



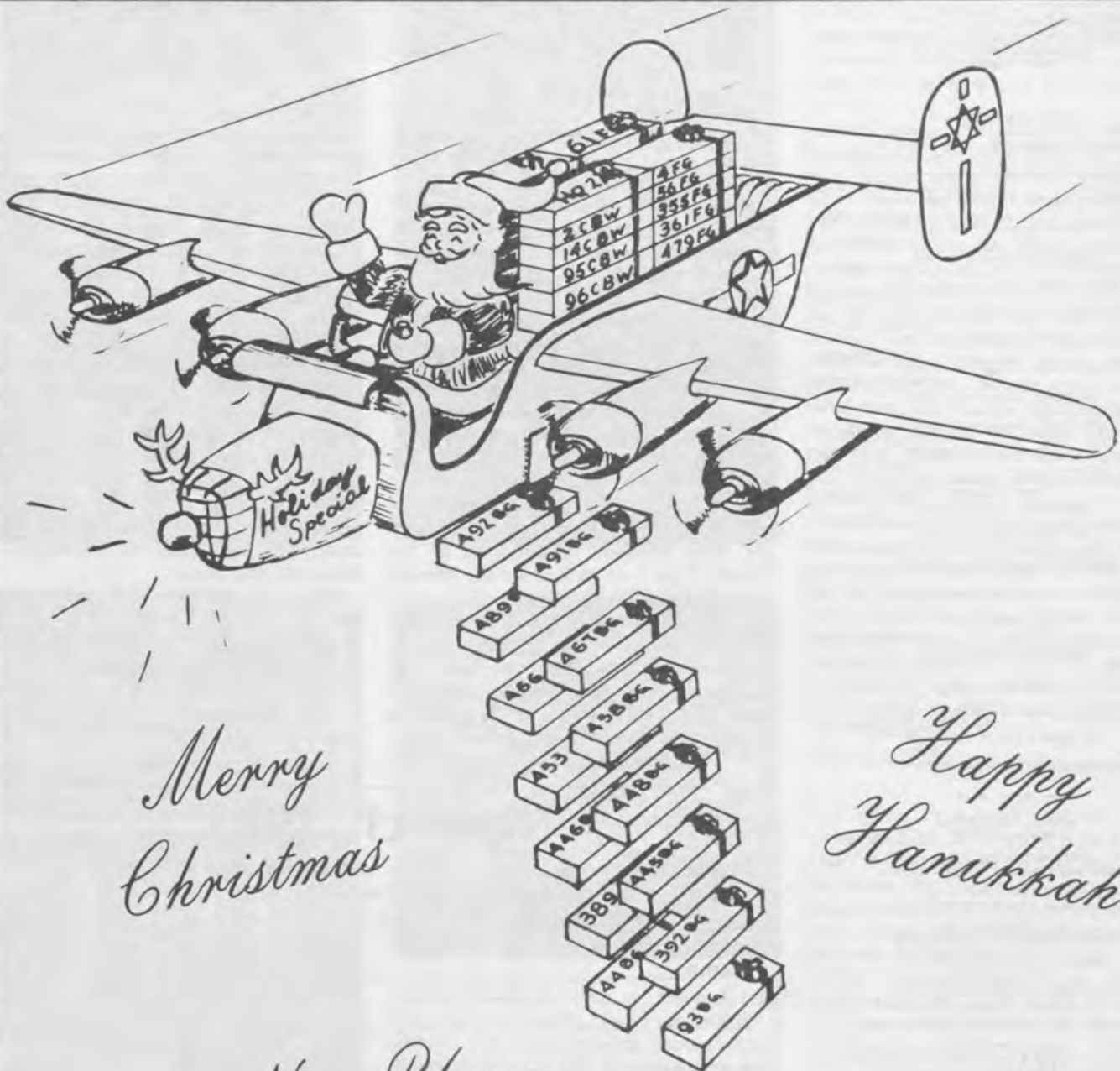
# SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION JOURNAL



Vol. 21, No. 4

SECOND AIR DIVISION ASSOCIATION

December 1982



*Merry  
Christmas*

*Happy  
Hanukkah*

*Happy New Year*

by Veynar

## Second Air Division Association Eighth Air Force

### OFFICERS

President.....MAJ. GEN. ANDREW S. LOW (Ret.)  
737 Boston Neck Rd., Narragansett, R.I. 02882  
Executive Vice President.....COL. CHARLES FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)  
8421 Barea Drive, Vienna, Virginia 22180  
Vice President.....EVELYN COHEN  
Membership.....Apt. 06410 Delaire Landing, 9301 State Road  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19114  
Vice President.....WILLIAM G. ROBERTIE  
Journal.....P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, Mass. 01938  
Treasurer.....DEAN E. MOYER  
549 East Main St., Evans City, Pa. 16033  
Secretary.....FRANK THOMAS  
118 Lakeview Dr., Carlinville, Ill. 62626

\* \* \* \* \*

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

\* \* \* \* \*

### GROUP VICE PRESIDENTS

Headquarters.....JAMES H. REEVES  
Box 98, Thomasville Rd., Moultrie, Georgia 31768  
44th BG.....HOWARD C. HENRY, JR.  
164B Portland Lane, Rossmore, Jamesburg, N.J. 08831  
65th FW.....COL. GEORGE M. EPPERSON (Ret.)  
2369 Oak Crest Drive, Riverside, California 92506  
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.....E. KOORNDYKE  
867 Reynard SE, Grand Rapids, Mich. 49507  
392nd BG.....J. FRED THOMAS  
8933 221H Biscayne Ct., Huntington Beach, Calif. 92646  
445th BG.....FRANCIS J. DIMOLA  
390 Madison Ave., New Milford, N.J. 07646  
446th.....VERE A. MCPARTY  
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.....G. C. MERKET  
716 Top Hill Dr., Tyler, Texas 75703  
467th BG.....PHILLIP G. DAY  
237 Pennsylvania Ave., Shreveport, La. 71105  
489th BG.....COL. CHARLES H. FREUDENTHAL (Ret.)  
8421 Barea Dr., Vienna, Va. 22180  
491st BG.....CARL I. ALEXANDERSON  
RR 2, Pawling, New York 12564  
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  
Photographer.....ROBERT T. COLEMAN  
5790 E. Cochise Tr., Tucson, Ariz. 85715

\* \* \* \* \*

### BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEMORIAL TRUST

THOMAS C. EATON, Chairman  
3 Upper King Street Norwich, Norfolk, England  
PAUL R. KING, Vice Chairman  
Noverre House, Norwich NR2 1 RH, England  
MRS. MICHAEL BARNE  
Sotterley Hall, Beccles, Suffolk, England  
CDR. MARK EDMONSTONE CHEYNE  
Ditchingham Lodge  
Ditchingham, Bungay, Suffolk, England  
ROGER A. FREEMAN  
May's Barn, Dedham, Nr. Colchester, Essex, England  
DAVID J. HASTINGS  
"Westering", Salhouse, NR, Norwich, Norfolk, NR136RD, England  
ALFRED A. JENNER  
Norfolk News Co. Ltd., Norwich, Norfolk, England  
COL. M. R. MARCHAND  
Deputy Base Commander, R.A.F.  
Lakenheath, Brandon, Suffolk, England  
LADY MAYHEW  
58B Bracondale, Norwich, NR1 2AP, England  
CHRISTOPHER SNOW  
24 Grosvenor Sq., London W1A 1AE, England  
PROFESSOR HOWARD TEMPERLEY  
School of English and American Studies  
University of East Anglia, Earlham, Norwich, England  
LT. COL. W. D. WUEST  
The Manor, Old Buckenham, Norfolk, England

## 389th BOMB GROUP MEMORABILIA

by E. Koorndyke (389th)

Another few months have swiftly passed by and again the time has arrived for me to share a few experiences with you that have come across my desk, courtesy of your faithful 389th members.

I am happy to report that the total contributions submitted by our members towards the Norwich Library project has reached \$500. I would urgently request that members who haven't as yet shared in this drive, do so immediately. We have committed ourselves for a total of \$750, and I'm sure that this goal can be attained before we go to Norwich next May.

The project of a permanent memorial at the Norwich Library is going forward at full speed and should be ready for us to view at reunion time in Norwich.

Send your contributions direct to myself and I will forward them to Dean Moyer. Certainly from a membership of over four hundred, we should be able to attain our goal of \$750.

Since our reunion I have received a letter from our engineer Walt Gibson and his wife Dot. Walt has been a member from the early days of the organization and many of the older members have asked about their well being. We missed them for a few years, but Walt informs me that they might try and make the Norwich Reunion.

With Walt Gibson, Jim Collins and myself going to Norwich, I would like to get a few more members of our crew of the "Lucky Tiger" to walk down the runway together this coming May.

Other notes received and appreciated were from Russ Dill who has our poster at O'Hare Field. Stan Shibovich, thanks for your input. Stan wanted me to remind all members to get their dues for New Year in to Evelyn on time. George Makin is going

to try and be with us at Norwich. Incidentally, Evelyn will be putting all the members of each Bomb Group in the same hotel and then I also heard from Roy Jonasson who is the most prolific name and address procurer I know of. He'll wear out my typewriter if he keeps it up.

Getting new members is a never ending job and can only be accomplished with all of your support. If you keep sending me leads, I'll do the corresponding and follow up work.

And then a special thanks to our faithful Earl Zimmerman who keeps sending in anecdotes of the 389th to share with all of us. Earl, your diary must have a never ending supply of stories and experiences. I've been researching our old *Journals* and you've supplied more than your share of events to help us relive memories of our days in the 389th. Thanks a million.

If any of our other members have an experience to share with the members, drop Bill Robertie a line and he'll get it in the *Journal*.

And now a gentle reminder to all that our time for getting our reservations for Norwich in to Evelyn is fast drawing to a close. I would urge as many as can to seriously think of making this last mission together as a group. I'm sure that because of age brackets, this will be our last sortie to England. What a climax to our years of comradeship, first as airmen fighting for a cause and then years of fellowship, as husbands and wives.

Then with the New Year approaching, my wife June and I would like to take this opportunity to wish all of our members a most blessed holiday season. May God bless and keep each one of you and yours in his love and give you a full measure of health and happiness in the New Year.

## Norwich 1983

If you plan to go to Norwich, please fill out the information requested below and mail to Evelyn Cohen, Apt. 06410 Delaire Landing, Philadelphia, Pa. 19114.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Group \_\_\_\_\_

Spouse \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

For those of you who received the original sheets with costs of events and air fare, these were tentative costs and we now have complete information (reduced costs) and if you are still interested drop me a line. You may also reach me at 215-632-3992.

THE QEII has been cancelled due to schedule difficulties.

## PLAQUES

Those of you who intended to get the new, larger sized .50 cal. plaque, but just never got around to requesting one, should take advantage of this final offering of 1982. (Aside to wives: It makes a TERRIFIC Christmas present).

over a contrasting gold colored back plate. Can be made with either a pewter B-24 (with your Bomb Group tail colors), Airman's wings (Command pilot, Senior pilot, Pilot, Navigator, Bombardier, Gunner or Air Crew Member) OR, an 8th AIR

## REPORT OF THE 458th BG

by Rick Rokicki (458th)

First of all, I'd like to thank each and everyone of you guys and gals who contributed to the 458th B.G. Memorial Project that appeared in the *Journal's* September issue. I'm happy to report that we did make our goal of \$750.00 and our colors will be flyin' in the Memorial room. Many thanks to those who offered to subscribe further just in case we came up a little short. That's the sort of cooperation that makes this job easy. Now, let's plan for the Norwich trip in '83...

If the tentative schedule holds, the plan is to arrive on Thursday, May 26th and depart the reunion hotels on Tuesday, May 31st. The 5 day "land package" will cost approximately \$500.00 each, plus your air fare to get to London. Evelyn says she can arrange transportation to Norwich from London. I would like all who plan to attend (at this time) to drop me a note and I will attempt to keep you posted on reunion plans as they develop. I am requesting space at the Hotel Nelson and in order for us to keep our Group together, it will be necessary to give her some fairly good numbers. Please let me know your plans. Address: P.O. BOX 8767, B.W.I. AIRPORT, MD 21240.

We continue to add members to the Group and I wish to thank those who are taking the time and effort to write and tell me their names and addresses. George Reynolds, Tom Walsh, Bud Walker, Bert Betts and Jim Wedding, to just name a few. Need continued assistance here and appreciate your efforts. Again, thanks to all those who have helped make this a successful and growing Group.

A quick "run-down" of the last 60 made: 25 B-24, 22 Wings, 6 B-26, 2 P-38, 2 PB4Y-2 (Navy B-24), 2 B-17 and 1 F-86. Somehow, the word is getting out that the plaque is available to others outside the 2 ADA. However, **ALL** Association members will be honored first.

Your choice of any of the 3 plaque designs (airplane, wings or 8th AF emblem) is still priced at \$39.00 each. However, if you recall the price in October 1979 started at \$25, then went to \$27, \$36 and has been at \$39 for most of 1982. My labor is free, but outside costs are not controllable. Another check has been sent to Dean Moyer, Treasurer of the 2 ADA, for \$64.00, making a total of \$592.00 sent to the Association treasury as profit from the sale of this venture.

Make your check out to: RICK ROKICKI, P.O. BOX 8767, B.W.I. AIRPORT, MD. 21240.



FORCE EMBLEM (approx. 3/4 inch red, blue and gold enamel. Outer rim 14K gold plated). See accompanying photos. Your name engraved in Old English Script, and from 7 to 9 lines of engraving. Give me all pertinent details such as: rank (if desired), duty (pilot, gunner, mechanic, line chief, parachute rigger, etc.), also need Bomb Group, Squadron, location, dates (from-to), missions, decorations, etc. You can never send too much info, I will sort out what I think will go best. As before, you must be 100% satisfied or your money back, guaranteed!

Once again: 6 1/2" x 10" solid, polished walnut, 4 each .50 cal. shells and connecting links with black enamel engraved plate



## 445th REPORTING

by Frank Dimola (445th)

To continue on about what a Group Vice President does in his spare time — The mail has been coming in at a good pace. If you have not heard from me yet, just be patient. I'll get to it. When I read the mail, I can feel the excitement that has been created from the writer. He just recalls his youth, his experience in the 8th Air Force, his combat stories and some even recall the POW days.

Now on with the corresponding. Buddy Cross, Texas, who keeps in touch very often, has sent me some more stories about his success in finding some more members. At one time he set up a small table in one of the shopping malls in Amarillo and did very well. He just recruited any one who has anything to do with the Liberator and spoke to them about the 2nd Air Division Association. He sent me a copy of a photo where James M. Stewart was being awarded an Air Medal for his participation and flying lead positions in the Berlin, Brunswick and Frankfurt missions. Arthur E. Lundburg, Calif, sent me a photo of his crew with Charles E. Morgan, Colo., pilot. At the same time I received a photo of the same crew, different background, from Charles (Chuck) Morgan himself. You can feel the thrill of it all when they reunited after so many years.

From across the sea, jolly ol' England, I heard from Kenneth Fox a resident of Norwich itself. He sent me a beautiful letter describing the beautiful bookcases that were donated by the members of the 445th in memory of Rudolph J. Birsic. Rudy was our Group Adjutant and the Group Historian. Ken was in training with the RAF during our stay in England and took his training on our air base in Tibenham.

I would like to thank all of you that have helped me in financing some of my mailing expense. Thanks a lot fellows.

Vincent Sinkevich, Fla. came to New York City recently to see his daughter. He tells me a good story on how he remembers driving on to the runway in Tibenham with a Sgt. Brown to pick up a 2000 lb. bomb that some a/c dropped while on take-off... No it did not explode. I wonder if you would do it again Vin? It was also interesting to find out that we grew up in the same neighborhood. I received two swell letters from Elmo Misner, Ore., and I was able to forward to him the address of his pilot, Hardin E. Miller, Tx. Let me know what happened.

Every month all the VP's receive a list of all the new members and how interesting it is to see how close so many members do live. Even though they are not in the 445th, I still make a phone call and say "Hello".

Recently someone came up with an idea to publish an album of the crews and other snapshots of the 445th boys while they were on the ETO. This was mentioned to me

## DIVE BOMBING STRAFFING MISSION TO CONCHES, FRANCE July 4, 1944

by George Bostwick (56th FG)

On July 4, 1944, I was assigned element leader to Pete Dade, 62nd Squadron Commander on a routine mission in support of the Normandie landings. Hub Zemke was leading the group. Our squadron was to take off first, followed by Zemke flying with the 63rd and thence the 61st. Just as we were about to get the signal to roll, Pete had an aircraft malfunction and pulled off into the grass as did his wingman who was on his first mission.

When we got tower go ahead, I started to roll, but Zemke, who got tired of all the confusion, decided to take his squadron off first and also started to roll. Since our runways crossed, this could have led to disaster. I stopped. He stopped. We pulled a real Alfonso Gaston act 3 times. Finally, Hub got on the radio and said for Gods sake go ahead and take off. I applied full power, but noted we had already used up about 1000 feet of runway. We were carrying two 1000 pound bombs and a 1400 pound Belly Tank. Also I was flying a new D model aircraft for the first time (D25 or D30) which had 70 gallons more internal fuel. As we reached the end of one of the 4200 foot runways at Boxted, I pulled my jug into the air with marginal air speed!

My wing man followed and stayed airborne, but my aircraft came back down. I bounded off a British road and again in a wheat field. At this point I caught the aircraft in a semi-stalled tail low altitude and began slowly to pick up airspeed and regain control. Just as I was about to retract the gear, I flew through an English Hedgerow (rock fence with small trees) and the aircraft began bouncing again. I again regained control only to hit a second and third Hedgerow, the latter containing a rather large tree stump. My right wing collided with the stump and ripped the 1000 pound bomb and pylon from the aircraft. I remember watching the bomb bouncing end over end under the right wing.

by John O. Goffe, Okla. Think about it and we will put someone in charge to get it started. I now have a 13 page roster of active members of this group and any one interested, please drop me a line plus postage.

A letter from Howard L. Davis, N.Y. was requesting the whereabouts of Col. William W. Jones, whose last address was El Centro, Calif. You see Bill Jones was the second Group Commander that we had. He succeeded Robert Terrill, Fla. If anyone knows the address of Bill, please get in touch with me and I will forward it to Howard. While I was talking with Howard, I found out that he and three other officers

This time I had a little more room and was able to regain control and retract the landing gear. I proceeded to lead the 62nd until we formed up and blue leader took over. I then planned to return to Boxted, but thought I'd try the belly tank first and much to my surprise it fed. The 90° glass elbow which connected the belly tank full system to the aircraft and which was extremely fragile had survived contact with three hedgerows.

I decided to proceed with the mission. The first part was uneventful — we dropped our bombs on a railroad marshaling yard and were heading home when our controller called in 40-50 Bogies in the Evereau area near Paris. We altered course in that direction and the bogies turned out to be ME108s which had taken off from Evereau Air Strip and were heading for the beachhead area. We attacked with a decided altitude and airspeed advantage and destroyed about 25 of them. I got three and would have gotten a fourth if I had managed my ammunition better. Must brag a little as a review of the gun camera film showed that I had gotten many hits on the three I shot down at 45°-55° 60° deflection which ain't bad with the old ring and bead gunsight. On the way home, my aircraft began to vibrate violently, especially the instrument panel and eventually disabled most of my indicators and instruments. It was a long, but happy flight home. Upon approaching Boxted, I put my gear down and asked my wing man to check for damage. He reported that the right wheel was smashed flat, so I made my one and only one wheel landing in a jug. I was able to keep it straight until most of the airspeed bled off and then let it ground loop off the runway. Inspection revealed that all four propeller blades were bent back 12-14 inches and that the right wing had been twisted in excess of 10°.

In retrospect it was an exciting mission — one I wouldn't want to repeat every day.

were the first to come over to Tibenham, and planned the arrival of the group.

I cannot say or type just how I feel about the great response that I received regarding the Plaque drive that we all planned for in Nashville. I am very proud to be a member of this outstanding GROUP. If anyone did not mail me a check, they may do so before the end of the year.

In closing, I enjoyed another great year being your Vice President and I am encouraged by your letters. Elizabeth and I would like to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Seasons Greetings to all.

## 2 AD Personal History Program for American Memorial Room of the Norwich Library

We can now get this project underway since we have the information that is desired for the Personal History Cassettes.

These cassettes will be available in the Library for adults and children as history of what took place during the years we were stationed there. The BBC is also interested in reviewing them for possible broadcast in England.

At the beginning of the tape, give your name; Group and/or Groups with which you served; state you presently live in and state from which you entered service, if different from your present state.

The following are the questions for both *Combat* and *Ground Personnel*:

1. When did you join the AAF?
2. Where did you train and in what duties?
3. Any anecdotes related to your experience while training?
4. How and when did you make the journey to the U.K.?
5. Where were you based and what was your opinion of the facilities at the base or bases to which you were assigned?
6. Did you have opportunities to see the local neighborhood, and what impressed or depressed you?
7. Did you have any association with the British?
8. What did you think of them at that time?
9. Did you make any close friendships with the English people, and if so, how did you meet them?
10. What notable places did you visit in Britain, and where and how did you spend your leave?
11. Any anecdotes related to off the base activities.

### Additional comments for *Combat Personnel Only*.

1. When did you join the organization with which you flew in the US or the UK?
2. Where and when were you assigned to a crew?
3. Were you assigned to an operational unit upon arriving in the UK or did you undertake further training?
4. How many missions did you fly and when did you complete your tour?
5. What were the most memorable missions?
6. If you were shot down, were you made a POW or did you evade capture?
7. Did you fly a particular aircraft and did it have a nickname?
8. Were there any notable crews or individuals in your unit?
9. What unusual or extraordinary happenings on combat missions do you recall?

Sketch out your comments in advance and then record them in a quiet atmosphere where there are no background noises, on as good a quality of tape as possible and try to limit it to 30 minutes. I might also suggest that you speak slowly and enunciate your words clearly so that none of your message is lost.

I have already started sketching mine and it's amazing how many details come to mind by following the above questions. I am hoping that when I receive all the cassettes, that all the Groups will be covered. Can I prevail upon you to *start this today* since I must have them no later than 1 March 1983? I must ship them to England no later than the 15th of March! You shouldn't have too much difficulty in locating a tape recorder from a friend, grandchildren or neighbor. I'm sure someone would be happy to help you with this, since it will be of historical value. I wish to thank you in advance for your help and cooperation in this project.

HATHY VEYNAR  
4915 Bristow Drive  
Annandale, Virginia 22003

## Notice to All Members

As of this December issue of the *Journal* the names and addresses of all our members have been fed into our computer. Please check your address label for accuracy. There has to be some errors and when you find one please write to me and give me the correction. William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, MA 01938.

## CHRISTMAS EVE '44

by Tamer Ellis (491st)

The weather had been terrible for about a week, but it was a beautiful evening and with a six hour pass we left N. Pickenham via the back door (it was easier and closer to where we were headed). The we meant Chet Czyzewski, Lucien Blouin, Angelo Campane and myself, we headed for the Red Mill Pub about five miles away.

I had received a quart of Seagrams V.O. in November from members of my family as a Christmas present and saved it for this night. At first we walked in preoccupied silence and knew that each one of us had only thoughts of home, but again I must repeat it was a beautiful starry night and soon a little humming — a little whistling — and with no prompting we began singing Christmas carols. It was then we decided that our dry, off-key notes and throats needed tuning up and we uncorked our link with home. Passed the fermented around and after a try at "White Christmas" decided "Deck the Halls" should be done with a little more something or other. Very successful rendition and the time passed quickly and we arrived at the "Mill".

It was a very pleasant evening, the warmth — friendliness — the fireplace aglow — the "Mild and Bitters" — darts and more Christmas songs with the "Local Gentry" and then too soon "Time gentlemen please". Back in the cold crisp night the last ounce of our link with home vanished as did the passing hour.

Can't quite remember getting back to the barracks and to bed, but we did, only to be awakened to a Christmas Eve bomb load soon after. I never made it out of the sack, forget about getting to the line, had some unprintable phrases in reference to my tormentors antecedents and future progeny and then —

What happened to my partners I never knew. All I know is that in the morning "Old Sarge" said "Ellis, I'll have you on K.P. so ¼\*%#/# long that they will think you're one of the Cooks". That meant 29 straight days, with one day on the garbage truck detail for good behavior and besides I was getting a little pasty looking.

Still it was a great night. I was close to home for awhile — tenderness and love for my family and a beautiful sadness unmatched for this wondrous night of "Gloria in Excelsis Deo", and I did have Chet, Lucien and Angelo to turn to — the caroling didn't sound so bad after a while.

Incidentally Christmas Eve was a maximum effort with even an assembly ship from one of the groups taking part. Sorry I missed being a part of it, but all of our "24s" of the "491st" came home safe. See, I wasn't really missed.

Cheers to Chet, Lucien and Angelo again this Christmas after 38 years and many, many, many, miles.



## 8 BALL-Y-HOO

by Pete Henry (44th)

The first thing I want to do is wish all of you a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. As this is being written in October, it's easy to forget that you'll be reading it in December.

Next, I'd like to report on the funds received for the 44th B.G. Memorial plaque to be erected in the Memorial Room of the Norwich Library. Your support exceeded my wildest dreams and, as of this writing, I have received over \$1500. We are not sure, as yet, if \$750 per Group will cover the costs completely but there will undoubtedly be some surplus. I would like your permission to use part of the excess to cover the expenses of raising these funds and to continue my efforts to find lost 44th B.G. members. If anyone objects to having their donation used in this way, let me know and I'll arrange for a refund.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Speaking of finding lost members, Miles J. McCue contacted me in August for information about the 2ADA and asked for help in finding the rest of his crew. Miles was sick with the flu November 18, 1943 when his crew, piloted by Earl T. Johnson, was shot down over the North Sea following a mission to Kjeller Airfield near Oslo, Norway. With the help of Will Lundy and the work he has done in compiling the History of the 67th Bombardment Squadron (see following paragraph), we have determined that four members of the crew may have survived. Miles would like to hear from anyone who may have addresses for Earl T. Johnson, Pilot from Montgomery, Ala; Daniel D. Jarrett, Co-pilot from Doundop, Montana; Irwin Fann, Navigator from Gary, Indiana and Louis Siegal, Bombardier from New York, N.Y. Lest you think that Miles got off easy, he went down two weeks later, 12/1, over Belgium returning from Solingen, Germany and spent the rest of the war as a guest of the German Government at Stalag 17. Miles sent me another story about the mission December 1 which I'll try to include in my next column. If anyone has information about Johnson's crew, please send it to me and I'll pass it on to Miles.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I am still getting a small amount of 'flak' about squadron markings and individual aircraft call letters. I indicated in my column in the Sept. 1981 *Journal* that they are as follows:

SQDN	Sqdn. Call Letters	Individual A/C Letter
66	QK	K+
67	NB	Q
68	WQ	?
506	GJ	?

Following is a picture of my crew's ship 'HENRY' which flew with the 66th Squadron and carried the identification 'QK' and

'K+'. Roger Freeman, in the December 1981 *Journal* agrees with the above Sqdn. call letters and now I'd like to have photographic proof of the other 3 squadrons' ships to quiet my critics once and for all.



I would also like to know what the individual aircraft call letters were for the 68th and 506th squadrons. Note the 66th used K-plus and the 67th used Q-bar.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Some of you may not be aware that Will Lundy has compiled and had published a 225 page "History of the 67th Bombardment Squadron — 44th Bomb Group — The Flying Eight-Balls". The source of this book is the actual records of the 44th B.G. as provided on microfilm by the Albert F. Simpson Historical Research Center, USAF, Maxwell AFB, Alabama 36112. Where this source was found to be incomplete, Will utilized reports from 66, 68 and 506 Squadron reports; Martin Bowman's 'Fields of Little America'; and two articles from Stars and Stripes. While the title says, "The 67th Bombardment Squadron, etc.", the book covers all the missions flown by the 44th B.G. and will be of interest to all 44thrs. I found it to be well written and edited and most interesting reading. The 'Pas-de-Calais Milk Runs' story in this column, in the June 1982 *Journal*, is an example of the material in this book. Anyone interested in obtaining a copy should send \$12.50 to C.W. Lundy; 3295 North 'H' Street; San Bernardino, CA. 92405. SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED!

Will sent me another story from the 44th History records for December 1944. It is not included in the above 'History of the 67th Sqdn.' because we are not certain just which squadron was involved but there are two pages in 'History of the 67th Sqdn.' about this mission. The 44th lost eight aircraft on this date of 18 March 1944; one each from the 66th and 67th sqdns; two from the 68th and four from the 506th.

"At the end of December 1944 we received some information stating that some more of our men, who were interned in Switzerland after the Friedrichshaven mission of 18 March 1944 had escaped from their internment. By piecing together bits of information, we now have a sort of sequel to the story of the internees who escaped from Switzerland in October — or perhaps we should merely call it a continuation, since it is an attempt to show you the other side of the picture and is the story of one who, in making his break with the others, was apprehended. He had not gone very far when he was caught — just a short distance from the camp. He was immediately re-

turned and saw what measures the authorities were taking to discourage any further escapes. Guards were increased, road blocks established, plain clothesmen placed on trains to check passengers, clubs were cut out, the camp orchestra was disbanded, and a switch from military to civilian rations was made; this last penalty being in itself, a hard blow. The man was now sent to a detention camp, which was in effect what we would call a concentration camp. Here the quarters were crowded and damp and the food was poor. To prevent escape from this camp, it was enclosed by barbed wire, machine guns, and many dogs were kept.

It was here that the strong will and forcefulness of some of our allies was demonstrated by the occurrence of a particular incident. There were two Russian internees who, one day, began to quarrel between themselves. They were alone in their room and soon came to blows; there ensued a bitter battle of brawn. The guards, fearing for their own safety, should they have entered the room, sent one of their powerful dogs in to stop the fray. He leaped at one of the battlers, who was so enraged by this interruption of a personal fight, grabbed the dog by the jaws and pulled them apart. He released his grip and the dog dropped to the floor — dead. A deafening shot rang out and the sound resounded and lingered on the walls of this small room; the Russian who, by brute strength, had saved himself from those vicious jaws, fell dead beside the animal he had vanquished. It was a closed incident — closed inside the mind of every man who knew the story; the life of one of our allies as compensation for the life of one of their dogs.

The detention period here was 33 days. When this time had been served, the man was placed on probation and sent to another camp near the junction of the Swiss, French, and Italian borders. Here they were quartered in a hotel and were allowed out of doors for a period of one hour during each day. When inside the hotel, the men's shoes and trousers were taken from them, in order to prevent escape. But once again, that dominating American spirit had broken the force of evil and vanquished the will of the oppressor. Fortified with a plan of action, a general route to follow, and well-memorized contacts to make, our man once again risked a break for freedom.

In some unknown manner, he was able to obtain and hoard enough provisions to make his attempt — then he bolted. For the first one-third of his journey, he was on his own. If he could make his way to a certain point where he could make his first contact, a harrowing experience could be left behind and there was then a thrilling and adventurous experience ahead — a covered passage to England via the "underground" and then ATC. Our man made his first

(cont. on next page)

# 65th FIGHTER WING

by Lt. Col. George M. Epperson



Photo shows the Anglo-American Memorial at Saffron Walden, Essex, south-east of Cambridge. The white squares on each side and inside the center are plaques with the names of those killed during the war from the 4th, 56th, 355th, 361st and 479th Fighter Groups and members of the British Armed Forces from Saffron Walden.

IN HONOURED MEMORY OF  
THE OFFICERS AND MEN  
OF THE 65TH FIGHTER WING OF THE  
UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCE  
AND THE MEN AND WOMEN OF THE  
BOROUGH OF SAFFRON WALDEN  
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN  
THE DEFENCE OF FREEDOM  
1939-1945

Photo of a plaque in the center of the enclosed part Anglo-American Memorial at Saffron Walden.



Grammar school at Saffron Walden that was the Hdq. of the 65th Fighter Wing. A building at approximately where the "X" is marked housed the fighter control room. The 65th FW, through the 52nd Fighter Control Squadron, exercised radio control over all 8th AF fighters during the missions.



The annex just around the corner to the left on photo of Grammar School. The Commanding General, Brig. Gen. Jesse Auton, had his office on the top floor; the dispensary was located on the ground floor. The building is now being used as a girl's school.

The 65th FW also ran and controlled air-sea rescue for the 8th AF. The Wing A-2, the late Lt. Colonel Ronald Kennedy, wrote a book for General Auton in March 1945 entitled "Shepherd of the Seas, Air/Sea Rescue in the 8th Air Force." Classified SECRET, the book contains a cover letter to Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle, Commanding General, Eighth Air Force indicating that the book was prepared at the request of Gen. Doolittle. I have perhaps the only copy of this book outside the assorted archives and am presently briefing it down for possible use in a future issue of the *Journal*.

## 8-BALL (cont. from page 6)

contact and somehow or another, it seems as though, because his will was to be in England, he made it all the way and IS in England. He and others in the same category, are now at a Replacement Control Depot awaiting return to the Zone of Interior. Home — back to those he loves and for whom he has suffered. Bon Voyage! and Happy Landings."

(This article was written during war time and the individual's name was not recorded for security reasons.)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

If you're going to Norwich the last week of May 1982, GET YOUR RESERVATIONS IN EARLY! There are just so many rooms available, when they are filled, there won't be any place left to put you up. This may be the last reunion of the 2ADA in Norwich so, if you've been putting it off

until the next time, this is the next time. Do it now! You won't be sorry.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

One last note. It has been brought to my attention that 44th members are a bit confused as to which 44th reunion is the official one. Please take note that the official 44th reunion will be May 26-31 held in Norwich as part of the 2nd Air Division Association convention. I am looking forward to a large turnout by the eightballs.



# BUNGAY BULL

446th BOMB GROUP  
by  
Vere A. McCarty



I mentioned in previous issues that Harold Jansen of The Netherlands had been in the States interviewing survivors of the crash of 446th Bomb Group airplane, "Li'l Max", which was lost in Holland in September, 1944. This is in connection with a book he is writing. The right waist gunner was Jack K. Culbertson, now of Hood River, Oregon. Harold had returned to the States to see Jack and after a visit in Hood River, Jack and his wife drove Harold down to Salem where they all spent a good part of Sunday with Marie and I. Photographs, documents and other material in Harold's manuscript, which he brought with him, recalled the total commitment his countrymen made to keep allied airmen out of the hands of the Nazis, knowing that if caught they would be summarily executed. In the case of "Li'l Max", crew members who were able to evade the Nazis actually joined the underground and participated in sabotage. I would certainly like to have a copy of the book when it is finished, except it is to be printed in the Dutch language!



Harold Jansen with Mr. & Mrs. Jack Culbertson.

We also had other visitors. Harry Mayer was one of the early flight section cadre of the 446th Bomb Group, assigned as assistant operations officer for the 706th Squadron. He and Addie were married while in Denver while the Group was staging there. Happily, Harry had kept his GI insurance and I was able to track him down through the help of his insurance records. After an exchange of correspondence and a telephone call, Harry and Addie showed up at our door on a Friday afternoon. It was a most enjoyable weekend that ended too soon. Isn't it great that after nearly 40

years old friends can meet again and carry on as if there had been no gap in time?

I hope that everyone took the time to carefully read Jordan Uttal's report on the individual Group Memorial project, which appeared on page eight of the September Journal. You might like to know that to date (mid October) 446th Bomb Group members have contributed \$435 toward the project. It was decided at our 446th BG meeting in Nashville last July that after our quota of \$750 was met, we would continue our subscriptions until we could furnish a plaque to be presented to the citizens of Bungay. Inasmuch as our 1983 Reunion is to be held in Norwich, it would be appropriate for the 446th BG delegation to make the presentation at that time. A brass or bronze plaque has been suggested, but if we intend to make it this year, we are going to have to start moving, both with financial donations and with the plaque itself. Just to get the ball rolling, I have written out a suggestion for the wording. I hope that you will write back with your own suggestions that I can forward to a committee which will be made up of members who intend to attend the 1983 Reunion.

## TO THE PEOPLE OF BUNGAY

*In appreciation for the warmth, the friendship and the hospitality so generously extended to Amercian servicemen of the 446th Bombardment Group by the citizens of Bungay and environs, 1943-1945.*

I would suggest that a letter also accompany the presentation and that names of contributors be included in a discreet way, perhaps by squadron or service unit.

To receive IRS credit, checks should be made out to Second Air Division Association. Send them to me, but be sure to place on the check the notation, "For 446th BG Memorial".

Delegates to the Nashville Reunion requested that I furnish them information about their reunion expenses as IRS deductions. First, the Second Air Division Association is exempt from Federal Income Tax under Internal Revenue Code 501(c)(19). Our identification number is 25-1327743. Expenses as a delegate should be listed under 'contributions'. This includes expenses of necessary travel, meals and lodging to and from the convention. Our reunions are officially conventions and are listed as such in our programs. Expenses of wives and children accompanying you may be deductible, but as they are not officially 'delegates' they would qualify only if they were paid-up associate members and performed some convention related service;

such as, hostess, assisting at the registration desk, or greeting and directing delegates, or performing other services for the president or other officers. Personally, I keep receipts or other evidence of all qualifying expenses and write up a separate schedule to identify all categories of expenses relative to the convention and attach this schedule to my IRS Schedule A, listing the total amount under 'contributions'.

Each member registered at the convention and attending the annual business meeting of the Association is regularly elected as a delegate as part of the procedures of the convention. If I have failed to cover any point or if you have further questions, I suggest you write or call our Association Treasurer, Dean Moyer. All contributions to the memorial or to the Memorial Library are handled in the same way, always remembering to make checks out to the Association, not to a person or a program.

Louis Perkins of the 708th Squadron sent some photos among which was one taken of him and the "laundry boys". It makes one recall contributions children made to the war effort in those days, picking up and returning laundry to servicemen in all kinds of weather before and after classes.



Sgt. Perkins & the Laundry Boys

I have just received from the Air Force two reels of microfilm containing all the official records of the 446th Bomb Group, and one reel containing the records of the four Squadrons. This material has now been declassified. I hope soon to be able to answer specific inquiries and to be able to further identify aircraft assigned to the Group, as well as personnel assignments. However, the sheer quantity of material will take considerable time to screen. As I have only limited access to microfilm readers, I can see that this may be a long project. I will report further as I get into the material. I have had requests in the past for names of persons who served in certain capacities both at Lowry Field and Flixton. This material should now enable me to respond correctly.

I end this with a note of apology, not only to those whose names I could not locate who are new members, but to those who have written and whose letters I have not answered. I am up to my ears in other projects this summer, but as the winter sets in I hope to catch up. Thanks for writing and keeping them coming. I will get around to each of you in time. Cheers.



# 392nd BOMB GROUP REPORT

by Fred Thomas (392nd)

The press of personal business the past two months has kept us from our pursuit of new members as we would have liked, but our correspondence is up to date. As always, we have had considerable mail from people outside our Association who have seen our posters and who seek information regarding their WWII outfits. We have also received a number of welcomed letters from our members, mostly with their contributions to our memorial fund. We appreciate those letters — they are like mail from home, and they go a long way toward making this VP job worth our time spent.

Speaking of the memorial fund, as we reported in the September *Journal*, the 23 members and their ladies at the Nashville reunion gave \$196.00. Shortly after the *Journal* was mailed the last part of September, we received a flurry of checks. Twelve of our members contributed the generous amount of \$204.00 which brought us to the round number of \$400.00. We thought we would have our collection job finished in short order, but suddenly the checks failed to arrive. This is being written on October 20, but as of now we haven't received a check in over two weeks. It would seem our collection efforts have stalled. Now, where do we go from here? As your V.P., I will do all possible to represent you and keep the 392nd in the forefront of the Division, but just as in WWII, our solo efforts aren't worth much without your help. We had hoped the memorial would be completed and the costs

paid before we arrive in Norwich next May for our reunion. If that is to be attained, by the time you read this we will be running out of time. As we have said before, we haven't contacted you directly in order to save the Association the cost of postage, but we hope you will consider this appeal for your donation just as direct as if we had written you personally. Tell you what, I'm sure if we were able to get together you would generously buy me a drink and I would buy you one. As such a happy occasion isn't likely to happen, how about sending me the price of a drink toward our memorial fund. That way I'll be healthier, happier, and our assigned amount will have been funded.

As to our Norwich reunion, we believe it will be another sell out, and we suggest and urge you to send your deposits to Evelyn Cohen before all the reservations are taken. We hope the 392nd will be well represented. Don't delay and be disappointed.

"*The Obelisk of Wendling*". In 1974 a story by this title was published in the 2nd Air Div. Assn. Newsletter. In its introduction it stated that the person responsible for the inception, planning, design, procurement and erection was unknown. Now, 36 years later, that person has become known. He is Col. Joe Bush. Joe was our Group Executive Officer from early in 1943 until the group was deactivated in September 1945. Joe was responsible for all functions of our existence not directly associated with combat operations. It was a big — and important — job for which he received very

little recognition and appreciation. For those who haven't seen the 392nd memorial monument, here are a few facts and figures that Joe's file revealed. A sum of 591 pounds (approx. \$2364 then) was contributed by officers and airmen of nearly all organizations of the group.

According to the Council Book for the War Memorial Fund, this money was spent as follows: 285 pounds — 9 foot polished Kenney Grey Granite obelisk; 30 pounds — bronze tablets; 19 pounds — transportation and erection; 26 pounds — lettering; 16 pounds — shrubbery and trees; 200 pounds — maintenance trust fund; 6 pounds — legal and incidental; 8 pounds — concrete posts.

The memorial plot, approximately 80 feet square, was donated by Mr. Garner of Longham Hall. It is located at the junction of the Beeston-Wendling roads where we used to turn to go to base operations, the combat briefing room, squadron operations, etc. The Beeston Parish Council and Rev. Gale in particular, assumed responsibility for the maintenance of the memorial and administration of the Wendling Memorial Trust Fund. Thank you, Joe Bush!

OK, that's it. Let us hear from you with a check if you will, but check or no, we will be happy to hear from you with any thoughts or ideas you have for our Association. In that regard, write each other. You might be surprised as to how much pleasure you will derive from hearing from an old WWII friend. That's what our Association is all about.

## OPEN LETTER TO THE 93rd BG

by Charlie Weiss (93rd)

Writing this in October makes it kinda hard to project our thoughts into December. First thing is to wish all of you a very Happy Christmas and good health in the New Year — 1983.

Relative to the Memorial Mural, I have received some contributions, but nowhere near our apportioned share. (See Sept. 82 *Journal*). Don't let the memory of the old 93rd down. Some groups have already submitted their share. Let's not be the last, after all we were the first B-24 Group in England.

By the way, take note that those members who attended the business meeting and convention at Nashville were designated official delegates. Inasmuch as the Association qualifies as a non-profit Veterans Organization under IRS Code 501(c)(19) with its ID No. 25-1327743, your tax consultant should be made aware of it.

By now you should have sent in your reservations for the Norwich Reunion to Evelyn. If not — Great Balls of Fire — I hope its not to late!

As usual one day has been set aside for

the nostalgic trip to our old base. In our case Hardwick Air Field (#104). Its a real fun day — don't miss it! We went in 1979 and met the owners (Mr. and Mrs. Dave Woodrow) and their two offspring. Dave gave us a royal tour. Most of the quanset huts are gone, but a few are still around for hay storage. Dave gave me a snazzy pin-up which he took from one of the huts — perhaps its the one you had above your "sack"?

### ATTENTION 466

by Gerry Merket (466th)

The delegation at Nashville voted unanimously to support the Wall Plaque and Roll of Honor described in the September issue of the *Journal*. Please send your donations to Joe Arbaugh, 1485 Richwood Drive, Zanesville, Ohio 43701. At the same meeting we also voted to place a chair in the Memorial Library in Norwich in memory of Col. Joe West. Estimated cost of both will be \$1,000.00. Over subscription will go to the Library Foundation Fund.

The Sergeants Mess and Officers Club are still standing. 9000 Battery hens in the Sgt's. Mess and 400 pigs in the dining hall of the Officers' Mess. Dave Woodrow said nothings changed since during the war.

Another plus was the visit to the Old Pub just off the base. The "Three Nags" was the 93rd's main "watering hole" and was still going strong as was Daisy who was still serving. She still thinks "her boys — the Yanks, are the greatest."

I want each of you to meet John Archer, who over the years has collected photo albums full of great memorabilia. He has written many articles on the 93rd, and although he has not put his pen to write a book, he is probably as knowledgeable as anyone on Hardwick and the old 93rd. I'm sure he and his nice wife, Lorna, will give us the pleasure of his company — after all he is an Associate Member.

The 2nd Air Division Assn. will once again place a wreath to honor our dead comrades at Cambridge American Cemetery. This is a very moving ceremony — don't miss this ceremony.

That's about it for now — plan to attend the reunion and see a bit of England while you're at it — Cheers.

# FORTUNES OF WAR

by Ross DeFrates (392nd)

I was in the 8th AF, and a member of the 392nd BG for a relatively short time, we were the victim of the vagaries of war, better known as "The fickle finger of Fate." We were with the 392nd about six months, departing on eight missions and being credited with five. Our crew, made up of Lt. Roy Miller, Pilot; Lt. Joseph Connors, Co-Pilot; Lt. William Hession, Navigator; Lt. Robert Baker, Bombardier; S/Sgt. Chaundey Freeman, Engineer; S/Sgt. Roland Carlstrand, Radioman; S/Sgt. Gordon Fritz, Waist Gunner; Sgt. Pete Wolf, Tail Gunner; S/Sgt. Joe Cubakovic, Waist Gunner, and myself, S/Sgt. Ross DeFrates, Ball Turret Gunner, and Ass't. Engineer, began flying missions shortly before D-Day. We bombed the invasion beaches, an airfield at Porison, and Saarbrücken on our first three missions. The belly turret was removed about that time and I was without a job for a short period, but I was assigned to the nose turret as toggleer.

A short time before our fourth mission, we were watching our Group return from a rough mission and one of our planes, riddled with flak, came to a stop near us. We watched as the medics removed two casualties. One was the Engineer who had been killed when a piece of flak came through the bottom of the plane and hit him in the head. Chauncey Freeman made the remark, "I hope that doesn't happen to me."

Then came our fourth mission and our fortunes changed. The target was Magdeburg with no fighter support provided in our vicinity. We had seen flak, but nothing like that day. The Germans were really on target; they laid it right in our lap. Their fighters hit the first Group and made a pass or two at us before leaving and the flak barrage was resumed. Finally, we reached the target and I toggled our bombs on the target which was supposed to be a ball bearing plant. We lost one engine over the target. Later, the Pilot called me to assist on the flight deck. When I left the turret, and as I came near the bomb bay, I saw what I thought was water pouring from a hole. It dawned on me that we don't carry water — that is 100 octane gasoline. When I reached to pull myself onto the flight deck, I saw I was covered with blood and thought I had been hit, but I had no pain. Then, I saw Chauncey Freeman on the flight deck with most of his head missing and almost collapsed, not only from shock, but I had forgotten to plug in my portable oxygen mask. How cruel and ironic that Chauncey should die like that.

We lost a lot of fuel, began losing altitude, and lagging behind the formation. Luckily, no enemy fighters were around to finish us off. We made it back over Holland and considered ourselves lucky, when

one lousy flak station began tracking us like a wounded duck because of our low altitude. One burst knocked out the windshield, hitting the Pilot in the left hand and severing several fingers; broken glass hit our Co-Pilot in the face, temporarily blinding him. A later burst caught us in another engine causing it to quit half way across the Channel. Our Pilot nursed the plane as long as possible, but later there was nothing to do but crash land it in a field not far from Wendling. The plane was 308 "Sally", and she was completely ruined by the time we stopped sliding on the freshly plowed field.

After the Magdeburg mission, our crew was assigned to different crews. Our Navigator died on his first mission with his new crew. I was assigned to a new crew for my fifth and last mission with the 392nd. Our mission was to fly low level altitude with supplies on mission "Market Garden"; the 82nd Airborne was trapped in Holland and our Group was to drop the supplies by parachute from the bomb bays. We came into Holland at 500-1000 feet, then pulled up to drop the supplies at Tilden. We were riddled by small arms fire; the hydraulics shot out, oxygen bottles burst, and other damage. We had to crank the wheels down for landing at Wendling on our return. Another brush with the Grim Reaper.

The next day I was called to Headquarters and told I was being reassigned to the 9th Air Force. I was assigned to a B-26 outfit — the 449th Squadron of the 322nd Bomb Group.

The stay with the 392nd wasn't without its sorrows, however. The Red Cross called to report that my brother had been killed at Tilden; he was there at the time I was on the mission to drop the supplies there with the 392nd. There I was just a few hundred feet above him and unable to help. We never had the chance to get together in England because of D-Day restrictions.

That's my report of my service with the 392nd. We were there only six months, but I'm proud to have served with the Group. I had a great affection for the B-24, and I always got irritated when I heard people bragging how the B-17 came back and always landed safely. I wish they could have seen 308 "Sally", she would have put them all to shame.

I don't know what happened to my former crew members; I hope they survived the war as I did. If any of them see this, or if anyone can help, I would like to reunite with them. Perhaps we could attend a reunion and renew our friendship and relive some of the near misses we shared in the "Big War".

## ABOUT THE MEMORIAL

*(Particularly with reference to the Individual Group Memorial Project)*

Great appreciation was expressed at the Memorial Trust Board of Governor's meeting on 23 September for the gift of \$14,100.00 which you made it possible for us to present to Tom Eaton at the Convention in Nashville. Because of the exchange rate this had added 8,195 Pounds to the invested assets of our Trust.

At the same meeting the Board officially welcomed our newest member, Mr. Frank Gadbois, Base Librarian at Mildenhall, near Norwich. We know that his professional assistance will be of great value to the Board, and to our colleagues at Norwich Central Library.

The most recent letter from Norwich brings us the welcome news of a visit to the Memorial Room on Oct. 14th of the American Ambassador, Mr. John L. Louis, Jr. It is felt that his very favorable comments might lead the way to a much higher degree of involvement between the Trust and U.S. officialdom.

### AND NOW — AN UPDATE ON THE INDIVIDUAL GROUP MEMORIAL PROJECT

In the September *Journal*, practically every Group Letter mentioned the very favorable reaction to this project which was presented and adopted at the Convention. The details were given in an article, and illustration, on page 8 of that issue. In it we asked for your financial support, but failed, due to space limitations, to make specific suggestions as to how to send in your contributions.

In spite of this omission, on behalf of the Association Executive Committee, we congratulate, and thank 44th, 445th, 467th, and Headquarters, all of whom have already met the \$750.00 goal, and as a matter of fact, exceeded it!!! Three more groups, 389th, 458th, and 446th are at close to 70% of goal.

So — to get this worthy project completed, won't you please give us your support by sending a check, now, to your **Group Vice President**, made out to **2nd Air Division Assoc.** with a notation in the lower left hand corner, "For \_\_\_\_\_ Group Individual Memorial".

And — to the group V.P.s, it will be appreciated, if you are holding any checks, if you would get them off to Dean Moyer at your convenience. We would like very much to have all the funds in Dean's hands by March 1st, and we hope to be able to announce to all members of the Association, in our March *Journal* that we have achieved 100% success.

As always, your generosity and support are very much appreciated. CHEERS!

JORDAN R. UTTAL



## MISSIVES FROM THE 492 BG

by Bill Clarey (492nd)

Now that I have returned home from the west of the Boston area, notably, Dunstable, Mass. where our daughter is building her new home (I had to do some work on it and wish I could have done more), I'll be able to catch up on the news from the 492nd.

First, I wish to thank the members again for their vote of confidence in electing me their vice president for 1983. With thanks to Evelyn Cohen for arranging the private dining area for us. It was gratifying to see some new members and their wives at the dinner.

Our membership grows slowly every year, but as long as it continues to grow it proves that the word is getting around. I know that a lot of new members are out there if they can be reached. I need any and all ideas of how to do this.

After dinner, I took pictures of all the attendees and then in turn sent all the attendees a set of pictures which, I hope, will be used in updating their albums.

A positive response was given to president Vince LaRussa and Jordan Uttal on

the presentation regarding the mural and plaques to be added to the memorial in Norwich, England.

As of September 28, 1982, four members have contributed a total of \$225.00 toward the fund. Hopefully, we will attain our goal of \$750.00.

It is good to see that our members are thinking along the lines that our history should be perpetuated by signing up younger members to the Second Air Division. During the convention, Art and Betty Raisig enrolled their son and daughter as subscribing members. Previous to this, James McCrory enrolled his son Jason.

It is pleasing to me to observe that there are members of the younger generation who have been studying our history for some time and are well versed in the "whys and wherefores" of what transpired.

Nuff said for now before we leave for Hawaii for a couple of weeks — wouldn't it be great to have a convention there!

Be thinking of you.

(ed: Careful Bill. We shoot people who go to Hawaii during the winter months and leave us behind.)

## 453rd BITS & PIECES

by Don Olds

Seems like every column I write for the *Journal* must contain some sad news and this one is no exception. Former Group Commander Larry Thomas passed away on August 23rd, 1982. Larry had undergone surgery on several occasions. So much surgery combined with exhausting post surgical treatments finally proved too much. Col. Thomas was CO of the 453rd BG from 7 July 44 till 25 Jan. 45. He supported our organization of 453rd veterans, helping when and wherever he could. He helped me a great deal getting the 453rd off the ground back in 1973 with old orders, newspaper clippings, items from the Stars & Stripes, etc. He attended several of our reunions, the last being in Boston in 1980. Many of us have lost a good friend.

Mimi and I attended the dedication of the 8th Air Force Memorial at the Air Force Museum in Dayton, Ohio on Oct. 9th. 453rd people staying at our motel included: Glen & Edith Tisher, Lyman & Geneva Crumrin, Dorothy Middleton, Ed & Ramona Myers, Andy & Helen Low, Mike Benarcik, Frank & Jackie Thomas, Lester & Wanda Frisbie and Lucille & Milt Stokes. We also found others from the 453rd at the museum among them Russ Harriman, Johnny Erspamer, Dave Connors, Charles Keller, Tony Corbo, Ed Jackson and former Group CO Ramsay Potts, who sat among the VIP's at the ceremony. I understand the Gordon Tanners were there but I didn't run into them.

In the September issue of the *Journal* I mentioned the replicas of the tail fin of each of the groups were going to be mounted on the wall of the American Room of the Library in Norwich. Most of those present at the Nashville reunion made a donation and I noted in the September issue that if all those *not* at Nashville sent me just \$3.00 we could easily raise our \$750 share. Since that issue of the *Journal* I've heard from only four people.

S. Dan Brody, gunner on Wendell Faulkner's Crew #49 of the 734th SQ kept a flight log of his travels over enemy territory and a couple of his entries are reprinted here. 10 Feb 44, our third mission. Flew at altitude of 21,500. Led group formation for the first time. Did not fly *Paper Doll* today because plane was temporarily out of commission. Meager flak, very light. Gray and black smoke from bursting flak. Target in Holland, 25 miles from Rotterdam. No Opposition. P-47 fighter support. One plane made crash landing somewhere in England, no one killed, Lt. Bickerstaff's Crew. No bombs dropped because target was covered by clouds and low overcast. Got credit for mission. Plane #301. Carried twelve 500 pound demolition bombs.

Finally, we extend wishes or happiness at Christmas and a bright New Year.

## 448th Bomb Group Profiles



by George DuPont

Capt Danzer had been a truck driver in Kansas City before the good fortune of WWII moved him on to greater tasks. As a pilot he always brought his crew home and as a man he enjoyed our enlisted men's barracks and often brought scotch from the Officers Club. We obviously admired him. There were certain things he did with the mechanical monster he commanded that sometimes made you "want to wonder".

For example. On one "whiskey run" to Scotland he had some engineering people riding in the waist of the aircraft. After climbing to 7000 feet with wide open throttles he sent me back to see how our guests were doing. They were agape with watching the black smoke from auto rich mixtures, and in somewhat of a shock asked me, "Have you ever flown with him before?" When I nodded one stammered, "Doesn't he ever pull back the throttles?" I assured them he would a bit later. Once when I asked him to let me synch the props he replied, "Don't bother that's what trim tabs are for." Another trip for booze, we were on solid instruments and the navigator, Lt. Morris, a bit nervous, told him we

were flying below the peaks of surrounding mountains. Seemingly unconcerned Danzer tried to "calm" him by stating that passengers in the back had only summer uniforms and in his compassionate way he "didn't want them to get cold" by climbing higher.

Paul Danzer seemed to enjoy the subtle "zingers". I recall on yet another trip he sent the whole crew back to the waist area and then with only our "25¢ Mickey Mouse" autopilot engaged casually joined the group saying nothing. Finally as we were crowded together someone asked me who these people were and I identified each one (saving co-pilot and pilot for last). The look of shock on their faces on knowing the cockpit was empty brought laughter from Denzer. He had gotten his kicks.

Engineering Officer Gaither came to admonish him one time. He remarked that already he had come back nine times on three engines, hoping to impress the need for more care. Danzer told Gaither straight out, "Anytime you feel the need to take my place with my crew, I will happily sit in your chair with my feet on your desk awaiting your return."

# THE LEGS GO FIRST

by Don Kessler (467th)

I had wanted to fly the B-24 from the time I first clambered into one which happened to stray into Greenville, Mississippi, during my basic flying days in the late summer and fall of 1943, class 44-a. There was just something about that ugly thing that touched a responsive chord in me. For one thing, the word was that it was not as good as the B-17, and I am basically an underdog person.

Detractors of the aircraft could think up many ways to put it down. It was ungraceful (the box a B-17 came in); it flew like a truck (if you want to do anything while airborne, just kick a rudder, either of them, and go from there); the nose wheel was too weak (don't ride in the nose on landing). The first two detractors, I must admit, I shared with the unbelievers, but the last — story coming up.

On this particular day the mission was scrubbed after form up before departing the coast because of bad weather so there was the routine of getting back down on the ground. This was complicated by the fact that Rackheath and all other East Anglia bases were socked in too. While we were turning circles in the sky, the wheels were spinning on the ground and they finally found a place to put the 467th. It was a fighter base somewhere in the Midlands (I am doing this from memory) and, so we found out, it fitted the fighters a hell of a lot better than it did us.

As we stooped around in an exercise called "find the base", we were also burning down fuel so as to have a little better chance of stopping on the comparatively short runway. If the question of jettisoning bombs was discussed, I was not aware of it. We had a maximum load of the little gems called RDX, which, as you may recall, were the sensitive types which only the armament people handled with impunity.

After approximately two hours of cruising just over the tops of the clouds, during which I got into and out of a classic case of vertigo, the group found the field and we all let down safely and got into the traffic pattern. It was the regular rectangular type and must have been a revelation to the fighter jocks. Staid, steady droning flying which produced one on the runway approximately every 30 seconds or so.

Or at least it did for the first two or three planes that landed and then it was discovered that the taxiways were just wide enough to give the big bird about a foot of clearance outside the main gear. Believe me, this inhibits taxi speed. Ask anyone who flew in England during wet weather. (Was it every day?) This, of course, reduced the taxiway turn off speed, which soon produced stacking up on the runway, and go-arounds.

This was the scene when, for some obscure reason, I decided that the extended pattern was a disgrace to the Division and that I would do something about it. I

announced over the air that I was turning from my position on downwind and establishing a normal base leg. As I turned there was considerable discussion over the air as to the extent of my intelligence and even a reference to some flaws in my ancestry, but I flew righteously on base and turned final close enough behind another B-24 that even I, in my exalted position of traffic pattern remedial expert, could see was too close. It was about a three second interval, so I started around. Normally this maneuver would not cause the ground crew to stop and watch, but this time I discovered that my flaps would not retract. There I sat with full flaps, full throttle, and a great wish that I hadn't done what I did.

As I pulled up, I began to bleed to all the world that there was trouble with my airplane and that I would have to come right back in. You can imagine the remarks over the air. Let us just say that they were intensified. Meanwhile, I sat there pleading my case, flying a close pattern, and maybe not being as careful as I should because I found myself half way down the final with full flaps, gear down, and 165 showing on the indicator.

Casey, the co-pilot, was an interested spectator in all this but he, too, became concerned with the high airspeed, the low altitude, and the airplanes waiting to turn off at the far end. His remark brought me back. He pointed to the airspeed and yelled, "What the hell?" By this time I was convinced that we could not luck through another go-around so I sawed it off and told Casey what to expect. I planned to put it down as soon as I could, hit the brakes, and if it looked too close we would go off the runway to the left and try to hold it straight in the grass with right rudder and brake. It was too close.

Everything went well, except there was a foot of mud out there. What had been a nice clean flying machine suddenly looked like a mud pile. My thoughts were on the collapsed nose wheel situation I had seen in North Ireland and I hoped the mud and gravel wouldn't reach through to any of the crew. I was certainly surprised and pleased when we slid sideways to a stop and still on all three. The exit from the thing didn't take long.

Requests for help from the tower resulted in one stuck six-by-six and the information that if she wouldn't come out under her own power, she would stay there until dry weather. Hah! I *knew* it wouldn't, but it was worth a try. I found out that when you crank those engines to max throttle and turbo, nothing stays still for long. I found myself, alone in the aircraft, roaring and sloshing through the mud at right angles to the taxi strip.

My problem was to get the airplane up on the taxiway, lock the left wheel and turn 90 degrees. Of course, I didn't make it, leaving the left gear in the mud with all kinds of stress on it, and a violently cocked nose wheel. This called for pulling down on the tail, straightening the nose gear, and then blasting the left wheel up on the taxiway.

# I REMEMBER

by Col. Ralph A. Johnson, Ret. (56th FG)

You learn to fly by saying "I'll never do that again." I spent 30 years in the Air Force flying mostly fighters, was shot down once and swam the English Channel North and South, bailed out of a jet at night, flak to the right, etc. and done a thousand things stupid and still lived.

The "near miss" that has stayed with me and has many times entered my mind during the wee dark hours of the morning, happened at Bradley Field, Conn.

Jimmy Jones and I were new Lieutenants and our bars shined like new pennies. I liked Jimmy from day one. He was another Southerner and grinned from ear to ear. I can truthfully say he could make the most difficult conditions seem pleasant.

After standing in line half the day, he and I finally got Papa Craig to let us fly. Off we went into the *not* so wild blue yonder. It was a pleasant day for New England with broken clouds and light drizzle at about 1000 feet. We found a hole in the clouds and climbed on top.

After twenty or thirty minutes; "Hey watch me" or "Can you do this" we found ourselves still on top with that nice round hole nowhere in sight. After a short discussion we finally convinced ourselves that we were over the base and would soon see all the girls lined up at the main gate.

Down through the clouds we went and everything was fine until the clouds had trees in them. We had let down into a small valley in the hills west of the base. Just enough room for two P47's and no more. Fifty feet in either direction we would have been short 2 Jugs. Back up with full throttle and oh how wonderful it looked on top. After much, much and much more discussion we decided to fly down to and let down over the ocean. This we did and when we returned and landed at beautiful Bradley Field, we caught holy heck from Papa Craig because he had scheduled us for one hour and we had been gone for almost two hours. Messed up his schedule, but we never told him how stupid we had been. Jimmy and I agreed that a good chewing out was little punishment for endangering military property and ok, yes two Second Lieutenants government issued.

Needless to say, I never let down again unless I knew what to expect. After many more "I'd never do that again", we finally got to Kingscliffe but the hills at Bradley taught me a lesson that I'll never forget.

Now I felt that I could talk with authority about stressing the B-24 gear, but the powers back at Rackheath decided that the gear was possibly damaged in such a way as to endanger the base if I wasn't so lucky upon landing *there* with those RDX, so we dropped them, safe, in the Wash.

An inspection of the gear revealed no damage except for rock cuts in the tires. So much for criticism number three.



## 467th POOP FROM GROUP

by Phillip G. Day (467th)

Because this piece for the *Journal* has to be to Robertie earlier than usual, I am writing of an event that has not occurred, but will have occurred before publication.

A painting of "Witchcraft", the Liberator, Serial No. 42-52534, which flew one hundred thirty consecutive combat missions without once returning early from an assigned mission, never an abort, and never failed to drop her bombs on the assigned target, was presented by the 467th to the San Diego Aero Space Museum on October 22, 1982. Painted by Mike Bailey, in England, it was principally through the efforts of George Dong that funds were obtained to procure and suitably frame this painting. Bob McGuire of the Liberator Club and Fred Jansen of the 467th made the arrangements for the dedication. Mr. Ed McKeller, Director of the Museum, accepted the painting and arranged for its prominent display, with accompanying explanatory plaque, in the entry area of the museum.

Colonel Albert J. Shower, USAF (Ret.), Commanding Officer of the 467th during the principle time of the Group's training and for the total time of its combat involvement with the 2nd AD, 8th AF, was the presenter. Joe R. Ramirez, Crew Chief, and George Dong, Assistant Crew Chief, both of whom received decorations for special achievement in maintenance of "Witchcraft", attended the presentation, as did many others of the 467th and 2ADA.

We are extremely sorry that pre-publicity of the presentation could not have been

timely to allow more of you to attend, but we do urge all of you to go to the museum and see this painting when you are in the area. The Liberator was conceived and born in San Diego and because the museum does not have an example B-24 to display, we believe this painting to be a fitting and appropriate representation of the most widely used, and greatest number production volume, military aircraft of the United States. The Group will have color photographs of the painting available in the near future. An announcement concerning this in the next *Journal*.

Responses to the Group's survey as to 1983 reunion plans continue to be received. These indicate good attendance by the 467th at Norwich, twenty-two or more planning to be there. The poll also selected Cincinnati, OH, as the site of the 467th reunion on the weekend of Sept. 30 - Oct. 2, 1983. Significantly, only one out of ten responders said they would not attend, we should have a large gathering. Again, because of the early *Journal* requirement, the program is not yet set, but planned are cocktails and hors d'oeuvres buffet on Friday evening, breakfast buffet on Saturday and Sunday, trip to Wright Patterson Museum on Saturday, a banquet on Saturday evening. I will be (am) looking for advice and help from the Cincinnatiites and those in the vicinity as to arrangements. Anyone who can (will) help or input to our plans, will be appreciated.

To you and yours, a most enjoyable Holiday Season and a happy New Year.

## Can you remember?

Through the history of world aviation many names have come to the fore... Great deeds of the past in our memory will last, as they're joined by more and more...

When man first started his labor in his quest to conquer the sky he was designer, mechanic and pilot, and he built a machine that would fly but somehow the order got twisted, and then in the public eye the only man that could be seen was the man who knew how to fly...

The pilot was everyone's hero, he was brave, he was bold, he was grand, as he stood by his battered old biplane with his goggles and helmet in hand... To be sure, these pilots all earned it, to fly you have to have guts... And they blazed their names in the hall of fame on wings with bailing wire struts...

But for each of these flying hero's there were thousands of little reknown, and these were the men who worked on the planes but kept their feet on the ground... We all know the name of Lindbergh, and we've read of his flight to fame... But think, if you can, of his maintenance man, can you remember his name?

And think of our wartime heroes, Gabreski, Jabara, and Scott... Can you tell me the names of their crew chiefs? A thousand to one you cannot...

Now pilots are highly trained people, and wings are not easily won... But without the work of the maintenance man our pilots would march with a gun... So when you see mighty aircraft as they mark their way through the air, the grease stained man with the wrench in his hand is the man who put them there...

AUTHOR ANONYMOUS

## Headquarters, Second Air Division

Jim H. Reeves, Vice President

It was indeed my great pleasure to attend the 35th Reunion in Nashville in July. At the business meeting I was asked to serve as Vice President of Headquarters for the next year. I considered this a great honor and accepted with enthusiasm. To all members of Headquarters I ask for your cooperation and support in getting our membership increased. I ask each of you to look through your address books, note books, scrap books, etc. of yesteryear and send me the names and addresses of Hdq. personnel who are not members at this time. I can assure you that I will contact them regarding membership. Annual dues are only \$10.00 per year. I can assure you that the first 2AD *Journal* that a new member will receive will be worth the ten bucks!

The upcoming good news is the 36th Reunion in Norwich in '83. Make your plans now to be on board for this special event. Our British Friends in attendance in Nashville told us that they were planning "BIG" things for this occasion.

Due to timing my remarks did not get into the September issue of the *Journal*. At the reunion in Nashville I had asked Ray Strong to send me his remarks about the

35th reunion for publication in the *Journal*. This he did and you will certainly enjoy his comments. I am also asking each of you to send me Headquarters news that might also appear in the *Journal*.

For those in attendance at Nashville I am happy to report that Headquarters achieved (and slightly exceeded) our needs for funding the Group Memorial which is now being put together for the Memorial Library in Norwich.

Let me hear from you!

by Ray Strong (Headquarters)

Those of you who were not in Nashville missed a really great week-end. The Headquarters contingent was not large, but we make up for it in quality! The over 800 people, from all groups, who registered, enjoyed great fellowship, good food, and outstanding entertainment. The mini reunion on Thursday night for Hdq. people was a fabulous event and the food and drink were outstanding. The Grand Old Opry was enjoyed by all on Friday night after a great dinner at the Opryland Hotel. But the highlight was the banquet on Saturday night. The moving candlelight ceremony for the fallen is something you can experience many times with great feeling.

## We Missed The Picnic In Switzerland

by  
Glenn R. Matson (458th)

I had often heard about bomber crews (forced) to land in Switzerland, because they could not make it back to England. We almost made that decision on a mission to Friedrichshafen, Germany 18 March 1944.

It was a nice Sunday morning when nineteen B-24's from the 458th BG took off from Horsham St Faith. Our target was the Dornier Works where they built the DO-217 night fighter. The flight was a long one, over twelve hours. Everything went ok until we departed the target area. We were about over Lake Constance when all hell broke loose. The flak was worse than any we had encountered before and we got more than our share. Paddlefoot got hit real bad, but kept flying. At Lake Constance was the first time we saw red flak. They used it to let the fighters know we were out of range. SSgt Willie Webster took a piece of flak in his ball turret. It lodged in his heated suit rehostat under his armored seat. My ammo track was twisted and ripped apart by flak. In order to get ammo to my guns in the tail turret, I had to pull a piece of flak out of a 50 caliber bullet and reconnect the disintegrating link belt. I still have the bullet and flak I pulled out as a souvenir. Somehow the German fighters did not see our plight, as we were scattered all over the sky and disorganized. After getting hit, we were in doubt we could make it back to England. Thoughts and remarks came up about the possibility of going to Switzerland. Some one said, Hell no! I forgot my B-4 bag. None of us thought it was the proper thing to do and decided to try and make it back. Although we were critically short on fuel and one engine acting up, we made it back.



Paddlefoot with flat tire shot out by flak 18 March 1944 Mission to Freidrichshafen, Germany.

A visual inspection was made of the plane and landing gear for down and locked, then took our positions at the bulkhead. All

## Visit to American Library by Ambassador

(from Eastern Daily Press, England)

The American Ambassador to Britain added his name to those in the visitors' book at the American Memorial Library in Norwich during his three-day tour of Norfolk in October.

He saw an audio-visual display of the role played by American forces in Norfolk during the second world war and said that if the war had lasted another two or three months he might have joined the American forces in this country.



American Ambassador Mr. John Louis signs the visitors' book at the American Memorial Library, Norwich, watched by Mr. Tom Eaton, chairman of the 2nd Air Division Memorial Trust, and vice-chairman Mr. Paul King (left).

He said he had found the library very interesting. "I am suitably impressed. I was an air force officer so I have a deep-seated interest in anything our forces have done.

"From what I have heard today and read about it, I think it is a wonderful way of keeping Anglo-American relationships at a high pitch and as secure as they have always been," Mr. Louis said.

Norfolk was also given top rating for its

friendliness and "superb" pheasant shooting when the American ambassador met the Press in Norwich.

Mr. Louis commented to journalists on the warmth and friendliness of the reception in Norwich. He said his previous visits had been to friends in the area when he had enjoyed "superb" pheasant shooting.

"It's a very interesting and exciting pastime," he said. Pheasant shooting in Norfolk was first-class. "The greatest favour an Englishman can do to an American visitor is to invite him to come pheasant shooting," the ambassador added.

Asked about his prowess, Mr. Louis commented modestly: "My wife is a better shot than I am."

On more serious topics he said that no chemical or viological weapons existed in US bases in East Anglia. "I can give the assurance that no chemical or biological weapons are ever going to be put anywhere without prior and public consultation between governments."

Mr. Louis agreed that companies in this country and the US had been seriously affected by the sanctions imposed by President Reagan on firms trading with the Soviet Union.

The President was "very serious" about the embargo on sales to Russia and there was little chance of him drawing back. It was true relations between this country and America had been affected "but I think the rift is on the way to being healed," he added.

The ambassador is coming to Norfolk again during November — to enjoy the pheasant shooting.

Mr. Louis, 57, served as a US Army Air Force pilot in America in the last war. His business interests have included a radio, TV and newspaper group controlling 20 broadcasting stations and 86 newspapers.

except SSgt Joe Tomich, he preferred standing at the waist window. Everything was going fine until the gear touched the runway. No one was aware that the right main gear tire had been punctured by a piece of flak.

Landing at over one hundred miles an hour and the tire flattening immediately, the aircraft was uncontrollable and veered off the runway, careened into the field. As soon as the aircraft started on its rampage, unknown to us. Joe jumped out the right waist window. My eyes were on a loose fifty caliber machine gun in the waist that was swinging inches from my head, trying to break away from the mount. It seemed like ages before we came to a stop. Before I could gather my wits, SSgt Willie Webster and TSgt Vernon (Red) Goring jumped over me and dove head first out the waist

window. I was only a step behind and landed on top of them. We were up and running for distance. On our minds, was the fear of that old B-24 blowing up. After reaching a safe distance, we looked back for the rest of the crew. They soon emerged from the nose section, except Joe. Realizing he may still be in the aircraft and hurt, we started back to look for him. Suddenly Joe appeared, walking down the runway, parachute in his arms and a sheepish grin on his face. As we stood there looking at this big lame metal bird, everyone agreed it was a good landing, because we walked away from it. Paddlefoot did not fly for the next eight days due to excessive battle damage. When maintenance crews got through, they had changed one engine, replaced a fuel cell, a main gear tire and patched up numerous flak holes.



# TARGET: Eischweiler, Germany; Tank and Artillery Concentrations

by Phil Manson (466th)

The mission today will be carried out in close proximity to our ground forces. The Infantry have been trying to fight their way into Aachen for nearly a month. The fighting has degenerated into slogging combat for streets and even doorways in this ancient town. Stars and Stripes recently showed a picture of a captured German infantry rifle with a barrel curved to fire around a corner without exposing the shooter. This sinister weapon seems to denote the deadly slow tempo of the war at this time. So the obvious stratagem was employed, if you can't buck through the line for a gain, then let's take to the air. We have the airpower to use and power properly applied can work miracles.

This was after the close air support tragedy at St. Lo, when Gen. Leslie McNair was killed by friendly bombers when they dropped short and killed their own Infantry from the Big Red One Division. At all costs a repetition of this was to be avoided. A safeguard was introduced called the SCS-51. This was an ordinary small meter equipped with a needle which swung between a yellow and a blue quadrant when the plane passed over a ground transmitter set up behind friendly lines. Only after this would the Bombardier arm the bomb racks and commence synchronizing the bomb-sight on the target. At this point friendly troops were behind the impact point.

The weather this day was terrible for the purpose intended. A dense cloud cover obscured the ground at low level. Upper level was perfectly clear. At least we could see each other if not the ground and this could be worse than it was, so after sitting around the revetments waiting for good weather, they sent us off anyway without it. The mission was needed.

The cross channel flight was uneventful and we penetrated the continent at Ostend and slanted down to Aachen. The dragon tooth tank barriers erected as part of the Maginot Line were visible on the ground. As another feature of the safety precautions this day there was to be a box of pink flak 3000 feet below flight level and there were to be red panels on the ground visible from flight level as an additional indication of the location of the front lines. These elaborate precautions had never been taken before. Today, they are standard practice.

I do recall going down the bomb run. The land was unobscured far in front of the formation and brown earth could be seen. So could a large box of flak up front. I got the very deadly thought we would have to go through it, but on coming closer it was apparent it was well below flight level and very likely was not the pink flak for which we had been briefed, but black friendly flak, too low to be harmful. At this point the needle on the SCS-51 began to develop minor tremors and then a strong positive sweep into the safe quadrant. We had passed from friendly into enemy territory

and it was safe to bomb. The ground was obscured at bomb release time and slowly became visible as they fell. They had a white background initially, which changed to brown with the forward thrust imparted by the speed of the plane. It was a dirt impact. Nothing special from the air. At eleven o'clock from the bombsight I could see two red crosses on the roof of what appeared to be a tent, or an olive drab building. We then started to take some hostile flak which was very close and very accurate. It was time to get the hell out and go home. The work this day was done, but the sweat had only started.

As the full turn was made to go home, we came back over the undercast which extended all the way back into England and Scotland this day. No ground features were visible. Nothing but beautiful cathedrals of lovely white emerging strato-cumulus clouds. They were low, thick and all over. There was no hole in them big enough for your fist, never mind a good part of the Second Air Division, which began to appear out of misty nothingness in formations of Squadrons and the serious task of finding a place where all these aircraft could land began. Looking out the Navigator's blister window they were visible all over the rearward sky. The track took us north, past home base in East Anglia and northwesterly towards an unobscured airbase where a landing could be made, provided there was a hole in the clouds to go through. I should say, big enough for the formation to go through, because when we found it over Doncaster, it was nowhere big enough for the formation to go through, but that's what we did. So did everyone else and nobody made room for anyone else. It was every man for himself and the Devil take the rest. It was the same way when it came to landing on the one small runway in use underneath that hole in the clouds. Every man for himself and get lined up to land as best you can. There were four men on the ground firing red-red flares to go round again but everyone ignored them. On final approach, there were four ships in the air in front of us, the nearest about twenty feet away. The tailgunner was in the turret smiling and waving at us. I could see the grease stains on his jacket. When we touched down, there were six ships in front of us who had not turned off yet and were still rolling fast. All traffic was being parked on the out-of-use runway. Possibly three dozen ships, until the concrete runway slabs suddenly began to heave up in the air from the weight on them. Wingtips were broken, props were bent and the landing gears were collapsing. Whoever designed those runways succeeded in doing what the Luftwaffe was trying to do every day of the war.

A short, rugged French-Canadian type approached me politely and in accented English inquired my name. He introduced himself as Flying Officer Paul Bourassa

and inquired if I would care to share the hospitality of his quarters during our stay. He had made a diversion landing at an American airbase recently and received the red carpet treatment from his hosts. This was his way of reciprocating for generosity received. We proceeded to his quarters which by our own standards in the UK were luxurious. There were real beds, but they also had box spring mattresses with genuine white cotton sheets. This was only exceeded by the hot water that spurted from the faucets.

Afternoon tea — that venerated English institution which Americans declaim as it occurs in the busiest part of the day and who would prefer tea when they could have coffee — was the beverage. The solid sustenance was a large tub of cheddar cheese opened on a table. It was not quite cured and had a whiff to it when getting close. I decided to forego the cheese, but not so anyone else. I got the impression that food was food wherever and however you found it and eat it now or go hungry. Everyone carried jackknives which quickly appeared in hand and they whacked away at the cheese, coming away with slices in hand to go with the crackers also served. The knives were carefully put away afterwards.

By now it was sundown and time to get on to something more lively. We went to the club for drinks, everyone wearing a combination of American and British clothing, depending on how successful you were in borrowing something clean. We were a "raffish looking group" as someone said. Those in attendance were a sampling of the Allied Forces — Britons, Canadians, Aussies, New Zealanders, Belgians, Poles, French and of course Americans. The conversation was a concentrated din which frequently erupted in staccato barks and then subsided again, like a burst of small calibre AA fire. It took good lung power to stay in there. This was adequately sustained by the intake of very good quality Scotch whiskey, not to mention some very good company. These men flew against the Hun every day and no matter the sound of their native tongue, we all sweated the same way from the same pores for the same reasons. I was proud to be there.

It took three days for the weather to clear, during which time we ate the food, slept on empty floors all over the base, drank all the booze, borrowed all the bicycles and were successfully thwarted by the MP's in sneaking into town. It was those brown American shoes going out the gate in otherwise RAF blue that got you caught when freedom was in sight.

Finally it cleared. We went down to the planes and took off singly, headed for home. There was an orderly swarm of planes in the sky and the trip was very enjoyable because it was without any strain. We landed at Attlebridge and the Sandhoft Diversion, as it became known, was written into 8th Air Force history.

# THE PX PAGE

The Mighty Eighth



## THE MIGHTY EIGHTH (units, men and machines)

by  
Roger A. Freeman

Compiled and written by an acknowledged expert on the subject, this book traces the early history of the US 8th AAF followed by detailed accounts of its operations from the UK between July 1942 until V-E day with emphasis on the combat units, their men and aircraft, ending with a reference section giving accurate statistics on every bomber and fighter formation to serve under the US 8th AAF command.

311 pages illustrated by over 400 selected photographs enriched by a full color section depicting the markings and color schemes of most US 8th AAF bomber and fighter units. First printed over 11 years ago, this book is now regarded as a classic.

**Price is \$16.50 PPD.** Send check or money order to William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, MA 01938.

## History Of The 67th Bombardment Squadron 44th Bomb Group The Flying Eight-Balls



History obtained from the official microfilm records of the 44th Bomb group as well as from the four squadrons. Also, includes shipping orders of the Air and Ground Echelons - for overseas - including personnel and planes. Orders for trip to Africa for the Ploesti raid and the 67th Squadron personnel, Flak Map and some photographs. **Cost - \$11.00 plus \$1.50 for postage Total \$12.50.** Send orders to: Will Lundy, 3295 North "H" Street, San Bernardino, CA 92405.

**NOTE:** Any profits obtained will be donated to the 2nd Air Division Memorial Fund.

## What Every Good Eightballer Should Wear



44th T-Shirt (pictured above)

Adult sizes: S-M-L-XL. \$7.00 each.

Child sizes: 6-8, 10-12, 14-16. \$6.00 each.

(Postage and Handling included).

Delivery time: 3 to 4 weeks.

Mail order to:

Richard E. Bottomley

4509 Morrice Rd.

Owosso, Michigan 48867

Roger Freeman is one of the leading authorities on US war-planes, the airmen who flew them and the Second World War operations in which they were involved. His books include *The Mighty Eighth*, *US Strategic Bomber*, *Mustang At War*, *Fortress At War*, *Maurauder At War* and *Thunderbolt: A Documentary History*. He has also worked in radio and TV and written the script for a BBC documentary on airfields. His interest stems from wartime days when US airbases were built in the East Anglian countryside where he lived. He insists his writing is, with lecturing and other activities, simply an extension of his enthusiasm for perpetuating the memory of a unique piece of history. Respected for his original research, Roger Freeman inevitably brings to light information and illustrations that have not previously appeared in published works and such is the case in this book. The book consists of 520 pages and took over 6000 hours in the writing.



Roger A. Freeman

*The Mighty Eighth War Diary* is being printed in England and domestic supplies are limited. Order will be filled as received and should there be a delay you will be notified. **Retail price is \$29.50. Price to our members is 24.00.**

Send check or money order to: William G. Robertie, P.O. Drawer B, Ipswich, MA 01938.



# LETTERS

Dear Evelyn,

I am writing to let you know that I really enjoy the *Journal*. Johnny Fridell, Tom Dowdy and I were in the 93rd group, 328 squadron. We would like to get in touch with others who were in the group.

We would especially like information about General Ted Timberlake. We would like to know how he's getting along.

Johnny Fridell, Tom Dowdy and I are sending pictures of ourselves. We would appreciate it very much to see them in the *Journal* to let our buddies see us now.

Also please invite them to contact us at any time. We also have reservations to attend the Nashville reunion.



Johnny Fridell



Tom Dowdy



Brother-in-law Lee

Our addresses are: Johnny Fridell, 5640 Floral Avenue, Jacksonville, FL 32211; Tom Dowdy, 4141 Danforth Rd., SW, Atlanta, Ga 30331; Robert W. Lee (Brother-in-law Lee) 1020 Piedmont Ave., NE #11, Atlanta, Ga 30309.

We are also sending the address of Gayle Young: Gayle Young, 711 Dorothea St., Crane, Tx.

Thank you very much for this opportunity. See you in July.

Bob Lee

Dear Bill,

Many thanks for publishing my letter in your *Journal*, I did get one reply from Will Lundy who was able to give me some quite comprehensive information on the aircraft before the crash date. He was not sure that this was the same aircraft as the one that I was interested in but I was able to tie up what he told me with other information and I had already seen that would seem to confirm we were talking about the same aircraft. I have included a copy of all I know concerning this crash for your own interest, it may prove useful should you be contacted by anyone else concerning this incident.



Found on site B24H 42-7551, 1981 Cranwort England

Most of the items found at the site have been fairly small, but one or two interesting pieces have been found. Perhaps the most important was the bracelet shown in the photographs, this was found early last year by myself and John Page, who has it at the moment. He will bring it to you when he next visits the States. I have made no attempt to contact the relatives of Edward Pollmann, to be quite honest I am not sure whether they would appreciate it. But if you feel that you could trace them and perhaps return the bracelet then please do, but I leave that in your hands. Other items found apart from the two bracelets (the other belonged to Stanley Weiner and was returned to Randolph Air Force base some years ago) vary from a morse key, fuse box, ammunition in great quantity, two pieces of metal one with a red label on saying "this turret must not be occupied during take off or landing". But as the aircraft burnt very badly most of what is left is not recognizable or identifiable.

The items found suggest the final position of the aircraft shown on the map but that is largely guesswork as we have really only searched the corner of the wood where I believe the nose ended up but this position is also suggested by the narrative given in the official accident report.

If there is any more you would like to know regarding this crash please do not hesitate to contact me and I will do all that I can to help, I have been most impressed by the help I received from everybody I have been in contact with whilst searching for the details of this sad incident.

Julian A. Horn  
10, Jubilee Rd.,  
Watton, Norfolk, England

Dear Sir,

I am researching into the circumstances surrounding the accident that befell a 44BG Liberator, on July 4th 1944 near where I live. Through your Newsletter, I would be most grateful if you would put my request to your readers. The details of the incident are as follows:

B24J, 42-100412, "V" for Victory of the 68BS, 44BG was en route to a target in France. Due to mechanical trouble, the crew bailed out over the South Coast of England, and the aircraft crashed about 30 miles SW of London.

The crew list of the aircraft was as follows: Captain, 1st/Lt. Benjamin Schaeffer; Co Pilot, Peligrene; Navigator, Dunda; Bombardier, S.L. McClendon; Engineer, R.O. Blair; R/O, G. Sweeney; Gunner, J.W. McNulty; Gunner, K.J. Moore; T/G, M.N. Mannisto; N/G, J.T. Garvey.

If anyone has an address of any of the above, or has details of the incident, I would be most grateful to hear from them.

A.G. Wilson  
66 Shepherds Lane,  
Guilford, Saney, England

Dear Evelyn,

Thank you very much indeed for your letter of welcome and for the membership application form. I have pleasure in returning this, duly completed, together with an International Cheque value 10 dollars to cover annual dues.

It was very kind of you to pass my letter to Mr. J.F. Thomas and I look forward very much to hearing from him.

I was interested to learn that the 2nd ADA will be returning to Norwich in May 1983. It would be a great delight for me to join members at some of the events, especially to hear the war experiences first-hand.

When I have progressed further in my present research I hope to add a lot of general background to it by making use of the facilities of the American Room in the Norwich Library. I am told it is a most impressive unit, as well as being a very beautiful one, and I feel I could happily spend months delving into all the Eighth Air Force literature available.

Thank you again for your help.

Grace Kimble

Dear Bill,

It is, as I am sure you are aware, the Governors' intention to put through a programme of presentation of the Memorial Room to emphasize its association with the 2nd Air Division and the aircraft in which they flew, and I think you have had details of the proposals, one of which consists of using the long blank wall area above the library shelving, to display the Bomb Group tail fin markings and underneath that, the Squadron Insignia of each Squadron in the Bomb Group. We are, however, in difficulties over the Squadron Insignia, we have a few, but they are not identified by Squadron number and it might well be that we could solve this problem and proceed with the project if there could be an article or notice in the next issue of the *Journal*, asking for this information. I enclose a copy of the Architect's sketch of how the presentation would be effected, i.e. the Bomb Group tail plane Insignia above and then underneath the appropriate tail plan Insignia, smaller Squadron Insignia or markings.

Could I ask you to put in a notice something to the effect of the fact that the Governors of the Trust, in order to proceed with their project of making the room more identifiable with the aircraft in which the 2nd Air Division flew, are seeking Squadron badges or markings, official or unofficial, for incorporation in the Group Memorials. They would be most grateful for any such badges, identifying the Squadron number and the Bomb Group and if they could possibly be in color, then so much the better. Any such available Insignia should either be directed to the Clerk to the Governors or to the Librarian with special responsibility for the Memorial Room, Mr. C. V. Sleath at Norwich Central Library.

With kind regards.

N.J.D. Walter

Dear Bill,

I hope you are well as we are and I have a favor to ask. I found a drop tank at Shipdham about 14 ft. long and 4 ft. high. On it was a plate which I copied:

**Tank, Fuel, Jettison, External.  
Specification No. 28493-C  
A.A.F. Part No. 303A681-90.  
Manufacturers Serial No. 211.  
Max Operating Pressure P.S.I. 4.  
Goodyear Aircraft Corp.**

The tank was taken to the City of Norwich Aviation museum at the Norwich Airport. We would like to know more about this tank — how it was used, when, dates etc.

Also if any member has any photos of Glenn Miller I would appreciate their sending them to me to copy. They will be well taken care of the returned.

My home will be open to anyone who would like to come and have a talk, or if any one would like to come and stay with us (we have a guest room) they would be most welcome.

Sid Cullington  
42 Sun Lane, Millers Lane  
Norwich NR3 3NF  
Norfolk, England

Dear Mr. Bottomley,

I am enclosing the picture of our 6 little 8-balers and Grandpa George. It was hard trying to get them all to stand still at the same time. Most are in their bathing suit as I 'dragged' them from the pool for the picture.

Hope you like it.

Ruth Washburn



George Washburn and 6 grandsons

Dear Evelyn,

I have been a member of the 2nd AD Assoc. since 1973 and I want you to know how much I appreciate the newsletter. I think it's wonderful that there are people around willing to carry the load and provide the rest of us with the newsletter and reunions. Unfortunately I've never attended a 2nd AD reunion but I do attend our 355th Fighter Group reunions — we've been back to England twice and on May 12, 1981 we dedicated a beautiful memorial at Steeple Morden.

Evelyn I have a friend who lost a brother who was declared "missing" over Europe in WWII. I wonder if any readers might be able to contact my friend and provide any little bit of information regarding his brother — maybe even a photo.

The missing airman was: Sgt. Eugene A. Bair, 755 BS. D.N.(H), 458 BG (H). He was a gunner I believe.

If anyone has any information regarding the above please write to: Lowell Bair, 302 Fishburn St., Harrisburg, PA 17109.

Joseph G. Myers

Dear Mr. Robertie,

I am writing to you as an English associate member of the Second Air Division Association and the Eighth Air Force Historical Society.

I am trying to locate the following airmen who served with the 576th Bomb Squadron/392nd BG, Wendling, during May/June/July 1944. Their Liberator was no. 41-28731.

2nd Lt. John E. Walters, Bombardier; Sgt. Wayne R. Blackham, Gunner; Sgt. Chester Ellis, Gunner; Sgt. Donald H. Schumaker, Gunner; Sgt. Henry A. DeKeyser, Gunner.

These gentlemen all survived the war. The other members of the crew, named below, all lost their lives when 41-28731 was in collision with another Liberator from the Group on return from a practice mission on the morning of 5th July 1944.

1st Lt. Robert L. Reese, Pilot; 2nd Lt. Joseph S. Iannotta, co-pilot; F/O William O. Minzenberg, Navigator; S/Sgt. Ralph O.E. Butzmann, Engineer; S/Sgt. Marion Thornton, Jr., Radio officer.

I would be very glad to hear from members of the crew. Even if this letter is not seen by them, I would be most pleased to hear from any other airmen who might have known any of the ten airmen named, and who might be able to supply recollections and reminiscences.

I would be very grateful too if anyone could tell me the present address of Captain Charles L. Lowell, Squadron Commander of the 576th Bomb Squadron and Captain Albert F. Marsh, Squadron Intelligence Officer.

I am working on a complete historical study of the crew and would appreciate any help on this. Any information given will be most gratefully received and all letters will be answered. With my thanks in anticipation.

Grace M. Kimble  
13, Ram Gorse, Harlow,  
Essex CM20 1 PX,  
England

Dear Ms. Cohen,

Thank you for the prompt response. My check for membership dues is enclosed.

Our crew had a reunion last year in Nashville. Great Experience! We managed to locate nine of the original crew members, and six, plus wives were able to attend. Perhaps next time around we'll combine it with a Second Division affair.

I've attached names/addresses of crew #52, 448 BG; Jan-July 1944. I assume the association will want to make contact, but if you desire, and will send me eight (8) copies each of the membership application and a recent *Journal*, I'll forward to them with a personal pitch.

I look forward to meeting you at a future date.  
Bernie Mattson

Dear Bill,

As usual, Bill, the September *Journal* was outstanding.

I think the controversy over the picture on page 15 of the June *Journal*, for which 2 members in the September edition letters establish different identities of those pictured, prove something I've suspected for a few years — our memories are fading along with our vision.

Kudos to Evelyn and her team for another super time in Nashville. This was the smoothest of the several I've attended.

Looks like England in '83 is out for the McElhany's, too many things scheduled here, but you never know, maybe at the last minute, if space is available.

Took a little time after Nashville rented a car and drove to Birmingham to see my old radar "jaming" buddy Carl Olander of the 491st — talk about Southern Hospitality, they serve it in style. After 38 years, I found Olie still slim & trim, made me ashamed of my extra 75 pounds.

Guy E. McElhany

Dear Bill,

This is the first time I have written to you about the 2 AD. Through the prompting and prodding of my buddy Tom Rogers of Houston, Texas I am enclosing three photos taken at North Pickenham while we were with the 853 Squadron of the 491st BG. I hope these photos can be used in the newsletter. I have many of these pictures but these three copied quite well. The notes attached to each picture will explain the particulars about each of them.

James Watts



Taken in Squadron Area 491st BG, 853rd Sqdn. in September 1944. Back row l-r: Jim Watts, Buffalo N.Y.; John Sabodish, N.J.; Chester Ceyunski, N.J.; Angelo Campove, Florida. Kneeling l-r: John Salamanaca; Sendon Sauder; Benjamin Sims, Albany Ga; Kenneth C. Levoe, N.Y.C. Lying down: Tamir Ellis, Tupper Lake, N.Y.



491st BG, 853 Sqdn. Armament Dept. taken in 1944. Back row: Capt. Wendell Clarkson; Robert Fowler; George Malbyan; John Metz; Jim Watts; Angelo Campone; Edgar Mullen; Fitzhugh Lee Hall; Arthur Roarke; Ed Anderson; Lt. Donald P. Allen. Kneeling: Ernest Andrews; Vic Morgan; James Whitehead; Lucien Blauin; Rodney Newman; Joe Sing; George LeHaux; Fred Paulisch; Art Leavy; Elmer Graham.



Taken in front of Blue Lion Pub, 1944. Standing l-r: Anderson; Unknown; Ettaton Stellan, Amsterdam, NY. Kneeling: Jim Watts, Buffalo NY; Tom Rogers, Houston, Tx.



Dear Bill,

Ann and I have just returned from a sentimental journey to my old bases, Rackheath and North Pickenham, and the library in Norwich. I enclose a copy of my letter to Thomas Eaton, thanking him for the warmth of the greeting and asking one correction of their records.

Sadly, both of the bases are now disaster areas. Some of the North Pick areas can still be found, the flight line, headquarters, the site of the officer's club, but much has been built over by expansion of the village, the rest taken over by an industrial park and turkey farming.

Rackheath is in worse shape. Turkey farms, manure piles and shabby industry have just about obliterated any signs of the field. The control tower is seen, surrounded by an abandoned car junk heap, the runways are gone, the living sites are now almost impossible to distinguish.

It is sad and depressing, but doesn't diminish the memories of a lot of good guys, memories which will stay with us always.

Sorry I had to miss the Nashville reunion. I am sure that it was a good one, enjoyed by all.

Delbert Mann

Dear Pete,

Enclosed is my check in the sum of \$100.00 to apply on the assessment allocated to the 44th Bomb Group to help defray the costs of the plaque to be erected in the Norwich Memorial Library — and this check, as stated, is allocated to the 44th Bomb Group.

May I wish you success in the overall venture. It was definitely a memorable experience several years ago for my wife and me to visit and view the Norwich Memorial Library. Warmest personal regards.

Virgil O. Hinton

Dear Evelyn,

Thank you for a wonderful reunion and such a great time in Nashville.

Here is my check for dues 1983 and for the 2AD fund.

I plan on attending the 1983 convention in England. Would like very much to go by boat from New York but if you plan on flying I would like to pick up and depart the tour from London as I have my own way to and from London.

Jack H. Hauger

Dear Bill,

Thanks loads for your letter of August 2, 1982 and the enclosed March and June Issues of the *Journal*.

I owe you an apology. We were away on vacation during March and April and later spent some time away from home during June and July. I was going over some old mail and files after I had written you and to my embarrassment, I discovered that I HAD received the March and June issues BUT had misfiled them. Now I have duplicate copies and if you need them, I shall be only too glad to return them.

The above address — 517 Franklin Boulevard, Long Beach, New York 11561 is my home address which I know use as my office. So far there has been no problem with my mail.

I am glad that you may be able to use my account of my experiences "Mild and Bitters — ETO" and realize the problem you have with space. I hope it will be soon.

Again many thanks for everything. If I can be of any help, please let me know. Kindest personal regards.

Harold Nordlicht



Dear Bill,

Some time ago I received a large batch of B-24 nose-art photos taken at the 3rd S.A.D. at Watton/Griston. There was no information as to which groups the aircraft came from but obviously the odds are that they served with the 2nd AD.

I have traced quite a few of them and would like to trace the remainder so I would be grateful if you can find space in the *Journal* to publish some of the others in the hope that someone would recognize the aircraft depicted and supply me with information regarding group, squadron and, if possible, serial no.

Tony North  
62, Turner Road  
Norwich, Norfolk, NR2 4HB, England

# 489th NEWS — Danny's Halesworth Diary

by Charlie Freudenthal

(Dan Blumenthal was an 846th navigator who, after finishing his tour, stayed on as a Navigation instructor and reporter. His newsletters were distributed around the base, and together with personal diaries now provide the best "This is the way it was" material available.)

Thursday, Sept. 21st 1944 — "Today we got a promotion. They took the 489th out of the subway and sent them four miles upstairs over Germany. The gang — and newcomers getting their first looksee at real flak — were to loosen their "eggs" over the Koblenz railyards in Fuhrerland.

Captain Pritchard was leading, with Capt. Sturgis as command pilot. So I went out to runway 01 to see Pritch and his children. Bobbish gave me a warm welcome. "Hide your candy, men, that ground pounder is here."

Sturgis drove up; a Mae West draped around his neck. He called Frank Barnett, the lead navigator. "Hey, Frank, who's got my Mercator?" Barnett said he hadn't, so Sturgis sounded off, "Those dirty SOB's. Somebody swiped my flak map!" Pritchard said, "Why carry a map? You don't know where you are anyway." The boys were in form. Pritch's Mickey man, Berth, asked Bobbish if he'd hit the target today. "Chicago" Bobbish said "Hell no, it's a moral victory if my bombs land somewhere in Germany." I wished the crew good luck and set course for the caravan on runway 24.

Major Tanner was in charge. Lt. Carrol was there, as were two dozen others, hanging from jeeps and trucks. The B24s lined up impressively, their props kicking up the grass. From a distance it made a nice picture.

Pritchard got J- off first as we watched the gang put throttles forward. At 1030 sharp, Maj. Tanner winked the green light, and yellow rudders left the west runway 30 seconds apart. You see them charge down, get lift, and quickly raise the gear. A minute later they'd disappear from sight as the low stratus clouds enveloped them.

We kept watching. No one said much. Waves to the pilots were frequent. At 1035 Lt. Cammack in P had trouble on the runway and wisely fired red flares. Tanner waved him aside and things proceeded again. Lt. Kimbrough, flying X, waved to us. He was flying his last mission. On his last raid he'd been roughed up and landed at Woodbridge. Previously he'd brought home an awfully sick B24 and had been awarded the DFC.

An 846th plane, 4819, came along. It brought me from the States, over the Atlantic and Equator, so I take a special interest in it . . . The last ship left at 1043; Shroyer was flying it, and checking out a new pilot . . . Preliminary sweat was over.

Two hours later, Capt. Gast saw me. "Here's some poop for you. Predgen just landed with an engine feathered." We spoke about it while Cookie, in her leopard spots, banked sharply to line up with the runway. At 1600 the guys started coming in for interrogation.

Selker and Kimbrough received congrats on finishing their tours. Selker grabbed me. "Give Sgt. Glenn, our gunner, a writeup. He kicked out two bombs from the catwalk without a chute, at 24,000 feet. You should of seen him crawl!" Lt. Underwood looked shaky. "Damn flak hit my armor plating. Too close, too close!" Handsome

Johnny Godwin was dressed in officer's greens at briefing. I told him he goes to war like a gentleman. Johnny said when he finished his tour — in two missions — he'll parade around the club in khaki.

Pretty soon S-2 Capt. Moulden gave out good news. "All crews have called into Cajole." Good deal. Col. Napier entered. "What did you find out, Snoopy?" I said that all crews returned and the majority said bomb hits were unobserved.

And so it went. On the whole it went OK . . . S-2 didn't get their candy back, and somebody gave me a boot in the can when I asked for info. Over."



**IF YOU KNEW SU-SU** — Judith Rabsey of Norwich is trying to locate members of her late husband's crew. She says they were first at Hethel with the 389th, then with the 489th at Halesworth. This was in 1944. I haven't been able to identify them with the 489th. Can anyone help? L to R (front): Wm. Kahle, RO; Bernard Fisher, TG; Duane Claussen, E; Wm. Frazer, BT; Marvin Longacre, NG. Back row: Frank Olt, P; Harold Hughey, CP; Donald Skeffington, N; Carl Rabsey, B. If you have a clue, contact Charlie Freudenthal, 489th VP.

**NASHVILLE NOTES** — There were 56 in the 489th party at the mini-reunion, and thirty of them were first-timers! And leading the parade was John Predgen and five crew members — Lou Wagner, Vernon Long, John Homan, Marion Cochran, and Bill Bunch. Auxiliary crew members were Margaret, Irene, Ruth, Irene again, Elizabeth and Julie. **AND RIGHT BEHIND, OR ON THE WING,** were Bob

Cline and four of his crew — Bob Gordon, Clarence Jarvis, Weldon Jones and Ben Yodzonis. Plus Teresa, Roena, Sally and Catherine in the same order. And finally, Mark Osborne and Fred Meyer got together for the first time in 30-some years. They were shot down over Schulau on August 6th 1944 and spent the rest of the war as "guests" of the Third Reich. Hey, it was a good show!!



December 4, 1982

Miss Evelyn Cohen  
Apt. 06410 Delaire Landing  
9301 State Road  
Philadelphia, Pa. 19114

Dear Evelyn:

Regarding Norwich 1983 - we would like full information on  
Group Air from various cities to Norwich and land package  
as we are anticipating going on this trip.

With best regards,

Sincerely,