

Emmet's first combat mission, February 14, to Kottbus, took 14 hours. His plane was hit by flak and the lead plane of his flight was shot down. On his second mission his plane was again hit by flak. On his third, just after he left England, one of his engines caught fire, and another began burning on the way across France. Told to use his own judgment, he went on to Merseburg, just over the German border, bombed a target there, got back to England and landed with one of his engines still on fire.

On February 22, Emmet was flying his fifth mission in eight days, the fourth having been an extra one with some other crew than his own. At noon on the 22nd, four or five hours out from England, over Germany, but before reaching the target, the formation started through a large cloud front. With visibility zero, Emmet, on the extreme left of the formation, steered still further to the left to prevent collision. Soon his plane was bucking and rolling in the "prop wash" of the plane immediately ahead and to the right, which had evidently also moved over to its left. Then there was a crash, not due to collision as the men for a moment thought, nor to enemy action. Overstrained, the B-17 had broken apart in the middle.

The ball turret gunner and two other men in the waist, who got their parachutes on and were thrown clear, were the only survivors. As they came down out of the cloud, they saw the two parts of their plane falling to the ground. The three men landed in a farm-yard. One of them had a .45 revolver and they were able to stand off a crowd of civilians armed with pitchforks, until the arrival of some German soldiers, who took them prisoners. On June 8, American troops found the graves of Emmet and the six other members of the crew who had died in the crash.

Two years of training; eight days of combat service; five missions in those eight days; killed at twenty-four. Do we, in what the world calls peace, remember, reflect, foresee?

In January, 1942, on graduating from college, Emmet had married Eleanor Motley, and their daughter, Kathleen, was two years old when he went overseas.



DEMAREST LLOYD, JR.

1938

Demarest Lloyd entered St. Paul's in 1933 as a Second Former, and graduated *cum laude* in 1938. He won his S.P.S. in football, hockey and baseball; and he was President of the Sixth Form. His success in sports came to him in spite of his small size—he was only five feet six when he became S.P.S. quarterback—largely on account of qualities of mind and heart that from the first had made him a leader among his contemporaries. He was a person of power: of courage, independence and decision; though modest, a fighter, resolute, loyal, not easily influenced; saying little, but wholeheartedly devoted to what he believed to be right. He was conscientious, tolerant, sensible. His difficult duties as Sixth Form president he performed faithfully, and with success. In his speech to the whole School the first Saturday afternoon of the year, after stating with characteristic frankness that as a younger boy he had been puzzled and exasperated at hearing talk about School spirit, unable as yet to understand what was meant, he proceeded:

"I know now that school spirit is really no more than individual spirit—yours and mine. It is nothing we can be left out of, because it is something we control ourselves. It is our cheerfulness, and willingness to do things we would rather let somebody else do . . . to be found coming out in the things done quietly and unobtrusively—acts, be they great or small, which have a lifting effect and which keep up the general tone of the School."

Sound as this statement is, what matters even more is the utter sincerity with which it was made and of that we have a forcible reminder in a letter written in June, 1944, by the Commanding Officer of his Squadron, after he had been killed in action strafing enemy anti-aircraft positions in advance of our bombers attacking Guam:

“ . . . Demi was one of the bravest of men. He never complained when the going was tough, but, rather, felt that here was a job to be done before he could think of himself. Believe me, there are other types, and the dividing line becomes apparent out here.”

Lloyd had been on duty in the Pacific area since October, 1943, having entered the Navy Air Force on graduating from Harvard the year before. He served aboard U.S.S. *Hornet*, in Fighting Squadron Two, flying F6F's, Grumman Hellcats. A fellow-pilot wrote of him: “As a squadron mate in combat, a fighter pilot, Demi was ideal—he was an excellent flyer, but I am referring to much more than that. I honestly believe, I *know*, that he was afraid of nothing. He continually strafed enemy anti-aircraft positions at unusually low altitude—he was not foolhardy in any sense of the word, but rather he acted in accordance with his aggressive spirit and knowledge of the situation at hand. It was his constant desire to bend his every effort to the winning of this war, and his actions are proof of this desire. He learned all that he could about our forces, the enemy, and the operation at hand to insure that he could at all times fulfill his duties and meet any emergency, whether to destroy an enemy or to save the life of a fellow pilot. He was loved and respected by his squadron mates from the Captain to the newest Ensign, and his death was a personal loss to each and every man. He was a fine fighter pilot in a great fighting squadron.”

Lloyd was married March 2, 1943, the day he received his wings, to Nancy Campbell Tenney. Their daughter, Tangley Campbell Lloyd, whom he never saw, was born two months before his death.