



SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

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THE SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION THE 'HOW' AND THE 'WHY'

I have received many requests from new members over the past few years to provide them with a history of the founding of the 2nd ADA and WHY it was founded. This little piece will attempt to do just that.

Back in the year 1947, a group of men who had served in Headquarters 2nd Air Division got together in Chicago for a sort of mini-reunion. Dean Moyer and Jordan Uttal, still active in the Association, were among this group.

Unbeknownst to them a group of WAACS who had served in Headquarters were also in Chicago at that same time and for the same reason. Evelyn Cohen and Hathy Veynar were part of this group.

As luck would have it these two groups met on Chicago's main drag and two mini-reunions quickly became one. They had such a good time reminiscing, they decided to meet at the same place and the same time the following year. It was then that the Association was born, and in birth decisions and plans were formulated. One was to communicate with the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust in England to determine the status of our Memorial at that time.

A response from the Governors was quick in coming as they were in a bit of a quandry. With so much re-building to do because of the damage Norwich sustained during the war years, the building of a new library which was to contain the Memorial Room had been delayed and would probably be delayed several more years. Their question was what to do with the money. Should they scale down the plans for the Memorial or even use the money for some other purpose? After the then members of the Association had met once more an emphatic "NO" was sent to the Board of Governors.

The money was invested and re-invested for the next several years and in 1963 the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room in the Norwich Central Library was finally dedicated with members of the Association being present and participating. It had taken many years and countless hours of planning by members of the Association and the Board of Governors, but it was now a reality.

The delay in using the funds so generously donated by those serving in the 2nd Air Division at the end of the war resulted in some humorous incidents, albeit a bit irritating at the time.

Various government agencies learned that this money was simply drawing interest and they were quick to come up with suggestions as to how THEY could put it to good use. The Naval Department had a captured German submarine rusting in the waters of New York Harbor and their suggestion was to use the money to transport that submarine from New York to Chicago where it would be refurbished and put on display as a monument. The Air Force graciously offered to use the money for their own purposes. There were more, but members of the Association greeted each such proposal with an icy silence. That money had been donated by those who served in the 2nd Air Division during the war for a Memorial to our dead of the Division and that was EXACTLY how it was going to be used. Merging with other organizations for similar purposes would simply not be considered.

fortunate. It was never intended to be an 8th Air Force Memorial and never will be. The idea for this type of Memorial, indeed for a Memorial at all, came from members of the Staff of General William E. Kepner, Commanding Officer of the 2nd Air Division at the time. The 8th Air Force was never consulted and had absolutely nothing to do with it.

So be proud dear members. You have performed a faithful service to those you served with and who gave their lives. Their names are recorded in the Book of Memories contained in the Memorial Room and they will be remembered until the end of time.

Now, old buddies, you know how the Association was founded and why, including the early trials and tribulations. I hope you also know why we so fiercely maintain our independence as an Association. There will always be work to be done regarding the Memorial we all cherish.

You now have a thumbnail sketch of how and when the Association was founded and our Memorial that binds us together. For



The Roll of Honor

Over the years, donations in the form of books and money have expanded the use of the Memorial to the point where it is now, without question, a "Living Memorial" such as no other in the world. It is a 'window on America' as it was originally intended to be.

As time passed and memories dimmed (both civilian and military) the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room has often been looked upon, and regarded, as an 8th Air Force Memorial. This misconception is un-

more complete information on the Memorial you can purchase a copy of the brochure that was printed first in 1963 and up-dated in 1975. This brochure sells for \$2.50 ppd and can be ordered from me, William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938. We have plenty left so don't panic.

Bill Robertie

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PREZ PRATTLE

by Pete Henry

In the December Journal, President's Corner, I mentioned that an Executive Committee meeting would be held November 17, 1979 and we would include the minutes in the March Journal. The meeting was accomplished, as planned, but the minutes amounted to three and one-half typewritten pages and much too lengthy for inclusion in this column. I will touch upon the more important highlights.

First of all, ten of the thirteen members of the Executive Committee were in attendance and I cannot thank them enough for taking of their own time and expense to travel to Philadelphia and make this a successful meeting.

Evelyn Cohen reported the 1980 Roster is due to be run in January. I have since learned that we have run into some production difficulties and it is now promised for June.

A petition from Leroy Engdahl was read requesting the Second Air Division Association Convention be held in Houston, Texas in 1981. The Committee decided that this would necessitate a change in the time of year that the reunion is to be held and this matter will be brought up again at the regular business meeting in Cambridge, Massachusetts for a possible 1982 date. The Committee decided to hold the 1981 convention in Denver, Colorado if it can be arranged.

The Second Air Division Association Tax Exempt Status was discussed and official notification of approval was received December 21, 1979.

In addition to the foregoing, a Budget Committee was formed, a new Nominating Committee was named, and several other items for the good of the Association were discussed. The next meeting of the Executive Committee has been set for July 3, 1980 in Cambridge, Massachusetts.



HOW TO MAKE A DONATION (book or money)

For the past several years there has been much confusion as to how a person can make a donation of a book for the Memorial Library or a donation of money for the Capital Fund which supports our Memorial room. Our Treasurer, Dean E. Moyer, clears this all up with the following instructions.

If you wish to donate a book to the Memorial Room send the book to The Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 1NJ, England. Include, in addition to your name and address, the name of the person to whom you want the book dedicated. A Memorial Library label will be put in the book with this information and you will be notified.

If you wish to send money and have the Librarian purchase a book or books send a check to the same address as above, ATT: Mr. Colin Sleath, Librarian. Again include the name of the person to whom the book is dedicated. A book, or books will be purchased and you will be notified.

If you wish to donate money to the Capital Fund of the Memorial Trust you can do this (and we wish you would) by sending a check or money order to our Treasurer, Dean E. Moyer, 549 E. Main St., Evans City, PA. 16033 **OR**, you can include a donation along with your dues check. Simply indicate to Evelyn Cohen that portion of your check you wish donated to the Trust Fund.

Now that's simple, isn't it? If you disagree feel free to call Dean at any time. Home Phone 1-412-538-4010. Business Phone 1-412-287-5695.

One other thing. If you wish to make a donation for some time in the future, very far in the future we hope, you can add a codicil in your will. The \$50,000 Fund drive just completed this past year has been reached and paid to the Trust. This money has been added to the Capital Fund account bringing the amount in this Fund to approximately \$100,000. The Board of Governors invest this money in stocks, bonds etc. The income from the Capital Fund A/C is used to purchase books each year to keep the status of the Memorial Room current with the latest books available. Your donations ARE appreciated.



HETHEL HIGHLIGHTS FEEDBACK

by John J. Long (389th)

This is in response to the article, "Hethel Highlights," on page 14 of 2ADA Newsletter. The article was unsigned. But this is the first time I've recognized some names from the 389th.

First, I certainly was sorry to hear that Tom Conroy was killed in a crash after the war. Although our crew had been assigned to Conroy from sometime in June '43, I really didn't know him until just before we were shot down on 1 December after a raid on Solingen. I had had quite a long talk with him sometime at the end of November about some civilian trouble in Norwich. Tom told me to go to court and fight and that he would back me up. Of course after 1 December I don't know what happened.

The rest of this is based on memory and some parts could be in error. Anyhow Mason wound up in the same prisoner of war camp, Stalag Luft 1. If I'm right, Mason had his own crew by that time and flew a 24 called "City Limits." Capt. Conroy was doing more and more administrative work at that time and did not fly as much as he once did. Mason told us that he suffered a direct hit in the bomb-bay and that he was the only one to live through it. Mason woke up strapped in his pilot's seat in time to let the seat go and pull the rip cord on his chute. At that he landed in water and the Jerries fished him out. In PW camp we didn't call them Jerries — they were Goons to us. I doubt whether anyone else from that crew was able to pull their chutes as reported in Hethel Highlights.

Anyhow Mason's more full name was Harley B. Mason. He gave me his address in PW Camp as 671 S. Coronado St., Los Angeles, California. In the 389th's Pictorial Book, Mason's address is given as Route 1, Box 108, Fowler, California.

Another buddy who may corroborate what I've said is William E. Mitchell. He stayed in the service after the war. We were prisoners together. I believe he was on a Lt. Fletcher's crew as bombardier. The 389th lost two ships on the Solingen raid. Fletcher's if I'm right and Tom Fravega's on which I was Navigator. The reason I expressed doubt about anyone getting out of Mason's ship is because of Billy Mitchell's experience. Mitch's ship was hit about 10 minutes before the target, a direct hit in the bomb-bay. Billy as I recall is the only one of his crew to have gotten out alive and he was badly burned. He claims his chute was on fire also, but lasted long enough to land.

Our crew was hit about 10-15 minutes after target — between switches in fighter cover groups. This is not the same story we heard from other members of the 389th who had the misfortune to wind up in Stalag Luft 1 even though alive. However they reported that our two crews were close buddies and that when one got into trouble the other left formation to protect his buddies. If that was so, it was totally untrue. Netiher Mitch nor any of us on Fravega's crew knew that the other had been shot down.

On Fravega's crew, six of us survived. The survivors included myself (of course), co-pilot James R. Morgan, bombardier E. H. Strickbine, radio operator Tony Fravega (Tom's brother), tailgunner Eric Hurt, and waistgunner James Gabehart. Those killed were Oscar F. McWhirter, George F. Paramore, Robert W. Lenaghan, and Thomas P. Fravega (pilot). I never met Lenaghan who was a replacement for Bronislaus Pitak who had been killed while serving as a substitute on another crew (I don't know the details if I ever heard them).

I went back to school after the war for my degree and there I met another John Long who worked for the war graves commission. He told me that none of the four killed that day had opened their chutes. Tom's story was pitiful — he went out the top hatch and had his head severed in half evidently on the tail surface.

Anyhow to get back to Mitch and Stalag Luft 1, Morgan, Strickbine, Mitch and myself wound up in one room. The all-389th room. Previous to that we had been in a room of 24 or more. Billy was an operator. We used to trade with the guards up until about the end of the war for onions or anything we could get that we didn't have. Never forget the night Billy got some onions for a can of margarine — he was caught by the captain of our barracks and was told to get the margarine back. Billy spoke no German and the guard spoke no English, but Billy got the can of margarine back. Somehow he told the guard that the margarine was poisonous.

When shot down Billy had a bunny suit, none of us had such equipment. Perhaps you remember our equipment was just the old furs. What a nuisance? Crews of 24's were not issued the bunny suits in favor of the crews of 17's. Anyhow Billy was stationed at Andrews AFB shortly after I got home. He and his wife lived with me for a

while because of the housing shortage. After Andrews I believe it was Hunter AFB. Then a set of missions in Korea.

Later he had himself grounded because it took too much away from his family and home life. Some years ago he had his daughter call me, but I wasn't home and she had to catch a plane for California. I believe Billy is retired there someplace in California. So the unsigned person in the last News Letter can probably get info about Mitch from the AF. If that doesn't work, Billy used to play football for the University of Kentucky. The alumni office at UK probably has his address.

Incidentally, I have an identification picture the Germans took of Billy in PW camp — all bandaged up except where his goggles and oxygen mask were as well as helmet. I also have a picture of him and his wife and myself in Billy Rose's in NYC about 1948 or before. I cut out the picture of the girl I was with in deference to my wife. By the way, I had to swear out an affidavit for Billy to get his second purple heart. The first purple heart he didn't care about — just a scratch. But he really wanted one for the real hurt, the burn the day he was shot down. Jerry docs did such a good job on him that our docs could see nothing wrong with Billy's face. I have the proof.

There are so many names missing in the 2 ADA Roster and also in the 389th's Pictorial. Perhaps it would be something to check off the names on the Roster at the War Memorial in Norwich.

Bill, thanks for the job you are doing. Excuse my rambling way and the many typos I've made. I hunt and peck, but do type just about as fast as I can do things in long hand. Thank you.



DUES ARE DUE!

Hate to bring the subject up, but dues paying time has come and gone. Actually we fell behind this year with both the December JOURNAL and the dues statements due to conditions beyond our control — getting reunion costs firmed. In spite of the fact that all costs continue in their upward flight, the dues remain the same at \$7.00. As you all know it takes money to run the Association as you want it run, so we will appreciate your dues as soon as you are able to send them in. This year we will be coming out with a new Roster and it will cost you nothing, but more on that in the June issue of the JOURNAL.

WAR BUDDIES MAKE SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

from Denison Herald
Reporter, Mrs. Welch

"Coming In On A Wing and A Prayer" was more than a song during World War II to the 458th Bombardment Group, Second Air Division of the 8th Air Force. It was actual fact more times than the crews like to remember.

But memories were recalled when more than 400 Americans, some in wheelchairs, all members of the Second Air Division, arrived in Norwich, England for a reunion last month.

Among those attending were C.K. (Chuck) Pool, Denison lumberman and his buddy during their tour in England, Harold Dane, formerly of Oklahoma and now a Little Rock, Ark. judge.

Pool and Dane, pilots on the same flight crew, kept in close contact after the war. They and their wives met at Dallas-Fort Worth Airport and flew to England for the reunion.

This gave the two time to catch up on the latest happenings and to recall hidden memories of their colorful past with the 458th.



Harry Dane — Pilot

Colorful in the fact that the 458th from February 1944 until April 1945 flew a total of 240 missions, taking part in every major air campaign in the ETO since their arrival. Prior to D-Day the 458th led the entire 8th Air Force on bombing accuracy and received three citations for outstanding accomplishments. Lt. Dane and Lt. Pool were pilot and co-pilot of the lead crew.

The 458th was activated in 1943 at Wendover, Utah, and began personnel and hardware assembly at Gowen Field, Idaho in July of that year. Crews went to Hamilton Field, Calif. to pick up new B-24 Liberators. They then flew to England, joining support elements at Army Air Force Station at Norfolk County, England in February 1944.

As they stepped out of the airport, Pool and Dane found things pretty much the same. Buildings were well preserved. New buildings replaced ones that were bombed.

Missing from the scene 35 years later was the sight of hundreds of men in uniform. Instead it was a peaceful quiet as people rushed around with daily activities.

There was much excitement in the air as they began to recognize each other and tell of "when I was stationed here." These tales went on until the wee hours of the morning and started again at breakfast.

The group was met by the Norwich townspeople with much enthusiasm as dignitaries extended their greetings and pleasure in having the American's return. The first event was a supper at Historic 13th Century Blackfriars Hall.

Next morning the group met at the Norwich City Hall to begin sightseeing tours and a reception and dinner at Norwich Castle with The Lord Mayor Of Norwich, Mrs. Valerie Guttsman.

Sunday was a day that will remain in the hearts of the men of the Second Division. First the group visited the Imperial War Museum at Duxford Airfield and then the American Battle Monument at Cambridge American Cemetery and Memorial.

At the cemetery, where 3,811 of their buddies are buried, is a bronze tablet on the wall of the visitor's building in memory of American bomber crew members who sacrificed themselves to avoid abandoning their disabled aircraft over Norwich homes.

In front is a 72-foot flagpole and its platform, with the inscription on the flagpole base "To You From Failing Hands We Throw The Torch — Be Yours To Hold It High." From here the burials are fan shaped graves arranged in quarter circles sweeping across the green lawns.

The wall of missing is 472 feet in length. Here are recorded the names and particulars of 5,125 of missing Americans. Names include men from every State in the Union. Along the wall are four statues representing a Soldier, Sailor, Airman and Coast Guardsman in their typical uniforms.

The interior of the memorial is divided into large museum chambers and a devotion chapel.

In this setting, the American Memorial Day was observed with Chaplain Major James N. Thompson, Alconbury RAF Station, presiding. Hymns were sung and wreaths placed, a period of silence honoring the dead, volley from the firing detail and TAPS. Pool said not a dry eye could be seen. The moving ceremony ended with the United States National Anthem and the British National Anthem.

During the war 6,032 Americans, members of the Second Air Division were killed flying from bases in Norfolk and Suffolk in operations against Germany.

During this time at the officers headquarters, Col. Milton Arnold, Col. Frederick Bryan and Lt. Col. Ion Walker conceived the idea of a memorial in Nor-

folk to the men "who flying from bases in these parts gave their lives defending freedom." They received the enthusiastic support of the Commanding General William Kepner.

The Memorial Room was provided in the Public Library to house the Roll of Honor of the Second Air Division, together with an American Library of American books of general interest and a memorial fountain in the courtyard incorporating the insignia of the Second Air Division.

Members of the Second Air Division Association takes an active interest in the Memorial and its support is still the primary interest and regular donations are made. This year more than \$50,000 was donated.



C.K. Pool — Co-Pilot

In a visit to the old barracks, Pool found things pretty much the same and in very good condition. He said it is hard to realize so much had happened there and that a war had taken place. He recalled during an off duty time, lying on the grass and watching a steady stream of planes go over for more than 45 minutes, many did not return.

After a visit to the wartime bases, the evening was spent as guests at the residence of the Earl of Leicester. They were received by Viscount Coke, heir to the estate and the title.

Farewells were said at the reception and banquet at the historic 13th Century St. Andrew's and Blackfriars Halls.

"The people of Norfolk remember the Americans with gratitude for what you did for us during the war," Norfolk County Council Chairman Mrs. Margaret English told the members of the 2nd, at the banquet.

Her hope that they would return to the country for another reunion was shared by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, Valerie Guttsman.

The Lord Lieutenant of Norfolk, Timothy Colman, said that in the war years Britain and Americans had been bound together when they faced a menace to freedom. "Your great nation we still see and admire as a champion of liberty," he declared.

Norfolk bid farewell to its more than 400 American visitors with the assurance of a warm welcome whenever they wished to return.

It was a reunion to remember.

BULLETIN BOARD

From Earl Zimmerman

If your coming to this year's convention bring your class A uniform or flight outfits assuming you can still pour yourself into them. Three trophies will be awarded. One for the best class A, one for the best flight outfit and one for the booby prize.

FOR BOWLERS

We have just learned that we have two '300' bowlers within our midst, George Federlin (44th) and Dean Moyer (Hdq.). Along with a '300' score goes a gold ring and it's customary when two '300' bowlers meet for each one to rub the lapel of the other with his ring. With Gold going up, up and away, don't be surprised if they get mugged at the next convention. Any more '300' bowlers out there?

SEARCHING

We have just learned that in the Fall of 1942 a small newspaper was published titled "The Liberator" and it covered the activities of the 44th and 93rd Bomb Groups which ere the only two Liberator Groups in England at that time. Can anyone come up with copies? If so, I will appreciate your sending them to me for copying purposes and use in future JOURNALS. Send to William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938.

URGENT NOTICE

Do any of our members who served with the 93rd Bomb Group have a complete mission listing — target and date — for this Group? If so would you be so kind as to have a copy made or send the original so we can make a copy? It would be most appreciated. Send to William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938.

ATTENTION GROUP VICE-PRESIDENTS

Several times recently we have had word that Group VP's received the name(s) of potential new members and have taken no action. All of us are overworked and underpaid and sometimes just can't find time to get everything done. If you find yourself in this predicament, please send the name and address to Evelyn Cohen, Dave Patterson or Pete Henry to be answered. Don't let it just die on the vine.

Pete Henry

Need last known address of Capt. Andrews, 564th Sqdn. Last known photo taken at Hethel circa 1943. Undefeated champ, known as the Hethel Haymaker.

Earl Zimmerman - 389th
8922 Haverstick Rd.
Indianapolis, Ind. 46240



Bumper Sticker

**KEEP AMERICA CLEAN
RUN OVER A POLITICIAN**

CELEBRATE THE 4th WITH THE SECOND!



SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION 33rd Annual Reunion

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS, JULY 3rd, 4th and 5th.



At long last the Convention Site Committee has settled on historic New England as the site for our 33rd Annual Reunion. To put icing on the cake, they have selected the Hyatt Regency Hotel as our Reunion Headquarters. This hotel is nestled on the banks of the beautiful Charles River, close to the Prudential Center and downtown Boston.

The facilities are absolutely superb. Pictured above is a suite overlooking the Charles with a magnificent view of downtown Boston. A great many double rooms also have the same view.

If your wandering kind and like to visit historic spots, try the Boston Public Gardens where you can enjoy a ride on the swan boats or just sit on the banks of the pond and enjoy the local swans. Although right in the heart of Boston, you will think your out in the country.

Of course if you really want to go Historic, visit Faneuil Hall where you will be introduced to Quincy Market, a veritable beehive of small shops and exotic restaurants. Quincy market was old before the revolution.

Speaking of the Revolution, one of the participants in that unpleasantry is still floating at its berth in what used to be the U.S. Naval Shipyard. Walk through her and you will be transported back to the Revolutionary War period. Really a must if your going sight seeing.

The tours that have been arranged will take in most of these sites and others to numerous to mention here. This is simply to wet your appetite. All of you have received the Reunion Flyer with the December JOURNAL, but if you have misplaced it, write to Evelyn for another reservation form. I advise you to take action now because this promises to be a sell out.



THE MAD BOMBER

by Ben Corsiglia (448th)

I read Earl Zimmerman's letter in the December issue of the Journal with interest. I was one of the haggard language students left behind when his outfit departed Washington State College late in 1942. We had seen two such groups depart, but his outfit was a wild bunch indeed.

How I came to be a student of the Japanese language, detached from a Chemical Warfare company and thrown into the company of some excellent linguists, I will not relate here. Let it be said that it will remain in the limbo of my reminiscences, which will never become the autobiography of Ben Corsiglia. My fellow language students called me "Benjo" which in the Nipponese language means "outhouse". Needless to say my transition from Japanese language student (MOS unknown) to "ground gripper" in the ETO can be explained. Some very odd things happened in the Army Air Corps in the 1940's.

To get back to Earl's story, I would have to designate him as one of the mad bombers who terrorized the campus of WSC. We

were a sedate group, we language students, living in an abandoned wing of a dormitory, occupying three floors, containing six suites, each with two bedrooms, a connecting study hall and bath. There were nine of us. Henry Osibov, later to become Doctor (of Education not Medicine) because of his passion for passing Japanese verbs at the top of his voice, occupied a suite of his own on the third floor. Arnold Dadian, Anthony Fernicola and Jake Skaggs and I occupied the 2nd floor suite. Arnold was a Sur-realist painter out of the University of Wisconsin. He is now in the State Department and will soon retire. Anthony, whom we called Petey, is a lawyer now licensed to practice before the Supreme Court. Jake was a seminarian, who knew Latin, classical Greek and Hebrew. In the other wing of the dormitory were between thirty and one hundred GI's from Radio operators school, pounding out code on an ingenious blip machine that could be heard too well in our dormitory. The two dormitories were separated by a lounge on the first floor but were otherwise connected only by an attic which ran the length of the building. Our group, who were mostly intellectuals, not me, liked to play Contract Bridge on Saturday night while the wild

bunch were tearing up the town of Pullman, where the college was located.

Henry, Petey, Arnold and I were engaged in a wild rubber, about ten in the evening, when we heard the cry: Bombs Away! The four of us met under the bridge table, hardly big enough to accommodate Henry, who had been a professional wrestler. There was a tremendous bang and the sound of running water. We rushed downstairs and at the ground floor entrance encountered a shattered metal drum, commonly called a GI can and about four inches of water on the floor. The MPs blamed us of course. The following two Saturdays we received the same treatment. We finally explained to the MPs that the cans were being dropped from the attic. But they did not believe that anyone could move a fifty-five gallon drum, full of water, a hundred feet across an attic and lift it up over a railing to dump it down an open stairwell three flights, to ground zero. Zimmerman must have had help. We were not put on permanent KP, but spent our remaining Saturday nights in the town movie house in the company of Yuki Yoshihara, our charming seventeen year old language teacher.

A RESPONSE

by Earl Zimmerman (389th)

I would like to respond to Benedict's letter regarding my article "Double To The Rear March;;".

When I wrote that article, I certainly didn't expect to be accused of being the mad bomber of Stimson Hall. True, I did live on the third floor of the dorm and I can faintly recall hearing the call 'Bombs Away' and a loud crash, but I had to be very careful not to get involved.

A few weeks after arriving at Washington State College campus, I was wrongly accused of dropping mattresses down the stairwell from the third floor.

The students going to the gunnery and radio school were a very studious bunch, eager to graduate and get into combat as soon as possible. I remember some of them very well. Broadhead Whitsitt III, an agronomist from Kansas, was one of the few students who owned a car and he would often take a group of us to Spokane on the weekend to visit the museums and art galleries.

Stanley Zawaskas, a band leader from Pittsburg, played the accordion and we spent many quiet evenings in the lounge harmonizing while he played.

There was a grand piano in the lounge and Frank Tokarzewski, a concert pianist, now an undertaker in Keokuk, Iowa, would honor the students with his repertoire of old favorites. The large overstuffed chairs and

sofas and the soft lights made the lounge a favorite place to study or just listen to good music.

Taken as a whole, our group of students were a sedentary bunch, not disposed to hijinks. There was a rumor that some of our group were responsible for trying to kidnap the school mascot, a wild cougar, that was kept in a cage on a hill along flirtation walk. It was later determined that one of our boys, who had been treated for scratches, was actually clawed by an overzealous opponent during a hotly contested basketball game with one of the fraternity houses.

Another rumor making the rounds was that two of our lads, a former Tail Trimmer from the Bide-a-Wee Dog & Cat Hospital just outside of Boston, and a famous kazoo player from Klamath Falls, were accused of climbing to the roof of the library building and ringing a huge bell after the defeat of the Cougar football team. The bell was normally tolled during a victory by the team. Needless to say this action upset the student body. Again it was determined by a medical examination that the deafness suffered by the kazoo player was due to an infection in both ears. He later recovered his hearing about two days after the incident. The music lovers in the lounge persevered until the kazoo was once again unlimbered.

The accusations by Benedict, by the way is his last name Corsiglia or Arnold, of a mad bomber in the dorm are grossly exaggerated, although I did find some substance to his claims. In 1946, an inmate of a funny farm near Kankakee, Illinois, made a claim

through the V.A. for a double hernia he suffered while stationed at WSC in 1942. Mention was made of moving large containers filled with fluid. Diagnosis of Subject: Demented bridge player.

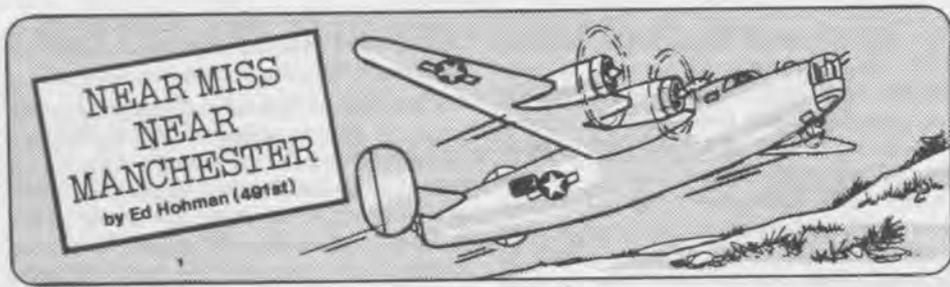
As for myself, I deny being the mad bomber. My disability for a slipped disc was from manually releasing two 1000 lb. bombs with a broken screwdriver while on a No-Ball mission to Politz. My claim for contacting bat fungus was disallowed as I had no proof of loitering in attics.

I just heard from Sparky Semine, an alum from WSC. He advises that he is able to walk without crutches now as they cured the water on the knee problem although his back still has a slight kink in it. His psychiatrist advises that his reoccurring dreams are due to his failure to graduate from bombardiers school. When you see him at the reunion, please speak up, he is hard of hearing. You know he finished his missions and was sent to the Pacific where he picked up some sort of jungle rot.

P.S.: I suspect that Arnold speaks with a forked tongue as I know for a fact that those G.I. cans do not hold 55 gallons of water.

The Verdict by Bill Robertie

Having read both accounts of this incident, and knowing Earl Zimmerman, I have weighed all the evidence and arrived at the only conclusion possible under these trying circumstances. I take the 5th. (THE 5th, not A 5th).



Poetry Corner

WE DARE

In midst of flight, we are above it all;
 The farms, the lakes, the mountains tall
 Around us looms a vast blue space,
 Where only man and bird, compete with
 pace.

I see an Army of clouds, gather in and
 around,
 Guarding space upward, outward, down
 to the ground.

A bolt of lightning snaps and shatters
 near by;
 Is this God's Passion from Heaven on
 high?

The engines drone; we rock and toss
 The wind fights back, but Man is boss.
 Birds dive away from planes in mid air
 While man flies higher, as if by dare.

(ed: This poem was composed by Joan B. Patterson (Mrs. David, 445th BG) while flying home from the Lake Geneva Convention with husband Dave in their push-pull Cessna.)

One of those gray, rainy, overcast mornings which England is so famous for, brought a special assignment for T—Sgt. Byron R. Jones and myself early in 1945. I was the radio operator, and Jones, the engineer of our crew. We were picked to be a part of a "skeleton crew" which was to take a B-24 from our base in North Pickenham, fly it to a repair depot in or near Manchester, and return in a second plane that would be following us.

There were several things about this "unscheduled" mission that I didn't like. I had a peculiar feeling about flying anything but combat missions! Somehow I could muster all the courage necessary for the "real ones," and knowing that each one was bringing me closer to the final flight, seemed to spur me on. But this flying around England in strange planes, with strange pilots, in strange weather . . . well, it just wasn't my "mug of beer" to coin a phrase!

This particular Saturday morning I seemed to have a premonition that indicated this would be a good flight not to be on. As I mentioned earlier, the sky was overcast, . . . not that we hadn't flown in all sorts of weather . . . but somehow this gray day seemed ominous.

I don't remember the names of the pilot, co-pilot, or navigator, and this little story isn't designed to discredit them in any way. Our crew had often flown with a variety of pilots and co-pilots, since we had lost our original pilot early in our tour of duty. I don't imagine I was much different from many other combat crew members in preferring to fly with the same pilot whenever possible. It certainly had nothing to do with a pilot's ability. It was a personal, psychological thing.

Our trip to Manchester was uneventful. When the two skeleton crews piled into the second B-24 for the return flight, I'm sure no one had any idea that anything was likely to go wrong. Even I had lost my earlier intuition of "impending doom", and settled back, at the radio position, for a comfortable ride home to North Pick.

Have you ever read a newspaper account of a plane crashing into a mountain, or perhaps heard a TV report of such an incident, and wondered just what would cause this type of a tragedy? Well, for some hair-raising, knuckle-whitening, ten minutes or so, I thought for sure I had a front row seat from which I could describe the whole thing!

There is just no better way to verbally recreate such an incident than to say that all of a sudden, as if from out of nowhere, the GROUND was coming UP at us! In front of the plane, off the wing tips, and through the cracked bomb-bay doors . . . there it was, "terror-firma!" We were flying into hills!

The pilot and co-pilot did a white-faced double take! I looked at Jones, shrugged my shoulders in a perplexed gesture of helplessness, made the sign of the cross, and waited for that final "one step beyond" we all seem to dread. It looked like THIS WAS IT!

Naturally, the pilot pulled up, but this got us into the soup, and, when you didn't anticipate the elevation change in the first place, you STILL don't know if you are going to clear that solid ground your plane is designed to stay away from!

Every flight poses a navigation problem. Not knowing that you are going to be flying into a higher elevation than the one from which you took off can be more than embarrassing . . . it can be fatal!

Having a close brush with eternity on a routine flight like this certainly didn't do much to change my attitude regarding non-combat flying. Our near miss near Man-

chester kept popping into mind as we went on to complete our tour of duty. Somehow, God saw fit to get me back home safe and sound. Since World War II made me realize I just wasn't cut out to be a hero, I often wonder just what He had in mind. I keep hoping it isn't an assignment in World War III!

THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING
 2nd AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION
 CITY HALL, NORWICH, ENGLAND
 SATURDAY, 2 JUNE 1979

The meeting was called to order by President Rick Rokicki at 10:10 AM and opened by the Lord Mayor of Norwich, Mrs. Valerie Guttman, with a warm welcoming message in friendship and understanding. There were approximately 200 members in attendance.

A Motion was made and seconded that in the essence of time to dispense with the reading of the Minutes since they had been published in the Newsletter.

Pete Henry read the Treasurers Report in the absence of Dean Moyer. Motion was made and seconded that the report be accepted.

Evelyn Cohen, Membership Chairman reported that as of this date we have 3380 members.

Bill Robertie, Newsletter Vice President thanked everyone for their cooperation for sending in articles for the Newsletter.

Jordan Uttal, American Representative to the Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, gave a brief history of the Trust for all the newcomers. The Roll of Honor now has 6,051 names instead of the original 6,032 names. The following members of the Board of Governors were introduced: Lady Mayhew, Mrs. Michael Barne, Richard Guerne, Mark Cheyne, Paul King, Alfred Jenner, Mrs. Frank Thistlethwaite, Roger Freeman, N.J.D. Walter and Tom Eaton, Chairman, Sam Mortlock, John Viles, Colin Sleath & Joan Benns of the Norwich Library.

The goal of \$50,000.00 was met and the balance of \$13,000 will be forwarded to the Library in July. We will continue to raise funds for the continuation of the Trust.

Tom Eaton spoke at length on a letter which he sent to the Cultural Attache at the American Embassy. (A copy of which the Secretary of the Association has in her files and anyone desiring more information on this may do so by contacting her.)

Sam Mortlock, County Librarian, thanked everyone for the

books which we brought over with us. He suggested an American Intern as a librarian since there is no librarian for the American Room.

Evelyn Cohen, Reunion Chairman, gave out the Schedule of Buses for the various bases.

A motion was made and seconded that the next Meeting be held in Cambridge, Mass., the 4th of July 1980 weekend.

Mrs. Michael Barne extended an invitation to the members for tea at her home.

A motion was made and seconded that each member be an official delegate to the meeting.

A motion was made and seconded that an honorarium be given to Evelyn Cohen and Bill Robertie in the amount of \$200.00 each in appreciation of all their hard work.

The Nominating Committee chaired by Ray Strong with Fritzie Snyder and Lenard Ludwig presented the following Slate of Officers for the year 1979-80:

- President Howard (Pete) Henry
- Vice President Dave Patterson
- Secretary Hathy Veynar
- Treasurer Dean Moyer
- Membership Vice President Evelyn Cohen
- Newsletter Vice President Bill Robertie

A motion was made and seconded that the above Slate of Officers be unanimously elected.

Newsletter Vice President Bill Robertie reported that the roster was 60% completed.

The latest instructions on how to send money to the Memorial Library will be published in the next Newsletter.

A motion was made and seconded that the meeting be adjourned.

Meeting was adjourned at 12:00 noon.
 Hathy Veynar
 Secretary
 2nd Air Division Association

MARKET GARDEN

by Ted Parker (491st)

The task of resupplying the 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions, both of whom had taken part in the mission of Holland, fell upon the Second Air Division. The Liberator which could fly at high speed at low altitude was ideally suited for this operation with its large waist section and bomb bay.

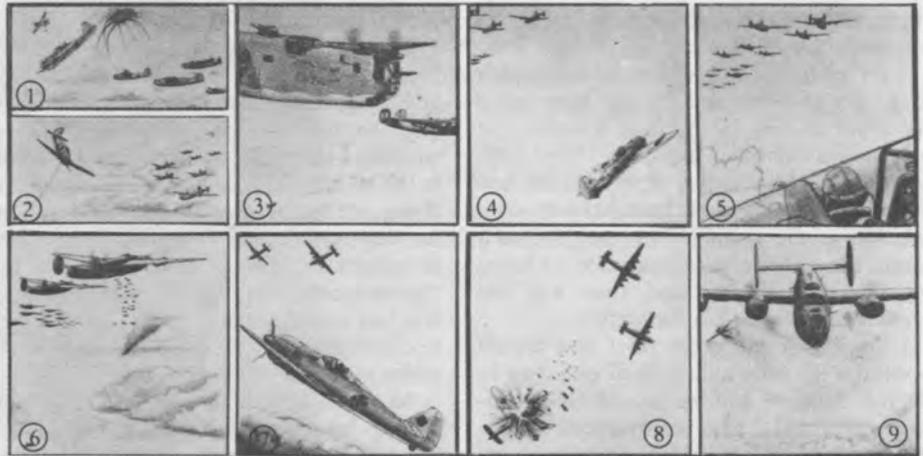


The writer was privileged to have taken part in this mission, and over the years has amassed a collection of photos. These include shots of the practice mission (buzzing the English countryside), the Dutch coast, Dutch towns, the drop, etc. Many of these have been seen in this Newsletter.



448th LIB WON BOMBS-IN-AIR BATTLE AT GOTHA

1. The Nips had tried phosphorous bombs against bombers.
2. Huns put bomb on a cable, towed by a fighter. But the most amazing victory
3. . . by this means was scored by a 2BD Lib on the famed Gotha attack of Feb. 24. The "Maid of Orleans", of
4. . . 448th Bomb Group, noted an FW 190 shadowing their formation below and in trail. At times the Hun climbed
5. . . closer, as if awaiting the ideal moment to make a violent pass, as the planes approached the already
6. . . burning target. At the IP when bomb bays were opened, the "Maid" inadvertently loosed her load of frags
7. . . and the crew bemoaned the apparent "gross error". But in observing fall of the premature bombs, several
8. . . crew members watched the FW zooming in for an attack. The bombs intercepted him, and the fighter exploded in a puff
9. . . of smoke. Destruction of FW 190, witnessed by several crews, was awarded to Bombardier Lt. J.I. Misuraca.



Recently I received from Father Gerard Ihuring of Groesbeck, Holland the photos shown here. They were taken by Dutch patriots from the ground at risk of their own lives if caught by the Germans. They give us a different look into the actual mission and are quite unusual.

As a young boy, Father Ihuring watched with great excitement "Operation Market Garden" and our B24's skimming over the rooftops dropping supplies. He and a dedicated group in Holland are putting together a definitive history of the entire operation. He would like to hear from any group S-2 officers and anyone with a story or photo of the mission. Contact me through the Newsletter and I will relay any info to him.



THAT FIRST MISSION

by Louis W. Wust (453rd)

In combat, things usually happen so fast that there is little time for much thought or elaborate preparation. The time for my first mission arrived with exactly this suddenness. My only advance notice was my name appearing on the alert list, along with many others, very late the night of September 24, 1944. It was common knowledge that being on the alert list was by no means a definite indication of going out the next day, it meant only that we had to be prepared to go. So, on some one hundred occasions, I found myself preparing for the next days flight although I actually flew thirty-five missions.

Very early in the morning of September 25th, I was awakened by the beam of a flashlight shining in my face. I realized at once I was about to make my debut and, like any first performer, experienced a feeling of great anxiety and fear. My only consolation at the moment was that I finally found the only definite indication of being on the days flight, and that was the presence of the C.Q.'s flashlight.

I knew that the other pilot and myself would be the only members of our crew to fly this mission and we would fly in different airplanes with experienced crews. The purpose of this, obviously, was to expose us to actual combat before we attempted to take our crew along. It was about 3:00 A.M. when I dressed and went down to the mess hall for my first of a series of very early breakfasts.

After breakfast, I boarded one of the trucks which were waiting to take the crews to the briefing room. At the briefing I found that the target for the day was Koblenz, Germany and that we were to carry ten 500 pound general purpose demolition bombs.

The briefing included all information the pilot had to place on his flight plan and formation sheet. The flight plan became a great tabulation of check points, and code words of the day, while the formation sheet identified every crew and its position in the formation. After the briefing I went to the dressing room and proceeded to struggle into the great variety of flight clothing. Over my regular uniform, I wore an electrically heated suit, boots and gloves, and next in order, came my heavy fleece lined jacket, trousers and boots. By this time I began to experience some difficulty in moving about, but I had yet to put on my life belt, pistol and parachute, and at some later time during the flight, my flight helmet, goggles, oxygen mask, flak suit and flak helmet.

I then boarded a truck which took me to the hardstand where the planes were parked. After a short talk with the crew chief and an outside inspection of the plane, I climbed aboard and prepared for the flight. After completing the check list we

started the engines and taxied out to the runway. With a final engine check and a green light from the "caravan", we opened the throttles and began to roar down the runway. In a matter of seconds our speed increased to 120 MPH and we slowly left the ground.

Due to poor weather conditions the planes had to form over Southern England. About one hour later the formations began to piece together like a giant puzzle and when the formations were complete, the bomber stream began a steady climb heading east toward Germany. By the time we reached the front lines, we were at about 20,000 feet and on oxygen.

The sky was clear and the ride calm with the exception of a little "prop-wash" now and then. The planes flying along like giant bird formations were really a sight to witness. I never before saw so many planes in the air at one time. After several hours of flying, we began to approach the target and the bombers maneuvered into their respective positions. It was very obvious, even to a "green recruit" like myself, that the target was just ahead because the sky immediately in our flight path was slowly being blackened by puffs of flak.

As we began the bomb run the planes moved into close formation for a tight bomb pattern and each pilot did his utmost to maintain his position until "bombs away". Our bomb-bay doors slowly opened and in a matter of minutes, the lead ships smoke marker bombs went streaming down pointing like fingers to the target. Almost simultaneously with the smoke bombs, I felt our plane suddenly lurch upward which meant that our bomb load had gone hurtling down to help in the destruction of the target below.

After "bombs away" the formation lost altitude and began to gain speed for the trip back to England. At this point a "flying fortress" and one of the "liberators" collided, but both planes managed to land safely in France. The "liberator", with some six feet of wing torn away, was piloted by a former classmate.

Other than this little incident the trip was uneventful and the bomber formations winged their way back to their bases. As the formations approached the airfield, landing priorities were given first to those with wounded aboard, and secondly, to those with mechanical trouble, and the remainder landed after the priority landings were completed. After we landed and had parked the plane in the hardstand, we were taken to the interrogation room for a review of the days happenings by army intelligence. After the interrogation, the mission was complete and I was the proud possessor of one combat mission. One thing became very obvious to me upon completing my first mission and that was the realization that I had yet quite a bit to learn

DATA FROM THE 445th

by David G. Patterson (445th)

From time to time people interested in WW II happenings write asking about specific crews, base personnel, planes, etc. The following inquiries came to me recently. Can anyone shed some light on any of these? If so, please write me. Recollections you may be able to come up with will not only help the individuals who asked, but also may stir up some data for more 445th stories for future Newsletters.

a. On the afternoon of 3 Jan. 44, a 701st plane, the "Consolidated Mess" (#42-7568) crash-landed at the fighter airfield at Gosfield (England). Anyone have any information on this incident, crew, etc?

b. I have inquiries about two B-24s that were interned in Switzerland:

On 18 March 44 plane #42-7513 WV/T.

On 11 July 44 plane #42-7571 D-B+ (with a name ending in "- - - Anne II) Anyone have any info on these?

c. "Fearless Fosdick" #41-29604 WV-Y crashed near Newmarket (England). Date (8 March 44) is questionable. Any info?

d. A Belgian from Luxembourg (Mr. Guy Jacquemin) has asked to correspond with any U.S. airmen who were shot down or otherwise spent time in "the Grand Duché De Luxembourg" or in Belgium during WW II.

Anyone? (PS: Bob Ripps, one of our members, was shot down in Belgium; I have contacted him already).

e. A man from Holland, Mr. H. B. van Helden, is interested in any information regarding 445th planes and personnel which ended up in eastern Holland (He is from Twente, in eastern Holland, near the German border). He has found evidence of a 445th B-24 which crashed during the Gotha raid of 2-24-44 (That raid won the 445th the Presidential Citation); the plane went down near Den Ham, near his home. The serial number was 42-7567. According to his records, five crew members were killed.

Anyone??

about combat flying.

With all the training that I had, I still found the gap between training flights and combat flights very wide. The words of an ex-combat pilot, which I had met in Ireland, came to mind very clearly. He said, "There are just thirty-five days that you are going to work over here, and its going to be the toughest work you have ever done, but you will work and work well, if you want to live."

THE PX PAGE

The 1,000 Day Battle



by **James Hooseason**

An illustrated account of operations in Europe of the 8th Air Force's 2nd Air Division—1942-1945—including particularly its 148th Bomb Group and the other B-24 units based in East Anglia's Waveney Valley

- ★ High quality book.
- ★ 256-page A4 size, 295mm x 210 mm
- ★ 5 unique color photos on the covers and over 250 black and white photos inside.
- ★ Authoritative text painstakingly researched in U.K., U.S., and Germany.
- ★ Over 100 maps, charts, route-diagrams, and other drawings.
- ★ Includes information only recently released from World War II records.
- ★ Contains a wealth of new and previously unpublished information.

FOR COPIES WRITE TO:
Col. Ron V. Kramer
131 North Shore Drive
Syracuse, Indiana 45667
Price: \$17.00

ROKICKI DOES IT AGAIN

Never one to waste time when Rick goes on a business trip and finds time hanging heavy on his hands he goes walking. On one such trip recently he walked right by an Army & Navy store. There hanging in the window was a beautiful belt of .50s waiting for a home. They didn't have to wait long. He bought them.

Figuring out what to do with them didn't take long as Rick's mind is never still either. He came up with the idea of a wall plaque and the photo below shows the one he made for himself. Beautiful, and a real conversation piece.

DESCRIPTION: Solid walnut 6x9x3/4 inches; solid brass inscription plate (or black enamel over brass); plate size 2 1/2 x 5, four rounds of .50 cal. shells with steel belt clips and polished projectiles. No primers and safety drilled for legality. The inscription plate can read just about anything you desire. All you have to do is advise any pertinent information you want included. Example: Name, rank (if desired), Bomb Group, Squadron, location, dates, Aircraft - and/or name, whether ground or flight crew, gunner, pilot, navigator, etc. If you were ground crew — mechanic, armorer, HQ, MP, Sub Depot, etc. etc. ALSO . . . money back guarantee if not fully satisfied. This is a unique and possibly one time offer. There are enough shells for 30 plaques so the first 30 who order will be accommodated. After that? Well we'll probably send him on another walking tour. Cost for this item is \$25.00. Send order to Rick Rokicki, 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD. 21061.



HAZARDOUS HAMBURG!

by George A. Reynolds (458th BG)

6 Aug 44. This Sunday morning looked suitable for most anything except flying a combat mission. Dark, billowing clouds stood from just overhead up to about 15,000 feet, and a brisk wind off the North Sea spread a damp chill over Horsham St. Faith. But the CQ came around at his usual ungodly hour to inform 21 crews that a strike was indeed scheduled, then gave the fuel load of 2,700 gallons and bombs as 48-100- GPs. The other bad news would come at briefing — Hamburg!

This target was a snap for navigators. Just steer across the North Sea to the Elbe River's gaping mouth, then follow the flak. In July-Aug. last year, 50,000 people were killed and 60 percent of their port installations were destroyed in some of history's heaviest bombing raids by the USAAF/RAF, (one fire bombing approached A-bomb proportions for heat according to postwar German accounts of the attack).

Although repeatedly bombed, Hamburg remained one of the best defended cities in Germany. There were an estimated 2,000-plus flak guns in the area, and these frequently became outright intimidating. Also, the distance was 800 miles round trip from England, and Allied flyers came to look upon all missions here with justified dread. There were just no easy ones here — ever!

After takeoff the Group had some difficulty forming, but eventually the ships became organized and joined a force of 750 '24s, '17s, '51s, '47s and '38s attacking several different sections of Germany. Enroute, cloud cover began dissipating along with a sense of security most airmen held for a vapor shield between themselves and those winking flak guns below.

In the target area, clear skies and visibility of 50⁺ greeted the Americans. Shortly after the Group turned on its bomb run course from the IP an awesome black cloud popped up dead ahead. And with little choice, lead bore right into a curtain of fireworks. Probably, 20 other crews sat mesmerized as -100433's wings appeared to blaze momentarily, then fold back and sail away from the fuselage as though in slow

motion. Immediately, the aircraft became a mass of flaming debris. It had received a direct hit in its open bomb bay.

Deputy lead moved up to assume command, but remained only until the bombs were dropped. It was seen going down after several hits and some near-misses, however, the pilot coaxed his bird back home. Flak crews, seemingly, defended with a vengeance, but 458th bombs found their mark on the Rheuania oil refinery with good results. Reports jammed the radio about severe concussion turbulence, and whole crews suffered motion sickness. Few of the Group's aircraft escaped the inferno unscathed, and smoke became so thick pilots had to go on instruments to complete the bomb drop. Then, it was every crew to fend for itself.

Low, left element lead was crew -67 with Harold Dane - P, Chuck Pool - CP, Bill Edkins - N, Howard McMorris - B, Dick Brush - radio, Joe Shwallon - engineer, Jerry Reynolds - nose, John Stanko - waist, Earl Diehl - ball and Edward Lucas - tail. Each one considered himself fortunate to still be airborne. They had seen lead and the deputy ships go down, and were carrying several flak holes "the size of concern." Diehl reported fuel drenching the ball turret, and Shwallon left the top turret to check its source. He found every tank except one had been punctured by flak, and worse, only one was not pouring out fuel needed to get them home.

Lucas reported the other ships in their element had also come through the havoc and were following in trail. But -67 could no longer lead. In fact, it appeared that a quick trip to Sweden was imminent, and Dane left the cockpit to assess the situation from a better vantage point. In the bomb bay, a task of transferring fuel from the holed tanks to the whole one quickly became a full time job for Shwallon and Dane. But they decided, after other tanks began sealing, that fuel loss had slowed to a rate allowing continuation to England.

Pool was thoroughly occupied in just flying the bird. But then it suddenly developed a balky engine from fuel starvation as he watched gauges and coordinated with Dane in the bomb bay — all this while favoring a badly wrenched back, suffered on 21 July

over Munich in a similar situation.

However, Chuck had very little time to think of himself. The nose gunner reported two fighters had taken off from the autobahn below, and Edkins kept feeding him course corrections for home in lieu of one to Sweden. Next the radio came alive with the conversation of a "little friend" trying to convince another Lib pilot not to turn back (from over the North Sea) into Germany and bail his crew out. Apparently the '24 commander felt he couldn't make it home, and the fighter jock was encouraging him to take a chance while offering his support and attention down to the last foot of altitude. He did a good job. The Lib crew kept going and made it home. Earlier, another conversation originating stateside had somehow bounced across the Atlantic, and was being picked up at 25,000 feet over Germany.

The continuous transferring of fuel, another tank's sealing job and Chuck's constant attention to a sputtering engine paid off with a safe landing at AFS-123. Once on the ground, however, gas fumes inside the battered aircraft grew so thick, breathing was next to impossible. One spark would certainly have illustrated the exploded view of a B-24 perfectly, and the crew's idea was to run — they did, all hit the taxiway in a dead heat.

At debriefing, crews began comparing notes on that flak cloud over Hamburg. One navigator was a slide rule whiz, and by taking courses, positions and estimates, he announced, "According to what you guys say, that damned flak area was 27 miles long, 12 miles wide and more than 6,000 feet thick . . . Could it really have been that big?"

"Hell Yeah!" "Biggern 'at!" "Multiply by two. No, check that, square it, sonny!" "That was only the leading edge . . ." went a chorus of chatter punctuated by sporadic laughter — the kind that only came *after* the mission.

(Thanks to Harold Dane and Chuck Pool for the assist).



"FLYING A PRETTY TIGHT FORMATION TODAY, AREN'T WE?"
— Art by [unreadable]

489th POT SHOTS

by Charles Freudenthal (489th)

Plans for the 489th memorial in Halesworth are marking time for the moment, while I wait for replies from the Halesworth Town Council and from Frank Rowe, Ltd. I've asked for the Council's approval and comments with regard to the availability of a site, and its maintenance after the memorial is in place, as well as recommendations for some other style of memorial if our proposal isn't suitable. Frank Rowe, Ltd., is one of several companies in the area doing this sort of work, and I have asked them for an estimate. Suggested wording for the plaque will be gratefully received.

The first Washington-Baltimore-Richmond mini-reunion will have been held by the time you read this. It's scheduled for February 16th, and as of this writing there will be at least 15 of us on hand. Full details next issue. Since getting to the annual reunion is obviously a problem for a lot of people, let me suggest some mini-reunions elsewhere too. Florida, Texas, California and Pennsylvania have enough members to do something like this in style. If there's a volunteer or two out there, let me know,



Snack time at the RC Club. Faces, faces — but what are the names!

REUNION 806th Chemical Co.

A short while ago — Sept. 15 and 16, 1979 — the 806th Chemical Co. (Air Operations) held their first reunion at the Olde Coach Inn, St. Louis, MO.

During WW II this unit was stationed in the States at Will Rogers Field, Oklahoma City, OK. from early 1941 to Feb. 1942. Then at Hunter Field, Savannah, GA. from Feb. 1942 to May 1943. After that date, and led by the dashing Capt. Roxie J. Marotta, the Company set sail for England. Upon arrival in England, Hq. detachment was stationed with, and served, the 44th Bomb Group while detachment "A" served the 392nd Bomb Group at Wendling.

The reunion was hosted by Edward F. Krider, St. Louis, MO., Jack W. Fath, St. Ann, MO. and Russell A. Knight, St. Louis, MO.

and I'll help all I can. If you don't think it will cut the attendance too much, I'll try to attend, too! Are you listening Al, Carl, Bud, John, Jim, Pop?? All you really need, remember, are cold cuts, beer, and some Glen Miller records — and four or five people.

WE'RE LOOKING FOR: JOHN F. HOMAN and JOHN K. DAIGLEISH, copilot and bombardier on John Predgen's crew; ALAN H. ENGLANDER, 845th Squadron Intelligence officer; SSgt R.J. LAWSEY, last known address Landsdowne, Pa. Has anybody kept in touch or got any ideas?

FROM THE MAIL BAG: "Was most interesting, the comment of Ray Beights of getting clobbered in the head, because we teased him about being the man with the hole in his head — he got hit in the forehead about the size of a 5- piece —" (Bob Coburn). "— Your last report showed 3 members of our old B29 crew including Nokes and LaPierre. I'm almost sure that Nokes was a Texas Senator for a while — I received a Christmas card from (Franklin) Newman's wife, and she told me Newman died December 15, 1978. (He was the Navigator on Bodine's crew, Ed.)" (J. Vanerwegen). "—If you need any help in New England, let me know what I can do. I now have a little more time for such things. Last year I was President of the Connecticut Chiefs of Police Association, and this in addition to my own duties keep me running —" (Frank Hoffman). "The idea proposed in your October newsletter regarding a 489th memorial at Halesworth is excellent. I would be happy to contribute — I suppose you could consider Rhode Island in the New England area, so if I can be of any help in recruiting new members in the general area, I will be happy to oblige." (Richard Linn). *ED NOTE: Thank you both. I accept your offers. Details will be in the mail ASAP.*

The Olde Coach Inn provided a meeting room for the Group to which the old soldiers 'route-stepped'. Old acquaintances were soon renewed and new ones made as some had not met before. As experiences and stories unfolded memories were a bit strained, but many photographs were brought and displayed which helped matters.

Present were 22 members and wives bringing the total attendance to well over 40. All attending expressed thanks for the opportunity to meet once again and recall past comradeship at a time when hearts were young and gay. Many wondered whether a future reunion would be possible.

ED: A future reunion possible? Certainly. Join the Groups you served with at the 2nd ADA Reunion in Cambridge, Mass. this July.)

TRIBUTE TO US AIRMEN AT BOOK'S LAUNCHING

(from Eastern Evening News)

Norfolk's close contact with the American Air Force during the last war is relived in a new book launched at Norwich Central Library today.

First copies of the book, "The 1000 Day Battle," were presented to the American Trust Fund by the author, Mr. James Hoseason.

They were handed over as a tribute to the men who served in East Anglian bases during the war — the men about whom the book is written.



(left) Mr. J. F. Viles, divisional librarian Norwich Central Library, (middle) Mr. T. Eaton, governor of the American Memorial Trust.

Mr. Tom Eaton received the books on behalf of the trust fund and the library. He said it was a generous gift which would add to the wealth of the American Memorial Room and would be a massive contribution to research on the subject.

Mr. Hoseason said he had spent more than 12 years preparing the book which focuses particularly on the 448th Bomb Group and other B-24 units based in the Waveney Valley.

His research took him on many travels in the United States to meet veterans who served in Norfolk and Suffolk and to collect photographs and other material.

Mr. Hoseason said he felt it was an important book in local history as it was the first time all the notes of the American involvement in 1942-45 had been brought together and published.

That was a time when there were up to 5000 aircraft a day flying over Norfolk and there was an average of one airfield every 36 miles.

Mr. Hoseason's research material is also to be handed over to the library. It includes a Telex giving instruction for departure on the D-day mission.

Mr. Hoseason is well known in the area as chairman and joint managing director of Hoseason's Holidays.



by Rick Rokicki (458th)

Please be advised that cooking or preparing meals in any way, is just not the sort of thing you will ever see me do . . . normally. I will manage a bit of Bar-B-Que on occasion and as long as it only involves placing meat on the grill and occasionally turning over said piece of meat, I don't "goof-up" too often. It was only after a dozen requests of mine in reference to Ceil making me a Shepherd's Pie, that I got involved in the fine art of cooking. This is much like asking a plumber to fix a Cartier watch with a Stilson wrench. In any case, I managed to get an old friend in Norwich to give me the local "formula" for Shepherd's Pie, and if I can do it, believe me, ANYONE can!

Ingredients as follows:

- 1 lb. potatoes
- 1/4 pint beef stock
- 1 pound cooked minced meat*
- 2 tomatoes, chopped
- 2 tsps butter
- 1 egg, beaten
- salt & pepper

*"minced meat", I found out, is the English way of saying good ol' American ground beef! You can also use your left-over roast cut in small cubes or ground.

Peele and cube the potatoes, and cook them in salted water until tender; drain and mash. Saute the onions in butter until they are limp, then crumble in the ground meat and cook through. If the meat has already been cooked (roast or left-overs), simply dice or grind it and stir it into the onions. Add the tomatoes and seasoning. Turn the mixture into a casserole and top with the mashed potatoes. Additionally, almost any left over vegetables — peas, diced carrots, lima or string beans, can be added if you have them left over from, for instance, the roast, etc.

Brush the top with a little beaten egg and bake in a 350 degree oven for 20 minutes. This will normally serve four. Five, if you have 3 girls . . . 3 if you have a growing boy with a "hollow leg".

However, if you should encounter the ULTIMATE problem, that being if the left-over Shepherd's Pie becomes an additional "left-over", stay tuned to the JOURNAL and maybe someone will have an answer by the next issue.

P.S. Don't save the stuff until then, please!

Gee, nobody ever told me that this could become such a problem!

(ed: Anybody who trys this does so at his own risk. A cooking school we are not.)

NEWS & VIEWS FROM THE 453rd BG

by Don Olds (453rd)

For all of you who looked for the 453rd BG article in the Dec. Journal . . . let me explain. I DID send material to our editor but he mistakenly filed it with March Journal material rather than the December. He didn't discover his error until the Journal had gone to the printers. His apology has been accepted. (ED: Who apologized?)

In Oct. '79 my job took me to Kansas City for three weeks. My wife Mimi went along and while there I contacted several ex-453rd men and invited them to our hotel for a visit. Those who showed up were Chris & Lois Christensen, Bob & Johnnie Wetzel, Joe and Marge Palermo, Harry Gabbert, LeRoy Barnett, Al Soltau and Bob Koenigsdorf, who was the 735th Sq. First Sgt. We had some refreshments and reminisced, and went through a lot of old group records and photos. If we can generate any interest in the St. Louis area, we might do the same thing there in the next year or so. Bob Wetzel was one of the original 734th pilots and didn't know about the 2nd ADA. Recently we also located Dean Hart and Ray Keith, both pilots who were shot down on that 8 May 44 raid.

Herb Bradley of Oklahoma City is an avid supporter of the Confederate Airforce and would encourage any member living in the OKC area to contact him about helping to restore a C-46 they are now working on at Tinker Field.

Recently got a letter from Mose S. Lyon inquiring about our upcoming reunion. He told me he played on the Old Buck football team. Sure enough, the group diary says on 1 Dec. 44 T/Sgt. Mose Lyon suffered a broken leg while playing for Old Buck against Wendling. He was immediately removed to the 231st Station Hospital and then transferred to 4210 US Army Hospital Plant.

If you want to know how to cut the tail off a B-24 in this manner . . . contact Hank Myers in Santa Ana, Calif.

Finally, thanks to Robert Sears for the generous supply of postage stamps.

Congratulations to James Hastings. This past March he coached his Duluth Denfield High School basketball team to the Minnesota large school state championship. Coach Hastings has had considerable success at Denfield and this tournament first place put the cap on another fine season.

Herb Bradley of Oklahoma City is an avid supporter of the Confederate Air Force and would encourage any of the members living in the Oklahoma City area

to contact him to find out how they can help with the restoration of a C-47 they are now working on at Tinker Field.

Some discussion at the recent reunion in Norwich centered on the possibility of erecting some sort of monument or plaque either in or around Attleborough or Old Buckenham Airfield dedicated to those members who gave their lives. Some final decision will probably be made at the Cambridge meeting about proceeding to find a suitable location, financing by donations, etc. So try and be in attendance and bring us your ideas.

We're still requesting you men send me any names and addresses of ex-453rd men so we can try and locate them. Send old WW 2 hometowns if nothing else. I know many of you have this kind of information, but I just can't seem to wrench it out of you. I only hear from the same five percent of our members on all my cries for help. I also need some input for the newsletter, particularly from the ground crews. This space in the newsletter belongs to you guys, so tell me what you want to see in it.



REFLECTIONS

by Jacob T. Elias (44 BG)

Girls were very scarce in Norfolk. Most of those over fourteen were put under wraps after dark. That was hard on young, redblooded Yanks who would leave an air-base full of thousands of men, go into Dereham or Norwich and find hundreds of men in uniform walking the streets hoping for the sight of a pretty girl. Now that we are parents of young women we can understand. Would we have done any differently if we had a daughter in Norwich? Still, it was tough on the young Yank in Norfolk. But it was tougher on the English Tommy or the Scottish Jock. Imagine the tables reversed. Thousands of young Tommies and Jocks in our home town, and all of them with pay ten, twenty and thirty times our pay. There would be a lot of resentment on our part. I often wonder there wasn't more on their part. In my talks with George Hemphill beside the lake in Canada, I learned what I should have learned thirty-five years ago. The ordinary bloke in the service of His Majesty got enough to buy a packet of ten cigarettes a day. How could he compete with you and me?



by Bill Searles (58th SCS)

I was pleased to note that mention was made of the Eighth AF Station Complement Squadrons in a recent letter from Maj. McLaughlin (USAF Ret.), published in the December '79 Journal. Little has been said of these units, but they did play an important part in opening and maintaining the Eighth AF airdromes in the UK.

Seven of these squadrons were organized and trained at Columbus Army Air Field, Columbus, Indiana. As I recall the T/O strength of each squadron was 6 officers and 150 enlisted men. I assumed command of the 58th Station Complement Squadron in May 1943, and we entrained for Camp Patrick Henry, Norfolk, VA. in August, that year. Camp Patrick Henry was at that time a staging area for troops and a reception and holding area for incoming Prisoners of War. We were under camp restriction for about a month and then embarked for the UK in early September.

The trip was made on a newly commissioned Navy transport — the maiden voyage for both ship and crew. We were unescorted, and possibly the only thing that saved us was the fact that we ran into a vicious storm as we left New York harbor, and it stayed with us most of the trip. The ship was grossly overcrowded and personnel were on a 12/12 shift — 12 hours on deck and 12 hours in the holds where sleep was virtually impossible.

The troops dreaded the shifts in the holds as most everyone suffered from seasickness and the GI cans placed in the holds could not be emptied fast enough.

Being topside was extremely dangerous, too, as waves would break over the main deck, and clothing would soon be salt encrusted. Mess facilities were unable to function, and bread, cheese and bologna were laid out for the men to make sandwiches. After eight days of too much ocean, we landed at Greenock, Scotland, and my squadron entrained for AAF Station 146, Seething, East Anglia.

We were the first American troops to arrive at AAF Station 146, and finishing touches were being made on the airdrome in preparation for the arrival of the tactical unit.

I remember that we ate our first few meals in the RAF mess, and the food was a big let down from that which we were used

to. As a result, the first order of business was to set up our own mess. We made contacts with higher echelon supply and maintenance activities, and as we assumed responsibility for various base functions the RAF personnel were relieved.

By the time the 448th Bomb Group arrived we had relieved most of the RAF personnel with the exception of the Clerk of Works and his engineering crew. I might also add that we of the 58th established working relations with several pubs in the Loddon/Seething area and these relations flourished during the remainder of our stay.

We had several unexpected visitors during our tenure as caretakers, and it was not unusual to have enemy aircraft overhead sometime during the night. The mass air raids in the East Anglia area had wound down by this time, and our visitors were usually single aircraft on night nuisance raids. As the Tannoy system was not operational, we depended for our warning on the sirens in the surrounding villages and from the restlessness of the guinea hens roosting in the trees.

Several damaged allied planes made meergency landings on the unfinished strips, much to the consternation of the Clerk of Works. CPT Walter Beckham landed a wounded Jug on the strip one day, and as he landed on fumes alone, petrol had to be trucked in for his return to base. This had been one of his highly successful missions with two confirmed, as I recall.

We had coastal searchlight and gun batteries positioned close by and it was an unforgettable sight to watch and hear them in action against intruders. They were accurate and successful.

On arrival of the 448th Bomb Group the 58th Squadron assumed its augmentive duties in many administrative, supply and maintenance areas. The unit retained its autonomy and returned to the states on the Queen Mary in July 1945. It was ignominiously disbanded during the period between its arrival in New York and arrival of its personnel at Sioux Falls Army Air Base after R&R.

These Station Complement units must be remembered as an integral segment of the historical and heroic part of the Eighth Air Force played in World War II.

NEWS OF THE 44th B.G.

by Pete Henry (44th BG)

The December Journal is still warm in my hands and Bill Robertie wants material for the March Journal NOW. Obviously, 44thers will not have the opportunity to heed my plea for material so I'll have to see what I can 'cobble-up'.

On page 20 of the December Journal the 44th B.G. is listed at the top of the column "Totals of Groups to Date" but it doesn't take long to discover that we are only second. Since the reunion, 33 new 44th members have been added to the Roster, but we must try harder.

Red Hand advised me January 13 that the reprints of "44th Liberators Over Europe" have been mailed to all who have ordered them to date. The printer made 207 books and Red has about 20 left. Any copies that remain will be brought to Cambridge in July. In his campaign to make this book available to all 44thers who never obtained a copy, Red located about 25 potential new members. Lt. Col. Ursel P. Harvell, who authored this book, was a little put-out about this project but we assured the good Colonel that the book is being reprinted at cost and, if any profit is realized, it will be donated to the 2ADA Memorial Library. This book was published in 1946, and has been out of print for many years. We could not even locate the original publishing company and they have apparently gone out of business.

Received a letter from Tony North and he advises me that sales of "Liberator Album" Volume I are going well enough to start work on Volume II, which will include the 44th B.G. He states that they are looking for a few 44th B.G. B-24 pictures, particularly those taken before the spring of 1944. If anyone has a few to loan Tony, I'll see that they are forwarded to him and returned to the proper party when he is finished with them. It would be helpful if you could describe the colors on any nose-art that may be present.

Rumor has it that the Cambridge Convention will be larger than our 1976 affair in Valley Forge where better than 700 appeared, the most ever. This will be our first get-together in the Northeast and a lot of new Eightballers will put in an appearance. Let's turn out in force and welcome them aboard. Without half trying, the 4th contingent could surpass the century mark.

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Henry,

I am writing in response to your request for information on former members of the 2nd Air Division, U.S. Eighth Air Force.

My late father, Harold Kennedy, 34 722 450, from Sewanee, Tennessee, served with the 445th BG. From the information I have, he was assistant engineer aboard a B-24, the "Briney Marlin", with J.D. Pelton, as the pilot. I have the names and positions of the rest of the crew, but no follow-up information. My father was stationed at Tibenham, England from April 25, 1944 until February 1, 1945.

I would be interested in receiving the quarterly Newsletter if you would send information on how I might subscribe to it. Also, if there is any further information you need please let me know.

Sincerely,
Beth Kennedy Barnard
73 Western Ave.
Sherborn, MA 01770

ed: If any of you have any information about Pelton or his crew, please pass same on to Mrs. Barnard.)

Dear Evelyn,

I learned of the 2nd Division Association, 8th Air Force thru an insertion put in the D.A.V. magazine. It was a great delight to know such an organization does exist.

The Newsletter arrived a couple of days ago. I have read every word in it and although most of the outfits do not "ring a bell", there is so much to remember.

As an original member of the 489th B.G., I was a radio operator on the "Baby Doll", skippered by Lt. Floyd C. Harville of Shrevesport, LA. I will be sending further information to Bill Robertie as time goes by.

Enclosed is my dues and hoping for a long, long association.

May God Be With You.
Peter S. Ceritelli
3383 Wallace Ave.
Bronx, N.Y. 10467

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed is a check for \$25.00 to cover my 1980 Membership dues, plus two 2nd Ad Blazer patches. I believe the membership fee is \$15.00, and if this is not enough, please let me know; if it is too much, please apply the surplus to the Memorial Fund.

We had a wonderful time at Norwich and appreciate the work the Association did in making it a great success. After the reunion I took another week's trip, rented a car and drove up to Scotland. However, I caught a case of "walking pneumonia" in Norwich and ended up in the hospital. Fortunately, I had business acquaintances in Scotland and they told me to turn in my car and they drove us around Scotland and showed us the sights. We then got a train back to London and just took day trips from there.

I hope to see you in Cambridge on July 4th. Cordially,

C. Richard Fairfield
445th Bombardment Group II

Mr. Robertie,

I recently recieved a letter from Tony North of Norfolk, England, who recommended the 2nd Air Division Assn. as a fine source of information regarding Eighth Air Force B-24's and their crews. I would like to know how your organization works, what type of publications you have, etc.

My interest in B- 24's stems from my fathers service with the 492nd and 467th Bomb Groups in W.W.II. He served from July to Dec. 1944. I am interested in contacting others who might have served with him or have photographs of the planes and crews of these bomb groups.

Thank you,
Ronald T. Roseborough
Rd -5 Box 167-F
Dover, De. 19901

Dear William:

Reference your letter of 5 October 1979:

I have given your gracious and completely irresponsible request for, an article long and careful consideration: however, I am afraid my memory does not serve me well enough to write a comprehensive article about events which happened so long ago.

I do seem to remember the "Iron Compass" railroad track which we all used to locate the field when approaching from the channel: the "Money Bucket" magnesium flares used to light the runway for us and B-24's passing over the field in four different directions trying to find the runway during bad weather. To the best of my knowledge, no one ever got hit. This could be attributed to the fact that the 467th never hit anything in combat either.

May I wish you and yours a Merry Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year.

Very sincerely yours,
Baxter W. Hensley (467th BG)

(ED: I'm known for these irresponsible requests and I never give up either. How about a story?)

Dear Evelyn,

Thanks again for all you do for us. My check for dues and a blazer patch is enclosed. I hope you received the picture of you and Tom Eaton taken at the Castle.

Just received a letter from Mr. Kelley 492 B.G., Chicago. His application for membership has been returned. I didn't notice the application had your old address on it. I have sent him the proper address and have notified Clarence Rich, 392 BG, Seely Lake, Mont. of the change.

I suggested my wife take her own membership. This would insure my getting to read the Journal while it is still fresh.

Frank Thomas 453rd.

Dear Evelyn,

I have enclosed a check for \$15.00 for my 1980 membership. You may add to the Memorial Library Fund, the amount that is above the membership fee.

I was with the 453rd BG 733rd Sq. in 1944 and then a P.O.W. in Germany after my 20 missions.

I appreciate getting the book and reading about some of the times in which I had a small part.

Sincerely,

William A. Crandell

(ED: Thats the first time the JOURNAL has been called a book. Thanks Bill. Now write a story for it.)

Dear Bill,

Bill Holland was head of Tech. Supply 564/389th Bomb. Group. And Jules Domecc (Jim Farley) was the Squadron postman. When Bill flew out from Seale, Alabama to visit us this last May "Jim Farley" met Bill at the Los Angeles Airport, took him home overnight, and then the two of them drove up here to Santa Maria so we could have a mini-reunion. Those two fellows had not seen each other since they left England.



When we made motel reservations for them the first night, we were telling the manager of the motel that this was Bill's first visit to California and how tickled we were that he was coming, etc. And to our surprise — see the picture. He sure enough welcomed Bill.

Roy Jonasson

Dear Evelyn,

You may print this if you like. On Sept 22, 1979 after 36 years at the L.A.A.F. (Liberal Army Air Force) Base Homecoming. After driving all night I had the most wonderful thrill. I walked around and crawled through a B24 F. (Delectable Dorris) which was in full military dress of the 1940's. I also got to hear her engines run and see her fly. I might say it cause a large lump in my throat. In 1943 I arrived at Seething Airdrome, just outside of Norwich, England and in a very short time later Arthur Lake and I found ourselves in charge of a radio Buncher Station No. 9A9 located at the edge of the wash area. It was a friendly little village on the edge of the North Sea and with the aid of George Bieber and Mel Cohn a member of the Catapiller Club we provided radio navigation aid to the 2nd Air Division & R.A.F. 24 hrs. a day till we were returned to the U.S.A. It was in early 1945 I made my first observation mission over Germany in a B24D who bore the name Little Shepard. I was with the 712 Bomb Squadron 448 Bomb Group.

I only wish I had found out about the Second Air Division sooner so I could have made one of those get togethers at Norwich.

Thanks for the Second Air Division March 1979 Edition, it was read from cover to cover several times. Please find my membership fee.

Sincerely,
Wayne Wanker

My brother, Garrett C. Parnell, Jr. (S/Sgt.) 38341096, 856th BS, was killed on Nov. 18, 1944. I am interested in that era and am doing some work on his military history. Can anybody help?

Ben Parnell
P.O. Drawer 110
Bartlett, Texas 76511

Dear Mrs. Cohen,

Since joining the association I have been able to recruit one new member, my former nose gunner Al Esparcia, and now I have a couple of other 2nd AD people in the area interested in joining our group.

Would it be possible for you to send me some applications for membership so that I can help our organization grow?

As a side story, on Saturday, 8 September at McClellan AFB, here in Sacramento, there was held an open house. Many vintage aircraft were present including many old AT-6's; B-25's, a B-29 AND one of our beloved B-24's. I almost went into deep shock as I saw this old gallant war bird sitting there, dripping oil as usual. The plane carries the markings of the 389th Group/566S-quadron with a tail letter "R". I believe the plane comes from somewhere in Kansas and am going to try and get that correct. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could get the owners to fly the plane to next years convention? Possibly we could take up a 'gas' collection to support their trip, at least for a day or so.

Sure enjoyed that last news letter about the trip to Norwich and East Anglia. I'm sure everybody had a good time, and the "... maybe just one more. ..." will include me the next time.

Cheers and keep up the good work.

Joseph T. Beach
93 Gp 409 Sq.

Dear Evelyn,

Sorry I couldn't get to the reunion this year but reading the September issue of the Journal partially made up for it.

Please find my check for \$30.00 enclosed. With it would you please: pay my dues; send me a 2nd AD Blazer Patch; and use the rest to help someone who is unable to pay their dues or donate it to the Capital Fund.

Evelyn you are a dear and wonderful person to do the work for the Assn. that you are doing and I thank you for it.

All the best to you.

N.R. Cheek
44th BG, 2 nd AD, 8th AF

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed check for \$25.00 for 1980 dues and two 2nd AD Blazer patches. Balance to our Memorial Library fund.

Last reunion was absolutely the best. Many memories to relive over and over again. Especially satisfying were the people stopping us on the streets and in public places just to chat and ask questions or reminence. Did you know that English people came to the Posts Host (and probably other hotels) just to talk to us and in the slim hope of meeting some Yank they knew during the war?

Quite a tribute!

All the best

George P. Dupont (448th)

Dear Evelyn Cohen,

My husband James W. Blanco passed away on August 24th 1979.

We have always enjoyed the 392nd reunions, and I am sorry to have to relate this bad news to you.

It was a sudden thing, and I am not yet over the shock. I had wanted to write you sooner, but could not bring myself around to doing it. Jim loved the 392nd and I know I am going to miss it also.

Thank you and all the 392nd Div. for all the good times we had.

Sincerely,

Laverne Blanco

Dear Ms. Cohen,

Enclosed is a check for \$14.00. Dues for 1980 for \$7.00, and \$6.00 for 2 of the 2nd A.D. Blazer Patches and \$1.00 for postage.

I was not able to be at the reunion at Norwich but perhaps I will make it to a stateside reunion. The Journal covering the Norwich mission was great. I've read it over several times.

Thank you,

William V. Tumelarich (445th B.G.)

Dear Bill,

I would like to correspond with anyone in the 2nd Air Div. associated with B-24's.

My Dad was a bombardier in the 389th BG-567 B.S. I would appreciate hearing from anyone that knows "Lt. H. W. Gregg." My Dad's pilot was the Capt. C.E. Spurrie and they were involved in the Aug. 1, 19453 Ploesti mission.

I would like to compare notes and photographs of anyone that either knew my father or was serving with him at that time.

All response in this direction would be deeply appreciated.

Respectfully,

Duncan Gregg
5841 Boone Ave. N.
New Hope, Mn. 55428

Dear Bill,

Time for a note at least. Just wanted to thank you for the plug on my book, it's already getting good results.

Also, have a story that I'll be getting off to you before too much longer that should generate some interest from a couple of the Groups. Meantime, you're doing a pretty good job — keep it up!

Sorry that I didn't manage a card over the holidays, but hope you and the family had an enjoyable time and all the best for 1980. Thanks again.

Cheers,

George Reynolds (Assn. 458th)

Dear Bill,

As I was reading the last Journal Dec. 1979, I came across a letter written by Arthur L. Prichard (467th). As I read on I came across the No. 237. This number struck a bell in my memory so I started to look through the pictures I had taken while a Crew Chief at Rackheath.

I was told that No. 237, my crew and I were assigned was the first B-24 to go down on French soil. I really did not know the rest of the story until I read this account in your Journal some 35 years later. This B-24 was named Normandy Queen. I really don't know if it is the same plane or not, but I was Crew Chief on "237" when it did return to the 467th BG, 790th BS.

I am sending a picture of this aircraft that I would like to have returned.



I flew back to the U.S. in A/C Serial No. 44-50250 in May of 45 with Pilot Palton, Nolan G. and a passenger Mahoney, James J. I still have the "operation order" dated May 29, 1945, signed by Col. Hebert Showers.

Virgil Reinders

Dear Bill

I have been standing by awaiting receipt of December 1979 Journal and do you know what - received many Christmas cards but no Journal.

In the event you have been waiting until the Christmas card rush is over before sending out the Journal, please disregard this short letter.

Since the time of my membership I have been keeping the News Letters (Journals) up to date like Air Force Regulations and would hate like h-- to fall behind.

Repeating. If the Journals have gone out, Please look around for and extra and mail it to me. Thank you very much.

Happy New Year

Earl D. Brown

(ED: Sorry about that Earl but the December issue was delayed by circumstances very much beyond our control and if I don't get off my dead butt the March issue will be late. Help!)

Dear Evelyn,

Boy! I've been looking for an organization like this for many years. Thanks David G. Patterson for sending information.

Bob Suckow

Dear Bill,

Enclosed is an article I hope you like.

Was there an article of the Journal between the one about the Norwich reunion and the December issue I received last week? I never got one between. If there was such an issue, could I have several copies? Gene DeWaters didn't get one either.

The Journal is great. You are doing a wonderful job and everyone owes you a great debt for the work you are doing. It is evident the Journal is a labor of love for you - if you were being paid properly we could not afford to have you for editor.

Sincerely,

Jacob T. Elias

(ED: If I were being paid I'd quit and get a better job Jake. This is murder incorporated. We publish 4 JOURNALS a year - March, June, September and December. If you suggest a 5th your the next editor.

Dear Pete

Thank you for your invitation to speak at the Second Air Division Association's dinner in July. I will be involved with CBS New Coverage of the Republican Convention beginning shortly after that in Detroit and will not be able to get to Cambridge.

I disappointed myself because, even though I was more a First Division person, I'd really enjoy talking with all of you. The difference between First and Second Division persons has diminished in my mind over the years.

Try me again sometime.

Sincerely,

Andrew A. Rooney

Dear Evelyn,

Have received much enjoyment from the journal since receiving my membership in the Second Air Division Association.

Enclosure is for 6 each 2nd A D blazer patch.

C.M. Sheeder (389th)
c/o G.M.C. CO. Inc.
P.O. Box 1443
Scottsdale, Arizona 85252



Dear Bill,

Since I just became a member of the Second Air Division Association, I am not really sure where to send anything for the News Letter. However, your title looks impressive so I will take a shot at you.

The enclosed photos of Wendover, Utah were taken on 9 and 10 September 1979. Please feel free to use any, all or none for future issues of the News Letter. And don't bother to return any since I have more.

The old airfield looks mighty sad.

The wife and I were surprised to find a small prosperous looking town there now. There were at least two Casinos and the old one looks like it has done quite well.

Wendover is a very special place for us. The wife came to visit me there just before we left. We got married a few days later in Topeka, Kansas. Smartest move I ever made.

Baxter W. Hensley

Dear Evelyn,

I have to tell you how much I enjoyed the September '79 Journal with its description of the Norwich Renunion. You did a staggering piece of work in a great cause and you have earned the gratitude of every one of us.

The RAF said it best: "Per Ardua ad Astra."

Enclosed is a check for \$3 for a blazer patch.

With warmest food wishes always, I am

Sincerely yours,

Alfred V. Sloan, Jr. 455th BG

Dear Bill,

This is kinda Belated, however I do want to thank you, Evelyn and all the staff that had a hand in making our trip and stay in England on our last reunion such a roaring success.

While we were at the library I asked the Librarian if they had a set of B-24 manuals. When he told me NO I offered a set, which he would accept.

John Archer was in Houston the week after we were over there. He said he would bring them back to the library.

I fixed them up in a carrying bag and he carried them to Norwich.

I recently received a nice letter of thanks from the library. The only bad thing about the manuals was they have my name embossed on them. They were in good shape so I guess we will be able to find them when we return to Merry Ole.

All the best

Walter B. Smith

Dear Bill,

It's no big deal, but we (at the 467th) always referred to them as "Flak Shacks"; a bit more euphonious and considerably more irreverent than "Flak House", the term employed in Ed Hohman's excellent article in your December 1979 issue.

Last October, I was able to take a couple of days off during a business trip to London and take the train to Norwich. Old friends, dating from WW II days, met the train and put me up at their lovely home in Lingwood, the oldest wing of which was built in 1510.

I am surely not the first to discover that the old 467th BG base is now a very large sugar-beet field. The only remaining signs of the feverish activity of 35 years ago are a few remnants of the runway, as far as I could determine.

That was something of a disappointment, but it was reassuring to discover that some of the really historic sites still are intact and going strong; such as the King's Head and the Broads Hotel in Wroxham and The Swan at Horning Ferry, where we tossed many a dart and downed many a glass of 'alf & 'alf. The Swan had, I believe, the only juke box in East Anglia in 1944, and it was indeed a dark day when a GAF intruder dropped a bomb squarely on the public bar and wiped out the juke box.

Yet another historic landmark still is intact: the Samson & Hercules still hold up the ornate portico on their shoulders, and the place seems very well-kept. It was closed, of course, in the afternoon, but while posing for a snapshot, several Englishman and women waited politely until the picture was taken. One of the men was carrying some furniture from a van parked at the curb, and seemed to enjoy the picture-taking session. He approached and remarked, "I'll bet you were one of the Yanks who used to come in on the trucks from the airdromes and have such a heluva time here!" He was pleased when I confirmed his conjecture as being bang on the nose.

I greatly enjoy reading your JOURNAL, which seems to get better with each issue.

Yours very truly,

Gene Garrett (467th BG)

Dear Bill,

I have really enjoyed the articles and letters in the Journal which brings to mind an experience our crew had on the way to England in early January, 1945. The crew with George Fagerquist of Dallas, Texas, as pilot completed overseas B-24 training at Davis-Monthan AAB, Arizona. We picked up a brand new B-24M at Topeka AAB, Kansas, and headed for the 8th Air Force.

We left Grenier AAB, N.H. for Goose Bay, Labrador along with quite a number of other B-24s and B-17s. While flying near Anticosti Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence we could see a B-17 ahead at about the same altitude and undoubtedly headed for the same destination.

George felt that this would be an excellent opportunity to demonstrate the speed superiority of the B-24 over the B-17. He pushed "Poco Moco" to the firewall and just before passing the fort he feathered number 4 engine.

The crew spent the better part of the next two or three days telling our story of the B-24 on three engines passing a B-17.

Yours very truly,

John Goffe (445th)

(ED. Why didn't he feather #3 and make it look spectacular!)

Dear Evelyn,

You did a GREAT JOB this past summer. Thank you for your special attention to me.

Should the 2nd Air Division decide to allot funds or raise funds to endow a fund for librarian's time in caring for the American collection in Norwich, I will contribute something. I don't think any more funds for purchase of books would be helpful until the care of the library is assured. I hope something can be done along this line.

Hope to be in Cambridge this summer.

Dorothy M. Harrison

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed is a check for my 1980 dues. Any left over, you may apply where ever needed most. Have enjoyed the News Letter's and being kept up to date on everything.

Sure miss getting a roster each year, but I guess the cost exceeds the interest.

Sincerely,

Walt Summey (66th B.S., 44th B.G.)

Dear Evelyn,

Happy New Year

Was in Europe this past summer but didn't get to Wendling, mainly because I could not find it on the map. I was a pilot not a navigator. Any help with a map. We'll probably go back in a few years.

I thoroughly enjoy the newsletter and your "yeowoman" work with the organization.

May God be with you and grant you good health.

Cordially yours,

Lorn Matelski

Dear Evelyn,

I must have goofed, and neglected to send my dues. I was talking to Fred Thomas and he mentioned getting his card. I'll include a check with this note.

Evelyn, we had a wonderful time in England. The planning was perfect. Having four members of our crew with us made it all the more enjoyable. After the reunion, O'Neill continued his business trip and then back to Hong Kong. The Thomas', Witfords' and Powers' toured Europe by car.

Now our plans are Cambridge, Mass on the 4th of July weekend. We are trying to get all ten of our crew to attend. As of now it looks pretty good.

We'll be looking forward to receiving more information.

I hope yhou have a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

See you in Cambridge

Bob & Marge Powers

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed is a check for 1980 dues and postage. Also, a shot of our girl and Pete O'Neill (392nd) frolicking on the bus returning to Post House after a banquet in Norwich.

Want you to know that we enjoyed the Norwich Convention very much - Also want you to know that all the hard work done by you and the other officers of the Assn. is greatly appreciated.

Believe our crew may have had the most members present - four, two pilots, tail gunner and waist gunner, Don Whitford, Petre O'Neill, Bob Powers, and yours truly-(392nd)

We are looking forward to Cambridge in July, and hope to have several more, if not all of our crew present for that meeting.

Yours for Happy Holidays and a prosperous 1980.

Sincerely,

J. F. Thomas

Dear Evelyn,

The 1979 Norwich reunion sounded like a great success. Certainly wish we could have attended it.

I enjoy every line of the *Journal* from news of the reunion, the many articles that bring back a flood of memories, through the letters to you and the editor. Thank you to all who do so much to keep us informed and in touch.

We plan to attend the 1980 reunion in Cambridge, Mass. We would like whatever information you can send regarding time, place, cost, etc.

We like to travel with our travel trailer and wonder if and how that mode of travel would fit in.

Looking forward to meeting you, to re-newing old friendships and making new ones at the 1980 reunion.

Wally Goulet
Sqd. 704 446 B.G.

Dear Ms. Cohen,

Enclosed is a check for \$10, \$7 for membership and \$3 for 2nd Air Division patch. I also request the following note be placed in the Letters section of the next 2nd AD Journal:

My father, Charles Cavit, was a pilot with the 389th BG in Libya, early 1943. For the Ploesti raid of 1 August 1943, he was detached to the 98th BG. I need help from former 389th BG personnel in locating copies of official AAF orders and/or rosters with my father's name listed. Any written material or photos of my father during the time he was with the 389th BG in Libya would be greatly appreciated.

Dennis D. Cavitt, Captain, USAF
1272 Hodge Ave.
Charleston AFB, S.C. 29404

Dear Pete (Henry)

Per memo from Mr. E.A. Fessler (Copy Enclosed) on Sept. 7, 1979 I am writing as suggested.

From June thru Nov. 1943 I was a Navigator in the 44th Bomb Group - 68th Bomb Squadron. Your familiarity with the Group will give recall to the fact that we went to Benghazi, Libya late in June. We covered the Sicilian Campaign, 1st raid on Rome and flew the 1 Aug. Ploesti, Roumania low level refinery raid. Yes I made all of them.

Unfortunately about 15 August found us over Foggia, Italy for the 2nd time. That day I was flying with Lt. Eunice B. Shannon. No we didn't get back that day, yes we were shot down and taken prisoner. Two months later I was in London. I was the first Eighth Air Force man to be shot down, taken prisoner of war, escape, go through the allied lines of action (in Italy this time) and get back to the Eighth Air Force in England. Gen Ira Eaker's decision to send me state side set a precedent for the future action that was forthcoming after the invasion of Europe.

There are so many memories. Do you have anything on Col. John Diehl and Lt. Shannon., Gen. Leon Johnson, my finest senior commanding officer, How is he?

Possibly you have a roster that would locate some of these people.

My work here in Medicine Hat is temporary until Feb. or Aug. 1980. I would be pleased to hear from you. After that I will pick up the ball.

My home address should any mail to Medicine Hat be returned is: George W. Temple, Box 4274, Monroe, Louisiana 71203.

Thank-you and I remain
Sincerely yours,

George W. Temple

Dear Bill:

In one of the recent News Letters, you asked us to dig down for some old pictures.

Here is a group of Airmen that came out of hiding or escaped prison when Belgium was liberated.

When the British took over a German airfield,

we managed to get the British to fly us back to England.

This picture was taken at Hendon Airport (just outside London) on Saturday, Sept. 9th, 1944.

I was with the 445th BG, 701st Sq. Our plane went down July 11, 1944 on a mission to Munich, Germany.



Reading from left to right: Group Captain G.A.D. Will, R.C.A.F. Ottawa; Staff Sergeant McPherson, F.R., Williamsport, Indiana; Lieutenant Hooth, D.W., Kalamazoo, Mich.; Staff Sergeant Wagner, J.M., Arlington, Mass.; Staff Sergeant Spence, C.D., Hazel Park, Mich.; Lieutenant Singleton, J.H., Florida; Lieutenant Levey, J.G., Parchester, Bronx, N.Y.; Staff Sergeant Muse, W.R., Laurinburg, N.C.; Sergeant Blair, H.J., Pittsburg, Pa.; Staff Sergeant Lynch, R.J., Kansas City, Kan.; Squadron Leader Cameron, L.M., Canada (R.C.A.F.); Air Vice Marshal J. A. Sully, CB, AFC, R.C.A.F. Ottawa; Unknown.
Maybe someone will recognize some of these airmen who were shot down and thought dead or MIA.
Jim Wagner (445th, 701 Sq.)

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed find a check to cover my dues for the year and 2 Second Air Division Blazer Patches. Whatever remains please credit to the Library Fund.

We were sorry we couldn't make the trip to Norwich last year because we are going over this June. Our Ripon, Ca. Golf Team will be playing a series of matches with a team from Ripon, England. They were here two years ago and it is now our turn to go there.

Will miss the reunion again this year also as we won't get home until June 29th. Maybe next year we'll make it. We would love to have you come back to California again, or anywhere out in this direction.

Best wishes for the New Year and keep up the great work you are doing for the 2nd Air Division.

Leo R. McBrien (389th)

Dear Ms. Cohen:

Recently a letter of mine was published in the Liberator Club Briefing and as a result I have received many letters from B24 people. Most have asked me to join the Assn., so enclose check \$7.00 for my membership.

I am most happy, as I have a keen interest in flying and especially the B24 and the 8th AF.

I was a copilot on the B24 with the 93rd BG 330th Sqd. Served from Jan 45 to the end of the war. Flew 23 missions, and also am a member of the Caterpillar Club, having lost our ship on mission number 4.

I am very deeply interested in flying and very heavy into modeling. I have a good selection of books and pictures of this time of my life and as I grow older I realize better what we did and how lucky some of us were to come home.

Please accept my check. Sorry it took so long for me to find out about the Assn.

Looking forward to receiving the info.

Most sincerely,

Lin Burgess

Mr. William G. Robertie

I don't care what you call it, Mr. Editor, Journal or Newsletter, your publication is 'Super'... wish there were some way I could help, it's got to be a pile of work. It would be of interest, Bill, perhaps to a lot of us, to see an article on when the Journal got started and how it developed; also, are old issues available?

I really never cared very much about returning to Norwich, but sure glad we decided to go. It was a great experience for young Patrick, he enjoyed it a lot more than he would have the last couple of weeks of the 5th grade... learned more too.

We spent an additional 3 weeks in Ireland, trying to run down family, but with the strikes, phone and mail, we were only able to visit with one family.

Pat found our picture on the photo page of the September Journal, bottom right hand corner. We're the two feeding our faces at the very top of the stairs. Would it be possible to get a print for his scrap book?

Mr. Walter's article jarred my memory and I went looking for Target Germany only to find that my copy had disappeared. I'd make photo copies if someone would loan me a copy.

I'm glad to see there are still patches available. I'm dropping Evelyn a note and ordering a couple. Speaking of Evelyn, that gal is something else. It seemed that every time I turned in the hotel (or anywhere else,) she was there straightening out something or somebody. God bless all you dedicated people.

Sincerely,

Guy McElhany

Dear Evelyn,

Would you please send me one 2nd AD Blazer Patch. Sure enjoy the journals and I am sure glad I joined 2nd AD. Would like to see Memorial in Norwich as I lost 7 of my crew over Germany. Thank you.

Max Veitch (44th B.G.)
1032 Saturn Dr.
Toledo, OH 43615

LOOKING BACK — by R. T. Coleman (93rd)



EDINBURGH'S American Red Cross Service Club provided some much-needed, overnight accommodations for the GI. "on pass". Before the advent of these hard-to-come-by places in which to stay-the-night, military personnel without reservations were sometimes forced to spend the night in some hotel lobby or other place. Comes to mind one canteen or billet which offered sleeping cots, and the plan they had developed for maximum use and minimum washing for their "sanitary" sheets. Two sides for each sheet and both sides were used before washing. By turning the sheet over, the sleeper was assured a "clean side" which was not necessarily a clean sheet. Not so for the A.R.C.S.C.!



A small bit of farmland, between this B-24's (2109815-S) hardstand and the road, was not overlooked by the dedicated Norfolk farmer who sought to grow and to harvest his wheat crop wherever he could. The background bomber has some crops of it's own which it seeks to plant on enemy soil in the way of 2 racks of 250 lb. "seeds", 5 to a rack. To each his own.



This photograph of the THORPE RAILROAD STATION in Norwich, was taken sometime in 1944. You remember, this is the place where "it" all began or terminated for the pleasure-bent and adventuresome soldier and sailor on pass or leave. For the most part, London or Edinburgh, were the destinations or points of departure. You bought your ticket (3rd. class), walked alongside of the many cars before selecting one for boarding. Vacant seats were generally difficult to come by and you settled for standing in the aisles. Oh, my aching _____



The American Red Cross, "Rainbow Corner," was a busy place as this wintertime, 1944 photograph shows. Heavy pedestrian traffic in front of the building overflows onto the street, as crowds of military and civilian mingle together as they move about to their respective designations. Those who ventured inside were offered refreshments and information on theatres, dancehalls, overnight accommodation and the city generally.