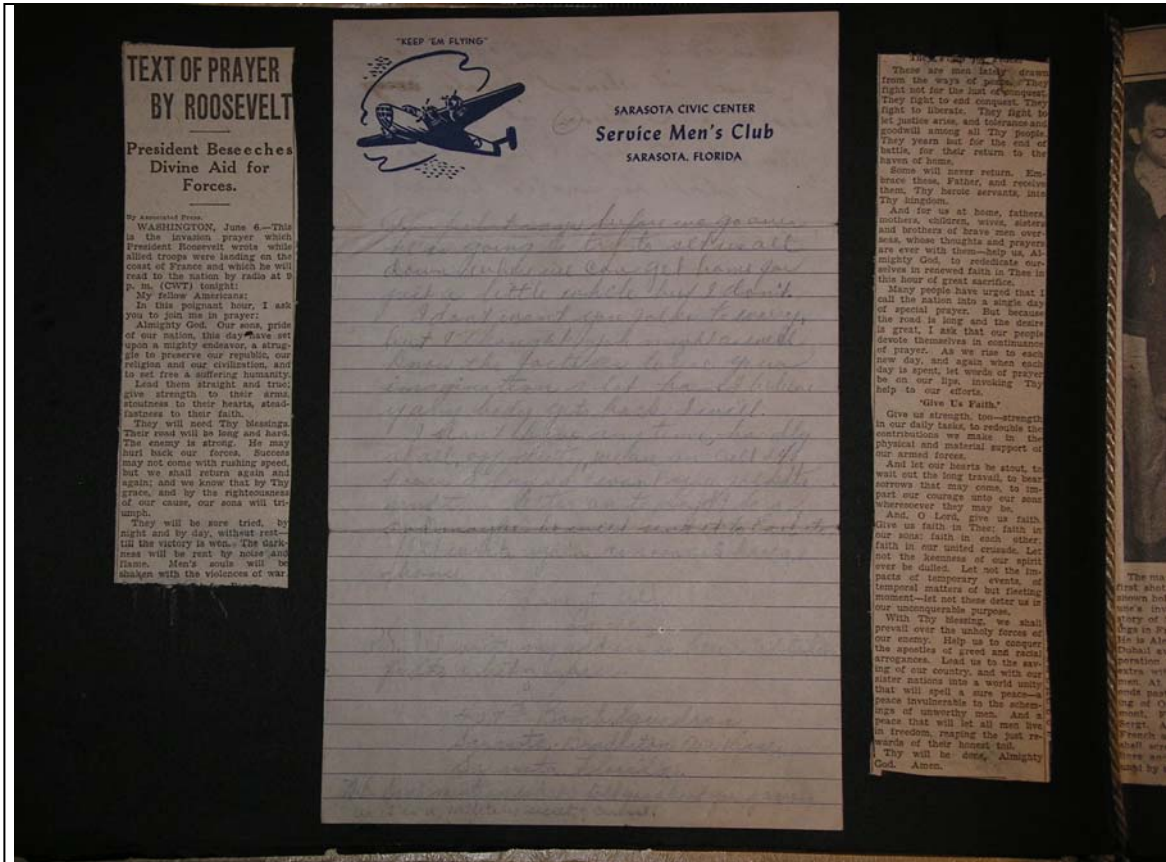
Description: clipping from newspaper, unidentified, undated

Text:

Radio Technician on the B-17 which brought Major General Guesda, 9th Air Force Commander of Advance troops on the continent to Washington on May 8 was Capt. Horace C. Greene. At this time he was on leave of seven days and came to spend them at his home in Lewisburg. Capt. Greene has been overseas several years and was promoted on the field of battle for bravery.

Note: Capt. Greene's first name was Harold.

Page Thirteen



Location: Page 13

Page 13 is preceded by four blank pages. One of these appears to have had something glued to it, but it is missing.

Note: There are three items on page 13: A portion of a hand written letter from Harold and two newspaper clippings

The letter is detailed on the following page.

Page Thirteen letter

Location: Page 13

Description: Handwritten in pencil, lined stationery with a letterhead reading "Sarasota Civic Center, Service Men's Club, Sarasota, Florida. On the upper left corner is a logo depicting a bomber with the words "Keep 'Em Flying".

Note: As stated earlier, the items in the book do not appear in chronological order. Although it is not dated this is probably the first letter Harold sent Mary, since it is written from Sarasota, Florida prior to his departure to England. This appears to be the second of two pages. This first is on the reverse side of the sheet and is firmly glued down to the album. In all probability the entire note would be lost if it were removed from the page.

Text:

Our pilot says before we go over he is going to try to set us all down where we can get home for just a little while, but I don't. I don't want you folks to worry, but I thought you might as well know the facts as to use your imagination a lot. ha. I believe if any body gets back, I will.

I don't have any time, hardly at all, off duty we are on call 24 hours a day so I want you folks to send this letter on to Loyd and Sara and maybe he will send it to Earl, etc.

I'll write again as soon as I have a chance.

**Love to all.
Harold.**

**P.S. I'll write my address in here as it takes quite a bit of space.
407th Bomb Squadron,
Sarasota-Bradenton Air Base,
Sarasota, Florida.**

N.B. Don't mention what I told you about going across as it is a military secret, of course.

