Jerome Henry Roth [Rothstein]
Veteran

Michael Russert
Wayne Clarke
Interviewers

New York State Military Museum
Home interview, Fishkill, NY
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MR: This is an interview with Jerome H. Roth at the Holiday Inn in Fishkill, New York, the 8th of October, 2003, approximately three PM. The interviewers are Mike Russert and Wayne Clarke.
JHR: Yes, sir. My family name is Rothstein,

MR: Okay, now I'm going to ask you that. What is your full name?
JHR: Jerome Henry Rothstein, but I had it legally changed when I came out of the service.

MR: Okay, so when you were in the service___
JHR: It was Rothstein.

MR: Where were you born and when were you born?
JHR: I was born May 4th, 1918. I know I don't look my age. I was born in the Bronx, New York.

MR: What was your educational background prior to entering military service?
JHR: Well, I went through the usual public schools with grammar and then high school. After graduation from the high school program, I received a scholarship from the Art Students League. It was one of the premier Art schools in the country. It's been in existence for many, many years. They gave out, I believe, one scholarship to each Borough of New York. I had to work during the day. I was the only money coming up, the only income for my father, who already had his heart condition, and my mother and sister. I decided to take advantage of my scholarship at night. I don't think I lost too much. I worked during the day. And that's another story in itself. I was the youngest artist

in the country, I've been told, on the WPA [Works Projects Administration]. I think you gentlemen must be familiar with that.

MR: Yes. When were you working on the WPA project?
JHR: Well, I guess that started in 1934. That was the year that everything happened for me. I started out chasing down classified ads in the New York Times. I pounded the pavement in New York from 23rd Street up to Times Square, going to every place that looked like they might hire an artist. I wound up in Union Square, which was famous for the office buildings that gave space to not only designers, commercial artists, but also to painters, fine art painters. There was a mob of like ten thousand people. I was discouraged at first, but I got the job. The owner was a very fine designer, mostly for the liquor industry. He gave me the key to open up on Monday because it was the Labor Day weekend and he might have been detained when he returned from his place in the country. I was very excited about that. I was getting about seven dollars a week, I think. I was very happy to go home and report to my folks. My mother looked at me and my father looked at me with a fallen face and said, you can't take it. I said, why? It's real money and I love doing what I'll be doing. She showed me a letter from the WPA. They started a program of digging ditches and putting up buildings and things like that. They never mentioned the art field. I was very downfallen when I heard these words. I thought I was coming home with good news. So, the next day I reported to this gang of laborers already starting to dig a ditch for a sewer. That was in the Bronx, by the way. I had to work hard to keep my tears back. But somehow or other, somebody told me about an art project, and the headquarters for this art project was in Manhattan. They were located in what was then a fairly modern building, not very high, about six or eight stories, almost directly opposite Bloomingdale's. I was all prepared for an interview because in preparation for my graduation, I had created a portfolio. I made up samples, hypothetical samples. I fudged names of companies. I even put you down as the president of one. I had layouts. You referred to an ad makeup as a layout of the elements. I did hand lettering. I did figure illustration. I had the work to show I was proficient. When I got to this building, I went up to the floor where I was directed. There were two men behind the counter. Can I get some more of my water, please?

WC: It’s right down there.
JHR: Thanks. I must be running dry. Tell me if I'm talking too much. Or if I'm deviating.

NR [Nettie Roth, spouse]: You might explain why you were called to work for the WPA. Why was somebody in your family required to work for the WPA? Because your family was in a type of relief.

JHR: Well, everybody possibly had to take a job with the WPA to prevent the government from doling out…they even gave us clothes. I had a bicycle at the time. I used to put all this stuff on my bike in the basket and ride back home.

NR: : They were in Spanish American War Relief.
JHR: The woman who was in charge of the whole art operation in New York had her office in that building. She must have heard me from way down the end of the hall where her office was, ranting and raging with these two men behind the counter. She came in and wanted to know what was happening. I said, these men don't really know anything about the advertising field. Take a look at my portfolio. It's very professional. I did figure drawing. I did hand lettering. I did the designing of packages. They wanted to make an apprentice out of me. I had to support my parents, my sister and myself. How the heck am I going to do it with what they paid an apprentice? It must have been about fifteen to seventeen dollars a week. She looked through my portfolio, listened to everything I had to say. She turned around to the men behind the counter and said, make this young man a full professional with that kind of status. So, I practically hugged her and kissed her on both cheeks. But that was very important. The professional was getting something like twenty three dollars a week, I forget exactly. Tell me if I'm talking too much, please.

MR: No. How long did you work with the WPA?
JHR: I was on it for about five years. I'll try to correct that if I'm wrong.

MR: So you worked with them as an artist. What kind of things did you do?
JHR: I was assigned to the poster project to begin with. We were like a service organization for the other WPA projects which comprised well-known bands, orchestras. Remember Orson Wells?

MR: Yes.
JHR: He got his start with the WPA as an actor. We did projects. There was a lot of fear about cancer at that time and syphilis. I did posters of all that type covering that range. And then eventually we got a wonderful supervisor who was a product of the Bauhaus in Germany. Are you familiar with the Bauhaus?

MR: Yes.
JHR: He was a student there. And we developed a good rapport.

MR: What was his name?

JHR: Richard Floethe. In the business world, he started out by doing book illustration. But he took a liking to me. He was very good in his guidance and I had a very good couple of friends there. One fellow was an illustrator who used to design the illustrations for the shirt ads. I forgot the big men's shirts at that time. And there was another man who had been art director of *Field and Stream* magazine. There was a fellow who came in from California. It was such a multitude. As a matter of fact, I understand that crazy painter who spilled things out of a can, Jackson Pollock. He started out as a product of the poster project. I started very early in the morning and left early enough in the day, like about three o'clock, to get to art school. I had switched after my year's scholarship from the Art Students League. I went to Pratt Institute. They put me in the second year. I also started doing some freelance work for a small advertising agency, which is another story. I got a little more proficient in the use of my commercial approach. That was not really what I wanted to do. I wanted to do designing like Walter Gropius. Does that name mean anything to you?

MR: Yes.
JHR: When he came to this country, he became chairman of the architecture department at Harvard. And one of the best things he did was redesign the Pan Am Building that exists today. There was another man who worked closely with him by the name of Moholy-Nagy, who went out to Chicago and set up an art school there comparable to the Bauhaus. I was making the rounds of good art directors. There were a few in New York, trying to get work through them and placed through them. Finally, I ran into a guy called PD, [Richard] Pousset-Dart. His son, who I think has died now, became a very avant-garde painter. Pousset-Dart was a pretty elderly gentleman and was prominent as an art director at one of the Big Four agencies. He suggested I get over to Warner Brothers which was an account of his. Their assistant art director was being called into the Army. This was not what I really wanted to do, but it made work and income. So I went over there. Did you know anybody up there?

MR: No.
JHR: There was a man by the name of Tony Gablek, who was a mad Hungarian. He always dressed in a business suit, smoked a big cigar, and that was how he directed the whole operation. They literally had at least two dozen artists on the staff. And he wanted me on as assistant to relieve him of the tension-producing things, to direct the men, to set type. Like in a type of ad for a movie company for a film, you may notice that the big star, or sometimes the name of the film, gets major display. The big star got the biggest name size and so forth down the lane. This was a very tricky business. I didn't want to do production. The title of assistant art director was all well and good, but that was not my

thing. I wanted to be a designer. I felt I had it in me. Patterned after the Bauhaus concept, I really felt very competent and anxious to do designing, per se. I got to Pousset Dart to start with. I looked up the top designers in the New York area. I felt I would do best by calling on them rather than going through an employment service. I fell across a man by the name of Herbert Bayer, B-A-Y-E-R. He had been a student and subsequently a teacher at this Bauhaus in Germany. Hitler forced Bauhaus to move out from one city to another. But he was a wonderful guy. You know the New York Carnegie Delicatessen in Manhattan?

MR: No, I've never been there.
JHR: It's a famous place that gets people lined up for blocks to go in and get a big corned beef sandwich or even a full meal. They're extremely popular. They had their place of business in the street level of an apartment house on 7th Avenue in the heart of the Theater District and used to get tremendous lines of people wanting to eat their food. Bayer had his penthouse apartment in that same building. I went to work with him for about a year. He was very inspiring. He left me alone and gave me an assignment because he loved to ski. Incidentally, he had left his wife. He was married to a Jewish lady, and had a couple of kids. I found that out because his heartthrob was married to a big gallery man. She used to come quite often. Am I getting off track?

MR: I'm going to get you back in a minute. How long did you work with this prior to the war?
JHR: I was with them for about a year. I was kept out of the draft because my dad had a bad heart condition and they patched him up quite a bit, unlike today. They didn't have the same kind of treatment. So finally I was called down. I said, I need an application to take the exam for the cadets and I would like to have time to take that test. They decided they would give me thirty days.

NR: Tell them about your cousin Abe. His comment about your going into the cadets.
JHR: Oh, I ran into a close cousin of mine who was a real miserable, mean guy. We lived in Flatbush, New York. He said, what are you doing? Aren't you in the ranks as an artist? Not as an artist, as a ditch digger or something. I said, I've got news for you, fellow. I've been accepted by the Air Force. I'm going to fly planes. He said, you? I don't believe it. I was determined to show this son of a gun I could make it.

MR: So, you enlisted in the Air Force?
JHR: Oh, it wasn't that simple. Do you know Manhattan at all?

MR: Somewhat.
JHR: There used to be a building at 461 8th Avenue, and all the floors had very high ceilings. This enabled them to rent a lot of the space to artists and photographers. It was basically used that way. It was perfect. And that was when the Air Force took over. After I went to a private school, I saw a sign in a building on Park Avenue that said "Do you want to get into cadets? We'll give you a test." Bone up your work in mathematics and science. I was lousy because I hated it, although I was basically a good student to begin with. I worked like a dog. It was an all-day testing affair, written examinations. When you were through with that, you went through the physical. Don't you think that the last step in the physical was to take my blood pressure. By this time, I was a nervous fellow. My blood pressure went sky high. The sergeant who took my blood pressure and said, listen, something must be wrong. Why don't you go home and rest and get a good night's sleep and we'll check you out again tomorrow. So I did that. I followed his advice. It didn't do me a damn bit of good. When I came back, he said, I thought I told you to take it easy. You went up even higher. I was so disgruntled. I got back home and I called my doctor. I explained the situation. He said drink a lot of hot milk. Go to see a funny movie. Get to sleep early. You can do it. Well, I went back and it shot up even higher. I said, how the heck am I going to tell my cousin Abe that I flunked out before I was even in? I was walking around that building. I saw a sign on the door that said Naval Air Force Reserve. So I went in there to see what it was doing. I opened the door and the gentleman inside was in naval uniform. He asked me what the problem was. I said I wanted to fly so badly. I know I can do it, but such and such has been happening. He said, you come with me. He took me back to the guy who was testing my blood pressure. He said he'll check me out. I came through with flying colors. All I needed was a little help and a little inspiration. But when I got down to San Antonio. I do not know, you may be familiar with the routine.

MR: Well, you are jumping ahead a little bit. Can I go back and ask you one question?
JHR: Sure.

MR: Do you remember where you were and your reaction when you heard about Pearl Harbor?
JHR: Yes, I know exactly. A couple of friends and I, these were single guys, were coming back from the Catskill Mountains where we had taken a weekend. In those days, we also liked to ride horses. We went to a place, I learned to ride a horse.

NR: A Dude Ranch.

JHR: You know, my family was so wealthy, I had a stable full of horses. We were on the west side coming back, approaching Manhattan. The news was on and suddenly that came over the radio. We were absolutely shocked beyond belief. It's interesting that you asked me that question. It was a tremendous shock to all of us. But I figured as long as I have to go in, I want to do something I always yearned to do, and that was fly.

MR: Had you ever flown before at all?
JHR: I flew once up in the mountains. I paid a couple of bucks to a guy who had a water plane and he took you up for a few minutes. Other than that, no. I felt I could do it. I wanted to. This was part of my life. Instead of being an infantryman, I felt I wanted to do what I wanted to do. They owed me that. [laughs] Well, I went down. Do you have another question?

MR: No. You got into the Air Corps then?
JHR: Yes, I got accepted by the Air Corps.

MR: When was that?
JHR: That was, I think, September of 1945, October 1953? I don't know why I am losing my perception of dates?

MR: You said you went in in January of 1943.
JHR: Okay, I was accepted.

MR: In September 1942 then or so?
JHR: Yes. And then they notified me. On that day, my family took me to eat in a wonderful Italian restaurant, Fish House, in downtown Brooklyn. I had my bag of goodies with me, a change of socks and underwear. After lunch, everybody burst out in tears. I walked out to catch the subway to take me to Grand Central because all I knew was I had to get on a train. Did that answer your question?

MR: Yes. Where did you go for your training?
JHR: Well, it didn't come right away. They sent me down to Miami Beach via Albany on a troop train. We went in old trains with straw backs and we laid them out. We got the idea of laying them out together and we all laid down to get some sleep. We had basic training in Miami Beach at that time. Do you know Miami Beach?

MR: No.

JHR: Well, I was in a small hotel that didn't have much of a restaurant, so we had our meals next door in a giant-sized hotel. But there were so many guys ready to devour food. They took a couple of half a dozen big garbage cans, filled them with water, and kept the bonfire going under them so we could wash the grease out of our kits because they were damn greasy. From there, I was shipped to [ponders]...yes, I had some basic training down there, like drilling, marching, and that kind of thing. Then I was shipped to Texas where they did a lot of…do you want to hear all that?

MR: Yes.
JHR: All right. I was shipped down to San Antonio, I seem to remember, where all the fellows in my position were being accepted. Previously they used to send them to Atlantic City, but Atlantic City got overloaded, so we went right down to San Antonio. All the fellows who were there, including the ones who went through before me, but you got to know them. And the guys waiting for me for further examination. Then I went across the field to another base and they put me through the wringer. Almost all the things I had taken when I was in New York, but more in detail. The psychiatrist put me through the ropes, the right questions. They gave me exams like they had a box with two vertical poles set up in it. When I describe it to you, you'll probably recognize it. At the end of those poles were attached long strings, and you were told to sit far back from that and line up those poles by pulling the strings. Have you seen these things?

MR: I've heard of them, yes.
JHR: Well, it was difficult. You had to go by feel. I did that a couple of times. They reexamined me much more thoroughly than they did in New York. The psychiatrist put me through the wringer. They didn't know how nutty I could be. Incidentally, in all the written exams I had to take again, I was qualified. I was surprised that I qualified for all three classifications. I was first qualified as a bombardier, next as a navigator, and third as a pilot. Well, this caused me something very serious to mull over. How do I make a decision? They were leaving it up to me. On the one hand, I always wanted to be a pilot. While I was waiting around, taking it easy for a while, cleaning out the barracks, they made good use of my time and the other cadets who were going to be cadets. The fellows who were in the class ahead of me came back from across the road where there was an active base. These fellows were already in pilot training and used to complain about it bitterly. They had to work so hard. They had a rough routine. I said to myself, listen, I am a fatalist and I think I will make a good pilot, but maybe I should start out first with the bombardiering and latch onto the other. There's something in me that told me to go that direction. Pardon me. [takes a drink of water]

MR: That's okay.
JHR: I wish I had a bottle of something to give you. This is H2O. I spent so much time in the hospital.

MR: It's important to have a lot of water. People don't drink enough water.
JHR: Well, I'll tell you later. About two years ago, I was in the hospital for a whole year with five major surgeries. But I'm here today to get flying. Anyway, I decided perhaps it makes more sense to sign up for bombardier. I can always get transferred later. Always do the piloting. Something told me. I guess I'm a fatalist. They put me into the bombardiering program. They taught me the concentration was on the Norden bomb site. But also they gave me the Sperry. Were you familiar with the Sperry sight?

MR: Not as much as the Norden.
JHR: Well, the Sperry bombsight was used primarily out in the Pacific Theater. I don't know why. It was not as accurate. It had a spyglass you looked through. It didn't rotate up and back like the Norden, but they wanted you to know it just in case. I became pretty good with Norden. My wife must have heard this story a million times. Please don't go to sleep, Nettie. We're counting on you. Then I got through with that and they assigned me to pre-flight school. Which was Ellington Airfield. Are you familiar with Ellington?

MR: I've heard of it, yes.
JHR: Ellington at one time was a permanent base, just like the one we have in Long Island, you know, brick buildings and all that. They treated us very well there. They had a marvelous kitchen. They gave us good food. As a matter of fact, when we transferred out of there, you won't believe this, they made up box lunches to take with us on the train that was going to take us to the next base. You couldn't beat that. The only thing I have to talk about, I don't know if this is superfluous, there was a big hurricane that came through at the time. And generally when they suspected or understood hurricanes were going to come into the area, they shipped them up north. But somebody was asleep. That time the hurricane hit the whole base. They took us all out of class. And there must have been a dozen of the students holding down each plane. The whole base was full of planes that had no right to be there and finally one got tipped over. We were dismissed and went back to the base.

MR: How did you hold them down? Did they have lines across them?
JHR: We tied them down with ropes. There were like at least a dozen men on each plane holding every part of it. Some of them flipped over regardless of the manpower. They just missed the boat. It was a sad affair. They lost a number of planes that couldn't be

held down. I remember the storm was still going on when they sent us back to change into dry clothing. While I was sitting on the bed, a big timber came crashing through the window and hit me on my left knee. It left a piece of glass in there, that's all. That's it. What do they call this one? The man actually got a Red Cross or something. But I'm kidding. But I went from there to…do you want to hear this whole story?

MR: Yes, this is what we want to hear.
JHR: From there, I shipped out. It was pre-flight. It was very good.

MR: What kind of planes did you train on?
JHR: In pre-flight, we flew the AT-6s. It was very similar to the Japanese planes. As a matter of fact, after the war, the Japanese made a film with supposed Japanese planes in it. They repainted the AT-6s to simulate the Japanese planes. Have you ever heard that one before?

MR: No. [directs question at cameraman, Wayne] You did?
WC: Yes. In [the movie] *Tora! Tora! Tora!*, they used AT-6s.
JHR: I went to gunnery school before advanced. They had an officer fly you in an open cockpit. The pilot sat up front and the bombardier sat in the back seat facing the rear. There was a railing that went around. Because before you embarked the plane, you got a machine gun to put in and one belt of cartridges. And they got you an extra belt to load when you were in the air. Then when you took off and you went to the right altitude to confront the balloon that was being pulled, and that looked no bigger than a cigarette. How the hell am I going to get this? But there were officers who were flying. I went on one of these trips and something somehow happened to me. I got a little sick to my stomach and I tossed my cookies. The second belt of cartridges that I was supposed to load after I shot all the first ones got blown out of my hands. I said, boy, this is going to be murder. The pilot was so p.o'd up at me, he flipped me upside down. He took me over the Rio Grande. This was right near the border. He flew me upside down to teach me a lesson. That only made me worse instead of teaching me a lesson. I was concerned that they were going to wash me out.

One of the other good, interesting things they did for us at gunnery school was we shot clay pigeons. I was very good. You stood in one spot and you never knew where the pigeon was coming from. Another thing, they had an open truck that carried the driver in the cabin and about four men in it with shotguns. They drove us around. That was really interesting. They drove us around a track that went up and down, in and out, hidden by bushes and that kind of thing. We never knew where the clay pigeons were coming from.

That was a very interesting thing. [directs question at his wife] Nettie, did I ever tell you about that one? Well, it was a very interesting experience. But I managed to get through gunnery. I guess I did all right.

MR: So you were trained both as a bombardier and in gunnery?
JHR: Everybody had to go through gunnery. You never knew. And also, in that bombardier course, I learned a lot about navigation because they never knew when they had to move a man somewhere. From there, we went to advanced training. We flew in a two-engine plane with two men and it had a hole in the waist on the floor where two men went up at a time. They flew us out to the desert. Have you ever been to Texas?

MR: No.
JHR: That's an awful darn big state. There's nobody in sight, it's all desert. They had what they called the shack, the target, set up. The first one of us took a crack at it a number of times and then we switched roles. Well, the one wasn't shooting, took pictures of the bombs that were being sent down by the first man. Are you getting the picture? That was a good experience. Then we went to advanced training. In advanced training, we were assigned to a bomber. Unfortunately, I got into a B-24. Do you want to hear all this?

MR: Yes, this is what we want to hear.
JHR: All right, because I have a tendency to go astray. I may tell you about a couple of girlfriends before I met my beautiful wife.

MR: We won't let you stray that far.
JHR: They assigned us to a crew. I remember the pilot's name was Oliver. We had a full crew at that time. The chief looked like a kid to me. He was young. The radio operator was pretty young. But we had a full-sized crew in the B-24. When the bombardier bombed, the navigator worked on a table that folded down. The two pilots were sitting at a level higher than him, and the bombardier was practically laying on his belly. When he was going to bomb, the navigator folded up his table. Well, that was quite an experience.

MR: So, you trained on B-24s?
JHR: I trained on B-24s, but to tell you the truth, they looked wonderful from the ground. I always admired them, but I felt I wouldn't come out of it alive if I couldn't get to a B-17. But nobody listened to me.

Oh, we had one interesting experience before we shipped overseas. We were in Massachusetts at, I forget the name of that base where we were doing training with other planes, other B-24s. As a matter of fact, one good thing happened to us. They took about six of our crews and shipped us down to Cuba for practice bombing down there. We were flying. We had the leader of the whole group in our plane and he was sitting in the copilot seat. On our way down, one of the men in my crew spotted a flying boat in the water about halfway down the Gulf. We radioed to them. They claimed that they had lost their…all the men from that seaplane were on the wings, on the plane itself. They were literally down in that Gulf. We told them we were going to radio for help, but we would circle until help came. Because the leader of this group was with our crew, he instructed the rest of the planes to go on to Cuba, and we circled the plane until help came. We must have been, I am guessing now, at least halfway down. Well, it got to be very boring after a while, just going around in a big circle. By that time, we all realized we were going to run out of fuel very quickly. So we had instructions from the higher command to go into Boca Chica. That was a Navy base at the tip of the islands. I forget the name of those islands, the famous islands where people go for vacations.

MR: Bermuda? The Cayman Islands?
JHR: Maybe.

MR: Bahamas?
JHR: Maybe it was the Bahamas or Bermuda. It was like a series of islands almost linked by a chain after you left the mainland. And this was a community on the tip, and it was a Navy airfield. So we landed there, just barely made it. It was an interesting experience. We spent the night there and then took off for Havana. Ooh la la. [laughs] But it was all in a day's work. What was interesting mostly about Cuba, from twenty thousand feet or even a little lower, you saw the north and south shores. We were at the main airfield. I guess they were calling it Batista Airfield at one time. They got us up very early in the morning. A little Spanish boy came and tickled the sole of my foot and said, Señor, you must get up and go fly. We ate and we had a night or two in the town. We went to Joe's Bar and all that stuff. We got to see some little things. They insisted I was Spanish. I don't know why. Flying around that island, it was so beautiful and lush. There was so much greenery. They showed us where all the rich people lived. But anyway, to get back to facts and figures, we went back to Savannah where we were going to take off for overseas. They sent us back. They sent us over. Shall I go into this?

MR: Yes.

JHR: In groups of about three or five planes. I was sent back with a strange crew because the one I had trained with originally had already gone on their way from Westover, Massachusetts. I went back. You may have heard from some people who went the southern route over South America or even flew in the Pacific. But we went the northern route. We landed first, I think, at…I'm blocking out on the names of this, on the section of land___

NR: Iceland? Greenland?
JHR: No, that was further north.

MR: Nova Scotia or something in Canada?
JHR: Yeah. We made a first stop there to fuel up. And from that point, we flew up to Greenland. I don't know. We passed over Iceland. Keep in mind, we were cautioned that our gyros, our scopes, our navigation equipment may go screwy, may go off. And everybody was checking each person. We were really being very cautious. We flew over Iceland. It's the bigger island, isn't it, of the two?

MR: Greenland is bigger than Iceland.
JHR: Greenland is bigger. But the one that's inhabited is___

MR: Iceland has people living there, Yes.
JHR: So Greenland is the bigger one. We didn't do anything except say hello. We got to Iceland, it was daylight. Of course, it was daylight all the time for a certain period of time. You passed a lot of areas, rocks, nothing but rocks. It looked very barren until we got to the field where we were staying. Actually, there were some populated parts. There were some cities there, we really didn't get to see them. We spent the night there. I mean enough time to get some sleep and then so forth and so on. And then we left there and we were scheduled to hit Scotland, a field called Reykjavik.

MR: Reykjavik is in Iceland.
JHR: All right. Okay. Thanks for correcting me. We hit a field, the first land we touched on. I don't know why, but this field called us in for landing. When we got there, no one seemed to know why we were there. No one knew where we were supposed to go. So, in effect, they had to put their heads together. We spent a couple of days there, which weren't too bad. They put us up at a baronial mansion where the Air Force sent all their big officers to go for retreat, for vacation. We stopped there for a few days. The food was good. I had some time off. We went into town and met some Scottish girls from Glasgow. I got their telephone numbers and all that. They were very pleasant. We had

some company. It was boring flying so long. We finally found the base we were supposed to go to, headquarters for this particular, I guess it was the group or the squadron. It was more than a squadron. We went to a place where they…I correct myself. They sent me to a radar base where the English discovered and developed radar. I was always traveling with a fellow who went all through training with me. What was his name again, Nettie?

NR: Lou [Louis] Zanzola.
JHR: Lou Zanzola, thank you. We became very close. He came from Chicago. I said, Lou, I'm not going to spend my life, what's left of it, in a B-24. I said, I want to get out of here. He said, what do you do? I said, find out who the commander of the base is and go and talk to him. He said, you're crazy. You know the protocol. You have to go through the chain of command. I said, what have I got to lose? All he can do is shoot me at sunrise. [laughs] So we found out where the commander's office was. I think he was a low-grade general or something, I don't remember. We had taken over that base, so we were working with the British to get more instruction on radar. The man in charge asked what we wanted. I told him the truth. I'd like to see the commander. So, everyone was amazed because he didn't hesitate to take us inside to the commander's office. And Lou Zanzola and I stood at attention. He said, what can I do for you? I told the truth. I said, I'm sure I can do a much better job for you and me and these men and the country if you switch me to a [B]17. And you know what? Lou thought I was crazy. He thought we were going to be shot at sunrise. But he switched us.

NR: You told him you were afraid of the B-24. You felt you wouldn't come out alive.
JHR: On the 24, those wings flapped. The 17s had more pep in them, more excitement. You knew what you were doing. He sent us over after we had our training there, sufficient training. I'm sorry I'm boring you.

MR: No, no, you're not. You're not.
JHR: See, I should have passed out tickets to get an admission for some of the people around here. We got some additional training to bone up on what we had in Florida. Then they assigned Lou to one group and me to another. We were in the same wing, not too far from each other. I got assigned to a crew. Incidentally, it might interest you to know the pilot of this crew. Help me out with his name, Nettie.

NR: Which one? You mean [Captain Eldon] Bud Henningsen?
JHR: Bud Henningsen. His birthday was one day after mine. We became so close. He and the copilot were all about the same age. This guy had been shot down in the Channel

by Germans and was rescued by the English. They sent him back home to get some rest and build up. When he came back, he was so good, they decided they were going to make a lead crew out of them. Not everybody could be a lead crew. I don't know if you're familiar with that. You probably know more about it than I do.

MR: No.
JHR: But Henningsen and Bob [Robert Manuel], the copilot, and Walter, the navigator, were all close to the same age. Walter came from the West, from the big city out there.

NR: From the state of Washington.
JHR: Washington. He was a big shot with the [unclear] 51.55 Corporation.

NR: Wolstrom [?] was his name.
JHR: These guys had big jobs. Bud Henningsen's family owned a couple of forests up in Wisconsin. They used to sell trees during the winter for wood. He was such a down-to-earth guy. We became very close to him.

MR: Now, did you stay in the same crew?
JHR: Until they finished there. They only had to do fifteen missions. That's a good point, important. I finished my first fifteen. They assigned me to a second crew after that.

NR: Jerry, did you explain that the lead crew was made up of people who finished half of their missions already?
JHR: Oh, yes, I did. That is very important. Bud became the lead crew and I was a Mickey, the radar man. I was assigned, always flew with the lead crew. The lead crew had about a couple of…what else did I miss today? I'm glad you're here.

NR: Well, no, just explain that.
JHR: What did I miss?

NR: That the lead crew was made up of what they considered the best. The best who finished half their missions.
JHR: I'm sure you understand that.

NR: You as the Mickey went in with the lead crew each time.
JHR: What? I am sorry, I did not hear you.

NR: Explain you were the Mickey, the radar person, radar navigator bombardier, always flew with the lead crew. Only the lead crew had that kind of person.
WC: How did they come up with that name Mickey? Do you know?
JHR: Somebody, I do not know. It is a code word, but of course it's ridiculous to think the Germans knew what it meant anyway. They didn't want you to say radar. Always Mickey, talking to the pilot or anybody else on the crew. [You said] This is Mickey.

MR: Did you keep the same plane?
JHR: I kept the same plane as long as that crew stayed with me.

MR: Did they have a name on it?
JHR: I helped them with the name. The second crew? I called them El Lobo Mustachio. I got a lot of jokes about my big mustache.

NR: You know what a lobo is?
MR: Yes.
JHR: But it was very sentimental when we parted ways.

MR: Now, that was your second plane, the second crew you went to, or was that the first?
JHR: No, that was the first crew I went to with Bud. Incidentally, we became very close to him. We spent a couple of reunions with him. We stayed with him and his wife in their house. They lived near Washington. He was supposed to come up, spend time with us. We've been very close.

MR: I'm going to ask you a couple other questions when you're done. Did you paint your jackets at all?
JHR: I don't think I painted my jacket. I don't know why.

MR: Did you have nose art on the plane? Did you paint something on the plane beside the name of it?
JHR: You know, I can't remember. I'll check with a couple of men. The pilot from the second crew is dead now. He died, unfortunately.

MR: When you were on the plane, did you wear a flak jacket? The jacket to protect you?
JHR: Oh, yeah.

MR: Did you wear that all the time?

JHR: Yes, I wore it all the time. Except some of the men wouldn't wear it. They took it and put it on their seat and sat on it.

MR: That's what I was wondering, if you wore it or sat on it.
JHR: I wore it most of the time that I remember. I figured if I'm going to get it, because if they're going to get me, they can get me from the side. I had protective gloves. I had all the protective clothing. I needed it. I don't know why. I guess maybe I'm a little bit of a fatalist. I could have sat on it sometime. I honestly don't remember. One time, when I thought…how you knew you were going to fly. The stray crews, you may have gotten this information, flew every mission unless there was something wrong with them. I went to the officers' club after I got dressed and finished and all that, washed my face and hands, and looked at a blackboard where they posted the names of the lead crew that was going to fly. Well, this one time, I was not down. I said, good, I think I'll have a beer or two. Well, I had two or more. I'm not much of a drinker. It kind of went to my head. By the time I got back, I was sleeping in the upper bunk and fell into bed. A GI came to wake me up. [He said] Hey, you gotta go fly. I said, no, you're wrong. He showed me the multi-graph sheet. It was all wrong. I was in terrible condition. But somehow or other, I got some help and I got through it. I got into my flying suit. I wore my boots. I didn't know what was happening or going on. I got into the plane. I had one mishap. The mask had your oxygen coming up through your mask. Well, I tossed my cookies right into that. We were over the Channel. We hadn't gotten too far. I was just so sick to my stomach. I'm not a drinker. I couldn't handle it. [directs question at his wife] Did you have to bring that up, Nettie?

NR: No, no. I think you should tell them. You passed out. Tell them. You passed out.
JHR: Yeah, I passed out. The radioman kept trying to revive me. It was like a domino effect. And then the crew chief came back to get him up.

NR: The radio operator put his mask on you, then he passed out.
JHR: Yes.

NR: Until they found an extra mask, people, you know…
JHR: There was a funny incident that happened as a result of that. I told the story in a letter to my parents. My parents were so grateful. My mother was so grateful to think that their son helped save her son's life. She tracked him down. She knew he lived in Jersey and called him up to thank him. She said she got a cold shoulder. This woman did not want to talk to her at all, and my mother could not understand it. Well, people are funny.

WC: I am going to stop you here and change tapes. All right, go.
MR: When you were on the lead plane in the first fifteen missions, did you act as the bombardier or the navigator?
JHR: I always had the same job regardless of which crew, which fifteen. Here was the way it worked. The navigator guided the pilot to help form the formation which was in the vicinity of the field. As soon as we started crossing the Channel, I took over. If I ever ran into trouble and needed help, I checked with the navigator. I don't know if you're aware or if it was pointed out to you, I got a Distinguished Flying Cross. Did they tell you that?

MR: No, you wrote that.
JHR: I wrote that in.

MR: Yes, I was going to ask you about that.
JHR: That was a quirk. I happened to become very good with flying these blind missions, what they called Beacon bombing. Whenever a lead crew was not on an actual assignment, they were supposed to practice Beacon bombing. I took to that like a duck to water. Do you know the process?

MR: No. Could you explain that?
JHR: Sure. Can I have a piece of paper, please? It might be easier. It might be easier than using my hands. I'm equipped with everything. I should have a brush and oil paint.

MR: Yeah, I was going to say that.
JHR: I could do portraits. You know I'm an artist.

MR: Yes, I knew that.
JHR: I don't want you to forget it.

MR: So you used the Norden bombsight and everyone bombed off you as the lead plane?
JHR: Exactly.

MR: What squadron and wing were you in?
JHR: I probably have it all in my papers. I truthfully do not remember. When I flew that one mission, I started to tell you. I guess you should want to hear that story when I was asked to take over, that was why I got the Distinguished Flying Cross? You know how that happened?

MR: No. We'd like to hear that.
JHR: Well, there was one [thing], I happened to be very good at it. I took to it like a duck to water with those practice missions and my crew just went along with it. Basically, what it was. I hope I can. I'm an artist, I should be able to do this graphically so you can understand it. All right. [draws an explanation]

MR: If you hold it up to the camera, we can get it.
JHR: Well, I don't know if this really clarifies it. I'll try to explain it. Say this is the target. Target. If the plane is drifting this way, say this is three hundred sixty and this is three hundred twenty. Is that clear enough, you think?

WC: Yeah, it probably won't come out on film, but I understand what you're saying.
JHR: I'm an artist and I'm giving you a bum job. I can make up a map and send it to you, a little more cryptic. The normal procedure was if you were deviating, if wind was coming from this direction and it was blowing you off the target direction, you wouldn't know it. If you asked the pilot to correct, he had to shoot all the way back. He may miss it completely. This way, this particular business, you always corrected. Instead of correcting on a triangle to get back that way, you corrected parallel to the original course to get back that way. Does it make any sense to you?

MR: Yes.
JHR: The correction was running parallel to the original course. It was very accurate. I think I see a doubtful look on your face.

MR: No, no, no. I understand. Now, you basically were steering the plane through the bombsight, correct?
JHR: No, no. The bombardier was steering the plane through the bombsight. The bombardier took off at what they referred to as the initial point, the beginning of the bomb run. I think that's correct. If the wind…I ran a bomb run through the radar equipment. The bombardier hooked up with me. He hooked up the bombsight when I told him I was hooking in then. And he made any correction; he followed whatever correction I made. Briefly what it is, instead of…if you were being blown off course, you made a correction that ran parallel to the original bomb run, the original bomb course. So you always knew where you were at. But of course, it pertained when you were running down to the initial point of impact. At the beginning of the bomb run, you had to be on target there. If you weren't, you had to correct it. I think I am confusing you.

MR: No, no, you are not. You are not, really.

JHR: I am lousy at explaining things. I am sorry.

MR: I think you did very well.
WC: You're doing a fine job.
JHR: If you understand this, I'll give you my medal.

MR: How did you receive the medal?
JHR: I was told to go to wing headquarters. I think it was wing headquarters or division headquarters. I truthfully forget. I probably have it in my papers. Let me think about that for a while. I've got all of this on paper.

MR: Where did you fly most of your missions to?
JHR: Over Germany, Holland, Belgium, passed over Switzerland. From what I remember, there was a German group still holding out in parts of France. What was your question again? Please repeat.

MR: Where did you fly most of your missions? Into Germany? What was the furthest mission you flew?
JHR: I think they were testing us out for that. Thinking that we might land as far away as we could get and then fly back the next day. That didn't come to pass. I would have to check my records at some point.

WC: Your bombing missions, did you bomb munitions factories or ball bearing factories?
JHR: Everything. One time we even did a, what do they call that type of bombing again where the plane flies right above water level and drops the bombs into the water?

MR: Skip bombing, where you skipped them?
JHR: We bombed Peenemünde. That was very exciting. You got to a certain point and you saw the bombs skipping along because Peenemünde was practically in the water. And of course they sent out other planes, from what I remember, to take care of any attacking planes at that point so they wouldn't hamstring us. We started using Beacon bombing, I remember, after we got a beacon set up on the continent. It was in Spain or France because up to that point we were not using it too much or at all from what I remember. It was much easier to find yourself when you navigated from two different points on land.

There was one time, somehow or other, I don't know what happened. It may have been the time we, [ponders] well, somebody didn't follow directions and flew over a German battery. Or that may have been from Switzerland. I can't recollect what happened there. We had just taken back some French land from the Germans. And we had an engine or two knocked out. So we were able to land at this airfield that we had just taken back from the Germans. Nobody that I recall was hurt. We spent the night there and then our field sent us another plane the next day to pick us up.

Another incident we had that was kind of interesting, once out of all your missions, you had to fly a weather ship. Are you familiar with that?

MR: No.
JHR: Well, you know, the vast number of missions or briefings that went on, first to be briefed was, I'm going about the long way. Incidentally, when you went on a mission, you got fresh eggs and fresh milk. Otherwise, it was all powdered. [laughs] The lead crews were briefed first. The pilots and navigators and bombardiers were briefed next. Then the full complement of crews were briefed at last. So they had this timed down, timed to a science. Did I just say you got fresh milk and fresh eggs?

MR: Yes.
JHR: What was I going to say? Help me out. What was I saying?

MR: You started talking about the weather plane.
JHR: Oh, yes. Every plane in the group had to perform a function on a weather ship at one time during their thirty missions. They sent us off with a guy who just came back from the States. He was a colonel. He sat in the copilot seat. Even when we were leading, the colonel sat in the copilot seat and the colonel sat in the tail. Were you aware of that? He reported back to the colonel the planes that were not keeping up formation or flying too loose, that kind of thing. I don't know if that is helpful to you.

MR: I didn't know that.
JHR: So, the copilot really was getting a free ride, but he had to keep on the ball, let them know if somebody was flying too loose or whatever. You know, it was a remarkable sight when I thought back and looked to the rear and you saw from the ground that it was all one big armada. But from the air, it was like a big box flying at different altitudes. You almost wanted to cry, it was so emotional. [gets emotional] Forgive me if I'm breaking into tears.

MR: That's okay.
WC: It's all right.
JHR: I was just going to answer a question.

MR: Why don't you talk about the weather ship. You were talking about that.
JHR: Oh, the weather ship, yes. They gave us a new colonel. I mean, new in the sense that he was just over from the States. He had no experience with combat. He flew in the copilot's seat and he pursued the course. He flew over the regular course that all the planes were going to follow and our job was to give that information back to the briefings. While the crews and the lead ships were being briefed, they received all this information about bad weather or good weather or whatever. We kept them informed because, you know, the direction of weather came from the West Coast of this country over the East Coast, over England, and over to Europe. That was the direction it took. So, the direction of the weather was very important and helpful. When we came back, we were so anxious because England was so fogged in, we couldn't see our airfield to land. Any place we tried to land near our airfield was all closed in. Finally, I think somebody sent us down to an English airfield close to the coast that had special big lights. They turned them on when they heard us coming and we talked to the field. That was what actually happened because they couldn't see us any more than we saw them. Then they turned on those giant lights that lit up the whole base. We were practically at tree level. To land, it was pretty risky. It didn't help much with this green pilot, the green colonel. It was quite an experience. We stayed at that base overnight and I got a picture of myself standing on the wing of an English Mosquito. A little tiny picture. Did I answer your question?

MR: Yes, yes. What do you think was probably your most dangerous mission?
JHR: I don't know if I would classify anyone as the most or the easiest. There was a time when we had our own fighter support come out and flew with us. And if we had to go in deep, and I don't even remember which were which. If we had to go in deep and the fighter planes didn't have enough fuel to escort us in, that became more tricky. And we began to worry a little. We didn't worry about that it took our mind off of what we were doing. Let me tell you, these guys did a great job. I am going to break into tears any minute. I am sorry. [cries] [interview paused]

WC: Okay, we are running again.
JHR: I thought my wife was going to get some food.

MR: I do not know where she went. Someone kidnapped her.

JHR: They need my permission first.

MR: Were you ever attacked by German aircraft?
JHR: Oh, all the time. The first time it happened, I realized it wasn't a test and it wasn't for practice. I'm trying to find my…I think I had some…pardon me. I think I put some tissues in here.

WC: You sure there wasn't any tissues?
MR: Oh, I didn't even check. I should have. We have some tissues. Wayne will get some tissues for you.
JHR: You might say I'm a silly guy. I'm sorry.

MR: That's okay. Here.
JHR: Thank you very much. You're a gentleman and a scholar.
WC: I don't know about that.

MR: When did you return home?
JHR: I remember I had recently had my birthday when I was waiting. I flew over, but I came back by boat. I was waiting for a boat up in, I'm trying to remember, there was a pottery center in England.

WC: Sheffield or Staffordshire?
JHR: No. I certainly remember the name. There was a lot of ceramic work done in that area, kilns. But we were going back by boat. They were assembling a flotilla. They didn't want to take any chances that there might be some German sub out there not knowing that the war was over.

MR: When did you return? You said shortly after your birthday. So, you came back to the United States on a ship. When did you come back?
JHR: The best of my recollections, it was in May. I'm not sure, though.

MR: Of 1945?
JHR: I left England just about the day the war was over.

MR: Oh, okay. So, 1945.
WC: Oh, with Germany.
JHR: That was 1945.

WC: Was there any worry about maybe you being sent to the Pacific?
JHR: Yes, as a matter of fact. But firstly, I thought you were going to ask about the blackouts. They still maintained blackouts. We went in a convoy because there were many German subs out there who were not aware that the war was over. It was much better flying over. Going to war in the Pacific, I certainly didn't want that. I had a recommendation from my squadron commander for pilot training. They shipped me out after R&R in North Carolina, I guess. They shipped me to California for a while teaching radar at the top of a mountain there in the desert. And then I expected they were going to send me out to Japan.

MR: Did you ever fly in a B-29? No.
JHR: No. I've been in one.

MR: So, while you were in the service then, what was your reaction to the death of President Roosevelt? Do you recall that?
JHR: I remember very well. I was on a pass with a couple other fellows in London. We had taken a hotel room and it was early in the morning. We were getting up, getting dressed, and suddenly there was a knock on the door. It was the maid. She came in and announced that our president had died. We went into a state of shock. I couldn't imagine it. It was a very great loss, we felt. His house was not too far from where we lived for forty years. Where is it, Nettie?

MR: Hyde Park.
NR: Yeah, Courtland Manor is where we lived.

MR: Do you recall your reaction when you heard about the dropping of the atomic bombs?
JHR: I really don't. I had a lot of things going through my head, as most people speculated, that perhaps that would bring all these deaths, all these casualties to an end. Nobody wanted to see the devastation it caused. That was another story.

NR: Did you mention to them that you never carried a gun with you when you were flying over to Germany?
JHR: They issued us holsters that we kept under our arms. It was suggested to me by people in the know, to not ever carry a gun on you when you were going on a mission. And I never did because if the natives or the farmers found you, they were going to pitchfork you. You would not live after they got through with you. So I never carried that

gun. But they gave us target practice. We had to take classes. We took a machine gun completely apart while blindfolded. And also a .45.

WC: Did the rest of your crew carry weapons?
JHR: I think only the officers. I may be wrong, but I believe only the officers were given the weapons.

NR: But did they carry them?
JHR: Nobody that I knew of at the time. On neither of the two crews I flew, carried them. We may have talked about it, but it was too risky.

MR: When were you discharged?
JHR: That's a good question. Did you take notes? [directs question to Netti]
NR: 1945, maybe?

MR: Okay, you have November of 1945 on your paper.
JHR: You got it down?

MR: Yes. Okay. When you arrived home, did you ever make use of the GI Bill?
JHR: Oh, yes.

MR: How did you use it?
JHR: I went back to art school, the Art Students League. Are you familiar with that?

MR: Yes.
JHR: Well, that was where I had my original scholarship. And I've gone there many times. You know, you pay by the month and you pick the instructor you want. I had very strong feelings. A lot of memories.

MR: Did you ever use that 52-20 club?
JHR: Whose club is that?

MR: It was after the war. You could get twenty dollars a week for fifty two weeks. It was like unemployment insurance.
JHR: You know, it comes back to me now, but I really don't remember.

WC: Probably if you went to college, you didn't get that.
JHR: I tried to get work almost immediately.

MR: Did you join any veterans organizations?
JHR: Yes. I belonged to the local group for the New York State area, the national group. I've been a little delinquent partially because I've spent a lot of time in the hospital since I got out. I spent a whole year and I had five major surgeries. So things kind of lapsed a bit. Nettie tries to keep up with some of that for me.

MR: You said you have stayed in contact with some of the men that you served with?
JHR: Yeah. Bud Henningsen, for one. He was my first pilot. Coincidentally, he was born one day after I was, so he has to pay me respect. [laughs] He lives in Virginia. And the last time we got together was down in Washington and we stayed with the Henningsens at their place for about a week. It was very nice. They were supposed to come up and visit us, a return visit. We've always seen them at whatever reunions we've been to.

MR: Is this a reunion of your bomb group or your squadron or the 8th Air Force? What kind of reunions do you attend?
JHR: Only the bomb crew. And it was amazing, looking at this last reunion, how it has depleted in numbers, how it has shrunk down.

MR: When's the last time you attended?
JHR: At the last one.

MR: When was that?
JHR: I have to ask. Nettie, do you remember the last reunion we attended, the one down in Washington?

NR: Yeah.
MR: When was that?
NR: 2002.

WC: Do you belong to the 8th Air Force Historical Society?
JHR: I also belonged to a national. I think that's a national group, isn't it?

MR: Yes, I imagine the 8th Air Force.
JHR: A state group, a local group. But when I was in the hospital all that time, they waved my dues. I have to catch up with that.
NR: You were also in the 447th Bomb Group. He belonged to that organization also.

WC: So, he was with the 447th?
MR: Before you show us some of the things you brought with you, how would you say that your time in the service changed or affected your life?
JHR: If I start describing some of these things, I start to get emotional and I'll break up like a big kid. I'm trying to think. I don't think it's changed my life too much because I started out when I was sixteen before I graduated from high school, and I got a one-year scholarship to the Art Students League. I was determined. My brother was going to law school. My dad was a heart patient in those days. He was a Spanish War veteran, incidentally. I knew I had to work. I knew I needed income. I love doing my artwork. I started to paint and I began to sell paintings. I had a one-man show in Boston about, what, a few years ago, Nettie?

NR: Five.
JHR: She represents me. She's even selling some of the things I did back in the 1930s. There's a certain whimsical quality I get in these things. There's a couple of people on the West Coast, and I don't know how they learned about them, but they bought a few of them. But I guess I always had a feeling that I had to do things for myself. I couldn't lay back and just expect my parents to help me or that kind of thing. My father was the kind of man who kept telling his wife someday his ship will come in. It never came in. He had good intentions. He had a bad heart condition. I always worked for what I got, and I worked damn hard. In my business, in the art field, advertising, there have been many nights I worked all through the night.

WC: What year did you get married?
JHR: Quick, tell me.
NR:1950.
JHR: I married a child bride.

MR: Okay, now you had some things you brought in.
JHR: Now, listen, wait a minute. I want to tell you something.

MR: Okay.
JHR: I may have overdone this thing. Did you know that your governor, our governor, comes from our home town. Have you been told that six times?

MR: No, just once before. You said you were going to think about your Distinguished Flying Cross.

JHR: Oh, yes. Why did I get that cross? I remember very well. It was on that mission. You know how the bombers go in groups and there are leads. And the following planes don't lead. Well, they had a habit of…well, what happened actually, one bomb group led a mission, the next day a different bomb group took over. They rotated them. By the same token, within the bomb group, there were several crews that were always asked to be the leaders. These lead ships always carried a radar man. It was my turn. We were going on this armada. It was like a whole armada, like part of a division. There was a tremendous number of planes on this flight. We were just doing, I think, a squadron lead or a group lead at that time. As we were about to go over the Channel, we got a call from Eisenhower's headquarters. He was located somewhere in London. They wanted my crew to take over the lead because somebody next to him had discovered all my records. I have to admit I was doing a great job with that blind bombing, the beacon bombing. We were just about crossing the Channel and my crew heard that and everybody was, yeah, yeah, away, away from us. Like kids. We were very excited about it. Of course, I was, too. But suddenly we took over the whole big mission and we had a very good session with the bombs.

MR: What was your target?
JHR: Well, it started out…there are two towns with the same name. One is in Maine and one is___

MR: Frankfurt.
JHR: Frankfurt, thank you. It was going to be Frankfurt on the order. We were just going over the channel with this huge amount of planes following us.The guys in my crew were so excited about this, you would have thought they were at a baseball game. It was a wonderful feeling and that's what I got the DFC [Distinguished Flying Cross] for. I'm kind of very proud of it.

MR: If you hold that up, that's something you sent us. Do you remember what year that was taken? I know it says while you were in England.
JHR: I'm in front of a plane, I think. I wasn't there that long.

MR: So, was it either 1944 or early 1945?
JHR: It had to be like that.

MR: Could you turn it around, hold it up to the camera, please.
JHR: Sure. Was I ever this young? [shows photograph] Tell me when I can keep coughing. I can't control it too well.

WC: All right. I got it, I got it.

MR: Okay, well, you can take that. Now that is your identification card. If you could hold that up too.
JHR: Have you clarified the issue of my name going from Rothstein to Roth? [shows id card]

MR: Yes.
WC: Okay, I got it.

MR: And this is your immunization register and your pay record?
JHR: You're digging into my life. Even my wife doesn't know about this.

MR: She's the one that gave it to us.
JHR: She did. Naughty girl. Why would anybody be interested in this? [shows immunization card]

WC: Well, it's part of the record.
JHR: Is it?

MR: You had this photograph. Is that your plane or someone else's?
JHR: It was someone else's. I couldn't photograph my plane.

MR: Well, I thought maybe someone took [a photo] of your [plane]. I think you answered that one before.
JHR: I honestly don't remember.

MR: Did you have a camera with you when you were up?
JHR: I carried it sometimes. But this, I draw a blank on this one.

MR: Okay.
WC: I didn't get it on.

MR: If you just hold it up.
JHR: Looks like a B-24.

MR: No, that's a B-17.
JHR: Like so? [shows photograph of plane]

WC: That's perfect right there. Got it.

MR: Now here are some you had that show bombs being dropped. I don't know if you took those out of a bomb bay.
JHR: It was at Nuremberg.

MR: Could you turn them and hold them up toward the camera? I think that they start the sequence with them closer to the plane in the first one.
JHR: You seem to have gotten more out of these than I do. I don't remember seeing these for a long time.

MR: That was a mission over Nuremberg?
JHR: Must have been. It's not reasonable for you to expect me to recall every one of these.

MR: You mentioned it.
JHR: This was Brandenburg. I've got it marked on the card. This is Nuremberg. Am I holding it correctly? I need some guidance. You can tell me how to. [shows photo]

WC: That's good.
JHR: Did you want to see any of the others? They're better shots.
WC: Sure. You can hold each one up.

MR: This is the one that's Nuremberg?
JHR: Yes. [shows photo]
WC: Okay, got it.

MR: What does that one say? Brandenburg.
WC: Brandenburg. Okay, got it.

MR: And the last one.
JHR: Wassau. Wassau. Are you familiar with that town?

WC: No.
JHR: I'm trying to find it right side up. [shows photo]

MR: W-A-S-S-A-U? Wassau.
JHR: You'll turn them around anyways.

WC: All right, got it. Okay.

MR: Okay. Well, thank you very much for your interview.
WC: Yes, thank you.
JHR: Thanks for bearing with me.

MR: That's a shoe purchase certificate.
NR: Rations card.
JHR: Is this why you gave up teaching? [shows certificate]

MR: Yes.
WC: All right, I got it.

MR: Okay, well, thank you.
WC: Thanks again.