

JOURNAL

Vol. 26, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

Winter 1987-88

Season's Greetings



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Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

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President's Message

by Carl I. Alexanderson



I find it rather difficult to realize, but almost half of my term of office as President of the Second Air Division Association has expired. Being a Group Vice President is a very busy job, but I believe this one has it beat. I'm not complaining, mind you, just passing on a bit of sage advice to my successors.

Seriously, it has been very interesting. My correspondence has blossomed, along with my postage bill. Phone calls, both incoming and outgoing, from border to border and coast to coast, have increased exponentially and my thought processes have been challenged to the limit.

One of my programs has been to institute a quarterly newsletter for the benefit of the Executive Committee and the Group Vice Presidents. This was at the behest of the EXCOMM back in May, the object being to keep all the above mentioned to speed up more readily. This benefits the membership indirectly. However, I have one problem in this regard. Lack of INPUT! I myself can only generate just so much of any kind of copy which might be of interest. Like a newspaper, I need correspondents. 2ADA has never lacked for intelligent, informed and witty people. Surely, there must be several budding Pulitzer prize winners amongst you.

I would venture to say at this point in time that our paramount challenge (I hesitate to use the word PROBLEM), is the \$500,000 funding of the Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division (USAAF). As an aside, I hope I have the name correct, or Jordan will never forgive me.

Half a million dollars is a lot of money! There are those of us whom have aspired to and have reached our zenith. There are those of us who have not. One man's ultimate goal may be another man's abject failure. Who is to say? The point is, the question is, what shall we do?

Perforce our organization is cumbersome. It is difficult to call a committee meeting, to generate a consensus, to determine the will of the membership. We have attempted to poll the membership, the EXCOMM, the Group VPs. The process is continuing, and shall continue until we have reached a mutually agreeable solution.

I would not choose to be in a position where I could be accused of acting unilaterally, nor would the EXCOMM! In essence, I am asking to be fortified by the collective wisdom of the unique organization to which we all belong. WRITE ME! TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT! TELL EVELYN! TELL JORDAN! TELL ANYONE! I reiterate, \$500,000 is a lot of money. Let us spend it wisely, or not spend it at all!

Forty years ago, the Second Air Division made a major statement in world history. We have to continue to sustain that heritage. We have many productive years ahead of us, and so to that end, let us strive to put a firm and emphatic period to that statement we made many years ago.

On a lighter note — Several weeks ago we had the distinct honor and pleasure of attending a mini-reunion held by the 467th Bomb Group in Shreveport, LA. We wish to express our sincere gratitude for the kindness and attention bestowed upon us. It was good to see many of our old friends again, and to observe the professionalism with which they run their group's business. Again, many thanks.

Folded Wings

44th George W. Carvour Donald R. Armstrong Charles E. Green Donald H. McLean Sterling R. Holm Arnold C. Krohm William W. Albert	453rd Joseph H. Stangle
93rd John L. Long	458th William D. Gorman
389th Joseph S. Chobey David Silverman	466th Margaret A. Host — ARC Mary C. Leeds — AM Ivan Uplinger
445th Antonio M. Rossi	467th Don Bisbing Gordon L. Collins
446th Gaetano Federici Leslie R. Miller William B. Myers Phyllis Breuninger — AM	489th Benjamin F. Yodzonis Roger F. Jamann Joseph J. Lufrano Ward J. Kent
	491st George E. Dumitras Charles A. Ostrander
	HDQ Irene Noble



Arthur V. Cullen (44th)

Eight Balls — 44th BG

Long overdue recognition for his untiring historical research and writings relating to the 44th Bomb Group was recently accorded Will Lundy, official historian for the group. Although Will was selected for the honor at the 40th reunion in Norwich, England, the actual presentation was made by Pete Henry at the 44th Heritage Memorial Group reunion held in Milwaukee in September. The testimonial reads as follows:

Eighth Air Force
Second Air Division Association
and the Forty-Fourth Bomb Group
Honors
C.W. "Will" Lundy
For Dedicated Service on Behalf of the
Forty-Fourth Bomb Group
History and Roll of Honor
Presented this 22nd Day of May, 1987
Norwich, England



Pete Henry presenting award to Will Lundy

Since its inception, Will has researched and recorded more than 200 corrections and additions to the Roll of Honor as it relates to the group. He is also credited with a detailed and authoritative history of the 67th Squadron and a Roll of Honor and Casualty List of the same unit. The latter work is now at the printers and will be available by the end of November. Copies will be sold at cost for \$30.00 including postage. Only 150 copies will be produced. Members interested should contact W.C. Lundy at 3295 North H Street, San Bernardino, CA 92405.



Wall Art vs. Nose Art: For many years returnees to the old Shipdham airfield invariably visit the site of the 14th Combat Wing Headquarters, located near the hospital area. Although most of the original buildings still stand in various stages of deterioration, visitors are attracted by a white-walled room on which several colorful and attractive ladies are displayed, obviously the work of a talented artist. This room was once the A-2 intelligence office, at one time the mega-center of the wing's operations. The combination is most incongruous. Most of the figures are of the George Petty type of illustration, popular in the 1930s and done with an airbrush. Probably risqué for the time and certainly the place, these ladies have withstood the stress of time and the elements since the roof over this room is partially open to the weather. Other decorations are of the cartoon type and reportedly done by a Walt Disney artist who had been inducted for the duration. It is a fact that some of the nose art on the 44th aircraft was the work of a former Disney cartoonist stationed at Shipdham. The question is, who were the artists?

Jean Bressler, a member of the 2nd ADA and former NCO with the wing intelligence office during operations, states that the murals were not there while he was a member of 14th CW and he adds that he left the base in July, 1945, indicating that the artistry must have been done some time after the main elements of the 44th had returned to America.

Additionally, there is a fine rendition of the "Flying Eightball" on the wall of another headquarters office and also the only fireplace on the site, that in General Johnson's office.

For the record, we would be interested in any facts concerning this wartime artistry as well as the identity of the artists.

B-24J RESTORATION: Work continues with the cleaned-up fuselage nearly ready to be shipped to Kissimmee, Florida where the final work will be done. The May 1989 anniversary date still appears realistic for the completion, a flying of the aircraft.

Members interested in attending the 41st reunion of the Association in Colorado Springs, June 1988, will find details by Evelyn Cohen elsewhere in this edition of the Journal.

Visiting Norwich and the Memorial Room

by Tony North

It was very gratifying to read the extremely complimentary letter in the fall Journal from Harold R. Brown concerning the private visit he made to Norwich last May. The reason his trip went so well was because he did exactly the right thing in letting me know of his proposed visit so that I was able to send him all the travel information he needed and to arrange with a good friend an escorted excursion to his old air base at Hethel.

No doubt several of you are making plans to visit England sometime during the coming year and if you are thinking of coming to Norwich to see the Memorial Room and to, perhaps, visit your old base, can I urge you to do as Harold did and contact me well before you come. The local people will be glad to see you and I am in touch with a group of keen and able volunteers associated with each of the old 2nd AD airfields who will be your guides and make your visit more enjoyable. In fact, most of the airfield sites are only accessible by car so someone to act as driver is a virtual necessity.

There is a quick (2 hours) and fairly frequent train service to Norwich from London and it is quite possible to make a day trip, but Norwich is a beautiful city in a beautiful part of England and is well worth a longer visit if you have time, and I am quite willing and able to assist with hotel booking, etc.

I would also mention that Norwich has a local airport (which former members of the 458th BG might well recognize) with several flights a day from Heathrow as well as services to Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Amsterdam.

So make a note to contact me, Tony North, Memorial Trust Aide, Central Library, Bethel Street, Norwich, NR2 1NJ and I guarantee you will have a visit to remember.

ALASKA

A 10-day cruise to Alaska for 2ADA members is in the planning stages for August 1988. Estimated costs will range between \$2,000 and \$2,500 per person, depending upon cabin choice. Early booking by 12-1-87 is necessary to obtain special rebates. Interested parties should send \$50 deposit, per person (will be refunded if cruise is cancelled) to:

Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
(609) 655-0982

The 466th Reports

by Bill Nothstein

There has not been much activity to report on during the last three months. We did acquire five new members that I wish to welcome aboard. They are: Richard S. Carroll, Errett D. Miller, Earl R. Smith, Joseph C. Tedesco, and George E. Williams.

A letter from Jim Reeves (past president) requests group shoulder patches and/or squadron patches. If you can be of assistance, contact him at: Box 98, Thomasville Rd., Moultrie, Georgia 31768.

Recently there have been questions raised concerning the 466th Bomb Group Association. In an effort to obtain correct information, I went to the source. The following is an excerpt from the response I received from John Woolnough:

The Facts About the 466th Bomb Group Association: In order to perpetuate the history of the 466th BG and to handle the expense of publishing rosters and contacting former members, we formed the 466th Bomb Group Association (466th BGA) in October of 1986. It was incorporated in the State of Florida on 5 January 1987. Once we have approved By-Laws (this should be accomplished by the time you read this) we will apply to the IRS for tax exempt status as a non-profit veterans' organization.

As a 466er you should know that you do not have to join any organization to belong to the 466BGA. If you were ever assigned in or were attached to the 466th BG (in the USA or at Attlebridge), you are automatically a member.

There are no dues to pay. We plan to ex-

ist off of donations from 466ers who want the memory of the 446th BG to live on. The day we find a lost 446er we will send a copy of the latest roster (now contained in Attlebridge Notes issues Feb. '86, Feb. and June 1987) and ask that person to tell us their squadron and job/crew position while in the 466th BG. Once a lost 466er is found they receive all future rosters and all the newsletters without a charge.

If you know of a 466er that is not on the current roster, please send the name and address to 466BGA, P.O. Box 4738, Hollywood, FL 33083. We encourage 466ers to place a mark on their calendars for the dates of 17-21 May 1989. We hope to hold a 466th BG reunion in Ft. Worth, Texas on those dates. We want to be in Ft. Worth to help celebrate the 50th Anniversary of the B-24. Let us remember that more than 10,000 B-17 types showed up in Seattle in 1985 for their 50th Anniversary party. Let us show them that Liberator air and ground crews and support people have as much spirit as the Fortress people do.

Personally, I do not wish to appear pro or con about the 466BGA and only ask that you consider them based on the information contained in John Woolnough's letter. I believe the proposed reunion in Fort Worth in May 1989 to be an excellent opportunity to reunite with many people from our Attlebridge past.

As this will be our final Journal for this year, allow us to take the opportunity to extend Best Wishes for the Holiday Season.

Missives from the 492nd

by Bill Clarey

Hopefully, everyone is back "on the track" after going to England for a wonderful reunion and get-together. Now it's time to look forward to Thanksgiving and Christmas. Hope that all have a joyous time.

Last week, Willford Craig called me from Eldorado, Arkansas. Willford had been our nose turret gunner until the 13th mission. That mission was to Clermont, France, a tunnel and railroad siding, accompanied by heavy and accurate flak. That day he was hit above his left foot and it was severed except for a tendon. As I recall, this happened after bombs were dropped, and, needless to say, when we hit the coast, we shoved the throttles to the fire wall and got him on the ground at Kings North as soon as possible. He stated that he had been in and out of hospitals for four years before he was able to walk without assistance. Too, he mentioned that he had been cited for the Silver Star but that nothing had ever come of it. It was quite thrilling to hear from him again after wondering for 43 years just what had

happened to him and if he was OK.

Yesterday, Bill and Norma Beasley (and her mother, Margaret), Harry and Ruby Seimen, and Maxine and I held a mini-mini reunion at the Flying Lady restaurant in Morgan Hill, California. An enjoyable time was had by all concerned. Irv Perch, owner, said that they plan to fly the Ford Trimotor at Oakland, California on the 30th of October. More news later about this item.

Hopefully, the reunion of the 8th AFHS at Pittsburgh this year will have been one gala of a time and that a lot of the 492nd people had attended. By this time, I'm sure that everyone has seen the memorial that the people of North Pickenham/Swaffam erected for us and I know that a letter or short note of appreciation directed to them would be most appreciated. John Moore, of Salt Lake City, carried an American flag with him on his trip to England to present to the people there as a token of appreciation. Thank you all. More anon.

Heritage League Vice President's Message

by Bud Chamberlain

It is a distinct privilege for me to become your Executive Vice President and to serve on the 2nd Air Division Association Executive Committee. Based on my close working relationship with this body, over the past few years, I am convinced that our leaders are seriously dedicated to serving the membership and the noble goals of our organization to the best of our ability. As a new member of that term, I have every intention to further that tradition.

An example of such leadership appears elsewhere in this issue of the Journal. You will read there that our Association founded an auxiliary, this year, during the most fitting occasion of our 40th anniversary convention. Called the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF), it is devoted to essentially the same purposes as the 2ADA and to providing a vehicle for perpetual support to our memorial. To assure proper liaison with our new offspring organization, your Association Executive Vice President was designated by the Executive Committee to be its representative to the Heritage League. I am honored to be the first to have that responsibility because I am certain that the League is important to the long term health of the 2ADA. I urge your support and encouragement of the fledgling League, too.

The auxiliary is popular. At last account, it enjoyed nearly 200 members without benefit of a real membership drive. This was all in response to Journal notices prior to and announcements during the convention. That membership profile, so far, is composed of 18% grandchildren, 41% children, 25% spouses, 12% in-laws and 4% others related to 2AD members. As you can see, there is strong interest among our children and grandchildren which represent 59% of the total and nearly 70% of the voting membership. Their involvement bodes well for the future of the 2ADA which I look forward to serving.

NOTICE Southwest 2ADA Annual Dinner

Attention Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico members. The Southwest 2ADA Annual Dinner reunion will be held in Dallas on Saturday, 19 March 1988. Word will be going out in early January. For information write:

Bill Chattaway
34 Crown Place
Richardson, Texas 75080.

Heritage League

Second Air Division (USAAF)

Eighth Air Force



another star is born

HERITAGE LEAGUE Second Air Division (USAF) Eighth Air Force JOIN NOW.

To carry on the grand achievements of the Second Air Division Association — another "star" has been born. Membership categories are as follows:

Regular Members: Spouses, grandparents, brothers, sisters, children and grandchildren of former personnel, military and civilian, American and British, who, at any time served with the Headquarters organization of the 2nd Bomb Wing, 2nd Bomb Division or 2nd Air Division during World War II and any person who served with any bomb group or any other unit of the 2nd Air Division, 8th Air Force, USAAF, either assigned or attached. These shall be voting members.

Associate Member: Friends or associates of regular members who by their demonstrated interest in the League and who make literary, artistic, historical or other valuable contributions to The 2nd Air Division Association, The Heritage League of the 2nd Air Division (USAAF) and/or The Memorial Trust of the 2nd Air Division. These shall be non-voting members.

Charter Member: Those who join between August 23, 1987 and the day of the 1988 2ADA annual meeting in Colorado Springs.

Founding Member: Those who joined before August 23, 1987.

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73 Western Ave., Sherborn, MA 01770

Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) (An Auxiliary of the Second Air Division Association)

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

I wish to become a member of the Heritage League of the Second Air Division (USAAF) and to support its purpose. I certify that I am eligible for membership under one of the membership categories indicated.

Name: _____

Spouse: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Telephone: (Home) () _____ (Work) () _____

WWII 2AD Member (Sponsor): _____

Unit #: _____ Relationship: _____

Regular Associate

Signature _____ Date _____

Annual dues:
Regular _____ \$5.00
Associate _____ 4.00

Payable to:
Heritage League of the 2AD
Send to: AMBER LINDSAY
6761 Bridgewater Drive
Huntington Beach, CA 92647

Notes from the 389th

by Lloyd E. West

Some of our friends in the northeastern states are having to shovel snow, while here in Kansas we are basking in beautiful autumn weather. We need moisture so we'd gladly share some of that snow.

Such a short time ago we were getting back from our reunion in England, now I'd like to urge all you 389th members to start thinking about our upcoming reunion in Colorado Springs in June 1988. Might I urge all of you who are planning to attend to please get your reservations in to Evelyn Cohen. Let's try once again to have the largest group in attendance. Make your goal "Colorado Springs in 1988."

Thanks fellows for getting names to me of prospective members. I need many more so we can keep our membership increasing. So keep scouting and looking for those who were in our group. As soon as names are sent to me a membership packet is sent to them.



The above photo was sent to me shortly after our return from the 40th reunion in Norwich with the question "Do you remember the one in the middle?" The answer: "Ack Ack" or the Hethel base barber for 2½ years. His name: Neville Butler, 5 Martin Close, Sprouston, Norwich, Norfolk, England NR78PA. The others in the photo are Warren Wheelwright on the right and Col. Robert Stone on the left. The photo was taken the day the 389th delegates toured their former base at Hethel. Except for the cap, do take note of Col. Stone's uniform with green dragon patch.

I received a postcard recently that starts out by stating "I've been searching for years for 'flying control people' from the 389th at Hethel and to no avail. If anyone recalls working at the tower or knows of anyone who did, please help this gentleman out. Lou Dubow, 1189 Galesmoore Court, Westlake, CA 91361. He is a member of the Flying Control Vet. Assoc. and the 446th BG.

The following is copied from material sent to me by Ira Weinstein of Northbrook, IL who found the following in his files.

The Russelsheim Death March

Submitted by Ted Parker, 491st

An article of interest to the 491st BG and indeed to the entire 2ADA appears in the latest edition of "After the Battle" magazine. The article is entitled "The Russelsheim Death March."

This is the tragic story of the crew of "Wham! Bam! Thank You Ma'am," a ship from the 854th squadron. On a mission to Hanover, Germany on August 24, 1944, "Wham! Bam!" received a hit over the target and was forced to leave the formation. Eventually Lt. Norman Rogers and his crew had to bail out. They were all captured by the German home guard and civilians. Together they were taken by truck, train and finally marched south toward a prison camp near Frankfurt.

Upon reaching the town of Russelsheim an angry mob of civilians attacked them with clubs and stoned them. They were chased through the streets and finally five crewmen were killed and two others left for dead. These two eventually escaped. The ninth crew member had been hit by flak and was hospitalized when captured.

At the end of hostilities, a U.S. Third Army war crimes investigator heard of what happened and an intensive investigation took place. The common grave of the five murdered men was found and two survivors located back home in the States. A large number

Mr. R.G. Mayer, Division Manager
Ft. Worth Division,
Consolidated Vultee Corp.
Fort Worth (1), Texas

23 July 1944

Dear Mr. Mayer:

I have been informed that the very generous gift of the employees of the Fort Worth Division of Consolidated Vultee Corporation to a Liberator squadron on active combat service will be given to one of the squadrons in this division. After considerable thought on the selection of the squadron to receive the gift, I have determined to award it to the 564th squadron of the 389th bombardment group, which has done an outstanding job in recent months.

The squadron is composed of top ranking leader crews from every group in the division and is thus representative of the division as a whole. The specially trained crews are responsible for leading the division, combat wings and groups to their targets by the exercise of the most skillful flying and navigational techniques of difficult missions of deep penetration into the heart of Germany. They are generally recognized as having made an outstanding contribution to the successful results achieved by the division. Those crews have been instrumental in wreaking havoc and destruction on vital enemy installations all over the continent of Europe in the face of savage enemy fighter resistance, great concentrations of flak and virtually impossible weather conditions.

I am sure that the men and women of the Consolidated Vultee Corporation who made this generous contribution will take great satisfaction in knowing that their gift is going to a squadron of this caliber, and this would be even more so if they were able to see these men and to know in detail the repeated instances of gallantry, heroism and skill displayed by the combat crews of the squadron and devotion to duty of the maintenance and other ground personnel.

Will you please give my personal thanks to everyone who contributed to the gift for this fine tribute to the heroic work being done by the combat squadrons flying Liberators over here.

The crews are proud of their B-24 airplane and of the magnificent job being done by the people who built it. They know, better than anyone else, the sterling qualities which the B-24 has demonstrated again and again under the most difficult combat conditions, and they also know that these qualities are due in large measure to the devoted work of the men and women in the plants and on the assembly lines. The gift, therefore, has special significance coming from this source.

The 564th squadron has been informed of the award, and you will be pleased to know that it has been received with the utmost enthusiasm by all personnel. You will hear directly from its commanding officer as to what the fine gift has meant to the officers and men of this unit.

James P. Hodges, Major General, U.S.A., Commanding

The following request, if you will, is directed to all former aerial gunners who may have trained at Nellis Air Base, Nevada during WW II. Sgt. Ellis Historian has all the records of the classes and training areas. He would like your name and date when you were at Nellis and short story of your training. So please contact Sgt. Ellis Historian, Bldg. 620, Nevada, 89191.

A 389th roster is now available through me as your V.P. and not the association officers. There will be a small charge for handling and postage. If interested, drop me a line.



of Germans were questioned about what took place that fateful day. Eleven were brought to trial and found guilty. Five were hanged and the rest received long prison terms.

The article goes into great detail of how the guilty ones were found and their reactions. It reads like a mystery tale complete with dozens of photos, among which are pictures of the crew, the trial, the hangings and the streets of Russelsheim then and now.

Everyone who has an interest in war stories and especially those in the 491st BG will want to read this fascinating tale. The magazine is available for \$5.75 p.p. from Bill Dean Books, Ltd., 151-49 7th Avenue, Whitestone, NY 11357.

April 21, 1944: 1700 Hours

by Bill Griffiths (754th Sqdn)

This evening was no different than any other night in England. Black-out was being observed, an occasional searchlight lit up the sky and in the distance, Krump-Krump-Krum of the Ack-Ack and bombs could be heard.

I waited for the crew chiefs to come into the engineering office to make their reports on the status of their aircraft. This done, I settled back to wait the "poop from group" on the next mission.

When it came, there were the usual questions: How many and the numbers of all aircraft available. This time there were seven with two more possible. (The crews were still working on their crafts even though it was past 2200 hours).

Group advised that it would be a maximum effort. Gas tanks to be topped after marshalling. Gas-up time, takeoff time was given. Much the same information went to Pete Blanton, operations clerk.

I relaxed again until time to "get 'em up," ground crews, that is, for breakfast and to get them to their hardstands for pre-flight

and gas-up. All was well. Armorers were loading guns with ammo, filling bomb bays with the "goodies" to be delivered that day. Oxygen was delivered, all systems serviced and checked. Air crew were arriving at the hardstands. Soon marshalling would start, then as scheduled, all marshalled ships had their tank topped. Everybody was ready to go!

TAKE-OFF! APRIL 22, 1944

One by one, they lumbered down the runway, lifted off and began assembly. We saw them pass as if in review and in the early light, turn towards their targets. So far, so good!

As all the armorers, mechanics, oxygen men, and gas trucks straggled in from the hardstand area, I learned it was to be a long mission. Return time would be dusk. A little unusual, but all we could do now was wait.

After evening chow, the ground returned to the line to wait the sighting of the returning formation. It was dark enough now that it would be difficult to see 'em, but as last we heard them and had visual contact.

I don't recall seeing any red flares. So, ok, let's get 'em down. There — the runway lights are on! The lead plane touches down. Wham! Peace and tranquility was no more!

The searchlights are sweeping the skies, the Ack-Ack was booming. Joined by the sound of machine gun fire! All blended together with the screaming engines as planes were taking evasive action. Suddenly a red ball in the sky — someone is hit! Watch for the chute! Did you see any? We wouldn't know til the next day.

Finally, after what seemed forever, the Ack-Ack and machine gun fire stopped. Searchlights still pierced the night and until all planes were down, we all held our breath. Poof, the runway lights were off and then one by one, the searchlights blinked out.

The 754th had lost two aircraft. #353 with Harris' crew and #357 with "Red" Stilson's crew.

As is the case in almost all of these happenings, I never learned what happened. Maybe now some of the crews that were up there could fill us in. Rumors had it we were followed home by JU-88 that flew in above the formation. Other stories say it was a "tactical error" and we were hit by friendly fire. Whatever happened, I know that I will not forget the evening of April 22, 1944.

About the Memorial

by Jordan R. Uttal

As I write this on 14 October for the December issue, it has only been a few weeks since you received the September Journal. In it I presented details of a possible drive to create a *separate* Fund, the income from which would enable the Memorial Trust to employ a full-time American librarian and a full-time local British aide.

In my article I encouraged all of you to write giving me your opinions on that subject and I specifically emphasized that at this time we were not soliciting funds or pledges for that separate fund. It is gratifying to report that in the brief time that has elapsed, I have received ten letters already, and surprisingly among them there have been three pledges of funds.

But we, the members, the Executive Committee, and for that matter the Board of Governors, need a broad cross section of your opinions and wishes in the matter. We need to hear from as many of our 6,500 members as possible. So, won't you please sit down now and send in your views?

Memorial Room Refurbishment: At the July meeting of the Board of Governors, the architect was formally requested to obtain bids for the necessary changes. They will probably be acted upon at the November meeting which I will have attended.

Bertha Chandler's Activities: I have seen her current work schedule. Aside from her continuing program of talks to local civic, business, church, and fraternal organizations, Bertha is concentrating on the most important task of improving the Memorial Room collection of materials. She is

weeding out old stocks, selecting and ordering new stock, developing periodicals, updating card catalogues, and organizing the Archives program. In that connection she is setting up inventory procedures, cataloguing what we already have, and developing recommendations for a continuing program. Please remember that she is desirous of having your written and photographic mementos. See previous issues for a list of the materials desired.

In addition, she is working diligently to further develop the audio Oral History Program, so here again, if you have not as yet sent in a thirty minute audio cassette of your experiences and reactions to life in East Anglia during the war, please do so. She is seeing to it that existing tapes are being duplicated and catalogued, and making new local tapes among Norwich area residents who knew us.

I cannot resist stating with pride and gratitude that equipment purchased with donations from our family and friends, here and in England, in honor of my late wife is playing an important part in this program.

It would take more space than I have allotted to me to finish the report of Bertha's activities. Suffice it to say she is a very busy young lady, and she freely acknowledges that Tony North's presence is most helpful.

So, the work at and for your Memorial goes on. I will have more to report on my return from England. Meanwhile, in view of the fact that you will be reading this (I hope) near Christmas, I extend to each of you my heartfelt good wishes of the season, and my thanks to so many of you who have been an important part of our lives.

Hethel Highlights

by Earl L. Zimmerman

Consider the RAF issued Mark III Biscuit. A three piece affair designed to take the place of the GI mattress. Each piece was about thirty inches square, five inches thick, of canvas and filled with straw. If you had the pleasure of sleeping on the Mark III on a cold night you would have discovered that the biscuits separated right at kidney level and at knee level. Ever see GIs heading for the mess hall after a cold night, all hunched over, one hand on the area of a kidney, and you could hear the knee joints cracking. A Pentagon study after the war revealed there were more cases of pneumonia of the kidneys and knee joints diagnosed in the UK than any other theater.

Only one advantage comes to mind regarding the Mark III. During inspections the biscuits could be stacked, with folded blankets, topped off with the pillow. It looked neater than a rolled-up GI mattress.

An armament officer found another use for the Mark III. When the planes returned with bombs aboard, he would stack four or five of the biscuits under the bomb bay and trigger the bombs off and roll them to one side. A few of the waist gunners kept a few biscuits handy to stand on. What the hey, they might stop something.

The most enterprising use of the biscuits was noted one day behind the 565th area. A softball game was in progress and Col. Wood, on his way to Wing Hqs., had his driver stop and he inquired of Lt. Frank Rutledge, the umpire, "Can't we do better than that for bases?" Lt. Rutledge, thinking fast, replied, "I find that the men don't get injured when sliding into a biscuit, sir." "Carry on, Lieutenant."

40th Annual Business Meeting

by Frank Thomas

The meeting was held Saturday, May 24, 1987 at St. Andrews Hall, Norwich, England, and was called to order at 9:34 a.m. by President James Reeves. There were approximately 550 members present constituting a quorum.

Carl Alexanderson, Executive Vice President, was appointed parliamentarian.

Andrew S. Low gave the Delegate Committees report, stating the purpose of the meeting, the scope and character of the Second Air Division Association, as a not-for-profit veterans organization. Low moved that the report be accepted and that all members in attendance be named delegates to this 40th Annual Business Meeting, seconded by Bill Davenport. Motion carried.

The Secretary was called to read the minutes of the 39th Annual Business Meeting, held July 12, 1986 at St. Charles, Illinois. It was moved by Davenport to dispense with the reading of the minutes and that they be accepted as printed. Motion failed. The minutes of the 39th meeting were read. It was moved by Warren Vernier, seconded by Joe Whitaker, to accept the minutes as read. Motion carried.

Dean Moyer gave the treasurer's report for the period July 1, 1986 through May 14, 1987. Dean stated the final fiscal year report would be published in the Fall issue of the Journal (see Exhibit A). It was moved by Davenport, seconded by Swearingen, that the Treasurer's report be accepted and filed. Carried.

Bud Koorndyk gave the Internal Audit Committee's report. It was reported that after careful review of all books and records of the Association, kept by Dean Moyer, Treasurer, all expenditures and receipts of the organization were found to be in proper order. Our treasurer is to be highly commended for keeping such excellent records of all finances of our organization. An inventory of the Association's physical assets such as computers, typewriters, filing cabinets and various materials needed to conduct its business were recorded, with a list of the same kept in possession of our treasurer. A review of finances and liquid assets is as follows: \$60,000.00—Certificates of Deposit, \$69,000.00—Money Market Certificates, \$12,648.00—Checking Account, \$3,450.00—Savings Account, \$145,335.00 Total. It was moved by Patrick Perry, seconded and carried, to accept the Audit Committee's report.

Evelyn Cohen, VP Membership, reported current membership stands at 6,363. The 41st Annual Business Meeting will be held in Colorado Springs, Colorado. We are looking for a location on the west coast of Florida for a late October or early November meeting in 1989 and Arizona will be checked for our 1990 meeting. Report accepted.

Bill Robertie, VP Newsletter, reported on the time scheduling to be followed in submitting material for the Journal. It was emphasized that individual stories of appeal to all members are needed. Report accepted.

Andrew Low gave the report prepared by the Association for our representative on the Board of Governors. (Uttal was suffering from laryngitis). He reported the exceptional performance of the Fulbright Scholarship Librarian, Bertha Chandler, in her work in the Memorial Room Central Library. The Fulbright Commission has been so impressed with the 2nd ADA Living Memorial and Bertha's work that they have extended her appointment for one more year. There are presently 4,400 books in stock, 2,600 in the Memorial Reading Room, 1,800 are to be found in other locations within the Central Library. We have looked at plans for remodeling the 2nd Air Division Memorial Room and found them acceptable. Financial conditions of the Trust are excellent with a market value of the investments at L287,000 up from L228,000 one year earlier. The Board of Governors deserve our thanks and appreciation. The Roll of Honor has increased to 6,394 names. This emphasizes again that freedom is not free. There seems to be merit in the idea of building the trust fund to support an American Librarian and an assistant librarian. Bertha Chandler, Fulbright Scholarship Librarian, reported the change with English culture and the learning of the meaning of the Living Memorial provided by the Second Air Division, USAAF, has been a unique experience for her.

Tom Eaton, Chairman, Board of Governors, lauded Bertha for the contribution she has made in the operations of the Memorial Reading Room and to the Norwich community. He stated the members of the 2nd ADA should thank themselves for what has been done here in Norwich. The Fulbright Commission was so impressed with your Living Memorial and the contribution made by Bertha that they have extended the scholarship for an additional year. This is an unprecedented action by the Commission. That we must raise funds to finance a permanent American Librarian for your Memorial is our belief. To do this it appears \$500,000 or approximately L300,000 must be raised to finance such a project in the future. We feel the initial decision must be made by the members of the 2nd ADA.

President Reeves, in his report, stated the affairs of the 2nd ADA are in excellent condition. He asked each member to fully support their Group VPs as they are the "life, blood and backbone" of this organization. He said he believed that our Living Memorial located in the Norwich Central Library is not exceeded by any living memorial anywhere in the world.

Any old business to come before the meeting was called for: Perry called for the discussion pertaining to the reading of the minutes come before the group. Davenport moved that, in the future annual business meetings, the reading of the minutes be dispensed with and they be accepted as printed. Seconded by Swearingen. Motion failed.

New business was then called for. The action of the Executive Committee is establishing "backup" positions was reported: *Director, Data Processing Services:* E.A. Rokicki, backup Bud Chamberlain. *Director, Audio Visual Services:* Pete Henry, backup Fred Meyer. *Director, Administrative Assistant:* Dave Patterson, backup Andrew Low. *VP Membership:* Evelyn Cohen, backup Pete Henry. *VP, Newsletter:* Bill Robertie, backup Art Cullen. *Treasurer:* Dean Moyer, backup Bud Koorndyk. *Secretary:* backup Frank Thomas. *Association Representative Board of Governors:* Jordan Uttal, backup Andrew Low.

Bill Clarey was called to make a presentation for the 8th AFHS. Bill presented a check for the Memorial Trust Fund in the amount of \$1,000 to President Reeves. This is the second year that such a donation has been received from the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Clarey serves on the Board of Directors, 8th AFHS.

Bud Chamberlain reported on the results of the election held at the first annual meeting of the "Heritage League of the Second Air Division Association." This is the Auxiliary, chartered this year, to provide an Association for the children, spouses and grandchildren of members of the 2nd ADA.

Bud Koorndyk, Chairman nominating committee, presented the slate as recommended by the committee.

For President, Carl Alexanderson; Executive Vice President, Bud Chamberlain; VP Membership, Evelyn Cohen; VP Newsletter, Bill Robertie; Treasurer, Dean Moyer; Secretary, Dave Patterson. Nominations from the floor were called for; there being none, Koorndyk moved, Davenport seconded, that the slate of officers as presented be elected. Motion carried.

Group VPs appointed for the coming year to serve on the Executive Committee are: 93rd BG, Floyd Mabee; 453d BG, Milt Stokes; 458th BG, E.A. Rokicki.

Mccellan, 489th BG, reported of the difficulties encountered with TWA flights and asked that this matter be discussed with TWA officials.

Paul King was introduced and was asked to give time and place for special events connected with the 40th Annual Convention.

There being no further business to come before the meeting, the meeting was adjourned at 11:30 a.m.

Wolf Wagon

by Ken Matson



Ken Matson

I was a first pilot in the 389th Group as it was formed at Davis Montham field in Tucson. 2nd phase was at Biggs field in El Paso. Then on to Denver at Lowry field.

I was told to go out on a ramp and pick out one of the new modified B-24s (which had a retractable belly turret). We christened the plane "Wolf Wagon" and flew it to Hethel, England via Bangor, Goose Bay, Greenland, Iceland, Stornoway in the Orkney Islands (Prestwick was weathered in), Prestwick. 10 days later we left England for Africa via Lands End, through the straits of Gibraltar where the Spanish Morocans used up some of their monthly supply of anti-aircraft shells and landed in Oran. Next day on to Benghazi, Libya where I flew most of my missions (8) living in tents on the desert.

On July 9th we made our first raid, the night before the Sicilian invasion. Our group alone (30 planes) bombed the German aerodrome on Crete (Maleme) with the loss of one plane. This was a feint to draw attention away from the attack on Sicily. We bombed Reggio de Calabria twice. It was across from Messina where the Germans were ferrying their troops over to the boot of Italy. We also hit Bari and Foggia where the 15th Air Force later was based. We had flown every mission so far so we had a rest trip to Alexandria, Egypt in the whiskey ship (Backsheese Benny rides again). While we were enjoying ourselves, Wolf Wagon went on a mission with an inexperienced pilot. He weakened the rubber gaskets on the super charger. We were climbing to altitude over Bari when 2 super chargers gave out. With a bomb load we soon fell behind the group. We were below them and soon bombs would begin to fall. Four German ME 109s came at us from below. The top turret set one of them smoking (Sgt. Strasemeyer KIA) and the tail gunner hit the 2nd German (Sgt. Bob Driver KIA). The other 2 planes turned away. We saw one plane hit the ground and claimed it. The group above us saw the second 109

crash and confirmed it. This happened on July 4th, 1943. We painted two swastikas on the side of our plane. The bombardier screamed, "Get the hell out of here, they are about to release their bombs on us." We managed to get back to base.

On July 19th, we went on the first Rome raid. My radio operator took pictures of the target, a railroad marshalling yard through the open bomb bay. These pictures were used by many papers back in the States. Until August 1st we were through making missions. We began to practice low level flying in preparation for our historic raid on Ploesti. At first we went out singly and got down on the deck. Legitimate buzzing, what every pilot dreams of. It was more fun when we went out in 3 plane flights and hoped the lead ship would keep us out of hitting chimneys or other obstacles. Each bombardier had a low level bomb sight to play with. We had our retractable belly turret removed for this raid. None of the other groups were so encumbered. Since we had the newest planes we were given the most distant target, Campina. We had somewhat more range than the old war weary desert ships. We had one bomb bay tank to give us 3100 gallons of fuel. This was a 13:25 hour flight round trip. Needless to say, we didn't conserve fuel over the target. As we reached Corfu off of Greece, we spotted burning wreckage on the water. Found out later it was the lead ship with the lead navigator in it. The deputy leader left the formation and went down to see if he could help. With a bomb load, he couldn't catch up to the bombers above. Our first problem was a thunderstorm over the Greek Alps. We climbed in formation above it. Came out and began letting down as we approached Rumania.

We were maintaining complete radio silence (useless since the Germans had broken the Allied code and were reading the 9th air force transmission. General Keith Compton of the 376th made a turn (wrong) too soon and was headed for Bucharest. The radio silence ended with many screaming "Wrong turn not here!" Fortunately for us we were the last group so we had broken away from the other four groups and headed for the mountains above Campina. We also made a wrong turn and started down a valley. Col. Wood and Caldwell (KIA) realized their error and did a 180 degree turn in the valley. Our flight (3 planes) was the 2nd in line. I was flying in the right seat as I flew on Elmer Rodenburg's (KIA) left wing. We made a steep turn at low altitude. Brooks, leading the 2nd element, had realized we were in the wrong valley but fortunately followed us and didn't turn until he saw we had turned. If he had been turning we would have run into him as we came up over a ridge. John Fino sent me a combat film showing my plane over the target, a powerhouse with 3 smokestacks. I cleared the 200 foot

chimneys by 50 feet and then dove down to join my flight leader. The two of us joined the lead flight and the five of us headed for Benghazi. We were down on the deck until we had to climb over the Greek mountains. My gas gauges began to show we were about out of gas. We waved goodbye to the other four planes. My navigator gave me a direct heading (Jack Englehardt KIA) to Benghazi. I began going over ditching procedure in my mind. We were on the ground when the other planes returned. The history book credits the 389th "was one of the two classically executed performances of the day." The Steaua Romana refinery was totally destroyed and did not enter production for 6 years. We lost 6 of 29 planes. We led the next raid to Weiner Neustadt, Austria. The group went back to England and pulled 3 raids. I had engine troubles and after stops at Algiers and Tripoli, ended up at Oran where my plane was repaired. General Jimmy Doolittle wired me to bring my crew and plane back to Tunis. On October 1st we flew out of there for what turned out to be my last mission, again to Weiner Neustadt. B-17s were supposed to hit Schweinfurt and Regensburg the same day but weather called off the raid. 389th again led the five group raid. We were attacked by 65 German fighters and lost 14 or 15 planes. I was flying on the lead plane's left wing when I was hit by 88mm flak. Flames were pouring out of the instrument panel and we were forced to leave our oxygen supply. The top turret gunner and his turret were blown out of the plane. I was wounded and bleeding in the radio compartment. I pulled the ripcord and lost consciousness. The Austrian with a rifle said, "For you the war is over." Nineteen months later Patton's 4 Armored division liberated me at Moosburg Stalag VIIA.

NOTICE HELP WANTED

1. Please let me know of your change of address. The Post Office charges us **86 cents** every time they have to redeliver your *Journal* and send us the correction.
2. If you have a summer and winter address, please send same to me for a permanent record.

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Landing
Philadelphia, PA 19114

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
William F. Davenport



Merry Christmas, Happy Holidays, and a most healthful New Year to all.

I have had several requests to repeat in print the brief history I gave of the 446th at the Memorial Dedication service in July 1986 at the Air Force Museum.

History of 446th Bomb Group

On April 1, 1943, the 446th Bomb Group was activated at Davis Montham Field, Tucson, Arizona. Units designated as Headquarters, 704, 705, 706, 707 Bomb Squads. Personnel assigned were drawn from the 39th Bomb Group, with additional personnel from Clovis and other 2nd AAF stations. Group Commander: Major Snell, Deputy Gp. Commander: Major Knoore, 704 Squadron CO: 1st Lt. Cooper F. Hawthorne, 704 OP: 1st Lt. Wm. A. Schmidt, 705 CO: 1st Lt. Sol Cutcher, 705 OP: 1st Lt. Eric Sherman, 706 CO: Capt. Milton Willis, 706 OP: 1st Lt. Willis Hall replaced by 1st Lt. Arthur H. Aull, 707 CO: Capt. Hugh C. Arnold, 707 OP: Capt. Oscar J. Fowler.

On April 20, 1943, the initial equipment ordered shipped to Alamogordo, NM. Later order substituted Lowry Field, Denver, Colorado where the group conducted their phase training until October, at which time the ground echelon departed for POEs and the air echelon for port of aerial embarkation.

The airplanes flew the southern route to Europe via Morocco. One airplane was lost due to enemy action off Portugal en route to England and one was missing on the Puerto Rico leg.

Upon arrival at Station 125 they were met by the ground support units. Station 125 had previously been occupied by the RAF and the 93rd BG.

The first mission was flown on 16 December 1943 to Bremen. Col. Brogger led the group flying in Lt. Cole's aircraft. The bomb load was 8500#GPs and 10 incendiary bombs each. Heavy flak was encountered over the target and en route. Fighter opposition was weak. Seven aircraft reported fighter attacks after leaving the target. Fighter support was excellent. Two aircraft made emergency low fuel landings at Bungay.

The group was selected to lead the 8th AF with Col. Brogger in command for the support of the D-Day invasion, dropping 100 and 500 pound bombs on enemy installations at Vierville.

The group received commendations from General Spatz at the end of May for the "weight and effectiveness of its attacks" and from General Hodges for its D-Day performance.

8 July 1943 General Hodges cited the group for its distinguished and outstanding performance 16 Dec. '43 to 18 June '44 in flying 100 combat missions and dropping over 4,000 tons of bombs on 46 targets in Germany, 51 in France and 3 in the occupied countries and destroying 30 enemy aircraft as they fought their way to the targets.

In late August and September the group was stood down from the bombing missions in order to deliver supplies to the fast-

moving Patton thrust through central France. Then again on September 18 the cargo roll became ours as we dropped supplies at Ninegan. On this mission Col. Brogger was wounded by small arms ground fire.

Col. Crawford replaced him as CO on September 23. Col. Crawford became a POW on April 4, 1945 and Lt. Col. Schmidt assumed command.

The last mission was flown 25 April 1945. The group flew 273 missions representing 7,259 sorties dropping 16,819 tons of bombs. AC MIA: 58, other AC losses: 28, EAC claims: 34 destroyed, 11 probable, 8 damaged. Combat crew losses KIA, WIA, MIA: 723, Roll of Honor KIAs: 424 to date.

Yes, the 446th Bomb Group played a major role in aerial combat in the ETO. This would not have been possible without the dedication and outstanding effort of those organizations so seldom given the credit they deserved. This plaque not only lists the combat organizations of the 446th BG but those supports that made it possible. Together they honor our comrades who gave their lives to preserve our American heritage.

Sorry to bore all you non-446ers with this piece, but its purpose, and I believe the reasons for the requests to place it in print, is that our memorial committee chose to honor our support units in the fashion that only one other organization had at that time.

It is hoped that in the next year this Old Navigator sees more emphasis placed on, and leadership coming from those support units. Yes, we need to emphasize that our organizations are not only for fly-bys and the officer corp but are organizations that welcome all who shared similar experiences.

Keep tuned to Beachbell!

Mission Scrubbed

by Wayne E. DeCou

Combat crews hated scrubbed missions. How could you ever finish a tour if all you did was go on scrubbed missions, aborted missions or practice missions. For a long period of time during that rotten winter of '44-'45, it seemed like we would never complete all of our combat missions. Plenty of missions scheduled but none that really count when it comes to hitting the enemy or going home. I never thought of myself as the coward that dies a thousand deaths but I certainly wasn't the only brave soul that had no fears until the final blow landed either. So I sweated out scrubbed missions just as much as the genuine article.

We had been waiting over a week to get in another mission so we were almost happy to get up dark and early to try our luck over Germany. At briefing we were told the weather was solid cloud up to 30,000' but the good news was that it was clear over France so we could fly on instruments to France and get into formation over there. That sounded pretty good but it didn't look good when we got to France. Trying to get in formation and dodging clouds and other

B-24s is not my idea of fun flying.

Finally some of us were able to get together and headed off for a target someplace in Germany. Most of the clouds weren't real thick but it was definitely bad weather for formation flying and stray planes which showed up on occasion didn't add to our peace of mind. Another nasty feature of flying through clouds in cold weather is that film of ice forms on the windows. We were flying in the left edge of the formation so there I was, trying to fly formation with planes I couldn't see part of the time. With such conditions it was only a matter of time before most of the planes took off on their own and the rest of the formation turned around for home.

The fun wasn't over yet as we still had a couple of hours of instrument formation flying before we were back on solid ground at Old Buck and the command pilot never had given permission to leave the formation. Our plane was now the only one still on the left wing of the lead plane and only a couple were still on his right wing.

It was just as great to be back on the

ground at Old Buck as it would have been after a combat mission. The stress had left me physically and mentally exhausted, but added to that was the knowledge that we hadn't accomplished a damn thing. So I sat there grumbling to myself about the whole affair, when the command pilot, Major Trevor, came over and told me that I did a good job staying with the formation. That was definitely better than the usual "chewing out" I generally got when I had personal contact with a major. Maybe I should have told him how I could fly formation when I couldn't even see his plane part of the time. It was easy as I had a sharp co-pilot who opened his side window and by leaning back a little could fly off the lead plane. A very difficult way to fly but the only way when ice is on the windows. Austin Frost was my co-pilot so I remember his name easy. No doubt I wouldn't remember the command pilot's name if it weren't for the fact that his sister was a famous movie actress, Claire Trevor. I always think back to that miserable day and another scrubbed mission.

445th Bomb Group 702 Squadron Tibbenham, England

Ira P. Weinstein

September, 1944

Jerry Weinstein stood on tip-toes to shave his chin. Jerry Weinstein was barely five feet tall, and proud of every inch. He was proud of his silver bar, and of his reputation for being the hottest nose-turret navigator in the Squadron. As he screwed his mouth to one side, he talked to the impertinent, lather-covered reflection in the mirror.

"If you're going to get some religion, you little bastard," he mused, "if you're going to get some religion, now's as good a time as any."

"Well," asked the reflection, "so what?"

"So what about Atonement Day services tonight in Norwich?"

"Oh, all right," said the reflection. "But I hate to atone for something I had a lot of fun doing."

"At ease," ordered Lieutenant Weinstein with some feeling.

It was Tuesday, September 26th, the Day of Atonement. After a cold ride in a weapons carrier, First Lieutenant Jerome Weinstein led a small and disorderly platoon of worshippers to the Norwich Corn Hall a few minutes before six o'clock in the evening. The services were to be held early, because it was impossible to blackout the glass roof of the drafty stock exchange. The hall was crowded with American in uniform — privates and captains, lieutenants and sergeants. Mechanics and pilots, ordnance men and intelligence officers had all dropped their work to renew a ceremony that was many thousands of years older than Christ.

"There must be over five hundred G.I.s and officers here," said Weinstein, impressed.

The buzz of conversation suddenly subsided as the young chaplain cleared his throat in front of a scratchy microphone. A WAC lit seven candles. The ceremony began.

Afterwards, Weinstein turned cheerfully to another officer.

"Now that I've atoned for those seventy-seven sins," he said, "I can be bad until this time next year. I wonder if I have to fly tomorrow." He phoned the base, and found that he did.

"Damn," he muttered. "Well, I guess this was as good a time as any to get some religion."

Jerry Weinstein flew the next day, September 27th. He did not come back. He flew in a ten-ship squadron, in which all the men and all the planes were from 702. One ship returned. The rest were shot down by Nazi fighters.

For almost five months the combat men of 702 had not seen a German fighter. The Gotha disaster was history; that happened in February. For the men who stayed behind, the story was unbelievable. Thirty-five planes had reached the target — everyone knew that. These four battered B-24s limping back to the field in a ragged

formation — surely the others must be following them. Surely...

It was true. Only four of the group's original thirty-five planes returned to the field; three crashed on the Continent. And three crashed in England.

Krivik crashed in England. Krivik — the only man from 702 who returned. He told how the Group had been separated from the main bomber stream, and had gone too far into Germany. The fighter escort had to stay with the rest of the Wing, which was flying the briefed course. He told how suddenly, out of nowhere, more than a hundred German fighters tore through the formation from behind, blazing away with their cannon. He saw one B-24 after another spin down out of his squadron, some on fire and some wildly out of control. 20-millimetre shells had wounded three of his gunners, shattered one of his engines, and damaged two more. Over England he lost one of the damaged engines; over Tibbenham he saw another crippled plane on the runway he had intended to use, and he turned away to head for another airfield. He told of losing a third engine, and of the crash.

But Lt. Stanley E. Krivik, once a New Jersey football star, did not tell what he did after the crash. He did not mention the fact that, after being thrown through the plexiglass pilot's canopy and lying stunned on the ground in front of the plane, he had picked himself up and crawled back into the burning, exploding wreckage, to pull three of his crew members out. The co-pilot was unconscious, and strapped into his seat; never mind, Krivik pulled him out, seat and all. He hauled out the radio operator, who was pinned under his own radio equipment on the flight deck. Exploding machine gun bullets did not keep Krivik from tugging at the crinkled metal to free the engineer. Krivik did not tell about all this, but his radio operator and his engineer did. And Krivik was awarded the Soldier's Medal.

But he knew that all the medals in the War Department could not replace his navigator, who was killed in the crash. He knew that all the pompous citations invented by Division Headquarters could not bring back Miner, or Donald, or Brent, or Sollien; Virgil Chima would not be back to keep his date with that little blonde telephonist at the Norwich exchange; Sollien would not be sitting at the piano that night, his fingers wandering through "Begin the Beguine" with strange grace and feeling. Jerry Weinstein would not be back to write his wife that she was prettier than any girl he had seen in England; he would not be peering over the edge of the bar, shouting for a beer at the top of his lungs because the bartender could hardly see him.

"ENEMY REACTION TO ONE GROUP WAS INTENSE," said the official teletype. "25 AIRCRAFT WERE LOST TO THIS ATTACK." That, and nothing more. There was no room in the official teletype for Sollien's peculiar talent, for Chima's laughing black eyes, for Jerry Weinstein's sudden burst of religion. There was no room for the great emptiness.

Attention Golfers

The Eighth Annual 2ADA Golf Tournament will be held Thursday, June 23, 1988 at the Air Force Academy course in Colorado Springs, CO. Starting times will begin at 0900 and the costs have not yet been determined. Card carrying retired personnel will get a break on the green fees but we will all pay the same amount for electric (gas) cart, etc.

Golfers should be aware that the elevation of this course is about 7,000 feet and anyone with heart or pulmonary problems should check with their doctor before deciding to play there.

Anyone interested, please advise the undersigned as soon as possible enclosing a check for \$30 (refundable if unable to attend). Please advise your handicap or average score and if you are a card carrying retiree from the Air Force. To be able to play at the Air Force Academy course, we must have 50% retirees.

Pete Henry (44th BG)
164 B. Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
Tel.: (609) 655-0982

"The Last Mission" Norwich 1987 Reunion On Tape

We are now accepting orders for a 1½ hour (VHS) video tape of the 5 days in Norwich May 21-25, 1987. Portions of this tape were provided by NBC Atlanta TV, Kent Stokes of the 453rd B.G., the NBC Today Show and others.

This tape may not be shown commercially anywhere. This is the agreement we made with NBC. It is only for the use of 2ADA members and their families.

It may be obtained by making a \$20 contribution to the Second Air Division Association (*make checks payable to Second Air Division Association*) and send your order to:

H. C. 'Pete' Henry
164 B. Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
Tel.: (609) 655-0982

Please allow six to eight weeks for delivery.

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L•O•N•G
is the
BEST
REVENGE**

A Green & White Tale

by Charlie Freudenthal (489th)

On Thursday, 13 October 1944, Lt. Philip Sherwood, returning from a mission to Saarbrücken in "Phoney Express," crashed just off Halesworth airfield. Engine trouble had forced him to abort the mission and he came in to land with #3 feathered and a full load of four 2000 pound bombs. Actually, the Division Tactical Mission Report indicated that #3 was out, but in a September 1944 letter to Mrs. Eva Keene, wife of S.Sgt. Theodore Keene, the radio operator, Lt. Sherwood's mother said she had been told that it was #4 that went out. In any case, that is not material to the story.

I haven't found any details of the accident in the official records. The consensus of the unofficial reports (diary entries), however, indicates that he overshot in landing, made an unsuccessful attempt to go around, and crashed in a wheat field. Art Cressler, radio operator on the Osborne crew, wrote that a British truck failed to clear the runway in time, forcing the attempt to get airborne again, but that is the only word that there was any reason for the go-around attempt other than that the touchdown was too far down the runway.



Col. Napier about to cut cake furnished by Red Cross for 100th mission party. RC staff, Dorothy Ogden, Harold Taylor and Ann Trimble standing by, with British employees.

In her letter to Mrs. Keene, Mrs. Sherwood gave her a "composite story of what seems to be a sound deduction from the whole...The B-24 'Phoney Express' took off on a mission to Munich (sic) with an overcast sky. Engine #4 developed trouble possibly due to flak, and therefore they returned early and endeavored to land on their field in England. For some reason the landing was not successful and they tried to take off again. As they carried a maximum bombload and gas, the plane went into a stall and crashed in a large wooded area near the field.

"One of the four 2,000 lb. bombs exploded, killing all occupants of the plane instantly, except Ball Turret Gunner Sgt. Theodore Harris. By a miracle Sgt. Harris was thrown clear. At last accounts he was on his way back to the U.S. seriously wounded."

In a postscript, Mrs. Sherwood added "...Mrs. Walker (mother of Sgt. Gerald Walker, ED.)...writes that she has heard from Sgt. Harris' mother and that he has still a different version of the story, tho' it differs only slightly..."

I have two reasons for writing about this tragedy again. The first is to explain the strange way that Mrs. Sherwood's letter and some other documents came into my hands. I have for a long time been hopeful of finding Sgt. Harris, but had no background information at all to go on. Then last April I received a letter from Mr. Gerald Cullumber of Overland Park, Kansas. He wrote in part "...about two years ago I purchased a fellow plane member's medals and wings. With this purchase came a letter and other paperwork on the



Drawn by Pfc. Rube Littman of the 489th, this appeared in the Wendover base newspaper.

subject and the incident. I bought them at a local flea market from an antique dealer who had no idea where he had bought them other than an auction..." The paperwork he mentioned included a letter to Mrs. Keene awarding the Purple Heart posthumously to her husband, and his Student Pilot Certificate.

All this set me to wondering again, but before I started to search again, I heard from Matt Gasperich up in Michigan, and he mentioned, "incidentally," talking about crews, that Ted Harris "lives in Wisconsin now." I've since written to Ted and am hopeful that he'll join us and give us his account of the accident for this history.

COLE CREW: And while the subject of survivors is on my mind, there's this. A while back, I found a 1944 address for Jack Sorenson, who was the flight engineer on Lt. Cole's crew, shot down on 29 June 1944 on the Oschersleben mission, and I called the place, Kenosha, Wisconsin. So help me, Jack still lives there, and he's joined us! He's also put me in touch with their radio operator, Joseph Santora. By the time you read this they will have had their own personal reunion. Details later.

Beauty and the Beast



Upon arrival in England for the 40th Convention of the Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force, Lillian Brown, 489th BG was welcomed with a hug from Heathrow Harry.

2ADA Film Library

Revised 12-87

The following are available for rent from your 2ADA film library:

Super 8mm

Remember Them® (now on 2 reels)

16mm

Liberator B-24J & Liberators Over Europe

Target for Today — 2 parts

The Mission

Video tapes — VHS — (Order by Roman #)

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IV The Mission		
Night Bombers — RAF		
Schweinfurt & Regensburg		
Memphis Bell		3.00
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(This tape donated to 2ADA by 467 B.G. in memory of Adam Soccia		
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We are planning to add another tape, #XVI, showing WXIA-TV's (Atlanta, GA) "The Last Mission" covering 5 days of our convention in Norwich 1987 plus additional camcorder scenes taken by several of our members. See subsequent Journal(s) for details.

You may order any number as long as you send \$3.00 per tape and we will add your name to each list. Requests for 8mm and 16mm movie films will continue to be restricted to two reels per person.

Send your requests to:

Pete Henry
164 B Portland Lane
Jamesburg, NJ 08831
Tel.: (609) 655-0982

Whatever Happened to "Down De Hatch"?

by Bus Badgett

Co-pilot on Ralph Woodard's crew stationed part time at "Old Buck" and at Hethel, England (453rd and 389th Bomb Groups, April-July 1944)

On April 2, 1944, we picked up a new B-24 at Hamilton Field, California and flew it to Morrison Field, Florida. From there we flew the "southern route" which took us across the Atlantic Ocean from Natal, Brazil to Dakar, Africa and then on to St. Mawgan, England. After another short flight to Valley, England, we were approached by an artist who had come to negotiate a price for painting something on the side of the aircraft. If my memory has not misled me, I believe we were quoted a price of 60 to 80 dollars for the painting of a nude female and a title, not to exceed X number of letters. A non-female painting would cost in the range of 30 to 50 dollars. We pooled our money and came up with 40 dollars. For this we got a painting of a bomb heading for a commode with the words "Down De Hatch."



We were very proud of our new insignia, thinking it immediately gave the bomber a unique place in the war with its own name. Still another short flight took us to Worton, England. We landed proudly with our newly christened war bird. Our elation was soon shattered, however, when we were told the airplane would remain there to be fitted with combat modifications such as bullet-proof windows, iron plates, etc. This is where we left our "Down De Hatch," never to see her again. Later we flew other planes on combat missions, but "Down De Hatch" was never one of the B-24s assigned to us. Now in my older years, I frequently wonder what ever happened to "Down De Hatch." Did any of you ever fly in this aircraft? If so, I would appreciate a card with any follow-up historical notes to help satisfy my curiosity. My address is H. Badgett, 3467 Mt. Laurence Drive, San Diego, CA 92117.

Liberators

John Burke remembers Tibenham 43 years ago. He and his crew flew their B-24 from America, stayed together throughout their service, and flew back home again in the same aircraft.

It was named "Boys Howdy," and he wonders if anybody remembers it. The 700th Squadron made their way individually to their Norfolk base, via a long route which approached England from the south.

Breaking cloud near Lands End at 300 feet, they were not sure if they were over the Cornish or the French coast, so they descended until they were able to read words on signs, which, fortunately, proved to be in English!



392nd B.G.

by
John B. Conrad

New members welcomed back to the 392nd BG since our last report include: Dale W. Clayter, Jr., Tucson, AZ; Arthur Crafton, Jr., Porterville, CA; Alfred Hersh, Cliffside Park, NJ; Bernard Paroly, Hamden, CT; Raymond R. Bianucci, 576th BS, Naperville, IL; and H.R. "Mike" Overholt, 576th BS, Sterling, CO, Tailgunner on the Jack H. Ford crew, transferred from the 392nd BG to the 492nd BG in May 1944 as Combat Instructor.

In the March issue, Robert L. Egan's comments were published concerning a lack of information on combat crews completing tours before the first of June, 1944. Although the response has been heavy and much data received, it is obvious that we must have much more input to finish a roster of crews completing combat tours before 1 June 1944. In addition to Bob Egan, input has been received from: 576th BS: Hervey E. Stetson, Bombardier; Charles L. Lowell, Sqdn. Commander; and Don Clover, Pilot. 577th BS: E.W. Larue, Engineer Gunner; W.T. Pennington, Sqdn. Executive Officer; George Brauer, Pilot; Aldon H. Jensen, Co-pilot; Floyd E. Slipp, Pilot; and Vernon A. Lindberg, Navigator. 578th BS: Arthur H. Jensen, Personal Equipment; Milton M. Planche, Navigator; Delmar C. Johnson, Navigator; Ernest H. Barber, Crew Chief; Guy D. Carnine, Pilot; and Victor Mastron, Navigator. 579th BS: Vernon A. Baumgart, Pilot; A.J. Stasney, Navigator; Myron Keilman, Sqdn. Commander; and William Davis, Navigator. We acknowledge, with thanks to these correspondents, all of the data received. We have the following report to make at this time: 576th BS: We have very little specific information on crews completing combat tours in this squadron. Of the original eight crews we are informed only the Leonard Barnes crew completed a tour but so far we are unable to confirm the date of completion. We have not received information on other 576th crews completing tours. 577th BS: The Robert L. Egan, George Brauer, Floyd E. Slipp, and probably the Douglas N. Ambrose crews all completed tours before 1 June 1944. 578th BS: The Guy D. Carnine and the John Reade crews completed tours before 1 June 1944. 579th BS: The J.W. Dedrick, V.A. Baumgart, George Spartage, Hammond Schumacher, William Nugent, Roy Lotterhaus, and J.F. Darnell crews, seven in all, completed combat tours before 1 June 1944.

The first crew to complete a combat tour in the 392nd BG was the Guy D. Carnine crew of the 578th BS. Their first mission, which was the group's third mission, occurred on 4 October 1943. Their 25th and last mission took place on 5 March 1944. Eight

of the ten men crew completed their tour at this time. These were: Guy Carnine, pilot; Victor Mastron, navigator; Nick Hopson, engineer; Boyce Barbee, radio operator; Merle Norby, gunner; George Knies, gunner; Nick Kender (Kwasnycia), gunner; and Louis Oskroski, gunner.

Delmar C. Johnson, a navigator in the 578th BS (who himself became a POW on 18 March 1944) wrote to his wife on 5 March 1944 as follows: "I flew a mission today and that makes 14. One of the crews (Carnine's) in our squadron (the majority of the crew) got in its 25th and last mission. They're the first crew in the group to finish and when they came down the colonel and everyone was waiting for them with a big cake and whiskey and everything."



FIRST CREW IN THE 392nd BG TO COMPLETE A COMBAT TOUR: The Guy D. Carnine crew, 578th BS, flew their 25th mission on 5 March 1944. Riding on the water truck from their plane "Hard-To-Get" to operations were: (from left to right) Kermit Spears, co-pilot and Wayne Byers, bombardier (both seated); Nick Hopson, engineer, Victor Mastron, navigator, Louis Oskroski, gunner, Guy Carnine, pilot, and Merle Norby, gunner (all standing); Boyce Barbee, radio operator, George Knies, gunner, and Nick Kender, gunner (all seated); with Colonel Irvine A. Rendle, group CO (standing).

In April, 1944, Guy Carnine and Victor Mastron accepted an assignment to "The American Air Transport Service," ferrying 8th Air Force internees from Stockholm, Sweden to Scotland in unarmed B-24s. The crew consisted only of pilots, navigator and radio operator. A few months later they were rotated back to the States. Emilian W. Larue, 577th BS, engineer gunner on the George Brauer crew, may have been the next to complete a combat tour on 10 March 1944. He flew 26 missions with the Brauer crew and sandwiched two missions in with other crews for a total of 28. When the combat tour requirements were raised from 25 to 30 missions, his pro rata equipment became 28, with the requirement for others in the Brauer crew being raised to 29. Emilian returned to the States and was assigned to the Troop Carrier Command in a not very successful experiment with B-24s and B-17s picking up and towing gliders.

It has been estimated that 25 or more crews completed combat tours before 1 June 1944. As of this writing (mid-October), four crews from the 577th BS, two from the 578th BS and seven from the 579th BS, a total of thirteen, or about half, are all that we have a record of now. Anyone who served or completed tours at

this time, please send any information to John B. Conrad, 2981 Four Pines, #1, Lexington, Kentucky 40502.

The Board of Directors of the 392nd BGMA held a meeting in Pittsburgh on October 16th, reviewing the progress of its Wendling Obelisk improvement program. Contributions and pledges received to date are encouraging; however, for the program to be implemented, contributions are needed from those members who have not responded yet. Another category, contributions in memory of deceased members will also be accepted.

The board was unanimous in proceeding with construction plans with initial contract to be let late this year subject to additional contributions being received.

"The Faces of War?"



North Pickenham, August, 1944. McClung's crew (4566) waits for his return from combat mission. Crew had not flown combat yet, but faces reveal what every flyer comes to know.

Left to right: Byron Jones, Engineer; Cal Shahbaz, Bombardier; Gene Porter, Waist Gunner; Hilton P. Ritch, Tail Gunner; Ed Hohman, Radio Operator; Bill Hickey, Nose Gunner; Lt. Harrison, Navigator. (Missing from crew: Val Vascik, Co-pilot; Bill Mitchell, Waist Gunner. Harrison later left crew when Bombardier/Navigator came into being.)

McClung later was killed over Karlsrue, Germany, Sept., 1944 on the crew's seventh mission.

The Day We Went for a Flip In a Liberator

by Bill Green

The year was about 1943 or '44; I can't remember the month.



Recalling their five-hour wartime flip, courtesy of the U. S. Air Force... Bill Green (left) and Ronnie Buck pictured this week at Flixton Aviation Museum.

Ronnie and I were both on leave, Ronnie being R. Buck, Bridge Street, Bungay (antiques) now.

We were having a drink of wartime brew in Earsham Duke, now long closed, and listening to Eugene Kawicki, a Polish American GI who was stationed at Earsham bomb dump. He was a fine squeeze-box player, with a large capacity for the beer.

Ronnie said to me, "Let's go up to Flixton airfield to see if we can get a ride up in a Liberator." I thought he was kidding but next day we went up there, over the Fen and up Constitution Hill and on to the airfield.

The guard sent us to an office where they said, "Come back next day and we should be OK for a trip in a repaired machine."

So away we were again. The following day we got there about 9 a.m. and took off about 12 noon.

They gave us a parachute each. Two engineers came as well.

We were in the fuselage behind the bomb bay. There wasn't much furniture; the engineers had a box each to sit on. We stood most of the time looking out of the side windows. They dropped some dummy bombs somewhere out at sea.

We were just behind the bomb bay and

when they opened the doors up it just left the narrow catwalk down the center.

Ronnie said: "Have a walk across there now," and I said, "After you, boy." The sea was a long way down.

The plane followed the coastline for miles and miles. We were up there about five hours. I remember when we got back there was a mobile canteen on the runway so we filled up with coffee and doughnuts.

Quite an experience, and a privilege to fly in a Liberator. Those chaps had our admiration.

On the canteen at Buxted factory at Flixton they unveiled a plaque to the memory of the chaps who didn't return. This was several years ago. I worked about 10 years at Buxted's.

The factory stands on the site of some of the administrative buildings of the Air Force, I was told. To this day, if I see Ronnie about, he calls me Flight Lieutenant and I usually call him Squadron Leader.

So we had our ride with the Bungay Buckaroos, part of a team of chaps to whom we owe quite a lot.

Let's hope that they will be back again for another reunion.

View from the Tower

Submitted by Lou Dubnow (446th), from Gale M. Johnson

It was just "another day in the 8th Air Force." I was on duty as a "Flying Control Officer" for the 491st Bomb Group stationed at North Pickenham, England.

I had given my part of the briefing, warning of "hold out sports" of the German army along the coast. "Don't fly over them if you become separated, and return alone." I gave the taxiing order and since we were hauling 2000 pounders, I had to go into the most recent edict from 8th AF Headquarters regarding the problem we had with this size bomb. It seemed that over the target when the bombs were released, this size bomb had a tendency to occasionally hang up in the bomb bay, only to release upon the bump of landing. When attempting to re-lock them, it was found to be nearly impossible. The first order that came was for the crew to take the axe that was carried for emergencies and chop the bombs loose while over the Channel. Have you ever stood on a 9' beam, swinging at the bomb shackles 10,000 feet in the air? The next edict said to take the spare piece of cable in the B-24s and tie the bomb in.

The mission departed as scheduled and we went about our duties to await their return some hours hence.

Shortly after take-off, the manager of the English ground maintenance crew came to the tower to request permission to work on the drain gutters of the main runway.

I gave permission, providing he could put it into serviceable condition on twenty minutes notice. He agreed.

A half-hour before the mission was to return, I sent a sergeant out with orders to patch it up and clear the field. The fix-up

was done. Then the repair crew strolled approximately 100 feet from the runway and sat down. Now the mission was due and the time was short.

Again I sent the sergeant out, but again was ignored. These English didn't like taking orders from a Yank.

Almost at once, the planes arrived, some short of fuel, some with wounded, some with silent engines, some with hydraulics out, etc. To add to the problems, three planes called in with bombs stuck in the bomb bay. Again, the latest 8th AF edict was given and the planes were told to stay out of the pattern until the rest of the mission was in.

When the main group had landed, I called the three planes and gave them landing instructions.

The first two made beautiful, tender landings and proceeded to their hard stands. The third leveled off about twenty feet in the air, stalled a bit and landed with a jolt. With that, the bomb came loose and tore off the bomb bay doors in a manner that resembled an explosion. Then, to compound the problem, the cable slid up around the bomb vanes with one end still tied in the plane, and down the runway at considerable speed came a B-24 with a huge bomb being dragged behind it.

I have never seen a faster start nor a more even race as approximately twenty British workmen headed off the field and for home. They didn't return for two days. I never had any more trouble with them clearing the field upon request. I wonder if they thought we planned it that way.



"A Village Remembers... ...A Flying Crew Remembers"

A gift to the people of Rackheath, with gratitude, by the B-24 crew of the 467th Bombardment Group.

James G. Coffey, Pilot

Chappaqua, NY

Harmon J. Small, Co-pilot

Stockton, CA

Albert A. Muller, Navigator

Caracas, Venezuela

Robert L. Snyder, Bombardier

Piqua, OH

Anthony E. DeBiasse, Engineer

Pawtucket, RI

Robert L. Miller, Armorer

Mansfield, OH

William T. Hayes, Waist gunner

Stockport, OH

William J. Smith, Waist gunner

Franklin, PA

Carl R. Shaut, Tail gunner

Binghamton, NY





POOP from GROUP 467

by Dave Swearingen

As we write this on October 7 for the December issue of the Journal, we are recently back from an outstanding reunion of our Group in Bossier City — Shreveport, LA. Thanks to Phillip & Cille Day, we had the greatest get-together yet. They worked their hearts out and we are truly grateful to them. Their dedication to our Group's excellent esprit de corps is reflected in many ways, especially their publishing, editing and mailing of our newsletter, *Poop from Group 467*. They also make the money that our folks contribute go a long way.

This will be the last article for the Journal that I will submit. At our Group reunion, new officers were elected and our new President of the 467th Bombardment Group (H) Association, Ltd. is Jeff Gregory. He as President will serve as the Vice President of the Second Air Division for the 467th BG. Jack Stevens was elected Vice President of our Group Association and will serve as Deputy V.P. of the 2ADA for our Group.

Bill McGovern and Phillip Day were willing to serve again as our Group's Secretary and Treasurer respectively. We are indebted to these two men who have worked hard to fulfill these two most important responsibilities.

Our Group by-laws call for five Directors on our Board. For the 1987-88 term, your Board will include Jeff Gregory, Jack Stevens, Vince LaRussa (1 yr.), Jim Coffey (2 yrs.) and yours truly (3 yrs.) Please contact any one of us or all of us if we can improve our program.

There were so many highlights of our recent reunion I don't have space to name them all. Certainly we were honored to have with us Peter & Marlene Bond, Tommy & Doris Dungan and David Hastings from the Norfolk, England area. Their presence meant a great deal to the success of our meeting. We are indebted to Losse & Ruth Piland who were hosts to the Bonds and Dungars prior to and after our reunion.

We also were honored to have with us President Carl & First Lady Louise Alexanderson. Other dedicated 2ADA Executive Committee members with us were Past President and long-term member of the Board of Governors Memorial, Jordan Uttal, and Dave Patterson, Past President and current Secretary and Director of Administrative Services. Thanks to Dave, who with his wife Joan were hosts to David Hastings in their home in California prior to our reunion and provided his own plane for David to fly with Dave by way of Dayton to Bossier City and return to Alamo, CA.

We were especially happy to have our former brass with us: Col. Al Shower, Group Commander; Al Hershberg, Air Executive Officer and his wife Edna; Bob Salzarulo, 788th Squadron Commander

and his fiancée Eleanor Foreman; Bruce Palmer, 789th Squadron Commander; and Fred Holdredge, 790th Squadron Commander and his wife Jane.

We also had Fred Buelte, the Lamms, the Malones and the Carricos who were with the 470th Sub Depot at Rackheath; also Jim Branton of the 74th Station Complement Sq. and his wife Maxine, and Ross Voyles of the 2nd Air Division Headquarters Unit. We had many 467th BG first attenders too numerous to name.

M.B. Cramer, a pilot of the 791st BS with seven of his crew were given special recognition. There were other crews with as many as six, five and four attending.

Three members of the Witchcraft were with us; Joe Ramirez, crew chief; George Dong, and Ray Betcher and his wife Doris.

Certainly another highlight of the Friday evening festivities was the premier showing of the "Faces of the Second Air Division" documentary presented by the Dzenowagis family. It is a terrific video tape and we hope it will soon be available for all to acquire who may want to have it for their pleasure. Joe, Helen, Joe Jr. and Joan were everywhere taping our social events and activities. Certainly, quite an accomplishment was a still photograph of all our vets in front of the B-24 at Barksdale Air Force Base. Space just doesn't provide for all that could be written about this history project for which we are all indebted to the Dzenowagis family.

Our time at the Barksdale Air Force Base was enjoyed by all. The base bus tour with guides and the walk-through of a B-52, a C-135 and a KC-10 were exciting. The lunch at the NCO Club was delicious. We enjoyed the talk by Mr. H.W. "Buck" Rigg, curator, Eighth Air Force Museum and Chairman, Eighth Air Force Museum Volunteers Association. Phillip Day presented him a check for \$1,000 to further his Association Museum efforts from our treasury.

Jackie and I want to thank all of you for making our last two years of serving as your Veep of the 2ADA memorable ones. Our Group treasury and activities continue to be in good shape. One of my objectives when assuming the responsibility was to increase our membership where we would be number 1 in the 2ADA. We gained a number of new members and lost some. Our new President Gregory is challenged to still be number 1. We have 932 on our latest mailing list roster maintained by Phillip Day as of July 1, 1987. Some of these are associate members and a few are 2ADA names but the majority are 467th BG vets. The last official number by the 2ADA listed our Group as having 516 members in the 2ADA, 5th of the 32 units listed, as of August 30, 1987.

God Bless!

Great Publicity for our 2nd Air Division

by Carl I. Alexanderson
President, 2ADA

Last winter Mr. David Tallichet, owner of Specialty Restaurants Corporation of Anaheim, California approached my predecessor, Jim Reeves, about the re-naming of one of his restaurants in our honor.

Specialty Restaurants Corporation operates a large number of World War I and II theme restaurants across the country. Among them are the 4th Fighter Group Restaurant in Orlando, Fla., and the 56th Fighter Group Restaurant in Long Island, NY.

Dave Tallichet is a respected World War II combat pilot. He owns many vintage aircraft. Among them is the flyable B-24 which we saw at March Field in 1984. His restaurants are first class, and are popular not only with veterans, but with the general public as well. I am sure we will have ample reason to be proud of the one to be re-named in our honor — the one which will publicize the outstanding achievements of the Liberators of the 2nd Air Division.

At the Executive Committee meeting in Savannah, we voted to cooperate with this venture. Right now we are collecting Group Insignia, and up to 400 photos of our Groups in action.

What is needed and urgently wanted by the Corporation, from all of you, is some personal memento, i.e. snapshots of yourself overseas, (3 x 5 preferably or smaller, identified with your name and Group on the back), pictures of people, places and planes, your crew mates, or ground personnel sections — anything that will add the flavor of your life on an East Anglian base to the decor of the restaurant.

They are also desirous of having many of the things that cannot be used by our Memorial Room in Norwich, pieces of uniforms, insignia, caps, boots, jackets, E6B computers, oxygen bottles, lighters, hack watches, escape kits of captured enemy material. All such items should be identified with your name and Group number.

We are most eager to cooperate, and time is of the essence. Won't you please add a bit of such personal history in this way to this effort? Please do it now!

Any such material you can spare should be sent direct to Mr. Ron Weil, Specialty Restaurants Corporation, 2099 S. State College Blvd., Suite 300, Anaheim, California 92806. If you have any questions about any of this, write or phone Jordan Uttal who is working with them on the photo collection and other aspects. His number is (214) 369-5043. His address is in the Journal. Further word on the opening of the restaurant in early 1988 will be supplied as soon as it is available. Please do add a memento of your service life to this Second Air Division Restaurant.

Why Pilots Sometimes Blush

by Wesley Sheffield

Now that our war is over — World War II — we take pleasure in recounting the mixture of exploit and terror that is combat. In our stories we somehow end up sounding like heroes; but what about the pilot goofs that make us look either silly or dumb or both, when are THOSE stories told?

For example, taking a B-24 with a full bomb and gas load off a socked-in runway with the directional gyro caged? On the way out that soupy morning I decided it would be easier to hold the needle on zero than on 270, so I caged the gyro. Then forgot to uncage it.

As the B-24 ahead of me disappeared into the soup, I hunched down and opened four throttles. As we lumbered down the runway, I told myself, "You're doing great! Needle is right on the money!"

We lifted off, slowly gathering altitude. At the point where I was to make a turn, I initiated a careful turn. Little airplane tipped, needle and ball heeled, magnetic compass gyrated, but the directional gyro kept reading "0." I leveled off, then tried it again. Same result. Suddenly I reached out and uncaged the gyro, glancing over to see if Jonesy, my co-pilot, had noticed. He was busy monitoring the radio. We could've flown right through the control tower!

For example, a no-flap takeoff with full bomb and gas load! We had been briefed for a milk run. On the way out to the takeoff spot, our putt-putt malfunctioned. No power for lights, etc. I pulled out of line heading for the hardstand when a voice said, "Dumb! Run up an engine for power!"

Quickly I got back in line and soon was taking off — having failed to run through the check list a second time and not noticing there were no flaps down. The airspeed read 120, 130, 140, 150 — still not airborne! What gives?

At the last few feet of the runway I nudged the wheel another inch back — I could feel a stall just around the corner — and we're off. As I looked down in the blackness of the early morning it looked as though the trees were going through my gear as the wheels slowly came up. I must be losing my depth perception.

"Flaps up," I called to Jonesy. He glanced over, said, "You don't have any." Surprise.

For example, dropping bombs through bomb bay doors. On our second mission we found ourselves heading for Bernberg — and the loss of 12 out of 24 492nd Bomb Group B-24s. As we turned on the I.P. flak hit the turbo on No. 3 and power fell off immediately. I pulled emergency power on the other three engines to stay in formation.

When Johnny Pique, bombardier, hit the bomb bay door switch, nothing happened. Someone in the back had urinated on the doors and they were frozen shut (this was our second mission and we were still green). "What to do, Shef?" "Drop through the damned bomb bay doors!" We did and didn't blow up — but I promptly realized that I not only had just half an engine but now had awful

drag all the way home.

Halfway back to base I realized we were burning more gas than we could afford. I called for the crew to lighten the ship. I never heard the radioman ask, "The radio too?" It went overboard. We made it back to base. When Major Heaton, Squadron CO, asked why in hell we threw the radio over, I simply said, "Major, you're lucky to get the airplane back home!"

Or, how about Navigator goof? When Patton ran ahead of his supply lines in the fall of 1944, our group — now the 93rd — was stood down to fly supplies to Patton. We'd fly to southern England where our planes would be loaded with supplies, then we'd proceed in elements of four to Orleans, south of Paris, unload, and head home.

On one such run, as we headed across the Channel into France, the soup closed in. I was flying bucket and, as the lead plane dipped lower and lower, I realized soon I would be into the hills just beneath us. So I throttled back, let the lead trio disappear into the mist, then climbed to a safe altitude, calling for a heading to Orleans from Harry Abrams, Navigator.

After enough time had elapsed to put us over Orleans, I asked Harry for an E.T.A. More time passed. Now I was sure we had missed Orleans and were near enemy lines at 1500 feet or so. (Harry once gave me an E.T.A. to Westover Field of ten minutes as I watched Boston go by my left wing in the night).

I quickly decided to take a northwest heading, being sure we could hit Paris, then drop down to Orleans. Minute after minute went by, with Jonesy and I straining our eyes to see something — anything — in the soup.

Suddenly, looming just ahead was the Eiffel Tower! I banked sharply, cursed Harry and headed south, soon finding Orleans.

That wasn't Harry's only goof. Early on, we picked up a new B-24 at Mitchel Field, Long Island, flew to Goose Bay, Newfoundland, then over the Atlantic to Ireland. We hit Ireland, thanks to Harry, but with little gas left after more than ten hours of flying. "Where's the field, Harry?" "Beats me, Shef." Great. I had been briefed to look for a field with a big yellow control tower. In the states, that meant just that. So I looked for such a field. No luck.

Suddenly a field hove into view under the soup, with B-24s landing. I decided to go in, wherever it was, and get my plane on the ground. As I landed, floating long, long with little gas to hold me down, I noted a little yellow shack, about as big as an outhouse, scoot by my wing. THIS was the right field.

For example, running off the end of the runway after a mission, for no good reason except that I forgot that tar on an unused runway gets pretty hot in England in July. It was the end of our sixteenth mission with the 492nd — its last — and two planes collided on a clear afternoon, just over the end of the runway.

I was next in line, so I swung around to land on the short runway. Landing long, I found myself barreling toward the end of the runway, brakes doing little to slow us down. The plane stopped just short of the fence. And my face, again, was very, very red.

Lost Buddy? Try Again

from the Pennsylvania
American Legion NEWS

Looking for a long lost buddy you served with? Chances are you've run into roadblocks along the way. The 1974 Privacy Act prohibits the U.S. Armed Services from releasing the names and addresses of retirees.

However, each service has a locator section that will forward a letter for you. Here's how it works:

Write a letter to the retiree and put it in a stamped envelope addressed to your friend with your return address on it. Insert the envelope in another stamped envelope addressed to the locator service. Also write your return address on this envelope. Provide the locator service with as much information as you can regarding your friend — name, rank, social security number, birthday, known stations, etc. Also state the reason for wanting to contact the person.

The Air Force charges a \$2.85 search fee for civilian requestors, but the service is free to active duty, active Reserve and retired servicemen and women. The other military services do not charge.

The locator service will only contact you if your friend CANNOT be located. Here are the addresses:

ARMY: Retired Army Locator Service, HQDA, DACF-IS-RV, Alexandria, VA 22331-0522.

NAVY: Commanding Officer, Naval Reserve Personnel Center, Code 25, New Orleans, LA 70149.

AIR FORCE: HQ AFM-PC/MPCD003, Northeast Office Place, 9504 IH 35 North, San Antonio, TX 78233-6636.

MARINE CORPS: Commandant, U.S. Marine Corps, (MHP-30), Washington, D.C. 20380-0001.

COAST GUARD: Commandant, Retired Military Affairs Branch, (G-PS-1), U.S. Coast Guard, Washington, D.C. 20593.

Change of Address

When you move please send your change of address to:

Evelyn Cohen
06-410 Delaire Ldg. Rd.
Philadelphia, PA 19114

on the form below as soon as possible. To send the change to anyone else (Bill Robertie or Group VP) simply delays the change appearing on our records. This could mean that the next issue of the *Journal* will go to your old address and could be lost in the great jaws of the Post Office.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

name
address
city, state, zip
group



Open Letter To the 93rd

by Floyd H. Mabee (93rd)

A FULL CREW AT LAST: Congratulations are in order for Bill Ferrero, Artie DeCaster and Eric Ericson, 328th BS. They have rounded up all of their crew, and all ten are now members of the 2nd ADA. They were shot down Feb. 1945; that was the last time they were all together. Now, 42 years later, they all plan to attend our 1988 reunion at Colorado Springs. Great work, fellows, let's see the rest of you 93rd members do that!

MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND MEMORIAL MONUMENT: While at the library in May, I asked to see any donated memorabilia they had from the 93rd. All they had was a few pictures, and a copy of "Story of the 93rd" that I copied from a borrowed original and donated to the library in 1975. I thought someone might have donated an original; not so. I also found a file of copied letters donated by M/Sgt. Harry E. Jones, USAF (Ret.); he was also an original member of the 93rd BG. Prior to the 1975 reunion in England I had received letters from Sgt. Jones concerning his proposed Memorial Monument for the 93rd. He was interested in a small version of about a 10 foot tall Washington monument. Over the years I had forgotten about it, but the letters brought it all back. At that time, I think the 93rd had about 100 members. There were eleven of us that attended the 1975 reunion, plus our good English friend, Honorary Member John W. Archer. As we had no bonafide elected VP for the 93rd, I acted as VP. There were no mini-reunions in those early years and no place to hold a meeting, plus trying to keep the fellows together long enough to hold a meeting. Evelyn had handed me a check for \$100 from Sgt. Jones for a 93rd Group Party. We went to the Raven Pub House next to Norwich City Hall. I explained the desire of Sgt. Jones. We decided our group was too small to take on such a large project, but would keep it in mind for the future. We also decided after toasting Sgt. Jones with a few pints that we would return his check to Evelyn for the Library Trust Fund. I obtained a pub napkin and had all present sign it and on my return state side would write Sgt. Jones explaining our rejection to his plan and send him the pub napkin. I thought in my letter to him that I explained the rejection of the project at that time, but now reading the letter, I didn't explain that we did reject it because of the small membership. I believe now that Sgt. Jones must have thought that we concurred to his project. Before seeing this file, and I made copies of them at no time while corresponding with Sgt. Jones, there was no mention of a guaranteed \$1000 donation for that monument that is shown in the Proposed Monument for 93rd Bomb Group in the library file. Maybe had we known of this generous donation to be made by Sgt.

Jones, our thoughts would have been different. We now have a Memorial Monument dedicated May 25, 1987.

NOW, WHILE ON THE MONUMENT SUBJECT: In my open letter to the 93rd in the June Journal, I said I would give a full report of the cost of our monument for those unable to attend the annual meeting. I sent that report in, but it wasn't printed, so here it is again. Our monument cost us \$3168.47; this has been paid. Cost of printing 200 dedication pamphlets was \$84.80; this has been paid. The printing of additional pamphlets for donors that request one from Mr. Weiss has not been determined and will be paid from the fund balance. Our present balance in the 93rd Memorial Fund is \$1684.54. William F. Doerner, 620 W. Highland Rd., Sagmore Hills, OH 44067 answered my request for a volunteer chairman to look into the costs and requirements of donating a memorial marker at Wright Patterson Air Museum. Information on the use of our memorial balance was noted in your June Journal.

93rd ROSTER: Don't forget, you can purchase an up-to-date 93rd roster from Frederick A. Strombom, Box 646, Ogema, WI 54459. The cost is \$3.00 for the roster plus geographical, or \$2.00 without the geographical listing.

NEW ASSISTANT VP FOR THE 330th BS: John L. Sullivan, 1509 Hough Park, Jefferson City, MO 65101. I picked John because he attends most of our reunions; I believe it to be most important knowing what goes on at the 2nd ADA meetings and can be passed on to members that can't attend. Also to spread my Asst. VPs around the states a little more.

REQUESTED INFORMATION: I have asked several times in the Journal for information from 93rd members. I can't begin to fulfill my job as VP without a little help from you all. My unanswered mail is stacking up because I don't have the answers to all of the questions I receive. Of about 500 members, I have received the information I need from about 15 members. I need plane names and serial numbers, crew member names and position on plane, dates with the 93rd and/or a copy of certificate of bombing missions or any other position you held while with the 93rd. Please don't feel that your job was unimportant; the combat crews wouldn't have been able to operate without the ground crews.

INFORMATION STILL NEEDED: I still need copies of orders from the 329th and 330th Squadrons: orders covering the flight to England of original group. Operation orders dated Sept. 6 or 7, 1942, North Atlantic Wing Air Transport Command will proceed from Presque Isle Army Air Field via Gander Lake, Newfoundland via best available route to little Pie and report to the Commanding General, 8th Air Force for duty. That is the wording on those orders. Please put the name you gave your plane alongside of the serial number on the order.

WINTER ADDRESS: From November till the end of April I can be reached at 11524 Zimmerman Rd., Port Richey, FL 34668; note different zip code. Tel. (813) 862-2309. From May till the end of October I will be at 28 Hillside Ave., Dover, NJ 07801, Tel. (201) 366-5916.

A Luftwaffe Pilot's Account of the 445th Group's Mission to Kassel, September 27, 1944

Submitted by James Dowling, 445th, who spent the balance of the war in Stalag Luft I. The 445th sent out 37 ships that day; only 7 returned. Here is an account by one of the over 100 Luftwaffe fighter pilots who hit that Group near Kassel:

At 10:00 hours, on September 27, 1944, as the pilot of the 5th Squadron (II Group) of Fighter Wing 300, I took off from Finsterwalde Air Base to fight American bombers who had invaded the Kassel area. We were about 30 A/C, Focke-Wulf 190 A 8. We headed west and climbed to where the Americans were attacking. We were directed towards the enemy forces by radio by the 1st Fighter Division at Doeberitz. At 11:00 hours we sighted the enemy: a large formation of B-24 bombers directly ahead of us, without fighter escort.

When we approached the bombers in a closed formation, some of the large A/C started to catch on fire, some blew up. This led us to believe that other German fighter formations had attacked the Americans before us. But then it was very quickly our turn. My Squadron Leader and I had had a test gyro-sight installed in our A/C. With its aid I was able to down two B-24s within seconds. The second one had already caught fire before I shot it down.

In order to get the two downings confirmed, I had to determine their crash site. This was a very dangerous task because I had a hard time avoiding all the debris and parachutes.

At about 2000 meters, I flew thorough a thin layer of clouds, below them I observed a pair of straight railroad tracks on which a train was stopped. Some woody hills expanded just north. Many A/C had crashed and exploded on the fields and in the woods. Clouds of white smoke were billowing up past the cloud cover. Also, white parachutes were scattered all over the fields. When I flew at a very low altitude to memorize the features of the landscape, I was suddenly approached by a P-51 B with a yellow nose. After passing each other, we both turned our A/C around and again headed at each other with blazing guns. During the first approach I received two hits in the tail unit. During the second approach, my guns failed. I had used up all my ammunition when firing at the two bombers, or my guns were jamming — I do no longer know exactly what happened. We made about four or five more frontal passes at each other, but all that was left for me to do, in order not to get hit again, was to take "evasive" action. After the last frontal approach of the American, I finally "hugged" the ground and was lucky enough to escape — most likely because of the camouflage paint job of my A/C, "Red 19 — Koelle-alaaf!"

At 11:30 hours, I landed at the airfield at Langensalza. The hits were insignificant. The A/C was later repaired at Erfurt-Bindersleben and returned to my squadron.

If the American pilot of the 361st FG is still alive, he should definitely remember this.

Ernst Schroeder

THE PX PAGE



Desk Model Plaque



Wall Mounted Plaque

The larger (by 20%) pewter B-24 desk model now available. Customized to your request. Also now available is a wall mounted plaque using the pewter B-24 model.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| \$44.95 model cost with small base | \$ 3.00 Bomb Group tail colors |
| 4.00 lg. 5" x 7" walnut base | 5.00 8th AF Cloisonne |
| 5.50 engraved plate | 1.75 each for service ribbons (if desired.) O.L.C. and Battle Stars |
| 5.00 regulaton size wings | \$.75 each |

Any or all options can be had, your choice. Shipping costs (UPS): \$2.50 Chicago, east; \$3.50 west.

New sized B-24 gold outlined, fully vinyl covered key tab/ring, with USAAF "Star & Bar" insignia on reverse, 2 1/4 inches long. Guaranteed to please or money back. (Also, P-51, P-47 & P-38). Cost: \$5.00 postage paid

Now available: both tie-tacs and tie bar (clasp) with: B-24, Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Gunner or Air Crew Member wings. Others on special order. Cost: \$6.00 postage paid.



Altimeter Clock

Large, 6 1/2 inch altimeter face clock, battery powered (supplied) quartz movement mounted into a solid walnut plaque, size 9 x 12 inch with large 7 x 3 1/4 inch engraved plate as shown. Can be made with Airman's wings or as pictured with 8th AF cloisonne and B-24 with your Bomb Group colors on vertical fin. Guaranteed 100% satisfactory or your money back. Please give me as much information as possible.

Lapel pins for civilian suit wear: D.F.C., AIR MEDAL, E.T.O., PURPLE HEART. Cost: \$6.00 each postage paid.

Die struck, 8th AF lapel or tie-tac pin. Gold electroplate, 7/16 inch wide, distinctive. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Larger, 8th Air Force Cloisonne, 3/4 inch full color, gold rim, lapel or tie-tac. Cost: \$5.50 postage paid.

Custom Plaques

Basic cost of the large 8th AF logo plaque with one "identifier" still remains at \$45.00. The single identifier may be either the B-24 with Group colors on the tail or full size pewter Airman's wings. The cost of the plaque made with "museum quality" polished .50 cal. shells, is \$49.00. In both cases, the logo or shells are mounted on solid walnut plaques, 6 1/2 inches wide by 10, 10 1/2 or 11 inches long. The plaque length is determined by the model you want made. Need the following information: **NAME** - as you would like it engraved; **RANK** - if desired; **DUTY** - Gunner, Pilot, Navigator, Mechanic, Crew Chief, etc.; **LOCATION**: of airfield; **BOMB GROUP** - and Squadron or attached unit; **DATES** - from/to (month & year of E.T.O. duty); **FLIGHT CREWS** - Give number of missions, any additional information (plane name, number, etc.)

Add \$5.00 for additional identifiers (miniature airman's wings when used with the B-24, or 8th AF cloisonne as used with .50 cal. shells). A full line of WWII ribbons is available, including: Silver Star, Bronze Star, D.F.C., Air Medal, Purple Heart, Good Conduct, American Defense, American Campaign, National Defense, E.T.O., WWII Victory, Pacific Theater (for those who went on to B-29s in the Pacific), German Occupation, Legion of Merit, French Croix de Guerre and Presidential Unit Citation. The last two cost an additional \$1.00 OVER the standard \$1.75 cost of all

other ribbons. All ribbons are secured on brass mounts. Bronze Battle Stars and Oak Leaf Clusters are 75 cents each. Sterling Silver Battle Stars and Oak Leaf Clusters are \$2.00 each.

Shipping charges: Using Baltimore as the shipping center, any radius extending to Chicago, \$2.50. Outside that radius, \$3.50. You MUST give me your home or business DELIVERABLE United Parcel Service (UPS) address.

Use any of the photos as a starting point. Any combination is possible (generally). If you design your own from these options and it is "compatible," I will build it. If there's a problem, I may suggest a change or two before making it. If you give me the option of letting me decide, please say so. Overpayments will have the balance enclosed (or in some cases when the sum is "minor," an item of equal or more worth may be sent). Underpayments will be billed with the plaque shipment. Please include your telephone number with your request, it may avoid a possible delay. Do not hesitate to write or call (301-766-1034) if you have any questions.

Have mailed Dean Moyer a check for \$200.00 as profits made from plaques, altimeter clocks and pewter desk models. Total benefit to the Second Air Division Ass'n is now \$2,072.00. Sincere thanks to all who have participated in this program.

Rick Rokicki, 365 Mae Road, Glen Burnie, MD 21061



Bunchered Buddies of Old Buck

by Milton R. Stokes, 453rd

It is the magic time of the year again. The trees turn those iridescent colors of golden yellow and red. Even the common color of brown takes on many hues, from the soft, light brown of newly thrashed wheat straw to the crushed brown stain of walnut shells. Time to put away stores for the winter, time to make your home snug against winter snow and winds. Time, too, to think of the past year.

We, of the 453rd, had a good year. Many new people showed up at our reunions. In England, twenty-eight new faces were in attendance. In Dayton, Ohio, there were thirty-five new people to the best of our knowledge.

It was wonderful to see and meet so many newcomers. The outstanding and surprising aspect is that most of these people just heard of the Second Air Division Association for the first time. Doesn't sound possible, does it? Really, we should spend some money and advertise our presence in the newspapers throughout the country. Can you write a good, catchy, sure-fire, eye-appealing ad? If so, send it to me and maybe we will raise the money and advertise our association.

Our mini-reunion in Dayton was a great success. It would seem that after the large turnout for England that few people would wish to go to Dayton, but such was not the case. The Air Force Museum in Dayton is a big drawing card. The new hangar exhibition hall is 95% complete and will have room for many new exhibits. There must be hundreds of groups that hold reunions in Dayton each year. We, of the 453rd, will go back again, I'm sure. How do you feel about it? When should we return? And how about a return trip to England?! The last trip over to those historic shores was to be our last, but I don't believe it. The pull is too strong and those people of Great Britain are too wonderful to pass them up for too long. We left too many good men over there to turn our backs on their sacrifices. Those old airfields, even though mostly destroyed, will still beckon us back. We can still hear the code call of Old Buckenham and the transmitted call of "Flameleap." We will go back as long as we have a mind to remember all the unpleasantness of war and the sacrifices made by those who once flew on our wing tips. We will go back to pay honor to their memory. Those white crosses are powerful magnets. We don't want to forget the terrible price paid by our comrades in arms.

Jim Munsey's daughter, Carol Gean Elliott, now lives in Delta, Colorado. We have written and phoned, send old pictures of Jim Munsey and sent Journals to her. Unfortunately, her father by adoption, Mr. Goldsby, died suddenly just after we made contact with her; a real tragedy. We sent our condolences to Carol Gean. We eagerly await more news from her. We hope to visit with her when we are in Colorado next year for the 2nd ADA reunion. If any of you have heard from her, please advise us.

You must have read the poem by Cherokee Beaver on the front cover of the Journal, Fall 1987. That, in my opinion, was the best cover I have seen on our Journal. The shadowed B-24 for the background was a stroke of Bill Robertie's genius. Thanks, Bill, for all 36 pages. Thanks, too, to the Kennedys for having such a wonderful granddaughter as Cherokee. It was appropriate for Leroy Engdahl to recognize the timeliness of the poem and for submitting it to the Journal so we all could enjoy the feelings expressed by one so young.

Doug Leavenworth of Anaheim, California writes that he had a great time in England and he takes his hat off to those wonderful people of Norwich and Old Buckenham for the programs they put on for us. Doug reminds us that his co-pilot, Bob Mallick, contributed some writings in "One Last Look." Only problem was that the mission was Essen, not Kassek. Bob would never admit to making that mistake. Bob is a great writer and has written many articles in the Journal. We haven't seen any recently, though. Bob, hope all is well.

Willie Wilson writes some of the longest and best letters that I receive. I now have two, six pages plus, to answer from him. The last one, dated October 2, 1987 in on the earthquake of the

previous day and reads as follows: "Yesterday was eventful! To be such means that something had to have happened of greater than normal significance so as to be remembered for some time to come. Things like the snowfall of '69 and the range/forest fires of '87. Yesterday I was still in my bathrobe when the ever-frightening back and forth movement of the entire house began. These days the first thought that enters one's mind (or should) is "Is this the big one?" Needless to say, it wasn't, or I wouldn't still be digging out, if I survived. In the past, our major trembles have hit before I had gotten up or after retiring at night. I can now say that I think it is more impressive when one is standing up as things shake, rattle and roar. I was near a small bedroom window and at 7:45 it was light enough to witness events both inside and outside of the house. As our concrete block walls had come tumbling down in the Sylmar quake of 1971, I fully expected to see them as they fell. They didn't. I watched pictures and a large mirror move askew. I could hear some things on the counter and dresser tops fall over. It was noisy and then it was over. No damage."

I included this portion of Willie's letter because you know him and like him as I do. I'm glad he and his wife, Mary Jean, survived okay. I wonder about the rest of our members who live on this fault line in Los Angeles. Will you drop me a line and check in?

Willie has been in contact with Ralph Langley who was a first pilot in the 453rd crew #6. Ralph was an original with us. He has recently joined the 2nd ADA and lives in Carson City, Nevada. We wish him well and pray that he can join us in Colorado Springs in 1988 for our reunion there. All the rest of you foot-dragging bunchered buddies, get your money in to Evelyn Cohen fast. Don't be left out. We have a reputation to uphold — we attend reunions in large numbers!

Willie Wilson also noted the death of Joseph H. Stangl from San Bernardino, California. It should appear in this issue of the Journal in *Folded Wings*. Joe was a member for only a short time; he joined just over a year ago. It was a real thrill to see him at the mini-reunion in El Toro, California. Joe painted the nose art on a number of 453rd planes. We will miss him; he was known and loved by us all.

We have a letter from Mrs. Dorothy Gabbert on the death of her husband, Harry V. Gabbert. He had planned to attend the reunion in England, but had a sudden heart attack which terminated his plans. Harry was an optometrist in Kansas City, Missouri and had been retired for a few months.

William C. Wheeler writes of a reunion of some surviving members of the Montford R. Fisher crew of Mt. Gilead, Ohio. They meet in Spring Mill Park at Mitchell, Indiana. He passed along the names of six of his old crew mates who are not members. Pictures of the crew and his plane, Star Eyes, were included; I must copy these and return them. Thanks, Bill, for your letter. We will contact the ones who are not on our roster.

In Colorado Springs, the big item of business will be the proposed reorganization of our group. We are seen as needing a whole new table of organization. That is president (group leader), vice president in each district (four), recording and finance officers, nominating committee, promotional committee and more money to run such an organization. This discussion has come up in our last two mini-reunions but no final decisions have been made. You ALL must make these changes and not leave it to the choice of a few. When we were planning the memorial in Old Buckenham, I thought we could have used such an organization. It was so hard at that time to raise the money and keep everyone enthusiastic on the project.

Please write to me with your ideas on the reorganization and any position you would volunteer for. We have already started this list in Dayton.

As we bring 1987 to a close, I thank all of you for your letters and phone calls this year. Your news and support is appreciated very much. Lucille joins me in wishing you and your family happiness in this holiday season and the very best in the next year.

Little Did We Know April 24, 1944 Mission Leipheim Air Field, Germany

by J. William Tikey (466th)

This was my crew's 5th mission and our first in our new B-24, "Slick Chick." I was the pilot leading our Group's 785th Squadron, with Hank Tevelin and Francis Spigelmire (now deceased) flying as Lead Navigator and Bombardier respectively. Captain Harry McGregor, later shot down, was leading the Group's other squadron that day.

Leipheim Air Field was our Group's 15th mission and up until then we were taking heavy losses with some really "screwed-up" formations due to inexperience, weather, fighters and flak. This mission, although relatively deep into southern Germany, was completed smoothly and with superb bombing success. We experienced perfect weather conditions, with continuous fighter support, and suffered no losses in the Group. You could just call it a long "Milk Run."

Upon landing, though, we were met by a cheering group of people headed by Col. Pierce and Maj. Steadman, our Group and Deputy Group Commanders. The two lead crews were whisked to the 96th Combat Wing headquarters by staff cars and jeeps for a debriefing by General Peck. The elation continued throughout the debriefing because this was the Group's most successful mission up to that time, according to Col. Pierce. But, as the title suggests, we didn't know what actually was accomplished on that day — and I'll save the explanation for the conclusion of this article.

The Group received a Presidential Communication of Congratulations from President Roosevelt that evening. Later on, our Group's participation in this mission was used by the RAF Central Intelligence Officer's School as one of the finest examples of daylight bombing in the war. I found our 42 years later what they

probably already knew. To me, it was a rather uneventful mission.

On October 3, 1985, a young German historian named Peter Horner wrote me and Hank Tevelin asking for photos and other information about the mission because he was working on a scientific documentation concerning the history of the town of Leipheim after 1935. The publishing will be by the Gunzburg Society of History and will be written in German and in English. I sent information to P. Horner on October 10, 1985.

Now comes the rather astonishing news — and I include verbatim the P. Horner letter of March 20, 1986, just after he gave a talk on this raid in a town meeting: "Thank you once more for your letter of Okt. 10, 1985. Last week I gave a talk on this history of Leipheim A/F. It was a great success. The people were just surprised by excellent informations from USA. Have a short information about the raid of Apr. 24, 1944. No person had been injured, only one man of the Messerschmitt factory, a civilian guard, died. Nobody knows why because all the others left the field. Bombs destroyed all hangars, 4 Me 323 and 60 jets Me 262. They had been final assembled at Leipheim to strike allied troops at D-day. Did you know? In the nearby woods some bombercraters are still to be seen. To take a photograph of it I had to wait til snow had gone jet. The craters are about 30 ft. in diameter, deep 6 ft. Margot and I like America. In spring 1987 we will have a visit there for holidays and a research to the National Archives. Then I will start to write the book. With my best regards, Peter Horner."

Since D-Day was only six weeks away, we were very fortunate to be able to destroy these 60 jets before they were dispersed to operational bases. We, of course, had no jets in WW II.

My crew on the mission was: Co-Pilot Dick Smith (deceased), Navigator Hank Tevelin, Bombardier, Francis Spigelmire (deceased), Radio Operator Frank Simek (deceased), Flight Engineer Ivan Roberts, Tail Gunner Marty Massing, Gunners Boyd Condon, Marlow Jovaag and Frank Bois.

Witchcraft

B-24 H-15-Fo AAF Serial No. 42-52534

Built by Ford Motor Company, probably in December 1943, at Willow Run, MI, under Contract Number 21216-4 of April, 1942, for 700 B-24 models. The plane was then modified at Northwest Airlines Modification Center, St. Paul, MN and delivered to the 790th Bombardment Squadron (Heavy) of the 467th Bombardment Group (Heavy) at Wendover Army Air Base, Utah, in February 1944.

The contract cost of the plane was \$145,788; \$115,189 for the airframe and \$30,600 for the engines. Government furnished equipment, propellers, radio gear, ordinance and other, totaled \$65,155, making the total cost of the aircraft \$210,943.

The plane's fuselage was 67', 3 3/16" long with a maximum height of 10', 5" at the bomb bay. Its overall height was 17', 11" at the fin and rudder. The span of the

Davis high aspect ratio wing was 110' and it was equipped with Fowler-type flaps for slow speed stability. The plane was powered by four Pratt & Whitney R-1830-43 Twin Wasp engines, fourteen cylinders, two row, air-cooled, radial, rated at 1200 HP each at sea level, turbo-supercharged for high altitude performance. Propellers were Hamilton Standard, Constant Speed, full feathering, and were 11', 7" in diameter with three wide (paddle) blades.

The basic weight, empty, was 36,000#. With 2800 gallons of gasoline, bomb load, crew of nine men, (without ball turret which were removed in Eighth Air Force) the weight was approximately 68,000#. Missions of eight to nine hours in length were flown regularly at this take-off weight.

The crew consisted of aircraft commander (pilot), co-pilot, navigator, aerial engineer who was also upper turret gunner, radio operator, nose turret gunner, armourer-waist gunner, waist gunner and tail turret gunner.

Armament was eight .5 caliber air cooled machine guns, generally with 300 rounds per gun. The nose turret was an Emerson (electric) Model A-15. The upper turret was a Martin (electric) Model AD-3. A single hand-held gun was mounted in each waist window, the K6 mount, with the right gun forward and the left gun aft to reduce interference between the gunners. The tail turret was a Motor Products A-6B which was hydraulically driven. (The Briggs/Sperry A-13A, 44" diameter ball turret (electric) was removed from Liberators of the Eighth Air Force in July 1944).

Witchcraft flew one hundred-thirty consecutive missions, 90 to Germany, 31 to France, and 9 to the Benelux countries. It



B-24 Witchcraft Crew: Joe Ramirez, George Dong, Ray Betcher in Bossier, L.A., Sept. 24, 1987 at the 467th BG reunion

was on the first Group Mission of April 10, 1944, and on the next to last of April 21, 1945. Thirteen engine changes were made due to either wearing out of them or flak damage to them. It had over three-hundred flak holes and on two occasions was so damaged that it required repairs in the Base maintenance sub-depot.

There was never a crewman injured or killed while flying in her.

Her ground crew was Joe R. Ramirez, Crew Chief; George Y. Dong, Assistant Crew Chief; Ray Betcher, Joseph J. Vetter and Walter L. Elliott, each of whom received commendations from General Carl Spatz for their devotion to duty and expertise in keeping Witchcraft flying.



(l-r): Joe Vetter, Walter Elliott, Joe Ramirez, George Dong, Ray Betcher

The 448th Speaks

by Leroy Engdahl

I'm sure that we are all still thinking of what a lovely time we had in England at the 40th anniversary of the 2nd Air Division and are making plans for individual group reunions and our next 2nd ADA reunion to be held at Colorado Springs June 21-26.

Again, I would like to hear from all our 448th members who would be interested in going out a couple days early and having our own 448th reunion just prior to the 2nd AD. It would be much less crowded and we could enjoy visiting uninterrupted by scheduled events.

I have been in touch with several fine hotels, including the one the 2nd AD will use, but need your replies, so myself and our executive committee, consisting of Cater Lee, George DuPont, Bob Harper and Richard Kennedy, can make the necessary arrangements.

We will rent a VCR and show some excellent WW II movies, plus have a banquet and lots of camaraderie, I promise.

Things are progressing well also towards our big 448th group reunion to be held in Harlingen, Texas, Oct. 6-9, 1988 during the annual Confederate Air Show. They have the largest collection of flyable WW II aircraft in the world.

The Harlingen Chamber of Commerce has offered to have our group as their guest for a one-hour hospitality, serving free drinks to us, plus putting up a "Welcome 448th" sign at the Harlingen International Airport, plus a lot of other special favors like seating all of our group together for the air show and public acknowledgement of our group.

I need your letters of intention to attend by no later than February 1, 1988 as I will drive to Harlingen to make a personal inspection and selection.

Jim Turner, who was one of the five British people who restored the Seething Control Tower, is asking our members to please send him a cassette tape of your memories and impressions of your stay at Seething and of England during WW II. This can be 5, 10 or 30 minutes if you like. The Tower has purchased a cassette player and will use these tapes to play for their visitors, British as well as American. This can be a very big addition to the already popular collections now being shown.

Jim Turner's address is Seething NR 15 ID5, Norwich, Norfolk, England. Pat Everson and Ralph Whitehead's projects are never-ending ones, so if you haven't, please send them stories and pictures you can spare to add to their already wonderful collection.

They are having "open house" at the Tower once a month with announcements in the press and on the radio with very favorable results, so your contributions are greatly appreciated.

Cater Lee, whose address is P.O. Box 850, Foley, Alabama, has offered to make a roster of our group by squadrons. He needs from you your name, duty assignment, period of stay with the 448th and your squadron. These will come in handy at our

reunions as we can list by squadrons who is in attendance.

Cater also keeps up our 448th group roster as changes are made which I get from Evelyn Cohen and send to him and he sends me back a revised copy. If you'd like one, please send one dollar and a stamp to cover cost and I'll send you an updated roster.

This is a reminder: It is time to send in your \$10.00 check for membership dues to Evelyn Cohen, 06410 Delaire Landing, Philadelphia, PA 19114. Please do this right now before you forget it. Last year, thirty-five of our members forgot to send in their dues and this year there were twenty-two. I don't know this for several months before I send out reminders, but by this time, you have missed several issues of the very interesting 2nd ADA Journal and many important announcements.

If any of our 448th members correspond with any of our former Seething buddies who are not members of the 2nd ADA, please send me their names and addresses with zip code and I'll try to recruit them. I'll appreciate your help very much. As time goes on, it is more and more difficult to gain members on our roster.

I have several names here who were former members of the 2nd ADA and the 448th whose letters were returned for improper addresses. I need help from anyone if you know any of these veterans and their current addresses; please send it to me as we need them back in our organization. Many have moved and didn't send a change of address to Evelyn Cohen, or forgot to send in their dues. Please look at these names and if you live near the last address please look in the phone book and see if they have just moved to another location in the same city. All group vice presidents have this problem and it is a continuous problem to keep our members and find new ones. Thanks for your help.

Before I forget it, I take great pleasure in announcing that Robert "Bob" Harper has accepted the position as assistant VP of the 448th. Bob is well known, well liked and a most generous guy, donating many of his paintings for various causes. I want to thank Downey Thomas who has moved to Hawaii and it was felt we needed someone a little closer to take over should the need arise.

We hope the Thomases will be happy in their new home but still want them to attend our reunion and visit their many friends.

Here are the names of former 448th members whose letters have been returned. Please check these to see if you can help locate them: Clarence Holland, 1191 Riverside Dr., Chattanooga, TN 37406; Frank J. DeMaine, 3637 Country Club Rd., Endwell, NY 13760; C.D. Perrotti, Jr., 38 Mt. Hood Terrace, Melrose, MA 02176; Herschel L. Hargrove, Bentonville, Ark.; Robert E. Krieger, Blders Exchange Bldg, Suite 1020, Minneapolis, MN; Harry L. Wolfe, 1102 3rd Ave., N.E., Jamestown, SD 58401; Blase Benziger, 9 Nash Court, Great Kills, Long Island, NY 10308; Gerald Smith, P.O. Box 337, Wildwood, NJ 08260; Lester J. Doucet, 9315 Western

Ave., 8A, Omaha, Neb.; Gordon Colyer, 1831 W. 87th St., Apt. 3, Los Angeles, CA 90047; Louis M. Sardo, 24244 Santa Barbara, Southfield, MI 48075; Enno Krotke, 221 West Liberty St., Reno, Nev. 98501; Henry C. Butler, Jr., 117 Bishop Lane, Madison, WI; George H. Jepsen, P.O. Box 374, East Patatka, FL 32031; Coy Wells, 147 West Mill, Sapulpa, OK 70766; Albert F. Kolb, 1311 Westwood, Apt. 48, Wenatchee, WA 98801; Ltc. Lawrence D. Underwood (Ret.), 301 Bowling Green Dr., Montgomery, AL 36109; Kenneth R. Knowles, 2115 Stapels Ave., Key West, FL 33040; Carmen Perrotti, 15 Sea Harbor Dr., West Ormond Beach, FL 32074; Thomas K. Rado, 103 N. 5th St., Allegheny, NY 14706; C.W. Roberson, Rt. 2, Box 20, Silver Creek, WA 98585; Edward Kelly, 131 Hickory Lane, Rosemont, PA 19010; Edward R. Steiner, 2011 Dogwood Lane, Wilmington, Del. 19803; Bert Wintner, 2200 Kerwin Dr. #606, University Heights, OH 44118; Elliott J. Sidey, 4646 Los Feliz Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90027; James J. Smith, 34 49th St., Irvington, NJ 07111; Glenn L. Bolling, 11401 Madison, Kansas City, MO 64114; Robert Dowell, 3841 S. 27 Second St., Kent, WA 98032; Gail A. Sheldon, P.O. Box 553, Rancho Santa Fe, CA 92067; Edward Jondrasik, 4311 Joplin Dr., Rockville, MD 20853; George E. Bank, 225 Bridger Ave., Las Vegas, Nev.; Doyle Tucker, 225 Edgewood Dr., #25, Lakeland, FL 33803; Jan Ullrich, 69 Offset Rd., Bedford, MA 01730; Frank M. Schultz, 515 West Arlington, Erie, PA 16509; William V. Biles, 921 Green Drive, #307, Colorado Springs, CO 80906; Earl A. Self, 1412 South Harvard, Tulsa, OK 74112; John T. Rocke, 4 1/2 Park St., Danvers, MA 01923; John W. Cotley, 4659 N. Guthrie St., San Bernardino, CA 92404; George Copeland, 3654 Dayton, Springfield, MA 65808; C.D. Perrotti, 108 Hill St., Stoneham, MA 02180.

Ralph Whitehead informs me that James Hoseason, author of the book "The 1000 Day Battle," has had more copies made and you can purchase one from Ralph Whitehead at "Echo Sierra," The Loke, Blundeston, NR 32 5AR, Suffolk, England. The price is 13.95 British pounds at 1.65 dollars per pound which comes to about \$22.52.

I don't believe this is counting postage so I would suggest sending about \$25.00. Any over will go to the Control Tower Maintenance funds. Ralph also has more the attractive tea towels with an overlay of American WW II planes of the 8th AF and a map of Eastern England showing all American bases in WW II. Cost is \$10.00 which includes postage.

This has been lengthy due to the names of our lost 448th friends. Please let me know about Colorado Springs and Harlingen by Feb. 1, 1988. Thanks and good health.

Jerseyan, 2 of Ill-Fated Bomber's Crew Re-Unit

by Deborah Coombe
The Sunday Star-Ledger

When C.D. Johnson joined the Second Air Division Association a year ago, he immediately scanned the organization's roster for familiar names.

Could there possibly be someone around who was with him on that unforgettable night so long ago?

Down the list he went, checking the names of those who had been with the division during World War II, men who had survived and were now living in far away places.



Joseph Bradley, left, and Cecil Johnson display a photo of them with their military buddies in World War II. The others were killed in a plane crash during a bombing mission over Germany.

One of those was Joseph Bradley of Brick Township.

Johnson studied the name in wonderment.

Could it be the same Joe Bradley that he — Johnson — had shared a terrifying experience with 43 years ago when their B-24 bomber collided with another bomber during a mission over Germany?

"When I saw his (Bradley's) name I sat right down and wrote him a letter," Johnson said. "I called him up that night," Bradley replied. It was the start of what — hopefully — will be annual reunions.

Bradley, who now lives in a retirement community, said he and Johnson, a resident of Georgia, met with Stan Mikolajczyk of River Edge, another survivor, last weekend over dinner to reminisce about the flight that nearly ended their lives.

As the three spoke about the collision, the full picture of its enormity emerged for the first time.

Men of the 8th Air Force took off in B-24 bombers from England around lunchtime on Sept. 21, 1944, to strike oil refineries and rail yards in Coblenz, Germany.

The propeller-driven aircraft were climbing through broken clouds and using instruments because of the clouds and vapor trails when two collided over Inglemunster, Belgium.

"We still don't know why the plane on our left wing and our airplane collided," said Bradley.

There were 10 men in each plane. Bradley was the radio operator, Johnson was the engineer and Mikolajczyk was the co-pilot. All the crew except for the engineer were wearing parachutes.

Because of his position sitting in a turret, the engineer's chute was on his lap.

The plane was descending in a "dead whirl." The men had seconds to escape from the plane before it crashed. Bradley said centrifugal force kept the men in the back of the plane against the walls.

"The first thing I tried to do was open the bomb bay door. But there was liquid all over the place and the door wouldn't open," Bradley said.

When he looked to the front of the plane, he saw a hole where the tail of the other plane had hit the nose turret where the gunner was located.

"It was like someone opened a door. All I saw was clouds and air and blue," Bradley said.

He left through that "door."

Meanwhile, Johnson came down and jumped on the bomb bay door and it opened. The pilot and Mikolajczyk also escaped through the bomb bay door.

All this happened at 16,000 feet, Bradley said.

Bradley first feared they were descending over water, because he could not see through the clouds and the vapor trails. Landing in water would have meant the men would have frozen to death in the North Sea before they could have been rescued.

Instead they landed in farm fields under the watchful eye of armed Belgians. Once they learned the survivors were Americans, the Belgians gave them something to drink and took them to the nearby castle of the Count and Countess de Mont Blanc.

Johnson, the engineer, was unable to get his chute completely on before he jumped out of the plane and he broke his leg when he landed. He was taken to a hospital. The others were returned to base.

"All my bed and my valuables were taken up. They were shocked to see us. They thought no one had survived," Bradley said.

He immediately sent a telegram to his sister, so his family would know he was still alive.

"I didn't fly again for 22 years. I get a little leery. I don't fly unless I have to. It's the same with the other fellows," Bradley said.

Bradley and Johnson had their first reunion some time ago in Albany, Georgia.

+ + + +

Dear Bradleys,

I just read your story in the Fall '87 2nd AD Journal and it touched my soul very much. I was the pilot in the lead plane of the group that day and Col. Thurman D. Brown was with me as a command pilot. I was of the 330th Sqdn. but was leading the

group. Wesley Sheffield was leading the 330th Sqdn. and they were flying in the low left position on that day. Ivan Jones was Sheffield's co-pilot. I give these names so you may contact these people to get some additional information, as they are in the roster.

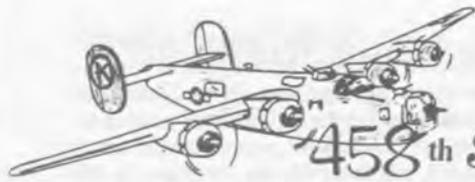
On that day, Sept. 21, 1944 if I recall, we had probably reached our on-course altitude of possibly 22-25,000 feet. My co-pilot Paul S. Joseph was riding in the tail that day and he informed the Col. and myself that Sheffield was behind and lower than normal for good formation, so Col. Brown informed Sheffield of the clouds and to quickly climb. I was in the left seat, flying on auto-pilot and was in a position to observe the situation out my window and its development as well as anyone except maybe my co-pilot in the back. I would estimate this time interval was 10-15 minutes and that the 330th was at a 300' or lower altitude and behind by 500-600' which was too much as I was accustomed.

I still can see the squadron go into the clouds and lost out of sight, and then just momentarily I could make out some planes faintly visible and shortly more planes coming out and probably all in less than 2 minutes the squadron cleared the clouds but with less planes. My co-pilot counted immediately and reported two planes missing. We were all emotionally shaken and wondered what had happened. We didn't find out what happened in detail until we returned back at the base. I always believed that your crew and the other crew were just recently with the 93rd and perhaps the pilots got disoriented in the clouds as anyone could and they turned into each other in collision and spun all the way down. I believed you all were killed, it was good to hear four of you got out. I recall that pictures were sent back showing the Belgian people giving our men a Christian burial. I have always had the highest respect for the Belgian people since this happened.

You recall Operations recorded our missions by plane, using the last three numbers of the serial number. A new crew in the squadron seemed to always get assigned the older planes. This happened with us as well. I finally got 969 assigned to us in operations. I see I got it for 8 missions of my 14 missions before leading. I understood that 969 was one of those that crashed in your accident.

I would like to hear all about what you can tell and how you were able to get out and could clear the plane and keep a clear head. It would be good to get together with you.

I love the Lord and give him all the credit for my survival. I hope to hear from you.
Joseph R. Mitchell
RR 1
Blakesburg, IA 52536
Ph. 515-938-2995



458th Bomb Group

by Rick Rokicki

MEMORIAL: Things started early when we had about 20 check-ins on Oct. 1, and continued that way until just before the banquet dinner on Saturday. The three hostesses were Maurice Jameson, Doris Trivette and Ceil Rokicki. These ladies did the registering, meal selection and identity badges with professionalism. We owe them our thanks for work well done. I tried to keep up with the flow of our members and wives, but I still failed to talk to all, missing a few of the late check-ins. The planned number of attendees originally was 267 and although we had a few cancellations, we also had some last minute registrants, and the total stayed the same: 147 members, 105 wives and 15 associate members and guests, making the final count 267.

The weather on Saturday morning was sunny, windy and fairly cool, but at least it wasn't raining. The ceremonies started right on time with a welcome to all, an unveiling of the memorial by Bill Jameson, Duke Trivette and myself. A history of the 458th was given by B/Gen. James Isbell, and the presentation of the memorial was done by Charles Booth. Dick Baughman accepted the memorial for the Wright Patterson Air Museum. A tour of the museum and its annex was on the schedule. Somehow, we managed to get everyone back to the Holiday without leaving anyone behind! The banquet dinner at the hotel went extremely well and the food and service was excellent and without fault. After dinner, the members received a two by three inch marble weight with a plate engraving that stated the Memorial Dedication, date and place with the Second Air Division Association logo. Wives and other female guests received an 8th Air Force cloisonne pendant and chain to remember the occasion. All items were distributed and more can be ordered if the demand is there. The marble & engraved plate can be purchased for \$4.50 postpaid while the ladies 8th AF pendant can be ordered for \$10.00 postpaid. Send me your request for either or both and I will send them by return mail.

I have received several requests for a listing of members who attended the Memorial Dedication ceremony. Unfortunately, there isn't enough space to list these names, but if you desire a copy, please send me two (2) stamps and I will get a copy off to you (the second stamp covers the copy charge).

The memorial itself was the subject of conversation. The larger white triangular base with the black granite diamond contrast was unique. The shape, design and installation is distinctly beautiful. It's set on a twelve foot square concrete pad with two granite benches in front on either side, and a background of tall pines completes the setting. It's located in the park, not too far from the



(l-r): Stan Hammell, Rick Rokicki, Birt Brumby and Don Frazier



The Memorial to our 275 that failed to return to Horsham St. Faith

parking area. Plan a visit the next time you're in the Dayton area; you won't be disappointed in the memorial, location, nor the air museum.

MEMBERSHIP: I'm happy to report that we had a high percentage of new members again this quarter. In my last report to you, we added 26 members. Since then, we've added an additional 40. If there's someone you're looking for, please drop me a note and I will comply.

Regarding a print-out of a current 458th BG Roster: The copies I had made for the last Journal issue, sold out quickly. I am processing a new roster which, as of today, shows 546 members plus 12 associate members (widows of past members, children) for a grand total of 558 members in the 458th. All names are printed on full sized 11 by 15 inch paper (44 names on a full sheet). Also the print-outs are on both sides of the sheets to keep the roster compact and cut the mailing weight. Complete 458th rosters are available for \$3.00 which covers the cost of photocopying and mailing. The sheets are not shrunk down to a 8½ by 11 size that is hard to read.

IN RESPONSE TO QUESTIONS ABOUT DUES: Evelyn has sent out the 1988 Dues Notices. If you have recently joined the Association and haven't received a dues notice, don't be alarmed. You have already paid for your next year's dues, and you won't be dropped. Also, don't wait too long before sending in your small \$25.00 deposit for the Colorado Springs 1988 Reunion at the Clarion Hotel, June 23-25. We will, no doubt, have a very large turn-out, you can bet on it.

Can't close without mentioning that when Tom Blisard checked in at the reception desk at the Holiday, he handed me an envelope and said "Use this for letter replies." It contained 25 stamps. Thank you, and bless your big heart, Tom! Also, many thanks to all who have sent me names of possible new 458th members to recruit. With your continued help, we'll be at the top of the Association soon!

Southern California Scene

by Fred Thomas (392nd)

The morning of August 14 dawned cloudy and cool with a spit of rain in the air. However, with the potential of winning thousands, even millions of dollars, seven lady golfers and 41 men golfers showed up for the 2nd Annual Southern California 2ADA Golf Tourney at Los Alamitos Navy Golf Course. While most were from the general Los Angeles and Orange County area, such was the lure of riches, some came



Harry Orthman and Fred Thomas award trophies at Los Alamitos.

from as far as Sacramento, Riverside, and the San Diego area. As was the case last year, the event was produced and directed by the committee of Harry Orthman, 492nd/44th BG, Chuck Walker, 445th BG, Charles McBride, 448th BG, Dick Boucher, 445th BG, with some small help from this writer.

The occasion was dampened by the fact that Chuck Walker, after all his work on our behalf, couldn't be present on account of the death of his mother. However, tee-offs began at 10:00 by golfers with handicaps from 5 to 34 and others with no official handicaps using the Calloway system for scoring. Soon the sun appeared accompanied by gentle breezes and pleasant temperatures, and echos of "heavens," "drat," "my word," and the occasional "expletive deleted" resounded across the course. By 14:30 the scores began to be checked and posted by Jim and Yula Tollefson, 491st BG, aided by yours truly. When all the scores were posted, it was evident that talent can't be denied. Regardless, winners came from all levels of play. Trophy winners were: Ladies — Low Gross, Yula Tollefson. Low Net, Ann Cochran. For the men: Low Gross — Dave Butler (Dick Butler's son), who shot par for the course 72. Runner up Low Gross — Jim Tollefson, 491st BG. Low Net — Hank Gargano (guest). Runner up Low Net — Mitch Simons (walking army guest). Calloway Winners: Low Gross — Dick Baynes, 466th BG. Runner up Low Gross — Don Dickson (guest). Low Net — Gene Hartley, 389th BG. Runner up Low Net — Don Willumsen (guest). Other prizes: Longest drive — George Slentz (150 lb. guest fighter pilot). Closest to the pin — George Procuier, 492nd/467th BG. Most Honest Golfer (he counted every stroke) — Art McDermott, 445th BG.

After the awards ceremony was finished, the golfers were joined by a number of other 2ADA members and their wives for a highly enjoyable outdoors grilled steak dinner with the proper drinks, side dishes and condiments. Most appreciated was the presence of Executive Vice President C.N. "Bud" Chamberlain and his wife, Mike. Also, Bob and Ruth Powers, 392nd BG who drove up from Escondido.

The day's program was concluded with a raffle for prizes for those who didn't win a trophy. Gifts of golf balls, towels, shopping list tablets, gag prizes, etc. added fun to the occasion. One nice prize, two tickets and parking for an Angels vs. Oakland baseball game, was won by Elva Thomas. She kindly donated them to friend and husband, Fred, who shared the game with Harry Orthman a few days later. The Angels lost again.

As the sun sank into the Pacific, the golfers and guests departed with expressions of appreciation for the fun day enjoyed by all. Another successful 2ADA affair went into the books. Oh, what about the millions in prize money, you ask? Well, the potential was there. Each golfer was given a California lottery ticket along with tees and a golf ball before tee-off. We fully expected one or more to scratch off the ticket and find himself/herself a winner of up to \$25,000, or better yet, a trip to Sacramento to the "Big Spin" where the prizes run into the millions. As it turned out, Yula Tollefson was our winner of the greatest amount...\$20.00. Not what we hoped, but c'est la vie.

The next affair planned for our Southern California 2ADA members and guests, and any other 2ADA members who can join us: The 7th Annual Southern California Second Air Division Association Reunion Dinner at the El Toro Marine Air Station Officers Club, March 19, 1988. Keep it in mind and mark your calendars. Details will be mailed in February. Cheers!

View from the Tower Christmas Story

Submitted by Lou Dubnow (446th), from Gale M. Johnson

The winter of 1943 was a time many of us would like to forget. I refer to many whose military service requirements found them far from home, lonely, scared and wondering if it would ever end.

I found myself serving as a Control Officer in Operations for the 491st Bomb Group stationed near North Pickenham, England, beside a wood of pine trees. We were a heavy bomber group, taking and handing out more than our share of damage. Christmas was near and to many an airman it meant the first time ever away from home on this glorious occasion.

For many missions, it was necessary to place men with "very pistols" and "flares" out in direct line with the runway to fire burning flares readily seen through the haze, allowing the bombers to line up on them and try to touch down near the last one. "Ground air control" approaches were in the near offing, but not yet available. An officer was required to supervise the firing and thus I found myself on a hazy evening about a week before Christmas out in a lane cut into the woods to lengthen the take-off and landing clearing. Help was plentiful so, when an ambitious airman asked me if I minded if he cut off a Christmas tree instead of just standing around, I saw little wrong with the request.

When time came to return to the control tower, there in the trunk, covered up with canvas, lay a beautiful Christmas tree, cut from the top of one of Her Majesty's pines.

The control tower consisted of a large operations/radio room on the top floor, plus two large rooms used for the Operations Officer's quarters. The lower floor was used by the Weather Department.

It was hastily decided that the best place to put the tree was in my quarters. It was a punishable offense to damage Her Majesty's property and my quarters were seldom inspected, so into my large room went the tree.

The control tower organization was made up of a medical team consisting of medics, ambulances, crews, etc., armament crews for bomb disposal, electrical crew for runway maintenance, and the radio operating crews.

Once the tree was in my room, it was unanimously agreed that it needed a stand and some decorations. Anyone who says American ingenuity didn't help win the war wasn't in England in 1943.

One of the armament men dashed off for the bomb dump and soon a 500 pound bomb was missing its tail fins and my Christmas tree was amply anchored to a four-finned stand. Snow was no problem, what with all the cotton in the medical department. Tinsel — an

ample supply was found in the "radar deflection packages" that were used to screw up radar-aimed guns. The tree lights had everyone stumped for a while until someone suggested that the emergency lighting system had red, yellow and green lights and we could take off bulbs and sockets off if someone would wire them together and find an extra airplane battery somewhere. It was done. Had an emergency lighting requirement arisen, I don't know what we would have done. What a beautiful tree!

Christmas was bound to be somewhat brighter and time was set for a grand party around the tree Christmas morning; and, if wanted, a gift exchange.

Well, word got around. It took a lot of acting on my part to keep from smiling at the similarity of the requests that began to come in from the different airplane crews and their captains, hardened by the horrors of war. It usually went something like this: "Say, Captain Johnson, I wonder if I could ask a favor of you? You see, I have a pretty young crew and they're a bit homesick, it being Christmas and all. Now, you see it's not so much for me, but the kids...and I wonder if we could use your tree on Christmas Day?" As it turned out, my room was scheduled at half-hour intervals for the whole Christmas Day. "Not for me, but for those kids on the crews, you know." I guess it just goes to show that Christmas is for kids, but, fortunately, most of us never stop being kids part of the time.

The 445th Bomb Group Reporting

by Frank DiMola



Is this A/C one that made it back from Kassel? If so, who was the 700th SQ pilot?

You all have seen and read the Fall issue of the Journal and how well it described all the major events of that glorious 40th reunion.

How would you like to hear the background music and all the noise of those eventful days in Norwich, Cambridge and the surrounding area? Dave Hastings has made a cassette tape of all the events and it was done in such a fashion that I can re-live every moment and event as I listen to the recording.

This is my plan — I have made up six cassette tapes from the original tapes, with permission from Dave Hastings to reproduce as many as I please. They will be mailed to various parts of the country for you to have. I then would like you to reproduce a tape or two and then mail them out to another member of the 445th. How are you going to do this? For those of you who have a roster, use this method. Just send a copy to the name next to yours and let me know so I can keep track of which way the tapes are going. Buddy Cross and I will take care of the new unlisted members ourselves. I'm starting this method by October of this year, and by the time you read this, it should pyramid into a large number.

As you read in the previous issue, a mini-reunion of the 445th and 453rd Bomb Groups was held in Fairborn, Ohio located near Dayton, Ohio in September of this year (1987). It will be sometime in 1988 when you will receive this issue. No harm meant to you, Bill. Our group had 84 people present and again it was a most joyful and memorable meeting. Once again we were honored with the attendance of our chaplain, Rev. Joseph Quinlan. After a short business meeting, where I requested more donations toward the Tibenham memorial, we had a talk session. I first introduced a four member crew who have not seen each other for 40 plus years. Thanks to Hank Lively for bringing together John Bloom, George Harlow and Ben Madamba, an 84 year old ball turret gunner. A great thrill for all of us; we had quite a few two-man crews present and they were also first-timers.

Then we had Robert Suchrow with a few

tales of his AAF life that his wife did not know about. Ira, another first-timer, got to tell us about his experience as a POW in the Nazi war camps. To appreciate Ira's story, you must realize the size of this guy who defied his captives. The best story of all had to be about the two Daves. Both Dave Patterson and Dave Hastings, our English guest, flew in from the west coast in a private aircraft owned by Dave Patterson. It seems that every time they landed in an airport, they would first ask, "Is this Dayton Air Base?" And we won the war?????

A word of thanks to Leroy Elfstrom for the wonderful work and deed he did in and around Norwich. Just ask Al Ciesliga and maybe Al will tell you all about it. Al also has a wonderful son Larry who both attended the Fairborn reunion, and helped his dad to get around the area. Bless them all. June, thanks for the info.

I am sure that all of you have seen the wonderful photos taken in and around Tibenham and the memorial. These shots were taken by a former Air Force man, Randy Jadcak. Randy attended the Norwich reunion with his wife Vichi and along with Bill and Florence Vinton. As many times as Bill flew over the white cliffs of Dover, he had to see it just one more time, but this time he would walk on and around it. We have so many memories to recall that we just can't seem to put it into some sort of writing so the future generations can read just what sacrifices were made by all the military men and women of the free world. The library in Norwich is looking for this information, so why not just sit down sometime and talk to a cassette tape and tell it all you have done in military life and then send it to the Memorial Library. OK???

Those of you who have donated towards the memorial while in Tibenham, please let me know who you are. I am keeping a record of all donors; I may put another drive on and I do not want to request another donation.

Elizabeth and I wish you all very happy holidays and a healthy New Year. See you all in Colorado Springs in '88. God Bless.

'Maude Gray' was a Wartime Bomber

by Charles Dunmore
Carrow Road, Norwich

I have read with interest Mr. Carruthers' explanation of the origin of the name "Maude Gray Court" in St. Benedict Street (Evening News, August 12).

I fear that his account was rather fanciful although I do not doubt that the known wells in the area must have stimulated many strange stories of mishaps which were genuinely believed.

The true explanation, which can be verified, is closer to our own times, originating in the dark days of World War Two. As I understand it the owners of the new building named the court in memory of a B-24J Liberator bomber from the 467th Bombardment Group which were stationed and flew from Rackheath Airfield during 1944.



Maude Gray Court: named after a U.S. bomber

The aircraft, named the "Maude Gray" (No. 42-52534) flew no fewer than 15 missions from Rackheath with the same aircrew, somewhat of a rarity at the time. On their many "liberty runs" into Norwich, the whole crew (nine of them) would spend many a convivial evening in the Ten Bells, St. Benedict's, where local residents got to know them and "adopted" them as friends, a custom which was familiar in other parts of the city.

The ties made were long and lasting and after the war it was suggested that a plaque be placed in the pub in affectionate memory of the "happy wanderers" from the "Maude Gray" but nothing came of it.

When the builders were seeking a name for the new redevelopment in St. Benedict's it was agreed to remember the "golden lads" from Rackheath, particularly following the 40th Second Air Division reunion in Norwich in May, by naming the court after the famous Liberator bomber the "Maude Gray."



491st BOMB GROUP
THE LAST AND THE BEST
the
RINGMASTER
REPORTS

by Patrick J. Perry

The Halls of the Unheralded

In any major conflict there are legions of faceless men and women who are essential elements in the massive mosaic that represents a final victory.

It has been estimated that only half of those in the military were overseas in a theater of operations and that half of these were in combat areas or in direct combat.

The people who filled these non-combat ranks were a large portion of those who served during WW II and shared many things besides anonymity, some I will name: Remote areas, crowded and spartan living conditions, long hours, marginal to miserable working conditions, monotony, a lack of many things — privacy, equipment, supplies, recreation and recognition.

I personally have felt that it is long overdue that those units that were the sturdy, dedicated, competent infrastructure of our Bomb Group be identified and recognized with a sincere and heartfelt "well done."

This is a bit complicated by the fact that the 491st flew from two airfields during its tour of duty and some of the ground support units did not serve in both locations. I trust the following table of organization will clarify this.

Station 366 Metfield
April 1944 to August 1944
476 — Sub Depot
983 — Military Police Co.
327 — Station Complement
1802 — Ordnance S & M Co.
1236 Quartermaster Co.
Service Grp. (AVN)
2107 — Engineer Fire
Fighting Platoon (AVN)
867 — Chemical Co.

Station 143 North Pickenham
August 1944 to May 1945
479 — Sub Depot
1261 — Military Police Co.
326 — Station Complement
1450 — Ordnance S & M Co.
1234 — Quartermaster Co.
Service Grp. (AVN)
2108 — Engineer Fire
Fighting Platoon (AVN)
266 — Medical Dispensary
208 — Finance Section Detachment B.
882 — Chemical Co.

These people were cold and wet in the winter (one bucket of coal per hut per day). They had meals of Spam, brussel sprouts, rice, powdered eggs, corned beef, canned tomatoes and occasional good meals when supplies were available. It was not the cooks' fault, although they would not necessarily win a prize at the county fair! Other than occasional pub runs to Ashill, Necton and Swaffham, there were Liberty Runs to Kings Lynn for a short evening, and make sure you don't miss that 6 x 6 or it's a hell of walk

back. The sense of being remote and in an outpost of olive drab made life very boring with a dreary dullness. Our opponents across the channel, being thoughtful, sought to offset this with sporadic buzz bombs and night intruder harassment raids which resulted in red alerts manning the turrets and straffing pits in the chill, damp, blacked out airfield. Enough of that entertainment, we have a mission to launch in the morning. It broke up a lot of card games also.

Some of the sub-depot men worked around the clock in primitive conditions to get the required number of planes airworthy for the next mission.

Memorabilia — 491st "Ringmasters"

The following items have been carefully created, reproduced, or made available as worthwhile additions to your personal collection and remembrance of another time, another place. 1) Full color hand embroidered Ringmasters Group Insignis Crest 3" by 4" (w/silver & gold bullion thread, made in London, England); \$38.00 each. 2) Baseball type specially designed Caps, two styles to select from: a) Green brim and crown with white peak-color B-24 (in flight) and group name & number. b) Silver gray cap with green & white tail fin and group name & number. Either style \$8.00 each. 3) Station 143 North Pickenham Air Base map reproduced on a satin brass plate, 10" by 12" and mounted on a stained hardwood plaque 12" by 15". This can be personalized with your name. \$40.00 each. 4) "History of the Ringmasters," a reprint of the original by Alan Blue which is informative and concise. A must for all. \$8.00 each. 5) A three season weight, green (491st shade) blazer by Stanley Blacker. This is ideal for sport, casual wear and a hit at reunions. \$115.00 each. 6) Baseball type nylon jackets, flannel nap lined, knitted cuffs & waist, green with Ringmaster group emblem on left front and six B-24s (in head on formation) on back. A real winner! 1st order is sold out; as we are re-ordering now, let us know your size and join the Group. \$40.00 each. 7) A six color Ringmaster patch in cloth and embroidered. Unique 4" diameter design perfect to wear or give to your children, grandchildren, or friends as a proud remembrance. \$10.00 each. **IMPORTANT:** Any profit that may accrue from the sale of these items will be deposited in a special account for future use by the 491st Group Memorial Fund. Contact: Patrick Perry, 3066 Pleasant Hill, Maumee, Ohio 43537, or Harold Fritzer, 1130 S.W. Chestnut Dr., Portland, Oregon 97219.

I am leaving for the Pittsburgh, PA 8th AF reunion (8th AFHS) and hope to add several new members to the 491st membership. I will give you a brief run-down in the next Journal as well as current status on our newsletter, the Group memorial study panel and other items of current interest.

Remember — Always make as many landings as takeoffs.

Unmasked! Our Maude's a Dog

It's a Whiffler "world exclusive" — today we unmask Maude Gray and solve a mystery that has been puzzling the whole city.

Historian Geoffrey Goreham started it all by his article on Maude Gray Court — a rather delightful little development off St. Benedict Street, Norwich. A reader then asked just who Maude Gray was and the letters came pouring in. Here are some of the theories put forward: a ghost, an American Liberator bomber, a jazz singer, and a Lowestoft drifter.

Sorry, but you're all wrong. Maude Gray is still alive and barking and here she is — a miniature dachshund.

The court was built by developer Mike Fox and named after a dog belonging to a friend of his, Treena Gray. "It's certainly been a talking point in the city. I have been reading the Evening News every night for the latest letters on Maude," said Mike.

When I tracked him down he came clean straight away and told me how he had come to name the complex of flats and shops. When the development was nearing completion he was involved in talks with the city council over what it should be called.

"I came up with a few ideas that they didn't like and they came up with some that I didn't like," added Mike. At one stage the Slaughter House Yard was mentioned. "There's no way they were going to call it that."

I can vividly recall the fast and fevered work of ordnance and flight crews working in concert to service the Liberators when Division Headquarters issued three successively different bomb loads for the same mission.

Due to time and space limitations, I will continue this story of stout-hearted men in the next issue of the Journal.

So that you may have a list of the memorabilia I have mentioned in past columns, I have shortened this so that Bill Robertie can have space to include this information that many of you have requested:



Meet the mysterious Maude (left) with her proud owner Treena Gray and (above) developer Mike Fox who named his court after the dog.

"I couldn't think of a name until I was talking to a friend one day and suddenly realized her name was Gray and her dog was called Maude," he explained. "It seemed such a lovely old fashioned name with a lot of charm, so that was it — as simple as that."

The only other person to be in on the secret was a friend, Andrew Whetung, who wrote to us asking if anyone knew who Maude Gray was.

Maude's "mum" Treena tells me she is six years old and has travelled all over the world with her before settling down in Norwich. "She has been to America and Thailand but is happy in Norwich and very proud to have a court named after her. It's lovely," she said.

So there it is — a great end to a great story.

Individual Fear

by Michael J. Donahue (93rd)

Fear, an unpleasant, often strong emotion caused by expectation or awareness of danger. Fear was my constant companion when I was flying missions. Fear can play an important part in whether or not you make the right decision. Fear can turn you into being a hero or a coward.

It began for me when I was awakened by the bright light of the officer of the days flash light shining in my face, informing me that I was scheduled to fly on today's mission and that breakfast and briefing will be at 02:00 hours.

It was very dark that morning when I left my nissen hut and walked across the farmer's field to the mess hall. Suddenly and without a sound, a dark figure sprang from a shallow ditch toward my face. Startled, I fumbled for my Colt 45 in an effort to dispatch the culprit. After struggling with the furry beast, I realized then that the sinister figure was not a German paratrooper, but a friendly old dog who licked my face and trotted off into the darkness.

While stationed at Westover Field, Mass. in the early part of 1944, and awaiting orders to be shipped to England for combat duty, I was detained one evening by what I thought was a bunch of enemy agents. Their interest in me was to gain bits of information on the upcoming invasion of Europe. Fear of being killed and my body dumped into the river that flows through Springfield, Mass. prompted me to escape their clutches, and return to the safety of the airfield.

The fear I had on take-offs in a fuel and bomb laden bomber was greatly reduced by the expert flying of Capt. Spencer, Lt. Pofi and Dean V. Neade, our flight engineer. It was only for the skillful flying on their part that we avoided colliding with the hundreds of other bombers during the assembly of our formation.

Flying high over enemy territory, and on the bomb run, I am looking down through the open bomb bay doors on the target below. Big black puffs of enemy flak explode beneath the weaving bomber. I am startled when the big 500 pounders leave the bomb bay, hurtle to earth and explode with bright flashes on the city. The noise and the view you see from the open doors scares the living hell out of you. After I close the bomb bay doors, I ask myself, "What in hell are you doing up here?"

It's lonely at your station when your movement is limited to the length of your oxygen hose. Hidden behind your oxygen mask and heavy clothing, only your eyes express your fears to the other members of the crew.

Other than the pilots' command set and the Morse code that I may send and receive over my radio equipment, the only other means of communication on the plane is the interphone system. Although voice transmission is restricted to a more serious level, there are occasions when the chatter gets a little ridiculous. For instance, you might hear a conversation like this over your head-sets:

"Nose gunner to pilot — fighters at twelve o'clock, they must be friendly cause they're blinking their wing lights at us — over."

"Radio to crew — that piece of flak on the catwalk is mine."

"Anybody want to trade a winner and beans for a cheese?"

"Pilot to navigator — Where are we? —

I'll check; a term used by the navigator when he really don't know."

"Bail-out, prepare to ditch." Oh! how I feared hearing those commands.

Even with the strong head winds and the loud engine noise, it seems peaceful in the bomber as our formation flies over Belgium on our way home to England. I cannot help thinking about what happened yesterday at our air base when all the personnel of the 409th squadron was called out to stand inspection in front of group headquarters. The reason for the assembly was to identify the soldier who raped the local farmer's daughter. I must admit that I was a little scared when the rosey cheeked young girl, accompanied by her father, a ruddy-faced gentleman, wearing high rubber boots to the knee and carrying a long handled pitch fork, walked slowly up and down our ranks, nervously looking for the guilty person. I must say that I was a bit relieved when she looked me over and went on to the next man in the line. Although it was an insult to my bringing up, I had to feel sorry for what that family had to endure. To look at the situation on the brighter side, the little bastard could have grown up to be a wing commander in the RAF and while performing above and beyond the call of duty, became a bloody hero, while serving in the Falkland War.

Looking from my radio compartment window down on the cold, choppy waters of the English Channel, I wondered where Maj. Glenn Miller and his band would be performing tonight. I recall that it was about a month or so ago that the Miller band arrived at our airfield to give an evening performance for the thousands of men and women of the 93rd Bomb Group. It was an honor and a thrill for me to be a member of a four-man crew of one of the four battle-seasoned B-24 bombers that delivered the entire band to our airbase at Hardwick that afternoon. Flying in the lead plane, piloted by Capt. Bryan, I watched breathlessly from the waist window as the pilots of the other three planes skillfully maneuver the four engine bombers into a tight formation. The sun's reflection sparkled like diamonds as it danced across the shiny surfaces of the wings and fuselage. Flying at treetop level, wing tip to wing tip and at full speed, the four beautiful Liberators carrying the Miller band buzzed across the English countryside to our base at Hardwick. I was scared but, it wasn't like the fear I saw in the faces of those talented musicians as they clung to the floor of the bouncing bomber. My God, but didn't we have great bomber pilots in the Mighty Eighth Air Force!

It's a relief to leave the English Channel behind. With a wounded man aboard and a plane which has been shot up pretty bad, a safe landing is uppermost in my mind now. As we make our approach, red flares are fired, indicating that we have wounded aboard. The pilot sets the bomber down and taxis to the end of the runway where Sgt. Ramiro Pompa, the wounded waist gunner, is gently removed through the waist window, put into a waiting ambulance and rushed to the base hospital. Fearing for his life, I prayed that Ramiro, who was a professional dancer in civilian life, would dance again in his beloved city of Hollywood.

Concerned about my nervous condition, I

decided that on my next three-day pass I would go to a nice quiet place for a good rest. The guy in the hut tells me, "Have I got a place for you. Go to the Richmond area," he tells me. It's a peaceful and quiet little suburb located on the west side of London. Above all, he says, and this is important, there are no V-2s or V-1 buzz bombs falling on you there.

I took my friend's advice and on my next leave I went to this peaceful suburb of London. Upon my arrival that afternoon in Richmond, via the underground rail system from London, I was amazed when I reached the street level in the city at how quiet everything was. In fact, there was nothing moving or steering around me as I stood in the city square. Even the people seemed to be frozen in their tracks as they fearfully looked skyward. This was a quiet place all right, it was quiet because of the fear this noisy German flying machine generated as it flew low in the sky over our heads.

The buzzing, sputtering noise this pilotless plane made was easily identified as the sound made by a failing engine of a V-1 or a flying buzz bomb. The weird contraption carried a huge bomb in its nose. When it ran out of fuel and its engine stopped, the plane and the bomb it carried would fall into the city, exploding with a bang you wouldn't believe.

It seemed like the bombs boomed and banged all through my sleepless night. One of the V-2 rockets exploded just a few blocks from where I stayed. It exploded with such force that it shook my bed and rattled the frames on the wall of my room. Determined not to die in bed, and remembering the title of an old John Wayne movie, "They Died With Their Boots On," I got up, put on my boots, went over and sat in a rocking chair and rocked myself to sleep.

I returned to the airbase after my leave, tired and irritable. This is hard to believe, but this same guy suggested that I think about spending my next leave on the European continent. He tells me about this peaceful and quiet little village in Luxembourg, called Bastogne. Most important, he says, "There are very few German soldiers in that area, and around Christmas time, the place is just bulging with activity."

The realization of completing my tour of 30 missions was near. For reasons I cannot explain, life seemed to be more precious to me now. With new goals, new hopes, I really wanted to live.

The fear of dying on a very rough 29th mission prompted me to call upon God and all His angels and His saints. I made a promise or a vow, that if I was to survive this mission and be allowed to complete my tour of duty, I would become a priest. I survived the mission and completed my tour, but "the Lord works in mysterious ways." The Big Guy up there told me to forget the vow; instead, get married, have four children, and become a dentist.

I must confess what really happened. When I returned to the United States in February of 1945, I was sent to Santa Ana Army Base for R & R. It was here that Father William Clasby, the founder of "Our Lady Knights of the Sky," released me from my vow. He asked me, "Why in God's name would you do something like that?" and I said to him, "Fear made me do it."

Satan's Little Sister Remembered

by John Archer



John W. Archer at Eemnes, Holland at the memorial erected in memory of the 446th B-24, Satan's Little Sister.

A Liberator named Satan's Little Sister flew many missions from Flixton airfield during the second world war, before finally crashing in Holland. Recently a memorial was erected to it at its last landing place, and Flixton airfield's historian, John Archer, is recently back from visiting it. In this article he recalls the Liberator's last mission from its Suffolk base.

Satan's Little Sister had been around for several months, I had seen her going out on

missions in the early mornings and often returning during the early afternoons.

Through May to November 1944 this B-24 Liberator of the 446th Bombardment Group had flown across Germany and the occupied countries of Europe, always returning with the group.

On November 21, 1944, the Liberator took off and assembled with the rest of the group for a raid on Hamburg. But that day was the last time she would take off from Flixton airfield.

While the aircraft was over the target area, anti-aircraft gunfire was intense. Two engines, both on the portside, were hit; the fuel lines were ruptured. The crew was in deep trouble.

The aircraft began to lose altitude, and the controls became difficult to operate. Members of the crew calculated how much fuel was left and if at all possible, a short route back to Flixton.

Whatever they tried, an emergency landing at sea was a big risk and dropping into the icy North Sea was not very inviting. A course was plotted for a possible emergency landing behind Allied lines across the Zuider Zee.

Over the Zuider Zee the lone B-24 glided slowly down towards the icy waters of the Ysselmeer, close to the mouth of the River Eem.

The crew bailed out, but unfortunately the SW wind drifted seven of the parachutes back in the direction of the Ysselmeer. They all drowned.

The pilot and co-pilot, being the last out of the plane, landed near the coastline and were hidden by the Dutch resistance until the end of hostilities.

Shortly after the crash, Northern Europe experienced one of the severest winters of the century. The Ysselmeer froze over and stayed frozen until the end of January 1945. When the thaw began in February, the bodies of the drowned airmen were recovered.

Jack Van der Woude, a young boy at the time, remembers the large formations flying over Holland. That particular day will never be forgotten.

Jack lives in a village called Eemnes, quite near to the last resting place of Satan's Little Sister. Also, names of an RAF Lancaster bomber crew, lost February 20, 1944, are also listed.

The local school children have adopted the memorial, and they are very much involved in keeping the surroundings neat and trimmed.

A few weeks ago I was most fortunate to meet my Dutch aviation friend Jack, and aviation historian Harold Jansen of The Hague.

It was a great experience to see, after 43 years, the place where Satan's Little Sister's tragic end came, after leaving Flixton on that cold November morning.

A Bittersweet Reunion for Comrades In Arms

by Bob Shryock

Forty-three years after crash-landing on a Swedish shore after an aborted secret mission to Germany, Williamstown resident Sam Mastrogiacomo recently has reunited with other U.S. servicemen interned in Sweden. The former 8th Air Force gunner was among 93 who accepted invitations by the Swedish government to attend the unique and emotional all-expense-paid reunion just outside Stockholm in Vasteras.

"It was quite a thrill, something that is very difficult for me to put into words," said Mastrogiacomo, fighting away tears.

The Swedes extended invitations to the 1,200 U.S. servicemen who were confined to internment camps in their country during the war. Because Sweden was neutral, interned soldiers were from many countries, including Nazi Germany and Poland.

"The reunion was their way of showing their appreciation for us just being there," Mastrogiacomo says. "They were afraid the Germans were strong and were a threat to take over their country, and I believe they felt more secure while we were there. They're terrific people."

A native Philadelphian, Mastrogiacomo was a gunner on the 10-man crew of a B-24 Liberator which flew combat missions from England to targets in Germany, Poland and France. On Easter Sunday, April 9, 1944, his plane was among 35 headed to Germany to destroy long-range missile sites when German fighters knocked out two engines. A second plane was shot down but the other 33 continued the mission.

"We immediately acknowledged that we

would try to go to Sweden, maybe 100 miles away, because there wasn't enough fuel for us to go back to England," Mastrogiacomo says. "Three of their fighters chased us. I shot down one, a piece of the fuselage came off a second, and the third decided he wasn't going to take us on. We crash-landed on the Swedish shore after a Swedish fighter pilot showed us where to land. We were very fortunate."

Mastrogiacomo and his crewmates were housed in a camp. They were given a daily morning exercise regimen and were provided other activities "but mostly they left us alone," adding, "we sat in our rooms and played cards and we even had a lake where we could swim."

When the Swedes posted a sign-up worksheet on the camp bulletin board, Mastrogiacomo volunteered to help repair U.S. airplanes which had been shot down. He left camp, was relocated in a hotel, and was bussed to an airport to work on the planes. "We liked doing that."

Since his repatriation after an escape aboard a stolen B-24 in August 1944, Mastrogiacomo has corresponded with some of his crewmates and has sent some Christmas cards on a regular basis. All 10 are living "although some of them aren't in very good shape." But prior to reuniting with Bob Tobin of Seattle, Wash. and Vernon Goetke of Belleville, Ill. in Sweden, he had not seen any of them since the war.

"I recognized both of them right away. It was a very emotional experience. After all, we were like brothers."

Sam, an employee of the CYO in Blackwood, took his wife Joan along. Tobin took his two grown sons and Goetke his wife and daughter.

At the reunion, the Americans were put up in first-class hotels "and were treated like royalty the entire week. There wasn't enough they could do for us."

Uno Williamson, the mayor of Vasteras, entertained them at a dinner at town hall. They were VIP guests at parties at the American and Swedish embassies in Stockholm. A count and countess entertained them for dinner at a castle. An air show conducted in their honor featured restored fighter planes and a Flying Fortress (B-17). There was a simulated air attack. A dedication ceremony at an air base was highlighted by the unveiling of a memorial which bears the names of all U.S. servicemen interned in Sweden, including Mastrogiacomo. The Swedish media followed them every step of the way, running daily reports in the newspapers and on TV.

"Everything was planned for us and yet they left a little free time inbetween," says Mastrogiacomo, who returned to Sweden for the first time since the war. "The man who ran the whole thing (Torbjorn Olausson) is a Swedish TV executive who was just a little boy during the war. He said his country was trying to pattern itself after us. He said the Swedes want to be just like Americans.

"I can't get over how great we were treated. It was something special."

Letters



Dear Bill:

This is more about the attacks by the Luftwaffe's "Ramstaffel" over Duneburg in the spring of 1945.

It is a bit of a coincidence that this is being written on the seventh of April; but I could not help noticing, in the Newsletter I received last week, that two separate items referred to the mid-air collisions that took place (good grief — was it really 42 years ago?) on this date.

That day we, too, in "J-Jig" of the 328th BS, 93rd BG, were rammed by an FW-190. On our bomb run, he made a firing pass from aft and below us, tearing off several feet of our left wing tip, and all of his right wing in the process. Following bombs away we lost our number three engine, and fell behind the withdrawing formation. But we reached Hardwick OK, after some very serious conversation with Air/Sea Rescue and other surface facilities.

But, for anyone interested in the overall action that day — or, indeed, throughout the air war out of England — I can only recommend most heartily Roger A. Freeman's excellent "The Mighty Eighth." The Duneburg raid is covered in pages 224 through 226, as well as the formation and tactics of the kamikaze-type unit called Sonderkommando Elbe.

Sorry I can't get to Norwich this year; but a unit I flew with (in a pressure suit, yet!), from 1956 to '60 — the 408th Strategic Reconnaissance Wing — is having their reunion in Del Rio, Texas at about the same time; and it's not only a long way to Tipperary, it's even farther from the Mexican border to East Anglia. I hope you all have a great time, though.

Joseph D. (Dan) Roure
845 Fingerboard Road
Grasmere, Staten Island
New York 10305

+ + + +

Dear Rick (Rokicki):

Congratulations to you, Bill Jameson and Durward Trivette on a superb job in setting up the Dayton memorial reunion. It's the first one our crew members, including Bob Sellers, attended. Since he flew so many combat missions with us, we felt he was one of the crew. Seeing General Isbell and all the 458th members after so many years, we agreed that the weekend just kind of overwhelmed us.

We're planning on being in Colorado Springs next year.

Harold "Bud" Walker

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

Thought you might like to have these copies I made recently. They were taken a while back at P & WA's 50th anniversary in 1975. I worked there for 30 years and we had our photographer take these especially for me. I believe this 24 is in the markings of the 389th. Maybe you could find out where she is now. I was under the impression at the time of the air show that she was being flown to Texas to become part of the Texas Air Corp. In any case, enjoy them for your files.

Robert C. Barnes
16 Cambridge Avenue
Annisquam, MA 01930

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

It was great to see you at Norwich. I would like you to know that all your efforts and others who helped to make the 40th reunion such a memorable experience are to be thanked for making it such a pleasant event.

I have been in contact with some of our friends in the Norwich area throughout the summer. I also donated my original A-2 jacket to the collection of Jim Flanagan who has a sizeable collection of 2ADA, 8th AF memorabilia to display at air shows around East Anglia.

Enclosed is stamped, addressed envelope for 2ADA window decals. I would like three, one for each family vehicle. Thanks & best regards.

Ken Rogers
489th Grp., 845th Sqdn.

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

I remember you at Gp. Hdqts. I worked at comn. under Lt. Harvey.

I sure enjoy receiving the Journal & reading it. My hats off to you and all the rest for keeping the 2nd Div. alive.

I collect all books about the 8th I can find. So, I'd sure appreciate a new decal.

Many times in the past, I've received phone calls about the 2nd Div. & questions.

Louis J. Miller
66th & 506th Sqdns.

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Glad to get my dues and library check in on time.

What a super great job you did on our recent "Mission to Norwich." I'll never forget it. Sure hope maybe — one more time. Thank you so very, very much.

Joe Beach

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my check for \$25.00 to renew my membership in the Association. The extra \$15.00 is: \$5.00 for the Memorial Library in Norwich and \$10.00 for an associate membership for Tessa Butler, my cousin-in-law.

I hadn't seen or heard from my cousin since we were kids back before WW II and we have just recently begun to get reacquainted. In one of his first letters he mentioned that his wife Tessa was from Holland and had lived there during the war years. When I replied, I casually mentioned that I had flown over Holland many times and perhaps Tessa had waved at once or twice.

All of a sudden I am very proud of my long lost cousin. For two reasons: One, he had the good luck to meet a gal like Tessa, and Two, he had the good sense to marry her. It turns out that Tessa not only waved at our B-24s as we flew over Holland but was very active in the Dutch resistance. I understand that several members of her family were murdered by the Nazis. Tessa and her family were very active in hiding Jewish children from the Gestapo. A few years ago the government of Israel awarded the Yad Vashem Medal to them for their services.

I intend to try to persuade Tessa to write an article or letter for the Second Air Division Journal describing in more detail her activities on the ground while we were flying overhead. I am sure the rest of our membership would look forward to it as much as I will.

John E. Butler
5931 Reamer
Houston, TX 77074

P.S. For some reason I did not receive the June 1987 copy of the Journal. Can you help?

+ + + +



Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a picture of a plate I had made up to go on the front of my car. I had it made up from a badge we wore at our reunion last year in Dayton, Ohio.

I was a member of Lt. Bob Arrington's crew until his death and I flew with different crews until I completed my tour after he was killed on a training mission.

Ernest W. Goode
420 Lakeshore Drive CS
Cadiz, KY 42211

+ + + +

Dear Mr. Robertie:

Thank you for putting my poem on the front page of the airforce journal. I was surprised to see it would even make it in the journal.

This is just a small note from me to you thanking you. Besides writing in my free time I like to read, swim, go to the movies with friends, sing in my school's chorus and write for the school newspaper. Recently we went pumpkin picking for Halloween. It was most enjoyable.

My grandparents and parents were very impressed at how nicely it turned out.

I would appreciate it if you could send me a copy of the entire airforce journal. I would love to read the many stories of the men in the 8th airforce.

Thank you again for publishing my poem.

Cherokee Beaver
610 W. King Street
Malvern, PA 19355

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Just returned from Milwaukee area, found your little note and request so, here's to 1988 and all the 2ADA activities! I had a few more 44th t-shirts printed up — good thing I did. I ran out of "large" and "small" while at Milwaukee so I only have a few of the XLs and mediums left if anyone is interested. Would you kindly add this little note to the letters in the Journal? Hope the trip to England was fantastic and that there will be articles about it in the next issue. See you soon!

Richard E. Bottomley
4509 Morrice Road
Owosso, MI 48867

P.S. T-shirts are \$10.00 each; this includes postage.

Dear Bill:

I am sending my long overdue thanks to you for publishing information on our volunteer-run aviation museum sited on this former Horsham St. Faith airfield, Norwich.

The reproduction of the Vulcan Share Certificate was superb — we even sold a few.

During the 40th 2nd AD reunion in Norwich in May, we had the great pleasure to have the company of over fifty 2nd AD members when they visited their old bases on 25 May. As mentioned, our little museum is actually on the old airfield and the 458th BG were very much 'at home' — in fact, the place just hasn't been the same since! Seriously though, it was great for us to have such special visitors and we were delighted when Gen. Isbell cut the 458th cake made for the occasion. I'm told the cake was delicious, but never did get a bit in the rush!



The atmosphere was electric that morning; it really gave the members a great lift to be in such company and we are delighted that you were able to visit our small museum that our membership has struggled so hard to establish.

Please return — there is always a warm welcome for you. The invitation is opened to you all.

Graham Savill
Hon. Chairman
City of Norwich
Aviation Museum

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Noticed in Second Air Division Journal that you had some window decals available. You mention no charge but will send \$2.00 anyway. Use it as you may. Could you spare a few extra and if there is an additional charge, will forward when I hear from you.

The Journal came to me in great shape and I think the crew that puts it together are doing a great job. My thanks to them.

John R. Weber
203 513th Street
Olean, NY 14760

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I have just read the 2nd AD Journal with its account of the reunion in Norwich. I was particularly interested in the 389th item which had high praise for Stuart Main. I would also like to add my name to yours in complimenting Mr. Main. Last March, a friend and I were in Norwich and called Stuart from our hotel room. The next day he picked us up at our hotel and drove us to Mulbarton, Hethel, and Wyndonham. Our tour of Hethel took at least four hours. We went up every accessible road and some which were fit only for tanks or bulldozers. Several times Mr. Main had to get out of the car, wallow through mud to remove trees, brush and other debris from the "road." Several times the bottom of the car scraped and I thought surely either the transmission or the oil pan had "had it."

We actually found the site of my old barracks where I lived for two years (mechanic in 567th). That sure brought back memories. We spent a lot of time in the museum and I gave him some old pictures which I hope he can use. For the 389th Mr. Main is a valuable treasure. He will keep its spirit alive long after most of us are gone. We owe him a lot.

Vernon V. Cool
CMSgt. USAF Ret.
389th, 567th

P.S. I will send a contribution for Mr. Main's museum to Lloyd West in the next day or so.

+ + + +

Dear Ex-Flying Control Personnel:

Those of you who worked in and around the Flying Control Towers of the E.T.O., e.g. Flying Control Officers, NCO Admin., Radio Ops, crash crews, flare-path, Q-site, Caravan & Refuellers, must remember the hair-raising experiences we had getting them airborne and bringing them in — all shot up — in all kinds of soupy weather! Well — it seems like nobody else remembers! Flying Control was disbanded after the war and most controllers disappeared.

So far, I've been able to locate about 100 out of the 5,000 who manned the towers. Where are the other 4,900?

If you worked in or around any tower in the E.T.O., please contact me. Thank you.

Lou Dubnow
Flying Control Vets Assn.
1189 Galesmoore Court
Westlake Village, CA
91361
(805) 497-1964

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Who were the two P38 pilots that escorted "Peepsight" out of Germany about 1530 hours, Nov. 5, 1943? Forty-four years later, "Thanks, little friends."

Richard A. Parker
P.O. Box 1090
3505 Saratoga Place
Lake Havasu City, AZ
86403
(602) 855-9889

Dear Bill:

What a great reunion, our 40th at Norwich. It was the first for my wife and me and we wouldn't have missed it for anything. It's nice to have a face to go with some of the names we've been seeing in the Journal.

At the reunion someone in the 93rd BG was asking about a pilot who had flown three tours or so. I said I thought his name was Gilbert. I'm happy to report that my memory hasn't completely gone because I found an article in the Stars & Stripes dated 22 Oct. 1944, about Capt. Kenneth L. Gilbert who, up to that time, had flown 75 missions, tops in the ETO. I am enclosing a copy of that article. Maybe it could be included in the Journal some day? I've sent a copy to the Norwich library and to our historian.

I saw a book at one of our "tent events" in Norwich and I think the title was "The 1,000 Day Battle." I am trying to find a source for the book. Can you please help me? I'm sure it's printed in the UK.

Edgar J. Allen, 93rd
16636 6th Avenue, S.W.
Seattle, WA 98166

75 Lib Missions and Still Going Strong

by Sid Schapiro

Stars and Stripes Staff Writer

93rd BOMBARDMENT GROUP, Oct. 22, 1944 — The top mission U.S. heavy-bomber flier in the ETO minces no words in debunking the law of averages, saying: "It's a lot of hokum."

What's more, Capt. Kenneth L. Gilbert, 21 year old Liberator pilot from Newport, R.I., who completed 75 consecutive combat missions over Germany and enemy-occupied territory in six months by turning down chances of recuperative rest, leave or even a 24-hour pass, has no intention of returning to the States even now.

"I'll keep on goin' up, so long as they let me," he said.

He completed his first 25 missions in 29 days. Later, rather than return home for the customary furlough upon completion of a tour of operations, the blond, five-foot-



Capt. Ken L. Gilbert

seven Gilbert kept right on flying in his B-24 Missouri Sue.

"The boys get a big kick out of kidding me because I don't drink or smoke, and believe in getting at least eight hours sleep each night," he said. "But when they start joking about my not liking the girls, they're way off base."

However, Gilbert let loose with his crew when he won a bottle of bourbon from medics who bet he wouldn't do over 50 missions. But he still maintains that drinking and flying don't mix.

He was a private in 1941, when he left Rhode Island State University to enlist in the Air Corps. Later, he became a flying sergeant, piloting training planes. In May 1943 he was given a direct commission as a second lieutenant.

He arrived in the ETO Feb. 3 and started combat flying Apr. 12. He finished a tour July 12. His 75th mission took him to Coblenz Oct. 9. Two days later he went to a rest home for the first time, remaining six days.

Four complete crews and 12 spare crewmen completed their tours of operations with him. His original engineer, T/Sgt. Joseph Evanovich, got in 47 ops, while his first radio operator, T/Sgt. Dale Jennings, finished 39 missions.

No member of his crews has been awarded the Purple Heart. "We were always lucky and never had too much trouble," Gilbert said. "They weren't all milk runs, though."

His squadron commander, Lt. Col. Therman D. Brown, of Plant City, Fla., wants him to take it easy. "Gilbert is an extremely good pilot," the CO commented. "He flies in combat with great ease, and most of all he enjoys doing it."

M/Sgt. John L. Underwood, of Jacksonville, Ill., has been Gilbert's crew chief from the start and he is still looking after Missouri Sue, whose No. 4 engine has put in 750 hours and is still going strong.

While he has no regard for the law of averages, Gilbert does not wear his decorations — the DFC with cluster and Air Medal with ten clusters — because of superstition.

+ + + +

Dear Mr. Robertie:

Many thanks for taking the trouble to read my letter & offering to help me in my search. I have sent off the application form & payment of \$10.00 to become an associate member of your association to Evelyn Cohen. By the way, my name is Pat and I'm a Mrs., not a Mr. Once again — thanks.

Pat Kent
29 Ivor Road
Redditch Worc's
B974PE
England

P.S. I notice that Burton Wood isn't one of the places listed on the leaflet that you sent to me — do you know which groups were stationed there?

+ + + +



Dear Evelyn:

I am wondering if you could use any of these pictures of the Ploesti Raid in your Second Air Force paper — plus one "incentive" photo.

Not sure where to send them so would appreciate you forwarding if necessary. Please return pictures.

Elmo C. Trudeau
6142 Summerset Lane
Citrus Heights, CA 95621

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

At the moment of writing, none of us here in East Anglia have received our September issue of the Journal. Hope you can mail them on to us, as we are looking forward to reading what you good people thought of the reunion here in May. I was at the station for the reception, also the service on Friday, dinner at the Maid's Head, dancing at the Samson, Sunday, out to Rackheath with the 467th on Monday. They were five wonderful days, flashed past all too quickly. I sent you some newspaper clippings last year; you said they were very handy to fill up odd spots in the Journal. I have a lot more now and will give them to our very good friend Jordan Uttal when he comes to Norwich at the end of the month. He loves to read them and will send them on to you when he returns to the States.

By the way, it will be a great help if you can put the Journal in an envelope for your English friends; otherwise they will get lost in our postal system. Hope you can help me. All the best for doing a wonderful job.

Alan T. Last
4 Leveson Road
Sprowston
Norwich
Norfolk NR7 8NR
England



Dear Bill:

I still intend to do a new masthead for the Journal, but haven't been able to get to it yet — (good intentions). (*Ed.: What's wrong with the present one?*)

Thought you might like to show readers my new PA license plate. (I was surprised to learn no one else had it!) Perhaps someone in another state does - or will want to!

Hope you enjoyed the reunion — will look forward to reading all about it!

I have some previously published cartoons (of mine) from "Our Army" magazine that you might want to use. Will dig them out.

Edward Hohman
695 Richmond Drive
Hermitage, PA 16148
(412) 981-4765

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

I would like to write this to say thank you to the 2nd Air Division.

The May reunion was to us a momentous occasion. We really enjoyed meeting up with you all at various venues and hotels.

Our special thanks go the 44th, whom we enjoyed a great day with at Shipdham. Unfortunately we omitted to take names and addresses and so are unable to thank personally all those we met, but would like to hear from any if they care to write.

One other we only know as Bill, believed to be part of the New Buckenham group whom we met at the "Talk" nightclub — just hope his "view in a bottle" got back to the States in one piece.

Hopefully some more 44thers are coming later this month (Sept.-Oct.) and we'll meet more new friends.

We are also keen to be contacted by any 8thers visiting this area in the future.

Once again, thanks a million for a great reunion, an event which will linger long in our memories.

Hope you and Hazel have now had your energies restored.

Mr. & Mrs. Joe Cope
67 Woodcock Close
Norwich NR3 37B

P.S. Mustn't forget Mr. Gilman — great to meet up with the exec responsible for a momentous children's party, Xmas '43 — remember it well.

Dear Mr. Robertie:

It is with deep regret that I notify you of the recent death of my husband, Lt. Col. John J. Long. One of his special pleasures was receipt of the Journal, published by the Second Air Division, Eighth Air Force. He was elated when therein he located "old buddies" and was able once again to establish contact through correspondence.

You may wish the following for publication in the next issue:

Lt. Col. John L. Long (USAF Ret.), 68, died May 23 in Winter Haven, Florida. He was born in Middletown, Ohio, and was a command pilot with more than 24,000 flying hours. During World War II, he served with the 93rd Bombardment Group, 8th Air Force. His last active duty assignment before retiring in 1970 was at RAF Mildenhall, England. After retiring he held the rank of captain and flew B-72s with Airlift International airline. Surviving are his wife, Kiyoshi; two sons, John and Lawrence; one grandson, Lawrence; his mother, Eppa Long; and two sisters, Barbara and Lucy.

It was a great disappointment to my husband that in the past few years illness prevented his attending the Annual Reunions. This year he ardently expressed the hope to me several times that the two of us might be present at the 40th, scheduled in 1987. Unfortunately, it was not to be, as heart failure in early spring proved severe, and from there on it was a downhill battle, terminating in just two months.

I know that he will be with all of you in spirit. I, too, send my thoughts and good wishes.

Mrs. John L. Long
758 Avenue B, SW
Winter Haven, FL 33880

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Hi, hope all is well with you. I just got off the phone; I saw Lt. Len Abramowitz's name which is the 1st name on the 458th BG roster. I called Denison, Texas and talked with Len, and sure enough, it was my 1st pilot who piloted "Final Approach" on Apr. 9, 1945 when we went down over Letchfield Air Field. He reminded me that he gave me a push out of the bomb bay, as I was unable to let myself leave the catwalk, but he also reminded me that he was caught or tangled when he left the cockpit, and I took the time to help free him. It was a wonderful experience reminiscing of those times, and I thought I would let you know of this experience and thank the 2nd ADA for this list as I had no idea of where to reach Lt. Abramowitz. I knew he was from Massachusetts originally, but no contact till now. Also please give a copy of this letter to Howard Hill, as he is part of our team of "Final Approach," and when I returned back to Horsham St. Faith, I was told that the photo lab had a picture of our plane which was taken accidentally when photo was taken of the bomb run. "Final Approach" was on fire and going down

when it was accidentally photographed. Before we vacated the plane there was fire near the fuel control valves and I, in desperation, hoping that the plane would not explode, shut off the fuel lines, and in the process received a burn on my face. I had gloves on which kept my hands from getting burned. As far as we could see, Lt. Abramowitz and I were the last to leave the plane. Our electricity and phones were all dead, and we later realized that the nose gunner went down with the plane. We did not know whether he was killed on the hit or whether he panicked and did not get himself out of the nose turret. It was a tragedy, and to this day I still do not know what took place in the nose compartment. Len Abramowitz also told me that William Cunningham, who is with the Los Angeles Dodgers, was one of the original "Final Approach" crew, and I shall try to contact him, as "Final Approach" meant a lot to more people than I imagined. Len said that he would mail me literature and publicity events of our own "Final Approach." Only sorry to say that New York was not its final destination, and also happy that we are still around 42 years later to talk about it. I also learned that Len Abramowitz and my 1st pilot Paul Craven were in the same base apartment. I will close now, and tell Butterball to write me.

John Barillaro
7657 Comstock Ave., "A"
Whittier, CA 90602

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Your Executive Committee has the right idea...a mailing envelope is not at all necessary.

In fact, you might save some additional monies if the quality of the paper stock was reduced.

And while you're at it, isn't that printing expensive?

Of course, some member of the Association might be doing all of this at reduced costs and I should keep my mouth shut.

But you're all doing a great job! It's a shame that it remains thankless for so much of the time.

Donald R. Geery
467th Gp., 788th Sqdn.

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Just a note to let you know I visited the library room in Norwich in August and had a wonderful time in England. Met Pat Everson who escorted us around the 448th base and tower. Her dedication to the men of the 448th and the base brought back a lot of memories.

Sorry I couldn't make the reunion, but I hope to make the next one. Keep the Journal coming, I always read it from cover to cover. Cherokee Beaver's letter is a classic and the Kennedys should be very proud. I am going to frame it for my grandson.

Ed Skuba

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Bobbie and I want to express our thanks for your publishing the poem composed by our granddaughter, Cherokee Beaver, at the mini-reunion dinner at the Nelson Hotel last May.

We and those present that night were very much impressed by the fact that an eleven-year-old truly grasped the meaning and flavor that the 2nd ADA reunions provide for those of us who shared the perilous times.

Thanks again, I hope those who read it capture the spirit reflected in the poem and in your decision to publish it.

Dick & Bobbie Kennedy
Stonybrook
Garrett Mill and
Goshen Rds.
P.O. Box 337
Malvern, PA 19355

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

Enclosed is a copy of a letter recently received at the Memorial Library. Will you send Mr. Blandin a copy of the last or the forthcoming Journal? We have had one copy disappear from the Library, so I do not have an extra issue to share with him.

It was marvellous to see you and Hazel in May. I hope you have been having a good summer.

It is busy here — yesterday three visitors, the day before six, and two have just arrived this morning. Last week we had two men meet for the first time here — they live six miles from each other in California! It amazes me how often something like this happens.

Bertha A. Chandler
Fulbright Librarian
Central Library, Bethel St.
Norwich, Norfolk
NR2 1NJ
Tel. (0603) 611277 Ext. 27

+ + + +

Sir:

I am writing you in hopes that maybe you could, through your records, help me locate members of my combat crew. I will list their names and last known addresses.

I also belong to the Liberator Club and they were able to put me in contact with my pilot, Chester Spurrier, and he and I were able to meet and talk over our experiences.

I am looking for: Wm. K. McMullen, Trinidad, CO; John E. Holland, Wrightsville, GA; Billie Freeman, Yantis TX; Arthur D.H. Ward, Wycoff, NJ; and Charles E. Ballard, Portland OR.

Our crew was part of the 389th BG flying out of Hethel, England and the Middle East.

Maybe other members of this fine group may know of these people.

Fred Rogers
69 Slade Street
Pawtucket, RI 02861

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

It has been many a year since we have written to you but thought that the occasion of the 458th Memorial Dedication Ceremonial at Dayton, Ohio, was well worth sharing with others.

On Oct. 2/3, 1987, we attended the ceremony in Dayton, Ohio. It was just the 458th group dedicating a beautiful piece of marble for now and the future people to gaze and ponder upon.

The arrangements were conducted by Durwood Trivette of Dayton and of course our group leader, Rick Rokicki. Their ladies played a nice share of the arrangements too. All of which came off very nicely.

Without question, it was one of the very nicest reunions that we have ever had the privilege to attend. Guess it was because it was only the most intimate of friends gathered and we were able to address almost everyone. Needless to say, we enjoyed it immensely and maybe the future will hold some reason for another such gathering of the "clan."

If anyone should be in the Dayton area, we would be most proud to have them stop by the Wright-Patterson Air Museum and view the memorials by all the other groups and ours. The museum has a lot of nostalgia on its own or used to have. It seems that the 458th members bought up just about anything pertaining to a B-24. If we could have snuck out the "Strawberry Bitch," I'm sure that it would have disappeared.

With this reunion behind us, we are anxiously awaiting Colorado Springs and the opportunity to meet again with all the groups.

Bill and Barb Case

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Dear Bill:

It was with great surprise (and enjoyment) that I saw my letter in the Journal. Thank you!

I think between your letter to me (I sent a copy of it to my "cohorts") and mine (that went with yours), we may have "stirred the pot," so to speak.

John "Ingy" Ingram (Tennessee) wrote to tell me he had been to Iowa to see John Klieneck. He had a nice visit and the two of them are now talking about a reunion, possibly this summer. Great!

Also asked what they could do to help the cause of the ground crews. Needless to say, I answered his letter quickly. May result in some new members and a few interesting stories.

I enclose another remembering. Hope you like it. I have some photos that I could send with short filler stories. Would you be interested and if so, what size should the photos be? Probably will have to get some of them reproduced.

Well, time for me to close my yap and let you get on with your editing. Hope this finds you and yours all smiling and enjoying the sunshine.

Bill Griffiths

34

Dear Bill:

At this time I want to congratulate Phillip Day and his staff for coordinating a very successful 467th Bomb Group reunion. Everything went like clockwork and on schedule.

We had transportation from the airport on arrival. Our hotel reservations were in order. Hilton Inn Bossier rooms were adequate. Registration desk was well run with the ladies doing a banged out job. The food was delicious. Cajun cuisine was outstanding. George Dong had me believing I was eating alligator meat. Later on, I found out it was catfish.

The bus transportation to the Red River cruise and Barksdale Air Force Base went without a flaw. The lunch at Barksdale Air Base was superb. The tour of the Air Force Museum was very rewarding.

The cruise on the Red River also was an experience. Hosted cocktail parties were well-attended.

We had a premier "Faces of the Second Air Division," the Dzenowagis documentary.

Saturday night at the banquet we were entertained by the Mighty Eighth Air Force Show Band. The address was delivered by Major General McCarthy, Commander, Eighth Air Force. In his speech he spoke of the Witchcraft ground crew and their mechanical record. At the end of the speech the whole group gave us a standing ovation, a moment in my life I will never forget.

Mr. Phillip Day, you and your staff did a stupendous job of organizing the whole 467th BG reunion. You deserve a standing round of applause. Thank you again.

Joe R. Ramirez
13727 Cornish Crest Road
Whittier, CA 90605

+ + + +

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed check to cover membership dues for 1988 plus a contribution to the Norwich Memorial.

Also enclosing \$2.00 to cover 2 window decals. Hope the cash will cover mailing costs.

Cannot close without again expressing my thanks to you for getting me centrally located in the Maid's Head during the Norwich reunion.

A great reunion — well-organized, well-attended and I hope there will be at least one more to Norwich in the future.

James N. Kidder
18 Brooks Street
Winchester, MA 01890

+ + + +

Dear Sir:

During World War II I was a member of the 392nd Bombardment Group. I would like to be entered on your mailing list. If there is a charge, please bill me. Thank you.

Harold Bandelier
14622 Harper Road
New Haven, IN 46774

From Nov. to May my address is: 5 Pine Dr., Lake Alfred, FL 33850.

Second Air Division Association 41st Annual Convention

June 23-26, 1988

CLARION HOTEL, 2886 S. Circle Drive, Colorado Springs, CO. 303-576-5900

Wed. 6/22
Early Bird Registration
Informal Get-Together - Snacks & Cash Bar

Thurs. 6/23
Registration
Group Hospitality Rooms Open
Group Cocktail Parties
Group Dinners

Fri. 6/24
Buffet Breakfast
Memorial Service Air Force Academy
Dedication Memorial Plaque
Buses and box lunches to Royal Gorge
Cocktail Party
Theme Dinner

Sat. 6/25
Buffet Breakfast
Business Meeting
Men's Lunch
Ladies' Lunch
Group Hospitality Rooms Open
Cocktail Party
Gala Banquet and Dance

Sun. 6/26
Buffet Breakfast

The costs listed below are for the entire package as shown above, including hotel room for 3 nights. For special arrangements, let me know your requirements and I will advise costs.

COST PER PERSON

Single Occupancy \$420.00
Double Occupancy \$320.00 each

If you wish to share a room let me know and I will try to come up with a partner.

FOR GUARANTEED RESERVATIONS, FULL PAYMENT BY MAY 15th. We have 400 rooms at the Clarion. There is a Springs Motor Lodge just a block away and if you wish less expensive reservations at this motel, please advise. Deduct \$40.00 per person for this lodging. All reservations must be accompanied by a deposit. Full refund if written notice received no later than May 1st.

EXTRA NIGHT: Pay directly upon checkout.

PARKING IS FREE. There is plenty of room for RVs but no electrical hookup.

CAMPGROUND SITES: Roberta and Floyd Bull, Box 30, Circleville, NY 10919, (914) 361-2632 have volunteered to handle all arrangements and reservations.

GOLF TOURNAMENT: Contact **Pete Henry,** 164B Portland Lane, Jamesburg, NJ 08831, (609) 655-0982 for reservations and cost; the date of the tournament is Thursday, June 23.

CONFIRMATIONS WILL BE MAILED UPON RECEIPT OF PAYMENT IN FULL.

- If you have a nickname you wish used on your name tag, please indicate same.
- If you served in more than one group, please advise which group you wish to be identified with for group dinner and banquet seating.
- If this is your first convention, be sure to check where indicated.
- For those arriving by air, there is limo service from Denver, cost approx. \$20.00 per person each way. For those arriving at Colorado Springs, the hotel has complimentary pickup service. Simply call on arrival.
- Temperature - 70 degrees and dry.

CLIP HERE

Name _____ Spouse _____ Group _____

Address _____

Single _____ Double _____ Will Share _____ 1st reunion _____

Arrive _____ Depart _____ Deposit _____ Paid in Full _____

Phone Number _____

Send all reservations to: Evelyn Cohen, 06-410 Delaire Landing Road, Philadelphia, PA 19114. (215) 632-3992.

DO NOT CONTACT HOTEL DIRECT.



Dear Bill:

Saw the picture of the fire-fighting plane sent to you by Bob Hanson of the 453rd which is one of the combat Groups that I flew with. He describes the plane as a B-24N, but it is obviously one of the PB4Y-2s which is the Navy version of the B-24 and was used late in WW II. Several hundred were built whereas only 7 B-24Ns were built. A few of them were used also as fire bombers but I have never heard that any of the Ns are still around.

Both the B-24N and the PB4Y-2 were much better planes than the previous models and although they were very similar, there are some differences and a couple of these are quite obvious. One of these PB4Y-2 fire-fighters is stationed here in N. California at Chester, CA and enclosed is a picture of me and the plane. The distance from the bomb bay to the pilot is 7' longer in the PB4Y-2 and they have blisters for the waist gunners which can be seen in both pictures. Both also had the single tail but not the same shape for some weird reason and I don't know if one was better than the other. Both had 1350 HP engines but no turbos on the PB4Y-2 and a bunch of minor im-

provements. The PB4Y-2s are great fire bombers.

Wayne De Cou
1230 Capay Road
Corning, CA 96021

+ + + +

Dear Bill:

It has been twenty years (!) since Aero Publishers brought out my short history of the 492nd Bomb Group under the title "The Fortunes of War." Although Aero kept it in print until they went out of the publishing business a couple of years ago, I continued to get enough inquiries as to its availability that I decided to have it reprinted. I re-acquired the rights from TAB Books, who had acquired them from Aero, and the new edition is now available. It has some additional text, 22 new photos, a new cover and (unfortunately but inevitably) a new price. If anyone wants a copy the cost is \$8.95, postpaid in the U.S., and my address is: Box 201, Bendersville, PA 17306. Should anyone want his copy autographed, I would be happy to do so if requested.

Allan G. Blue

Dear Mr. Robertie:

In going through some old files I uncovered the enclosed letter from Major General James P. Hodges.

I thought it might be of some interest to your readers.

Although I was a permanent member of the 445th Bomb Group, 702nd Bomb Squadron, in early July a number of crew members were sent to the 389th Bomb Group, 564th Squadron to form pathfinders crews.

The squadron is so identified in the second paragraph of Major General Hodge's letter.

I was one of those crew members with a dual rating of Navigator/Bombardier. As I remember, the way it worked was although we were stationed at the 389th Group, when the group that was to leave the 8th Air Force on a particular day was chosen, a specific pathfinder crew would be sent up to lead the lead group.

I flew six missions in that manner from July 19, 1944 to August 14, 1944. If my memory serves me right, during that period there were 15 pathfinder missions flown and 11 of the 15 were shot down.

After every mission we flew, we found that the Germans were tracking our pathfinder radar with devastating accuracy, both in height and direction.

When we reported this to intelligence during briefing they would tell us we were nuts.

At any rate, sometime after August 14th, Pathfinder crews were sent out to each individual group and I continued to fly with the 445th.

I would presume that one of the reasons the 389th Bomb Group, 564th Squadron was chosen to receive the Consolidated Vultee gift was the huge losses pathfinder crews suffered until we learned how to jam the German radar ourselves.

Ira P. Weinstein

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