



SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



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SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

September 1981

1942 - England 1981 - San Antonio (We've come a long way baby)

Thirty nine years ago, almost to the day, two B-24 Groups landed in England to refine their type of air warfare — the Americans by day, the British by night.

The next year was a hectic one for these two Groups, the 44th and the 93rd, as there was much to be learned and a whole lot more to be unlearned. To complicate matters, all attention at that time was given to the North African invasion. This left the 44th and 93rd hanging by their finger nails when it came to replacement of crews and planes.

At one point the 93rd was detached to help in the invasion of North Africa which left the 44th all alone and lonely. Of course there were three B-17 Groups in England at the time but they always regarded us as poor relations to be avoided at all costs.



Photo courtesy San Antonio Convention & Visitors Bureau

THE ALAMO — Shrine of Texas Liberty. The present building is the old chapel of Mission San Antonio de Valero, founded in 1718 by the Franciscan padres. In 1836, during the war for Texas independence, the Alamo was the scene of one of the most heroic events in the history of our nation. All of the 187 defending Texas soldiers were killed here while being besieged by Mexican troops under the Mexican General Santa Anna. The now renowned battle cry, "Remember the Alamo", later carried the Texans to victory.



Photo courtesy: San Antonio Convention & Visitors Bureau

PASEO DEL RIO — The Downtown River Walk. Along the banks of the meandering San Antonio River is this picturesque shopping, dining and nightclub spa. In the heart of "One of America's Four Unique Cities" amid banana trees and passing sightseeing river taxis one can dine indoor or outdoor on continental cuisine such as Irish, Spanish, Italian, German and Mexican, plus sizzling Texas steaks.

Help finally came with the arrival of the 389th in early summer of 1943 and from then on a mighty force of B-24 Groups began to take place. This force went through several designations before it emerged as the 2nd Air Division.

The history of the Division is well known so I won't go into that here, but it is appropriate that our convention this year, almost 40 years later, is being held in San Antonio. Lackland AFB is where many of the pilots and crews of the Groups of the 2nd Air Division got their first taste of military life and learned the seriousness of their job.

The two photos on this page show us the modern and the old San Antonio which has now become the 3rd largest city in the State of Texas. The Texans claim it's the 10th largest city in the country. In the past they have also claimed that a convention held in Texas would be the largest and best ever. Having said that, I assume that they will meet us at the airport with a Brass Band, a Texan hat (size 7½ fellows), two pearl handle revolvers a la Patton and a cartridge belt to carry them. Forget the Brass Band fellows. A mere Royal welcome will suffice.

In any event, if you're planning to attend (October 1, 2, 3 and 4) and haven't made your reservations yet you had better do so in a hurry. If you need any help write to Evelyn Cohen, Apt. 06410 Delair Landing, Philadelphia, PA. 19114. Tel. 1-215-632-3992. After six please, so she will have time to get home from work.

Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

OFFICERS

President.....DAVID G. PATTERSON
25 Squire Court, Alamo, Calif. 94507
Executive Vice President.....VINCENT D. LA RUSSA
97 Grayton Rd., Tonawanda, N.Y. 14150
Vice President
Membership.....EVELYN COHEN
Apt. 06410 Delsair Landing, 8301 State Road
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114
Vice President
Journal.....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.....J. LIVINGSTON JONES
316 Ridgcrest Rd., Asheboro, N.C. 27203
44th BG.....HOWARD C. HENRY, JR.
164B Portland Lane, Rossmore, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831
93rd BG.....CHARLES J. WEISS
21 Moran Dr., Waldorf, Md. 20601
355th FG.....RALPH A. McDONOUGH
Box 240, RD 2, Adena, Ohio 43901
389th BG.....EARL L. ZIMMERMAN
8922 Haverstick Rd., Indianapolis, Ind. 46240
392nd BG.....J. FRED THOMAS
8933 221H Blacayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646
445th BG.....FRANCIS J. DIMOLA
390 Madison Ave., New Milford, N.J. 07848
448th.....VERE A. McCARTY
740 Ventura St., N. Salem, Oregon 97303
448th BG.....JOSEPH T. MICHALCZYK
241 West St., Ludlow, Mass. 01056
458th BG.....E. A. ROKICKI
365 Mae Rd., Glen Burnie, Md. 21061
466th BG.....J. M. DANIELS
1306 W. Woodard, Denison, Texas 75020
467th BG.....KENNETH DARNEY, SR.
4510 Ridge Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21236
489th BG.....COL. CHARLES H. FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)
8421 Berea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180
491st BG.....MICHAEL FAGEN
1155 Spruce Ave., Atwater, Calif. 95301
492nd BG.....E. W. (Bill) CLAREY
2015 Victoria Court, Los Altos, Calif. 94022

* * * * *

GROUP CHAIRMAN

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

* * * * *

JOURNAL STAFF

Editor.....WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE
P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938
Art Department.....EDWARD J. HOHMAN
695 Richmond Dr., Hermitage, Pa. 16146
Photographer.....ROBERT T. COLEMAN
71 East Santa Chalice Dr., Green Valley, Ariz. 85614
Art Department.....ROBERT L. HARPER
148 Pebble Beach Dr., Crescent City, Calif. 95531

* * * * *

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School of English and American Studies
University of East Anglia, Earham, Norwich, England
JORDAN R. UTTAL
7824 Meadow Park Dr., Apt. 101
Dallas, Texas 75230, U.S.A.
LT. COL. W. D. WUEST
The Manor, Old Buckenham, Norfolk, England

President's Message

It is fitting that in this, my final article as President, I convey to you some of my personal impressions concerning our most important Association function: to remember and to honor, in perpetuity, our fallen comrades of the Second Air Division. We do this through our Memorial Library Wing, Norwich, England.

In our May, 1981, visit to England and the Continent, my wife, Joan, and I paid homage to the many U.S. Fallen and the magnificent monuments to them at Cambridge, England, at Luxemburg, at Bastogne and the Flanders Fields of Belgium.

So many have suffered, and so many have died, that we may live in peace....

General Kepner said, in dedicating the 2nd Division Memorial, "Let us not forget we have now inherited the right and duty to carry on, so that many precious lives will not have been sacrificed in vain."

General Bazley, Commander, U.S. 3rd Air Force, at his Memorial Day Address at Cambridge, May 31, 1981, added to this charge, "We must also show special honor and, in our hearts, gratitude, to those still among us who must carry through life the debilitating wounds brought on by the wounds of War."

It is my strong belief that our charge, our duty, is so very clear: To forever remember, to forever demonstrate our gratitude: "Thanks". "We remember." "You did not die, nor suffer, in vain."

Our Second Air Division has the unique, the ultimate, remembrance to carry out our charge — our Memorial Library. It is alive, it is vibrant, as it daily tells *their* story, and our story, and the story of America (both then and now) in a hundred ways, to thousands of eager people. Books, magazines, video displays, pictures — administered by a devoted library staff, inspired by the cause that is so poignant. A Book of Remembrance in prominent display further honors our Lost Ones. Truly, we remember, and *Their* Memorial Lives.

Living means giving. To keep and perpetuate life, it must be nurtured. Our British cousins are doing their part in this, with great ability and dedication. The Board of Governors of the Memorial Trust, each a person of high professional stature, spends



Dave Patterson
Cambride Cemetery, May 31, 1981

long hours of volunteer service to assure expert administration and operation of the Memorial, and to assure constant modernization of its library function, and to assure proper funding of the Trust. The British library staff in turn give over and above what is required of them — out of respect for the Memorial and what it stands for.

Living means giving. Our Association membership has given generously in the past to the support of the Memorial, and continues to do so. We are truly carrying out our responsibility. As we do so, General Kepner's further words have special effect on the thoughts of some of us, "Let us reflect that, but for the grace of God, we too might have passed on, at the same time, and be numbered in the Book of Remembrance."

Each one of us who lives is, and should be, grateful, and this gratitude can best be shown, and becomes "living", as each one supports the Memorial, so that it, too, "lives". *We must never let up in this pledge of dedication.*

These, then, are my impressions I convey on to you.

They spell out one thing clearly: I am proud of our Memorial, and our Association, and its members that support it. I am proud to be one of you!!

DAVID G. PATTERSON

"This is a helluva time to be getting back from your London 481"

Lifted from "AIR FORCE" Magazine



THE 392nd BOMB GROUP REPORT

by J. Fred Thomas (392nd)

In our last report we were in a letter writing campaign to recruit new members. In addition to Evelyn Cohen's 365 name list, Myron Keilman was kind enough to give us two old rosters and one of Bob Vicker's old 1975 lists. After cross-checking those lists and rosters, our letters sent out reached the 400 mark. We have been rewarded with about 30 new members joining us; some plan to see us in San Antonio. Approximately 70 letters were returned as "unable to deliver" by the post office. That means that 300 or so 392nd people out there know about us, but haven't responded. We hope some of their names will be appearing on future new members lists from Evelyn.

One thing impressed us when we were cross-checking those lists. We have a good solid core of members who have been in the Association since before my records start. We don't hear much from them, but they pay their dues and stick with us. We appreciate that. Now, if we could just get them to help me catch up on the history of the Association since they joined (I'm a replacement type, you know).

The high point of our membership in the Second Air Division Association was the weekend of June 6th and 7th which we spent with Blanche and Myron Keilman and attended the 392nd backyard mini-reunion at the home of Helen and Charlie Neundorf in Dixon, CA. Twelve members



BACKYARD REUNION

The fourth semi-annual annual backyard reunion of the Sacramento, CA area 392nd Bomb Group people was held at the home of Helen and Charlie Neundorf in Dixon, CA the afternoon of June 7th, 1981.

Previous backyard reunions were held at the home of Myron and Blanche Keilman. The first one in 1976.

Pictured above: Standing (l to r): Ed Holmes, Harold Finch, Myron Keilman, Don Clover, Fred Thomas, Tom Gartner, and Mel Henderson. Front Row: Regas Theodore, Al Clark, Harry White, Bill Long, and Charlie Neundorf.

and their wives and a few friends attended. It is hard to recall when we have been in the company of a more completely congenial and enjoyable group. We would like to see small reunions of that type spread throughout the Division. We would have a much more enjoyable Association as a result.

In recent weeks, our efforts have been directed toward placing the ten beautiful

glossy posters sent by Col. Veynar (HDQ). The Queen Mary Development Manager took one and the plan was to frame it and hang it in the section of the ship where the troops slept when the ship was in troop transport service. We are awaiting final word on that project. It will be of great help if we do get a poster there.

Others to whom we are indebted for helping us display the posters are the Long Beach Veterans Hospital, Ben Hunsaker (392nd) at the San Diego County Fair, Bob Powers (392nd) Escondido area, The Air Force Sergeants Association at the Orange County Fair, Charlie Neundorf in the Sacramento area (392nd), and Dick Boucher (345th) in his office in a Santa Ana shopping center.

Also, we are obliged to the Los Angeles Times for running the announcement of our San Antonio reunion in their column "Plane Talk". It has run twice a week since June 1st and will continue until Oct. 1. Radio station 94 KIK-FM gave us a plug in their public service announcements.

As we have said in most all our letters, the date of our reunion rapidly approaches. If you have any suggestions, complaints, or whatever, about the Association, we would like to have them. We especially want any suggestions for the improvement of the Association and/or how we can make it more interesting and enjoyable for all. We will discuss all such matters at the reunion. Now is your chance to be heard. We will stand by for your reply.

Gad, it's lonely in the left seat!

453rd TIDBITS

by Don Olds (453rd)

Tony LaCalle, former Old Buc Tower Operator, came up with a novel idea. He sent me a large book with blank pages and asked if I'd send it on to a member and have them write their remembrances about their tour with the 453rd on a page or two and then send it on to another member. When everyone who wants to has written in the book or it becomes full, he will offer it to the 2nd ADA Library or to the AF Museum in Dayton. I have sent the book on to Al Dallmeyer who will forward it. So, if the book arrives at your house one of these days, please write something in it and forward it to an acquaintance. Let's keep it moving. If one of you have it around the middle of September and you're coming to San Antonio, bring it with you, and we'll get a lot of pages filled up at the reunion.

Jack Northridge called saying he's been on the phone contacting some of his friends and crew telling them to come to San Antonio. He's having good success and we're hoping some of the rest of you use this method of getting your old buddies to the reunion. You can even go so far as to guarantee them a good time.

William (Red) McCrocklin has had a

series of health problems since retiring down in Stuart, FL and would like to visit with any former 453rd people who are passing through Stuart. He recently welcomed Sam Haggard and Bill Eagleson to Stuart. Harold Hopkins, a faithful letter writer, has also been ill but is now on the road to recovery.

Bob Harper, formerly of S-2, has painted a watercolor of some 453rd aircraft forming behind WHAM BAM, with Old Buckingham Airfield in the background. He plans on bringing it to the reunion and either selling, raffling or auctioning it with the proceeds going to the 453rd Memorial being planned near the old airfield. Frank Thomas, memorial treasurer, reports that donations of various amounts are still coming in. So, try and send him some sort of donation. I'm sure all of you want to be part of this worthy project.

Here are some names of people from the 453rd who have joined the 2nd ADA since the first of the year: John Baillie, Ralph Hoggatt, Ira Riggs, Seymour Cohen, James Taylor, George Wear, Jack Alley, Carl Lutz, E.C. Tonn, Al Pekar, Lem Johnson, Albert Biel, Lester Baer, Dwight Bishop, and Charles Burton. That's not very many but it's not for lack of effort. We send out lots of letters but get little response. Wish we could get more from the 453rd involved.

I recently read about an 8th AF B-17 BG that would be holding their reunion in October and expected up to 600 to attend. I've only got a few more names than that in my address file, and that's both the active and inactive files.



Relaxing in front of Hut 29 are some of original Crew 38 of the 733rd SQ. Back Row (l to r): William P. Swanson and George J. Rundblad, Jr. Front (l to r): Joe Waiter and Allen Collins.

Mimi and I will be leaving Rolla around September 26th and plan to spend a couple days in the Rio Grande Valley prior to San Antonio. Anyone wishing to get in touch with me for any reason please keep that date in mind. See you in Texas!

MAXIMUM EFFORT

by J. F. Thomas (392nd)

After completion of the course for RTUs at Killer Kane's camp at Boise, Idaho, the Thomas crew was greeted by cries of "Welcome new meat!" at the 392nd Bomb Group, Wendling on May 12, 1944. The route and the events enroute there will be the subject of a later article.

We must have been better trained than we thought because after a couple of low level practice formation flights and a lecture on how to escape if downed in enemy territory we were cleared for "on the job training."



THE CREW

Fred Thomas, Pilot; Don Whitford, Co-Pilot; Jim McFarlin, Navigator; Dick Hyre, Bombardier; Howard Haywood, Radio Operator; Bob Powers, Waist Gunner; Pete O'Neill, Tail Gunner; Pat McEvoy, Top Turret; Allan Nicholson, Engineer-Waist Gunner; Mel Eller, Ball Turret.

We flew our first mission May 24. They must have liked our work, or maybe they thought we needed more training. In any event we had six missions flown by the end of May. After that, Col. Keilman and his Cpl. "Klinger" couldn't do without us.

We flew our 30th mission August 1, 1944 just 70 days after the first. That period included two three day passes to London and a week 'flak leave' to Blackpool, further indicating how busy they kept us while we were on base.

We were assigned five planes during our tour. It seems the days we didn't fly some poor soul didn't bring the plane home. We were told we were the 47th crew assigned to the 579th Squadron and the 9th crew to finish a tour. If so the odds were less than we thought. We were offered more missions but modestly declined.

Dates and targets of missions are as follows:

May 24	Melun AF, France	June 22	St. Cyr, France
May 25	Belfort, France	June 23	Leon Athie AB, France
May 27	Saarbrücken, Germany	June 28	Saarbrücken, Germany
May 28	Zeitz, Germany	June 29	Magdeburg, Germany
May 30	Rotenburg, Germany	July 6	Kiel, Germany
May 31	Brussels, Belgium	July 7	Bernburg, Germany
June 4	St. Avord, France	July 8	St. Beueland, Holland
June 6	St. Laurent Ser Mer, France	July 11	Munich, Germany
June 7	Lisieux, France	July 12	Munich, Germany
June 11	La Passoniere, France	July 13	Saarbrücken, Germany
June 12	Melun AB, France	July 16	Saarbrücken, Germany
June 14	Emmerich, Germany	July 18	Troain, France
June 18	Bremerhauen, Germany	July 29	Bremen, Germany
June 19	Mt. Louise Feime, France	July 31	Ludwigshaven, Germany
June 21	Berlin, Germany	August 1	Bolbec, France

458th Comments

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

I would like to thank George Reynolds, Glenn Matson and a few others for carrying the banner of the 458th in these pages of the *Journal*. I know that there are many of you out there that have interesting stories to tell, but might feel that you are not a writer, journalist, etc. Well, don't let that stop you. Everything that appears in the *Journal* is proof-read and corrected wherever necessary by Bill Robertie. Your input is valued and a necessary contribution in order to make this Quarterly Publication successful.

1980 was a busy year for me and I might add that the first 4 months of '81 continues to be somewhat the same. My efforts have been channelled in two areas: (1) Increasing the 458th membership; (2) Producing the .50 Cal. plaque.

Membership

Since January of 1980, my records show that a total of 100 people were contacted with information of the 2ADA. Of these (and others' efforts), 40 joined the Association. I'm told that this is a better-than-average acceptance rate, but I must admit that I had hoped for better results. The encouraging thing is that when Evelyn sends the monthly revision sheet, I find some names that I had sent applications to many months before. We also lost 16 members through not reinstating their dues. I wrote to each one and so far, I have had 5 "renewals". Let's hope that the response continues. Three members "folded their wings" and our prayers go to their last flight.

Plaques

Finished the 100th one in late July and now made the goal I set before the San Antonio reunion. Plan to bring a few samples to Texas to show what we have to offer as an interesting conversation piece in your home or office. It has also been fairly profitable to the treasury, since the total to date is now an additional \$60.00 to make it \$335.00. So far, the 458th lads have been #1 in recognizing the value, since the 35th one was mailed in July to Harry Sanders (courtesy of Jack Krause). Can't thank you all enough for the great participation.

Folded Wings

Ursel P. Harvell	44th
Douglas R. Wood	392nd
Wayne E. Solomon	445th
Richard W. Smith	466th

8-BALL NEWS

by Pete Henry (44th)

In my last column, there was a photograph of General Johnson and yours truly. I had the pleasure of having lunch with the General in Arlington on that occasion (March 6) and he looked fit as a fiddle. He plays golf regularly and walks the Army-Navy "mountain-goat" course carrying his own bag. We discussed a few items of interest from the old days plus some yet to come. I mentioned that a write-up of the 200 mission party would appear in the June *Journal* and he recalled chauffeuring his regular driver, Sgt. Mike Fusano, around on that date and also that he was one of the unfortunate ones to suffer a dunking in the fish pond. He and Mrs. Johnson are heading for Arizona for the coming winter and I invited them to stop off in San Antonio for the 2ADA reunion October 1, 2, 3 and 4. He indicated that this might be possible.

I mentioned to him that I have had some correspondence from Bill Douglas who now lives in Bluefield, W. Virginia. General Johnson remembers that Bill was his Sergeant-Major in the 14th Combat Wing from September 1943 until June 1945 when Wing Headquarters moved to Bury St. Edmunds and they absorbed the 4th Combat Bomb Wing. After that, the two Wings were known as the 14th Bombardment Wing. Bill (Douglas) is employed by the Consolidated Brokerage Co., Inc. in Bluefield and is a merchandise broker.

Will Lundy sent me some transcripts of the early 68th Squadron mission reports and other history. I forwarded copies of part of this to former Sqdn. Commander Jim O'Brien, a 2ADA member living in Pittsburg. Jim got a lump in his throat realizing that he took part in all that "cowboy and Indian" fighting high over Europe. His wife, Elsie, never really believed all those war stories he's been handing her for the past 38 years, but now she thinks there may be some truth to what he's been saying.

Received a post card from John Kirby, a 2ADA'r in Grand Junction, Colorado. He advises that his company has just produced a great new Jazz album featuring the trumpet of internationally famous Warren Kime. Anyone interested in obtaining a copy send check or money order in the amount of \$8.95 to: ASC Enterprises, P.O. Box N-117, Northfield, Illinois 60093.

Dick Bottomley, 2ADA'r from Owosso, MI, has two daughters who just cut their first record for Twintide Thistledeew Records. It is described as a stereotype combining the feelings in their hearts with the imagery of their minds. Send check or money order for \$6.95 to: Twintide, Thistledeew Records, P.O. Box 383, Dover, MA. 02030 and include \$1.00 for shipping and handling of each record.

Views of a Wife

by Joan Patterson

It has occurred to me as October Reunion time draws nigh, that I would like very much to write a few thoughts from a woman's point of view, to one of my favorite literary efforts "The Journal".

If you have been keeping up with all "goings-on" since my husband David has served as your President, you know that we have traveled about the U.S.A. as David met with Group Vice Presidents. This gave me the opportunity to meet many ladies associated with our 2nd A.D. Many I have seen at post Reunions; others made it new acquaintance-time for me. I, personally, enjoyed the warmth and "ladies' chit-chat" found in all areas of this nation. It is an amazing fact "we have so much in common".

Our last visit was made "hands across the seas" with our British "cousins" connected with the 2 AD Memorial Library in Norwich, England. Again, I felt the warmth and extension of friendliness the ladies offered. For those of you who have had the opportunity to attend the annual Cambridge American Memorial Service, I need not explain the deep emotional experience one feels. Participating with David on 31 May, I felt thankful to be able to be at this very special place amidst many Americans and British who have given their life careers in the Armed Forces, and many of our new generation in today's uniforms. Most of all, was the vivid reminder of the hundreds of simple white graves filling the gentle, grassy hillsides of England, all because of our American beliefs and dreams. As David lay the wreath in honor of the 2 AD, I stood with many other women representing those who anxiously waited during the war; those who served and those who wonder, now, if they will have to do the same in years to come.

David and I extend our gratitude to each of you, both ladies and men who made our visits so worthwhile. Be it the hearty hugs with our Texans; the very gracious, gentle welcome in England or the many happy visits of the other areas in the U.S. with our 2 AD "family".

I write the above in mind with a thought that has been expressed over and over again by others. There is a very special place in our 2nd AD for women to fill, so please come to our October Reunion. Share yourself with us — you will find a great many women to welcome you!

A letter from Gino Künzle in Italy appeared in the March *Journal* advising that 82 B-24's landed in Switzerland during WWII. Nine planes from the 44th B.G. were part of this number and Gino has been diligently searching for the crews names and addresses. He has this information for at least two men per crew for planes from the 66th, 67th, and 506th Squadrons, but has been unable to locate anyone from the three 68th Squadron planes that made the trip. He cites one example: Serial number 42-05226 with Sqdn. marking WQ-C had a nickname painted in dark bold letters on the right side of the nose. One of the words began, "CHA" and another, "H". We believe this ship landed in Switzerland July 21, 1944. If anyone can help identify this ship and it's crew, please let me know.

On May 26, 1981, Stanley Langcaskey of Hamilton Square, New Jersey had an opportunity to thank one of the French people who helped save his life after his B-24 "Bull of the Woods" was shot down over Vez-zapson, France on his 10th mission. Stanley has been waiting 38 years for Mrs. Evelyn Depinay, now 70, to visit him in his home in New Jersey and it finally came to pass. The story appeared in the Trenton (New Jersey) Times, May 27, 1981 and it gave a full account of Stanley's trials and tribulations as an evadee. A 2ADA News Letter in

1973 carried the full story. If anyone is interested in more details, contact Bill Robertson.

I have encountered considerable controversy about the Sqdn. markings of the 44th B.G. B-24 aircraft. In Roger Freeman's "Mighty Eighth" and in Martin Bowman's "Fields of Little America", they are listed as follows: WQ-66 Sqdn.; NB-67 Sqdn.; GJ-68 Sqdn. and QK-506 Sqdn. Researchers Will Lundy and Tony North list them this way: WQ-66 Sqdn.; NB-67 Sqdn.; GJ-506 Sqdn. and QK-66 Sqdn. I know QK was on the 66 Sqdn. aircraft because I have a picture of 'Henry' with a QK on the side and we were in the 66th Sqdn. at the time. Anyone out there got any more proof?

You should all have San Antonio reunion details by this time and those who plan to attend have paid-in-full reservations. Hopefully, Evelyn Cohen will provide each Group V.P. with an advance list of attendees from their respective Bomb Groups. We expect this to be the largest turn-out ever and every effort will be made to provide a separate room or partitioned space for each Group to hold their mini-reunions. You may be interested in electing a new Group Vice-President so come prepared to cast your vote. See you in San Antonio.

ABOUT THE MEMORIAL (Up close — and very personal)

by Jordan R. Uttal

As the Association's representative on the Board of Governors of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, it was my pleasure and privilege to attend their annual meeting on May 29th in Norwich. Although a full report will be given at the October convention in San Antonio, and written up in greater detail in the *Journal* following the Convention, I thought that it would be well to share with you some of the highlights which added up to a great feeling of satisfaction with the "State of the Union" as far as our Memorial Trust and our 2nd Air Division Memorial Room are concerned.

When we learned that Dave Patterson was going to England for the Memorial Day Service at the American Military Cemetery in Cambridge, and laying the wreath from the Association, we hastened to invite him to attend the Board of Governors meeting, and he accepted with pleasure.

Prior to the meeting at the Library on the 28th, I had the opportunity to visit the Memorial Room, announced on the 26th, and met there again on the 27th with Tom Eaton, John Viles, Colin Sleath (the Librarian and Deputy Librarian) along with the Clerk of the Trust, our good friend, Nick Walter. The condition and appearance of the room itself was excellent from every point of view, including new arrangements for Security, a matter which I was asked specifically to observe by Dave as a result of conversations at the mid-year Executive Committee meeting. Actually, last October, long before the Executive Committee meeting when I had the first inkling of the possible need for greater security, the matter had been taken up promptly, and the corrective actions were instituted just as quickly. Still it was reassuring to see it — up close and personal.

Still, following good practice of using established channels of communication, as Dave Patterson puts it, the Executive Committee (of which I am a member — but unable to attend the mid-year meeting) thru Dave asked me also to check on other aspects of maintenance, and as noted above, I was extremely pleased with what I observed. Another matter explored was the possible use of volunteers at the Library. This matter will be considered later this fall by the Board of Governors — delayed until the economy moves in Public Services in Britain (just as we are doing) have had a chance to settle down.

Our friends at the Library, and the Board of Governors expressed sincere appreciation to you all who have made financial contributions to the Trust, either with your annual dues, or as "Special Contributions" for the purchase of books to be dedicated to specific individuals. For any of you who have made such specific donations in the past or intend to in the future, I believe you will be pleased to know that as a matter of original policy, when a volume becomes worn and has to be replaced, the dedication bookplate is replaced in the new volume!!

The money raised this year from your contributions with your dues, according to Dean Moyer, our Treasurer, will be in excess of \$10,000.00!! I announced that at the Governor's meeting, and needless to say, this news was received with enthusiasm and appreciation. This money will be presented, as is custom, at the Convention, by Dean to Tom Eaton, who will be attending with Mrs. Eaton.

In addition, similar appreciation was expressed for the close to \$1600.00 in "Special Contributions", and the \$625.00 contributed by 28 members of the 445 Bomb Group in memory of their late Group Adjutant, and author of their Group History, Rudy Birsic.



Jordan Uttal (2nd left) presents check to Tom Eaton while President Dave Patterson (left) looks on.

It is more than pleasing to be able to report that our Board of Governors, in Norwich have had their first successful results in local fund raising. They are embarking on a campaign to raise funds to pay for the services of a Library Intern to assist the Central Library staff in their work, and to expand the activities of the Library throughout the area, using the new Audio-Visual equipment recently purchased to spread the word of 2nd Air Division combat history, and the 2nd Air Division Memorial to schools, churches, fraternal and social organizations in East Anglia.

More about the Governors meeting, the very gracious dinner party the night before the meeting, the state of our improving financial health, and the opportunity I had at the meeting to reaffirm the Association's position with respect to the Memorial will be appearing in the next issue. In the meantime, on behalf of the Board of Governors, and of the Association, I once again express our thanks for the help each and every one of you has given us in our continued determination to meet the challenge which we accepted back in 1945, when with our first small contributions of shillings and pence we embarked on this worthy and soul satisfying effort to express our love for our fellow man.

MID-AIR OVER MAINZ

by Dan Dudek (489th)

I was the tail gunner on Lt. John Aiken's crew, and we were assigned to the 844th Squadron on September 16th, 1944. My stay with the Group was not a long one, as I went down from a mid-air collision and became a prisoner of war on October 19th.

It was my ninth mission, and our target was the marshalling yards in Mainz. We were flying "Bombers Moon", #42-94903. After we had assembled with our squadron and while we were crossing the English Channel, my electrically heated suit failed. I began to get cold and numb, so I called in to tell Lt. Aiken. Sgt. Bruce Anderson, the left waist gunner, called in and volunteered to switch places with me as he was familiar with the tail turret. We not only switched places, we also switched parachutes, because, of course, you could not wear a back type chute, just the harness; so the chest chute was put outside the turret on the floor. I put the flak suit on over my chute and then plugged in the casualty bag and put it over me to get some heat.

We were in the slot position on this mission, and everything went fine until we came up to the I.P. and opened the bomb bay doors and began the bomb run. The flak was heavy and all around us. As I looked out of the left waist window, I saw the plane from our left side (Lt. Lithander's crew in 42-94913) slide right over on top of us. I could almost touch the bombs in the bomb bay as they came across; then all of a sudden there was this loud THUMP, and I remember saying "Oh My God, he dropped his bombs on us!" Then we collided; he cut us in two and sheared our tail section off, from the waist windows back. His right wing broke off. Our plane went into a spin and I was pinned back against the fuselage roof, on the right side of the plane.

My first thought after getting clear of the plane was to reach out in front and pull the rip cord. As I did, I realized that I had the flak suit on. Normally you would pull the red tab and the suit separated at the shoulder and waist snaps and fell off. But as I was tumbling through the air only the waist straps came loose and I could not pry the shoulder snaps apart to release the suit. In spite of my struggles I couldn't get it off, so I reached under it and pulled the rip cord. When the chute opened it must have flipped the flak suit up and knocked me out for a while. When I came to, the flak suit was up against my oxygen mask, and I could hardly breathe. I felt as if I was being choked to death, so I pulled the oxygen mask off and when I let it go I could see it falling below me. Then I knew, with great relief, that my chute had opened. Finally I was able to loosen the shoulder snaps and release the flak suit. I was just about to let go of it when I remembered that it weighed 27 pounds, and that it would help pull me down faster, so I put it between my legs and held on to it until my right foot began to get cold. I'd lost the flying boot on that foot

getting out of the plane. Looking around me about then I could see two more parachutes, so I let the flak suit drop.

Now I could see two small towns, and German soldiers with their dogs. But after I landed in a soft farm field out in the country, I had time to hide the parachute in a ditch before I hid in an orchard nearby. Soon the Germans surrounded the orchard and sent in the dogs, so I came out with my hands up. The Germans searched me and the farmer beat me for messing up his field. Then a truck appeared, with Clarence Harding already in it, and they drove us to a town called Speyerdorf where we picked up the co-pilot from the other B24. (That would have been Lt. Lloyd Krumrey, Ed. note). He had come down in town and broke his right ankle when he hit the edge of a building. We were driven to a Luftwaffe base where we received medical treatment — the Lieutenant for his ankle and me for my sprained right foot.



"Bombers Moon" over Speyerdorf on 3 October 1944.

We spent that night in the local jail and the next morning went by street car to the train station. We rode all day, until midnight, and when we got off Harding and I had to carry the Lieutenant, since he couldn't walk. We carried him a couple of miles I guess before we got to the next place for confinement, where we were all put into solitary confinement for a couple of days. This particular camp was in the center of Germany, and from here we were sent to a Red Cross station where we finally got a shower and were issued new clothes. From this point we were herded like cattle into box cars with only some straw on the floor, and sent to north-east Germany to a POW camp called STALAG IV, near Kiefheidt.

I stayed in this camp until the end of January 1945. When the Russians started to advance on the Eastern front we were moved out and forced to march from camp to camp from East Germany to the Western front, guarded constantly by German troops and their dogs. Finally, on May 2d, 1945, British paratroopers liberated us near the Rhine River.

Besides Clarence Harding and myself, the other crew members, none of whom survived, were: Lt. John Aiken, the pilot; Lt. Charles Rath, co-pilot; Lt. Loyola Doherty, Nav.; FO Lewis Francis, Bomb; SSgt. Glen Smith, Eng.; SSgt. Virgil Everhardt, RO; Sgt. Bruce Anderson, WG.

BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP
by
Vere A. McCarty



We have had some new members in recent months, some of whom have written interesting notes and letters. Here are some of the things they had to say:

Joe Hogue was a lead bombardier on Bill Sypher's crew. Their airplane was "Dry Run" (stork carrying an empty diaper). Joe finished his first tour and after an R&R in the U.S., returned to Bungay where he served as 706th Squadron Bombardier until late 1944, flying an additional 17 missions. This brought his total to 47. Is this a 446th Bomb Group record?

Clarence Cornelius was co-pilot on "Brown Knowser". After the war he worked for the FFA for 30-years and retired a couple years ago. He is now busy with Masonic activities and his wife, Doris, is equally busy with Rainbow Girls. Clarence provided the address for his navigator, Tom Mason, who also joined. With Alex Garrison, it makes three for their crew.

Alva Songer and Richard Denton were picked up by Air-Sea Rescue on 6 March 1944. They and their pilot, Robert Paltz, were the only survivors of the ill-fated mission to Genshagen. Only recently have the two been able to get in touch again . . . and both new members.

When Jack Berry joined he learned that four of his crew were already 2nd ADA members. They are: Ernest Yuhas, Loran Van de Voorde, John Michal and Edward Green. The crew chief of their airplane, "White Lit'nin", is Harold Brewer. Another former crew chief is Dayton Boostrom of "Going My Way".

Continuing our series are more 446th BG aircraft with squadron designation, name, pilot first assigned and final disposition. Can you fill anything in? If so, please drop me a card.

42-7593	FL-	Dragon Lady (Larson)	
42-7595	RT-	Shif'lus Skonk (Bhnet)	LC: 8 Mar 44 (Berlin)
42-7607	HN-O	Spirit of '77	
42-7608	HN-J		
42-7609	RT-D	Lazy Lou	
42-7610	RT-C	Satan's Sister (Montgomery)	CR: 27 Apr 44 - Billingford
42-7611	FL-	Silver Dollar (Shannon)	LC: 22 Dec 43 (Osnabruck)
42-7612	FL-	Nona Rhea	
42-7613	FL-	(Conley)	LC: 22 Dec 43 (Osnabruck)
42-7616	JU-A	Worrybird	
42-7620	RT-	The Princess	LC: 8 Apr 44 (Brunswick)
42-7625	-B		IN: 18 Mar 44 - Switzerland
42-7628	FL-	(Glans)	
42-7641	FL-	(Long)	
42-7649	JU-G	Gerty the Gremlin (Marxen)	
42-7654			CR: 29 Jan 45 - Bungay
42-7659			CR: 10 Jun 44 - Metfield
42-7679			LC: 8 Apr 44 (Brunswick)
42-7713		The Merry Max	CR: 10 Nov 43 - East Wretham
42-50306	RT-S		
42-50308	FL-K	Neva Lorraine	
42-50316	HN-M	Barney's Buzz Wagon (Hutain)	
42-50318	RT-P	Satan's Little Sister	LC: 26 Aug 44 (Ludwigshaven)
42-50431	HN-R		
42-50434	RT-V		

I would like to remind all that the above information is not all 100% verified. It is compiled from many sources and some sources have conflicted. Aircraft numbers 42-7605, 42-7708, 42-7746, 42-50330 and 42-50365 are in my listing for the 446th BG, also. However, no other information about them has been found to date. I appreciate your cards and letters.

A flurry in inquiries about the availability of the 446th Bomb Group "History" resulted in two letters to THE BATTERY PRESS to see what I could learn about the situation. The last information I had was that they would reprint if they had a reasonable response to a flyer they were to put out to Association members. I received absolutely no response from either of my letters. I think that we are back to where we started . . . that the original publishers, NEWSFOTO PUBLISHING CO., will reprint the book, but they require a guarantee of 100 copies in advance.

Some last minute information has been received from Virgil Huddleston, a gunner on "Hula Wahine II" which was shot down on July 31, 1944. Virg sent me a sheaf of material formerly classified as "Secret" consisting of the mission field orders with headings, IP, bomb loading, fuse setting, the formation (including every airplane number and position in the formation), the operational losses and the Wing Critique. Virg had received the material from a friend and had not yet learned the procedure, the cost nor the address for obtaining such information. Harold Janset had told me that some information was obtainable from microfilm storage, but here again, no instructions as how to proceed. As soon as I learn more on this subject, I will pass it on.

Keep your letters coming! Cheers! Mac.

HOW THE "BAG O' BOLTS" GOT ITS NAME

Story and Paintings by Bob Harper (448th)

INTRODUCTION: It was February 21, 1944 and mission No. 13 for the B-24 serial No. 27764, with a yellow 477 painted on her nose. The crew, with pilots Broxton and Covell, was on its seventh mission with the 448th Bomb Group out of Seething, England. The target was Hesse airfield near Brunswick, Germany, on which was located a factory complex producing fighters for the Luftwaffe.

1. In the high-right element of the 448th, it was at the Initial Point, and with bomb bay doors open, that a flak burst in or under the No. 3 engine put it out of operation. Achieving a partial feathering of the No. 3 prop, they slowly dropped below and behind the formation.
2. Reaching the target on three engines Bombardier Sharp dropped their bombs by "guesstimating" where the main group had released. Results were unobserved, but not the five FW190s diving on them from 5 o'clock high.
3. Straggling far behind the group, and unable to close bomb bay doors completely, the pilots all but "split-essed" toward a cloud layer at about 10,000 feet. Thinking the violent maneuver was the beginning of their final dive, the tail and a waist gunner parachuted to snow-covered landscape below.
4. The cloud layer offered brief cover, but soon they were out of it, as were the pursuing Focke-Wulfs. Next the No. 4 engine was "knocked out" as machine gun and cannon shells riddled their B-24. The No. 4 prop could not be feathered and continued to windmill, causing extra drag, and later, a fire.
5. The sudden dive had caused the windshield to fog up. As co-pilot Covell opened the side panel for better visibility, a cannon shell entered the open window and exploded in the instrument panel. With most flight instruments gone, the pilots had to rely on needle, ball and airspeed. At about this time cannon shells smashed into the top turret, soaking Flight Engineer Birdsall with hydraulic fluid, but not injuring him.
6. Sinking fast, the crew jettisoned everything that was loose to lighten the faltering B-24. Guns, ammunition and even parachutes went overboard as No. 477 continued to lose altitude while still being laced by cannon and machine gun fire from the relentless FW190s.
7. A cannon shell ignited hydraulic fluid leaking into the bomb bay from the shattered top turret. Fumes from severed fuel lines would also collect in the back of the bomb bay and explode out the partially open doors with an ominous "whoosh". Had the bomb bay doors been fully closed the force of the explosion could have been fatal. Bombardier Sharp succeeded, with other crew members, in extinguishing the fire before more fumes could collect. The German fighters withdrew momentarily as if expecting the bomb bay fire to erupt into one huge fireball.
8. Still the B-24 roared on with two dead engines on one side and two at full power on the other. Cutting through columns of smoke from the chimneys of a Dutch village only a hundred feet below, one last item was jettisoned. It was a G.I. thermos jug used by crew members when the relief tube froze. Startled Dutch citizens ran for cover as the cylindrical object smashed into their main street. Was this a new weapon or did they really make tea that bad?
9. Tall trees, church steeples and windmills were becoming as dangerous as the five Focke Wulfs still hammering them with tail attacks. People below watched the one-sided fight, waving encouragement to the beleaguered B-24 and shaking their fists at the German fighters.
10. Sometime during these attacks the remaining waist gunner was fatally hit in the back and administered to by other crew members. Having exhausted their ammunition the German fighter pilots pulled up alongside the battered B-24 for a closer inspection. How could it continue to fly in such pitiful condition!!
11. One German pilot drew in close enough to count the twelve bombs painted below the pilot's window. Did he sense that this was their 13th mission? Pilot Broxton said he was so close he would recognize him if they ever met again. At one time he thought "If I hadn't thrown my 45 overboard, I could hit him this close!" But then the German smiled and waved, perhaps in admiration of the dogged crew who refused to give up. Low on fuel, the FWs peeled off to return to their base, leaving the crippled B-24 wallowing along above the Dutch countryside.
12. Skimming so low over the Zuider Zee that their prop wash rippled the nearly frozen waters below, it seemed to fly better. No doubt being in the now known "T" zone was

a factor and the battered bomber even picked up a little precious airspeed. But still another obstacle presented itself: the thirty foot sea wall on the northwestern edge of the reclaimed land looked almost as high as the Alps!

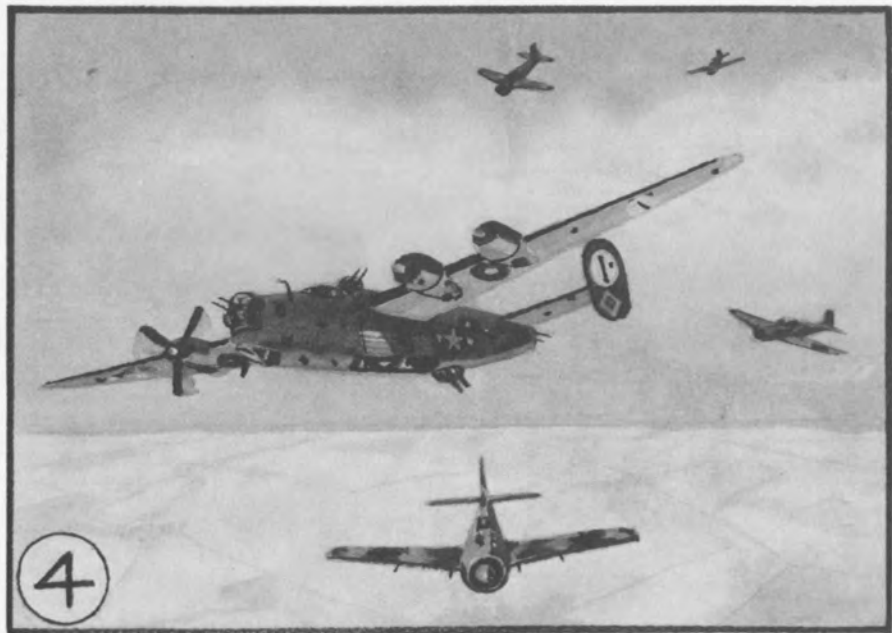
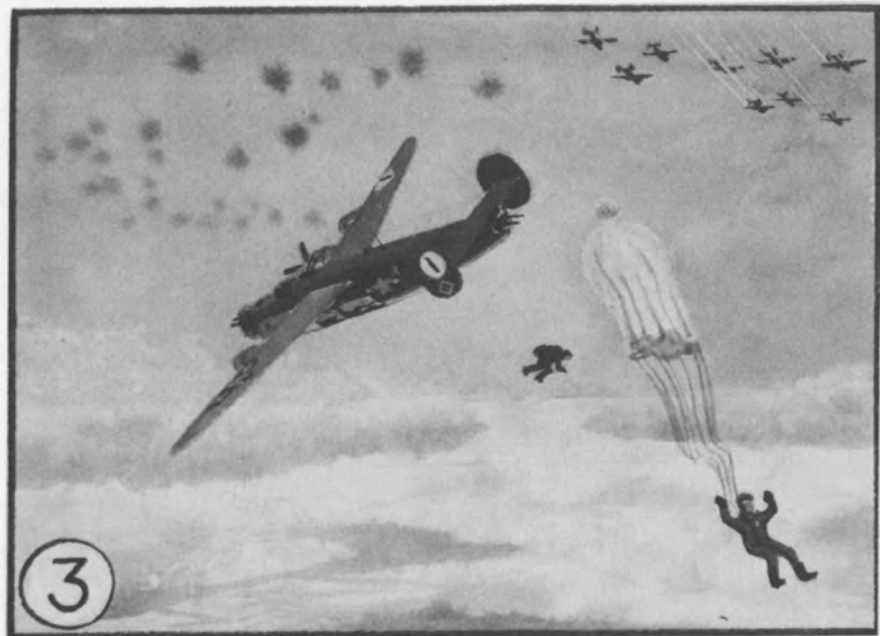
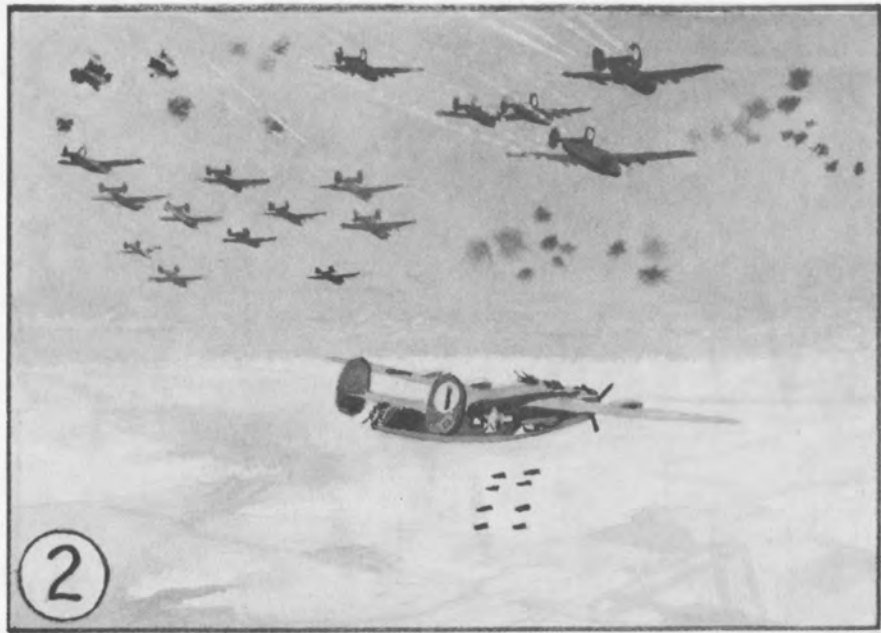
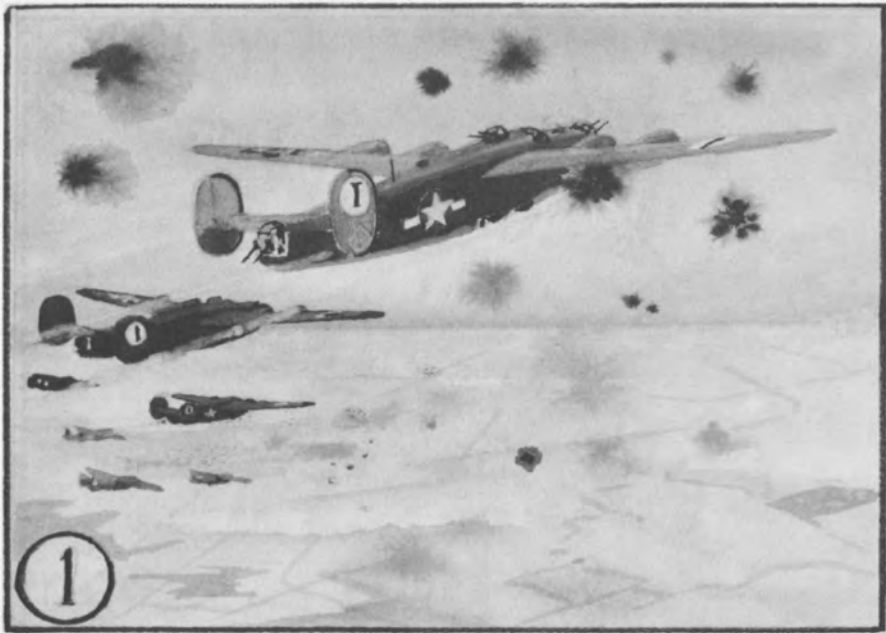
Coaxing every bit of power from the two straining Pratt and Whitneys, Broxton and Covell "horsed" it over the dike with only inches to spare at the low wing tip. Then another problem! As the bomber munched over the sea wall it all but hit a German flak battery relaxing on the other side. Running to their guns the Germans further peppered the departing Liberator with rapid fire from machine guns and cannon.

14. Still the B-24 shuddered on, splashing through geysers of water thrown up by salvos from the enemy guns, until finally they were out of range. Now confronted with 120 miles of forbidding North Sea, it was a question of how long the two good engines could last and was there enough fuel for the long haul back to Seething? For what seemed like an eternity the two engines droned on and they struggled to gain altitude. Remembering that British coastal batteries had orders to fire on anything under 500 feet, would they finally be shot down by allied guns?

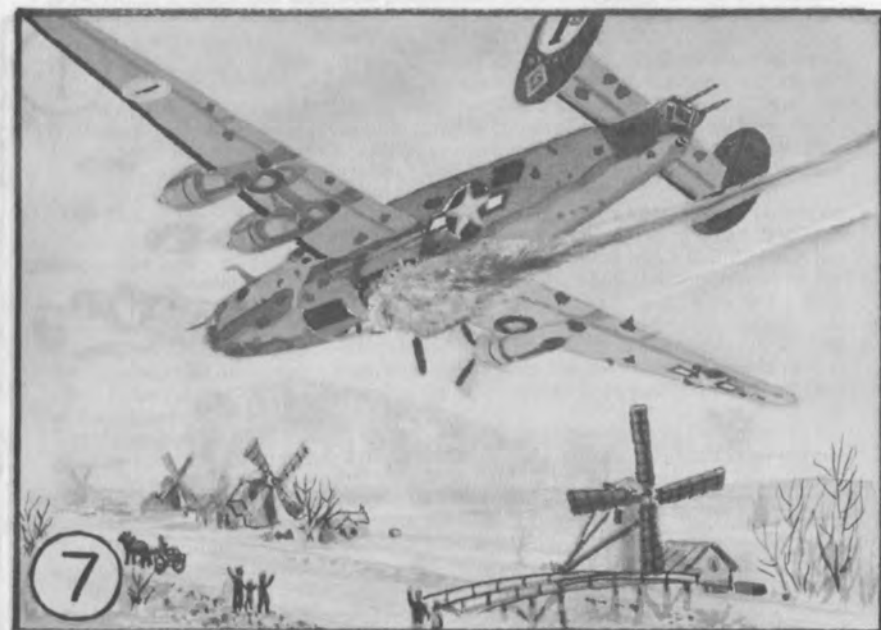
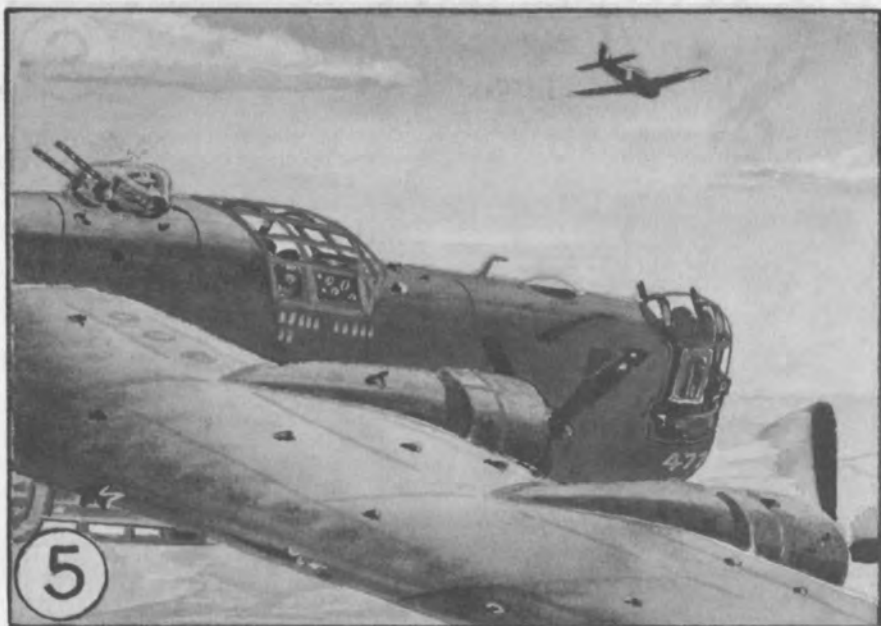


OFFICERS ON "BAG 'O BOLTS" by 715 OPS Building, (left to right): (B) Clair E. Sharp, Riverside, Calif.; (P) Dwight W. Covell, Annandale, Va.; (P) Hervey E. Broxton, Birmingham, Ala.; (N) Robert E. Fauerbach, New York, N.Y.

15. The crew further lightened their plane and the tired pilots miraculously coaxed the soggy bomber to the required 500 feet just a mile off the English coast. Navigator Fauerbach had brought them back directly on course to the main runway at Seething. With no radio they reluctantly flew the pattern as the last squadron of the day's mission was in the process of landing. An unexpected application of power by flight engineer on short final stood the B-24 once more on its wing tip. Somehow the pilots managed to jam their cramped left legs on the rudder pedals and pull back the throttles as they cleared the threshold for runway 25.
16. With no brakes, no flaps, and wheels cranked down manually, they slammed onto the runway and swerved into the muddy field alongside, a fire still burning in No. 4 engine. Ordeal over, the critically wounded gunner was removed and the exhausted crew taken to the briefing room. No. 477 would never fly again! Over 400 holes were counted in the riddled skin of the sagging Liberator. One unexploded shell was discovered in one of the fuel cells. How lucky could the unlucky get? It was also noted, after landing, that the right rudder cables had been severed, so they had flown back with only half the rudder area so badly needed in such a situation.



HOW THE "BAG O' BOLTS" GOT ITS NAME

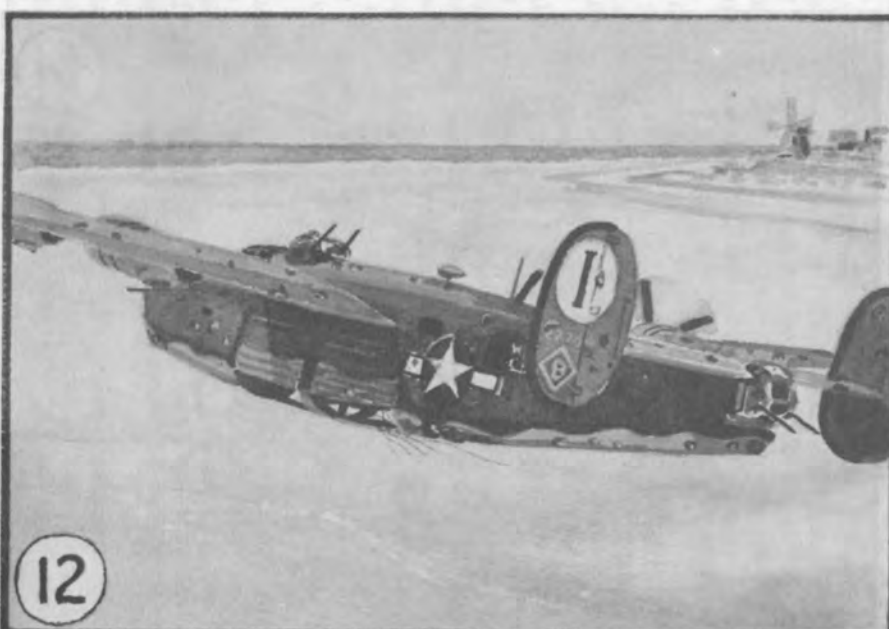
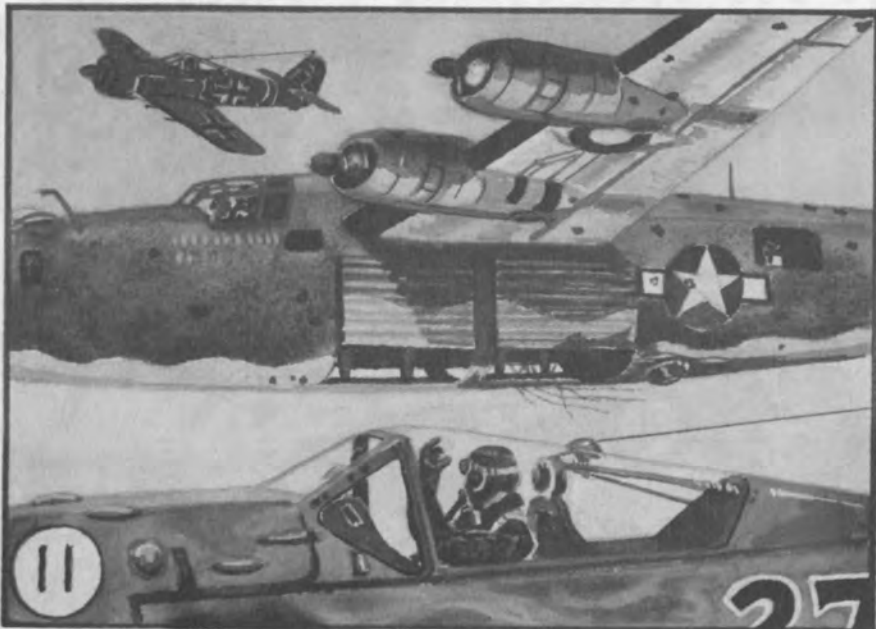


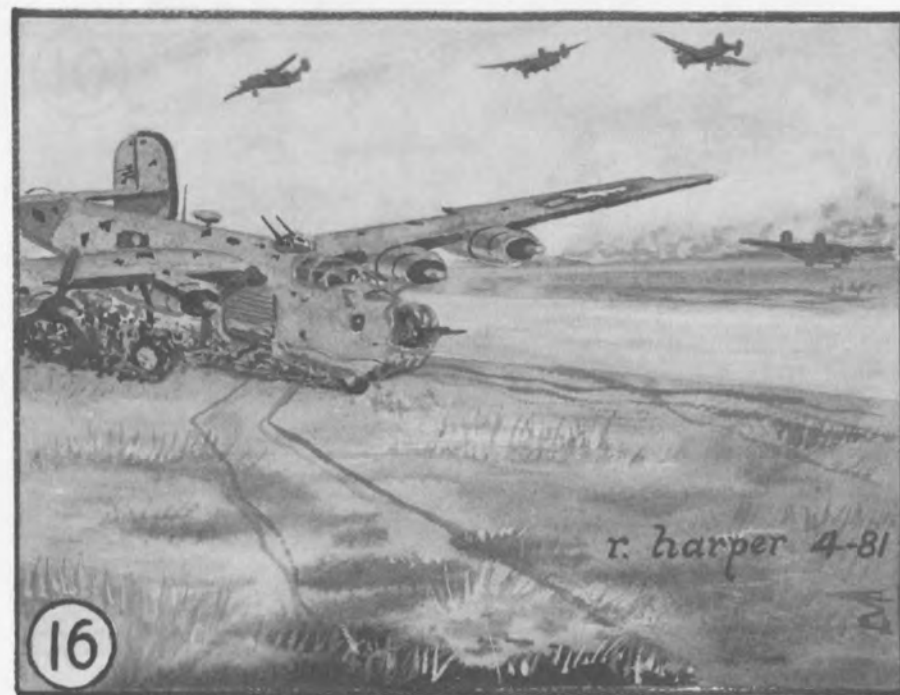
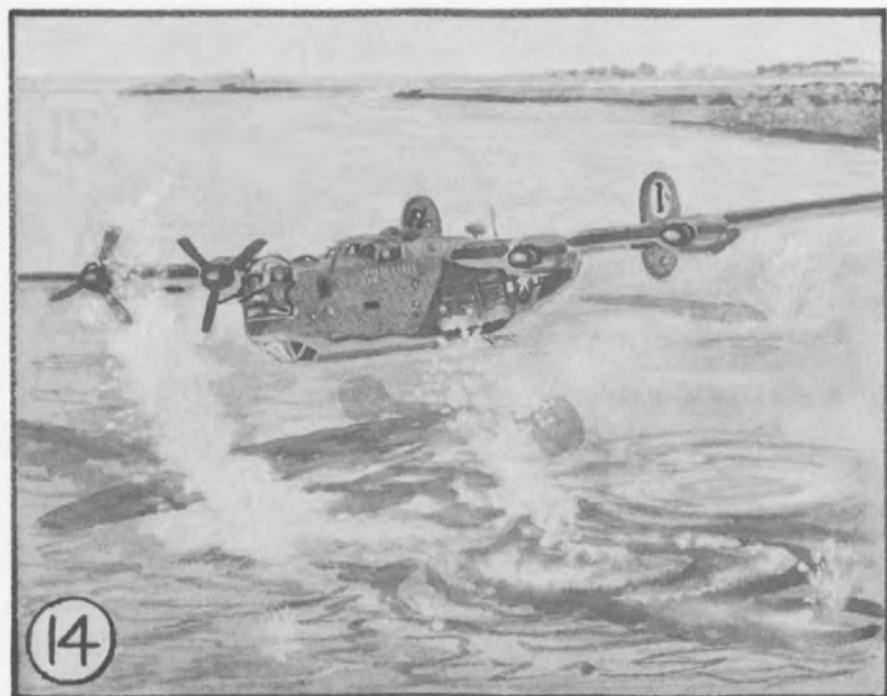
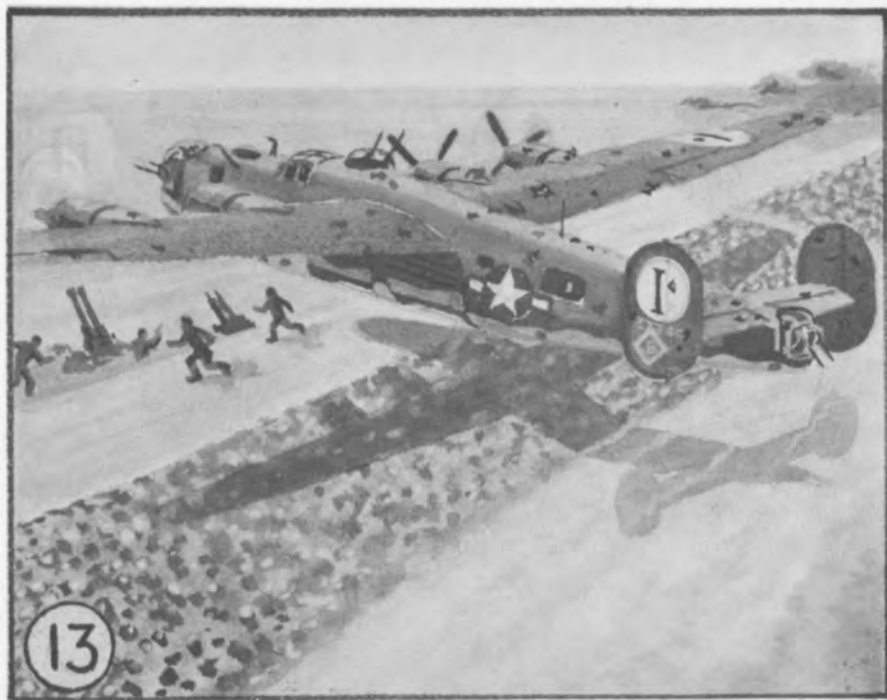
5. Today you'll see the "BAG O' BOLTS" flying over the town.

7. As it flies, it drops bolts and nuts. The bolts and nuts are the "BAG O' BOLTS".

6. The "BAG O' BOLTS" is flying upside down.

8. The "BAG O' BOLTS" is flying over the town.







MISSING - ONE EACH NOSE GEAR

by Bob Lehnhausen (44th BG)

The Wiener-Neustadt mission, the first one, flown on August 13, 1943, (I think) was for us an easy mission for the first 85% of the flight. My recollections of this mission are most vivid for I have always considered it to be the best bit of flying that I did during my Air Corps career. For me, this mission had a lot of unusual circumstances. It was the first mission that the group flew after the August 1, 1943, Ploesti Low Level Mission. It was my first combat mission with the 68th as a First Pilot. Although I joined the unit as a Pilot, I flew all of my missions up to this point as a Co-Pilot. All of my four engine training had been as a B-17 Pilot. In fact, our crew flew a B-17 to England. At Bovingdon, we were transferred to B-24's. I flew with Stub Garrett through the July 2, 1943, Lecce, Italy mission which ended in our ditching. The Ploesti mission was flown as Co-Pilot for Shannon, filling in for George Armstrong who had become ill.

The Wiener-Neustadt mission was flown with Ben Gildart's crew. I flew as Pilot, Gildart as Co-Pilot. Frank Davido, who was the Co-Pilot for this crew, flew the mission on the flight deck. Our Squadron Navigator, George Kelley, also was on this mission with us. It was the first combat mission for this crew, and, understandably, they were not happy that their Pilot was in the right seat and a guy they didn't know was in the left seat. For myself, I wasn't happy either to be flying with an inexperienced crew who made no secret of their dislike for the arrangement. However, I was thrilled to have the first opportunity to fly in the left seat after a five month "training period" with the 68th.

The BENINA MAIN briefing for this shuttle mission gave some emergency airfield alternatives to the planned landing field in Tunisia. Such briefing information was usually of secondary importance. However, we did copy it down, never dreaming that we would have need for this intelligence data.

My recollection of the target was that we were bombing an aircraft assembly facility that was adjacent to a military airfield. The military had a training unit stationed at the field. We could anticipate some opposition in the target area.

Mission take off, assembly, penetration to target, bomb run and withdrawal from target area were all routine and uneventful.

We dropped out bombs in clear weather and experienced no enemy opposition. It was a true "milk run", well, until we were midway across Italy. A routine check of fuel indicated we were very low on one engine and not in good shape on a second engine. An attempt was made to transfer fuel from the otehr tanks to balance the supply, but we were unable to get the available fuel to the needed areas. This signalled an emergency situation. We determined that we could not possibly make our planned landing in Tunisia. We would have to seek an emergency landing field.

George Kelley gave the location and approximate flight times to the emergency fields that had been given to us by Intelligence at our morning briefing. It was decision making time. I opted to try for one of the fields given to us, located in Sicily. Even though that meant an over water flight, I had confidence that we could solve the fuel transfer problems. However, prudence required being cautious.

We reported our situation to the Squadron Leader and left the group formation as we left the Italian Coast to head across the Tyrrhenian Sea. We departed the Italian Coast just south of Naples. My memory is that this was also the day that Allied troops took the city of Naples.

The first briefed emergency field we approached on the northern coast of Sicily had been totally devastated by bombs. It looked like the field had grown a massive case of pocks, so close and so many that the pocks had pocks. No chance of putting down there.

At that moment of disappointment, I spotted the glint of sun off an East-West blacktop runway many miles in the distance, directly south of our position. It proved to be the second alternative listed. We continued to this second location. We were still working on the fuel transfer system — unsuccessfully.

As we approached the area of our intended landing, we lost and feathered our #3 engine. As the field came into view, it was apparent that the field was in use. A unit of American fighters was dispersed about the perimeter of the field. However, the paved strip was filled with bomb craters and painted empty oil drums stood on end to indicate that it was not in use. The grassy area of the field used by the fighters was short and with many bomb craters throughout it. To me there appeared to be a space on the east end (approach end) of the grassy area of the field that may be usable if the width of the landing gear was less than the distance between two of the bomb craters. It would permit us to make our approach and touchdown ahead of the craters and then use the grassy area beyond for roll and slow down. In my judgement, we had no choice, we must try it. It had to work. There was no opportunity for a go-around. Even if we had had power available, a

range of mountainous foothills off the west end of the field discouraged a go-around.

For a landing, our line of flight to the south made it necessary to fly a base leg and turn onto a westerly approach. We had 5,000 feet of altitude to lose between base and touchdown. As we prepared to land, some of the crew on the flight deck discouraged me with "You can't make it, you can't make it".

As we turned onto the approach, we lost our second engine — out of gas. God was good to us though. All of the hours of training in flight school and in four engine flying came to fruition. Few can imagine the thrill of successfully making a "spot" landing in such a situation. To touchdown at precisely the point selected as ideal and to realize that there would be sufficient space between craters to permit maximum use of the field available. It was momentarily exhilarating.

Having achieved successful touchdown, now the challenge was to get stopped as quickly as possible. We had gotten the aircraft and the crew safely to a briefed alternate airfield, had it on the ground, now we had only a limited amount of clear real estate available to us. We still had work to do.

We immediately lowered the nose to permit early braking and shortening of our landing roll. The self-satisfaction of the successful touchdown was very short lived.

The forward push on the control column to put the nose wheel onto the field went beyond normal. Lo and behold, the nose continued its downward movement and so did the whole plane — tail high. The nose gear had failed to extend. With all the other problems, no one had bothered to check upon it. We skidded to an abrupt stop.

We shut down everything and made a hasty exit.

Such a sad end for one of our noble ships. Only after return to base did I learn that: 1) the nose gear had been replaced the night before the mission and had not been flight tested; 2) the #3 engine was a "gas hog"; 3) the crew who flew it on Ploesti had had that problem.

Unfortunately, I have always had the feeling that my superiors were displeased that we had left that plane in Sicily. It also demonstrates one of the situations in life where perspective makes a tremendous difference in the evaluation of the act.

I hope this assists you in fleshing out the mission report. The irony of it is that 38 years after the fact, someone asks what really happened. I have given you a brief account of the vivid recollections of the actions of a young pilot in unusual circumstances. Not the best of missions, but certainly not as disastrous as it might have been. Thank God.

IS THIS SWEDEN?

by Joe Sirotak 458th

It is January 17th, 1945, the 458th Bomb Group is participating in an attack of one of Nazi Germany's last remaining oil refinery facilities at Harburg just south of Hamburg. Our Liberator is in formation position with the 752nd squadron flying in the lower slot.

I am flying in the co-pilot's seat on our 5th mission. We were briefed that we would be facing about 1000 flak guns coming over and leaving the target. Yet, nothing, not even our previous missions, had prepared us for the sight of hundreds of black bursts all around us filling the sky.

We make it over the IP and then head down the chute on our bomb run. The bomb bay doors open, and we prepare to pull the trigger upon the release of the head ship. The drop comes, and we let go—"bombs away". Immediately, just ahead of us and at the same level there is a black burst. There is another one so close that we fly through the smoke. Then the ship shudders, and we know that we have been hit. Roger Hicks has the stick, and I am trying to raise someone on the intercom. There is no answer. The intercom is dead. After a few moments the engineer, Eddie Quarford, arrives on the flight deck. He advises that we have had a direct hit in the bomb bay. The shell entered the still-opened bomb bay doors on the right side severing the electrical, communication, and hydraulic lines. It then went on through the fuel tank leaving a gaping hole through which poured a stream of 100 octane gasoline. Eddie reports that the waist areas are completely saturated with fuel. He points to the legs of his flying suit which were soaked in gasoline almost to his knees. Our radio operator, John Berdar comes into the cockpit and we tell him and Eddie to go back into the waist to warn all hands of tremendous fire hazard.

In the meantime, we noticed a severe loss of power in the +4 engine. It was putting out about half of the normal inches. While we were tinkering with this problem, the oil pressure on the +3 engine began dropping, and we were forced to feather. Eddie returned and advised that he could see flak damage on the +4 engine and that the supercharger assembly appeared to have been knocked off. This explained the loss of power.

We were now rapidly falling behind our element so we got on the radio.

"Lincoln Green Leader, this is Q for Queen. We have a direct hit in the bomb bay. We have #3 engine feathered, and we are drawing about half power from #4. We are falling behind the formation. Request fighter cover until we can study our situation."

"Roger, Q for Queen, we are calling in a couple of Mustangs to baby sit."

In a short time a flight of 3 P-51's appeared, and kept us in sight off to our left. We had lost some altitude, and it was just about sure that we would lose more. We sent Eddie into the back of the ship again to have the crew start jettisoning equipment to see if we could maintain altitude. Since, obviously, we could not fire the guns anyway, they were the first things to go over the side. These were followed by anything that could be dismantled or torn loose. We continued to lose altitude, and the distance between us and the group lengthened to the point where we could hardly see them anymore.

"Q for Queen, this is Lincoln Green Leader. Your escort will have to leave because of fuel considerations. What is your situation?"

"Roger, Lincoln Green Leader, we are continuing to lose altitude slowly. We estimate that we have lost half our fuel. The cross feed system is working, and we are able to keep 3 engines turning."

We decided it was time for a meeting with our navigator, Bill Haslauer. He reminded us that we were briefed for extremely heavy headwinds for the return trip—possibly up to 100 MPH at the higher altitudes. He did some calculations and estimated that we had about 45 minutes of fuel left. Certainly, it would not be possible to make it back to England. We were aware that a dunk in the North Sea in January would be fatal. We decided to make a try for Sweden.

Unfortunately, Bill's maps did not go beyond the northern part of Germany. Roger Hicks thought the heading ought to be about 15°. I voted for a heading of 35°. Bill suggested a compromise so we turned to a heading of 25°.

"Lincoln Green Leader, this is Q for Queen. We do not have sufficient fuel to make it back to base. We are going to head North and hope for the best."

"Roger, Q for Queen. We read you. Good luck!"

We turned into a 25° heading while we struggled to keep our loss of altitude to a minimum. We told Eddie to continue his efforts to lighten the ship. This meant throwing over any radio equipment that could be detached, dropping the ball turret, getting rid of flak suits, and anything else that did not have an immediate essential use. We were now able to slow our descent to about 200 feet per minute. However, this required all the extra power we could give the +1 and +2 engines since +3 was feathered and +4 was only giving us half our money's worth. This was making the port engines run hot.

Now, we spotted 2 Luftwaffe aircraft, but they were below us. For some reason they did not climb to meet us. As we passed over various built-up areas bursts of flak appeared around us.

We were passing over the north German

coastline, and we could see the sea below us. The situation looked grim. We had no way of estimating how far we would have to go before reaching a landfall. The ship was saturated with gasoline. There were hundreds of flak holes in the wings and body of the aircraft which added to the drag. We continued to lose altitude. We were out of sight of land over an unfamiliar body of water.

We ran a check on everybody. The ball turret gunner, Bob Betz, and the tail gunner, Bob Birmingham had stayed in their positions after we were hit. There was some difficulty getting them out of the turrets since we had lost our hydraulic and electrical systems. Eddie Quarford did a superb job saving what fuel was not immediately lost. By using the cross feed system he was able to let us keep 3 engines turning with the gasoline remaining in one tank.

Bill Haslauer was the first to spot the land mass ahead. Then, we all saw it. But what was it? Denmark? Sweden? What did it matter? The gauges already hovered on the empty mark, so we decided to go in and try for a landing along the beach areas. We crossed the coastline. We were now at about 8000 feet, and we began the descent as we looked for a place to put down. At 4000 feet the engines quit. One by one they died as the last of the fuel was sucked into their cylinders. Roger immediately ordered us to bail out. I was to go back into the waist to give the command since we had no intercom operating. As I buckled my chute I struggled through the bomb bay to reach the opening of the waist. When I was sure that all of the crewmembers there had understood my signals and were moving to the floor hatch I returned to the bomb bay catwalk to make my jump. Eddie, John Berdar, and Bill had gone, and Roger was approaching from the cockpit. I dove out head first.

My brief lecture we has several months before was now vividly in my mind.

"After you leave the aircraft, look up to make sure that you are clear of the tail."

I looked up as I tumbled through the air. I was clear of the tail.

"Hold your legs tightly together, then pull the rip cord."

I held my legs tightly together. I pulled the rip cord.

"Now, look down to see how high you are, and look for a landing area."

I looked down to see how high I was. I hit the ground!

Darkness. I had struck the ground so hard it knocked my out. Upon regaining consciousness I was aware of a tugging and realized that it was the billowing chute dragging me across a farmer's plowed field. I was able to grab the lines and spill the chute. Then I took stock of my situation. My flying boots were gone. They had evidently come off when the chute popped. I was covered with mud and dirt from being

dragged, and I had blood on my face. I was groggy so I sat for a few minutes. I could see a dirt road not far away, so I forced myself to my feet. Both ankles hurt, but I was able to limp the short distance to the side of the road. I could now see two figures on bicycles about half a mile away coming in my direction. They had uniforms, and they were armed with rifles slung over their backs. Although I could not recognize the uniforms I did not think they were German. I had a .45 in a shoulder holster, but I decided not to draw it. I waited. The two soldiers approached and dismounted from their bikes. I was happy to see that they did not unsling their weapons. I pointed to the ground and asked if this was Sweden. They looked at me blankly for a few moments, and then one of them finally nodded his head while speaking in a language which was completely incomprehensible to me. But yet I understood. I was in Sweden!

In about 10 minutes a small truck arrived and I was taken to a nearby farmhouse

where the farmer's wife gave me a hot drink and helped me to clean up. She also put a bandage over the cut on my nose. Shortly, we were back in the truck and drove for about 20 minutes until we arrived in front of the Grand Hotel in Falkenburg. There I found almost all of the crew. Roger Hicks was to turn up later. He had hidden in the forest for some time before giving himself up.

Bob Brittain, our RCM Operator, had landed on a roof and had injured his leg. The others said they had landed hard but they seemed ok. When Roger Hicks finally arrived he was suffering from a sprained back, but he was able to walk. Bob Schauseil and Milt Bennett, the waist gunners, were in the best condition. No bruises, sprains, or broken bones. They didn't bail out!

This is what happened. When it was their turn to go through the floor hatch, they decided that the ship was too low for them to jump safely. They assumed Roger and I intended to bring it in for a landing some-

how. They chose to stay with us. With no one at the controls the aircraft was now in a steep glide which enabled it to pick up substantial air speed. It leveled out at some proximity to the ground and made a beautiful belly landing in an open field. It slid along the ground strewing debris along its path, but remaining pretty much in one piece. Bob and Milt jumped out of the waist window as soon as the ship stopped moving. They ran to the front and saw that the cockpit was severely damaged. They clambered up to see if they could help us get out. They looked inside. The cockpit was empty!

We were in Sweden until after VE Day. After that we were involved in ferrying flyable Libs back to England.

Perhaps in Germany there is still living a retired ex-munitions worker who in his haste assembled one 105 mm anti-aircraft shell with a defective contact fuse. "Prosit, Mein Herr."

HETHEL HIGHLIGHTS

by Earl L. Zimmerman (389th)

Alright already, I give up. Over the past few years I have had to explain to many how the 389th got the name Sky Scorpion, why our formation ship was called the Green Dragon and why our patch has a blue dragon on it. For the last time gentlemen here is the unofficial story as I knew it.

I first learned of the name Sky Scorpions during the early 1960s when the book Ploesti was published. Up to that time I had never heard of the name although I went over with the original Group and came back with the Group two years later. No one has confirmed it, but I assume the name came from Capt. Kenneth Caldwell's plane "Scorpion".

The photo shows Fearless Caldwell and his crew upon return from Africa. Fearless is front and center, the seedy looking character to his left is John Fino who eventually made Wing Bombardier. Can you believe

that?! I wouldn't use anyone in that photo in a mob scene.

Now about the formation ship, the Green Dragon. M/Sgt. Pashal Quackenbush is the original artist of the Dragon painted on the officers club wall. That dragon was green. His original painting of the dragon was blue and during the reunion at Colorado Springs, Pashal donated it to Al Kopp then VP of the 389th. The original now rests in the Library in Norwich. When I had the 389th patches made they were copied from the original, therefore the blue dragon. Anyone out there know who chose the design to paint the Green Dragon?

Which reminds me; I am sound asleep, someone touches me and whispers in my ear, "Zimmerman, you're to fly the Green Dragon on the weather mission." At 2 a.m. it's better than hearing the C.Q. slide his jeep to a halt and charge into the hut, turn on the lights and yell, 'grab your socks etc. . . all combat men up and at em'. After getting my flimsies, I cycle to the Dragon

hardstand and find a skeleton crew plus two nurses in flight gear. We take off, fly to the coast of France and upon returning find we are in the midst of an air raid. I send a message 'Clear base area 13,000 feet' to let the ack ack lads know we are on their side. The two nurses on the flight deck are taking in all of the excitement, sweeping search lights, and tracers flying every direction.

One of the nurses touches me on the shoulder, I remove my headphones and she whispers, 'where is the potty'. Slowly I turn and indicate our forward relief tube behind the pilot's seat. Although she is wearing an oxygen mask I see panic in her eyes. After a few minutes she asks, 'how do you use it'.

Well gentlemen, the training manual does not cover this situation and so I call the pilot on intercom and explain the problem. He advises me to "handle" the situation. About this time the whispering nurse starts to do a slow Cherokee war dance on the flight deck and I decide it's time to take hold of the situation. I deftly maneuver both gals to the waist area and point out our aft tube. (Shades of Lydon C. Allen article "Relief Tubes" — "at the time I had no idea relief tubes would be as significant") wish them good luck and depart. Making my way forward I pause on the catwalk and an old English ditty comes to mind. 'My son, my son, it must be done, so out of the window went his bum'. I think to myself, no, she really wouldn't try that. Not at twenty below zero and 200 miles per hour. Later on that morning while in the Ready Room having a cuppa, I overheard a snatch of conversation between our Flight Surgeon Capt. Franz and our pilot. Capt. Franz mentions something about proper appendage.

Anyone want a 389th Patch, send me \$2.50.



ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

by Robert A. Jacobs (389th)

At 0230 on 5 June 1944, the crew of "LIBERTY RUN" was awakened to fly its 24th mission. Our crew, originally from the 93rd BG, was selected for PFF (pathfinder) training with the 564th Bomb Squadron of the 389th BG, Hethel, in March 1944. We flew our last 18 missions out of Hethel as a PFF crew leading or flying deputy lead for various bomb groups but most often with the 93rd. Howard Hinchman gave us our final pre-operational check ride upon completion of the PFF training. The crew was composed of the following personnel: Pilot — Lt. Lester J. Litwiller; Co-pilot — Lt. George F. Doell; D.R. Navigator — Lt. Robert A. Jacobs; Radar Navigator — Lt. John Heisl; Pilotage Navigator — Lt. John Brown; Bombardier — Lt. Leon S. Campbell; Flight Engineer — TSgt. Warren Harding; Radio operator — TSgt. Fred Barnes; Ball Turret — SSgt. Oscar Otto; Waist Gunners — SSgt. James Maynes and Lewis Critchelow; and Tail Turret — Earl Brooks. The mission was to the Pas de Calais area, short and uneventful with no fighters and little flak observed.

Upon returning to Hethel, we received the word that hot water was available at the "Ablutions". This was an infrequent occurrence so we made a dash for it. While in the shower, our crew was paged on the Tannoy told to report to the briefing room immediately ready to fly — which we did — to Bungay, home of the 446th BG. When we landed, we were met by armed MPs, taken to a secured building, and informed that "D" day was 6 June, the following day. We spent the remaining time at target study and flight planning. I think we were given some coffee and sandwiches but cannot recall the details of that particular meal. To say that we were excited would be a gross understatement. This was what we had been waiting for. Our mission was to lead the 446th BG to bomb the invasion beaches of Normandy immediately prior to the ground assault. We had been selected to be the first heavy bomb group to cross the French coast on that day.

We took off at 0220, climbed to 10,000 feet and circled in our prescribed forming area firing specific flares as the 446th aircraft assembled in formation behind us. The mission went precisely as planned except for an undercast which necessitated bombing by radar. As we approached the French coast, the radar navigator called me over to look at his PPI scope. It clearly showed the vast armada of the invasion fleet standing just off the coast of Normandy — a thrilling sight even on radar. Bombs were away at precisely 0600! We led our aircraft back to Bungay via Portland Bill and returned to Hethel. Much to our surprise, no flak or German fighters were

observed. Our fighter cover was everywhere.

As we started to undress to get some rest, we were again paged and told to get over to Bungay for another mission. During the course of the briefing, the flight surgeon gave each aircrew member a pill with instruction to take it only "when you feel you can no longer keep awake." We had been up since 0230, 5 June and it was now the afternoon of 6 June, some 36 hours later — we were running on reserve energy.

Shortly after take-off, my eyelids began to get very heavy. Since we were again leading the 446th BG and I needed to have all faculties clear, I took my pill. Shortly thereafter, all signs of weariness disappeared and I was again able to perform my navigation efficiently. We flew to our briefed target Coutances, dropped our bombs, and returned to the English coast above a solid undercast. At landfall, I gave the pilot a heading for Bungay and relaxed. It was all over but the landing, or so I thought.

The next thing that I recall was being shaken violently by my engineer, TSgt. Bud Harding. He finally managed to get across that the pilot was calling me over the intercom. The pill had worn off and I had fallen soundly asleep! Les Litwiller, my pilot, informed me that he had been instructed by the British to circle and letdown below the overcast so that our formation could be identified visually. There was some fear of German intruder aircraft. The formation was now at 1000' and Les wanted a new heading for Bungay. There I sat, the lead navigator, feeling half drugged, without the foggiest notion of our position. I told Les to contact the deputy lead and obtain a heading from his naviga-

tor while I attempted to fix our position. We were apparently too low to use GEE because I could not pick up any station clearly.

The heading obtained from the deputy lead put us on a track due east. In the meantime, I found out exactly when the formation letdown had started and was able to compute an approximate D.R. position around which I drew a circle. The radius of this circle was determined by the maximum distance we could have travelled from my D.R. plot. I figured we were somewhere in the circle, about 50 — 80 miles due west of London. Noting our easterly heading, I asked the pilot to monitor channel 6440 for balloon barrage squeakers because, according to my rough position, we were heading straight for Rainbow Corner. By now it was dark. Pilotage navigation was out because of the blackout.

I continued to work with the GEE set and was finally able to pick up one station. About that time, the pilot called to tell me that he had picked up the balloon barrage squeakers. I immediately gave him a new heading for Bungay away from London. Then for the first and only time, I used the GEE homing procedure that I had learned at Cheddington when our crew first arrived in the U.K. It worked beautifully and we came across the blue perimeter lights of Bungay at 500' just as the GEE blips lines up — just as we had learned in the classroom at Cheddington.

A quick peel off and we were on the ground at Hethel at 2345. It had been a long two days! As you can well imagine, I was on the receiving end of many "asleep" type one liners by my crew and other friends as the word got around in the days that followed.



Standing (left to right): Co-pilot, Lt. George F. Doell; Bombardier, Lt. Leon S. Campbell; Pilot, Lt. Lester J. Litwiller; Radar Navigator, Lt. John Heisl; Pilotage Navigator, Lt. John Brown; D.R. Navigator, Lt. Robert A. Jacobs.

Kneeling (left to right): Flight Engineer, TSgt. Warren Harding; Waist Gunner, SSgt. Lewis Critchelow; Ball Turret, SSgt. Oscar Otto; Waist Gunner, SSgt. James Maynes; Radio Operator, TSgt. Fred Barnes; Tail Gunner, SSgt. Earl Brooks.

LETTERS

Dear Earl (Zimmerman):

Thank you so much for your very kind letter and the superb patch, which is a great honor and deeply appreciated. I will certainly put this on my flying overcoat and it certainly brings back many memories.

I am so pleased to be made a Governor of the Trust for it gives me a chance to repay just a little of all the tremendous kindness and friendship which you gave to us in Norfolk during those dark days, and also the great debt that we all owe to you.

In fact my wife Jean and I are going to try and make the Convention at San Antonio in October, though this is not yet certain, but if we do it would be wonderful to meet the 389th again, and if we could meet any of D+ "Pugnacious Princess Pat" Crew this would be something we would never forget.

If we cannot make the Convention, then we will look forward to 1983, but we are going to try and get to the Sates.

Those days at Hethel seem a long time ago now, but even so the memories are still very clear, and each time I drive past the field I stop to remember all our many friends. I still fly in General Aviation, operating a Rockwell Commander 114 from Norwich Airport (the old Horsham St. Faiths airfield) though I feel that shortly I may have to retire as I am not flying enough to keep really current. We are still involved in Defense, with both Jean and I serving in the Royal Observer Corps, a spare-time part of Strike Command Royal Air Force, and I am one of the three Norwich Duty Officers in the underground Operations room, in fact we are on duty this evening (and every Monday). I also manage to get some Service aircraft flying, having flown a Lightning Fighter, and the Nimrod Maritime 4 jet. Last week I also managed to get an operational sortie in the Jaguar fighter bomber from RAF Coltishall, and I am busy making a film of their role, so aviation is still a big thing in my life (it all started before the war, and then at Hethel . . .).

We were delighted to meet Jordan Uttal and Dave Patterson in Norwich the other week for the Annual General Meeting at the Library, and they were so kind. Now we have your wonderful letter and I cannot thank you enough for this kindness.

Please give my regards to the 389th, and we will hope that we can meet you in October at San Antonio.

David J. Hastings
"Westring" SALHOUSE
N. Norwich, Norfolk
NR13 6RQ England

Dear Evelyn Cohen:

Thanks for forwarding the membership material to which Mr. Tom Goodyear subscribed on my behalf. It appears he misunderstood me somewhat — I did not serve with the Second A.D. Rather, it was my brother who was in it as a pilot in the 706 Sqd. of the 446 Bm. Gp. Regretfully, he was killed in action on 8 March 1944 (Berlin).

I have always maintained a keen interest in the 8th Air Force and was happy to learn of the association and its activities from Mr. Goodyear.

Therefore, to keep matters correct, will you please change my membership to that of associate status?

I am especially interested in the 446 Bm. Gp. and the 706 Bm. Sqd. If you can put me in touch with former Gp. and/or Sqd. members (perhaps there is an historian) I should be very grateful. Also, I would like to know what is available in terms of membership pins or emblems of various kinds.

Enclosed please find a check to be used for whatever purpose the Association desires.

Robert E. Zimmer

Dear Bill:

Robert Jacobs' letter in the June 1981 Newsletter regarding certain "flaws" in James Hoseason's *The 1000 Day Battle* begs for clarification itself.

His statement, "Ours was the first heavy bomber to hit the Normandy Coast" can't help but convey the impression that he was aboard the B-24 chosen to lead the 2nd Air Division on D-Day. He was not. He was navigator aboard the lead PFF ship.

The honor to lead the entire 8th Air Force on D-Day fell to the 446th Bomb Group at Bungay. It is recorded and documented in numerous publications. One such is "Log of the Liberators" by Steve Birdsall, pages 97 and 98:

"The honor of leading the big show went to the 446th at Bungay . . ."

"Close by a 389th Group radar ship, Colonel Jacob Brogger and Charlie Ryan of the 704th Squadron droned along in Red Ass, leading the entire D-Day force."

Fact is that Charlie Ryan and his fantastic lead crew were handpicked by none other than General Jimmy Doolittle himself for the responsibility of leading the 2nd Air Division and the 8th Air Force.

An Air Force photo team were at Bungay a couple of days prior to D-Day to record the preparations and the actual mission itself. When they saw the chosen lead plane was named Red Ass, they hastily ordered the name painted over the night before the mission and replaced with "The Buckeroo". After all, they said, how could they show these films in theaters back home with a plane named Red Ass?

Charlie Ryan saw to it that "his" name was restored to his plane the day after D-Day. It must have brought good luck, for it was brought back to the U.S. in June 1945, and the last I saw Red Ass was at Bradley Field in Connecticut, about to make its last journey (Davis-Monthan at Tucson).
Fred R. Breuninger (Gp. Ops.-446th)

Dear Evelyn,

Heres \$15.00 to retain membership in your great outfit. Use the leftover portion for any means you see fit.

I'll get to meet you at one of these reunions. In the meantime, best of everything to all the members of the Governing Board, who do almost as a remarkable job as you.

Pete Murray

Dear Mr. Jonasson,

I certainly must hand it to you for your perseverance in trying to locate me and my brother! Just today I received a letter from a cousin in West Hartford, Conn. whom I have not seen in at least fifty years who sent me the letter which you wrote to another cousin of mine, Dr. Edward I. Poriss, now deceased.

Both my brother, Ralph G. Poriss and I are alive and well. He lives in Maine and his address is P. O. Box 393, Newcastle, Maine 04553. As you can see we live in Maitland, Florida and have been Floridians since 1955. By the way, my brother did live in Paradise Valley, Arizona but moved from there to Maine about two years ago.

Actually, both Ralph and I were with the 492nd Bomb Group, stationed near North Pickenham but were transferred to the 389th Bomb Group just before it left England in order to arrive home a bit earlier than the 492nd due to our father's having had a heart attack. By the way, we arrived home in time.

I would be very much interested to hear more about your organization and about the convention to be held in San Antonio, Texas. By the way, I expect to see my brother this coming weekend in Clearwater, Florida where he and his wife are vacationing. I am certain he will be most interested in your letter and your organization.

Jonathan Poriss

Dear Bill,

The Journal arrived this morning, as usual packed with interesting material. Thanks so much for putting in the further ad for "Liberator Album" and I am pleased to tell you that it already brought forth quite a few more orders. I have some good news re Vol. 2 and that is that I have arranged finance for its publication and it should be available in about 4-5 months time. It all depends when "The Incredible Hulk" can get the color work done! There is one thing you might possible help me out on as I am short of photos of early 44th B.G. ships "D" models. If you think you have anything that might help, even just one or two, I would be grateful for loan of same.

I shall do my darndest to get to San Antonio in October even if I have to stow away on Concorde. I had such a wonderful time at the last reunion I can't wait to get back.

Tony North

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed is my application for membership and a check for the dues.

Please send me any details you have on the 1981 reunion in San Antonio, Texas. My wife and I are interested in making reservations to attend the reunion.

I was a pilot with the 44th Bomb Group. I was very pleased to learn of the 2nd Air Div. Assn. when I received a copy of your *Journal* a short time ago.

Please send a copy of the March issue of the *Journal* if possible.

Looking forward to joining the Assn.

Marvin Kite
2994 Meadow Lark Dr.
East Point, Ga. 30344

Dear Bill:

Had a letter from Ian Shuttleworth, Norton, England. While in Scotland in 1971 he came across the wreck of a B24 that had crashed when returning to the U.S.A. in 1945, at which time he was 12 years old. Later he became very interested in W.W. II aircraft. The airplane he found belonged to the 66th Bomb Sqdn, 44th Bomb Gp. Since that time he has made every effort to find out about the plane and the 44th. He states he has a large collection of books, photos, etc. of the 44th and would like very much to contact anyone who would know about this plane and crew. He has found out name, rank, ser. no. of the crew. Would like to know the name of plane, what its code letter was, etc. It was flown at one time by 1st Lt. Joseph R. Parks - was assigned to the 44th in Aug. 1944.

The crew were as follows: 1st Lt. Jack B. Ketchum, Pilot; 1st Lt. Jack H. Spener, Co-Pilot; 2nd Lt. Richard J. Robak, Navigator; T/Sgt. Hallburn L. Cheek, Engineer; T/Sgt. James C. Stammer, Radio-op.; T/Sgt. Albert L. Natkin, Gunner; T/Sgt. Edlon J. Gilles, Gunner; T/Sgt. Herman Riefen, Gunner; T/Sgt. Raymond E. Davis, Gunner.

The passengers were as follows: S/Sgt. Emil Einaron; S/Sgt. John B. Ellis, Jr.; S/Sgt. Robert J. Francis; S/Sgt. John H. Hallissey; S/Sgt. James D. Harvey; S/Sgt. Alexander W. Hastings.

Ian's address is:

Ian Shuttleworth
14 Junction Road, Norton
Stockton-on-Tees
County Cleveland, England TS20. 1PJ

Would like very much for you to print this in 2nd A.D. Newsletter as soon as possible. Maybe someone will be able to help him. When its printed in newsletter please send him a copy or send extra one to me and I'll send it to him. He stated *all* the crew and passengers of this plane were killed in the accident.

Thanks a lot for any help you can give Ian. Looking forward to seeing you in Texas!

Visles L. Flanary

Dear Bill:

I had just been located, thanks to Don Olds, and Bob Satter, during your last reunion in Cambridge, Mass. last year. I sure wish that I had been located before that in order to be able to locate some of the group that had been interned with me in Sweden.

Thanks to Don, whom I have been in contact with for the last year, and who has been able to send me a few back issues of the *Journal*, I have seen a few articles from other members, in the *Journal*, in reference to Sweden.

I am writing at this time in order to publish this letter sometime in the near future, in order to still locate some of the fellows interned with me.

I was in the 453rd Bomb Group, the 732nd Sq. We went down on Easter Sunday, April 9th, 1944, and was interned until Nov. 5th, 1944. My Group was located in the town of Rattvik, Sweden, and I am sure some of us are still around, and would like to get in touch with each other.

The only ones that I am in contact with in my crew, are Joe Cox, who happens to live only a mile away from me, and Carlis Gibson, who happens to live in Gaffney, South Carolina.

I received my first (June) issue of the *Journal* and the article on Group Vice Presidents. The article on our Group Chairman, Don Olds and Mame, sure impressed me to know, that Don, who didn't serve with the Group, was able to gather all the information he has during his association with Second Air Division. Congratulations Don.

Al Pekar
36 Turner Ave.
Trumbull, Conn. 06611

Dear Bill:

Memories of our first mission will always be remembered. After our first assembly at Boise Field, Idaho in the year of 1943, we were ready to do our part in helping to win the dreaded war against the Nazis.

As crew #23 of the 458th Bomb Group, 753 Bomb Squadron we landed in Norwich England (Horsham St. Faith) which would be our home base for a few months. Only the Lord knows for how long.

On March 3, 1944 we were alerted to bomb a target near Berlin (our first mission and it was going to be a long one, in fact it lasted about 7 to 8 hours starting from briefing, taking off, assembling with all the other Groups and finally reaching our bombing altitude of 20,000 feet. We reached the attained height just before reaching the coast of France and headed towards our assigned target. On the way we encountered moderate to heavy flak thanks to the intelligence crews. We were hit several times by the yellow colored nose FW190, but we continued on.

On a long mission my duty was of course to man the top turret twin 50's as well as transfer fuel from the auxiliary to the main tanks. Just as I started to leave the top turret to start transferring the fuel and approaching the flight deck, we were attacked from the rear by 2 planes, a FW190 and a ME109, easily recognized of course by the bright colored round nose and the distinctive oil cooler under the wings. Well, anyway, I scurried back into the top turret and retaliated with my twin 50's. The enemy attacks subsided so we completed our task of releasing the bombs and we headed for home. On the way home we were picked up by 2 P-47's as escorts because we had fallen behind due to the fuel transferring process.

Glad to say we all returned safely. Then to top it off we (same crew) hit Berlin on 3-8-44 and also 3-6-44. So the Good Lord was with us at all times.

Incidentally our crew #23, 458 Bomb Group and the 753 Bomb Squadron also participated in the Azon missions of 5-23-44 (the first one and #2 of 6-4-44 Azon #4 of 6-14-44 and #5 of 6-15-44). For this effort we all received the D.F.C.

Carl John Valentine

P.S.: Hope to see you at the San Antonio reunion.

Dear Evelyn:

The Cambridge Reunion was an event, my first, that has brought me closer to my fellow crewmen and the 467th.

Since 1945, I have kept constant correspondence with Jim Coffey, pilot, Andy DeBiasse, flight engineer and to lesser extent with Bob Snyder, bombardier and Donald Faford, radio operator. Jim, Andy and I have on several occasions met in New York City on brief but emotional super mini reunions. Thru Jim I was informed during 1979 that a superb organization known as the "Second Air Division Association had been active during 32 years and growing stronger with time.

My top priority from now on is the yearly Reunion; regretting 32 misses. Our crew, thanks to God and good living, is doing the upper-most toward a 100% at San Antonio.

Evelyn, you are an extremely popular lady; you always show your deep sentiments and love toward our association, reason enough for having us in your pocket. God bless you.

Albert A. Muller, Nav.
Apartado 66703, Las Americas
Caracas, Venezuela



(L to R): Bob Miller, Sgt., ball gunner; Hymie Small, Flt. Officer, Co-Pilot; Jim Coffey, Lt., Pilot; Bob Snyder, Lt., Bombardier; Al Muller, Flt. Officer, Navigator; Donald Faford, Sgt., Radio Operator; Bill Smith, Sgt., Turret gunner; Andy DeBiasse, Sgt., Flt. Engineer. Missing: Carl Shaut, Sgt., Tail gunner; Bill Hayes, Sgt., Waist gunner.



(L to R): Snyder, Muller, Faford, Smith, Coffey, DeBiasse
Missing: Small, Miller, Hayes and Shaw.

P.S.: Am enclosing two pictures taken in Cambridge. One with the only crew with 8 present and the other the 6 wives that accompanied us to such a gratifying encounter.

Dear Bill:

Just finished reading your latest issue and thoroughly enjoyed it as always. You do an excellent job!!

I particularly enjoyed the article by Myron Keilman. It brought back memories of Operation Varsity, one jump across the Rhine at Wesel on March 24, 1945.

Keep up the good work.

Joe Quade, Editor
17th Airborne Division Association

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed check for 2 years dues (1981-1982). Sorry to be late so I'll be a little early for next year.

Enjoyed the 33rd Annual Reunion last year in Boston. Though my wife and I were strangers to everyone else, i.e. no other crew members or anyone I flew with were there, we had a wonderful time.

Looking forward to this year's reunion in Texas. Do they allow small bald headed ex-gunners in the state?

I have enjoyed reading the News Letters. I would like to find out if I might be one of the youngest members of this Asso. I completed my 35th mission on April 14, 1945 at the tender age of 19 years 5 months old. This puts me at 55 years young at present.

Robert W. Bousquet

(Ed: I think there was a gunner age 16 in one of the Groups who completed about 5 missions before the brass discovered his real age. Would you believe they sent him home?)

Dear Evelyn:

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for two of the 2nd ADA car decals.

I continue to enjoy each issue of the *Journal*. This last issue was great! So many fantastic stories to be shared. It's a shame more of the members don't contribute. A perfect example is my father! He has a fantastic, if not a bit ironic, story to tell. I can't convince him to write it down and send it to you. Maybe one of these days I'll talk him into it. Wish me luck!

Hope to see you in Texas. Sounds like it will be a great reunion. I spent 6 weeks at Officers Basic Training in San Antonio and had a great time. I'm sure everyone else will enjoy it too . . . lots of things to do in San Antonio!

Thank you for everything. I'll be anxious to get the decals.

Kathy Gigstad

Father: George Gigstad (446th)

(Ed: Since you know the story Kathy why don't you tell it? You know the old saw "There's more than one way . . ." etc.)

Dear Bill:

Bill I am seeking some information on the crew that was interned in Sweden 9 April 1944. I know part of the crews names: Lt. Walley Mangerich, pilot Lt. Eric Rood, bombardier Lt. Julius Needelman, Navigator and SSgt. Bogdanovich, engineer. I need to know the other crew members. Also would you have a picture of the B-24 "Jayhawker" or the crew. I have been communicating with Julius Needelman on this but he can't remember any of the rest of them. I would also like to know where I can get some information on the planes and crews that were interned in Sweden. If there is any way you can help me, I would appreciate it.

I am planning on making it to the reunion this year at San Antonio. Do you know of anyone that would like to share a room there?

Glenn R. Matson (458th)

Dear Mr. Robertie:

In my last letter I forgot to mention something. My friend, whose the same age as me, had an uncle who was on the August 1, 1943 Ploesti raid and survived it only to die later on a different mission.

The thing I was wondering if you could do, is to print a letter in the *Journal* asking my requests for information about him. The only things I know are that his last name was Kennedy and he flew on the August 1 Ploesti mission. I wanted to find out what the name of the plane was and what position he held in the crew, what the names of the other crew members he flew with were, and the BS and BG he flew with.

Chris McDougal

3921 67th St.
Urbandale, Iowa 50322

Dear Bill:

During the late 1960s I first began photographing the American artwork which was still clinging to the barrack room walls and nissen huts. This served as the inspiration for me to write "Fields of Little America," which was published in 1977. I am now making a determined effort to record all remaining artwork before it disappears for ever. Indeed, much of the paintings and cartoons etc. I photographed some years ago have now gone completely. I would very much like to hear from any member who has wartime or even post-war photos of the artwork in its original state (preferably in color) which I could borrow and return. I would particularly like to hear from anyone who has pictures of the artwork at Shipdham, Seething and Wendling. At the last base there is still a massive wall painting of Liberators in silhouette in the old Admin. building. Unfortunately, the majority of it is concealed by a wall built directly in front of it and any information therefore, relating to its shape and form, would be most welcome.



I would also welcome any photos and information relating to the original state of the paintings at the 4th CBW HQ at Shipdham; who painted them, who are the models etc. It would be most interesting if the original artists of all the above paintings at all bases came forward. I look forward very much to hearing from you.

Martin W. Bowman
131 Sylsham Road
Norwich, NR3 2AD, England

Dear Ms. Cohen:

I'm enclosing a check for \$25.00 to pay dues for 1981 and 1982. Please use the rest wherever it is needed.

My husband, B/Gen. Ezekiel W. Napier, who was the Commander of the 489th Bomb Group, passed away last August. He had been in failing health for the past several years, but did enjoy visits from members of his Group. Charlie Freudenthal came from Washington, D.C. in 1979 and stayed several days with us. I thoroughly enjoyed talking over "hard times" at Wendover, Utah! I was lucky to be able to spend seven weeks out there with Zeke so was able to get acquainted with quite a few in the Group.

I am looking forward to the reunion here in San Antonio this year.

Please keep sending the *Journal* to me as I enjoy it very much.

I'll see you here in San Antonio in October.
Libby (Mrs. E.W.) Napier

Dear Evelyn,

Enclosed please find a check for \$10.00 to cover an associate membership for a Frieslanian, one Mr. Jan J. van der Ver. His address is Buorren 49, 8581 KD Elahuizen, The Netherlands.

This gentleman is an author who has written a book about a 67th Squadron, 44th B.G. ship and crew which made a remarkable crash-landing in Friesland in Nov. 1943. He also has a detailed card file on every B-24 that made a forced landing in the Netherlands during the war which he graciously offered to send to me.

I am paying his dues, partly in gratitude for this gesture, and partly because he has, of late, great interest in anything with a B-24 background. He is a true friend of all of us. Don't know if there is additional charges for overseas mailing, but if there is, please bill me. One other thing. I have mailed out so many applications that I have run out. Can you please send me more?!

Will Lundy

Dear Mr. Robertie,

After all these years I have been corresponding with our old ground crew-chief, Curley Nelson, and have learned of the Second Air Division Association and the *Journal*. Curly was kind enough to send me his copy of the Dec. 1980 *Journal* and as Dave Patterson said, "I wish I had known of this Association a long time ago." I have enjoyed reading the *Journal* and have talked to Curly about plans for attending the reunion this Oct. in San Antonio, Texas.

I was flight engineer for Arnold Richardson's crew, 44th, BG, 67th. Sqdn. Since hearing of the Association I have located and talked with my pilot, Arnold Richardson; one gunner that lives in Brownsville, Texas, Robert Dorris and believe that I have a good phone no. for the navigator, Raymond Schrock, although haven't made contact with him yet. Could be he is gone for the winter.

I have ordered some patches from Evelyn and am sending my dues for the *Journal*. I have also mailed my dues for the 8th Air Force Historical Society. I am very enthused about the Association and am looking forward to being in San Antonio for the reunion.

Evelyn enclosed the June issue of the *Journal* with the application for membership.

Thank you very much and hope I have the pleasure of meeting you at the reunion.

Ellis C. Lebo
P. O. Box 4244
Auburn Heights, Mi 48057

Dear Bill,

The letter from Bob Mallick in the March issue really warmed my heart. Over the years (time and time again) I've told the story about how old I started to feel at 24, or thereabouts, when this "young kid" of 18 going on 19 came into the Officers club and excitedly told me about bailing out.

Thinking they had been shot up on a mission I asked how the rest of his crew made out. It was then that he told me they had been slow timing an engine when he went back to the camera hatch, told the pilot what he was going to do — and they agreed the pilot would do it the next time — and bailed out.

Needless to say I was almost speechless (Me!!) and told him he was some kind of nut because he could be courtmartialed or even killed, or at least hurt, but we both had a hearty laugh at the matter. I believe we had an illegal 'off hour' drink on the matter. Oh to be young and foolish again instead of being young only!!!

Jim Kotapish (453rd)

Dear Bill:

I am in receipt of the Second Air Division Association *Journal* for the month of June 1981 and want to thank you very much for allowing my letter pertaining to the 562nd Air Force Band to be included on page 19.

Since the above mentioned *Journal* was issued to its members, I have heard from Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, USAF, Retired, member, and also Editor of the 8th Air Force News, 8th Air Force Historical Society.

Col. Woolnough has made a note of my letter as it appeared and offered to help locate our two missing men as much as possible through the 8th Air Force Historical Society News Letter.

Under the signature of Lt. Col. John H. Woolnough, USAF, Retired, he noted (former pilot of the 466th Bomb Group, Second Air Division). Having noted the 466th Bomb Group, I was immediately led to my scrap book and noted from a program therein that the 562nd Air Force Band played for their 200th Mission Party which was held on Friday, April 6, 1945 and Saturday, April 7, 1945. I remember the occasion vividly due to the fact that the 8th Air Force Flying Yanks jazz band also participated and it turned out to be a battle of music.

Once again, I want to thank you for your cooperation and want to say that I have never made a request through the Second Air Division Association for which I never received a response.

Earl D. Brown
M/Sgt. USAF, Retired

Dear Evelyn:

Just discovered my accountant was Jimmy Stewart's navigator in the 445th. His name is Howard Selke, and he was totally unaware of the Second Air Division Association. He definitely wants to join. Please send the necessary forms, dues statements, etc. to him. Also, if possible, a December, 1980 *Journal*. I ask this issue because there are three great action stories from the 445th.

Thank you for this and for all past favors.
Paul S. Eggleston, Jr.

Dear Evelyn:

While on assignment to movie project by Walt Disney Productions, the Director, Dell Mann and I discovered that we were members of the 467 Bomb Group, stationed at Rackheath, near Norwich, England, and it was he who told me of the Second Air Division Association and invited me to join. Enclosed is my check toward that end. Use the balance for whatever projects the organization has in effect.

I was a member of the 790th Sqdn. from its inception at Camp Kearns, Utah in the fall of 1943, then through Group training at Wendover, Utah, combat service at Rackheath, England. We were deactivated at Sioux Falls, South Dakota a few days after the Second A-Bomb.

I stayed in aviation working in Research and Development for Lockheed, retiring last year after 38 years with them.

In 1969 I became involved in Hot Air Ballooning as a hobby, and as a result of reading history books on Lighter than Air flights I came across the name of General (then Major) Kepner.

If no one has as yet reported this phase of his career and if you wish I'll try to find more information in other books that I have in storage.

Eugene Cerveny

Dear Evelyn:

Finally getting around to send in dues for John. We have enjoyed the 2nd AD *Journal* so much — sent each Christmas by "Major" Lee Lowenthal, we sit down and read it from cover to cover the minute it arrives.

Please send a 2nd A.D. Blazer Patch. and add the \$7.00 additional to the Memorial Fund. Keep up your fine work.

Winifred (Mrs. John) Nowak

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRINCE?

V.A. McCarty (446th)

(As told by Jim Wylie and Gene Rosen)

The crew of the 705th Squadron's Model Crew had just named their new B-24H-1 "Werewolf" when Captain Solomon Cutcher, Squadron Commander, came to the crew with a strange request. He asked pilot, James M. Wylie, to have the crew stand by to cooperate with a Hollywood publicity team that wanted some shots of a B-24 and crew to publicize a new 1943 movie, "Princess O'Rourke", starring Jane Wyman. "Princess O'Rourke" was a story of a black scottish terrier pup.

Prior to coming to Lowry Field on the outskirts of Denver where the 446th Bomb Group was staging for overseas assignment, the publicity team had purchased a very young black scottish terrier from a local Denver kennel. Since the theme of the movie was about the pup, all publicity shots were taken with the pup, the crew and the airplane. Cooperating with the Hollywood people, the crew agreed to paint a picture on the other side of their airplane from the name "Werewolf" . . . a picture of a scottish terrier and the name, "Princess O'Rourke". Therefore, Jim Wylie's B-24 may have been the only airplane in the ETO that flew combat missions with two names.

Everyone had a big time with the public-

ity team. When they had completed their work and were ready to leave Lowry Field, they gave "Princess" to the crew as a mascot. As it turned out, the pup was a male, so the crew renamed him "Prince". According to the American Kennel Club Stud Book, he was "Prince O'Rourke"; sired by Gordon's Wee Johnnie Gaffagay; dam, Pat VII; whelped August 29, 1943, and registered by "Crew of B24 Princess O'Rourke".



Having gone through briefings about strict regulations relating to quarantine of animals in foreign countries, including the UK, the crew was very apprehensive about taking the "Prince" overseas. In fact, all but Lt. Eugene D. Rosen, the crew's navigator, were ready to give up on the idea. Some of the crew went so far as to nickname the pup, "Trouble". But that did not

dismay Gene. Keeping the pup out of sight and playing it low key, he was able to get "Prince" to the UK via Borinquen Field, Trinidad, Belem, Natal, Ascension Island, Robert Sifeld, Dakar and Marakech.

Upon arrival at Station 125, Bungay, Gene declared the existence of "Prince". Even with papers to show all the necessary shots, British authorities were adamant. They insisted that the pup must comply with the required quarantine period of one year. Lt. Rosen was told that he could keep the pup, however, until the necessary paper work was processed to place "Prince" in quarantine. As it turned out the process took more than eleven months before the final papers to impound reached Lt. Rosen. By that time it was decided it was too late to go through with the quarantine. What appeared to have been bureaucratic red-tape may have been friendly British Cooperation in disguise.

After completing his missions, Lt. Rosen was transferred to the staff of the 14th Combat Wing at Shipdam, leaving "Prince" at Bungay where he was a familiar figure around the 705th Squadron Operations office . . . a little bit of home for many a homesick airman. Gene says, "I'm sure Prince found a good home somewhere in Suffolk after the 446th Bomb Group went home."

Anyone know what happened to the Prince?

445th REPORTING

by Frank DiMola (445th)

This issue will be the last one before we meet in San Antonio in October. We are expecting a large turnout and I hope your reservations are in on time. There must be enough Texans from the 2nd Air Division to fill the entire La Mansion del Norte Hotel.

My main contact in Texas is Buddy Cross, Amarillo, who is covering the state with a blanket via posters, radio announcements, and the press. The state of New Mexico is being handled by Max Loya in the same manner. William Williams (not a typo-error) is covering the Miami area with posters that I sent him. Oh, by the way if any one wants a beautiful lay-out poster 18x24, please let me know and I will send you one, along with application blanks. Usually shopping areas and places that are heavily traveled afoot are the best places.

Now on with my correspondence. Tom Campana, Chicago, Ill. was in the 701 Sqd. and he flew 29 missions with A.C. Tracy's crew. He recently joined the Association and is now looking for the rest of the crew. I will try Tom. He has made several trips to Tibenham, England. We have plans for a trip to Norwich and the details will be released in the future. Henry Lively, Wichita, Kan., had the 2nd AD notice put in the Wichita Eagle Beacon paper and he has found a few fellows interested in our organization. Tom has been very helpful with me as we have exchanged quite a few letters. Just to mention a few names that he found,

George Harlow, Waukegan, Ill.; Henry Bussing, Tucson, Ariz.; LeRoy Tucker, Tulane, Calif.; George Drebo, Texas; and John E. Brown, Lafayette, N.Y. and Benny R. Madamba. Henry, just to bring to your memory, the number of your aircraft was #42-29117 of the 708 BS. Any one interested in having a copy of the original shipping orders of the 445th of Oct. 1943, just drop me a line and some postage to cover the mailing. The copy consists of 14 sheets of 8x14. It contains the entire shipping of men and a/c and entire list of the flying crew and passengers.

Once again I heard from Ken Fox of Norwich, England. Melvin Scott, Taylors S.C. also is on the campaign trail. He submitted a "WHERE ARE YOU" ad in the Greenville News also with some results. I received a most interesting letter from my sqd. CO. Phillip E. Garrett, Salt Lake City, Utah. In just a short space of time I was able to locate my 1st Sgt. Ed Lowe, Michigan, and now I have found my CO. Pretty soon we will be able to have roll call. Robert Baird, San Antonio, just can't wait for our reunion — I hopw he doesn't have any airline problems.

Things are happening at a fast pace as far as getting acquainted with the long lost buddies. There is in existence a 702 Military Air Lift Squadron located at McGuire Air Base, New Jersey and somehow they claim some tie-in with the original 702 BS of the 445th. Recently they held a reunion and some how their contact man, John Attebury, D.C., got my name and he wanted

some info about the outfit. I refered a number of names that I had on file that were in the 702 BS. I was able to find their 1st CO James E. Evans, a practicing attorney of Nashville, Tenn. Jim was invited as the guest of honor which he accepted. Also at the reunion was Steven Poxner, New York and Ralph McCool, Maryland. It was their first meeting in 36 years and I could just feel the thrill of it all. I'll have a more detailed report on the reunion when I hear from John Attebury.

Jack Moore of the 389th Mass. read my name in the June issue and now he also wants to know the whereabouts of Steve N. Posner. Small world. Charles Cooper, Florida, has contacted his entire crew and they were alerted to stand-by for flight instructions. He has named the target as San Antonio, and he is looking for maximum effort. O! by the way, David Patterson was a member of this crew. My correspondence is getting so much to handle that I do lose track of continued writing to all of you.

I do hope that all of you understand and I want to keep hearing from YOU ALL. I just received a new member to the 2ND, a Ben Schlosser of Greenville, S.C. He mentioned the names of William W. Jones, the Group CO and his pilot, Fishman. Ben, I will try to locate them.

I just cannot end this report without mentioning the great work that Buddy Cross is doing for the 2ND. Thanks a lot Buddy and I expect to collect that little promise that you made. See ya.