Transcript of Thomas Walkey's Presentation at Grant County Historical Society
January 19th, 1965

This is a tape of Ed Walkey's for the Historical Society of Silver City and let me see it was in 65, 1965 is when this was recorded. He's a personal friend of mine and I will be glad to listen to this. I've been told that you wish to record these remarks of mine and with your permission I will sit down.

I know that the voices are taken up in the recorder easier if I'm closer to the mic. When I was asked to speak to you, I had some misgivings about the appropriateness of my subject, which is the air war in the European Mediterranean theater during World War II, and I feel perhaps I should preface some of my remarks with some miscellaneous observations. My remarks tonight will be informal, and I do have a few notes.

I do not have a prepared speech, and I invite you to ask questions at any time. Many others here in Silver City have had more adventure and more daring and probably been exposed to more horrible experiences than I have but people at home also had a better opportunity to view the overall picture of the war than one who was in it. There is truth in the statement that the war is in your own foxhole, and I'll try to bring this point out stronger in more detail later.

There are many incidents that happened to one during the war time that happened daily as they happen to you here in Silver City today and some of these are stupid and some of them are funny, some of them are pathetic and some of them are real disasters and one could discuss at great length and in detail these individual incidents and they are fabulous stories in themselves and they're part of the history of our country. World War II is history. The people of this country fought in all capacities, each essential, all over the world for our ultimate goal but because of the nuclear age I doubt if we ever again will see such a mass of machinery and men pitted against each other.

I want to call to your attention, I don't know if you've noticed it or not, I have, the increase in TV exposure to World War II. I can't help but wonder why this tremendous recent increase in this exposure. Is it psychological? Is it educational? Certainly, I believe that we have a new generation that needs to be exposed to the need and to know why that freedom and liberty carry such a high price tag.

This may be one reason. And finally, I brought a record which I haven't heard for 20 years myself and some pictures which I'll pass out later. In the back of the pictures, I have made some notes and if you have any questions, I'll be glad to answer the questions relative to the pictures of the records and the pictures were all taken with a K-20 camera from my plane.

The 15th Air Force Headquarters was located in Bari, Italy and its role and purpose as any other Air Force was to wage war and destroy the enemy's capabilities of wage war. Now the 15th Air Force at that time was comprised of what is known then as a heavy bomber group. That was B-24s and B-17s.

In obtaining this objective primarily our targets would be of transportation, manufacturing and supply. Now unfortunately all too often we have to go back to the same targets time and time again because we just missed or we failed to destroy them to the full capabilities of wage and war. To name some of these targets you probably read about there were Ploesti oil fields, there was the Regensburg Aircraft Factory, a most important one the Steyr ball bearing plant because without ball bearings all machinery quits, the Regensburg Aircraft Factory, marshalling yards and depots.

Most of these targets unfortunately for us were located deep into enemy territory and of course they were the ones that were heavily defended with anti-aircraft guns and fighters. And at the beginning of the time that I joined the 15th Air Force most of them, you might say, were suicidal missions because we had no fighter escort. I think that it would be appropriate to give a little background prior to my going to Italy.

When I joined the Air Force back in 1940 my pilot was Major Curt LeMay and we were trained in Martin B-10s and Martin B-12s which was the plane that Billy Mitchell thanked the battleships for. Shortly after Pearl Harbor I was sent by Major LeMay to Port Darwin, Australia. I got as far; they gave me $50,000 in cash by the way to buy my own gasoline because we weren't at war with anybody.

And I got as far as Panama when Jarvan Sumatra had fallen and I couldn't get through. And the second priority was South America and the Panama Canal. Most people don't realize that but at that time we had one Navy and it would have been disastrous to have the canal locked out with the Navy locked on one side to use the Atlantic or the Pacific.

As a result, I was sent down to Ecuador, South America. And you can imagine what a place that was. It was in the jungles about 50 miles from the headhunters.

And our mission was to fly patrol from there to the Galapagos Islands and back. There were about eight crews of us doing this type of work and we accumulated at the rate of about 150 hours flying time per month. And we did this for about ten consecutive months.

An interesting sidelight, at that time my co-pilot was a Lieutenant C.R. Everly and he is the one now is the famous book and international figure that shows Shima pilots. And I tried to visit him not too long ago, but they refused to let me see him. Well anyway I spent ten months down there and came back to the United States and spent one year and go on to school.

I went to the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas and on to the Air Force Staff Officer School in Washington, D.C. As a result of all my flying experience in B-24s, four engine aircraft of all types, and then the schooling, I had received orders in Washington, D.C. to not be exposed to combat, and I had a choice of theaters. And I picked the Met Dream primarily because it was a warm climate, but it was warmer than I thought when I got there. I reported to General Twining in Italy and he also gave me a choice of what wing and finally what group and after I reported to the group commander, the next day I found myself flying tail end

Charlie, which is the tail end of the flight, lowest position, most vulnerable position, on one of the toughest missions, which was the Regensburg Aircraft Factory.

So that is what they thought of Washington, D.C. and their orders of not exposing me to combat. This is the way it should be. I hardly agree now, I didn't at the time.

The reason is that you cannot run a war from 6,000 miles away and it's unfortunate that we haven't learned that lesson today and I refer to Vietnam. Back to Italy, the maximum number of planes our group could put up on a mission was about 52 or 13 per squadron. There were four squadrons in a group.

Each plane would carry from 10 to 12 men and so you can see that we had approximately 600 men on flying status in one capacity or the other. It therefore was a well knitted group, had high morale, high free decor and of course we had a common denominator and that was flying to live. Most of them were kids from 18 to 24 years of age.

We read the news about the foot soldier, the mud, 88 Pacific, what was going on, but it was a long, long way off to us. It was like water off a duck's back. We knew ourselves if we had an easy mission tomorrow or if we got back at all, we would have probably a jigger of rotgut whiskey, good food and a warm bed that night and the next day it could take care of itself.

So, it was a day-to-day operation. As I said, I'm going to try to give you some incidents. As I said earlier, all kinds of incidents happened, funny, pathetic, disastrous, stupid.

I remember one particular mission we were climbing on our way to Romania somewhere at about 12,000 feet and we were over the middle of the Adriatic when the number one engine on one of our planes caught on fire and I'm sure there was panic that dictated what this person did, but the navigator bailed out in the middle of the Adriatic where there was absolutely no possible assistance could be given to him. The fire in number one engine was finally extinguished by the pilot. The plane turned around and landed safely back at the base, and I watched that poor soul float down towards the water in the middle of the ocean.

So, you can never tell what dictates a man's actions during a crisis. One particular bad week we lost about 50 percent of our squadron. I shouldn't say bad week, we lost it in one day, which was not too unusual as a matter of fact, but there was one thing that we were fortunate in.

We were able to get green replacement crews from the United States quickly. But some of these green crews didn't turn out to be quite so green. I remember that as we were again going into Germany, we had occasion to, quite often, to come within about 20 miles of Switzerland and as we were still climbing at about 18 or 20,000 feet as we passed Switzerland, a little higher in that town of the Alps, because 21,000, three of these green crews that came down over Switzerland bailed out.

Switzerland became impounded in a neutral country for the duration of the war, and the United States government paid their tuition to attend the University of Geneva. Now how do

you account for things like that? You don't. We had to reschedule our missions so that we wouldn't get within 75 miles of Switzerland.

You don't like to hear those things, it's hard to believe, it's hard to prove, but those things do happen in the war. Oh, I made a list here of specific missions. Certain missions remain with you, others you forget.

Certain things happen even last week that will recall very vividly some things that happened. To me, Vienna was one that I would never forget. Perhaps it was because it was more heavily defended than any target that I ever went to, both with anti-aircraft fire and with fighting, and because perhaps I went so often and it was so difficult a target to destroy.

I know at one time when I first reported I was group operations officer and so therefore I had the occasion to plan the missions and write the field orders for the next day. As a result of knowing these gentlemen in the group, as I took over a squadron I'd go up the night before and say, where do we go tomorrow?" And if they said Vienna, I'd say, well, I don't need to go to the brief and just tell me what you want. I got to know it that well.

And it was over Vienna I got shot down. I was leading the 81st wing, I think it was. We had just dropped our bombs, and an 88 millimeter went up to my right wing and knocked a hole in it as big as you could drive a truck through.

Knocked out number three and number four engine. We still had control of the aircraft. We lost all our gas.

It's funny, as you look back and retrospect on those things, when something like this happens, you're not worrying about what's going to happen ten minutes from now or half an hour from now. You're worrying what's going to happen in the next 15 seconds from now. And then when you get by those 15 seconds, you worry about the next 15 seconds.

So, you don't project your feelings ahead too far. You can't afford to do that. Our first thing was to clear the Alps.

We were at about 24,000 feet and in front of us the Alps went up to a certain place we were at about 21,000. We were losing altitude at the rate of about 200 feet a minute. We did clear them by about 75 feet and then we got a reprieve because as soon as you cleared the Alps, it dropped down to the Pole Valley down to sea level and we just picked ourselves up another 20,000 feet in untold number of minutes.

Well, prior to going on any mission, we always had in there what we call an escape kit. And in this escape kit there were many goodies, a pack of cigarettes and about $70 American cash and maps and chocolate and chewing gum. I have a good suggestion that the next escape kit they ought to have a toothbrush and some toothpaste.

But along in this escape kit, it gives you, depending on your location, the best chances of survival, where to go. And we knew that we, with the loss of the gas and our number two

engine started acting up, it has hit also, that we never could make it across the Adriatic because we were going more or less lengthwise maybe 400 miles over the ocean. So, we headed for Yugoslavia.

Very shortly we lost number two engine, so we had one engine. And we were in radio contact all the way. Nobody in my crew was hurt.

We didn't have any gas. We finally got down to 7,000 feet. Oh, I'm going to amend that.

We'll say 10,000 feet. And up in front of us we could see some mountains. We went to about 13,000 feet.

We still only had one engine. We'd gone 150 miles from Vienna. We thought we had done pretty good.

So, we all bailed out. I can tell you for sure that there is no truth in the statement that the Air Force was trained in how to bail out. It's something you don't get trained in.

When it happens, it happens. And it's the first time you have no experience behind it. I had too big a parachute on and about broke my neck when I went out.

I remember reaching for my hat and the little odd things that you do. I had a flying suit on after the first thing, of course, was the chute opening. I watched the chute opening.

And I was glad that was over with. And then sitting up there, my nose began to run. So, I reached down and unzippered a zipper pocket down below my knee and pulled out my handkerchief, blew my nose, put the handkerchief back in, and re-zippered it up.

I can remember that as vividly as possible sitting up there. I could look down on the ground, and I could see the people running around. I didn't know who they were, whether they were Germans or what they were, because Yugoslavia was occupied by the Germans.

It was a mountainous country, not as mountainous as, well, maybe as mountainous as the Black Range or the foothills of the Black Range, halfway between. So, I said, well, I had read stories of them shooting at you, you know, when you're coming down. I said the first thing I'd better do is what we call dump this parachute, and that is pull on one side of the shroud so all the air will come out of it, and you can descend that much quicker.

Well, it began to swing like a pendulum on a clock and immediately became violently airsick. I'm just swinging back and forth. So, I quit that.

I decided to relax for them shooting at me, because I don't want to. Then I looked down again and I said, well, I'm not going down, I'm going up. Well, I failed to recognize at the time that we probably had about a 30-knot wind, and it was blowing me across the peaks and the valley.

And when I happened to look down, I was looking in the valley instead of on top of the peaks. And I, because very shortly I looked down again and I was really coming down. Then I was trying to stop myself from coming down.

So, I did finally get down pretty hard against the side of the cliff. And I awakened at the foot. I wasn't hurt.

Took off my parachute just before I hit, though, there were all these people running up towards me. I still couldn't recognize them. It was very, very brushy and rocky.

I immediately got out of my chute and hit it and stayed behind flush. There was nothing else to do. They were running all around and they finally got, oh, possibly within 50 feet of me.

And they were yelling at each other. I still couldn't recognize them because of the brushy conditions. Finally, one of them got as close as you and me and he still didn't see me.

And I looked at him, he had a red star on his cap, and I decided he wasn't a German, so I just stood up and I scared him to death. And I stood up. And it was, I'd gotten in with Marshal Mihaljevic and his partner.

Of course, at the time they didn't know it well. They led me down to a little shack and this lady went in and got a sheet, put it on the ground, and brought me out black bread and goat's cheese. I sat there and ate it and gave them $60, $65, because I had $70, and $65 of American money.

The other $5 I bought myself a mule. And I got on the back of that mule, and we rode a couple of nights, not in the daytime, always in the mountains. It was fantastic.

I just left myself to this one person leading this mule and I guess it was three nights and sometimes we'd sleep in a haystack in the daytime. But at nighttime, he'd knock on the door, and I'd walk in and there would be a place all set for me and the food. I don't know how communications can travel in a land of nothing without telephone, without anything.

They knew I was coming and a meal would be all ready for me. It'd be ready in the morning and at nighttime too. Eventually there were, they round up 70 of us that were shot down that day.

And I ran into a British major who spoke French and I spoke a little French and he had parachuted in with a jeep and radio equipment. And I had, as I mentioned earlier, you'll see how I tie it in, I'd gone to the Command General Staff School, and I had a real close friend in 15th Air Force Headquarters in Barry Etley. And I got on the radio, and I called Nate Abbott and I said, get a hold of my wife, Ava, in Boston who was at my home and tell her I'm all right.

And he cabled my wife and Ava heard from me from behind enemy lines in Yugoslavia two weeks before the War Department sent her a telegram that I was missing a neck. So those are some of the things that have happened. I want to mention the Hermann Goring tank work that went to Austria.

The fat man splurged a little, I don't know if it was because it was named after him. We rotated, there were three groups in our wing and every third mission our group would lead the wing and then we'd get down in the third position. The next mission we'd be in the second position and then the first position.

This particular mission was our position to be in the third position. So, there were 72 planes, roughly 36 planes in each group who were up ahead of me. I watched 14 of them get shot down in a period of less than five minutes and of course they started bailing out and I might say it looked like cumulus clouds below me, the number of parachutes.

And we weren't more than two miles behind them as we came along. Yet we were, these were all by fighters, you know, in the aircraft. And yet we weren't touched.

Our 36 planes came in, and we wiped out the tank work. And I want to show you how lady luck in time and because I could have just as easily been in number two group, that particular mission or the first group. But the fighters had been sitting up there waiting.

They know when you're coming. They'd been sitting up there waiting and they had just enough gasoline to work for about five or ten minutes and then they had to land and refuel. And when they were landing and refueling, that's when my group came along and went through.

So, it was nothing that I did. It was just an act of God that I was particularly in that number three group. That day I had many friends in the group ahead of me.

I'm recalling little incidents here, these notes that I have. I recall the first jet fighter. You know that Germany had jets long before we did.

They had them in June of 19, or earlier than that, perhaps March of 1944. I remember saying to my co-pilot, what was that that went by because we had never seen anything like it or heard anything about it. We really didn't know.

We reported it to intelligence, but we still didn't report there was a jet fighter. We said something went by us. We don't know what it did.

But then it stayed off at our elevation at about three or four miles off to our right. And every time we changed course or elevation, so would he. And all he was doing was radioing our position and elevation and course to the anti-aircraft boys down below.

That was my only encounter with a jet. I'll show you a picture here of this later. I'm sure that, speaking of the historical society, you probably won't appreciate this one too much.

I'm also sure that you recall what a bad time the boys, the foot soldiers, had at Anzio and the beachhead and at Mount Cassino and the Abbey. I was the one that they let in there finally when the Air Force had to bomb it. It was a priceless building, an art gallery.

And I have never been there and for some day I'd like to. I have a couple of pictures showing you before and after of the Abbey at Mount Cassino. Ploesti.

Everybody hears about the first mission to Ploesti, but you don't hear too much about the succeeding ones. The first one was fouled up but good. There were time bombs that were dropped and they were dropped in the wrong place and flights came in off schedules and low and the time bombs went off and blew them out of the air.

They missed their targets. It was a big morale builder for the people back home. But as far as doing any sustaining damage to Ploesti oil field, I imagine it was back into 90 percent capacity the next day.

There was no damage that was done. It was the succeeding missions that were the tough ones into Ploesti, and I think I went there about seven or eight times. I still don't believe that Ploesti was as difficult as Vienna because Vienna is where they had the Messerschmitt fighter aircraft factory and this was of prime importance as Ploesti too.

A few interesting, I think, sidelights to fighting a war. General Patton, when he invaded southern France, again I was called on to lead the 15th Air Force in softening up Marseilles and that was a breeze as far as we were concerned. There wasn't any defense.

But later on, when General Patton went up the Rhone Valley so quickly and the bridges all bombed out, they couldn't get gasoline to him for his tanks and his equipment. So, they called on us to ferry gasoline into Lyon, France. Well, that sounded like a breeze after what we had been doing.

So, we flew into Lyon, France and we took out the bomb racks and put in fuel tanks and when we landed there, the fuel was pocketed where it had been bombed and I decided to go into town. I had a strange feeling that something was wrong. And what was wrong was there wasn't any Americans around. The only people I saw were the French. And there was some sniping going on, and I'm an Air Force boy. I'm not down here in the ground fighting. I don't know anything about the ground fighting. Finally, it turned out it was the Free French had just captured Lyon, and the Americans hadn't even been there yet. But they were asking us to fly gasoline in for them so that when they did get there, they'd have gasoline, you know? So, we did this for about a week. We pumped the gasoline not only out of our Bombay special tanks, but we'd also pump out all the gasoline out of our own wing tanks as much as we could and just save just enough to get back to Italy, and that's a long way. Maybe, I don't know, four hundred miles, five hundred miles if everything goes all right.

You may have seen the movie, The High and the Mighty with John Wayne. A commercial airline trying to come in from Hawaii that ran out of gas and just barely landed in San Francisco. And that very same thing happened to me. I took off from Lyon and had calculated just enough gas to get into Ciampino Airport, I think it is in Rome. I ran into weather. Well, it required that I use more gas to climb a higher elevation to clear the weather. And sure enough, I was getting dry tanks, and then there started the old proposition, are we gonna make it or not? Shall we ditch?

Just before Rome, although land was in sight, we didn't think we could ever make it. If you ran out of gas going over the city of Rome, that'd be a fine thing. Well, we took our chance, and we came in in a straight-in approach, and we landed on the runway. As the plane rolled down the runway, all four engines conked out on me, out of gas. So, I wasn't as lucky as John Wayne. For one thing, I didn't have thirty gallons left. I had absolutely none.

As I mentioned earlier, some disastrous things happened that shouldn't have happened. We weren't a pressurized airplane. When we climb-- started climbing about twelve thousand feet, we had to use oxygen masks. It is uncomfortable wearing an oxygen mask for three or four or five hours. So as soon as the bombing mission would be over, we would feel that we had ninety percent of it done. All you had to do was let down and then pick your way back.

Naturally, you aren't going to go over metropolitan areas or over heavily defended areas in coming back. You skirt around these areas and keep out of trouble and let yourself down to about ten thousand feet where it's a lot more comfortable flying. And we had done this. In fact, it was, I believe, on the way back from Ploesti and we had come out in pretty good shape and hadn't been hurt too bad and was flying along. We usually brought sandwiches. The missions were, usually eight-hour missions, at least eight hours. So, we were probably eating and having a cigarette and had on the automatic pilot and just enjoying ourselves. And I guess the navigator went to sleep because he took us right over a German airport. And in the next five minutes, the first thing I knew, I felt a thump, and I looked down, and we were so close to them that you could see them, the actual guns and the flash from the guns firing at you. In a period of five minutes, they shot down seven of us, and I had a hundred and twenty-six flak holes in my plane when I landed and yet didn't hurt a single person in my crew. But that was a stupid thing. There was absolutely no need of it. You remember those things. You remember them very, very well.

I could go on with incidents like I've talked to you about for, for hours, as I mentioned earlier, but in retrospect, I think that we accomplished our own purpose, and we probably proved once and for all the value of air power. I would be glad to answer any questions that anybody or dwell in more detail on any of the things I've mentioned. I have a record. I haven't heard it in twenty years. It's a steel record. It was made over in Italy, and supposedly, I, well, I know it's true. It was used to sell war bonds over here. My wife was waiting for me in Massachusetts, and a radio station in Boston called her and told her to listen at a certain time, and then afterwards, if she would come by, they would give her the record. And that is the only reason I got the record. We tried to make a couple of copies of it, which I think are in there, but, when I was asked to speak, I said, "Well, maybe I'll hear it too myself." So, if you'd like to hear it, I'll be glad to play it for you. It's entirely up to you.

WWII War Effort Recording.

The following interview with Major Thomas E. Walkey was conducted in Naples Italy in 1945. Its use was to garner support of the war effort and sell war bonds.

Moderator - *Europe news confirmation. Allied airmen are increasing the intensity of their attacks. The rapid advance of the Allied armies in France and Russia has placed such former German assets as the Ploesti oil fields, the Bucharest rail yards, and Toulon naval installations in our hands. With the fall of Romania and the liberation of France, Germany can expect even more attacks on the Fatherland. Hitler's problem today consists of defending his remaining industrial centers and his oil supplies with a dribbling Luftwaffe. We have brought you today a man who has had the opportunity to become familiar with enemy aerial defense tactics. As a graduate of the Army's Command and Staff School, he has the military background to size up the enemy's tactics. As a squadron commander in a B-24 Liberator bomber group, he has acquired the first-hand knowledge. He is Major Thomas E. Walkey of Hanson, Massachusetts, veteran of forty combat missions. Major, just how effective are the German defense tactics?*

Major Thomas E. Walkey - *Their defenses aren't good enough to keep us from getting to the target. They never were that good. Even in the best days of the Luftwaffe, when they could put two or three hundred planes in the sky regularly, they couldn't stop us. They'd try to break up the attack, but they could never do any more than make us pay a heavy price on each mission. Even when they knocked down forty or fifty bombers, the rest of us would go right on through.*

Moderator - *That was in the early days, Major. How about now?*

Major Thomas E. Walkey - *Now they lay low for weeks at a time, and then when we begin to think the war is getting easy, they hit us in an all-out attack. Usually it's just the flak, but we never know when to expect the fighters. The last time we went to V-Vienna, they really hit us, over a hundred of them. In the old days, that many fighters wouldn't fool around with fancy stuff. They'd smash in. At Vienna, they'd hit in the clouds, then dive through onto the formation. Of the seven ships my squadron sent up, three didn't come back, and one went into the graveyard right after it landed.*

Moderator - *Is there any way of anticipating the fighters, Major?*

Major Thomas E. Walkey - *Not any positive way. Our intelligence knows where the German fighters are located, but trying to figure when they'll come up is another story. If we hit the same target twice in a row, we might meet fighters on only one day. They don't have enough fighters to send against us on every mission, so they follow two rules. First, they never send small numbers of fighters up for interception, and secondly, they send up lots of them in defense of vital targets. Lately, we haven't run into any fighters except when we attack their oil targets. Right now, Germany is critically short of oil, especially since the Russians took Ploesti. Vienna has more guns than Ploesti, but I have never seen any place with the concentration of flak that Ploesti had. I remember one mission to Ploesti where the flak was so heavy we flew right through a wall of flak puffs. An eighty-eight-millimeter dud ripped through the ship and landed in my lap. I'm glad I've seen the last of Ploesti.*

Moderator - *I can understand that. Tell us, what was the other rough mission?*

Major Thomas E. Walkey - *Well, Linz, Austria was no picnic. At Linz, we hit Herman Goring's tank factory, and the fat man flourished at us, sending up about a hundred fighters. They attacked in echelon, ten or more ships darting in and making passes. I saw six of our ships blow up, and it happened in a matter of seconds. Our group was lucky. We watched the group ahead of us lose fourteen planes. We bagged ten fighters, and every one of our ships got back. That one, Ploesti, and Vienna were the roughest ones I've ever taken part in.*

Moderator - *With missions like that behind you, this next question should be easy. Do you think the German air forces can continue to be effective much longer?*

Major Thomas E. Walkey - *Possibly for a few months, but the loss of Ploesti was a terrific blow to Hitler's hopes. When we meet fighters, we take losses, plenty of them, but then so do the Nazis, and we can stand it a lot better than they can. They're licked, and they know it. We're just waiting for them to tell us.*

Moderator - *I hope you're right, Major Walkey. We're all waiting for them to admit it, too. Ladies and gentlemen, you've just heard a record made somewhere in the Mediterranean Theater of Operations of an interview with Major Thomas E. Walkey, squadron commander in a B-24 Liberator group of the Mediterranean Allied Air Force.*

Question & Answer Session:

Question - Where did you make the record, where was it, that time?

Answer by Major Walkey - Uh, they flew me over to, uh, Naples, as I recall, in a regular, uh, sound studio. It was a, uh... I think it was an Armed Forces studio they used for propaganda, and they cut it there.

That was about twenty years ago.

Question - That's why I was asking the question there was, was how old you were when that record was made, because of your voice and the, uh, shall we say, there was a lot of cock sure in it and, you know, a little enthusiasm that later on through the years, uh, had to be mellowed.

Question - I was gonna tell you, in line there, that-

Answer by Major Walkey - We really, uh, didn't get to, uh, to, uh, see too much of the, uh, the countryside. You're, you're stuck on the base, and you're there. That's it.

Question - Were you based in Africa at any time?

Answer by Major Walkey - No. Well, I was, I was in Africa, yes, the answer is, but just a short time. Real short time. If not, I thank you very much for the opportunity to talk with you, and I enjoyed it.

Conclusion - Uh, the foregoing tape was, uh, recorded at the, uh, annual, uh, the monthly meeting in January 1965 by Mr. Ed Walke, uh, presently the manager of the Clifton Chevrolet. This is Pat Humble again. I'm glad I got that all on one tape. Uh, lots of the times I have to go over just for a little bit on another, another one, and, uh, it sure does, uh, foul things up. But, uh, this was Ed Walke, as I told you at the start of it. The fact is I worked for him, uh, for a while, and, uh, he's a, he was a good man, a very good man. Still is. Uh, I don't get to see him very often now. This was, uh, June the 7th, 1989, the day after the D-Day in France, uh, of course, in 1944. Uh, I, of course, didn't get to, didn't, didn't see action. I was in New Guinea. I was in the 175th Ordnance Depot Company and, uh, was in the Army for just almost three years. Uh, I was in New Guinea for nineteen months. Uh, this is, this is an extremely good record. Uh, well, uh, the sound is extremely good, and this is because Ed Walkey done lots of taping. Uh, I can remember him going upstairs in the little room, briefing room up there, and, and making tapes for different, uh, sales, uh, promotions and so on. So, he had lots of, lots of practice at this. Well, I guess I might just as well sign off. Pat Humble. January 1965, I had the Lynchburg Mine in Magdalena, New Mexico leased and, uh, was working there. Uh.