



NEWS LETTER

Vol. 16 No. 1

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

March 1978

DEL CORONADO - SAN DIEGO - July 13, 14 and 15 DON'T MISS IT!

When the 1977 convention broke up at Lake Geneva, Evelyn and I came away with instructions from those assembled to come up with something as good, or better, for 1978. We think we have come up with something better.



In addition to an 'old world hotel atmosphere', the Del Coronado sits in the middle of teeming, 20th century activity. A list of places to go and see has already been published in the Newsletter so we can skip that and talk about the hotel itself.

THE BALLROOM: This spacious, air-conditioned room is luxuriously appointed with exquisite crystal chandeliers, rich tapestry draperies, fine carpeting and a gleaming hardwood parquet floor. The raised semicircular stage is equipped for theatrical and musical presentations. Auditorium-style seating permits a meeting of 1,200 with a pleasant and open atmosphere. Ban-



quets in the ballroom may include up to 1,000 persons (Think we can hit that figure?). Dinner dances may be arranged for up to 800 (that's more like it!).

THE CROWN ROOM: This has to be the showplace of the entire world. It is an architectural masterpiece which has remained structurally unchanged since



1888. It is the rich expression of Hotel Del Coronado's traditional grand manner and proud service to generations of guests. Princes and Presidents have been feted beneath the massively beautiful sugar pine ceiling and the warmly glowing chandeliers. This completely air-conditioned room arches without a single pillar to mar the sweep and dignity of the scene. It is truly a regal setting.

THE GARDEN PATIO: This is a delightful year-round setting for cocktail parties, receptions and barbecues. You can bet the family silver that we will be making use of this area. In fact the mini-reunion banquets will be held here as there are rooms just off the patio which will be used for separate Groups to congregate and discuss their business matters.



This is but a small sampling of what waits for you in beautiful San Diego. Try not to miss it.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

OFFICERS

President: J. D. LONG, JR.
102 Kemp Rd., Greensboro, N.C. 27410
Vice President: E. A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061
Vice President
Membership: EVELYN COHEN
610 Plaza Towers, 2301 Woodward St.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19115
Vice President
Newsletter: WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
Treasurer: DEAN E. MOYER
549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033
Secretary: MRS. MILTON VEYNAR
4915 Bristow Drive, Annandale, Va. 22003

American Representative, Board of Governors:
Memorial Trust: JORDAN UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Drive, Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230

GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters: WARREN L. BURMAN
34225 Pettibone Ave., Solon, Ohio 44139
44th BG: CHARLES J. WARTH
5709 Walkerton Dr., Cincinnati, Ohio 45238
93rd BG: R. J. RHOADES
3053 31st Ave., Columbus, Neb. 68601
389th BG: EARL L. ZIMMERMAN
8922 Haverstick Rd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46240
392nd BG: JAMES W. BLANCO
326 Beck Rd., Lindenhurst, Ill. 60046
445th BG: DAVID G. PATTERSON
28 Squire Ct., Alamo, California 94507
446th BG: CLARENCE H. HOOKS
7619 Clearwater Road, Hixson, Tennessee 37343
448th BG: JOSEPH T. MICHALCZYK
241 West St., Ludlow, Mass. 01056
458th BG: CLINTON E. WALLACE
Box 508, Brutus, Michigan 49716
466th BG: J. M. DANIELS
1306 W. Woodard, Denison, Texas 75020
467th BG: RAYMOND A. BETCHER
366 Reilman Ct., Rochester, Mich. 48063
489th BG: COL. CHARLES H. FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)
8421 Berea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180
491st BG: THEODORE PARKER
297 Proctor Ave., Revere, Mass. 02151
492nd BG: SEBASTIAN H. CORRIERE
4939 No. 89th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53225

GROUP CHAIRMAN

453rd BG: DONALD J. OLDS
1403 Highland, Rolla, Mo. 65401

Association Photographer: ROBERT T. COLEMAN
210 W. Lawrence, Royal Oak, Mich. 48073

BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEMORIAL TRUST

THOMAS C. EATON, Chairman
3 Albemarle Rd., Norwich, Norfolk, England
ROGER A. FREEMAN
Mays Barn, Dedham
Nr. Colchester, Essex, England
ALFRED A. JENNER, Vice Chairman
Norfolk News Co. Ltd., Norwich, Norfolk, England
PAUL R. KING
Noverre House, Norwich NR2 1 RH, England
MRS. MICHAEL BARNE
Sotterley Hall, Beccles, Suffolk, England
CDR. MARK EDMONSTONE CHEYNEY
Ditchingham Lodge
Ditchingham, Bungay, Suffolk, England
MR. TOM D. COPEMAN
3 St. Austins Grove
Sheringham, Norfolk, England
RICHARD Q. GURNEY
Buadeswell Hall, Norwich, Norfolk, England
N. J. D. WALTER
Castle Chambers
Opie St., Norwich, Norfolk, England
LLOYD MAYHEW
The Old Manor Farm, Framingham Pigot
Norwich, Norfolk, England
MRS. FRANK THISTLETHWAITE
Wood Hall, Hethersett
Norwich, Norfolk, England

'PLEASE, DEAR GOD, LET ME LIVE'

by Tom Allen (448th)

A day in November, 1943 the bright morning sunshine revealed a beautiful scene of the Florida coast-line. White beaches, the shaded hues of greens and blues and tall columns of cumulus. It was a beautiful day for flying and crew 77 of the 715th Squadron, 448th Group, climbed out on course towards Puerto Rico.

I remember being quite pensive as I looked at the view. Some local radio station beamed through our ear-phones "That's why the lady is a tramp". I wondered 'when are we coming back? Under what circumstances?'

A short while later as we plunged through a front line squall, our heavily loaded aircraft almost stalled out one minute and was in a dive the next. I wondered if our journey was going to end right then and there.

Less than two months later, January 5th, 1944, we made a pre-dawn take-off. It was the last flight of crew 77 and the first time I wore a back pack on a mission. I had heard of planes blowing up and had acquired my back chute just two days before. I had taken my treasured possession back to the barracks and wrote my name all over the webbing in indelible pencil.

If I remember correctly our altitude was about 24,000 feet and we approached Kiel from due north after a long flight over the North Sea through grey skies. Our ground speed was about 300 and we dropped our 10 pound incendiaries right on target. We could see flak at different times and it was close enough to be uncomfortable as the small, black clouds went drifting past.

After we passed the target our air speed increased as the Group leader headed for home. I stared down at a line of yellow nosed FW-190s that were paralleling our course and I wondered where they were going. I didn't have to wonder long. Like the best war film ever made they turned one after the other in a steep climb and little lights winked along the leading edges of their wings.

In our aircraft it sounded like someone throwing gravel on a tin roof. To my growing amazement and consternation I saw heavy tracers just clearing the top of our aircraft. They were coming from behind and going far out in front. Between every tracer I tried to think 'how many live ones — five or seven — in any case far too many'.

Suddenly there were three sharp reports then three loud bangs — two close together and the third just a split second later.

The noise seemed to me to be the same as running a car into an oak tree at 60 MPH. An oily smoke filled the cockpit followed by flames which burned for a short while and then went out. The smoke got thicker, the pilot was slumped in his seat and the radio operator lay on the floor.

It was a nightmare because I could hardly raise my arms. The oxygen must be shot out I thought. "Please, dear God, let me live". Whether I actually said it with my lips or shouted it or whispered it in my heart — those are the six words I will never forget as long as I live.

The next thing I remember is seeing my right arm pull the rip-cord as if I had practiced that movement from birth. Then I grasped my wrist with my left hand and only then, it seemed, did my clouded brain start thinking. "Where am I?" I hung in the harness and a large piece of the plane sliced by in front of me. I heard a dog barking and watched myself drift across some railroad tracks.

In primary flying school someone had been trying to give us a lecture on parachute jumping and at the close he made the remark — "If you forget everything I've told you just remember this. Reach as high as you can on the risers and hold on tight. Let the rest of your body go limp." That was sure easy to do. I closed my eyes just before I hit so I wouldn't tense up. The whole time definitely wasn't more than 10 seconds. I could see and hear the plane burning on the other side of the tracks. I knelt in the snow and folded my hands like a little child and thanked God for sparing my life.

The next evening in a Hamburg prison I met our Navigator, Dick Wheelock, the only other one who got out. "The nose was full of flames", he told me. The nose gunner and bombardier were both badly injured or dead and he couldn't get the nose wheel doors open. He was surprised that he was still living in spite of the flames, and the last thing he remembered was holding on tightly to the rip-cord and making another attempt to open the nose wheel doors. He came floating down from about 15,000 feet.

All rights reserved on the entire contents by the 2nd Air Division Association, Inc. Nothing may be printed, in whole or in part, without written permission.

FIRST WAAC BATTALION ARRIVES — 557 STRONG AND THE AIR FORCE GOT 'EM ALL!

So read the headlines in the Stars and Stripes of July 25, 1943. Wave weary though they were, the WAACS made an impressive sight as they marched to their barracks to the tune of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" played by the 2nd Air Division band.

This first contingent included girls who only a few months previously had been students, secretaries, models, telephone operators, chorus girls and the good-looking kid who served them "off the arm" in Max's Diner on U.S. Highway No. 1.

Their trip to England was something to remember. Less than a day out of New York the soldiers aboard the WAAC transport had established lines of communication which would have made Marconi sit up and take notice.



Certainly didn't take the Joes and Janes long to 'mix it up'.

Lengths of lines weighted with tent pegs were swung outboard carrying messages to the portholes of the WAACs' cabins. "I come from Des Moines. I am a sergeant. Who are you and what do you look like?" They read. Internal communications were established via the ventilator shafts.



Poor Jackie Hanify calls out for somebody to come and play with her. Down boy!

When they first arrived by train at their base the WAACs demonstrated their military training and discipline by taking exactly 12 minutes to adjust packs, clear the platform and start marching to their barracks. Can't remember any of us ever doing it that fast!

First order of business for the WAACs was a trip to London to attend a course in Communications School. They had two special coaches on the train, and as they passed through town after town Civilians gaped, soldiers, sailors and airmen of the United Nations cheered and waved.



Sgt. 'Smokey' Layfield sits down to teach two WAACs (Hazel Bliss left and Evelyn Cohen right) the fine art of poker. Little did he know that Evelyn had mastered that art some years previously!

London, the WAACs decided, was just the place they had been wanting to see for a long time. WAACs, the GIs who happened to be around the neighborhood when the girls moved into their billets decided, were just the people they had been wanting to see for a long time.

Within a few minutes of moving in — and the billets were in a house that looked like a de Mille set before the depression — Joes and Janes were doing balcony scenes that Romeo and Juliet never even thought of.

The WAACs had fun. They liked London and being with the soldiers. The Red Cross took them on tours of historical places and bombed out areas. The soldiers took them on tours of Pubs and dances, but at 6:30 every morning they stood reveille like everybody else.

The WAACs soon proved themselves to be a formidable and efficient force, and in no time at all they had gained the respect of everybody they worked with. Once settled into their particular job — plotters, typists, teletype operators, all vital cogs in the machin-



General Kepner, along with a few thousand others, was on hand to greet the WAACS.

ery of the 8th Air Force — they were given one day of indoctrination at a heavy bomber base.

They watched salvage operations on a Liberator that had crashed; They went to the briefing room where combat men explained the briefing procedure; They had a guided tour through a Liberator; They visited the ordnance shop where they examined the machine guns; They had a guided tour through the control tower, AA defenses and ammunition dump; They then returned



Fire Drill — (l to r) Ginny Bowdoin, Hazel Bliss, Anita Going, Jean Young and Doris Ogden.



As pretty a chorus line as I've ever seen. Can't name them all but our chief honcho, Evelyn Cohen, is number five in from the right.

to the interrogation hut and waited for the planes to return from that day's mission, after which they talked to the men about their experiences. After all this they returned to their home base eager to get back to work now that they knew how important their job was.

The job they did is history, but it will never be forgotten by those men who were fortunate enough to work along with them. Our only wish now is that more of them will re-join the 2nd Air Division via the Association.

NECROLOGY

Kenneth L. Hall	448th
Joseph DeVecchio	389th
James R. Carey, Jr.	466th
B. E. Miller	466th
Stanley B. Montz	93rd

DOES THE WORD REALLY GET AROUND?

by Pete Henry (44th)

On several occasions Bill Robertie has made reference in the News Letter to my attempts to locate new members for the Second Air Division Association. As of this writing, letters have been mailed to more than 90 newspapers around the country and this has elicited more than 200 replies. But the most interesting set of circumstances leading to a prospective new member started during one of my (business) sales calls in December, in Pottstown, Pa.

While cooling my heels in the lobby, I picked up the local "House Organ" (that's a newsletter telling about all the events and happenings in the various divisions of a particular company) and noticed that letters had been sent to the editor from a dozen or so newspapers. After depositing this "House Organ" in my brief case and completing the sales call, unsuccessfully, I might add, I proceeded to the nearest U.S. Post Office and obtained the necessary Zip codes. The following weekend, my "Letter-to-the-Editor" was sent to seven or eight papers and this letter was received on or about Feb. 1, 1978.

"Dear Sir:

I read with great interest your letter to the Editor of the Janesville Gazette, Janesville, Wisconsin regarding the formation of the 2nd Air Division Association.

I am a native of Janesville and subscribe to the paper. This will explain the disparity in geography.

We reside in the proximity of San Diego and would certainly attend the reunion.

I served with the 392nd Bomb Group from near inception until the end of the war. I would regard it as an honor to join the Association.

George M. Keegan
28504 San Canyon Rd.
Space #49
Canyon Country, CA. 91351"

Yes. The word really does get around.

489th NOTES FROM ALL OVER

by Charles H. Freudenthal (489th)

If my arithmetic is correct, we reached the 100-member mark in January when Morgan Higham finally dried out after his channel bail-out on 5 August 1944, came aboard. Morgan, now with the Utah National Guard Bureau, says they all got back to Halesworth the next day, just in time for the Glenn Miller concert. Bombardier Horace Davis notes, however, that he missed the concert because he was in the Royal Navy hospital in Lowestoft.



Doughnuts from the Red Cross Clubmobile, 489th BG, Halesworth, 1944.

WHO FLEW — ? There have been several replies to my questions on this. John Brody says he and Hugh Hodges flew "Mizpah." "... on the first Group mission we finally got No. 3 started and took off an hour after last take-off time. Climbed on course and became tail-end Charlie for the whole 8th as we hit the first flak. We came home with a flat tire, no brakes, about 200 large and small holes, and no one hurt. Poor old "Mizpah" was out of action for several weeks."

Charles Baker says he flew both "Ol Buddy" and "B.T.O." Jack Robb (now Chief of Detectives in Chattanooga) was a gunner on R.M. Werdung's crew that flew "Ol" Buddy" most of the time.

Theo Hills says Dick Sherburne and crew flew "Lonesome Polecat" a couple of missions - "the second time ended in a crash landing several miles from the airfield." Dick Dietrick was the tail gunner. The "Polecat" was regularly flown by Henry Bishop and crew, out of the 846th. So says Monte Burch, ex co-pilot.

From the Fortaleza Station Bulletin, 13 April 1944 — "Van Dyke beards and other unusual methods of wearing beards are not authorized. Be clean shaven. Boots are authorized but DO NOT wear trouser legs inside boot tops."

NOTES FROM ALL OVER — "The Mighty Eighth" is getting mighty hard to get. Richard Linn couldn't buy a copy; book stores told him it's out of print. I came across one in a used

book store in Washington, for \$45! It's still there.

From the editor of the Halesworth Times: "I well remember your Libs. When you were using the South runway they used to groan over my house. In fact, on one occasion my wife and family (I was away with the RAF) had to be evacuated for the best part of a day as one of your machines dropped a stick of bombs on a meadow fifty yards away, but thanks to Providence they did not explode."

From Gen. Napier — "Gen. Hodges, who commanded the 2d Air Division when we landed in England, lives here in Air Force Village, and I have shown him some of your enclosures.

Pop Tanner called me about a month ago, and Carl Hillstrom wrote me a long letter. . . It all takes me back many years, with many pleasant memories."

MEMORY QUIZ - How big a bomb could be hung on a B7 shackle? What was the B9 shackle used for? What kind of bomb was an AN-M64A1? What's the scale of a Sectional chart? What was an AAF Form 54?

Does anyone have a lead on Frank J. Trowbridge? Frank was the RO on 4905 (846th), shot down on 24 July 1944, on a mission to St. Lo in support of ground troops. He evaded successfully after bailing out and returned to Halesworth in early August, the first one in the 489th to make it back. Last known address was Staunton, Virginia. His pilot was Edwin Florcyk; CP Raymond Deats; Nav. Gilbert Roberts; Bomb. Eugene Moss; Eng. Albert Kapnick; BG George Scofield; WG Virgil Deyo; WG William Lowther; TG Bob Lovely.

IF YOU'RE STILL WITH ME, the quiz answers are (in order): 1100 lbs. - Bombs with one lug - 500 lb. GP - 8 to 1 - Unsatisfactory Report.

Don't forget the Reunion! There's going to be a real bunch of us there this time. Mary Boucard - you won't be the only 489th wife there, either. I have promises!



Who knows the story? This 489th cripple is from the 846th squadron, and the date is before 14 August 1944, while we were still 95th Wing. Doesn't appear to be Halesworth — note big buildings and tall control tower.

BITS & PIECES FROM THE 453rd

by Don Olds (453rd)

Some former 453rd people had the opportunity for a get-together on a recent weekend in St. Louis for a little re-union. Those who made it into town were, Frank Thomas, LeRoy Barnett, John Erspamer, Maxie Seale, Jeale, John Hildebran, Norman Raebler, Charles Maher and myself. We spent a couple of enjoyable days and wished more of you could have been there. Everyone had a nice dinner and plenty of refreshments.

☆☆☆☆

We've built up a sizeable photo collection of 453rd aircraft and the Old Buck Airfield but there's still one thing we're looking for and that's a shot of the B-24D that was used for assembly. 'WHAM BAM' was painted in a checkerboard scheme and although we have some pictures of it on the ground, we're looking for one of it in the air. So, if one of you fellows have a shot of it in flight I'm hoping you'll allow us to borrow it for copying purposes.

☆☆☆☆

On July 5th, 1944, exactly five months from the date the group commenced operations, they flew their 100th mission. It was the first group to complete 100 missions in so short a time. The 453rd had dropped 4,000 tons of bombs on 42 targets in Germany and 58 targets in German occupied countries. The 100 mission mark was celebrated by a grand dance at the Aero Club that evening. Refreshments were served and the girls from the surrounding towns aided in the celebration. The huge cake didn't last long when the eager GI's and their dancing partners took sizeable samples. The mission itself on that day was uneventful. The target was L'Isle Adam, 20 miles north of Paris.

On January 5th, 1945, exactly eleven months after the first mission the 453rd accomplished its 200th mission. Just as had been the case earlier, the 200 missions were completed in the shortest period of time on record. On this memorable day two squadrons were dispatched to the marshalling yards at Neustadt, southeast of Koblenz and one other squadron carried its bombs to Sobernheim, just east of Koblenz. The squadron attacking Sobernheim encountered tricky cloud formations which prevented them from making a good run on the target. Consequently, the bombs fell one and a half miles from the aiming point. On the return trip Lt. Snell of the 732nd SQ, Lt.

"A FULL-HOUSE RAPIDLY EMPTIED"

by Walter M. Rude (448th)

It was another quiet night in the 715th flight-line engineering office, and yours truly was engaged in a game of poker. The cards had been running lousy, and my supply of pounds had reached a very low point. On the next deal I almost flipped; I had been dealt a pat full-house.

I was all set to make a possible killing when we all heard a strange, loud noise coming from quite some distance. The poker game came to an immediate halt while one and all voiced their opinions as to what type of aircraft it was. We were all familiar with the noises of the regular German nocturnal visitors; but this one had us all mystified, and with the "RED Alert" blasting away, too, we were all scared.

The noise got louder, and our vocal conjectures ended with a simultaneous rush for the one and only exit. All the poker players tossed their cards on the table, grabbed their money and there went my full-house killing.

However, a slight problem cropped up. The noise from the intruder was getting louder and louder; and when the first exiters reached the door, they became afraid to continue on out and into the adjacent bomb shelters. The ones behind were pushing and cursing the door jammers, and the entire situation turned into an undisciplined mess.

I had remained behind trying to restore some semblance of order and sanity, when all of a sudden, my attention

was distracted by the sight of our engineering clerk scurrying across the floor on his hands and knees and into a corner of the room where he promptly buried his head into the corner, not unlike the proverbial ostrich burying his head in the sand. Serious as the situation was, and even considering how scared I was myself, I still had to laugh at this ludicrous sight.

Whatever the incoming object was, and we didn't find out until sometime later, it, fortunately, struck a high piece of ground just short of the base and exploded. It was our first close-range brush with a buzz-bomb. Why anyone ever hung such a monicker on such a noisy contraption, I'll never know.

We had previously watched great numbers of these rascals being launched out over the "The Wash", and headed for London, theoretically; and we also watched a good many more later on. Only one more, to my recollection, came near the base at Seething; but on a number of occasions we were "Red Alerted" into the bomb shelters. I recall one night in particular, while us "heroes" were perched in the trench-type shelters, I had the pleasure of watching English WAF anti-aircraft units shooting down five in a row. They were using "proximity fused" shells, and they were accurate as all Hell. A belated "thank you" from a grateful Yank to any of our English associate members who may have been assigned to those units.

Bussell of the 733rd and Lt. Witri of the 734th were forced to land at various airfields on the continent. So, the group had completed 200 missions, 59 more to go.

☆☆☆☆

Memorial Day of 1944 was memorable for the men of Old Buck. We had put up 34 airplanes, never before had the 453rd put up so many planes on a single raid. The target was the airfield at Oldenburg, Germany. Bombing results were good and the flak was intense and accurate causing slight damage to six of the ships. Returning home the plane piloted by Lt. Wilbur Earl was caught in the slipstream of the preceding plane. Lt. Earl lost control of his already battered ship and it crashed on the main runway. The crew escaped injury but the 'GOLDEN GA-BOON' burned up.

Also limping home was 'ZEUS' with Lt. Lester Baer at the controls. He had been forced to drop out of formation and reduce speed and flew home at low altitude leaving a trail of jettisoned

equipment from the German border to the Channel. Upon arrival at the base and finding the main runway blocked by the still burning "GOLDEN GA-BOON", Lt. Baer prepared to land on the short alternate runway in a crosswind. With just his right landing wheel and receiving power from only two engines, Lt. Baer made the most dramatic, skillful crosswind landing that Old Buck had ever witnessed, thus saving himself and his crew from injury. With the crowd looking on nervously the plane touched down lightly on one wheel, slowly rolled along and reduced speed until the left wing tip dragged, then suddenly #1 prop dug into the ground off the runway and swung the ship around viciously. Amid a cloud of dust, the ship lay still.

Five hours and 53 minutes from the moment he returned from Oldenburg, Lt. Baer was awarded the DFC. In an informal ceremony without precedent, General Ted Timberlake, Colonel Ramsay Potts and Major James Stewart made the presentation in the lounge of the Officer's Club.

SCORPION EGGS SCRAMBLED HAMM

by Earl Zimmerman (389th)

On the afternoon of April 22, 1944, the Sky Scorpions dropped their eggs on Hamm, Germany and turned toward home expecting to arrive after dark. The Group received orders to approach England with their landing lights on and the IFF off. About fifteen ME 410s followed the B-24s back to England which caused much confusion among the ground gunners.

Z-Bar, flown by Lt. Edward Foley, was hit by flak near Norwich and immediately called for landing instructions as all fields were blacked out due to the 410s strafing any fields with runway lights on.

The control tower at Hethel was filled with officers from Hqs. 2nd AD, including General Timberlake. Ground personnel watched a B-24 make a spectacular landing on the long runway, the nosewheel had collapsed on touchdown and a shower of sparks filled the air. As the main runway was closed to traffic, landing instructions were given to use the short runway.

Tracers could be seen off in the distance and the gunners manning the water cooled fifties around the perimeter hesitated to fire at any aircraft as identification was almost impossible.

A group of about 20 airmen, standing in front of the radar shack adjacent to the control tower, noticed the runway lights flicker on the short runway. Aircraft landing lights could be seen about a half mile away through the trees heading for the short runway. As the plane approached the end of the runway the lights were turned on and the plane dipped down over the trees and the landing lights on the plane seemed to swerve back and forth as if the pilot were looking for the control tower. The plane was still too far away for identification when someone yelled "It's a JU88". Everyone started to ease around behind the radar shack. When the plane touched down and four big props could be seen turning over it was apparent it was a 24.



Immediately after touchdown Z-Bar pulled to the left off the runway and headed for the control tower. For a few seconds no one moved but it wasn't long until they were bailing out from the control tower and the group in front of the radar shack ran in seventeen directions. One Sgt. headed around the radar shack hit an engine stand and was knocked unconscious, he lived to tell the story.

Inside Z-Bar Lt. Foley was trying in vain to cut the throttles but to no avail and he hit the radar shack dead center with the props turning over high RPM. He later stated that he was not about to leave the ground once he was down.



The shack was wiped out of course and some civilians inside were killed, but Foley's entire crew survived the crash and were rescued by the fire fighters.

It was a night to remember at Hethel and some remarked that the RAF could jolly well keep the night missions. Were any of you on that plane with Foley?

Notice in photo the three tire tracks across the field in front of the control tower and the demolished radar shack.

SURPRISE IN HEAVEN

Submitted by Joe Michalczyk (448th)

I dreamt death came, the other night,
And Heaven's gate swung wide,
An Angel with halo bright
Ushered me inside.

And there! To my astonishment,
Stood folks I'd judged and labeled;
As "quite unfit"; "of little worth";
And "spiritually disabled."
Indignant words rose to my lips,
But never were set free,
For every face showed stunned surprise—

Not one expected ME!

CRUSADERS CORNER

by Jim Blanco (392nd)

I am passing on a narrative sent to me by Col. Keilman. It is another account of an experience on "The Most Disasterous Mission" recently published. Cliff Peterson gives the following account.

He was leading the high element of Don Glover's squadron. His aircraft got through the intense flak over Fredrickshafen and were soon met by a gaggle of German 109s. On the second pass by the 109s one 20mm shell blew the co-pilot's window and cockpit canopy open. The co-pilot was badly injured and pieces of metal caught Cliff in his right eye and arm.

The 109 passed so close that the features of the Pilot's face were discernable. Within a few seconds the controls went limp, and with the plane out of control it went into a spin. The 'bail out' signal was given but the bomb bay doors wouldn't open trapping the two pilots, radio man and engineer. With extraordinary effort they were able to push the bomb bay doors open and succeeded in bailing out. Cliff's chute barely opened when he hit the ground. The plane crashed only a couple of hundred yards from him. Close call wot!

Col. Keilman also passes on some other news. The 392nd Group is saddened by the passing of our well known and admired aircraft engineering officer, "Pappy" Cornelius. He passed away this past year at his home in Texas at the age of 76.

At a later date I hope to have something more on the 392nd project of "Books in Braille" for our Memorial Library Room. In the meantime, I want all you crusaders to dig into your memory and come up with some stories I can use in this column. Either send them to me or direct to Bill Robertie for inclusion in up-coming Newsletters. To one and all, take care.

NOTE — We have made arrangements to have the 392nd Crusader patch reproduced, but we need a minimum order for 165 pieces at a cost of \$2.50 each. 392nd members may send cash, check or money order to me, Jim Blanco, at 326 Beck Rd., Lindenhurst, Ill. 60046.

I REMEMBER: 689

by Myron H. Keilman (392nd BG)

B-24D, Number 123689, was assigned to the 392nd Bombardment Group in August 1943. It had been classified "war weary" as later model airplanes became available, and it was no longer suitable for combat operations. With its distinguished markings its new mission was to lead the group in assembling the large eighteen airplane formations on combat missions. While firing the designated colored flares, it orbited the radio beacon at the assigned assembly altitude until all airplanes were assembled in their assigned position and it was time for the group to depart for the wing rendezvous.



No doubt the distinguished paint job was an experiment by some "always thinking" person — the idea being that the three silhouettes would make the real airplane difficult to discern and cause confusion to German fighter pilots as they dived their Messerschmitts and Focke-Wulfs at our bombing formations. To say the least, the idea "never caught on" — 689 was one of a kind.

It was a 1941 vintage B-24D — the same model I piloted in 1942 on ocean patrol missions from Ecuador to the Galapagos Islands in defense of the Panama Canal. Perhaps it was one of the original 44th Bomb Group airplanes that came to England in October 1942. Perhaps 689 flew on the first bombing mission to Germany (Emden) 23 January 1943 when a FW-190 collided with the deputy lead airplane and it, with my brother, Bombardier Paul Keilman, crashed in to the North Sea from 20,000 feet.



HOW WAS THE ACTION? — HOT & HEAVY. WHAT DID I DO? — DON'T ASK!

by Earl L. Zimmerman (389th)

This article refers to the article in the December Newsletter by Col. Matecko of the 453rd. He told about a FW-190 ramming a lead ship and also the deputy lead.

I happened to be on that mission and it took place on the 7th of April, 1945 with the 389th leading the 2nd Air Division to Duneberg. Prior to reaching the target, I chased the left waist gunner up to the flight deck and took his place as it was a beautiful day and I wanted a chance to look around and throw out some chaff.

A light blue ME-109 came straight up through the formation from below, firing at a plane behind us. He set the No. 4 engine on fire and that B-24 left the formation. Later we learned that it landed in France with no casualties.

The ME-109 stalled out above the formation with every top turret gunner shooting at it. About that time, the fighter cover P-51s got in on the act and three 51s came down to chalk up another kill. One of the 51s was hit by our fire and the pilot bailed out.

The ME-109 flipped over on its back high over the formation, came looping down from the front and rammed into the lead ship which was carrying our

Group Commander, Col. John Herboth. The 109 smashed into the cockpit area then bounced into the deputy lead ship. Col. Herboth's plane headed for the ground and I don't think anyone bailed out.

I was also watching the deputy lead plane, and it was hit in exactly the same area, right in the cockpit. The plane stayed level for a few moments then pulled up about 100 feet above the formation and plunged toward the ground without spinning. I do not recall seeing any chutes from this plane either; but as it was not spinning there is a chance some of them got out.

At the interrogation it was assumed that the ME-109 pilot was dead when he hit the lead ship. It was certainly a suicidal way to attack a B-24 formation with fighter escort. As far as I can remember there were no other enemy planes in the area at the time.

What was I doing all this time with the waist gun? Nothing!!! I was so busy watching all of the action that I forgot about the gun and continued to throw out the chaff. But that's what happens to radio operators (of which fraternity I was one). They sand bag so much they don't know what to do when the action comes. Color me red!

As a squadron operations officer and then a squadron commander, I don't remember that it actually served to lead the group in its assembly. That was the job of the lead crew with its command pilot.

As in the case of all old airplanes, upon the departure of the 392nd from England in June 1945, 689 was flown to Burtonwood for reclamation (scrap). It is entirely possible that the aluminum alloy of its wings, struts, wheels, skin, ribs, and empennage are still being utilized to this day in British homes, restaurants, and sculleries.

Addendum

The scheme to return Army Air Force personnel to the United States by means of combat airplanes was never employed. I don't know how all of Eighth Air Force ground echelon people (they were called troops) came home, but the officers and airmen (they were called soldiers) of the 392nd, with those of other groups of the 2nd Air Division, boarded the famous steamship Queen Mary on 15 June 1945. In five

days 14,526 servicemen arrived in New York for a heroes welcome. I was proud to be the 392nd Troop Commander.

I remember: The Queen never had to zig-zag in defense against Nazi submarines, and it was a very smooth voyage. We had life-boat drill once a day. We were fed two meals a day. We gambled money away in never ending games of Red Dog. Remember?

2nd AIR DIVISION DECAL

We have talked about it and talked about it until we are blue in the face, but it is now a fact. Because of the generosity of Aaron Schultz who offered to pick up half the cost, we now have a decal which will look beautiful on your car window. Every member is receiving one free with this Newsletter so re-check your envelope in case it slipped out. While this first one is free, additional ones will cost \$1.00 each. The \$1.00 will go towards defraying the cost. Hope you like it.

'Rude Comments' "SIOUX CITY SUE"

by Walter Rude (448th)

Our first glimpse of one of the leading livestock processing centers of this nation came while we were at 5,000 feet, and descending into the landing pattern of a base which was to be our home for the next couple of months. A full moon was shining that night, it's brilliant beams dancing off of the mighty Missouri River below and flooding the adjacent corn-fields with a glow that made a picture of breathtaking beauty that only nature can create.

At that particular moment your narrator realized, not in the slightest, that 34 years later he'd still be a part of the Sioux City scene. The Sioux City area has always been known for it's corn, cattle and curvaceous cuties, and it was one of the latter, naturally, that led to my becoming a permanent resident of Siouxland.

For those of you who were able to obtain a full-scale picture of the city once known as "Little Chicago", I'll have to state that, if you were to visit Sioux City today you would never recognize it. Completely gone are such well known G.I. hangouts as The American Legion Club, The Tomba Ballroom, the West Hotel (remember ponderous Emma Pritchard who sang there?); The Mayfair Hotel, The Rathskellar, Lakeshore Inn (over in South Dakota), The Ramp Tap, The G.I. Club and the Brass Rail. Still holding but, but none too strongly, are such citadels as City Hall, the Municipal Building (city jail), the County Courthouse, the Federal Building (postoffice), Elks Club, Younker-Davidsons and many more that very few of you would remember, and that, frankly, should have been torn down prior to our arrival in Sept. 1943.

Disregarding it's architectural inequities (and the only two prevalent odor from the stockyards), Sioux City was known to one and all as one of the top G.I. towns in the country — topped, possibly, only by Chicago. This high rating was due, of course, mostly to the tremendous hospitality and friendliness of it's citizens. Although your writer was born, and spent the first 25 years of his life on the west coast (Everett, Wash.), he still regards the typical midwesterner as the nation's most friendly citizen.

As for the base itself, the only war-time structures still standing are a few of the old-base-supply buildings, the 448th's four hangars and the large field-maintenance hangar. The base

GOT A STORY TO TELL?

Everyone has regardless of what their particular job was in the Group. If our correspondence is any indication, all our members enjoy reading about the experiences of others. What these 'readers' forget is that those 'others' will enjoy reading about their experiences also.

If you're worried about the wording of your experience just jot down the facts and our capable 're-write staff' (!!!) will take it from there. Remember that photos add to any article. **NOW GET CRACKING!**

served as an Air Force fighter-base, flying the F-86D, for a number of years, but closed down completely about 1964. Incidentally, your writer was stationed there for seven years (1953-1960). In 1964 the base was turned over to the City of Sioux City. It's chief occupants now are Ozark and North Central Airlines, a number of small-aircraft servicing companies and several other types of commercial activities. The only military activity is provided by the presence of the Iowa Air National Guard, a unit of the Iowa Army National Guard, an Army Reserve unit and a Naval Reserve unit.

This issue of "COMMENTS" wouldn't be complete without description of a 'humorous' incident that happened to a well known master-sergeant of the 715th. Said "Old Sarge" just happened to have a pair of GI lowcuts that needed repairs, so he hied himself, with the aforementioned pedal coverings encasing his footsies, into Sioux City. Unfortunately, as it turned out, "Old Sarge" chose a repair shop that just happened to be next door to the Mayfair Hotel and it's only too convenient bar. Also unfortunately, the cobbler was busy and couldn't attend to "Old Sarge's" needs immediately. After removing the worn footwear, his cap, and his tie, and after about fifteen minutes of tedious waiting, "Old Sarge" got impatient — and thirsty. So-o-o-o — sans shoes, tie and cap, he sneaked over into the Mayfair pub. No problem so far. However, our six-striper forgot to watch the clock and I'm sure that you know what happened. Come about 17:15 "Old Sarge" hustled himself back to the shoe-repair emporium only to discover that the joint was closed and, locked up inside, were his essential items of apparel. Unfortunately — again — there appeared on the scene a pair of U.S. Army MP's. "Old Sarge" was taken into custody, and — in a subsequent court-martial — he found himself minus his six stripes. The 'humorous' part of this story (for me, anyway) came on the day following the court-martial. As per usual, I read the bulletin board that morning, and thereon, side-by-side, were the following announcements: (1) MSgt. —, —, —, 6939—AC, is hereby reduced to

NEWS FROM THE 448th

by Joseph T. Michalczyk (448th)

At the Lake Geneva mini-reunion last year all of the 448th people who were there met in the room of Capt. Stuart K. Barr. At that time we all decided that our 448th membership was large enough to allow us to reserve a room, or suite, at this years' Del Coronado reunion. We figured that everyone from the 448th who attends would share in the cost of this room.

In addition to sending your reservations to Evelyn Cohen please drop a note to your Squadron contact man telling him how many there will be in your party. This will enable us to plan better. Their names and addresses are listed below.

712th BS — George P. Dupont, 111 Hough Drive, Miami Springs, FL, 33166

713th BS — Leroy Engdahl, 1785 Wexford Dr., Vidor, TX. 77662

714th BS — Gail J. Irish, 27 Henry Drive, Angola, NY. 14006

715th BS — Walter M. Rude, 8505 Brunswick Ave., Riverside, CA 92504

In the meantime, I plan to contact every person living in California who served in the 448th but who has not joined up yet. We want the largest turnout of all the 2nd Air Division Groups, and we are working towards that end. I hope to see you all there on July 13, 14 and 15.

the grade of private for cause. (2) MSgt. —, —, —, 6939—AC, is hereby awarded the Good Conduct Medal for meritorious service performed between the dates 1 July 1942 and 30 June 1943. Fortunately, the story has a somewhat 'happy' ending. The Air Force (USAAF), in those days, was a little more inclined to 'forgive & forget. Consequently, "Old Sarge" was given back his stripes at a rate of one per month and again sported a fully weighted sleeve bout seven or eight months later. Even when you consider today's inflationary rates, it was still a pretty high price to pay for a shoe repair job.

MORE MARKET-GARDEN

by "Dusty" Worthen (93rd)

Crew:

Pilot — Joseph J. Rosacker, Iola, Kansas

Co-Pilot — Glenn Tessmer, Sudbury, Massachusetts

Navigator — John Pace, Dallas, Texas

Bombardier — F.D. "Dusty" Worthen, Burbank, California

Engineer — Otis Hair, Olton, Texas

Radio Operator — C.J. Philage, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Gunners — C.P. "Chuck" Conley, Oswego, Oregon; T.C. "Cobb" Gibbs, Monroe, Louisiana; Bennie Hayes, Flint, Michigan; C.S. "Sid" Metro, Glenridge, New Jersey

Unit: 93rd Bomb Group, 328 Squadron

A few days before September 18, 1944, we and several of the crews of our group were briefed on a special practice mission to be flown over the local area — at 50' altitude in formation. What a chance to play without a reprimand. The mission was fun and low, varying in heights down to 50'. I had the feeling of having to pull my feet up to avoid obstacles below. At times a wing tip had to be tilted up a bit to miss a tall tree or church steeple. The expressions on the faces of our English friends below was comical. We had no idea what this was all about but like always we would wait and wonder.

Early on the morning on September 18, we were called for a mission briefing. This would be our third mission and would be a resupply effort to American ground troops that had made a parachute drop and glider landings in the Groesbeek area south of Nijmegen, Holland. This was one of three major drop zones.

By mid-day we had formed up and were on our way across the channel at

'CLARIFICATION TIME'

It has been brought to our attention that many of our members think the 2nd Air Division Association is in some way connected with the 8th Air Force Historical Society. Let it be understood that we are in no way connected with ANY other military organization.

We know that two of our Group Vice Presidents were pressured by letter to join the 8th AFHS because the Society lists them as contact man for their Group. They asked us if they had to join because they were Group Vice Presidents and we advised them that they did not. None of our members have to join any other organizations unless they so desire. The 2nd Air Division Association was founded 32 years ago with a specific goal and for a specific purpose. Nothing has changed since that time.

We do not want this notice to be construed that we are AGAINST other military organizations for such is not the case. They all have their own laudable aims and we wish them well, but we assume that capturing the 2nd Air Division Association is not one of them as we have no intention of surrendering.

It has also been brought to our attention that our Roster is sometimes used as a mailing list of prospective members by other Associations. Unfortunately, because our Roster has a wide distribution, we cannot control this practice — but we certainly don't condone it. We NEVER make our Roster available for this purpose.

William G. Robertie
Editor

maybe 1,000 feet. We made landfall over Schouwen Island, Holland, little knowing that some 20 missions later we would make an unscheduled visit to this very spot. (See Newsletter of June 1973). We then let down to about 50' to 100'. The view along the route to the drop zone was incredible. Crashed C-47 planes, burned outlines of crashed gliders, gliders nosed up or on their back — a general mess. Our flight was over farming area. We could nearly see the flying feathers of the fluttering chickens; the cows were in a full gallop — right through fences and bushes. The Dutch farmers were waving happily. It was certainly a different sight than we would see at our usual 22,000

foot altitude. As we neared the target the small arms fire became intense. We were hit several times. One slug stopped in the back pack parachute of our tail gunner.

The drop plan was to fly in at 50', pull up to 400' at the target marker and drop the cargo. Due to smoke and haze, the fast speed at a low altitude and other uncertainties, the accuracy of the drop was unknown. We did, however, see what looked like Germans picking up supplies. After cargo away, we gained a few thousand feet and headed home along about the same course we followed in. The downed aircraft from this altitude was just as grim as before. We lost two planes on this mission; and apparently, it was not too successful a venture at that. We never found out what it was all about.

Recently I read the Cornelius Ryan book, *A Bridge Too Far* — some 500 pages of which about four pages were devoted to this air mission and the part played by the B-24's. Our part was small compared to what the ground forces went through during operation Market-Garden, but it was a bit gratifying even after all these years to learn that in the Groesbeek area 80 percent of our supplies were recovered by the U.S. troops, while in the other two areas it was less than 50 percent and about 12 percent recovery.

If you have the opportunity, do read the book. It's good. I liked it better than the movie.

DUES

We want to thank all of you who heeded our request for prompt payment of dues as this has made our job so much easier. It has also kept our creditors happy!

One thing we have noticed this year is the increase in the number of members who have contributed to the Memorial Capital Fund. Most of the contributions have been modest, and this is to be expected when you consider that the majority of our members are on some form of retirement, but there have been some large donations and these, coupled with the rest, have added up to a very respectable amount. We want to thank all of you who have contributed. This year should see the largest donation to the Capital Fund we have experienced to date.

One additional word. If you find that the \$7.00 dues figure is beyond your means for any reason do drop Evelyn a note stating your case and your dues will be waived. Some of our members have already sent in funds to be used for the payment of dues for those who cannot. Believe me, we have some very generous members.

MISSION TO ZWICHAU

As told to Dave Patterson by Mike Ciano (445th Bomb Group)

After a number of missions, and a ten day rest period, I was assigned on return as tail gunner on a newly formed crew. The following is an account of my first mission with this crew.

April 14, 1944: The much dreaded sound of the Jeep halting at our Quonset Hut; the hut door opened, and the driver called out our new pilot's name. Before we knew it, we were eating chow and off to briefing prior to takeoff time. After briefing, we made our usual preparations: checking out personal equipment; preflight preparations, start engines, and taxi out. We took off one at a time and slowly gained altitude. We joined formation in our assigned rear slot spot, and we were on our way to Zwickau, Germany.

As soon as we crossed the Channel and were over Belgium, all hell broke loose. Flack hit our far left engine and black smoke started pouring out of it. A hole the size of a basketball opened up at the feet of our waist gunner. Another direct hit in the waist ripped open the floor. As we gathered our wits and resumed our gun positions we were informed over the intercom that the nose also was badly hit. Bullets began ricocheting around my tail turret; a ME-109 was coming in at eye level. I opened up fire when I felt he was in proper range, and was rewarded by the Messerschmidt disintegrating in a ball of fire, almost hitting the tail turret as it exploded. By now the ship was too crippled, and we lost altitude and dropped out of formation, becoming a "sitting duck" for the rest of the enemy fighters. We tried to keep our guns firing to discourage the fighters from getting in close enough for a clean kill. But the handwriting was on the wall by this time. The intercom ceased to function; then a crew member from up front crawled back to tell us to bail out. Bail out! Those were words we gunners heard in training lectures, saw demonstrated in training films; but to each of us it was always going to happen to "the other guy", not to me! I quickly put out the fire (luckily it was superficial) and put on the chute. There were four of us in the rear section by this time; S/Sgt Wayne Luce, badly wounded by our first blast; S/Sgt Pete Clark; our radio operator "Chet"; and myself. We got Luce's chute on, carried him to the waist window and released him, pulling his ripcord at the last possible minute. The chute opened clear of the plane and we looked at each other and smiled. The rest of us

decided to jump out the camera hatch as our exhausted condition and the urgency made any other exit impossible. I gave a last look down, jumped, pulled the cord, and looked up to see the ship moving away. Everything then became a blur until I hit Terra Firma; the stinging pain ran from my ankles up to my head as I buckled over and passed out.

I opened my eyes some time later, to see German soldiers looking down at me and mumbling, and civilians in the background gawking at me. I was carried to what looked like our American-type police wagon, driven through the city to a school hall, stayed there overnight, and then by bus (with three of our crew members who had also survived) to a ward in a walled-in hospital in Brussels. There we stayed for two weeks. The patients were wounded Luftwaffe, plus about five American flyers. I was treated for splintered ankles, and a gashing forehead wound from a frag that hit me just prior to when I jumped. All during this time we were forbidden to speak or in any way communicate with the others; in fact our own policy was to act as if we were complete strangers to each other, to minimized security leaks. Every morning a Luftwaffe Colonel doctor would enter our ward, a German nurse would shout "Achtung" and, regardless of our physical condition and pain, we were expected to come to a rigid attention, and say "Good morning, doctor".

April 20th came, and I remember it especially because the guards and hospital staff celebrated with much champagne and booze, as it was Hitler's birthday.

After a week of recuperating, I was allowed to go out into the walled courtyard and sit in the sun and watch our bombers and fighters fly over. It was an odd feeling to look up and realized they were free, even though in enemy

skies, while I was so close to them, yet captive. It didn't seem logical in the least. Many times I would wait anxiously for their return flights and take note of the formation pattern to see if they had had a rough mission.

One morning, the nurse came in, re-bandaged and resplinted both ankles, and issued me a pair of wooden shoes, pants too big for my small frame, and an old shirt. Then struggling, I was escorted by two Gestapo agents to a rail station and a train headed for Germany. I was warned not to talk to anyone for they didn't want to provoke trouble as they were responsible for my safe arrival at Dalag Luft, my next stop.

The Frankfurt station was the rail terminus, and I must say the 8th A.A.F. had done a beautiful job of destruction. The station and the city was just rubble piled on rubble. Everyone wore black, and death was all around us. As we were herded to a trolley for our short trip to Dulag Luft, civilians shook their fists at us, spat on us, and made threatening gestures and remarks.

Dalag Luft comprised of long, wide hallways and appeared to have been built during World War I. Hallways were flanked with endless doors that opened up into 5' x 7' rooms for prisoners. Each room had a small glass window near the ceiling, a cut-out section at the bottom of the door to slide food plates through, and was furnished with a cot and improvised urinal. There was no sink, other plumbing, nor electricity. The prisoners consisted of flight crews: some British, but mostly American. Every day a Gestapo agent with a satchel and a large dog would visit me in my cell. He would open the satchel and bring out all sorts of forms for me to read and confirm. Most had to do with military installations in England and the United States (P.S: He knew lots more than I did!) He would then bring out American cigarettes, light one and let the smoke drift my way. The he would try to con me into denouncing America and embracing Naziism, and give him Allied information. He would start out very friendly, offering me a smoke, and chatting. But when he would offer me a pen to sign his forms, and all I would respond with was my name, rank, and serial number, he would become very angry, slap me across the face, gather up his items and leave the room. This procedure went on for ten days, but instead of offering cigarettes, he would try different offers to get me to cooperate, such as the



Watching the B-24s going over their camp.

promise of good living quarters, fine food, women, etc.

Eventually I was released and joined hundreds of airmen ready to be transferred to Stalag 17. We were put in closed box cars which proved to be a nightmare all the way to the Stalag 17 area near Krems, Austria. We were overcrowded and with very little food. We could not see out, and how horrifying it was when the train would stop suddenly, ack-ack guns would fire nearby, and the cars would shake from the vibration of nearby exploding bombs. I heard much cussing and banging on the sides of the cars just because of terrible fright. A steady diet of this would crack a person up in a very short time.

How happy we were to arrive at our destination and imprisonment. You have no idea how great a feeling it is to be let out into an unrestricted atmosphere from a totally restricted one. Then, you walk through the main gate of the prison camp, and you begin to feel different and wonder if you'll ever walk back out and free again. The first building we entered was a large washroom and resembled something that was used 50 years before. We all were deloused and our heads shaven clean. Then, with large searchlights on watchtowers lighting our way through the dead of night, and with barbed wire and guard towers ringing our periphery, we walked into the first barrack building, and got our first view of how it was going to be for us for a long time. The boys were sleeping 2 together set up in 3 tiers and attached one to another. The tiers were about 2 feet apart.

The guards began the talk of awakening the men and telling them to make room for "your new comrades". New P.O.W.s meant up-to-date news on how the war was progressing. No one slept the remainder of that night as question after question was asked.

Stalag 17's living quarters consisted of long wooden barracks with a washroom separating the next. The lighting was very dim, and the floorboards thin and drafty. Mattresses were made of burlap filled with straw about 2" thick. The springs were wooden slats about 3" apart. We were each issued one thin blanket. Occasionally, odd noises would come from the mattresses, which upon investigation would reveal a new nest of mice or other vermin. While sleeping, it was common for large mice to run across your body during the night. Our diet consisted of hot water to make coffee for breakfast. For lunch we had hot water, dehydrated cabbage, or boiled carrots, and a piece of black bread which contained sawdust to give it body. Supper was hot water, boiled

beets, potatoes, and what looked like horse meat. (Hell, what more would one expect of P.O.W. food when all of Europe was hard up for food?!).

In accordance with the Geneva Convention, all P.O.W.'s of convention member nations were to be assured of food quantity of at least 6% above starvation level. This was barely met by the Germans and so the U. S. Government, via the Red Cross in Geneva, had food parcels made up of a can of beef, powdered coffee "D" bar, blades, and 5 packs of cigarettes. These parcels were to be rationed out 2 a month, but unfortunately the Germans handed them out according to how they felt and how we behaved. Many times they would tell us that our own bombers destroyed the train load of parcels, etc. There were times we wouldn't see a parcel for as long as two months.

When the camp Commandant was upset about something, he would order us out of the barracks about 5 a.m. and line us up for roll call. We then had to greet him with a loud "Gut morgen Herr Commandant", followed by a "Heil Hitler". (The latter never occurred). He kept us standing for hours and dismissed us when he pleased.

When the R.A.F. was in the area, their chandeliers would light up the valley in yellow, and then they would unload their bombs. Punishment for us would invariably follow the next day: elimination of rations, "roll calls" for hours on end, etc.



Forced march to freedom.

The 5th U.S.A.A.F. came over with their medium bombers many times to bomb the huge fuel tank storage facilities just down the valley from us. To hit the tanks, the bombers had to release the bombs just before flying over the camp, and by heck you would see the bombs dropping right at you. In seconds the bombs were falling right past you with the odd sound bombs make when falling. Then the explosions, the black smoke, the earth shaking. Of course, all this was preceded by the camp air raid alarm, shouts of

"Achtung! Achtung! Flieger alarm! North American bombers approaching!" We would all make a wild dash for the trenches, body on top of body. Then the all clear, and we would drag back to the barracks in silence, and all contemplating the ordeal of punishment that would face us shortly in retaliation.

I certainly will never forget about the endless attempts at tunnelling and what great efforts were made to keep them a secret. Just about the time the diggers were ready to break through to the top, the guards would be waiting with spot lights on the break-through spot. It was always a surprise how accurate they were in picking the spot; but it soon dawned on us that the Germans had planted a few of their own men in each compound unknown to us to monitor our actions. I recall that from time to time a few were suspected, but we were helpless to do anything about it.

We experienced other incidents during our imprisonment brought on by our attempts to aid escape attempts or to resist cooperating with bizarre German directives. Two prisoners escaped on one occasion, but were recaptured soon after. Although none of us were aware of the attempt, punishment, as usual, was meted out to all. In another incident, an American prisoner escaped from another prison camp, was unable to make contact with the underground, and was in desperate condition without food, etc. Our camp prisoners were able to smuggle him into camp, hide him and care for him, and finally deliver him to the underground for safe passage. In almost every incident, the German guards would eventually dig out the story of our disobediences, and punishment in the form of cut-off food or heating supplies, and/or roll call formations in which we stood for hours at attention in the rain and cold, etc. were meted out.

Dead of winter was now upon us and snow covered the valley. The days grew shorter and more time was spent indoors. To fight the devastating cold, many days were spent cuddled up in the sack just to keep warm and alive. Coal rations became less and less and we resorted to tearing out the guts of the barracks for fuel to keep warm, only to realize we had thereby created even more drafts and cold. Morale worsened, and our bellies were empty. Our clothes were tattered rags from constant wear. The only good thing we looking forward to was a War news report which was brought around verbally on a frequent basis by a U. S. flyer from Chicago; how he got the up-to-date news (which proved to be very accurate and complete) is still a

(Continued on page 12)

MISSION TO ZWICKAU

(Continued from page 11)

mystery to me. He would circulate from barracks to barracks, under stiff security cover by his fellow prisoners, letting everyone in on the latest information. He was never caught, to my knowledge.

Soon, spring was near at hand, and the war news began to come alive with action. The guards were becoming less tolerant as the Air Force was turning Germany into a heap of rubble. Rumors of Allied breakthrough all along the Front was indeed promising and liberation was now becoming more real. A rumor swept the camp in March, (1945) that we were all going on a forced march heading westward because the Russians were just east of Vienna. It was all true as we could hear big guns going off in the east, and the nights brought pink glows in the Vienna area. And sure enough, on April 1, 1945, we prisoners all began to be herded in a westwardly direction and into what was to prove to be a frightful travel experience. Our days consisted of marching a good nine hours, with ten minute breaks every two hours. We were out about five days when the rations started to run out. Now, the guards found it too much of a problem to allow us to get water, and so we suffered continually of thirst and dehydration. Two weeks out, and many were now without shoes; more and more were depending on their comrades' shoulders to hang on for dear life. Others, too tired and starving, were falling to the ground, causing many behind them to fall on each other. Many were left to die on the road. It was a sad sight indeed; it has left an indelible memory of how a mass of humans can be made to look undignified by the hands of man.

Into our 3rd week American fighter planes began appearing daily to keep tabs on the P.O.W.s. The German guards ran scared for cover as the planes came down to buzz us and dip their wings to reassure us. You have no idea how happy it made us feel.

Bombing was taking place just ahead of us at Linz, Austria, causing us to halt for a few hours. Then we resumed

our march, and passed through the small town of Braunau, Hitler's birthplace. It was a quaint town, with very narrow sidewalks and streets; stucco houses and iron gates covering the very low first floor windows. I clearly recall the guards pointing to a yellow/beige stucco house and telling us it was the house that Hitler was born in.

Our forced march came to an end on April 29th in the woods of Braunau. We couldn't go further because the G.I.s were about 15 miles beyond. Orders were to settle down and wait to see what happened. Some of the wagon horses were slaughtered and the meat cooked and eaten. We then cut pine branches to make makeshift beds and overhead cover, for by now it was raining. All sorts of rumors were now sweeping the group. Some had it that the Germans had started a heavy offensive. Others had the Germans surrendering unconditionally.

The following day many of us scattered independently to nearby farmhouses to get food. Rifle and machine gun fire by this time were close at hand, so we knew the Front was very close, and liberation near. That night no one slept because of the very increasing roar of guns. Next morning German troops were seen in full retreat; our guards were to be seen no more. Very shortly we began to hear the rumbling of tanks coming up the dirt road, and in a few minutes we saw an American tank come in view. Boy! What a thrilling sight to behold! An officer standing half out of the tank hatch waved at us. G.I.s were now appearing in the area in pursuit of the retreating Germans. We all yelled with maddening joy as more U. S. tanks appeared, and we mobbed them.

We now settled down for the night with smiles on our faces and happiness in our hearts, and all agreed that General Patton's Third Army, 15th Armored Division, was the best fighting unit in the world.

To finish with a happy ending: The next few days brought arrangements to evacuate us first to Stuttgart, then the Metz, France, where we were debriefed, got medical assistance, clothes, and etc. Then to Dieppe, and by troop shipped to Hoboken, New Jersey, and the good old U. S. A.!!

STORMY WEATHER!!!!

You all know by now that the East Coast was hit by two heavy blizzards, one on January 19 and another on February 6. The one on January 19 slowed us down quite a bit pushing everything back. The one on February 6 brought us to a screaming halt, particularly in this part of the East. As a result, there have been further delays. We have managed to dig out, and we are working constantly to bring things back to normal. Please don't get impatient about the lateness of the Roster and/or this issue of the Newsletter. It simply could not be helped.

"FIELDS OF LITTLE AMERICA"

by Martin Bowman

At long last! Hail Columbia! Believe it or not a History of the 2nd Air Division has finally been written and is now in print.

Martin Bowman has done an outstanding job in tracing the history of the division from day 'one' until VE day. He has accomplished this Herculean task by making excellent use of the stories told to him by participants, both ground and air. Following are some of the superlatives the book has so justly earned:

"I have received your autographed copy of the 'Fields of Little America' and haven't put it down yet." Myron Keilman (392nd)

"Many, many thanks for the copy of your book. I want to congratulate you on a job well done, and I'm so happy that all your work and patience has paid off in an excellent book." Ted Parker (491st)

"I just received the book, 'Fields of Little America', and you deserve many compliments for your outstanding organization of historical material from the bits and pieces provided by 2nd AD personnel." Jim O'Brien (44th)

"Your book is superb! Your book is fantastic! It should sell like hot cakes at the next reunion." Bob Shaffer (93rd)

The above is but a sampling of the comments we have received so far, and they are all in the same vein. 'Fields of Little America' is well-written, well-researched and beautifully dressed with 165 interesting photos. Buy a copy. You will never regret it.

Bill Robertie

APRIL 1st APRIL 1st APRIL 1st

Of course we all know that April 1st is April Fools day, but also on that date Evelyn Cohen will have a new address. It will be Evelyn Cohen, 610 Plaza Towers, 2301 Woodward St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19115. After April 1st, disregard her old address which appears on the Reunion Flyer and send everything to her new address. It would be a good idea to make a note of this now.

"TONDELAYO'S" LAST MISSION — TARGET: POLITZ

by Jim Blanco (392nd)

Lt. C.L. Bell was last seen heading . . .

That partial sentence covers nine different experiences which could add pages in terms of experiences. As a member of Bell's crew, I remember quite vividly the experience of *that* day.

The mission started about 2300 hours of 19 June, when the C.Q. came to roust us out of our sacks with the usual info of breakfast and briefing times. After breakfast, briefing. I still recall the feeling in the pit of my stomach, because the excess trace line of our route in and out of the target area was not visible on the floor. This meant a long haul. The first two missions, or maybe five, it's still an adventurous experience. After that you start to sober. This was our twenty-fifth. After briefing it was the usual jokes and horseplay to buoy up our spirits as we made our way to the locker room to don our heated suits.

After dressing I locked my locker and discovered I had not put my side-arm away. At that time AAF Regs ordered no side-arms to be taken on missions. Being a little late, I decided to check it in to Tech Supply. I told the Sarge, "I'll pick it up, if I come back." The Sarge remarked, "Don't worry. Bell's crew always comes back." At day's end it was certain that a seer he was not.

As we rode to the dispersal area, I felt apprehensive. This was my first mission without Joe Knight. He was grounded with a bad cold. Group superstition was when one man stayed down, the odds were the crew doesn't return, or the man doesn't on a make-up mission.

Joe and I had a little ritual we did before take-off. We ate our caramels from the high carbohydrates box because we didn't want the Luftwaffe to get them, and chewed gum. As we prepared for take-off, we'd stick our gum wads on the tail fin of a bomb and say, "Remember when you're up there your soul belongs to God, your heart belongs to the girl back home, and your a—— is strictly the Luftwaffe's."

Take-off and forming were normal and I performed my duties transferring gas from the wing tip tanks to the main tanks and leveling the tanks. Then the tensions started with the call, "Enemy coast ahead." Somewhere over Denmark our first fighter escorts dropped off and there was the usual wait of five

to ten minutes before the next pick-up. Sometimes those minutes seemed like an eternity. This was one of those times.

Flying on, and always on the alert for enemy fighters, I noted and alerted the crew of a group of forty to fifty fighters flying level and at five o'clock. Someone remarked that it was the second group of our escorts. I was reluctant to accept it, and kept watching them. They were too bunched up to be our escorts. As they approached three o'clock, they were a mile and a half to two miles from our formation. One fighter did a slip maneuver. I noted tail booms — P38? — hardly! How long I watched I do not know. The 492nd was leading the Wing and was starting to turn on the I.P. I thought they were spreading out too wide. It was then when the fighters hit. They definitely were not our escorts! I was fascinated, appalled and scared stiff as the fighters took their toll.

As we turned on the I.P., they turned on us. I can still remember rocket streamers and the machine gun fire. Fortunately, I think they had used their Sunday punch earlier, but what was left was still terrifying. We sustained some minor damage. After they broke the attack, I had the impression those fighter pilots must have been totally without experience or training. The couple that had pressed their attack on us were a JU88 and an ME210. They attacked us flying with the formation. The JU88 started the attack at five o'clock and about two hundred feet above us. I saw the stitch marks my fifties were making on his fuselage before he broke away. The ME210 came in at the same height from six o'clock, and I put the same stitches in his wing.

As we approached the target area someone remarked on the intercom, "Those flak-boys are really checked out." I turned my turret to twelve o'clock to check. I will affirm they certainly were "checked out." It seems they were shooting in a perfect rectangular pattern of about 400 X 600 feet. What seemed worse was, our line of flight would put us right through the center of the barrage. I observed the element leader moving ever so slightly to the left, and mentally I was telling Bell to move it over, out of center.

My next actions are burned deeply in memory. I looked at the flak and knew we would not see any enemy fighters; so I started to think of other targets with heavy flak — Berlin, Brunswick and Fredrichshaven. I didn't recall flak

coming either from the pilot's compartment or the bomb-bay. I did experience it coming from the sides. My turret had one-half inch armor in front and I had put flak vests at the back and under the jewels. My sides were unprotected. I rotated the turret to nine-o'clock so that my right side was toward the cockpit and my left to the bomb-bay. Next I thought of the plexi-glass dome. Shrapnel can and does pierce and shatter if a burst comes close to it. So I reached down and put my helmet on. At this point my guns were elevated, so for added protection, I lowered the guns so that the receivers were on each side of my head. In this cocoon I went into the "Valley of Death" with a prayer to the Almighty and the usual promises to reform. I was scared! Not caring to lift my head to see anything that wasn't in my line of sight, I watched the blossoms of flak and felt several bumps indicating hits in the aircraft. Then came the relieving signal: "Bombs away, let's get the hell out of here."

After leaving the flak field, I climbed down from the turret to survey battle damage. Up front, flak had hit our radio and it was a mess. There were numerous holes in the skin, letting in daylight, and one piece of flak severed a run of wires — some of which were for the #3 and #4 engine instruments.

I started to go aft and I will attest to the fact that the combination of rubber flight boots and hydraulic oil make very slippery cat-walks. Fortunately, the bomb-bay doors were closed when the flak hit the hydraulic system. As I entered the waist section, gunners Asch and Seymour were doing a jig trying to avoid being hit by VERY pistol flares set off by a piece of flak.

Returning to the flight deck, I was surprised to see we had left the formation. The #3 and #4 engines were running smoothly, but without a tach and manifold pressure gauges we did not know how much power to pull back or advance. It was decided to leave the settings as they were for awhile and use #1 and #2 for flight changes. By this time we had hit the deck. Time had lost its magnitude as I busied myself leveling gas tanks and watching #3 and #4 engines for the slightest malfunction.

Decision time came when Bell announced we had three options:

1. Land in Germany
2. Ditch in the North or Baltic Seas
3. Land in Sweden

(Continued on page 14)

"TONDELAYO'S"

(Continued from page 13)

Personally, I did not like the idea of being a POW, nor did I care to ditch. As for Sweden, it was an unknown, and I thought it the best of what was available. It must have been, in spite of the last few hours, my lucky day. We headed for Sweden.

We limped along nursing that "gawky angel" every mile to Malmo, Sweden. As we approached Sweden, two fighters appeared high at seven o'clock. I turned my turret to meet them and thought, "Here we go again." For some unknown reason we all held our fire. This was unusual because we were all pretty jumpy. The planes were unusual. They did not have the lines of either the FW's or ME's. Someone identified them as Italian. As they approached closer, we were all tense waiting for them to flash their recognition lights (guns), but none flashed. They were fighters from the Swedish Air Force coming to escort us to Malmo.

What confronted me on landing was that I would have to crank the gear down and kick-out the nose wheel. Not knowing the field in which we would set down, I was more than concerned because we had only enough hydraulic pressure for one application of brakes. With the gear cranked down and locked, the nose wheel kicked-out. Our landing pattern was normal. As we turned in for our final approach, another wounded B-24 cut us out. Luck was with us as we applied power to #3 and #4 engines and they responded. We nursed our angel around again to the base leg. The B-24 that cut us off had touched down, ground looped and burst into flames.

Under the conditions we had flown, our landing was normal. As we passed the burning B-24, the ammo aboard was exploding. Then came our moment of truth. Our one application of brakes brought us within three feet of the end of the runway. Later, after conversations with Swedish friends, we learned that on that day the Swedes thought the entire 8th Air Force was going to land there. Twenty bombers had landed. I never could verify it, but my Swedish friends say the plane that blew up on landing was the 13th to land.

For Bell's crew it was a very long haul that lasted for five months. Bell and I stayed behind for a total of ten months. Through all the years and future years I always say, "Tack a mikä för Sverige" — literally translated, "Thanks a million for Sweden!"

INTRODUCTION TO ENGLAND

by Tom Swint (467th)

The 467th picked me up at Herington, Kansas, when their chief operations clerk washed out on the overseas physical. I flew over with one of the combat crews in old 5-2-5.

Our flight to West Palm, Trinidad, Belem, Forteleza, Dakar and Marrakech has been eventful. We lost an engine over Brazil, blew a supercharger out of Forteleza and fractured a nose wheel landing at Dakar. But the big foulup came at Marrakech!

The ATC guys said we could go into town. We did. Oh boy, did we ever.

When we got back at midnight we were told that our plane was scheduled to take off in 30 minutes. We made the deadline but the navigator was somewhat the worse for wear.

Somehow we got lost — bad lost. The next morning, March 15, 1944, we wondered about those black puffs of smoke. Back in the waist, where I was, a gunner said we must be over Spain or Portugal.

Spain, hell: Old 5-2-5 was over France near Le Mans. Eleven green flyboys and the German AA had our range and altitude. Those puffs were flak. Over the intercom the first pilot said we had screwed up again. This time he said he didn't think we had enough gasoline to get to England and we had battle damage. I was scared.

The bombardier came back to the waist and told us to throw out stuff — but not the rum we got in Brazil. Out went the 50's. The pilot said we probably would have to ditch. They were transmitting Mayday! Mayday! Everyone was excited. I was thinking about how cold the channel would be. What a way to go.

As if by magic, an RAF Beaufighter

appeared and lead us to RAF Station Exeter. The engines were sputtering as we landed poorly downwind. There was a lot of screeching and then blam. Somebody helped me out. We straggled out of the plane, pondering how angry Col. Albert Shower would be. No lie.

Then a British Customs civilian came out and asked the pilot to make out a declaration. Soon an RAF lorry took us to a rather barren building. We were herded into a room with no furniture. A British sergeant told us to strip naked. Then he took all our clothes.

I was scared, cold and slightly bruised. Some of my teeth were broken.

Soon a rather businesslike RAF officer came in with a WAF taking notes. She ignored our nakedness. We resented the off-hand manner. Then our ball-turret gunner whispered: "They think we are Germans. No stuff."

The officer asked me to pronounce several words. He asked me the capital of Maryland. I said Baltimore; then corrected myself to Annapolis. He grunted. The WAF took notes.

Finally the first pilot got through on the telephone to Rackheath, home of the 467th. They vouched for a missing bunch of eightballs. The serial number of our aircraft was, indeed, one of theirs. Our most recent delay had been Dakar, they thought.

I gathered that the pilot thought it might have been easier to take the rap as German intruders, rather than face Colonel Shower at Rackheath.

Later a RAF sergeant told me he knew we were REAL Yanks when we started asking about passes into town.

We got the passes and an RAF guide. I knew I was going to like England, and I did.

*March 27, 1978 Sent check for 50.00 deposit
check # 2358*

NORWICH 1979

The first, and most important, step has been taken towards our return to Norwich in 1979. Negotiations have been completed with KLM to charter a stretched DC 8 with 240 seats.

Events and dates have not been firmed up as yet, but we are making steady progress with our English friends who are helping us. At this time I must ask for a \$25.00 per person, non-returnable, deposit from all those who plan to make the trip.

After the 240 seats are filled, additional reservations will have to be on a stand-by basis. We know it is difficult to plan this far in advance, but Airlines and Hotels want some of the money 'up front' before they commit themselves. Please send your deposit to me at my new address after April 1, 1978 which is 610 Plaza Towers, 2350 Tremont St., Philadelphia, Penn. 19115. My telephone number remains the same (215) OR 3-7699.

Evelyn Cohen

LETTERS

Dear Mrs. Cohen:

Enclosed please find my check for \$7.00 for my 1978 membership in the 2nd Air Division Association.

Today I received in the mail from H.C. "Pete" Henry, information about the association. The Newsletter, dated June 1977, was a wonderful surprise and was like a page of one's life some 34 years ago.

I was in the 714 Sqdn. of 448th Bd. Gp. from Dec. 1943 to August 1944. I flew 30 missions as B-24 pilot-flew first mission on 12-31-43 and 30th on 6-19-44 - flew two missions on D-Day 6-6-44 during the invasion, which was my 25th birthday.

Thanks so much for information on this association. I didn't know it existed.

Garth Connoles (448th)
(former 1st Lt.)

Dear Evelyn:

Came across a copy of the 2nd Air Division news letter Vol. 15 No. 13 Sept. 1977. It is the 1st I knew of the association and would like very much to become a member. Enclosed is a check (new dues of \$7.00 and \$3.00 extra). I would appreciate any copy of News Letter mentioning the top group of June, July, and August 1944.

The 445th Bombardment Group (H), 2nd Combat Wing, 2nd Air Division Tibenham, Norfolk, England. Also interested in Project Norwich '79.

Harry F. Tachovsky (445th)

p.s. Aerial Gunner

Shot down Sept. 27th 1944

Over Kassel Germany - 29th Mission

P.O.W. "Kriegs" 3853 Stalag III - IV

Dear Evelyn,

A telephone conversation last evening with Curt Vogel (458th) in Missouri reminded me that I've never written to express my interest in Norwich '79.

I haven't been traveling much commercially, since a polio attack in 1950 saddled me with crutches -- a real pain in the butt whenever steps of any kind are involved. Hence, my ultimate decision will probably hinge on availability of facilities and accommodations I can handle.

But all things being equal (and the Good Lord willing) I expect to be there.

Off we go etc.

Al Hilborn (458th)

Dear Evelyn:

Received my 1978 membership card and the December News Letter last month. You should have my 78 dues plus a donation to the fund by now.

Now that I finished reading the News Letter please be advised that I desire to be placed on the list for Norwich '79. Put me down for a party of two and let me know the details as they become available.

After reading the letters in the News Letter it shows that you did your usual outstanding job on the Lake Geneva Convention. Sorry I missed it.

I look forward to seeing you and the many friends of the Second Air Division Association at San Diego this year and in Norwich in 1979.

Robert L. (Bob) Anderson
453rd BG

Dear Bill:

I somewhere got the impression that a notice about the dues would be sent during the month of November. Here it is December and I have not yet paid my dues, and I do believe my dues are due!! So, here is my check.

See you in San Diego, and if you have not been there before... be prepared to have a very pleasant surprise. It is the most beautiful spot in the world; and if I was not hooked on these Colorado mountains, I would move to San Diego tomorrow.

John E. Kirby (44th)

p.s. I saw a Pregnant Cow being used for fighting forest fires last summer in the Western part of Colorado... it only had one fin, so must have been a naval job.

Dear Bill,

I'm sure by now that you've heard that Lt. Clarey has been found. Charles Halliday called me from Nottingham to say this will make his best Christmas. He is going to come to the reunion in San Diego to give him back his original "wings".

The new book, "Fields of Little America" is excellent and what a beautiful complete history of the 2nd Air Division. The forward written by you was outstanding.

We should let everyone who ever served in the 2nd whether ground or air know this book is available.

See you at the Del Coronado in San Diego next summer.

Bob Shaffer (93rd)

Dear Evelyn,

In my note to you yesterday I neglected to include the most important portion of my intentions for the day. Namely the enclosed check for \$50.00.

I would suggest that the funds be appointed as follows; one membership and roster, and the balance to the memorial fund. However, if you see an over riding need, by all means do as you see fit.

Vincent Larussa (467th)

p.s. See you in San Diego, July 13, 1978

Dear Sir:

I just received my December 1977 issue of the Second Air Division Assn. Newsletter.

I must commend you on the article on page 3 titled, "War is, and was, Hell" written by Don Baunler (445th BG).

Also the article you printed on page 11 - "News of the 445th Bomb Group" by David Patterson.

It's the first time I have ever read any articles concerning the 445th Bomb Group since I returned from Combat in January 1945.

I do sincerely hope that there is a possibility of locating the Crew Members I flew Combat with, in Tibenham, England in 1944. I am eagerly awaiting the new Roster so I can contact more men from the "Fighting 445th Bomb Group".

If your office is interested in some more stories and info on the 445th Bomb Group - let me know - also have some pictures.

Herbert Rudh, USAF Retired
445th Bomb Group

(ed: We are always interested in stories Herb, so start pounding away. That goes for the other 3000 plus members also!)

Dear Bill:

Where's the guy that took the picture of the bail out hanging from the big oak tree near the guard shanty at Bungay, April 10, 1945? That was Me, ROG on pilot Dick Peacock's crew.

I hit the silk that day from the ship "Ronnie".

Bob Landis (446th)

Dear Bill:

Thank-you for your kindness in writing so promptly and making available the negatives from the printing-process to me. It's most kind of you. I am very, very grateful.

I've had the prints taken off I need, and am returning the negs to you.

Thank-you for the September issue of the Newsletter. It arrived safely, and was devoured here with great enthusiasm and interest.

You set a very high standard in all that you do. You are so professional and so good-natured in servicing the many, many thousands of us who depend on the information you assemble, edit, and disseminate.

It's good news to know that you will be over to visit us in 1979. We are starting to prepare NOW!

Meantime, I'll get my nose down and get back to finishing that manuscript and all the photos and drawings that are to go with it.

With warm regards to you both for Christmas.

James Hoseason (SM)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed herewith is my check to cover membership dues for the Second Air Division Association.

After these long years, I am looking forward to participation in association activities and renewing old friendships.

I was a lead navigator attached to the 701st squadron, 445 Bomb Group based in Tibenham, East Anglia, from July, 1944 through completion of my tour in April, 1945 - if my fading memory serves me correctly.

Because I reside in the San Diego area, may I be of any assistance in the preparations for the July reunion at the Hotel del Coronado?

Orville P. Ball (445th)

Hi!

I am enclosing \$7.00 for membership in the Second Air Division Association. This is in accordance with instructions received from Pete Henry in response to a letter which he had submitted to our local news media.

I was a member of the 466th BG during WWII, stationed, as most were, just outside Norwich at Attleboro. I do not remember my squadron clearly; it was either 387B sqdn or 487th. I am not sure. I do remember my pilot was a Lt. Hoover and Co-pilot Lt. Suto. I was a replacement tail gunner to crew #505 on the B-24 The Lemon.

Edmond A. Turcotte (466th)

Dear Bill:

Just wanted to let you know how much I appreciate the Newsletter you put out and all the hard work that must go with it.

I was with the 467th at Rackheath, and Ed Goldsmith shared the same Nissen with me!

I'm sending along a couple of photos you might like to have; even though one picture is a Memorial to a B-17 outfit at Gt. Ashfield, you can still appreciate the sentiment.

All the best to you and your wife for the coming holidays.

Walt Laughlin (467th)

(ed. seems as if EVERYBODY bunked with Goldsmith at one time or another!)

Dear Evelyn:

Because of our many mutual interests and common goals, we are trying to acquaint more Air Force veterans with the Air Force Historical Foundation. As a non-profit, public organization established in 1953 by General Carl Spaatz and others, the Air Force Historical Foundation is dedicated to the objective and authentic recording of Air Force history. Its goals and programs are described more fully in the enclosed brochure. Additionally, the Foundation has recently undertaken a major book project tentatively scheduled for publication next year which will address the almost overwhelming problems faced by our key leaders in the build-up for World War II and the beginnings of the Air Force as a separate service. This will be the first in a projected series of books covering our rich service traditions and enormous achievements.

Probably many of your friends taking part in your forthcoming military reunion are currently members of the Foundation. We believe there are more, however, who may wish to support this organization who are not presently aware of its existence. Without intending to impose any heavy administrative burden on your reunion meeting, we would greatly appreciate your cooperation by merely making our brochure available to each of your registrants upon signing in at your reunion site. If you can assist us in this mutually beneficial cause, please advise on the number of attendees anticipated and we will furnish the brochures to the person and address you designate.

Best wishes for a successful reunion. For future reference, we will be pleased to run a publicity notice of your meeting in the Aerospace Historian magazine.

John B. McPherson

Dear Evelyn:

I was mighty surprised to see myself smiling at Adolphe Menjou in the photo reprinted on the back page of the Newsletter before last. How well I remember that day — Mr. Menjou's unexpected and casual arrival in our 93rd A.R.C. Aeroclub snack bar and my frantic effort to provide a suitable "tea" for the occasion. Mr. Menjou talked at some length to an increasingly large number of G.I.'s and expressed withering criticism of fellow actors in Hollywood who had not turned out to serve in the war effort. This was in the first half of 1943 and more actors would finally venture to serve in later years but Menjou was certainly one of the earliest to offer his services in W.W. II. If I remember correctly, he had also volunteered in the First World War.

When a photographer arrived, the boys grouped for the picture and Adolphe assumed a typical Menjou expression until the shutter clicked after which he relaxed into his natural, serious manner and continued his comments on the current U.S.O. scene.

Dorothy M. Harrison
(93rd)

Dear Evelyn:

Sorry I am late with dues. Just too many things going on. I am a sports editor for a newspaper in Washington, Mo. and also in charge of umpires for about five high schools and a junior college. There is just not enough hours in the day. In addition have been busy with some Ex-POW sessions of the Greater St. Louis Chapter of which I am a member and we held a state meeting recently for all Missouri Ex-POWs.

Then there is probably not very many members of the 2nd Air Division from World War II that have an eight year old son and a 13 year old son. That's two ball games a week, Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts.

I enjoy the Second Division news and every once in a while see something about somebody I am familiar with or know.

D. H. "Dutch" Borcharding (93rd)

Hello Bill:

I have a few snapshots and a clipping that may be of some value to you. The problem is, my memory is not that good when it comes to recalling the names of the men in the photo.



67th Squadron Air Mechanics. Standing - Schnlider, ?, myself, Hamilton, ?, Morten, Chowanski. Kneeling - Pukle, Mears, Strickland, Boyd.

Maybe somebody else can remember them better than I can. Hope they are of some value to you, and keep up the good work.

Howard Brunner (44th BG)
(ed: EVERYTHING is of value Howard. Hope I spelled the names correctly!)

Dear Miss Cohen:

I enclose my check for \$25.00, since I would have been sending dues earlier if I had known about the organization. I'm late as it is, also, since Earl Zimmerman called me last year!

If you have an address for Mike Scalzi, or Ed Bowen, I would appreciate having it. We flew with the 389th and finished up with the 453rd.

My Newsletter sent to me was Dec. 1974. If you have a later one I'd appreciate it, also - Thanks.

Harold O. Erwin
(389th, 453rd)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my check in the amount of \$7.00 to cover my 1978 dues in the Second Air Division Association together with additional amount as a donation to the Memorial Library in Norwich.

I have thoroughly enjoyed the news letters and other information I received from the association and from Joe Michalczyk, contact man for my old group, the 448th. My wife and I are going to do our best to make the San Diego Reunion.

Sherman F. Furey, Jr.
448th Bomb Group

Dear Evelyn:

Happy New Year to you!

Enclosed is a check for \$32.00 — \$7.00 membership fee and \$25.00 gift towards the Norwich Library fund.

Both of us plan to be at the convention in San Diego and will try to get a lot of the 389th to attend.

We've recently heard from Chauncey Stroup, Al Kopp, Bill Holland (he's a grandpa!), Howard Lyons, Ben Walsh, Jim Frankinburger, Howard Hinchman, Paul Blakeman, Ted Watson, Harold Beatty, Earl Zimmerman, and Louis Krause.

Thank all of the staff for their hard work and we hope you have a most successful year in 1978.

Roy Jonasson
564th Squadron
389th Bomb Group

Dear Bill:

It was very thoughtful of you to send me copies of a news article on Col. Budd J. Peaslee as was published in the 2nd Air Division Association Newsletter of March 1974. May we have permission to use this material in our history of the 2nd Scouting Force?

If you will refer to our roster, you will find that Budd lives in California at present.

To your knowledge, are there any other articles that were printed in past years in your newsletter about the 355th or any of its pilots?

I sure would appreciate having copies of anything else that was printed. For this, we would be willing to exchange information that we might have covering 355th Group, if you have any interest in any matter.

Gordon H. Hunsberger (355th)
(ed: That was the only story we were able to find on Col. Peaslee and we would love to receive stories on the 355th anytime.)

Hi Evelyn:

Enclosed is \$5.00 for dues for 2nd A.D. Just heard from Pete Henry and rec'd some info. re the Reunion at Lake Geneva, Wis. in July.

Didn't know about them and 2 A.D. as I had no way of knowing due to lack of publicity — ran across, by accident 2 AD in the Denver Post.

Am planning (tentative) on going to Lake G. However, will definitely know by 10 May — 1. How much partial payment?, 2. Will come single, 3. If you are in contact w/another single.

Erdie B. Stevens (446th)
1091 Macon Street
Aurora, Colo. 80010

Bill:

Don't know if anyone else has noticed it or not, but the photo of the Wright Brothers' Kitty Hawk Flyer is upside down! Those "Wright guys" were pretty good in their day, but I know for a fact that they hadn't been checked out on inverted flying at that time!

Rick Rokicki (458th)

P.S. — You owe me a letter!

P.P.S. — One helluva job on the Newsletter again!

(Ed: Picky, picky, picky.)

Dear Evelyn:

My 2ADA dues are enclosed and we are looking forward to the San Diego Convention 78 next summer. Since we live in Tucson, it's only a day away. There are many of the 467th people in the west and I am starting immediately to try locating some of them with the help of my navigator up in Spokane Wa.

I read, with interest, the article in the Dec. Newsletter by Carl E. Epting Jr. as my crew went thru combat training with them in Muroc and we all went to England together as replacement crews on the British ship "Largs Bay" in a 14 day convoy. I kept a daily diary and have many pictures, formation sheets and other material so will begin putting some of it together for later articles.

Meanwhile, could you please send me Carl's address so I can get in touch with him. As a suggestion, if the addresses of the people writing articles were included (with their permission) it might facilitate old buddies getting together — particularly for the conventions and trips to Norwich. Our own plans now include Rackheath in '79.

Ralph Elliott 467 BG
Major, U.S.A.F., Ret.

(ed: We eliminate addresses Ralph simply to save space for more letters. Since the new roster has been printed more addresses can be found within it's pages. I'm looking forward to receiving those articles you mentioned.)

Dear Evelyn:

My check for \$20 is enclosed; my dues, someone from the 458th if there is a need, if not, your election and \$6 a year from the members would make the \$50,000.

I'm almost sure SD is out this year, so I won't bug you on that this time. But "the boss" has given her permission for England in '79, and if I can convince the FAA in the meantime, I'll answer the roll call.

Thanks for all your good works during '77, and best wishes for 1978.

George Reynolds (SM)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my check for dues and the balance for the memorial. Had a grand time at Lake Geneva and saw old friends from the 453rd. Plan on seeing all of the gang at San Diego in July.

Thanks again for the great job you and the other officers are doing.

J. Neil Crowley
435rd, 732 Sq.

Dear Evelyn:

I was reminded it was dues time, so enclosed is a check for \$10.00. If there is a few bucks extra, please use it for the fund or to help someone pay their dues or whatever. I look forward to receiving the newsletter very much. Who knows, I may even get to go to one of the reunions soon. Keep up the good work.

Ed Skuba, 448th



Dear Evelyn:

Here are a bunch of heres:

Here is my seven dollars for 1978 dues.

Here is my ten dollars for the Memorial Library Donation.

Here is a picture of our navigator and myself taken in Dallas just before the St. Louis reunion. Our navigator Allen Orr (who belongs to the 2nd AD Assn.) and I hadn't seen each other since the middle of August 1944! We had sent each other Christmas Cards for a few years after that, then just kind of faded apart. Thanks to Don Olds, that wonderful guy that keeps us 453 guys together, I found out where Allen Orr was, and looked him and his wife up. I think we look pretty good after 33 years don't you? My wife and I had a wonderful time at the Orr's place but the visit was too short. Our pilot lives in Houston so we hope to have at least a three-way get-together some day.

Visiting with Allen we got to wondering if any crew put in their 30 missions as quick as we did. Our first mission was on May 23, 1944 and our last one August 9, 1944. That's 78 days! Besides the 30 missions during that time we also had 3 aborts. I could be wrong but that sure must be close to a record. Might ask this wonderful bunch of Second AD guys if "you can top this"?

Doesn't look like we will be able to make San Diego this year, darn it, but plan on East Anglia next year.

Many thanks Evelyn for everything and tell that Robertie fellow the same. Incidentally it was wonderful to see you two relaxing and enjoying yourselves in St. Louis, with no worries.

John Hildebran, 453rd

Dear Ms. Cohen:

I am dropping you a little note in regard to project Norwich 79. My wife and I are thinking of making this trip, if our health permits. It has been a pleasure to read about all the articles that are printed in the 2nd Air Division Association Newsletter.

Bill Cronberger (466th)

Dear Evelyn:

I received my first Newsletter about the 2nd Air Div. Association. I don't know when I was ever more impressed. After all these years, to find out that there is such an organization, kind of set me back. I have read the letter 3 or 4 times and it brought back many memories. I have quite a few pictures taken in England and would share them with you if I could be sure of getting them back. I can't help wondering about all the articles I have missed in past years. Sorry I didn't learn about this sooner as I would have loved to attend the meeting at Lake Geneva.

Sincerely,

Harold E. Hickok
(392nd)

Dear Evelyn:

I hope that you had a very pleasant time over the holidays, and I wish you all the best for the balance of 1978.

The other evening I attended a party in the area here, and was talking with a man and his wife who moved here a few years ago in retirement and at a slackened pace run an antique business. In our conversation, we discovered that we were both in the 467th! What a surprise. He was a nose gunner, and though I had flown with his crew on a couple of occasions, we did not recognize one another. I would like, however, to start him off with a gift membership in our Association, and his name and address are:

Richard E. Fletcher
Victorian House
Hartwick, N.Y. 13348

I will include his dues with my own payment.

I still wish you would get up here some day. This is not the time of year for a visit, and I know that most of your spare time is spent in the 2AD Ass'n, but one day you may hopefully find the time.

Thomas Goodyear
(467th)

Dear Evelyn:

In spite of the fact we were called back home early, the reunion at Lake Geneva was great as always!

Enclosed is our check to cover the dues and a \$25.00 contribution to the library fund.

We are certainly looking forward to San Diego this summer, and by all means count us in for "Norwich in '79".

Our very best wishes to you for the coming year!

Ruth and Milton Nichols (448th)

Dear Evelyn:

The news of the 1979 reunion being scheduled for Norwich is most exciting. I hope we will be able to join you for this one. Keep me posted on the details.

Bill did his usual super job on the December Newsletter. The issue was filled with fine stories and I savored each one. He deserves much credit for the fine piece of work he does for the association.

I am enclosing my 1978 dues plus a small contribution for the library fund.

Best wishes for a Joyous New Year.

Carl Epting (467th)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my 2nd Air Div. dues and a few extra for Norwich Library.

You folks that help run this outfit are doing one hell of a bang up job. Keep up the good work and put me on record as one who appreciates the efforts of all the good people that knit this organization together. My wife and I are planning to go to the Norwich reunion in 1979.

Al Urania, 44BG

To Pete Henry:

Enclosed you will find a copy of the ad which was in the press-telegram of Long Beach, Calif. This ad was brought to my attention, as I was in the Sub Depot Repair Unit attached to the 446th Bomb Group in Bungay, England.

I have forwarded a copy of this ad to one more former member of my old outfit in Seattle, Wash.

I do know that there were more former members in the Greater Los Angeles Area, but in the interim of time that has passed we have gradually lost contact with each other.

Whether this has been through moving or whether through death, I know not what has happened to them. However, I would at least be interested in hearing more about your organization.

Sincerely,

Kenneth W. Lane (446th)

Dear Mr. Henry:

In response to a letter that appeared in the Long Beach newspaper: My husband was in the 44th Bomb Group during World War II in England. He lost contact with his crew and would very much like to have a list of the members.

You can now add the name William J. Atkins, 14042 Lynmark, La Mirada, Calif. 90638.

Hope to see you in San Diego next July.

Sincerely,

Carol Atkins

Dear Pete Henry:

I read with much interest your letter in one of our local newspapers concerning the Eighth Air Force. I enlisted in the Air Force on Feb. 14, 1940 and was in on its inception while stationed at Savannah Air Base in Georgia. I went overseas with the first group to England in April of 1942 and our first stop was High Wycombe and then on to Bushy Park in London to set up Eighth Air Force Headquarters. I don't remember all the group numbers I served with but I am sure it was most of the ones you have mentioned. I was on detached service to many groups of the Eighth as a radio gunner instructor since we had to settle with the RAF into using their radio language, which necessitated my going to an RAF School for six months. I remember being at such places as Bovingdon, Norwich, St. Eval and Burtonwood. I also remember meeting Captain Clark Gable and Colonel Jimmy Stewart.

I am very pleased to know that a person such as yourself exists and that you are doing so much to keep the organization going. Especially that you are planning to have a reunion in Norwich, England as I have always had it in my mind to re-visit all the places that I knew over there. I was also on special assignment from the Eighth during the North African invasion having duty in Marrakesch and Casablanca.

Would certainly like to be considered for membership and to be kept advised of the activities. My rank was Tech Sgt. and my serial number was 702-1064. Could also give you a lot of former Eighth members whom I have kept in contact with over the years.

Good luck in your efforts and hope to hear from you.

Best Regards,

George A. Lippy (All Groups!)

Dear Bill,

While reading the December Newsletter, it occurred to me that other readers might be interested in a couple of items I could pass along.

If anyone is interested (and who isn't) in seeing a real-life B-24J in airworthy condition, complete with original nose, tail and top turrets, ammunition boxes and chutes, WW II radios in the radio shack, natural metal finish with military markings (389BG, 566BS, I think), etc., etc., an organization called "Yesterday's Air Force" at Forbes Field, Topeka, Ks. has one along with a P-47N and a few other warbirds. The aircraft are on display daily and are flown occasionally in local airshows. They are trying to start a flying museum along the lines of the Confederate Air Force at Harlingen, Texas.

I've been a Colonel in the Confederate Air Force about two years now and although its not quite the same as a B-24, I flew as engineer on their B-24 (actually its a LB-30) for a couple of days during the Airshow 77 in October. I didn't get much flying time but kept busy since #3 engine was giving us problems both days (finally caught fire). The last two days of the four day show a different crew flew it, after re-installing an intake pipe and minor metal work, and all went well in the usual CAF manner.

The CAF has a museum and aircraft display which is much larger and more complete than the YAF in Topeka. We have a four day airshow at Harlingen, Texas the second weekend in October every year and we stage smaller versions around the country on national holiday weekends during the warmer months. It was 113 degrees in Phoenix on Labor Day. The four day airshow is quite an experience and draws large crowds. Early hotel reservations are a must.

Both organizations are available for membership and further information can be obtained by writing to them at their respective cities. Hope this is of interest.

If you have any information as to availability of unit histories other than the 448th and 392nd in the 2AD as well as any other USAAF combat units, please pass the word along to me.

H.A. "Jack" Frost (sm)
Captain Frontier Airlines
Colonel CAF

Dear Earl (Brown):

I was reading the latest issue of the 2nd Air Division's pamphlet and came across the article on "Lost & Found Department, 562nd Air Force Band."

Upon glancing at the list of members you were trying to locate, I came across the name of Thomas Bowman. I know this gentleman very well, as we were a year apart in graduating from Bloomsburg High School, Bloomsburg, PA 17815. I also can vouch for the band as they played for the 100th or possibly 200th mission party at Rack health Air Base in England approximately September 1944 and I conversed with him after the festivities in the hanger. Tom's address is as follows:

Thomas E. Bowman
Friar Road
Sherwood Village
Bloomsburg, PA 17815

I would like to see this band get together again, because if my memory serves me right, it was fine music.

Good luck.

Jack H. Viets
467th

Dear Evelyn,

First of all I trust you won't take offense at my being so familiar since we have never met, but from all accounts you are a "hail fellow, well met," so I do take the liberty of calling you Evelyn.

Enclosed find a check for 1978 dues and a small donation for the Memorial Library. We visited it this past September and were most impressed. Not only with the library but also Miss Benns, who seems to be in charge of it. I only hope that the person who follows her will be as enthusiastic. She told us that she plans on retiring with in a year or so.

We had planned on being in San Diego next July but the best laid plans of mice and men or some such thing. Seems a daughter-in-law arranged a birth of another grandchild that same month, or that is the prognostication at the present time. If this turns out to be then, we must stay in the area to take care of the first grandson. So again, we are stymied in plans to be with you and the association for the first time. However, if the child should arrive early I wonder if we would be allowed in, sort of at the last minute.

Guess this is all for the moment. Hope you and yours had the most pleasant of holidays and our best wishes for the coming year.

Douglas Dann (448th)

(ed: Evelyn never take offense - she takes umbrage!)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my check in the sum of \$7.00 for my dues. Also enclosed is another check for \$10.00 payable to the Association, but to be used as a donation for the Memorial Library in Norwich, England. It was my pleasure in November '76 to visit Moscow, Russia and London, England. While in London I hopped a train and made a trip all by myself to Norwich where I visited the Library. You can talk about meeting old friends, reliving old war memories, and all of the other marvelous things that a service organization can do, but they all fade into obscurity when we realize and see for ourselves what a marvelous service project the Library has become.

I have seen war memorials all over Europe, including those in Russia, East Berlin, etc., but there is no finer memorial than the living and working Memorial Library in Norwich. It is a real fitting tribute to the 6,032 of our comrades who gave their lives defending freedom as the Roll of Honor so appropriately states.

My wife and I intend, if at all possible, to attend the Reunion in Norwich in 1979. However, I have searched through all my News Letters, but I cannot find an exact date for this Reunion. I would appreciate your sending me the exact dates for the Reunion.

Tom Bamford
Former Sgt. and
Mickey Trainer Radar Man
of the 93rd B.G.

Dear Evelyn:

Just received a letter and the June 1977 Newsletter from Pete Henry. I had never heard of the Association, and it has been going for over 30 years. I've missed a lot but don't want to miss anymore. I am sending a check for \$10.00 - \$7.00 for dues and \$3.00 just to help out.

I was a 1st Lt. in the 714 squadron 448 bomb group, from Dec. 1943 to June 1944. See you in San Diego.

Frank R. Gibson (448th)

Hello Evelyn:

Received a letter from Clarence Hooks on the Second Air Division Association and really was good news. Over the years I have lost all connection with the Group and last year, I joined the 8th Air Force Historical Society in hopes some connections could be made.

I am now retired from Ford Motor Company and have more time to travel.

For information left for Europe June 1944 from Topeka, Kansas and finally joined the Group at Flixton Castle, Bungay, England and completed 36 missions with a crew piloted by Lt. Ralph Wingrove and Co-Pilot Mike Kasack and I was the navigator and bombardier. I finished my tour in April 1945 and returned to the States and discharged June 1945.

Enclosed is a check for membership in the Association. Thanks so much.

Roy E. Houghton (446th)

Dear Evelyn:

Credit one more member for the Second Air Div. Assoc. to Sam L. Taylor of Garden Grove, Calif.

For your info, I was the first CO of the 788th Bomb Sq., 467th Bomb Gp. (B-24's). We were formed in Oct. 1943 - went to Rackheath, England in March of 1944 - had our First Mission in early April '44 (788th lead the Group). I was shot down on April 29, 1944. Hit over Berlin and bailed out over Holland - was a POW, being liberated on April 29, 1945. I retired in 1968 after 29+ yrs. and became a corporate executive. Retired a second time in 1974 after open heart surgery. (President, Continental/Moss-Gordin, Prattville, Ala.) Decided to stay in Prattville (11 miles from Maxwell AFB). Enjoying life and occasionally meet former 2nd Air Div. guys. Hope to make the next convention/reunion.

If you have any extra copies of old 'Newsletters' would appreciate you sending to me. I'll cover whatever cost is involved.

Nice chatting with you - Hope to see you sometime.

Robert L. Salzarulo (467th)
Col. USAF (Ret.)

Evelyn Cohen:

Please enter my membership in the Second Air Division Association. \$5 dues enclosed.

Information: I was in the 329th and the 409th Bomb Sqdns, 93rd Bomb Gp., 20th Combat Wg., 2nd Bomb Div., 8th Air Force, at Hardwick. I was the pilot of a lead crew that flew 24 of 30 missions as Lead positions from 13 Aug 44 to 8 Apr 45, plus flying on occasion our forming ship "Ball of Fire". I retired from the Air Force in 1965, under disability.

Hollis H. Hunt (93rd)

Dear Evelyn:

Sorry I have to pass on this year reunion, I will however make it next year for sure.

Please give my best to all - they are all the greatest.

If you happen to see Col. J. McAtee, Col. Wm. Doughten, Loftus, Bob Hickman or Norm Keefer from the 506th - 44 B.G. give them a special hello and all other 44 B.G. men.

Don Underwood (44th)
Also please find enclosed a ck. for \$25.00 for Memorial Library, Norwich.

AT LAST..

FIELDS OF LITTLE AMERICA

An illustrated history of the 8th Air Force
2nd Air Division 1942-45



A
HISTORY OF
INCOMPARABLE
MAGNITUDE
Bill Robertie, Editor
2nd Air Division
Assoc.

by MARTIN BOWMAN

THE COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE 2ND AIR DIVISION 1942-5

from its formation in January 1941 through Kiel, Ploesti, the Hamm Incident, D-Day, the 'Trucking' missions, the Ardennes offensive, VE day and beyond. Compiled from personal accounts, photographs and archive material it is a tribute to the B-24s and the men who flew and maintained them.

• 128 pages • 11 3/4 x 8 1/4 ins • 165 illustrations

\$15.45 Air Mail \$11.95 Boat



Action photos. 491st dropping supplies over Holland 18 September, 1944. Note the allied gliders littering the fields.



Archive photos. All the 2nd AD airfields from the air and all the assembly ships.



Personal photos. This one of Arthur Colbourn outside Jarrold's Store in Norwich.

from **Wensum Books, 33 Orford Place, Norwich, NR1 3QA, England**



Nice tight formation!

LOOKING BACK

by Bob Coleman (93rd)



A G.I. rides an all British steer at Norwich rodeo, August, 1943.



Sunrise in the E.T.O.



Red Cross Ladies provide the know how for the GI's at the base "Aero Club". Skills thus acquired to be later demonstrated at "Samson and Hercules" in Norwich or Red Cross Club in London.



Hang in there loose ole' buddy 'cause you ain't going to be at your present location too long. (Norwich rodeo, 1943)



It was the night before Christmas, And all through the section The Lieutenant was making A tour of inspection. (P.S. We almost passed!)



People at Trafalgar Square appear to be more interested in providing for pigeon power than in Britain's Sea Power.



Lavatory facilities in the wash room, while not the most elaborate, did provide the means for washing & shaving. You sort of had to get used to them, if you could.