

FEB 79

The wife and mine
were all together
and many years.
Later she re-married
and we were at
the wedding -

"Small World"

Have met with
a number of Ex
flyer + P.O.W. here
Some day I will
see you and my
story might be
of interest some
where, some time
and place.

Please forward this
to ~~England~~ ^{England} if
can't find the bloody
address -
Thanks. Wilson Cecil

Thanks Russell,

Come on down.

Home #971-8998

Wilson Lewis

Bob. B. G. 369. 57. Had something
Casey + cl
Hick





POST OFFICE TO ADDRESSEE EXPRESS MAIL NEXT DAY SERVICE



AB192176369

ORIGIN	Date In: 17 Dec 91	Postage \$ 15.95
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Initials of Receiving Clerk Bkshuh	Weight lbs. 8.1 oz.	C.O.D. \$
ACCEPTANCE		
<input type="checkbox"/> Next Day Delivery or <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Second Day Delivery		
<input type="checkbox"/> By 12 Noon or <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> By 3:00 P.M.		
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I wish delivery to be made without obtaining the signature of the addressee or the addressee's agent (if in the judgement of the delivery employee, the article can be left in a secure location) and I authorize the delivery employee to sign that the shipment was delivered and understand that the signature of the delivery employee will constitute valid proof of delivery.

SIGNED: _____

CUSTOMER RECEIPT

TO:

Telephone Number: 813/453-2112

Wilson C. Elliott
1860 Avon Est Blvd Se
Avon Park, FL 33825-9497

FROM:

Russell A. Strong
5323 Cheval Place
Charlotte, NC 28205

Label 11-B (July 1988)

Thank You For Using Express Mail Service







February 7, 1985

Dear Bill and Betty;

I will try to give you a little information regarding one who has never wrote or said to much about his experances as a POW. I will start on the sad day April 17, 1943, my 23rd mission. Based in Thurleigh with the orginal 306 Bomb Gp..To-days target "Bremen".

The aircraft was named "BANSHEE" Casey as the pilot and I was a flying Sgt.pilot flying top turret and engineer position.

Five crew members surived, I landed in the North Sea a few miles from Emden. A civilian and a little boy pulled me out of the water and the Germans came and took me to the Hospital in Emden where I was strapped to a board because my back was broken.

Two months later I was at Dulag Luft, as you know, is the spot you get the German question and promises if you tell them what you know. I didn't know too much so about a month later I was sent to Buchenwald as my new Address. It wasn't very nice but complaining didn't help too much. You see my big problem was I had destroyed and left behind all I.D. and no one really knew who I was.

I lost all track of time so I have no idea when it was when a German Guard came in and said I had been sent to the wrong place. I agreed without question. I had been put in a seperate cell and was scared the end was near for all I would hear day and night was cries for help. No clothes and a 4 by 8 concrete room with no heat can give cause for concern.

My next stop was Stalag 7A ,Moosburg, and put in with the English.French and what else I don't remember. There I met a Russian Maj. I called Alex and a Greek who had been caught fighting for the free French, his name was Titus.

After a few months the English were moved out and the compound became all Americam enlisted men. Again I was transfered out this time because ME AND THE GREEK got caught making ID photographs for escape kits.

After I got out of the bread and water line, again I found my self in the same camp as the British at stalag Luft III in the center camp. This is where I met some of the British top flyers and POWs who had been there for two or more years. Later the center camp was over populated so they transfered the British and the Canadians to the new North camp and left the American officers and the few enlisted men there. Later most all officers were moved out to their compound next to the British.

In a few months I was moved to one in of the building where Col Spivey, Kennedy and a BG lived. I had kept myself busy working in the first aid room (some first aid), with a Capt Hall, we called Doc. and the only experienced man Sgt. Sanders, from Iowa, who was a real army medic captured in Italy.

I also was the one in charge of the music. A wind up record player that the spring kept breaking and the needle was so bad that Ravel's Bolero, Tschikowsky's Nussknacker, Romeo & Juliet, Wagner's Tristan and Isolde composers, was ready to come out of their graves ready to murder us if the Germans didn't. It worked out for I got a chance to give messages to the North Camp from the Center camp. We had to share the recordings and I had the only ones so I went along to see that they didn't get lost.

Others duties: work with the stage crew and run the German 16 mm Projector that threads on the left side. One of the films was Glem Millers first Motion Picture.

My room mate in the new Quarters was a Welchman by the name of Sgt. Davis, Gunner, Radio man shot down 1940, was the only one allowed to work out side to make sure the Germans didn't steal any of the Red Cross parcels, when they came in. Each morning Sgt Schultz, the German head guard and a vet. of WWI also spoke six languages and was one of the owners of a ship building Co., would stop for a cup of Davis's English Tea and also try to find out if anything was going on in the camp he should know. At the same time we were trying to get the same from him and many time what he said turned out to be true. All information was given to Col. Spivey as soon as Master Sgt. Schultz left the compound. He had helped for we new in advance we were being moved.

We all marched out of camp dragging what little belonging we had on a sled made of bed slats or on our backs, we passed the guard who said "good luck and hope I can see England again, soon".

After days we came to a town where a glass factory was, some slept inside and others outside. Early the next morning we marched again and I was loaded on a box car and taken to Luckenwalde, Stalag III A, and put with the British the Army POWs and was sent to Dr. Stewart of New Zealand, captured on Crete, and Sgt. Hugh Blair from Glasco Scotland, pilot, shot down in a Wilington 1940. Dr. Stewart was the only Dr. in this 17000 POW camp and the city as well. We delivered babies, pulled out toe-nails what ever. This camp was made up of every nationality in the world and I think country.

This is where the Russian Maj. and I met again.

The last days just before the Russians troupes came in to the camp, Dr. Stewart was approached by high ranking officers, one was Goring, and ask if he would help them escape or give them papers that showed the POW were not mistreated. Dr. Stewart refused and

later was taken to Berlin. That was the last time I saw or heard from him till after the war.

The Russians locked all of the Americans up again but I escaped because the Rusians Maj. told the Tank Commander I was a Dr.

Many weeks we walked East and ate what ever we could find in the potato fields or some of the houses who had nothing to give.

One day I saw an US army truck which wasn't unusual, Russians were using all US trucks and tanks, only this time A black man was driving and I knew there was no black people in this part of the world.

He had a truck loaded with cans of gasoline for some Russian Col. but, couldnt find him and was lost. I said good buy to the Maj. The G.I., Sgt. Jones, gave the Maj. a box of C rations and we took off. The GI said it was some time in August, 1945. After two and a half days we found the Elb River and I was sent to Lucky Strike camp.

Many straglers were coming in and many complaints must have gotten to the high comand because some of the camps personal couldn't cope. I walked up to a soldier in uniform wearing a winter army officers's short coat and told him I was hungry and cold could he help me. Questions as to who I was where I came from how long had I been a POW etc. He told a Lt. to see that I got what I needed. I thanked him and said by the way what's your name? Eisenhower, he said.

Hope you will forgive the mistakes ,I am not a writer. I'm, just a retired soldier that got shot down again in Korea. Thats another story.

All the best.



Wilson C. Elliott
IOI Aztec Blvd. Cir. A
Margate, Florida 33063
Ret. Maj. USAF

Bill, thought you might like a copy, maybe your paper could use it. I wrote it for the Air Force Times and the POW reunion coming up in May at Denver.

It was nice talking to you both and hope very soon the deep freez will be over and we can all bloom again. It's so nice to see ones shadow for it means the days are brighter.

Lets hear from you and maybe the jet stream will change course and it will carry you here.. as ever, Wilson (Wild bill)

12 September 1988

Dear Bill:

Here are the references I find on you for missions, etc. My decorations material is not complete, but I do show an oak leaf cluster to your Air Medal, and the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Note that both have references as to the General Orders on which they appeared, the GO being either 8BC or 8AF.

My records are far from complete, as I have generally only accumulated that material I needed for the book. I would like to add considerable more paper to my files, but it is now very expensive to do so.

I am sure some of the mission data will bring back memories.

It will be good to see you-in Las Vegas.

Dear Russ;

June 22, 1988

Inclosed are a couple of pictures. These are the last pictures taken of Casey.

Dr. Shuller letter to me said, "Some of the glamor of the 306 went with Casey".

The last meeting I had a luncheon for the ones that were on our crew at least once. We looked at tapes of other reunions of the 306 and viewed films of missions that I got from NORAD.

You know what happen to Small and Casey. I last saw Bill about a month before he passed on. We talked for a long time and he told me things that I knew and some were confessions of doubts and anger at some of the People of the 306. As you know I was the only one to start with William J. and finished with him. I was on the plane when Terry checked him out in Wendover.

I takled to him the day he went to the VA. He told me this was the end. I told him I was going to pick him up and I would take care of him. He broke up and his wife took the phone.

The day before; I called the Hospital and they said he was doing OK. I left word to let him know I would be there the next day. Neather one of us made it.

I stood with him through everything. There are many stories some are true and some are half and half. There are many untold truths and things we did others took credit for. You have heard very few words from me and I guess these will be the last. If I were to put on paper all true stores about the crew, most would call it fiction.

Really who is trying to inpress who, no one cares. Only books will be the history and the pages will turn yellow and fade away.

I have a very good Video tape interview with Casey and Terry plus the meeting in Washington with everyone that came to the last gathering of Casey and Friends.

K.C. Jones and family spent last week-in with me and we looked at the tapes of ~~Casey~~ ^{Casey} you haven't changed a bit.

I will be in Vegas.

wilson elliott, wishes you the best.

Bill
P.S. William J and My Wife "Lelia", had a ball
Both spoke only Spanish for over an hour -

October 18, 1988

Dear Russ;

I thought this true story my be of interest so I will briefly give you the particulars.

To my surprise (an understatement) I got a letter last week from a EX-POW, K. J. Kurtenbach, from the 303rd Bomb Group.

Kurt and I were in Stalag 7A, Mooseburg Germany, in early 1943. Kurt was in the early part of the air war in England and was on his 13 th mission .

I was one of the people selected to work on escape kits for those who need I.D.'s when they were able to get out.

I had teamed up with a Greek, Titus, who got caught in the capture of the French Army and was taken prisoner. The French P.O.W.'s were allowed to go in and out of the compounds therefore they could visit our area. We never did trust any one, but the only outside news came from the 'Frogs". Titus knew about picture taking and was able to get paper and developing material. We made a camera out of an old chalk box, called a "Pen Hole Camera". I had learned how from my Grandfather, who was a Writer and Photographer for Teddy Roosevelt in the War between the States and Mexico.

One day two or three German Soldiers came into compound and went directly to the closet, where we kept our stick brooms, and cleaned it out. Titus, that day had not come in and all the material was gone with only a few stains of the chemicals on the floor. They came for me and accused me of making photograph for ID 's. Come with us, they said, Kurt was a good friend and I said ,Kurt will you take my flight jacket and keep it for the Germans will just confiscate it and this way it will help keep you warm. I was put in a holding pen and shipped out. I never saw or heard from Kurtenbach again till I received a letter dated October the 12th, 1988.

The letter Is self explanatory (inclosed).

I called Kurt and he told me he was going through an old blue duffel bag, about a year ago and at the bottom was the old leather jacket with the same logo , as the B17, with W.C.E. initials. Through a list of POW members of Stalag 17B he finally found me.

Lt. Tillie and I designed and painted the 17 and three jackets. Casey, Tillie and myself were the only ones to have one., We planned to make more, but the change of crews and the departure of Lt. Tillie ended the venture.

I can hardly wait to see my old friend the "JACKET" that had gone on every mission , and more, come home. It it could only talk I am sure the stories would be unbelievable.

All these years I thought the Germans had taken my Jacket, as they had, most of my clothes, and I had just written it off, although deep down I wished I could find it.

I was just informed last night from the base commander, Col. Long, the Air Force is starting to issue leather Jacket to the Air force crews. He said, he has not seen one, but they will look similar to the Jackets we had in WW2.

See you later,

Bill
As ever Wilson

P.S. Kurt is shipping my Jacket by UPS. I will not leave the house till it arrives. It will never leave again only if there is a home where it will be respected and looked upon as a remembrance of honor and hope for the many who would understand.

*Picture of My House
if you are this way, I have
Plenty of Room -*

*a small shot of my
wall showing a picture I
took in 4A. POW jacket*

October 12, 1988

Dear Wilson:

Finally got this address from Chico and Betty Gallegos after I wrote them for your current address as my letters to you at Margate, Florida kept coming back. Hope this one catches up with you.

The reason for trying to get hold of you is that I have a flight jacket that I have had for all these years since 17-B that someone gave to me and I have been trying to return.

It has the initials W.C.E. on the left breast side and it has the words "Banshee" and what looks like a three-leaf clover and some lightning marks radiating out from the painting of the banshee.

I only remember that it was an Elliott that gave it to me over in 17-B. I also think I remember that I called that man "Bill" but I could be wrong on that.

So if this is your's, please drop me a line immediately and I will send it right on to you. The reason I say right away is that Myrt and I will be leaving for Arizona for the winter and would like to get this mailed out before we leave about the last week of October, probably around the 30th.

If this doesn't reach you in time, my address will be 5610 W. Flying W, Tucson, Arizona 85713 and let me know and I will mail it to you when we come home for Christmas to be with one of our sons who is retarded, then we will go back to Tucson after the first of the year.

Things have been going well for me, had ten children, seven sons and three daughters. Lately went to Omaha for the reunion and saw lots of the old timers,

Sticks in my head that you were from the 306th, but I could be wrong about that. But let me hear from you right away as to whether this is or is not your jacket, and hope to see you one of these days at one of the reunions.

Yours in friendship,

Kurt

K. J. Kurtenbach
2740 Newell, Rt. 3
Waterloo, Iowa 50703

B

319

234-
2930

23rd Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul. He leadeth me in the

Path of righteousness for His Name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the Valley of the

Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; for Thou

art with me. Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the

Presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my

Head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely

Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days

Of my life; and I will dwell in the House

Of the Lord forever.

In Loving Memory of

Wilson C. Elliott

Date of Birth

December 25, 1919

Entered Into Rest

September 2, 2004

Funeral Service

September 13, 2004

Officiating

Pinellas County Liaison Honor Guard

Interment

Bay Pines National Cemetery

Veterans Cremation & Burial Society

(727) 467-0922

ELLIOTT, Wilson C., 84, formerly of Avon Park, died September 2, 2004, in St. Petersburg. He was born in KNOXVILLE, Tenn., and was a career Air Force veteran, serving in World War II and Korea. Following his military service, Mr. Elliott owned a chain of movie theaters in California, and was a publicity agent for many movie stars under contract with Warner Bros. He was a member of the DAV, American Legion, and the Purple Heart Assoc. Survivors include his wife of 22 years, Libia; his son, Christopher; daughters, Linda Murdock and Diane Winters; brothers, Harry, Paul and Alvin; sister, Jane Davis; nine grand-children; and five great-grandchildren. Military honors at Bay Pines Monday, September 13 at 10 a.m.