

In Memoriam



Lt. Francis Orin Moore

1923 - 1945

**"If I take the wings of the morn-
ing, and dwell in the uttermost
parts of the sea:**

**Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
and Thy right hand shall hold
me."**

Psa. 139-9-10.

4/12/92

DEAR CARROLL,

I'M NOT SURE IF YOU REMEMBER ME
OR NOT. I'M KENNETH + EVELYN'S SON.

ENCLOSED IS A SCRAPBOOK ABOUT UNCLE
FRANCIS BASED ON A SCRAPBOOK AMY MOORE KEPT.

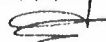
ALL THE ENCLOSED INFORMATION HAS EITHER
BEEN RETYPED OR PHOTOCOPIED BY MYSELF FROM
THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.

THE PICTURES OF FRANCIS' GRAVE IN
GERMANY WERE TAKEN BY MERRILL WHEN HE
WAS THERE IN 1946.

THE PICTURES OF FRANCIS' GRAVE IN
FRANCE WERE TAKEN BY SOME FRIENDS OF
• ORIN + AMY WHO LOST A SON IN GERMANY NOT
LONG BEFORE FRANCIS WAS KILLED. (FRANCIS WAS
MOVED TO ST. AVOLD, FRANCE NOT LONG AFTER THE WAR)

THE PICTURE OF FRANCIS' MEMORIAL IN
GERING WAS TAKEN BY KENNETH.

GOD BLESS,

LARRY


Sept 9, 1951

Dear Mom.

Well I got the key alright but all I had to do was borrow another no trouble at all. don't let it bother you. I have a room mate from Arnold. remember we played them in basketball 2 yrs. ago? well he came to Gering as student manager Harold Adams is his name. Say! by the way! I was! called on the carpet because my credits from High School have not been recieved, please get in touch with R. B. Carey & impress upon him the importance of getting my credits! @

Well yesterday I passed my English test and got out of taking "dumbell English" which is 5 days & wk. and I only have to go 3 days. (Frahm from Sidney takes dumbell)

The first football practice went off fairly well. Coach wants to make a back field ^{man} out of me. I've been bumming ~~around~~ around with Lloyd Frahm from Sidney he was picked on Scott bluffs all opponent teams.

Just got y our letter and my pen. and by the way that reminds me I found the pencil of my set in my little green sweater jacket. some fun huh?!

Just write to me as you have been I've gotten all the mail I guess. but I don't think you need to put 'college' on the address. just 'Mens Hall room 3.

Chadron I'll get it. Thanks,

\$5.00	room deposit.
7.00	" rent.
34.25	registration etc.
1.50	dues + cap.
4.20	board.
51.95	paid out
	none rolling in as yet.

Francis Moore

Wait I want to tell you about registration. It cost me \$41.25 including everything (activities ticket, room rent for 1 mo, matriculation fee) except 1.25 for class dues and freshman cap.

I'm eating at a boarding house recommended by the big boys and the swell meals oh boy! just like thrashing day, it costs me \$4.20 a wk. don't know if I'll stick it out or not. I can get a meal ticket for \$5 at the cafeteria and make it last, no doubt, considerable longer than a week.

Well keep the route going strong because I don't get paid till Oct the last and may need a wad of dough next week only have a few dollars left. I start work tomorrow ^(week) at the Ad. building mopping floors in the Home Ec. dept. (maybe I can get some free meals) I long.

Francis

Dear Mom,

I am writing you right back because of my laundry. I have talked to other fellows and decided to send it home, but I have no laundry bag. I looked in the stores but they are out and they cost a buck. so I thought maybe you could pick one up cheaper in Scottsbluff and send me a pair of pants or something in it. I wish you would do that or write what I should do because I'm getting some dirty clothes and that 5 dollars went mostly for next weeks board.

Tell Dad that I don't have a ~~real~~ schedule or even know myself, but when I find out I'll send him one. You can tell him though, that the team makes a trip to Mansville Mo. for its first game Oct 3, and everyone's trying hard to get to go.

They sure have a lot of stickers on the practice field and my hands are full of them, not only that but Coach puts us through the traces so that I feel like sleeping at nights. Ross (coach) has been working me at the blocking back spot and it's entirely

different than high school. because I have to work alone on one man and I've got a lot to learn.

By the way mom they switched jobs on me now I'm polishing enamel. not much work though better than mixing cement. I only get 2 meals a day dinner and supper for \$4.20 wk. but I don't have much appetite for breakfast and can usually eat on 15¢.

That's tough about the freeze did it do any harm to the spuds? I don't suppose it bothered the corn or beets to speak of? Tell dad I hope to see a different place when I come home what with a remodeled barn and everything. I'll be glad to hear from Seger. I saw by the courier

Delm Reeder is going to Nebr. I that he was working.

The Sering Courier comes to the library but it's still nice to get the paper and read it in privacy.

Rex and I plan to come home together sometime but football always seems to interfere, we have a scrimmage under lights next Friday night.

I went to church last Sunday but no one attends the league. This is the worst town for getting drunk I've ever seen a couple of jerry string boys had a bad crack-up the other night, the driver was drunk, and the car was burned to ashes, no one killed though. Hoping to hear about the laundry deal soon.

Francis



SANTA ANA ARMY AIR BASE
SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA

August 3, 1943

Dear Folks:

I'm sending this from the Classification Center here at the Santa Ana Army Air Base, where I arrived today. I was met at the train and am now here with the rest of the future Army Air Crews.

I've been registered and assigned to Squadron 28, where I shall remain for about two weeks. During that time I will have my physical examinations and tests which will determine whether I become a Pilot, Bombardier, or Navigator. After being classified, I will be assigned to another squadron here on this post, and then my actual preflight training begins. That preflight training will last for about nine weeks and then I will be sent to one of the flying schools to start my flying training.


You will, no doubt, think it strange receiving this type of letter from me instead of a personal note, but here is why: Our Commanding Officer knows that during the excitement and process of getting settled during the next few days, some of us will be apt to forget to write to the folks at home. This is his way of letting you know where I am and that I am well. It's just one of the many indications that I shall be well taken care of in the Army Air Forces. Another is my protection by National Service Life Insurance which is granted me free of charge all through my training period.

I know I'll have more nice things to tell you when I write a real letter. In the meantime, please let me hear from you. My address is:

Squadron 28
Army Air Base
Santa Ana, Calif.

Francis

P.S. Santa' "out and dued" isn't it? Easy way of writing though.

	Mr. V.M. Moore Sterling, Nebraska	ALFRED A. MOORE RFD 11091-DA-15 C/P.M. N.Y., N.Y.
	INSTRUCTIONS NO. 1	
<p> Dear Mr. Moore: I am so glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope you are the same. I am so glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope you are the same. I am so glad to hear from you and that you are well. I am well and hope you are the same. </p> <p> P.S. After looking over the collection more closely, I see I left a lot of unnecessary space. Just keep this even with this stuff. Hope you got it OK. After I get settled and have some more days I'll sit down and write a big long letter. Love, Fred Moore </p>		
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE - ADDRESS AT TOP?		V-MAIL
HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE - ADDRESS AT TOP?		HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE - ADDRESS AT TOP?

ENVELOPE POSTMARKED 16 MARCH 1945

Dear Mom,

Got a lot to say and such a small space to say it in. Anyway I guess when you boil it all down I can't say very much at that. I can tell you I'm on the high seas, having a very lot of expensive experience cheap! We're sailing under the British flag and are being treated perfectly swell. The English are most generous, but you know that Yankee dollar is a bit of magic to all peoples. In smooth seas on a glassy sea you'd never know you were on the ocean if your inside the staterooms or the lounge, but on a rough day just try to walk down the hall and not look a bit inebriated!

As combat draws nearer I think pretty seriously about it but do not worry. I know the power of God is real and strong and I'll have faith always, no matter what. It's surprising how comforting that line of thought makes you feel.

Write soon and often as I seem to have lost contact with the states already. Keep yourself well and remember I'm thinking of you and I love you.-- Francis

P.S. After looking over this contraption more closely I see I left a lot of unnecessary space. First time I've ever used this stuff. Hope you get it OK. When I get settled and have some more dope, I'll sit down and write a big long letter--Love Francis

ENVELOPE POSTMARKED 16 MAR 45

Dear Mom,

I arrived. At long last I find myself overseas. Haven't as yet had a security lecture so don't know exactly what I can and cannot write. However I can let you know I'm fine and none the worse for my trip. We find the early morning greeted by a thick blanket of fog, and an overcast the rest of the day. Spring is reported on its way and it's not a bit cold. Quaint is the word for this country. Small farms (3 or 4 acres) an a house that looks as old as the sod it stands on. Cozy though. We still don't know what they have in store for us as all we've had time to do so far is eat, take a shower and hit the hay. Red Cross is everywhere and doing a fine job. They were at the dock with coffee, doughnuts, and a personal grab bag for each soldier. It contains soap, candy, books, writing tablet, envelopes, playing cards etc. I suppose you are wondering quite a bit as to my welfare, duties, etc. Just bear with me and I'll tell you what I can, but remember I'll be O.K.

Stay well and let me in on the know back home. War news looks good and we intend to make it look better--

Love Francis

Write the complete address in plain letters in the space below, and your return address in the space provided at the right. Use typewriter, dark ink, or dark pencil. Pencil or small writing is not suitable for photostating.

Frances J. Moore
and
F. J.

TO: Mrs. S.W. MOORE
Gering, NeBR.

FROM

11 K.E. MOORE - P. 717534

132 Dm 612 78 PM Dm 612

APR 5 69 5:21 PM N.Y. N.Y.

(PERSON'S STAMP)

SEE INSTRUCTION NO. 3

(Sender's complete address above)

Dear Mom, At long last I've reached my final destination and have a permanent A.P.O. number. About all I can say is I am somewhere in England, which no doubt sounds very glamorous to you. We have been riding English horses and I got a good view of British countryside. It's just as I had pictured it. Very neat. The houses are all well built and you can't find a spot where they need repairing. They sure do represent a lot of pains taking work. The meadows are green and the fields are in the process of being plowed. Trimmed hedges are located along the roads, railroads and they have victory gardens right up to the railroads. Although spring is on its way it gets mighty cold at night. The trees, berry old trees, but were splendidly clothed in material. And besides that they all mix it customary for the English to shiver. Hurray up and write -- I've been out of contact with the States so long I'm beginning to speak with an accent. I keep meeting more boys each day that I knew in the States. It's sure a small world. and getting smaller. With that we wind up another edition of no news at all -- Sorry I can say no more. Except in P.T. and I love you very much. Frances.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V---MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

ENVELOPE POSTMARKED 16 MAR 45

Dear Mom,

At long last I've reached my final destination and have a permanent A.P.O. number. About all I can say is "I am somewhere in England," which no doubt sounds very glamorous to you. We have been riding English trains and I got a good view of British countryside. It's just as I had pictured it. Very neat. The fences are well built and you can't find a spot where they need repairing. They sure do represent a lot of painstaking work. The meadows are green and the fields are in the process of being plowed. Trimmed hedges are located along the roads and railroads and they have victory gardens right up to the railroads. Although Spring is on the way it gets mighty cold at nights. "Gad we're sorry Old Chap, but we're frightfully short on materials"---and besides that they tell me it's customary for the English to shivver! Hurry up and write--I've been out of contact with the States so long I'm beginning to speak with an accent. I keep meeting more boys each day that I knew in the States-- It's sure a small world--and getting smaller-- With that we wind up another edition of no news at all--Sorry I can say no more except I'm OK and I love you very much.

Francis

40 Moore
2-10
a.c.

Box 100
Coney Island
Brooklyn, N.Y.

March 16, 1945
Postmark

Dear Mom,

Just a few lines at dinner time to write
away to you before I go to work and to let
you know everything is going O.K. I still haven't
received any mail from you but the fellow who
has been here a while told me that it would
it seems all the mail has a way of piling
up somewhere waiting for the next plane
and then we get on that or just high.
I hope some condition may be there with
the mail your reasons from me, I don't
know. However, I have still on the
idea of sending a small message without a
doubt it goes faster, in any event, has first
priority.

We're hoping being flying the houses
and following the through to you no doubt
read in the papers, also in a good way. I
think the people of the world are speaking
for itself. Oh, thinking of you and thinking of
my love, Francis.

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT 100?

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE
ADDRESS AT 100?

ENVELOPE POSTMARKED 16 MAR 45

Dear Mom,

Just a few lines at dinner time to while away the time before I go to work and to let you know everything is going OK. I still haven't received any mail from you but the fellows who have been here a while tell me that is normal. It seems all the mail has a way of piling up somewhere waiting for a boat or plane and then we get a stack a yard high. The same condition may be true with the mail you receive from me, I don't know. However they've sold us on the idea of using V-Mail because without a doubt it goes faster, as any V-Mail has first priority.

We're keeping busy flying the heavies and bothering the Germans as you no doubt read in the papers. I'm in a good outfit. I think the record of the 8th Air Force speaks for itself. I'm thinking of you and sending all my love.

Francis



UNITED STATES ARMY

16 Mar. 45

Dear Mom,

How are you anyway? O.K. I'll bet. I sure do think of you a lot and I hope you aren't worrying about me. Of course I want you to think of me but not worry.

Are you having some of those beautiful season changing days? I find myself getting homesick some of these boring days. And most of my thoughts are of you and the good old Nebr. soil. It would be great to take off my shirt again and go out on the old Cat. I guess I've still got a lot of time to spend on the farm, its just in my blood. Then too there are some pretty special people there that I think an awful lot of. Whats the chances of getting a job working the soil; - yes even milking cows? Its the best way I can think of to relax and recuperate from that damn war weariness.

I am certainly having the experiences of a couple of lifetimes. I enjoy it all, and well have something to tell the grandchildren. Got a job to do and its a lot of fun, the ferries are sorry now they drug us away from our roots. and they're finding out that we can get sore.



UNITED STATES ARMY

The boys I moved in with over here are all swell fers. In fact they're just like me. All in this together and talk about one common subject. Flying, America, and that we left behind. One first pilot has been very good to me. He helps me out in the rough spots and gives me all kind of hot tips. In fact I guess it's just because he's just plain friendly is why I like him so much. He's married and hails from Kansas.

The weather is nice here this time of year ~~so~~ except we do have cold ^{weather} at night. It's been bright and sunshiny all day and we are in school again. It seems ground school never stops. But the more we know the rougher it is on the Germans.

Remember I am praying all the time and doing my best. Please pray for me and all the O.K. ~~agreements~~ letters you know and as yet haven't heard.


Love to all

Francis

Dear Mom,

Spring is coming to England and it's very nice here. I feel confident it's a season made to order for a knockout blow on the Axis, and I feel proud to have a part in it. Things are going swell with me and I have as good conditions to live and fight under as any soldier. Your Son is lucky to be in the spot He's in, believe me. It's hard for me to realize there is a great big ocean and thousands of miles between us, but you are always near in my thoughts. The thought of you is a wonderful thing. It makes me feel more is expected of me than anyone else.

I'll bet the farm is beginning to get green and the hay will need mowing before long. I find myself wishing I could help you with it. Remember the times we used to have stacking hay? It took the whole family, including Peg and the Buick! Keep it like that and dust off my chair at the family circle. I'll be back---and I'll always be loving you.-- Francis



Mrs OW Means
Box 134
Gering, Nebr

NEW YORK 6-1111
 17 MAR 31 1945
 620 559 Postmaster
 New York, New York

(POSTAGE PAID)

INSTRUCTIONS NO. 1

NEW YORK 6-1111

Dear Mom, Got your first air mail letter dated Mar 12 so it took about 2 weeks to reach me, that's pretty good. You can send his mail over to me for Gt. Also V. Mail goes fast but you can't write so much. His been out flying the "Heavies" and that's about all I can say. We have a job hoping Hitler and gang awake and along with the daylight along the Rhine. It say we were doing it very nicely, just follow the footsteps of the 8th Air Force in the news and you'll have a good idea of what we're doing and the country we're being. I don't see why these "Heavies" don't give up and go home, believe me they are taking a horrible beating.

Get rid (Galen Sunday) I went to church and had a bunch of low dresses singing the Easter hymns and joining in the fellowship. I'm wondering what kind of an Easter you have, and wishing I could go to church with you on Easter morning.

It was good to hear about your future wife and I'm certainly like to meet her. Maybe you have a picture of your snappy future. I always like to get pictures of you. I don't at last find what you should be. You're not like it. I can't see the bottom line either. So, love to all.

Mama

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

V-MAIL

HAVE YOU FILLED IN COMPLETE ADDRESS AT TOP?

ENVELOPE POSTMARKED 31 MAR 45

Dear Mom,

Got your first Air Mail letter dated Mar 12 so it took about 2 weeks to reach me, that's pretty good. You can send Air Mail over to me for 6¢. Also V-Mail goes fast but you can't write so much. I've been out flying the "Heavies", and that's about all I can say. We have a job keeping Hitler and gang awake and along with the doughboys along the Rhine I'd say we're doing it very nicely. Just follow the escapades of the 8th Air Force in the news and you'll have a good idea of what I'm doing and the country I'm seeing. I don't see why those Huns don't give up and go home, believe me they are taking a horrible beating.

Last nite (Palm Sunday) I went to church and had a touch of homesickness, singing the Easter hymns and joining in the fellowship. I'm wondering what kind of an Easter your having and wishing I could go to church with you on Easter morning.

It was good to hear about Don's future wife and I'd certainly like to meet her. Maybe you have a picture or some snaps taken. I always like to get pictures and feel I should at least know what my brothers girl should look like! It close to the bottom I'm gettin'! So, Love to all,

Francis

WESTERN UNION

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

symbol above
preceding the address.

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination.

SN1 42 GOVT= WUX WASHINGTON DC APR 17 1028P

OR IN W MOORE=

BOX 134 GERING NEBR

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET
THAT YOUR SON 2/LT MOORE FRANCIS O HAS BEEN MISSING IN
ACTION OVER GERMANY SINCE 31 MAR 45 IF FURTHER DETAILS OR

OTHER INFORMATION ARE RECEIVED YOU WILL BE PROMPTLY NOTIFIED

JA 010 THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

31 45 JAL

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO:

AG 201 Moore, Francis O.
PC-N ETO 101

19 April 1945

Mr. Orin W. Moore
Box 134
Gering, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Moore:

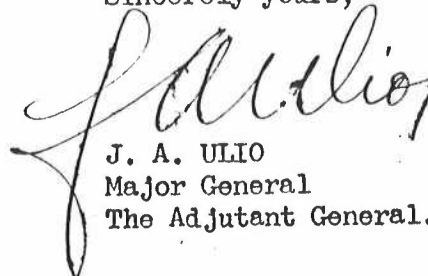
This letter is to confirm my recent telegram in which you were regretfully informed that your son, Second Lieutenant Francis O. Moore, 077534, Air Corps, has been reported missing in action over Germany since 31 March 1945.

I realize the distress caused by failure to receive more information or details; therefore, I wish to assure you that in the event additional information is received at any time, it will be transmitted to you without delay. If no information is received in the meantime, I will communicate with you again three months from the date of this letter. It is the policy of the Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, upon receipt of the "Missing Air Crew Report", to convey to you any details that might be contained in that report.

Inquiries relative to allowances, effects and allotments should be addressed to the agencies indicated in the inclosed Bulletin of Information.

Permit me to extend to you my heartfelt sympathy during this period of uncertainty.

Sincerely yours,



J. A. ULIO
Major General
The Adjutant General.

1 Inclosure
Bulletin of Information

ATTENTION: AFPPA-8

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY AIR FORCES

WASHINGTON



AAF 201 - (13733) Moore, Francis O.
0777534

19 May 1945

Mr. Orin W. Moore
Box 134
Gering, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Moore:

I am writing you with reference to your son, Second Lieutenant Francis O. Moore, who was reported by The Adjutant General as missing in action over Germany since 31 March 1945.

Information has been received indicating that Lieutenant Moore was the pilot of a B-17 (Flying Fortress) bomber which participated in a combat mission to Zeitz, Germany, on 31 March 1945. The report reveals that during this mission about 9:15 a.m., your son's bomber encountered hostile aircraft and in the ensuing engagement sustained damage. This craft was last contacted by radio about 11:00 a.m., near Zeitz, Germany, at which time they asked for fighter support. It is regretted that there has been no other information received in this headquarters relative to the disappearance of Lieutenant Moore's Fortress and its crew.

Believing you may wish to communicate with the families of the others who were in the plane with your son, I am inclosing a list of these men and the names and addresses of their next of kin.

Please be assured that a continuing search by land, sea, and air is being made to discover the whereabouts of our missing personnel. Any additional information received will be sent immediately to you by The Adjutant General or this headquarters.

Very sincerely,

E. A. Bradunas

E. A. BRADUNAS
Major, Air Corps
Chief, Notification Branch
Personnel Affairs Division
Assistant Chief of Air Staff, Personnel

1 Incl

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS
PRESIDENT

DL - Day Letter
NL - Night Letter
LC - Deferred Cable
NLT - Cable Night Letter
Ship Radiogram

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

38 GOVT= WASHINGTON DC JUN 6 1200A

ORIN W MOORE=

BOX 134 GERING NEBR=

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES ME TO EXPRESS HIS DEEP REGRET
THAT YOUR SON 2/LT MOORE FRANCIS O WAS KILLED IN ACTION
OVER GERMANY 31 MAR 45 HE HAD PREVIOUSLY BEEN REPORTED
MISSING IN ACTION CONFIRMING LETTER FOLLOWS=

UL TO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

803A.

THE COMPANY 2/LT 31 45. NS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

jj/rpv

IN REPLY REFER TO:

AGPC-201 Moore, Francis O.
ETO 151

6 June 1945

Mr. Orin W. Moore
Box 134
Gering, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Moore:

It is with profound regret that I confirm the recent telegram informing you of the death of your son, Second Lieutenant Francis O. Moore, 0777534, Air Corps, who was previously reported missing in action on 31 March 1945 over Germany.

An official message has now been received which states that he was killed in action on the date he was previously reported missing in action. Provisions have been made for the unit commander or chaplain to send a letter containing further information to the emergency addressee or next of kin of each person who dies overseas in the service of our country. If this letter has not already been received it is hoped that it will not be long delayed.

I realize the anxiety you have suffered since he was first reported missing in action and deeply regret the sorrow this later report brings you. May the knowledge that he made the supreme sacrifice for his home and country be a source of sustaining comfort.

My sympathy is with you in this time of great sorrow.

Sincerely yours,



J. A. ULLOA
Major General
The Adjutant General of the Army

1 Inclosure
WD Pamphlet No. 20-15

June 23, 1945.

My dear Mr. Moore:

You will shortly receive the Purple Heart medal, which has been posthumously awarded by direction of the President to your son, Second Lieutenant Francis O. Moore, Air Corps. It is sent as a tangible expression of the country's gratitude for his gallantry and devotion.

It is sent to you, as well, with my deepest personal sympathy for your bereavement. The loss of a loved one is beyond man's repairing, and the medal is of slight value; not so, however, the message it carries. We are all comrades in arms in this battle for our country, and those who have gone are not, and never will be, forgotten by those of us who remain. I hope you will accept the medal in evidence of such remembrance.

Sincerely yours,

Henry L. Stimson

Mr. Orin W. Moore,
Box #134,
Gering, Nebraska.

HEADQUARTERS, ARMY AIR FORCES

OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL

WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

June 26, 1945

My dear Mr. Moore:

With deep regret I have learned that your son, Second Lieutenant Francis Orin Moore, previously reported missing on March 31, 1945, died in action on that date in Germany.

We of the Army Air Forces feel that in the passing of Lieutenant Moore we have lost a conscientious and able officer who had dedicated his best efforts to our cause. I am informed that he graduated as a pilot at Pecos Army Air Field, after having established a fine reputation there, and subsequently applied what he acquired during training in executing assignments efficiently and well. His contribution to the Service will be remembered by those who fought beside him.

I hope you will be comforted by the knowledge that your son courageously gave his utmost while doing his duty. My heartfelt sympathy is offered to you and other members of the family in behalf of General H. H. Arnold, Commanding General, Army Air Forces, who is temporarily away from Headquarters.

Very sincerely,



IRA C. FAKER,

Lieutenant General, U. S. Army,
Deputy Commander, Army Air Forces.

Mr. Orin W. Moore,
Box 134,
Gering, Nebraska.

OFFICE OF THE CHAPLAIN
452nd Bomb Group (H)
A.P.O. 559

28 May 1945

Mrs. Orin W. Moore
Box 134
Gering, Nebraska

Dear Mrs. Moore:

The War Department has notified you that your son, Lt. Francis O. Moore, O-777534, has been changed in classification from missing in action 31 March 1945 to killed in action 31 March 1945.

Let me express the extreme regret of the Commanding General, Eighth Air Force, and of the officers and men of this station, that your period of anxiety is ended in this tragic manner. We appreciate something of the severe disappointment which has come to you in this sad news.

Your letter of inquiry reached me some time ago and was promptly answered. The arrival of the long awaited VE-Day caused all such letters to be held in higher headquarters waiting for definite information of a dependable nature. I do not know any particulars connected with the death of your son. The Quartermaster General, ASF, Washington, D. C., will notify you of the location of his grave as soon as possible. Inquiries concerning his personal effects should be addressed to the same official.

Thank you for the words of appreciation in your recent letter. There is little one can do of a helpful nature in a time like this. Three members of your son's crew did return to this base. They were Lt. William H. Schumm, O-2075316; Sgt. John F. O'Brien, 32984539; and S/Sgt. William N. Rhodes, 33117659. They reported one member of the crew, Sgt. Fred Jordan, Jr., 37737380, was in the same prisoner of war camp with them. He was unable to return with them as he was hospitalized with a case of mumps. These four crew members parachuted from their plane and were reunited in the prisoner of war camp, but knew nothing of the death of your son.

We join you in your great sorrow that Francis was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice for our country and cause. The victory which has come to us in this theater helps us to see some of the fruit of his heroic sacrifice. Recent announcements from leading Generals of our own armies, those of our allies, and those of the defeated enemy, indicate the vital role of the Army Air Forces in making this victory possible. Each man who died in the courageous offensive of the Air Force helped to break the resistance of the enemy, thereby saving many lives among the members of our own and allied ground forces.

The burden of sorrow and loneliness which is yours can be carried by no one else. There is one who is described as a "Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief" who is by your side in this hour of great need. Let us in humble faith commend Francis unto His loving care.

Sincerely,

Frank L. Whitney

FRANK L. WHITNEY
Chaplain (Captain) U.S.A.

The following is an account of Uncle Francis' 2nd mission and subsequent capture of his surviving crew members.

Written by Sgt. William Rhodes, Tyrone, Pa.

March 31, 1945 — Mission #2—Primary target was an oil refinery at Zietz, Germany. #3 Engine oil supply line, to engine, was cut by flak. Landing gear was also hit and dropped half-way down. Hole, by flak, in top leading edge of right wing about 3" square. Oil pressure dropped to zero before propeller feathering could be accomplished. Pilot dropped out of formation in order to try and shake the prop off of engine but did not succeed. Therefore, he held nose of plane down and allowed the prop to windmill in order to prevent drag on plane. Pilot maintained altitude of 17,500 ft. until two jet propelled German fighters attacked. Somewhere around Ulm, Germany, these two Me-262's were sighted by myself at 3:00 o'clock low, so I continued to call their position over the interphone to other members of crew, until they had circled us, out of range, and came in to attack at 6:00 o'clock level. Ball-gunner took a few pot shots at them at 9:00 o'clock level, but made no hits. When fighters made their attack, only the tail guns could be effective, but the tail--gunner never fired a round of ammo. He may have been hit by flak and did not report same to pilot. The second enemy aircraft to attack hit our #3 fuel tank, causing it to explode and toss the right wing down violently. This attack took place at 10:40 A.M.. After we were hit, our plane went into a tight spin and after a few thousand foot drop the tail blew off, causing the plane to level off and continue falling in a shallow spin. Willie (Nav.), Obie (Tog.), Al (Co-pilot) and myself bailed out the navigators hatch. Al's chute never fully opened and he was killed upon impact with ground. Junior, the waist-gunner, was blown out when the tail was blown off and was slightly injured about the eyes and ribs.

Total alive from original crew of nine was four. We landed near Biberach, Germany (about fifty miles North of Switzerland and just at the Eastern edge of the Black Forest). A host of Jerries met us as we hit the ground, and immediately searched us and relieved us of everything we had except the clothes we had on. We were later taken to a Luftwaffe camp and asked if we had any injuries that were giving us trouble. We stayed here all that night.

- April 1, 1945 — We were awakened about 5:00 A.M., and were taken to Ulm. We were given a piece of bread to eat for breakfast. The first in two days. Arrived at Ulm early in morning and were taken to the city jail to stay all day. We were given a little watery soup and some ersatz coffee. The town was a mass of ruins, and during our stay was continually in danger of attacks by our A/C. Our air raid shelter was the cell we were in and we stayed locked in same throughout the day. A German priest visited us but only shook hands with us - was not allowed to speak to him. That night we went to Ludwigsburg, Germany.
- April 2, 1945 — Stayed in cells at Army camp at Ludwigsburg all day. We were questioned one at a time, by a German non-com (T/Sgt). He could speak English very well, and like all Jerries, was sly. He said he had been in Hollywood in 1937, had good contacts there, and came back to Germany in 1939. A little soup and bread and a bite of wurst for food that day. That night, they took all other loose possessions we had on us. When I was questioned, this Jerry told me where the dead crew members were buried. It was at a small cemetery in Ochsenhausen (40 Km's South of Ulm and a few Km's Southeast of Biberach).
- April 3, 1945 — Willie, Junior and myself were taken to a castle by the name of "Schaubeck". We arrived about noon. Count Addelman, his wife and child were the owner of the castle and lived there at the time. He told us the history of the castle (built in 1285 A.D.). We were treated well here.

A German Major and Lt. interrogated us further and told us much about the 8th. Air Force that we did not know. The Lt. had previously lived in New Jersey. This place was about 25 Km's from Ludwigsburg and we stayed three days at castle. Had close call to being shot in a nearby town.

- April 4, 1945 — We stayed at the castle "Schaubeck" all day and was allowed to go out into the garden and look around. No guards on us. The Germans were retreating on both sides of us but did not bother us. They were running from the 7th Army. For supper we were given a quart of German red wine. It was good. Stayed here that night. During the day, we saw our P-47's make repeated bombing and strafing attacks on a nearby town and on columns of German troops.
- April 5, 1945 — We stayed at the castle for a little breakfast and small lunch, then left about 13:00 for Ludwigsburg. They allowed us to ride on a buggy about half the way - the remainder of the distance we walked. When we arrived at the same Army camp we had previously been at, we found that Obie had left that morning for parts unknown. The three of us stayed in cell again.
- April 6, 1945 — We left Ludwigsburg early in morning. Went to Esslingen, where we spent most of the day in a German Red Cross Canteen. Had coffee, wurst, bread and soup for dinner. That evening we went to Ulm. Did not arrive until early the next morning. We were forced to stand in train erect for the entire time we were riding. Better than walking though.
- April 7, 1945 — We left Ulm for Nurnburg early in morning. Arrived at Nurnburg about 2:00 A.M. the next morning. We walked through the ruins of the many bombing raids and the industrial district of city was completely shattered. Went to Lanwasser (Stalag III) and arrived about 4:00 A.M.. Saw Hitler's Shrine on way.

- April 8, 1945 — Arrived at Langwasser - Stalag III - about 4:00 A.M. and slept on floor of toilet until the Commandant would see us. We were then taken to the Officer's compound. The British and Americans wanted us to sneak into their compound and stay with them. Instead, we went into the compound with Serbian General Staff, where we met Obie. There were three officers with him (Americans) who had been through the same process we had at the castle. They were swell fellows. The compound consisted of about five tents of circus size. We marked us off a spot for the night but could not sleep on account of the cold. Stayed up and walked all night to keep warm. No blankets.
- April 9, 1945 — At Langwasser and plenty hungry. Facilities were terrible but we were safe and that was all that mattered. The Serbs were wonderful to us in every way.
- April 10, 1945 — At Langwasser and still hungry.
- April 11, 1945 — At Langwasser.
- April 12, 1945 — At Langwasser. The U.A.F. Lancaster bombers came over in afternoon and bombed Hell out of the City of Nurnburg. Started huge fires. They came near to bombing our "Little Community". Flak during the bombing was moderate.
- April 13, 1945 — at Langwasser. We were given Red Cross parcel so we ate a little better.
- April 14, 1945 — At Langwasser. We watched the 8th. A.F. make a triangle bombing of Nurnberg, Regensburg, and Stuttgart. B-24's and B-17's put on the show. Saw two planes hit by flak but did not go down or leave formation. Looked like they hit all three targets as there were huge fires in the cities. This was surely grand to see. The Serbs about went nuts watching this. They all but kissed and hugged us since we had been a part of those formations at one time.
- April 15, 1945 — We learned of a road march supposed to be leaving this day. We had collected about 85 Americans by this time in our compound. My crew members were going so I volunteered to go along.

We were given some Red Cross clothes and parcels before we left. Departed from Stalag at 18:30 - 24 Americans and 23 German guards. Went about 25 Km's. and stayed in a small town barn that night. Was tired and blistered.

- April 16, 1945 — We remained in barn all day and took off for next town about 20:00. The Jerries were retreating through the town from the 3rd Army. Our Red Cross parcels saved the day as far as food was concerned. We traveled only about 12 Km's and stayed in another barn that night - town unknown.
- April 17, 1945 — Remained in barn, out of sight as much as possible from retreating S.S. Troops. The American panzers were not far behind us. We tried to stall the Jerry guards long enough for our boys to catch up, but they wouldn't agree any too readily. We heard today that Nurnburg had been captured and the prisoners at Langwasser released. Too bad we couldn't hold out there until this date.
- April 18, 1945 — Still on the march at night. Night only. Stayed in another barn all night and day. Some of the fellows got sick from polluted water. Water was very scarce and they wouldn't give us any without pleading.
- April 19, 1945 — We holed up in a schoolroom this date. When we arrived here, there were four American Captains here and all were sick and hungry. They will continue on with us. We shared our food and cigarettes with these officers and they give us the dope of the town. The S.S. have a field hospital here so we had to be careful and not show ourselves too much.
- April 20, 1945 — Remained at the school all day. I became very sick with diarrhea and stomach cramps. Have not eaten anything for almost two days. We are leaving here tonight. The S.S. pulled out of town today and shot 150 of their men for desertion.

- April 21, 1945 — We holed up in a barn about 11 Km's North of Eichstat all day.
- April 22, 1945 — Stayed in same barn all day. It snowed, sleeted and hailed today. A couple of the fellows are pretty sick. The American troops are very near but we have to leave. Left town about 20:00.
- April 23, 1945 — Stayed at a farm community, off the main road called New Eichstat. There is a P.W. camp nearby containing about 6,000 Russians, Poles, etc.. These prisoners are running wild over the countryside as they have no guards on them.
- April 24, 1945 — Two men taken to a hospital at Eichstat. One with diptheria and the other with injuries received when a cart ran over him last night. Our French doctor, also a prisoner, and his Ass't. (a Belgian) also left us this date and went to take over hospital in Eichstat. Our P-47's dive bombed and strafed Eichstat.
- April 25, 1945 — Stayed at this farming community all day.
- April 26, 1945 — Our German guards surrendered to us when they saw our American troops down on the main road. A couple of our officers and the German Lt. we had taken prisoner went over to the column of Infantry boys and gave them the dope. We were liberated at 07:30 this morning and all were of course very happy. Were liberated by the new 15th. Army, loaded onto trucks, and taken back of the lines to Division Headquarters. Then we started our way back to England, which took quite some time. Had a good time on the way however.



Trinity Methodist Church

In Memoriam

Gold Star Service Men



Gering, Nebraska

December 9, 1945





VIRGIL E. WILLIAMS
October 6, 1915
August 17, 1942



MELVIN C. EHRMAN
March 27, 1921
November 2, 1944



FRANCIS O. MOORE
May 12, 1923
March 31, 1945



RICHARD O. BARTOW
June 21, 1922
April 11, 1945

Order of Service



Organ Meditation.....Norma Neeley

Call to worship: When my soul is heaviness, and my heart is disquieted within me; when darkness is round about my path, and all thy tempests go over my head; then will I be take me to the great congregation, to hear the psalm of thy redeemed and to cast my burden on the Lord. O send out thy light and thy truth, let them lead me; let them bring me to thy holy hill and to thy dwelling place. O draw me out from the great waters; lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Then shall my soul return unto her rest, and I shall come to the haven where I would be.

Invocation.....Concluding with the Dresden Amen

Hymn "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Even Tide".....

The Senior Choir

The Twenty-third Psalm in concert

Three-Fold Amen

PrayerRev. T. Elmer Smith, Mitchell

Organ Response

Cornet Solo.....Don Childs

In Memoriam—

Virgil E. Williams

Melvin C. Ehrman

Thomas R. Reeder

Rev. Oscar W. Low, Pastor

Richard O. Bartow

Rev. Elmer T. Smith

Francis O. Moore

Rev. Leslie Moore, Curtis

Presentation of the American Flag to Mr. and

Mrs. O. W. Moore, by Commander C. A. Emery,
American Legion. **And Mr and Mrs Reeder**

Anthem "Going Home".....Dvorak

The Senior Choir

A Tribute to the Gering High Boys.....R. B. Carey, Supt.

Organ....."God Be With You, Till We Meet Again"

Taps.



THOMAS R. REEDER

October 23, 1924
December 25, 1944

A Prayer for our Gold-Star loved ones—

Almighty God and most merciful Father, whose nature and whose name is love, as we give thee thanks for the courage and the strength vouchsafed to these thy servants, we would remember before thee those who mourn them as their loved ones. Look in mercy upon them, and as the day brings them memories of those whom they have lost, may it bring them consolations from thee, quickening in them the sense of communion with the world unseen, and confirming their assurance of that great day when thou shalt restore to them their own in the very presence of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, to whom be glory and honor now and forever more. Amen.

IN MEMORIAM
OBITUARY

Lt. Francis Orin Moore was born at the farm home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Moore, south of Gering, Nebr. May 12, 1928. He departed this life, March 31 st. 1945, aged 21 years, 10mo. and 10 days, losing his life in a Bomber crash over Germany.

He attended the Gering Public Schools, graduating in May, 1941. He was very fond of athletics, playing on the football and basketball teams all through high school.

In the fall of 1941, he enrolled at Chadron State Teacher's College at Chadron, Nebr. Here again he was prominent in athletics, and played on the College Football team for two seasons, and the basket ball team for one season. He belonged to the "C" club and organization for college men. He was also majoring in chemistry and physics, where he made a good record, and was honored by membership in an honorary science fraternity.

He had just enrolled for the second semester of his sophomore year when he was inducted into the army. He had enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserves at Ft. Mead So. Dak., in June 1942, and was called into active service Feb. 20, 1943.

He was sent first to Jefferson Barracks Mo. for basic training then to Washington University at St. Louis for pre-flight training. After five months there, he was sent to Santa Ana where he was classified as a bomber pilot. From there he was sent to Thunderbird Field 11 at Phoenix, Ariz. Where he got his first training flying the basic trainer planes. From there he trained at Lancaster, Calif., and Pecos, Texas. There he graduated, won his wings and commission as 2d. Lieutenant, on May 23rd, 1944. His friend Melvin Ehrman graduated in this same class. After this he got his first leave, and spent a week at his home after being gone for 15 months. For advanced training he was then sent to Roswell, New Mexico, where he flew the B-17 bomber for the first time. While in training there, he made several routine cross country flights to Denver, Dallas, Wichita and other points. He was greatly thrilled by these experiences. In September 1944, he came home for a second leave for a week. Then he was sent to Drew Field, Tampa Fla. for two months, returning in November 1944 for his third and last leave. He left here on Armistice Day, Nov. 11th, 1944 for Tampa. He was then sent to MacDill, Field, at Tampa Fla, where he was assigned his crew, and trained with them for about three months, again making long cross country and cross water flight, and flying over Cuba and the Bahama Islands and other distant points.

In February 1945 they were transferred by troop train to Savannah, Georgia and later to an embarkation point near New York, where they were stationed for two weeks before going overseas. This gave the boys several opportunities to take sight seeing trips about New York, which they enjoyed very much.

On March 1st, 1945 they sailed on the Queen Elizabeth from New York and docked at Glasgow Scotland March 7th. Here Francis flew for a while as Co-Pilot with another crew for experience. He wrote home that he was helping the doughboys along the Rhine, a thing that he had often expressed a desire to do. He flew his first mission with his own crew on Good Friday March 30 over Hamberg Germany, bombing submarine bases and ship yards there.

On this mission the wings of his ship were so badly shot up with flak over the target, that, altho' he made a safe return, the ship was not fit to go into combat the next day, so the crew flew a different plane on their second and ill-fated mission which ended in the death of Francis and four of his crew members. They were hit with flak over the target, Zietz oil refineries, and one engine damaged so that they had to fall out of formation and after flying about an hour, in an effort to make an emergency landing in France, were attacked by enemy fighter planes, which scored a direct hit on a gas tank which exploded sending the plane into a spin, and blowing off the tail. Only four had time to jump to safety. They were immediately captured and spent 25 days in prison camp. They were freed on April 25th by allied armies, and have since returned to this country.

Francis and the other four crew members were buried in a German Cemetery at Oschenhausen Biberach, Germany. It is reported that this is a very beautiful spot just in the foothills of the Alps.

Survivors of the Crew expressed themselves as having every confidence in their pilot, that he was "steady as a rock" and never given to taking chances. They think that he likely never knew that the tail of the ship was blown off making it impossible for him to control it. He was awarded the Purple Heart posthumously for meritorious achievement in combat.

Francis is survived by his parents, a brother Donald and a sister Evelyn, a Grandmother, Ella T. Moore, ~~cousins~~ and several aunts and Uncles, and cousins.

Francis was a member of the Trinity Methodist Church in Gering and attended Sunday School and church regularly all his life, he was also active in 4-H club work for several years, and was a member for the Future Farmers of America.

As a testimony to Francis's Christian experience, he wrote in a letter while on ship board going overseas, "As combat draws near, I think pretty seriously about it, but do not worry; I know the power of God is real and strong, and I'll have faith always, no matter what happens. It is surprising how comforting that line of thought makes you feel". He attended church Palm Sunday and wrote: "Last night, Palm Sunday, I went to church and had a touch of homesickness singing the Easter hymns and joining in the fellowship. I'm wondering what kind of an Easter you are having and wishing I could go to church with you on Easter Morning". But before Easter Morning he had joined the Heavenly Choir, and was singing the Easter songs in a Better World.

The following poem was sent to Mrs. Moore by a friend in Wyoming who also lost a boy on a B-17 over Germany just a few weeks before Francis's ship crashed.

AWAKENING

A mortal dies,--
But in the moment when the light fails here,
The darkness opens, and the vision clear
Breaks on his eyes.
The veil is rent,--
On his enraptured gaze heaven's glory breaks
He was asleep, and in that moment wakes.

--John Oxenham

In Memoriam



Lt. Francis Orin Moore

1923 - 1945

**"If I take the wings of the morn-
ing, and dwell in the uttermost
parts of the sea:**

**Even there shall Thy hand lead me,
and Thy right hand shall hold
me."**

Psa. 139-9-10.

Lt. Francis Orin Moore, 21, son of Mr. and Mrs. Orin W. Moore, pilot on a B-17 bomber, member of the Eighth Air Force, was killed in action near Zeitz, Germany, March 31, 1945.

He was reported "missing in action" in a wire from the War Department received April 18th, and official announcement of his death was received June 6.

The plane was damaged by flak over the target, Zeitz oil refineries, and forced to fall out of formation. A small oil tank was hit which, by hydraulic pressure, governed the propeller on No. three engine. The runaway propeller caused a great vibration making it necessary to slow down the speed from 150 mph to 125 mph, causing the plane to drop from 25,000 feet elevation to 17,000 feet.

After an hour's flight in a zig-zag manner to miss the flak areas, in which the boys were trying to reach an emergency landing field in France, they were attacked by German fighter planes.

Sgt. Wm. N. Rhodes, engineer, wrote the following account of this:

"Two jet propelled Me-262's (German of course) came up to attack us from our tail. I am not certain, but I think Sgt. Franklin Kincade, the tail gunner, was hurt or killed by the first of these enemy planes. The second fighter hit our No. three fuel tank which exploded and sent our ship into a spin. The force of the spin pulled me down to the nose. The navigator, Lt. Wm. Schumm, and the togalier, Sgt. John O'Brien were at the escape hatch trying to open the door. The only factor I can attribute to the other crew members not getting out was the downward pull of gravity from the falling plane."

Francis' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Orin Moore, were privileged to visit Sgt. Fred Jordan Jr. of St. John, Kansas, who was one of the waist gunners. His version of the accident was that the tail of the ship was blown completely off, and he was thrown clear, landing by parachute in a tree top, two or three miles from where the plane crashed. He did not know what had happened to the rest of the crew until that

evening when he met the other three, Rhodes, Schumm and O'Brien in a prison camp at Nuremberg. Here German doctors attended his injuries, and told him that a badly blood shot eye was the result of a black out. He believes this also happened to the other five of the crew who were killed, and that Francis never left the controls. The suction of the falling plane was so great that one could not lift a foot from the floor.

Francis told his crew not to shoot until they were sure if the approaching air craft were enemy or friendly, and for them also to be ready to jump in an emergency.

It is known that the crew had radioed for fighter support which never arrived, and no explanation of this has ever been made.

From a letter from headquarters in Washington, D. C., dated May 19, 1945, we quote:

"Information has been received indicating that Lieutenant Moore was the pilot of a B-17 (Flying Fortress) bomber which participated in a combat mission to Zeitz, Germany, on 31 March, 1945. The report reveals that during this mission about 9:15 a. m., your son's bomber encountered hostile aircraft and in the ensuing engagement sustained damage. This craft was last contacted by radio about 11:00 a. m. near Zeitz, Germany, at which time they asked for fighter support. It is regretted that there has been no other information received in this headquarters relative to the disappearance of Lt. Moore's Fortress and its crew."

Lt. Schumm, navigator, wrote of the accident that it all happened in a matter of seconds, and that it was a miracle that any of them escaped. Four parachuted to safety and were immediately captured and spent 25 days in a German prison camp, being freed by the advancing allied army on April 25, and having since returned to this country.

The five who perished in the crash were, the pilot, Lt. Francis Moore, the co-pilot, Lt. Alvin Levine, the radio operator, Sgt. Oliver Sheets Jr., the tail gunner, Sgt. Franklin Kincade, and the turret gunner, Sgt. Chester Reeves.

These five were buried in a Germany ceme-

tery at Oschenhausen, Biberach, Germany. A friend of Sgt. Kincade, who visited the graves reports that it is in one of the most beautiful spots in Germany, just in the foot hills of the Alps. Survivors of the crew have expressed themselves as having every confidence in their pilot, that he was sincere and trustworthy, never given to taking chances, and that he likely never knew that the tail of the ship was blown off, making it impossible for him to control it. He was awarded the purple heart posthumously for meritorious achievement in combat.

Francis was born at the farm home of his parents, south of Gering, on May 12, 1923. He attended the Gering public schools, graduating in May, 1941. He was very fond of athletics, playing on the football and basketball teams all through high school. In the fall of 1941 he enrolled at Chadron state teacher's college, Chadron, Nebr. Here again he was prominent in athletics, and played on the college football team for two seasons, and the basketball team one season. He belonged to the "C" club, an organization for college men. He was also majoring in chemistry and physics, where he made a good record, and was honored by membership in an honorary science fraternity, the Lambda Delta Lambda. He was also a member of the Psi Beta Sigma social fraternity.

He had just enrolled for the second semester of his sophomore year when he was inducted into the army. He had enlisted in the Army Air Corps Reserves at Ft. Mead, So. Dak., in June, 1942, and was called into active service Feb. 20, 1943. He was first sent to Jefferson Barracks, Mo., for basic training, then to Washington university at St. Louis for pre-flight training. After five months there he was sent to Santa Ana, Calif., where he was classified as a bomber pilot. From there he was sent to Thunderbird Field No. 2 at Phoenix, Ariz., where he got his first experience training in the basic trainer planes. From there he trained at Lancaster, Calif., and Pecos, Texas, where he graduated, won his wings and commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant on May 23, 1944. After this he got his first leave, after being gone for 15 months.

On June 1, 1944, he left for Roswell, New Mex., for advanced training. Here he flew the

B-17 for the first time, and was greatly thrilled by his routine cross country flights to Denver, Dallas, Wichita and other points. In September, 1944, he got a second leave, after which he was sent to Drew Field, Tampa, Fla., for two months, returning in November for his third and final leave.

He left home on Armistice Day, Nov. 11, 1944, for Tampa. He was then sent to McDill Field at Tampa, where he was assigned his crew, number 701, and trained with them for about three months. He was greatly devoted to his crew, and wrote home that they were all "swell guys."

Crew members names were:

Lt. Francis O. Moore, pilot, Gering, Nebr.

Lt. Alvin Levine, co-pilot, Boston, Mass.

Lt. William H. Schumm, navigator, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sgt. Wm. N. Rhodes, engineer gunner, Tyronne, Pa.

S/Sgt. Oliver D. Sheets Jr., radio gunner, Fairview, N. C.

Sgt. John F. O'Brien, armorer gunner, Brooklyn, N. Y.

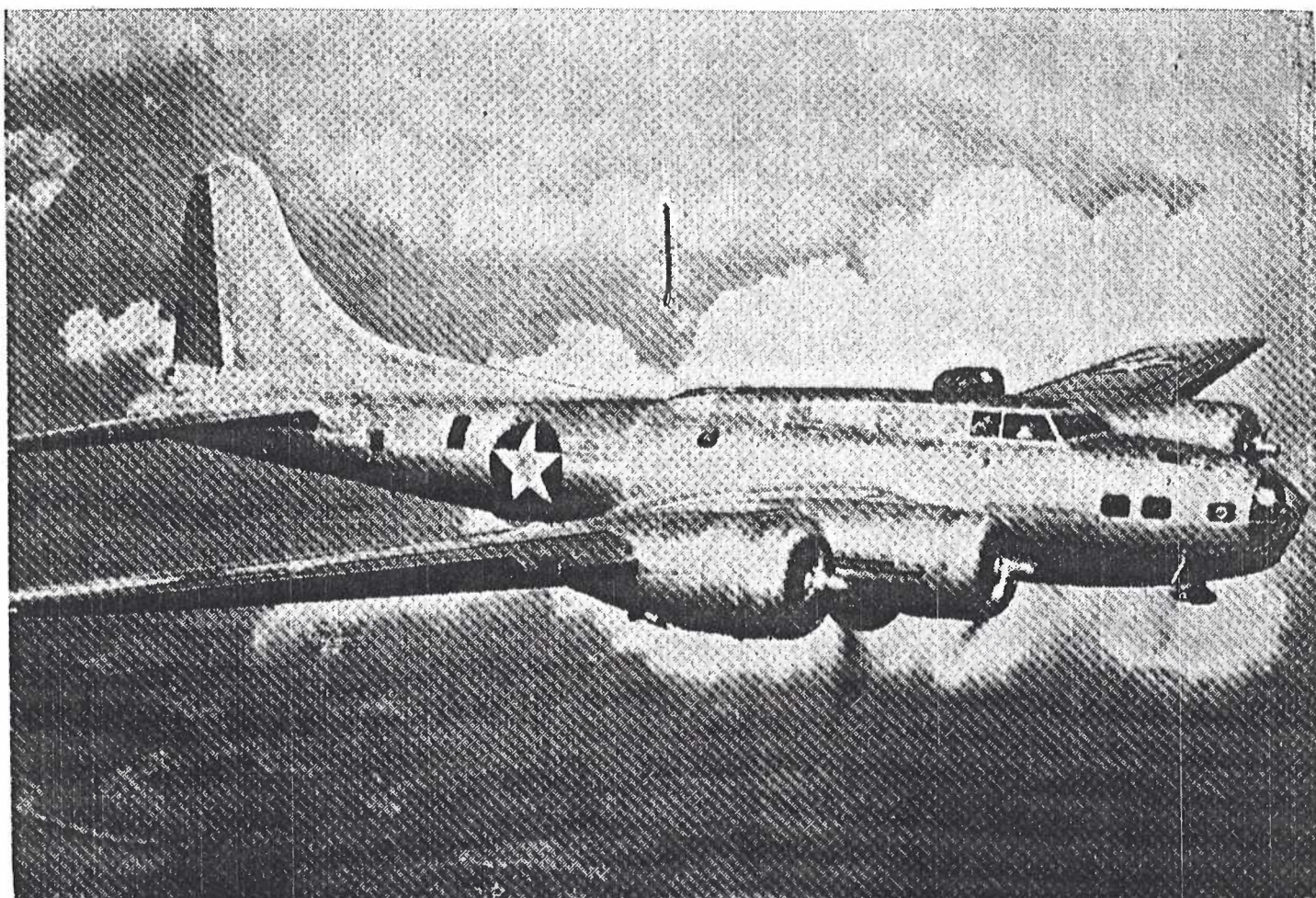
Sgt. Chester M. Reeves, assistant radio operator, Geraldine, Mont.

Sgt. Fred Gordon Jr., assistant engineer gunner, St. John, Kans.

Sgt. Franklin D. Kincade, tail gunner, Buffalo, N. Y.

In February, 1945, they were transferred by troop train to Savannah, Ga., and from there to an embarkation point near New York City, where they spent about two weeks. This gave the boys an opportunity to take sight seeing trips about New York, which they enjoyed very much.

On March 1, 1945, they sailed on the British ship, Queen Elizabeth, from New York and



B-17 FLYING

FORTRESS

landed in Glasgow, Scotland, on March 7. They went by train to Deopham Green, near Norwich, England. Here Francis flew for awhile as co-pilot with an older crew for experience. He wrote home that he was helping the doughboys along the Rhine, a thing he had often expressed a desire to do. He flew his first mission with his own crew on Good Friday, March 30, over Hamberg, Germany, bombing ship yards and submarine bases there. They completed this mission successfully in spite of the fact that their wings were somewhat shot up with flak.

On March 31 the crew flew it's second and

ill-fated mission which ended in the death of Francis and four of his crew members.

Francis is survived by his parents, a brother Donald, a sister Evelyn, his grandmother Ella T. Moore, and several uncles, aunts and cousins. Francis was a member of the Trinity Methodist church in Gering and attended Sunday school and church regularly all his life.

He was also active in 4-H club work for several years and was a member of the Future Farmers of America.

As a testimony to Francis's Christian experience, he wrote in a letter while on shipboard while going overseas: "As combat draws near, I think pretty seriously about it, but do not worry; I know the power of God is real and strong, and I'll have faith always, no matter what happens. It is surprising how comforting that line of thought makes you feel."

He attended church Palm Sunday and wrote; "Last night, Palm Sunday, I went to church and had a touch of homesickness singing the Easter hymns, and joining in the fellowship. I'm wondering what kind of an Easter you are having and wishing I could go to church with you on Easter morning." But before Easter morning he had joined the Heavenly Choir, and was singing the Easter songs in a Better World.

On Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9, a beautiful memorial service was held at Trinity Methodist church in Gering for Francis and for other Gold Star members. The others were Virgil Williams, Melvin Ehrman, Thomas Reeder and Richard Bartow. Rev. O. W. Low, pastor of the church, was assisted by Rev. T. Elmer Smith, Mitchell pastor, and Supt. R. B. Carey, superintendent of the Gering schools. Mr. Carey read a letter from Coach Ross Armstrong at Chadron college, in which he gave high tribute to Francis as a student, scholar and athlete. As follows:

"Francis played two years of varsity football at blocking back and was always a great competitor. He was as fine a young man as I've ever coached, a hard worker, loyal and willing to do anything that you might ask of him. He was also on my basketball squad two years and although not a regular he was just as much a worker. He undoubtedly would have been the following year had he returned. He did not take part in track.

I talked to Dr. Andrews and he tells me that Francis was a chemistry and physics major and had just completed enough work to become a member of the science fraternity, had he returned to school. Dr. Andrews praised him very highly as did every one else on the campus who knew him.

I know you can't possibly say all the good things about him but I can certainly assure you

that at Chadron he was a mighty highly regarded young man. People just naturally like young men who are strong and athletic and at the same time good students with a personality. Francis was one of that group.

We lost about 15 former lettermen, four of which were on the 1942 football team with Francis. I got very well acquainted with those boys for I shared in their troubles as well as their successes and it's certainly a blow when you know they are all gone for all time."

Mr. Carey brought out the thought that even though these boys were cut off in their prime, their lives were not wasted, that, like their Master, they accomplished their mission in life in a few short years. Jesus' ministry was only three years, yet he gave his life for the sins of the world. These boys gave their lives for freedom, and in so doing had met all that God required of them.

The American Legion was represented in the service by Clare Emery, who paid tribute to the boys, and presented a flag to Mr. and Mrs. Moore, and one to Mrs. Dewey Reeder which was to be sent to Tommy's mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Reeder, in California.

Beautiful flowers from many friends added their message of sympathy and tribute to these five gallant boys who gave their lives for America's freedom.

The services closed with a poem sent to Mrs. Moore by a friend from Wyoming who lost a boy on a B-17 over Germany about the same time.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER

"Dear God, it seems but yesterday
You gave this boy to me,
The one who's many miles from home,
Whose face I cannot see.
The years have' swiftly come and gone,
So eager in their stride,
To brush me lightly by the way
And take him from my side.
It seems to me he's still a child,
So full of boyish glee,
But pleadings of a war-torn world
Have forced the man-to-be.
And now, dear God, he's joined the ranks
Of men with silver wings
And soon will search the Heavens wide
For peace and finer things.
But oh, dear Lord, if in his flight
He fails to come to me,
Please, God, take over the controls
And chart his course to Thee."
(Helen Jean Mangan)

This poem was written by Lt. Don H. Blythe's mother on the night she learned he had been killed in the crash of a B-17 bomber which developed mechanical trouble after a target run over Ludwigshaven, Germany. It was the ship's first mission. Lt. Blythe was the navigator and the only one killed in the crash over France on the homeward trip.

This poem seems to fit Francis' experience exactly:—

THE NAVIGATOR IS YOUNG

Dear God, tonight we learned the truth.
You have a boy up there who's new in Heaven;
He's wearing Navigator's wings which shine
like new
So lately were they given.

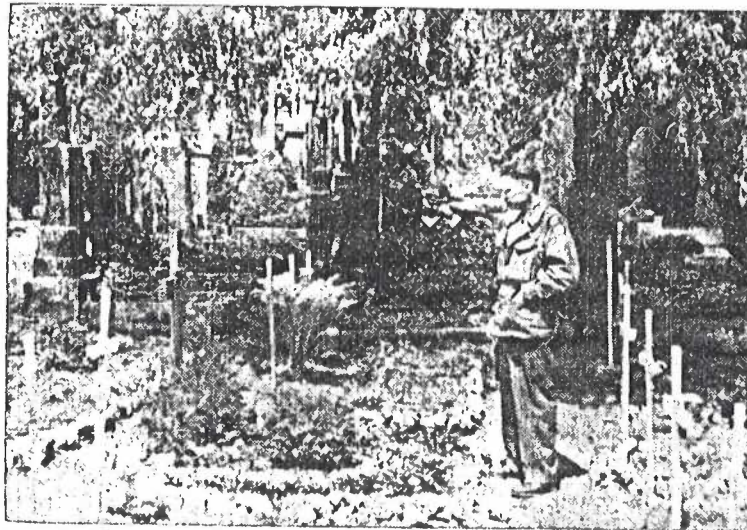
Be kind to him, Our Father, when he calls;
Forgive the rakish angle of his cap
For he is young, so very young You'll see,
He comes to You with man's estate untapped.

He loved this world You gave, loved living in it.
He loved Your stars. He learned them all by name
For use in one last journey—Our only son!
Can living on, without him, be the same?

His name is Don. Please write it deep an clear
Upon the Great White Ledger that You keep
Watch over him, we trust him to Your care
Then, with compassion, look upon us who weep.

—Mable Poe Blyth

Cousin Visits Grave of Lt. Moore in Germany



Merrill Moore stands at the grave of his cousin, Lt. Francis Moore, aviator, in the cemetery at Ochsenbausen, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Moore, parents of Lt. Francis Moore who was shot down over Germany, were comforted recently when Merrill Moore, a son of Mr. Moore's brother, Ernest, was able to visit and take pictures of the grave in which their son and four members of his crew are buried. Excerpts from a letter from Merrill follow:

"The southern part of Germany is the most beautiful of all Germany and as long as Francis had to be buried on foreign soil, I don't think you could find a better spot. The country around Ochsenbausen, (the town where the grave is located) is strictly a farming community and believe it or not I saw my first herd of Holstein cattle and my first side delivery hay rake since I've been in Germany . . .

"We ate our dinner in a French mess . . . as we were leaving the German women who were cooks in this mess came up to me and through the other fellow, a few motions, and my scant knowledge of German told me that they had been putting flowers on the grave once a week and keeping

it up. I thanked them very much and gave them some candy and oranges, for which, of course, they were very grateful."

Pvt. Moore said the Red Cross assisted him in getting permission to visit Ochsenbausen and locate the grave. "The grave was marked with a good sized wooden cross and has a wooden plaque nailed to it with the boys' names and a small inscription which I'm sorry I can't remember, but I took a number of pictures of it and it will show up in them. The plot was about four by five feet, as are all German plots. It was bordered with stone and filled in and had flowers planted on the grave. I found out later that three German women had been taking care of the grave. I stayed a short time and then hurried out to where the plane had crashed, where I took pictures."

Pvt. Moore is with the Red Cross and has been with the occupation forces in Germany. He also sent the Moore's part of the B-17 in which their son was killed. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Moore, are former Gering resident, now of Upland, Calif.

TAKEN FROM GERING COURIER
PROBABLY 1946 OR 1947





DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL
WASHINGTON 25, D. C.

IN REPLY REFER TO
QMGMF 293

Moore, Francis O.
SN O 777 534

11 June 1952

Mr. Orin W. Moore
Box 134
Gering, Nebraska

Dear Mr. Moore:

In reviewing the file of your son, the late Second Lieutenant Francis O. Moore, prior to having it sent to storage, it was noted that you were never furnished information concerning the final burial location of his remains.

This is to inform you that his remains have been permanently interred in Plot K, Row 43, Grave 10, in the United States Military Cemetery Saint Avold, France, side by side with comrades who also gave their lives for their country. Customary military funeral services were conducted over the grave at the time of burial.

The cemetery has been transferred, as authorized by the Congress, to the care and supervision of the American Battle Monuments Commission. This Commission also will have the responsibility for permanent construction and beautification of the cemetery, including erection of the permanent headstone. The headstone will be inscribed with the name exactly as recorded above, the rank or rating where appropriate, organization, State, and date of death. Any inquiries relative to the type of headstone or the spelling of the name to be inscribed thereon, should be addressed to the American Battle Monuments Commission, Washington 25, D. C. Your letter should include the full name, rank, serial number, grave location, and name of the cemetery.

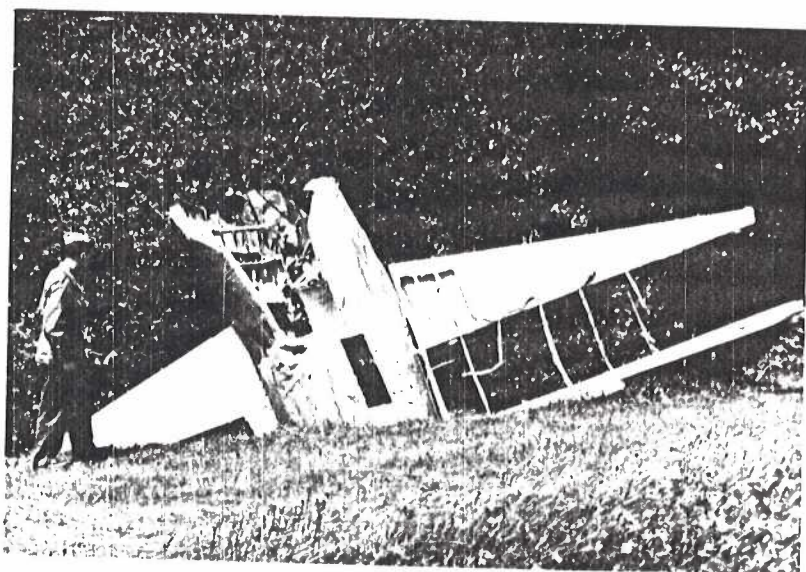
You may rest assured that this final interment was conducted with fitting dignity and solemnity and that the grave site will be carefully and conscientiously maintained in perpetuity by the United States Government.

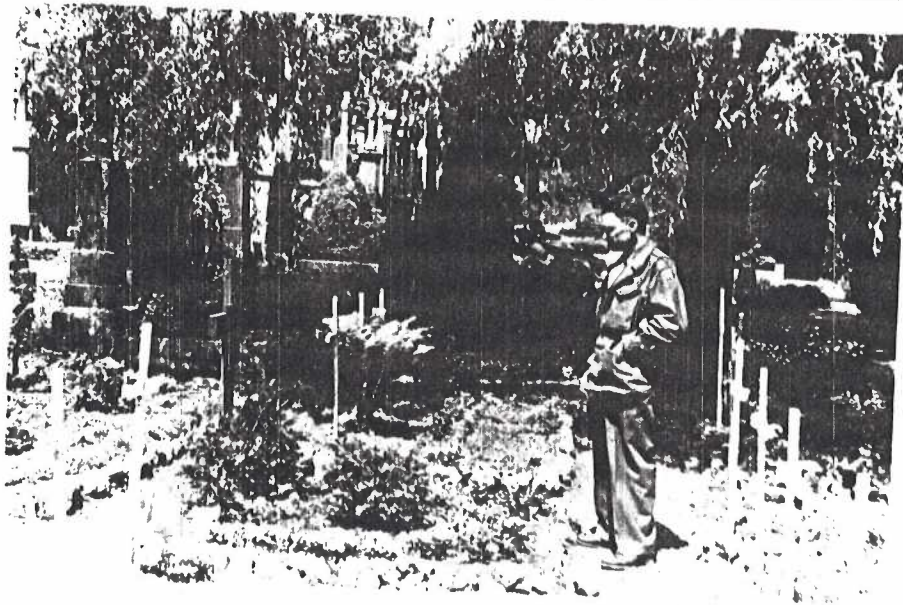
Sincerely yours,

JAMES B. CLEARWATER
Colonel, QMC
Chief, Memorial Division

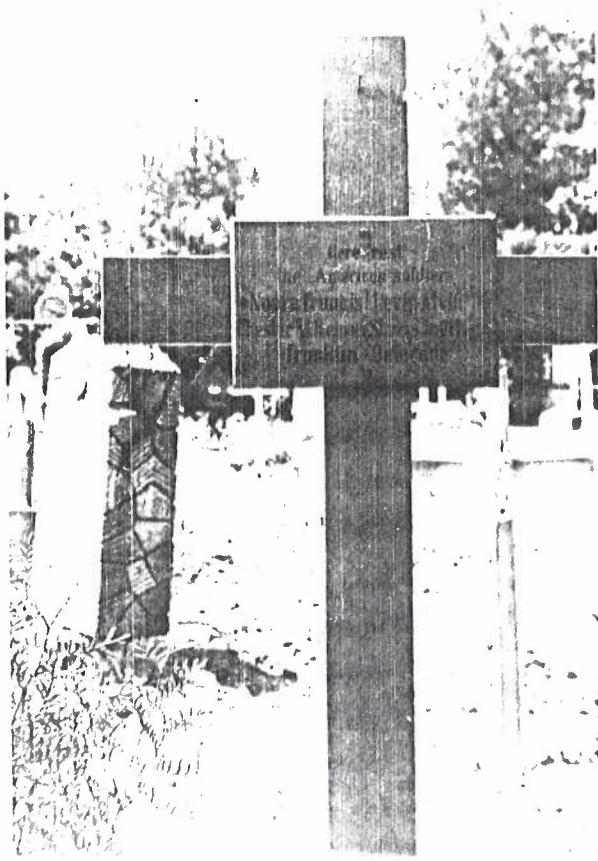
MARCH

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
	FEBRUARY S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	APRIL S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30			1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
<i>St. Patrick's Day</i> 24	25	26	27	28	29	30
<i>Easter Sunday</i> 31					<i>Good Friday</i>	<i>Passover</i>



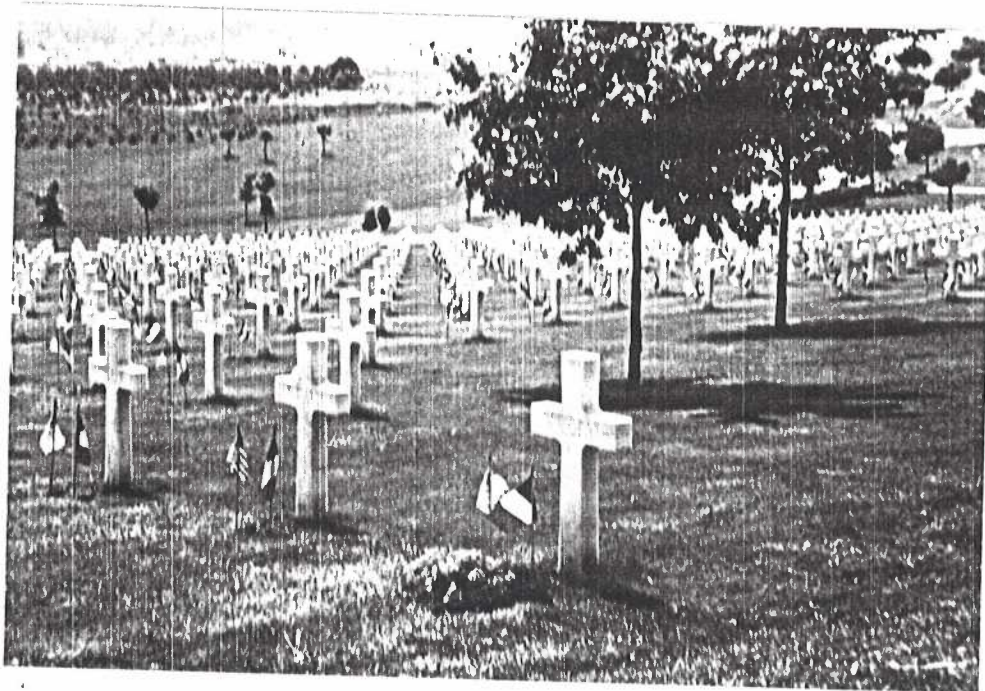


MERRIL MOORE, FRANCIS'
COUSIN, STANDING AT
FRANCIS' GRAVE IN
OSCHENHAUSEN, BIBERACH,
GERMANY



A CLOSE-UP OF THE CROSS.
FRANCIS' NAME IS SPELLED
WRONG.

RED CROSS ADVISED AGAINST
CHANGING THE CROSS FOR
A HEADSTONE AS THE GRAVE
WILL LIKELY BE MOVED.



ST. AVOLD - FRANCE

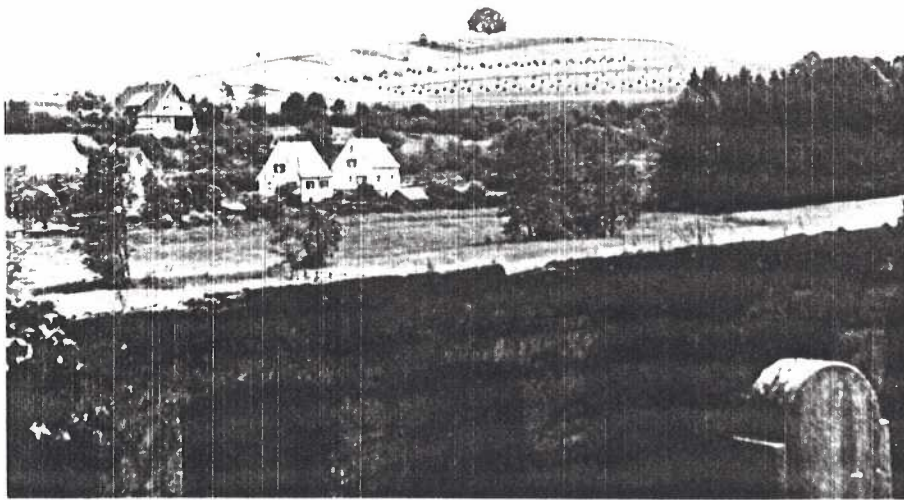


ST. AVOLD - FRANCE



THIS IS A MEMORIAL TO
UNCLE FRANCIS LOCATED AT THE
GERING CEMETARY.

THE MEMORIAL IS LOCATED
BETWEEN THE GRAVES OF
LITTLE ESTHER + ORIN + AMY MOORE.



LOOKING EAST OVER THE
CEMETARY WALL.